

Forest and Stream

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Supplement to Game Laws in Brief

SO many and important changes have been made in fish and game laws in a number of States, during the past winter, that we have found it necessary to issue an eight page supplement of these changes. Paste these eight pages in the back of your copy of GAME LAWS IN BRIEF and you will have complete and correct laws to June 1st, 1912, governing fishing and shooting in every part of the United States and Canada.

Ten Cents is the price of this addenda. Mailed to any address upon receipt of price.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY
127 Franklin Street
New York City

Canoeing

A. C. A. Western Division.

For the first time in the history of the American Canoe Association the Western Division will hold its annual summer encampment on the shores of Lake Michigan July 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. Camp opened officially Wednesday, July 3, 2 P. M. and closes Monday, July 8, 2 P. M.

Carpenter's Point, at the intersection of Sheridan road and Chestnut street, on the shore of Lake Michigan, midway between Wilmette and Kenilworth.

The Camp Site Committee leased a desirable site situated on a nicely wooded bluff about twenty-five feet above the lake level, sufficiently isolated to afford unexcelled camping facilities. A nominal charge for rental, \$1.50 for the entire camp, or twenty-five cents for the first night, is to be made in addition to the camp dues. Address A. W. Friese, Chairman, Camp Site Committee, Kenilworth, Ill., for reservations.

Members desiring to mess will find fire wood and water handy. Meals may be had at the Carpenter University School at \$1.75 per day.

Dealers will call twice daily to take orders and deliver groceries, meat, ice and other supplies.

A member will be appointed each day as "Officer of the Day."

Pickets will be selected from the different camps when required to protect property and prevent abuses.

Flags will be raised at 8 A. M. and lowered at 7 P. M.

Members will be registered at the purser's tent and obtain their camp badges.

Guests may be invited to the camp. They must be registered and badges provided for them. Guests spending more than one night in camp shall pay camp dues as provided in the by-laws.

Visitors will not be expected in camp before 10 A. M. or after 6 P. M., except on invitation for functions posted on the bulletin board, or with special permission from the "Officer of the Day."

Tents may be located by owners subject to the approval of the camp site committee. All camps must be in order at 10 A. M. No firearms will be permitted in camp.

Reveille, 7 A. M. Colors, 8 A. M. Colors, 7 P. M. Taps, 10 P. M. After 10:30 P. M. quiet must be maintained in the camp.

Divine service will be held at headquarters, Sunday, July 7, 4 P. M.

The prizes will be awarded at headquarters, Saturday evening, July 6, at 7:30 P. M.

1. Western Division trophy, sailing triangular course, half mile on a side, twice around.

2. Gardner cup No. 2, sailing triangular course, half mile on a side, once around.

3. Gardner cup No. 1, paddling, one man, single blade, half mile straightaway.

4. Rockford cup, paddling upset, one man, single blade—upset at signal, climb into canoe and paddle across line—one-eighth mile.

5. Tandem paddling, single blade, half mile straightaway.

6. Double blade paddling, one man, half mile straightaway.

7. Bow end paddling one man, one-eighth mile straightaway.

8. Hurry Scurry, one man, run fifty yards, swim fifty yards, paddle fifty yards.

9. Tilting tournament.

10. Swimming race, seventy-five yards.

11. Consolation sailing, triangular course, half mile on a side, once around. Open to anyone who has not won an event at this meet.

Condition and time of various races will be posted on the bulletin board.

Regatta Committee is composed of Henry C. Morse (Chairman), C. E. Tyson, John Deneau.



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in the
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The Entertainment Committee, Mr. J. K. Hand, Chairman, provides entertainment for each day and evening in camp. Members owning musical instruments are requested to bring them, and those who can provide any kind of entertainment are requested to get in touch with Mr. Hand.

The annual meeting of the Division for the election of officers and the transaction of other business will be called Saturday, July 6, 8 P. M. As business of importance will be transacted, it is urged that there be a large attendance.

F. B. HUNTINGTON,
Vice-Commodore, Chicago.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—Earle F. Kerber, 141 Keelor street, Wissahickon, Philadelphia, Pa., by G. G. Richards.

Eastern Division.—T. C. Jacobs, 81 Main street, Medford, Mass., by R. H. Keay; Walter E. Oliver, 177 Reservoir avenue, Providence, R. I., by Harry F. Lincoln; Frank R. Clemmens, 418 Moody street, Waltham, Mass., by Edward A. Scigliano; George L. Stingel, 16 Irving street, West Medford, Mass., by Frank H. Gerlach; T. Hensley Smith, 45 Central avenue, Medford, Mass., by R. H. Keay; Ralph C. Poore, 463 Andover street, Lawrence, Mass., by Geo. H. Shinnick; Herbert Cray, 190 West street, Lawrence, Mass., by E. A. Rolland; George B. Cumings, 6 Elmwood avenue, Winchester, Mass., and Ernest V. Evans, 29 Vine street, Winchester, Mass., both by J. W. Sheridan; George C. Proctor, 6 Calumet road, Winchester, Mass.; E. Russell Murphy, 277 Washington street, Winchester, Mass.; Louis P. Marche, 10 Linwood square, Boston, Mass.; R. Sukowske, 67 Barrows street, Dedham, Mass.; William Herbst, Jr., 274 East street, Dedham, Mass.; and George M. Fell, 56 Richards street, Dedham, Mass., all by E. A. Rolland.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—6460, William A. Bartholomew, Jr., W. 207th street and Bolton road, Inwood-on-Hudson, N. Y.; 6461, Theo. G. Altneder, 2024 Ruscomb street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Eastern Division.—6450, Chas. B. Janes, Waltham, Mass.; 6451, Ed. Prescott, Waltham, Mass.; 6452, Edward MacDonald, Waltham, Mass.; 6453, Henry J. Colon, Waltham, Mass.; 6454, Roy B. Stevens, Waltham, Mass.; 6455, Frank V. Carpenter, Waltham, Mass.; 6456, James G. Burgin, Waltham, Mass.; 6457, H. H. Blanchard, Waltham, Mass.; 6458, Stanley West, Waltham, Mass.; 6459, L. W. Furbush, Waltham, Mass.; 6462, Clarence H. Hill, Howard, R. I.

Western Division.—6445, Arthur Edward Sunny, Chicago, Ill.; 6446, Charles C. Elliott, Elgin, Ill.; 6447, Albert H. Vilas, Oak Park, Ill.; 6448, Frank C. Pundt, Dundee, Ill.; 6449, Arthur L. Torrey, Elgin, Ill.

Don'ts for Canoeists.

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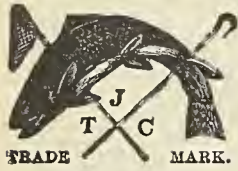
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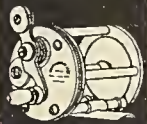
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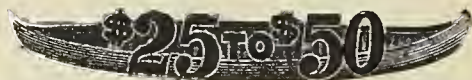
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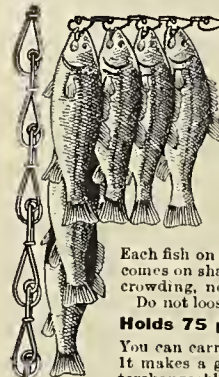
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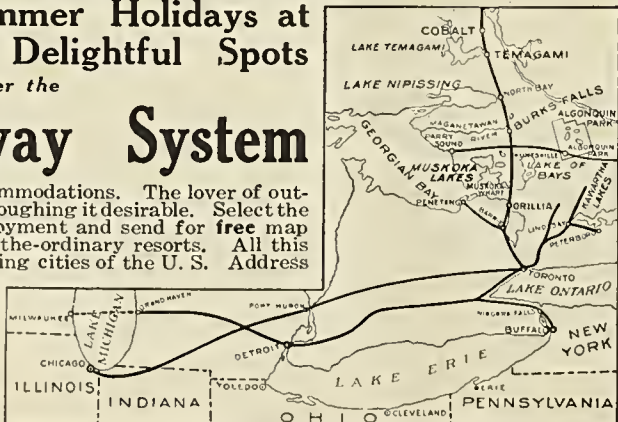
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1912.

VOL. LXXIX.—No. 1.
127 Franklin St., New York.

The Winter Sleep of Brute Creation

By LEONARD K. HIRSCHBERG, A.B., M.D., ETC.

TO be as sleepy as Ludlum's dog, to have our eyes begin to draw straws, to woo Morpheus, are longings that all of us poor mortals, afflicted at intervals with insomnia, seek as sedulously as a bride does her absent spouse. The busy bee probing the dahlia, improving each shining hour, obtains in return months of winter torpor. Not so man, poor man.

Man, it is true, in the Congo, has the lethal sleeping lethargy that lingers for many weeks. But that is a sleep worse than death. It is that fatal malady inoculated by the deadly tsetse fly, the insect that harbors a micro-parasite, whose entrance into the human blood by a bite is in the light of our present ignorance inevitable death. Since the tsetse fly bites for the most part by night, the old saw, "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," seems substantiated by science.

As a rule, the human machine requires eight hours sleep in the twenty-four. Mortal man often obtains less. One of my old instructors, Professor Paul Haupt, of Johns Hopkins, has been for years satiated with four hours' sleep. I, myself, feel unrefreshed without nine.

The long winter nap of animals inhabiting the globe above and below the tropics of cancer and capricorn, that strange comatose snooze that endures throughout cold months, those forty

winks for forty days and forty nights, known to naturalists and pundits as "hibernation," never occurs under healthful conditions. It may on no account be admitted that those East Indian fakirs, that type of mad Mullah who, at Lahore, bury themselves in deep slumber for months at a time, are in a human state of physical equilibrium.

Vastly different, however, are the flocks and herds, the fauna of field and farm. In early autumn, certain varieties of animals begin already to go into winter quarters. They retire to caves, somber crevices, smoked-out trees, subterranean passages, mines, pits, or any hollow shaft of quartz or hidden herbage.

The fledermaus, or common bat, either migrates to the south land, or seeks out a warm green wood niche. Here, with others of his tribe, clustered like California grapes, head downward, they hang together, their hind claws clutched like tiny monkeys upon some grateful forest branch.

Curiously enough, such sluggard beasts as the marmot, ground squirrels and similar rodents, though they might be, because of their native laziness, expected to awaken from their bleak and algid nap, still sleek and fat, that is not the case.

The bear, on the other hand, though she ob-

tains no food whatever during the winter of her none content, brings forth her young, suckles them from February to April, and emerges from her somnolent state as big and gargantuan as a behemoth.

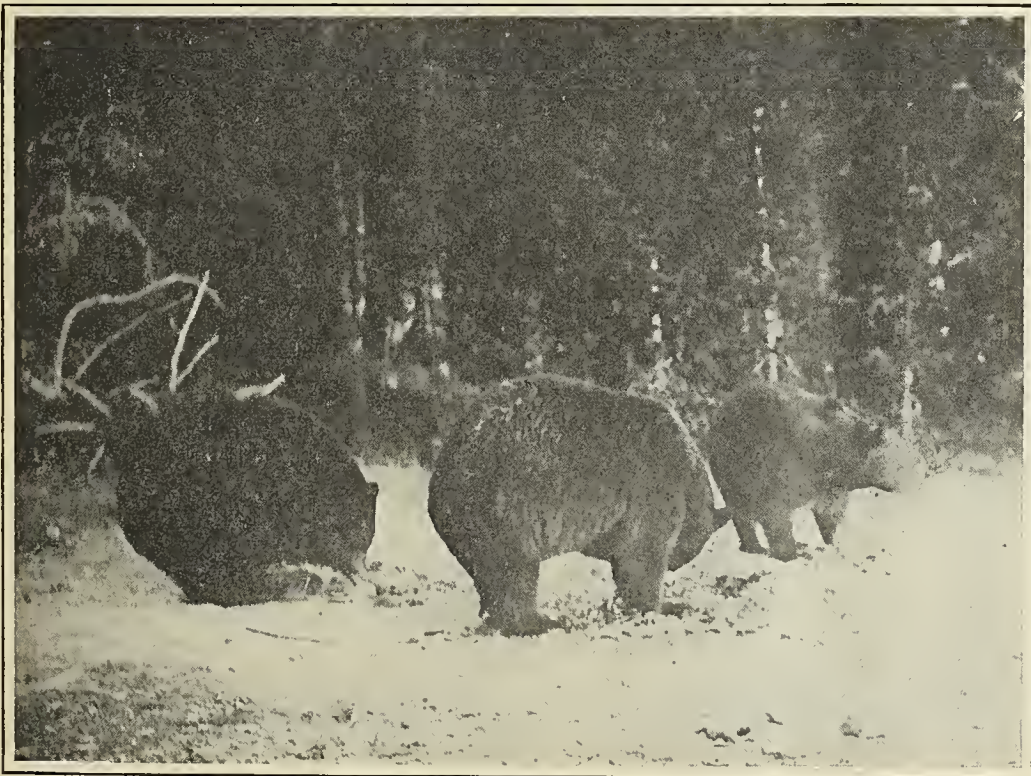
Scientists are now somewhat doubtful about the perfect torpidity of the grizzly bear while hibernating. The grizzly may be any color, and is, therefore, often confused with the black bear whose Siberian sleep lasts longer. The common "brown" or cinnamon bear is a color type of the black bear.

The badger rarely falls into complete hypnosis in its slumber of the long night. The ground hog, in this country, educates the mass of Americans about the relation of hibernation to the weather. Folk lore and superstitions about it fill the daily press for days. It is popularly supposed to emerge from its snow-covered home on Feb. 2. If the day be sunshiny and bright, the woodchuck or aardvark, as zoologists name it, rubs his eyes with his fore paw, wheels face about, and hastily curls up like a Rugby football and resumes his narcotized position.

In most American towns there has never been a groundhog. His appearance then on a cold, gleaming day is purely academic. Should such be the case, the prophesy is accepted by the benighted that six weeks of bleak winds, blizzardly snows, sleety rains and sloppy weather generally may be expected. Should groundhog day, however, dawn blemished by bleary clouds and the mad driving of Mother Cary's chickens, should Eolus drive his wild snow chariot before imperial Phoebus, the folk then shout: "The groundhog failed to see his shadow; we shall have six weeks of clear weather."

Is it necessary to add that this prevalent superstition depends upon that well known fallacy in logic that negative inferences are always ignored by careless observers, that positive inferences are unconsciously emphasized in the ignorant mind? Francis Bacon first called attention to this mental defect in all untrained minds. He ascribed the false notion about the transmission of maternal impressions to the unfortunate human faculty of always recording on the cerebral negative one positive inference, while losing simultaneously the twenty other negative ones. Supreme Court Justice Hughes said it was this fallacy that made book makers rich and prosperous on the race track.

The hedgehog enters into a deep sleep comparable to that of mosquitoes and fireflies. It retires to some rocky crevice, beneath some gnarled roots or intertwining vines and twigs.



GETTING READY FOR BED.

Perhaps it is lucky and finds a disused cellar or water pipe. Here it maintains a foodless slumber until far into the spring. In the South, and even some spots of Canada, the hedgehog awakens at periods and seeks food.

Though the chipmunk and ground squirrels become more or less quiescent in winter, the true squirrels never do. The hare has also crept into the vernacular with reference to his March madness. The common species burrows out a hole no larger than its body, and has been known to lie there sheltered by snow and slush for more than a month.

Last year's birds' nests have other uses than

for political epigrams. The dormouse that obtains its name from its heavy dormant condition throughout the long gray days, makes its favorite couch within an old robin's nest. Old moss, loose feathers or soft, downy leaves massed together prove the dormouse a fastidious rodent.

It usually appeals with less interest to the great majority to learn that frogs enter mud at the bottom of slimy pools, that tortoises bury themselves in the soil. Most country-raised boys are aware that toads, lizards, snakes, snails and insects, not to mention their eggs and larva, remain torpid until spring. For does not another of those false observations tell us that

"the first thunder storm wakes up the snakes"? Every school child knows the tradition about Cleopatra warming the viper to her bosom.

Like the state of resistance to destruction by cold or heat, known in bacterial life as "spore formation," the somnolent rest throughout the winter weather, of these higher forms of life are protective. Most hibernating mammals and amphibians could not otherwise avoid complete extinction. Bacterial immunity and opsonic investigations made in my laboratory indicate that the agglutination, lytic, opsonic and antibody production of hibernating mammalia is markedly raised.

Log of a Fishing Cruise on the East Coast of Florida

By ROBERT SEDGWICK (THE SCRIBE)

In Three Parts—Part III.

ON Wednesday, the 27th, we went out in the launch for anything we could get and we got it. Sighting some porpoises we stalked them and the captain harpooned one as the creature crossed the bow at lightning speed. It was a fine shot, the iron sinking in deep, two inches behind the heart. Such a wound would have doubtless proved fatal eventually, but the porpoise, with the blood gushing in warm, crimson spouts, started off at speed, towing our heavy launch containing five men and two rowboats astern. Little by little we hauled up on her, and when she rolled to the surface the gunman did good work, putting seven shots into her in the circumference of a saucer, one so close to the harpoon wound that it broke off an arm of the iron. When it is considered that the gunman stood on the gunwale of a rolling launch in lumpy water, the quarry towing it fast and only showing herself for a moment at intervals, this was good shooting. To prove her tenacity of life, it was twenty-five minutes before she went

into her flurry, when she executed a remarkable movement, dashing blindly about in short circles and finally burrowed head first deep into the bottom, stirring up sand and roily water, dyed with blood and oil. One more short, speedy sprint and she turned belly up. The yacht scales weighed only up to 300 pounds, but she was 9 feet 6 inches long, thick through and very fat. We estimated her weight at 600 pounds and this was probably within the mark. None of us have tasted the excitement of whaling, but that porpoise certainly gave us some idea of what it is like, for a gamier fish never lived. She carried one young one, which unfortunately was borne away by the tide after hauling her up to the davits and opening her. It is interesting, by the way, to sight a mother porpoise, scooting along in shoal water, with the young one clinging to her back. We added an extra large logger-head turtle to the bag, then steaming to our old anchorage at the mouth of Angel Fish Creek, enjoyed a gorgeous sunset, in which salmon,

mauves, pinks and crimsons succeeded themselves in a bewildering orgie of color.

We had meant to devote Thursday, March 28, to a last fishing day on the reef, but while warm and sunny, thermometer 84 degrees, a stiff southeasterly breeze was blowing, which kicked up a smother on the reef and prevented going outside in comfort. So we took to bone fishing when flood tide began to make about 11:30 and met with small measure of success. They are taken on an eight-ounce rod of greenheart, or split bamboo, and twelve thread line. They feed on crustaceans on the bottom, their tails sticking up above water, and move hither and thither across the flats, for all the world like a herd of cattle drifting across a pasture. The angler's boat is noiselessly paddled as near to a school as possible and anchored by sticking an oar in the sand, taking a half hitch round it. The two hooks are baited with crabs. There is a light sinker on the line, which is cast toward the approaching fish, and the hooks repose on the grassy bottom. When a fish takes the hook he cannot go down, as the water is so shallow, and he dashes straight away with a lightning rush, which takes 100 yards of line off the reel before one can think. The first startled run of a lusty nine-pound fish produces a sensation which is in a class by itself. The best time to get them is when the flood makes early in the morning. They have then rested all night and are out on the banks hunting for breakfast, but when the flood tide does not begin to come in until the middle of the day, the fish have fed and often move over the bait without touching it. Many anglers prefer bone fishing to tarpon fishing and devote themselves to it exclusively. Oddly enough the fish look quite black under water, but in the boat are of a beautiful silvery color. They make fine eating. That afternoon the captain harpooned a huge, spotted whip-tail ray, with wide wing-like fins, with which they skim over the bottom at great speed, very much like a bird flying. They have a queer, parrot-shaped head with two holes or vents in the top two inches across, through which they blow out the shells of mollusks and crustaceans on which they feed. This ray weighed 250



BOAT HOUSE AND DOCK, COCOANUT GROVE.

pounds and its tail was nine feet long. We also annexed an extra large logger-head turtle, out of which the men cut steaks for their supper. The meat looked coarse and fibrous, and we were not attracted.

Friday, March 29, was our last day on the Samoa, and as if in sympathy with our feelings it was a dark, murky morning, thermometer 81 degrees, with spits of rain, looking, as the gunman remarked, "like the north Atlantic." Sailed from our anchorage at Angel Fish Creek for Miami at 7:30 and the boat flew up the Hawk Channel before a strong southerly blow as if she longed to get home. She was tied up to Tuttle's dock in the early afternoon. We entrained for the North on Sunday night and arrived five hours late on Tuesday afternoon, without accident or any excuse for such tardiness. The fact was emphasized in the beginning that we arrived at Miami exactly on time, which shows the roads can conform to their schedule, and there seems no adequate reason for the frequent delays which passengers are obliged to endure.

The best month for tarpon fishing on the East Coast in the scribe's judgment is April, before the flies become troublesome and the heat severe. The tarpon's favorite food is mullet, which fish, in April, desert the channels, and go up to spawn in the shallow water of rivers and creeks where tarpon cannot follow, consequently the latter are particularly hungry in April and more ready than in any month of the year to take miscellaneous bait and especially mullet, if the angler can succeed in netting them. One finds that the guides frequently advise fishing by night, and we ourselves are of the opinion that the angler gets more strikes after dark than during the daylight, but personally the scribe does not recommend night fishing except possibly on very bright moonlight nights, for one loses the pleasure of seeing the magnificent fish leap in the air, his silver scales glistening in the bright sunlight and his immense head dashing from side to side in his effort to disgorge the hook. Fishing on a dark and windy evening in a small boat in the fierce running Florida tides does not appeal to the scribe as a jovial occupation. One is always out of sight, and often out of hail of one's companions and loses the pleasure of seeing them play their fish which, to the true sportsman, is almost as great as playing his own. With plenty of time and with still, clear weather, the angler can land by daylight enough tarpon to satisfy any reasonable ambition.



HOUSE ON PLANT NURSERY GROUNDS.

The scribe would advise sportsmen to have their yacht meet them at Long Key Fishing Camp and to proceed direct to Bahia Honda, which he believes to be the point where large tarpon are most numerous late in the season. It is advisable to have two fifteen-ounce rods, an ample supply of No. 27 thread tarpon line, a large gaff and accurate scales weighing up to 600 pounds, as there is much pleasure in knowing the exact weight of your catch.

Personal equipment consists of the fewest clothes possible. One can now buy excellent trousers for fishing purposes for \$1 a pair in Miami. Two pairs of those, with one old coat for cool evenings, one-half dozen flannel shirts and necessary underwear constitute all one needs with the addition of a couple of pairs of sneakers, purchasable at Miami at fifty cents per pair.

Expenses vary according to the requirements and resources of the party, but it may be said in general terms that a trip of one month, with seven mouths to feed, will cost in the neighborhood of \$2,000, including railway fares, sleeping accommodations and meals en route from and to New York, charter party, supplies, tips to the crew and all incidentals. It is well to keep a vigilant eye on supplies, of which even the best stewards are sometimes very wasteful. Perishable stuff, like meats and ice, is sent down

from time to time by rail from Miami in response to telegraph requests. The ice is packed in sawdust covered with burlap and somewhat resembles a cotton bale in size and shape. The waste is not as great as one would expect in such a hot climate, but nevertheless the item for ice runs up into high figures, and fishermen should see that the steward does not crack up a huge painful every time that they want a small lump for a Scotch and soda. It is advisable to put one of the party in charge of all these little details, and if he exercises close supervision, expenses for supplies may be materially curtailed. The scribe would suggest that a very clear understanding should be had with the captain before starting, as to what extras, if any, he intends to charge for, over and above charter party. We understood, for instance, that we were paying \$25 a day for the yacht fully equipped with three boats, but when settling up time came, found an unexpected additional charge of \$100 for the launch. Such "extras" can only be avoided by having everything written out and signed in advance.

In conclusion it may be said that it is delightful to escape from the abominable Northern spring, and that no trip offers more healthful recreation and finer sport than a fishing cruise among the Florida Keys.

A Mississippi Deerless Deer Hunt

By AMOS BURHANS

"MARSE WALLACE, oh, Marse Wallace!" came the negro call from outside the big shanty-boat in which we were sitting about the fire on that snappy November night. "Marse Wallace, can you all come to de doah?"

My friend winked at me, said that he was about to be touched for a two bit loan, hitched up his trousers and felt of his pistol pocket and went to the side door, where he emerged from a darkened room into the black night, feeling his way along the guard-walk of the shanty craft.

"Who is it, out there?" Wallace queried.

"Hit's me, Marse Wallace—Jake," answered heavy black voice.

"Come to the front end and up the plank. I'll bring a lamp," answered Wallace, and he reentered the shanty. I have forgotten now just how many miles it was to the closest white neighbor—only two white families in a large radius—and they never took chances, self-preservation being a first law here along the Mississippi River bottoms in the State.

Jake strode up the gang plank, shielding his eyes with his hands and feeling the way, cautiously. A fall into the soft mud along the bank at this time of the year was not good for the general health. Into the lamplit cabin he came with news of a buck and doe having been seen in the "cawnfield" out near the point.

The Wanderlust, on which I and my family were cruising down the Mississippi, had picked up a "two-legged 'coon" hunter of the Caucasian complexion who was seeking the thief of his

new fishing skiff. The man had hailed us at the Midway Post Office landing, and to accommodate him, we had taken him on for the run to Helena, Ark., where he was sure the thieves would try to sell their booty. From him we had a word of introduction to the owner of the big houseboat or shantyboat, hence dropped anchor near it a couple of days after. The season was open and a deer hunt was a welcome change from constant cruising.

Mrs. Wallace and the family were friends from the start. They visited the little negro store and post office at the landing, bought small articles from the mammies who presided over the slab-roofed one and two-roomed negro cabins and otherwise stretched their limbs and imaginations.

Mr. Wallace had succeeded in getting the negro Jake to agree to guide us where the deer had been seen, and the following morning we set off early. As I have indicated before in the sketches of Mississippi River travel, the river is very crooked, and in every bend there is a sandbar, the latter sometimes covered with sandburrs, grass and accumulated trash. This bar is on the short side of the waterway bend, having been gradually deposited by the various stages of water as they swirled about. Deer often graze out on to the bars during the night and get water or lie in the sand.

We made down the high bank of the inside of the bend and traveled parallel to the river for five miles. It seemed like ten. Working back into the canebrakes here and there and over into small patches of corn, studying the whole floor of Mother Nature's wonderful bower of giant sycamore and cypress for sign and tracks that might lead to quarry. Leaving the timber and underbrush often we went into the corn but could find no tracks. Even Jake's particular field of maize, where the deer had been seen the evening before, failed to yield the tracks. If ever a certain piece of ground was covered thoroughly we did it on that soil. And the plainer it was that nothing resembling deer had been in the field, the more positive Jake was that he had seen them. This reminded me of the phantom covey I pursued one fall.

Once I left Jake, who had been piloting me about through the jungle. Down through a piece of tangle I snooped about and found some tracks. Gradually I drew away from Jake. Once in a while I could hear him breaking down a bit of cane. He had been cautioned not to make a noise with his big mouth. A negro shines on a deer hunt when he can shout and ring a bell on a drive with a pack of curs or hounds with pot-hook tails. I was sure Jake would be able to find his way out, though about myself I was as yet undecided. The sky was overcast and I had nothing to lead me out save the moss on the tree trunks, the general leaning of the vegetation toward the south and to follow the river if I should happen to strike it in my ramblings.

After a couple of hours of fruitless hunting, I came upon a series of deer tracks among those of some stray cattle, young things that roamed over the point at their own will, and as the tracks were apparently made that morning, my pursuit was immediate. Through a long draw that led to the river the cattle, with the deer following, trekked along. Once I was sure that I could hear the tinkle of the bell on the critter that led the herd. On listening for it again, I failed to catch it. Thinking that the deer were at the rear of the bunch, as indeed their tracks showed, I was careful not to make the slightest noise, following as carefully as I would in still-hunting in the woods of the North.

The draw's end was in sight. It was running out to meet the bar, though I doubted if the deer would be on the sand at this time of the day, even if the cattle were. The more I studied the problem, the more it seemed that the whole herd had moved along the route I was following very early in the morning. I might be miles behind them. The trail ran out on the bar to the water's edge and then along it for a few hundred yards. I could see with my glasses that it again entered the timber on the bank further down, and hastened along, under cover as much as possible, to again take it up if the deer had stayed behind the cattle.

They had. Their tracks were apparently as fresh as those of the cattle they followed. Deer hunting North had taught me that they like to seclude themselves during the day and lie about in thickets, after having spent the night feeding. I traveled therefore with greater caution again after entering the timber and brakes. The trail led through deeper tangles than before, and into wet bottoms. Soon I was able to catch the tinkle of a bell on the neck of an animal that was brushing flies off its sides presumably at rest. It was by no means distinct. I figured that the cattle had dropped to their bellies for the day and thought the deer might be with the

bunch. But I kept to the trail. Often I thought I was approaching the tinkling bell, yet sometimes I was sure it was growing more indistinct. Then taking the trail again, I traveled as noiselessly as possible, hoping to get at least a running shot at game if it should get up ahead in the brush. A snapping of the dry twigs ahead arrested my attention. I hid behind a large sycamore, peered to the right and left, watching all angles of the open spots on all sides.

Ahead and to the right the woods noises increased. Something was walking toward me, and I doubted if any pair of deer could have made as much noise had they tried. Suddenly the head of a bay mare showed itself among the bushes and she approached me, walking slowly and coming right for me. Then almost as suddenly she stopped, seemed to make a survey of the dangers and raised her head, snorted, doubled on her tracks and ran as if Satan himself was in pursuit. She had scented me I was sure. As she made away, she ran into the bunch of cattle and stampeded them. I could hear the sound of the bell diminish in the distance. Then I went on further and found where the deer and cattle had been lying in the brakes.

Feeling disgusted that I should have been so close upon the deer and not get a shot, I took my bearings as best I could and headed for a levee that crossed that section and started for the shantyboat and cruiser. I had steadily been working back from the point, due north, and came upon higher ground, on which, just over the levee, were fields of corn and cotton and patches of weeds. I crossed the levee and dropped into the weeds, making for a cattle trail I knew was further on. Just as I came to it, I stopped. I was sure Wallace and Jake had gone home, but thought it would not be foolish to call once to make sure, though I make it a rule never to call out when in the woods.

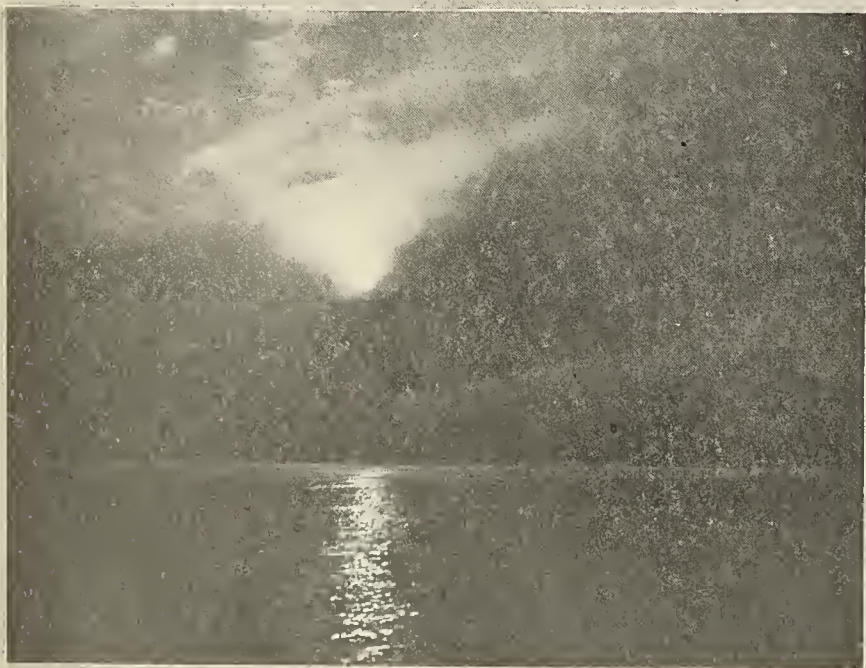
Lifting my rather heavy voice, I sang out like the leader of a chanty carrying the catch-word for a crew of leathern-lunged Norsks. Instantly a crash in the scrub oaks ahead startled me, and down came my rifle, pointing in that direction. Doubting my eyes when I saw two brownish forms leap across the opening in some brush, I did not even fire a snap shot. But they fled with safety between themselves and me, and no more did I see of them than a couple of white flags flapping as they cleared the worm fence along the field and entered the corn. The hunting had been splendid, but the game possibilities were otherwise. Anyhow, I would rather have a deerless hunt than kill the seed. The chase is the thing!

Correction.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the absence of Secretary Swisher we call your attention to the erroneous caption in your issue of the 22d inst. wherein you credit the scores made in our invitation tournament of May 26 to the Newark Casting Club, and failed to give either heading or Secretary's Swisher's signature, and request that you kindly make correction.

O. C. WEHLE.

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MOONLIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Experiences with Wolves in Algonquin Park

By MARK ROBINSON

OVER thirty years ago my parents moved to the Nottawasaga Valley, Simcoe county, Ontario. It was there, as a small boy, I heard wolves howling for the first time. The earlier settlers told blood-curdling stories about the slaughter of their sheep and cattle, also of encounters after dark, of nights spent in trees with a howling mob of wolves on guard at the roots of the trees, etc. As a child I listened to the stories and firmly believed them. But I never saw any evidence of their work and only heard them howling once in that locality.

About five years ago I was appointed ranger on the Algonquin National Park staff. On reporting for duty I was informed that one of my duties would be to destroy wolves. I was detailed to travel with the veteran ranger, Robert Balfour. We set out upon our mission, traveling on snowshoes, drawing our blankets and provisions on light hand sleighs. On our arrival at Boundary Lake shelter house, we at once got things in shape for the night, enjoyed our supper and settled down to read. After a short time a great howling commenced, apparently right outside of our tent. Ranger Balfour picked up his rifle and went outside. I did likewise and thought there must be fully a hundred wolves. I was excited, cold shivers ran up and down my back, and I expected we were in for a good stiff fight. This was my first real experience; I had much to learn. Seeing nothing, we went inside and retired for the night. Many times during the night we were awakened by the howling.

Next morning my companion said we must shoot a deer and get bait, which we did during the forenoon. In walking through the woods I was surprised to find that the wolves were fully a quarter of a mile away from our shelter house. Another strange thing we noticed was that numbers of deer we saw were all traveling toward where the wolves were during the night. Later experience has proven that deer invariably do this.

The following evening the wolves were around again, but we went to bed and slept soundly. In the morning we saw their tracks quite close to our hut. Leaving early, we crossed the rough country via Provoeking Lake to Whitefish Lake and Shelter Hut. On the trail we found where one lone wolf had followed the trail for about seven miles. Later on I was to learn much of this old scamp. We arrived at the shelter almost worn out. After a hearty supper we retired early. Next day we set several baits on Whitefish and Kearney lakes. We saw wolf tracks everywhere, also the track of the lone wanderer.

All winter we saw this lone track following our snow shoe trails from lake to lake. Around the lakes he fed upon bodies of deer killed by other wolves. On several occasions we saw where he had made short dashes after deer, but failed to come up with them; in fact, we never found a deer slaughtered that we could charge to his account. If we placed poison in the carcasses of deer we found killed, this old scamp knew it, and would leave evidence of his supreme contempt on our baits. Later on Dr.

Long, the American naturalist, had a trial after the old scamp, with no better results, and named him the Lou Garou. Shortly after placing our first baits I grew impatient to visit them, feeling sure we would kill a dozen or more. Alas, I had to learn many things about the wolf.

It was a full month afterward before we got one. It was a monster, measuring seven feet three inches from tip to tip (a female). While many baits were taken, this was the only wolf I got all winter, during which time I found thirty-one carcasses of deer killed by wolves, the greater number being does killed in the yards toward spring.

The following winter I was stationed at Canoe Lake. There I saw the first pack of wolves—fourteen in number—come out on the lake at mid-day. They were following four deer that had made a dash across the ice to an island. The wolves were walking quite slowly and had begun to surround the island upon which the deer had taken refuge. I opened fire at 500 yards, wounding one at the first shot. The rest of the pack scattered in all directions, until the wounded wolf gave a peculiar howl, when the greater number returned to him and remained there until they reached the woods. I fired several more shots, but none took effect; evidently I was suffering from buck fever.

After lunch I left a note for my companion, who had not returned from his morning patrol, then I set out fully expecting to find my wounded wolf lying near where they entered the woods. I followed their trail all afternoon, only to find the other wolves had neither deserted nor eaten their wounded companion, who was going much stronger at dusk. I was some distance from the Shelter Hut, so turning toward the full moon rising over the hills, I retraced my steps home to find my companion preparing to come to my assistance.

A few days afterward this entire pack took some of our bait. We were surprised to find where they all had convulsions, tearing up the snow and ground in every possible manner. A number of the wolves had lain upon the snow until fully six inches had melted under their bodies, until they lay upon the ground. Yet the entire pack got up and moved across a small lake where several of them had more fits. They all appeared to recover as we followed their trail for two and a half days, at which time they were traveling and hunting deer as usual. We

were astonished at the results. Our poison (strychnine) was good, as other wolves and foxes were easy victims, yet we had two similar experiences from the same poison with foxes afterward.

About a month afterward several packs of wolves visited our section. We had orders to get a deer and get out more bait, consequently we got busy. Going down Canoe Lake we noticed the lone track of a medium sized wolf that had visited our old baits, showing his contempt in the usual manner. Reaching the foot of the lake I was to follow a ravine to the top of a large hill covered with hardwood timber, while my companion was to follow around the base of the hill and come up from the other side. He followed the trail of the lone wolf



RANGERS BRINGING IN A WOLF.

which was going in his direction. I walked slowly up the ravine until near the crest of the hill, when I heard a scutter in the snow. Looking around I saw an object move and drop out of sight. Hurrying to the top of the hill I saw a deer raise its head and drop it again. I walked over and found it just dead. It had been killed by the lone wolf. From about 200 yards distance my companion called to me, saying the wolf had jumped a deer. I replied that it had killed it where I was standing. We came back together and found the wolf had been about forty paces from the deer when it commenced to rush at it. The deer had at first apparently jumped up into the air, and did not appear to run well until about fifty yards were covered, then they ran side by side for about a hundred and twenty yards, when the wolf hamstringed the deer, making a cut almost as clean as a knife. A few more short bounds and the wolf sprang upon the deer's back, breaking the back at one bite, tearing the flesh so that the kidney could be seen, then he had attacked the throat, when, no doubt, he scented danger and

quickly made his escape into the deep hemlocks.

The deer was a fine healthy young buck about three years old. As far as we could see everything was in favor of the deer traveling fast—good bottom, about eight inches loose snow and slightly down grade. We took the deer home and showed it to a number of residents. Two or three of them recalled similar experiences.

The wolves in Algonquin Park and Northern Ontario are the gray timber wolf. Some have almost black backs. They never have in my experience attacked any person. They will follow a person in the woods, keeping out of sight. Should a person retrace his steps, the wolf will retire to a respectful distance. This is not cowardice on their part. They are a very cunning animal, possessing more than the usual amount of caution and intelligence, and there is no animal that can adapt itself to the surroundings and conditions better than the wolf. He has learned by hard experience that man is his great enemy, hence the caution. Repeating rifles, traps and baits have educated the wolf almost beyond belief. How many times have I read of a howling pack of wolves driving deer ahead of them! I have never noticed anything of the kind here.

In this land of lakes and streams if a wolf howled, all the deer would be ready to take refuge in the water, consequently the wolf in these parts is the most skilful still-hunter. When their quarry is being pulled down and killed, they howl and growl much after the manner of many dogs. Should a deer escape into the water after a hard chase, the young wolves will howl with disappointment for a few

moments over their great loss, then all is silent.

Wolves do a great deal of howling during the mating season in early spring months. During this period the males fight fiercely with each other. We have found where they have fought and moved on with their band, leaving a trail of blood for a mile or more. We have followed these trails, fully expecting to find them unable to travel, but they always appear to travel on as though nothing had occurred. Just as the snow is breaking up, wolves go into the deer yards, and traveling on the deer paths, put up many does and kill them, leaving them lying in the cool, deep woods where the deer yard for winter. These are to provide food for a time when the young wolves leave their den. A female wolf usually has a litter of from five to nine pups. They have no regular dens in these parts, a bed being selected in a hollow log or under a root of upturned tree, or in niches in rocks. These places form a home for the little chaps for a few weeks, after which they follow the mother, living upon the carcasses of deer previously slaughtered.

When old enough to hunt they are led by the mother and hunt most of the time. After the mating season the male usually travels alone, joining the packs at a kill, when they gorge themselves and retire to a quiet place to sleep until hunger calls them into action again. Deer is the natural food of the wolf, but they kill a great many rabbits, beaver, muskrat, woodchucks, etc. Venison is about the only bait they will take. Sometimes, if very hungry, they will take a bait of beef or horse flesh.

Every season we get many pointers from wolf

hunters who claim great success for their methods, but we have found nothing to equal venison and strychnine, and have given all reasonable methods a fair trial. I have taken great care not to handle bait except with gloves prepared for the work; then I have taken a single bait and carried it in my bare hand to where I wished to set it, handled it carelessly and have had it taken at once by the wolves, while the other baits were untouched, and vice versa.

Last season rangers killed forty-seven wolves in Algonquin Park that were accounted for. Fully as many more must have fallen victims to poison from the amount of bait taken. Two-thirds of the number brought in were females. This season, to date March 15, about thirty-five pelts, mostly of males, have been brought in. During the early part of the winter the park was almost clear of wolves, owing to the unceasing efforts of the rangers to destroy them. Poison baits are the most effective method of destroying the wolf. These have to be set with care only during winter months, or many other animals would be destroyed.

Trapping is proving to be quite effective, but like setting bait requires considerable experience and patience to accomplish anything like success. About Christmas one of our rangers, a most reliable man, counted over fifty wolf tracks entering the park from the headwaters of the Magnetawan River, and only two tracks going out. Within the park is an abundance of deer, and where the deer are the wolf will go. This shows what Superintendent G. W. Bartlett and his staff have to contend with, and that they are capable their record shows.

Moose and Men

By J. C. PHILLIPS

IF American sportsmen enjoy being led about by the nose over easy portages and the extremely dirty camp grounds, in a country that is mostly burned, then Lake Edward, Quebec, is the place to go.

My experience there suggests jotting down a few lines on the subject of guides. We started out last fall taking four men, as we wished to travel comfortably. My wife having been recently ill, Rowley Bros., our outfitters, had promised us a good cook, but we soon found we had no cook at all, not even the pretense of one. Our crew were drunk, especially the head man, but we remained cheerful and hoped for the best.

After about two hours, the sky looking slightly gray, it was suggested that we camp in a mud-hole. We did not. This sort of thing kept up for two days, and they were might easy ones at that.

On the third day we gave the outfit a rest and told them we wanted to start early on the morning of the fourth.

Morning came, a fine, clear day. I had to call the men and later came down to ask where my oatmeal was. I was told it would be hung on the fire as soon as the men had finished their own breakfast, at which they were then busily

engaged. I repeated my request with perhaps a somewhat different inflection, but a like result, and then waded into their tent after the collar of the head man. Considerable confusion, much noise and the promise of a knife was the result, so being one to four and having my wife to think of, I hung on my oatmeal and swallowed the gall of defeat. My mouth tasted bitter for some time, I can tell you. In less than five minutes the victorious four were gone, bag and baggage, leaving me one canoe. My wife and I shook hands and began to have a good time. For myself I never was so glad to see the last of any crew I ever traveled with. Right here let me say that Joe, the head of this crew, was immediately re-engaged by the Rowley Bros. and sent on another trip.

One of our men, however, turned out to be a fine fellow after all. Incidentally, he had never worked for the Rowley Bros. before. He took no part in the trouble and came back with two other men. His name was Olésime Nepton (or something close to it), a fine type of trapper breed from the Indian reserve at Roberval. He spoke no English and was better for it. Of the other two he brought, one was a boy, also from the reserve, a trapper raised in the woods and a strong and willing packer.

The other, Tom Tremblé by name, was a regular railroad Indian. He looked as if he had been leaning up against the station for a month, and the whole back of his waistcoat fluffed in the wind, worn off probably on the shingles. Tom got lost on the first portage and we had to go and look him up. He walked directly by a lake that was not twenty yards from the trail. This sort of thing was a common habit of his. We finally lowered him to menial duty and gave him the job of mail carrier, and he made a pretty plain menial at that.

None of our men had been in that section before, but we shook the dirty camp grounds, had a good trip and enjoyed ourselves, especially when we could invent a pretext to send Tom away. We would give him a gun and tell him to get us a partridge. He was apt to get about one, which he usually hung in a bush, and forgot to bring back with him. It took longer to find that bush next day than it did to shoot a pair of fresh birds. However, perhaps he was smiling in his sleeve all the time.

One night soon after Tom's arrival, and before we had penetrated the depths of his uselessness, he had the luck to call down four moose by a series of the most doleful sounds ever emitted by the mouth of man or mammal.

The moose came with a rush and gave us a lively few seconds. Tom lost his head and begged me to shoot at them, one and all, backing desperately away with his paddle and trembling with fright. As a matter of fact the animals, two of which were bulls, had horns about the size of a buck. Most of that night Tom sat on the bank of the lake blowing terrific blasts from his horn until finally we told him as discreetly as possible that we thought he ought to rest from his exertions.

Now this prolonged digression from the subject in hand was started to show that a great many sportsmen must enjoy being bossed by filthy breeds and they must like to eat dirt and camp in dirt, for a short time at least. If they didn't, there would be several Indians missing around Lake Edward. Haven't we all noticed greenhorns in the woods who were dirtier and slacker in their habits than the guides who were with them. As Leacock says in his "Literary Lapses": "Men are only animals anyway. They like to get out in the woods and growl round at night and feel something bite them." That is all very well, but it is poor fun on an extended trip.

I met an Englishman up there. He said he could only stand it five days. The temptation to commit murder was too great and he had to leave. This gentleman was over here especially after moose, and he had hunted in India and traveled extensively in the Soudan. He was perfectly astonished at the filth and laziness he encountered.

Now, of course, an Englishman expects, as a rule, a little more than he can even get in this country, but it seems to me it is up to our sportsmen to set a little higher standard, to boss, to a certain extent, their own outfits, and to insist on a measure of order and cleanliness.

Perhaps it is the short vacation sportsman who doesn't care to make trouble, and often doesn't know good from bad that lowers the standard. In a way you cannot blame him. He is out for two weeks and he must make the most of it. He will have a "good time" at any cost.

Leacock says: "They (the sportsmen) get back to the city dead fagged for want of sleep, sogged with alcohol, bitten brown by the bush flies, trampled on by moose and chased through the brush by bears and skunks—and they have the nerve to say that they like it." There is some truth in this.



NOT A LEAF TO TEMPER THE WIND.

The Rowley Bros., of Lake Edward, told me, and still tell me that Joe, who left us on the Rat River, was one of their best hunters and always got lots of moose. They seemed surprised that no brotherly affection had been wasted between us, and here another trouble suggests itself—the great American moose in the calling season is apt to breed a type of hunter that knows it is just as well to sit in camp and let the game walk in, as it is to go foraging for it. This is unfortunate. Too many moose are killed by merely chance encounters, practically by accident.

Personally, I would rather have a mooseless trip with a willing crew than a sixty-mile trip with Joe or any of his ilk, but I may be hippy on this point.

In a place like Lake Edward the trip is gauged entirely by the spread of the head you

get. If it is forty inches you have had a medium trip; if sixty, a fine one, etc. No attention whatever is given to contributing causes.

I think again that this state of affairs has been brought about mostly by American sportsmen bound on ten-day trips, with full rations of whiskey and the characteristic attitude of not wishing to find fault. Add to this the petting and perhaps bribing of men who, unlike the best type of Maine and Adirondack white guide, must be kept on a less intimate footing, and you have the inevitable result.

Now, I do not doubt that if we had allowed the pampered and rum-fed Joe to sleep in the morning and look carefully after his own stomach, we should have seen more moose and got a larger trophy. Would we have had a more enjoyable trip? I do not think so.

Zoological Expedition to Altai Mountain Region

By RALEIGH RAINES

THROUGH the liberality of a friend, the Smithsonian Institution will be enabled to participate in a zoological expedition to the Altai Mountain region of the Siberian-Mongolian border, Central Asia, an exceedingly interesting territory, from which the United States National Museum at present has no collections. Ned Hollister, assistant curator of the National Museum, will represent the institution and make a general collection of the birds and mammals. He will have as a field assistant Conrad Kain, of Vienna, Austria, a noted Alpine guide. The party has gone direct to London, whence the field will be reached by way of St. Petersburg

and the Siberian railway. The scene of the survey and exploration, the Altai Mountain region, is a particularly wild country and quite unsettled, although it is well stocked with game, and especially rich in its fauna. These mountains are inhabited by the largest of the wild sheep, which with the ibex will form the principal big-game animals sought by the party, but a complete and general collection of smaller mammals and birds will also be made. At present it is the expectation of the party to remain in the field for four months, hunting and collecting, returning to the United States next October.

Another Smithsonian expedition is now

under way for Borneo, under the direction of H. C. Raven, who will make a collection of vertebrates and ethnological material for the National Museum. The field work will be carried on in East Dutch Borneo, the natural history of which is practically unknown. Nothing relating to it has been published, and there are no collections from this region in the United States, although the National Museum has a few specimens from the west and south coasts of Borneo. It is understood that a friend of the institution is also financing this expedition, which is fortunate in having this opportunity to study a country which is practically unknown to

zoologists. Mr. Raven, who will carry out the field work, is a young and enthusiastic naturalist with considerable experience. He hopes to procure a quantity of interesting material, including the characteristic mammals of the country, such as oranges, deer, wild pigs, squirrels and smaller rodents with possibly other native animals. It was Mr. Raven's intention to proceed by way of Singapore, Strait Settlements, from whence he sails directly to Batavia, Java, where he will confer with the Dutch authorities and the American consul in regard to his credentials, after which he will sail for Samarinda, Borneo. At Samarinda he hopes to secure a native houseboat and be towed up the Mahakan or Koti River by one of the small trading steamers which follow the streams for nearly 200 miles. Arriving at the end of the course, he will float down in the houseboat, stopping whenever and wherever he desires to make his collections. The trip will probably take up the greater part of the year, and if successful will provide much scientific information and many extremely interesting specimens for the National Museum.

The third expedition to be sent out during the present year by the Government was to make a biological survey of the Panama Canal Zone and the isthmus. Four scientific representatives of the Government, who spent a part of last year on a similar expedition on the isthmus, have sailed for the zone, and include E. A. Goldman, of the U. S. Biological Survey; Prof. S. E. Meek, of the Field Museum of Chicago; Prof. S. M. Hildebrand, of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, and Prof. C. Dwight Marsh, of the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture. The scientists were greatly aided in their work last year by the Canal Commission, and similar assistance will be extended to them during the present expedition. In the early part of 1911, while engaged in the Smithsonian Biological Survey of the Canal Zone, and the adjacent parts of Panama, Prof. Goldman made a collection of 368 mammals. This collection representing between forty and fifty genera includes twelve new species and sub-species. Nine of the new forms are from the Canal Zone, and the others were collected by the author when he was on a trip to the mountains near the headwaters of the Chagres River, Panama. The new animals include two opossums from near Gatun, two squirrels, of which one is known as a pigmy squirrel; four rice rats, a yoke tooth rat, which was found to be one of the most abundant rats in the grassy clearings of the Canal Zone; three spiny rats, including one known as an octodont, and named after Colonel Goethals, chairman of the Canal Commission. Among the interesting birds collected by Prof. Goldman are two new species of nun birds. These birds of the genus *Monasa* are so-called from the somber black or slaty plumage, which, however, is somewhat relieved by the bright red or yellow bill, and in some cases white feathers at the bend of the wing and about the bill. These specimens were collected on the base of Cerro Azul, northwest of Chepo. Only single specimens of the two new forms were obtained; in fact, none others were seen during the entire season in the Canal Zone and adjacent territory. One of the new forms, Goldman's nun bird, is named after the collector, while the other, Cerro Azul nun bird, gets its name from the location of discovery.

The specimens described are deposited in the national museum for scientific study.

A further study of the mammals collected by the Smithsonian party that accompanied the Alpine Club of Canada in the Jasper Park and Mount Robson region of the Canadian Rockies last summer has resulted in the discovery of several previous unrecognized forms. The hoary marmot and the caribou from the vicinity of Moose Pass prove to be new species. In connection with the identification of the caribou, a thorough study of the specimens in the United States National Museum collections showed the necessity of recognizing additional forms of this interesting game mammal. A new species from the barren grounds of the Arctic coast of Alaska and one from Kamtchatka are named. The type specimen of the Rocky Mountain caribou came from the head of the Moose Pass branch of Smoky River, Alberta, and although its horns are not especially large, the measurements of

the animal itself excel all authentic measurements of caribou on record.

Two new species of birds were discovered, both being of the sparrow family, one a song sparrow and the other a fox sparrow. A new chipmunk, a mantled ground squirrel and two bats were also secured. The chipmunk is a new species and comes from the region along the boundary line between British Columbia and Alberta, from Yellowhead Pass northward. The ground squirrel is a beautifully marked and highly colored form of the genus, and was found living in the Alpine meadows and rocks of the snow-covered region above the timber line. The head and shoulders are rich and glossy Mars brown, and the sides are marked by conspicuous lateral stripes. While the two new species of bats resemble some well known forms externally, they are distinct and distinguishable by the shape of the skull. One of them most resembles a species only known in Mexico.



Newfoundland Notes

By W. J. CARROLL

HERE is an item clipped from this morning's News, calculated to make the ordinary angler restless when business compels him to stick to his desk and pretend that his head is not moidered with the insistence of the call of the wild that latterly has come between him and his work, and his food and his night's rest:

"Mr. G. Morris and Mr. P. Morrissey, who were trouting at the nine mile post, returned to town by last night's train, with a catch of more than twenty dozen. The ponds in the vicinity are overflowed, the water in places being several feet above the usual height."

The evening papers recently reported that salmon and sea trout are running in myriads in some of the Western rivers. The probabilities are that this will be the most successful season ever, as the weather conditions are more favorable than for many years, and the streams will be better protected than ever before.

The Fish and Game Commission has about completed the wardening of nearly ninety rivers for this season, thus continuing the protection given the last few years, and without doubt the results will show that of late there has been an increase in the number and size of fish in various streams.

American anglers will be glad to learn that a daily service is now run between this island and Sydney. This is a great boon to sportsmen, as it is easy to make a start for Newfoundland on any day of the week, with the surety of getting direct to the island without any vexatious delay at any point. Through tickets may be had from New York, Boston or any of the principal American cities.

The new Bruce makes alternate trips with the S. S. Invermore, and the Reid Newfoundland Company are making every effort to cater

to the comfort of American sportsmen, so that visitors may rely on it that the service will be first class in every particular.

Besides the rivers usually protected there will be several other good rivers in Newfoundland and Labrador added to the list this season. We have fishes and fishing here on this island enough to accommodate 100 per cent. more visitors that we are likely to get for many years, but there are anglers who like to tread the untrodden ways, and for such the Labrador rivers will be a great boon.

Parenthetically it may be mentioned that several applications have been made to the Fish and Game Commission for leases of rivers on this island and Labrador, but up to the present public opinion is strongly against creating monopoly on any stream. Our boast heretofore has been that we offer the best fishing in the world, free and unrestricted, to any visitor who comes and pays a nominal price for a license to fish.

Thus it is that the rivers of this island and Labrador are yet free to all-comers, and we rely largely on the honor of visiting sportsmen that the privileges afforded be not abused. Visiting anglers will not be hampered by any vexatious restrictions, but will have the utmost liberty to fish when and where they like.

Although the Newfoundland streams are noted for their great number in proportion to the size of the island, and also for the variety of fishing which they so abundantly furnish, many anglers are turning their eyes Labradorward, influenced by recent reports of the fishing in that region.

There are many rivers in which a net fishery was conducted for years that will be protected henceforth and will yield famous fishing for rod

and fly. Among the best known are the Forteau, Pinware, Red Bay, Mary's River in St. Lewis Bay, N. E. River, White Bear Arm, Partridge Bay, Black Bear and several rivers in Los Water Bay.

Anglers who have fished the Mary's River, Alexis and Gilbert rivers speak very highly of the number and size of the salmon, sea trout and mud trout to be had there.

Most of these rivers have been visited annually by the officers of the British warships, and with this exception very few, outside an occasional venturesome British or American angler, have ever been there.

They are easily accessible by coastal steamer

or yacht for anglers who desire remoteness from the busy haunts of man, but as it is so much easier to fish our local streams, very few go that way. Reports from these rivers show that the fishing must be great. One man with a friend filled a canoe in four hours, fishing with a fly, with immense mud trout, while L. Mott, a noted American yachtsman and angler, describes in glowing terms the capture of a 36½-pound salmon by Mrs. Mott after a gallant struggle of an hour's duration.

The scenery here is described as being most majestic in its rugged grandeur, and those competent to judge say there is nothing in Norway to equal it, but the greatest attraction of all to

American visitors is the summer climate of Labrador. It is warm without being hot, and bracing, and the cool night breeze insures refreshing sleep.

I feel confident that if Americans only realized how cheap and easy it is to enjoy ideal summer weather, we would have thousands of visitors to the tens that come now.

When one cannot "go a-fishing" it is a great relief even to talk about it to someone else. The weather here is beautiful now, ideal summer conditions existing, and the temptation to drop everything and hie away to wander through woodland glades to the music of singing waters is almost too great to be resisted.

Angling for Whirling Dun

By THEODORE GORDON

WHIRLING DUN asks a question in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM and mentions my name, so I feel in duty bound to answer it as best I may.

I do not think that I am far from the truth when I reckon that the yellow-winged fly he mentions, as being imported with other patterns, was a "yellow Sally." The natural fly is quite common upon some English waters in its season, even having been reported in great clouds upon London's River, the Thames. The fly was very possibly tied by Cummins, of Bishop Auckland, North Britain. That is, I judge so from the description of the wings, the color of which seems to be its chief merit in this country.

If the yellow fly seen flitting up stream is the one most common upon our streams at that time and later, it is one of the caddis flies and often appears in considerable numbers. It is very active and flutters on the water; at times often disappointing a trout that has risen at it in a leisurely manner. There are several ways of imitating it, but if one has the color of the body and legs and wings of a light shade, he can usually rise the fish that are taking it.

The trout have a better time and rise more surely at other species which float steadily upon the current. The fish can then poise themselves a few inches under the surface and suck in every fly that floats over them if they want it. If well on the feed, they usually stuff themselves, yet can go without food for a considerable time. I opened trout last summer that had no trace of food in their stomachs and apparently had not fed at all, or very little, during the long drouth.

The insect life of the streams in this region has certainly recovered to a considerable extent from the floods and heavy ice of the year 1908. I noticed this the first time I went fishing, although at that time the water was high. This was most encouraging, not only from the angler's, but from the trout's, point of view. With an abundance of insects and larva the trout soon get into good condition. The dry-fly man would not be very apt to enjoy himself if there was nothing but bottom food to attract the attention of the trout.

With the rapidly growing army of trout fishers it would be well if the trout could enjoy

a meal in peace occasionally, and this they are enabled to have where fly-fishing only is the rule.

Not long ago I had a day on a well known stream, and the very few good trout killed on the floating fly were full of minnows and other bottom food. As I did not pursue them with bait of any sort, my sport was poor, but they came on to surface food again in a few days.

The supply of small trout in the streams is very satisfactory, and shows that the little fish distributed by the State hatcheries have made themselves at home. If we could protect the watersheds of the streams and their small tributaries, allow a few trees to grow instead of removing every one that can be sold for any purpose, we might check the ravages of floods which more and more tend to make of them torrents at one season and wide beds of stones at another. No one who has not visited these mountain rivers at intervals for many years can quite realize what changes have been wrought, and the damage done in many of the best reaches.

I believe that in time (of course it would be lengthy) we can convert this country into something resembling the Sahara—just what has been done in portions of Spain and other countries. Tripoli is said to have supported a population of 20,000,000 at the time when Rome was master of the ancient world. Now the inhabitants number something like 4,000,000, I believe. Where forests once grew there is now nothing but drifting sands and the ruins of palaces, villas and towns.

Fishing Lines.

THE organization of the Joliet (Ill.) Fishing Club has been completed with a membership of two hundred. Fishing preserves with facilities for camping have been secured along the Du Page River between Minooka and Joliet.

All city and county clerks of Illinois were supplied with the new seining licenses last week. They went into effect on July 1, which marks the end of the spawning season, and when seining is permissible until May 1. The new permits carry instructions for seiners and revised fish law. Seiners are prohibited from obstructing more than one-half of a stream at one time.



"TRY A YELLOW SALLY."



Fishermen, Hunters' and Dealers' Ass'n. Montana Mammals and Spotted Fever.

NEW ORLEANS, La., June 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fishermen, Hunters' and Dealers' Association has been organized here with more than one hundred members for the purpose of protecting themselves against hostile legislation. M. Broges was elected president with several vice-presidents, secretaries and treasurer. It is announced that a permanent organization will be perfected at the next meeting on July 1. It is expected that the membership will be fully 500. All fishermen, hunters and dealers are invited to join the organization. Committees will be appointed to go to Baton Rouge to present the views of the association to the committee in charge of game laws in the Legislature. It has not been announced yet precisely what the organization will ask for, but it is known that most of the members are opposed to any laws regulating the catching of fish from salt waters and also opposed to the present high license for seining. The members appear to favor a reduction of the hunting license from one dollar to fifty cents, and also a reduction of the charges made for non-resident hunting license. Some of the members favor an extension of the open season for killing deer in many of the parishes.

A number of professional hunters are outspoken in the opposition to a proposed law, which may be introduced in the Legislature prohibiting the resale of game, including ducks. It is pointed out that professional hunters, if the law is adopted, will have to sell their ducks and other game direct to consumers and not to the markets and stallkeepers. Hunters on the coast or gulf portion of Louisiana will oppose any law restricting the sale of game, and it is not believed that the Legislature will adopt such a drastic measure.

Predatory Animals Killed.

THE United States forestry service reports that 7,971 animals harmful to live stock and to game animals were killed during the past year on the national forest reservations, compared to 9,103 killed during 1910. The total number killed was 12.5 per cent. less than during 1910, which shows a falling off of 21 per cent. in the number of bears, 10 per cent. in mountain lions, 53.5 per cent. in the number of wolf pups, 11 per cent. in the number of coyotes, 25 per cent. in the number of wildcats and 45 per cent. in the number of lynxes. There was, however, an increase of 25 per cent. in the number of grown wolves killed. These reductions are probably due to the general reduction in the number of predatory animals infesting the national forests and adjacent ranges. The work has served as an example and as a stimulus to the settlers within and adjacent to the forests who have themselves killed many thousands of these animals. Of the total number of animals killed during the past year, there were 213 bear, 88 mountain lions, 172 wolves, 69 wolf pups, 6,487 coyotes, 870 wildcats and 72 lynxes.

LAST autumn we called attention to the investigations of the Bureau of Biological Survey, of which Henry W. Henshaw is chief, noticing a circular issued by the Survey on "The Mammals of Bitterroot Valley, Montana, in Their Relation to Spotted Fever." An amplification of this circular by Clarence Birdseye has just been issued by the Survey, entitled "Some Common Mammals of Western Montana, in Relation to Agriculture and Spotted Fever."

It has been demonstrated that the Rocky Mountain spotted fever is a germ disease, which is communicated from wild animals to human beings by the bite of a certain tick. The tick carries the germ which it communicates to the wild animals, or to a man by the bite, and the infected female tick transmits the disease to its offspring and in some experiments the disease has actually been communicated by the injection into a healthy guinea pig of a few crushed eggs of an infected tick. It is believed that the spotted fever, like malaria, is contracted only by blood infection and not through the digestive system like typhoid fever, although the belief is held locally that the fever may be contracted by drinking impure or very cold water.

The life history of the tick consists of four stages—the egg, the seed or larva, the nymph and the adult. The adults as a rule are found chiefly on the larger animals, while the two younger forms attach themselves to small animals, pass a short time on them, and then drop off to molt and assume the next older stage.

Besides the danger to human health, caused by the fact that these small native animals—chiefly rodents—act as hosts for the young forms of these ticks, they do an enormous damage to agriculture by the destruction of crops. The present enlargement of the previous circular is a continuation of the efforts so long put forth by the Biological Survey to assist the farmer to compete with his worst enemies.

In many cases poisoning is the most effective and least expensive means of destroying these rodents, and strychnine, arsenic and phosphorus are the three poisons most commonly used. Strychnine in either of its forms is quick and effective, though much more expensive than either of the others. The chief objection to it is that its bitterness, unless disguised, causes certain rodents to refuse to eat the poisoned grain. Yellow phosphorus is dangerous to persons using it, and causes slow and painful death, while white arsenic is not always to be depended on. There are other poisons which for various reasons are objectionable. Strychnine is recommended and a number of formulæ are given for administering it to different animals. Poison should be put out in the spring as soon as possible after the animals cease hibernation, and before any green thing has started. At this time they eat more readily than at any other. Co-operation in rodent poisoning is recommended since a landowner, who by effort and expense has cleared his own land of injurious rodents, is likely soon to have it invaded by

other rodents bred on adjoining farms. Besides, a campaign undertaken by all the people in a community will destroy most of the injurious mammals on the land at far less expense than if the work was done individually.

The Columbian ground squirrel is perhaps the most injurious rodent in Western Montana, and is one of the most important hosts for the younger stages of the fever tick. W. V. King and Mr. Birdseye counted the seed and nymphal wood ticks on 341 specimens and found no less than 2,075, an average of 6.09 to the animal. These ground squirrels eat growing grain, carrots, potatoes, beans, peas and other garden truck and grass, and also destroy young trees in orchards. They should be gotten rid of.

Poisoning, trapping and fumigation with carbon bisulphide are the most effective methods of getting rid of these animals, and all these methods should be employed at the same time.

Chipmunks, pine squirrels, woodchucks, white-footed mice, house mice, meadow mice, woodrats and pocket gophers and rabbits are extremely injurious, and can all be effectively destroyed.

The paper recommends that poison should be prepared in bulk by State experiment stations, counties, chambers of commerce, farmers' unions or other organizations, and then distributed to individuals at cost. There are many common proprietary poisons, but some of them are quite ineffective and cost more than the preparations recommended by this paper.

Readers interested in this subject should write to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Farmers' Bulletin, 484, issued March 9, 1912.

National Archery Association.

THE twenty-fourth annual tournament of the National Archery Association of the United States will take place on the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th of August, 1912, on Soldiers' Field, Harvard University, Cambridge. Present indications point to the largest and most closely contested tournament in the history of the association, and certain radical changes in the program give promise of making it the most enjoyable.

LADIES' PROGRAM.

Day.	Morning.	Afternoon.	Number of Arrows.
1.	1st Columbia.....	2d Columbia....	144
2.	1st National.....	2d National....	144
3.	Team Shoot.....	H'cap Columbia.	168
4.	Handicap National..	Wand Shoot....	72+x Flight

GENTLEMEN'S PROGRAM.

1.	1st American.....	2d American....	180
2.	100 yards.....	80 yds.; 60 yds..	144
3.	100 yards.....	80 yds.; 60 yds..	144
4.	Team Shoot.....	H'cap American.	186 Flight Shooting

Besides the regular prizes for the York, handicap prizes will be given for the 80 yards and 60 yards of the 2d York, based on the scores made at those distances in the first. The prizes will go to the highest scores (possibly to the second highest), and hits will decide in case of a tie.

The York is the great event, the real championship contest of the meeting. It ought, therefore, to come as the climax and culmination of the tournament rather than to end in the middle of it. The shooting of the American Round will

give a knowledge of the quality of the light, the point of aim and the wind that will serve to improve the scores in the York. Moreover, the short range archers will have something to interest them from the first, and for the spectators always more interested in the number of hits than in the distance at which they are made, the opening will be more lively.

To those archers for whom attendance at the tournament is necessarily a part of their annual vacation trip, no city offers greater inducements than Boston. In addition to its objects of historic, literary and artistic interest, it has magnificent beaches within half an hour's ride or an hour's sail; a park system that embraces thousands of acres and includes every variety of landscape from densely wooded highlands to long stretches of seashore, and a group of outlying cities of such peculiar and varied interest as Cambridge, Concord, Lexington, Salem, Marblehead and Gloucester.

Soldiers' Field, the magnificent Athletic ground of Harvard University, is as fine a place for a national archery tournament as could be imagined. The space is more than ample for even the flight shooting. The surface of the field is as level as a billiard table and as green.

The annual dues are \$2, payable not later than Aug. 1. As long as the money remains in your pocket, it is doing nothing for the promotion of the success of the coming tournament. The moment we receive it we shall put it at work in that excellent cause. Send it as soon as you can, please; the sooner the better. Those who are not members, but desire to join the association, will please remit the membership fee of \$3, together with the dues of \$2; \$5 in all.

From most points in the Middle West, special vacation rates to Boston are granted during the summer months.

HENRY B. RICHARDSON, Pres.

BURTON PAYNE GRAY, Sec'y-Treas.

For the Executive Committee.

Tremont Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Raising Venison for Market.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is a matter of satisfaction to me that a law permitting the raising and sale of any member of the deer family has been passed by the Maryland Legislature and signed by the Governor. The business of marketing venison may be tried out in this State, where one-third of our lands are in forest and scrub. Land can be purchased from \$3.00 an acre up.

The Agricultural Department is much interested in having the experiment made with elk and other varieties, and I hope that the Maryland Agricultural Station will be instructed to undertake some experiments in this line.

The owners of overstocked preserves in Pennsylvania and New York might well look into the conditions here and transport some of their herds to Maryland, where our markets will be open to their product.

W. M. ELLICOTT.

ROY WILSON, of Sterling, Ill., shot and killed a large gray eagle which he surprised in the act of devouring a calf which it had killed in a field near his home. The eagle measured seven feet three inches from tip to tip of its wings.



NATURAL HISTORY



Hunting Wild Flowers at Tenafly, N. J.

By W. G. BOWDOIN

NOTWITHSTANDING the lowering skies and the frequent light rains on the coldest June 15 we have had in sixteen years, there was an enthusiastic band of wild flower hunters journeyed to Tenafly, N. J., under the leadership of Charles Ericson.

The geology of Tenafly is very different from that of Queens, L. I., and is the result of an ingenious outbreak, from which we also have the famous Palisades. Queens, on the other hand, belongs to the ice age and the glacial period. It is a terminal moraine, while Tenafly owes a debt to volcanic action.

The first flower observed was the iris in full flower. Some persons call it blue flag, while others speak of it as fleur-de-lis. It is cross fertilized by bees and other insects. Some angelica that was found belongs to the plants that once had certain domestic vogue as remedies. Angelica in large doses is emetic. Its very name is a tribute to its supposed angelic medicinal virtue. At one time angelica was in much request for confectionery. The old herbals give it as a wine ingredient. In Lapland, where it is also found, it is used to crown poets who fancy themselves inspired by its agreeable odor. In the language of flowers it signifies inspiration. It has been eaten after the fashion of celery.

A large dock that grew nearby was surmounted with tall seed stalks that were far advanced and almost ready for seed dispersal. The seed stalk was red in color instead of the usual green.

A touch of sentiment lurked in the next flowers to be found which were forget-me-nots. The flowers themselves were exceedingly small, but quite blue and carried much of the symbolic with them as they went into the botany boxes. There are some melancholy myths connected with this flower.

The elderberry bushes were reporting progress as well as they could.

A small unobtrusive insect observed on one of the wayside plants turned out to be a fire-fly. The wonderful phosphorescence of the insect, at once the wonder and the despair of scientists, with its 100 per cent. of efficiency, of course made no manifestation in the sunlight.

Some flowering dogwood was among the botanical spoil. Medicinally dogwood is tonic, astringent and slightly aromatic.

Several ferns were found including the royal fern, the marsh fern, the lady fern, and the interrupted fern. The interrupted fern gets its name from the fact that its leaves seem to be interrupted by the spores which come in between them on the stems. It was an old legend that if a person should eat or swallow fern seed, this process would induce invisibility.

The yarrow was in bloom. Its botanical name is *Achillea millefolium* after Achilles, who is said to have discovered its healing qualities. Yarrow tea has had a reputation in many coun-

tries among certain people for medicinal virtues. The flowers are small and white.

A rare milkweed was found with curious curly leaves. It was not identified by any of the experts on the trip. Then came a regular forest of the Solomon's Seal in magnificent bloom. Solomon's Seal has been repeatedly found on these trips, but never in such masses nor in such wild luxuriance.

Sheep laurel in fine bloom was found. The blossoms are in pink with the flower stamens half hidden in little pockets. When an insect alights upon one of these flowers, one or more of these sex instruments are released and minute clouds of pollen are thrown about, some of which accomplishes the fertilization it is intended to accomplish. If the stamens are touched with a pin, the pollination process takes place immediately under the eye of the pin holder.

Wild roses, frail, but beautiful, were in bud.

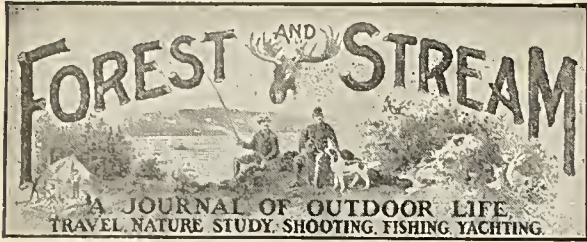
Much of the district penetrated at Tenafly was more or less marshy. Many of the scouring rushes grew profusely. These plants secrete silicic acid abundantly, and it was from this fact that the old-time housewives used them as the antecedents of the more modern scouring powders that are now in favor. The garden Deutzia also secretes silicic acid that is formed into the most beautiful of crystals, particularly upon the under side of the leaves. These show with surprising beauty under the microscope.

A toxic flower that was met with is variously named water hemlock, spotted cowbane, musquash root or beaver poison. The portion drunk by Socrates and other philosophers and criminals at Athens is thought to have been a decoction made from the roots of this plant. Another toxic plant found was bitter sweet.

Some of the plant galls observed in passing, according to Dr. Erwin Smith, of the Bureau of Plant Pathology, Department of Agriculture, at Washington, are analogous to cancer in the human family. Dr. Smith has made a long study of the galls and has just announced this discovery.

A single example of the ox-eye daisy or farmer's curse was found. This flower is a favorite with children and with artists in spite of its name. Some cat-tails were in the growing by moist places. Only the reedy parts are yet observable. Some pepper grass, such as Lincoln used to subdue the bully with whom he wrestled, grew nearby. Its taste is by no means pleasing. Its smart is still less so.

Some bindweeds were met with, resembling morning glories, like which they open with sunlight and close with dark. Other plants have similar habits, but open at varying hours, and it is thus possible to construct a flower clock by means of which the approximate time of day is indicated by the opening of the flower masses of which such a clock must be composed. The return home began with the flower hunters laden with wild azalia, tulip blooms, sundry ferns and a ladybug.



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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

MARKET HUNTERS' DAYS ARE NUMBERED.

IN another column appears an article from our New Orleans correspondent, its subject being the organization of an association to fight against a proposed bill to prohibit the sale of game. The association also fights to have the hunting license fee reduced from one dollar to fifty cents, and the extension of the open season on deer. In other words, these market hunters pray for permission to kill off all the game in the State of Louisiana at the lowest possible cost to the killer. This surely is an extension of the game hog. Louisiana, like her sister States in the South, has come to realize that from an unlimited supply of game, good shooting is confined to certain localities, and there are very few of these. The market hunter says it will hurt his business if he has to sell to the consumer instead of to the market. The law should forbid him selling game to anybody.

Section 1 of the bill recently passed in Massachusetts is a model Louisiana lawmakers should pattern after. It reads:

"It shall be unlawful, except as hereinafter provided, to buy, sell, barter, exchange, or in any manner deal in or trade with respect to, the dead or living bodies, or any part thereof, of wild birds or game quadrupeds, except hares and rabbits, protected by law in any part of the United States, whenever and wherever taken or killed."

One State after another is taking up the important work of retiring the market hunter. It has come to pass that every market hunter shall buy himself a hoe, rake and plow and take to market gardening. It is more profitable than market hunting and much more useful. Let him turn his gun into a plow share and his powder horn will become a horn of plenty. Let him turn his address of command to his ox instead of

to his dog. His "steady" and "hie on" must be transformed to "gee-haw," while he cultivates the habits of rice, potatoes and other vegetable edibles instead of the habits and haunts of animal foods. Verily his days are numbered.

FOREST PRODUCT STATISTICS.

THE forest product statistics for the year 1911, gathered by the Conservation Commission, show that the lumber and pulpwood output exceeded that of the preceding year, but that there was a falling off in wood used for alcohol, excelsior and cooperage.

The output of the forests in 1910 showed a decrease of 25 per cent. from that of 1908, a decline of about 300,000,000 feet in three years. The annual removal of about one billion feet of wood material from the forests and woodlands of the State cannot go on indefinitely without reforestation on a large scale.

Following are the figures for the lumber cut of the State for 1911 in board feet:

Spruce	81,841,173
Hemlock	132,941,586
Pine	79,189,015
Maple	66,396,012
Birch	29,005,135
Beach	42,128,494
Basswood	29,637,603
Oak	28,947,157
Chestnut	17,506,409
Elm	14,239,789
Ash	11,161,001
Poplar	1,751,461
Hickory	1,301,318
Cherry	3,581,193
Cedar	378,960
Butternut	95,960
Cucumber	84,130
Tamarack	64,875
Sycamore	15,883
Apple	25,000
Locust	36,668
Willow	18,800
Black walnut	7,070
Ironwood	3,060
Gum	259
Total	540,358,005

The total board feet for 1910 was 519,215,500. The pulpwood cut in 1911 was as follows:

	Cords.
Spruce	403,983
Balsam	43,378
Hemlock	71,392
Pine	466
Poplar	30,050
Basswood	2,960
Total	552,229

In 1910 the output in the same line was:

	Cords.
Spruce	392,680
Hemlock	46,259
Pine	2,607
Basswood	3,085
Poplar	43,292
Balsam	39,820
Total	526,744

In 1911 wood used for alcohol, excelsior,

cooperage, kilns, etc., totaled 235,091 cords, as compared with 217,915 cords in 1910.

Other forest products as shingles, lath, heading, staves, ties, posts and poles for 1910 were 170,606,646 pieces as against 149,353,201 pieces in 1911.

The Conservation Commission is increasing the number of nurseries, is improving the efficiency of forest protection and preservation, and in many ways encouraging reforestation on private lands, in addition to replanting denuded State lands. It is confidently expected that the taxation relief feature of the new conservation law relating to lands and forests will give an important impetus to the work of restoring the forests on lands which are better adapted to tree growing than to any other economic purpose.

PROGRESSIVE YACHT DESIGNING.

OUT of the West came the challenge. Into the West went the cup, all of which is an attest to the prowess of Chicago Y. C. and its syndicate of capitalists who made possible the racer Michigan. Chicago has in yacht racing, as in all things else, a snappy, no argument sort of way of going about things. Chicago knew Gardner was about the best designer of sail racing yachts. Chicago knew that Woods, of City Island, could not be improved upon as a constructor. Chicago knew that to sail on Long Island Sound a native sailor was essential. Chicago raised no point of State or Western patriotism—she wanted a boat to defend successfully the Richardson cup, incidentally and equally important being the taking home of the Manhasset trophy. Decisively she put away Cara Mia, holder of the coveted trophy, and Joyant, the winner of it, and now she is ready for Canada and all comers. The race for Manhasset cup proves emphatically the strides made each year in race boat designing. Last year Joyant was the fastest thing in her class; this year a new, practically untried boat, runs away from her, and as there is little to choose between the skippers of the two boats in the recent races, design is the winner. Chicago's enterprise is to be congratulated.

QUAIL DISEASES.

WEST HAVEN, Conn., June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Storrs Agricultural Experiment Station, address Storrs, Connecticut, is undertaking general research work in the propagation, nutrition and disease of game birds and wildfowl. One special line of research is a scientific study of the diseases of quail, which seems to be the key to the artificial propagation of the species. An expert bacteriologist and assistant are now engaged and are at work. Specimens of diseased quail are needed, not those killed by accident, but such as have died of disease. If any of your readers are so unfortunate as to have quail thus die during the present summer, they will help on the cause and receive diagnosis of their birds if they will kindly send them to the station as above. Express charges should be prepaid. The only way to ship is to put the specimens into a small box, say a tin can, and in a larger box surround it with ice packed in sawdust. In this way we may the more quickly gain information on this difficult and important problem.

HERBERT K. JOB,
 State Ornithologist of Connecticut.

YACHTING

Ticks from the Ship's Clock.

It is probable that six of the fastest speed boats of Europe will be brought to Detroit to race in the Cadillaqua races for motor boats against the American made craft for the \$500 Cadillaqua cup on July 23, 24 and 25.

New York Y. C. has opened a new station at Martha's Vineyard, Mass. It is the old No. 7 in a new location.

Louise, owned by H. Mugler, had to retire from the Albany power boat race. She cracked her crank shaft about an hour after the start.

The squall of last Saturday struck the Sound with great force only within a radius of three miles of Execution Rocks Light. It was the severest and least expected blow thus far recorded as occurring during a regatta on Long Island Sound. That no lives were lost seems almost miraculous.

EIGHT large power boats, led by Rear-Commodore Roger Upton's division flagship, left Marblehead for the second cruise of the power boat division of the Boston Y. C. last Saturday.

New Rochelle Y. C.

WHAT proved a disastrous and almost fatal squall broke toward the finish of last Saturday's regatta, creating havoc among the ninety contestants. Eleven yachts were capsized, three sinking almost instantly. Hazen Morse, one of the best amateur sailors on the Sound, whose numeral Kitties have won many fast events, was caught in the sheet of Chinook when she sank and almost turned his last mark. Festina and Robin Hood also went to the bottom. This was the biggest regatta ever held by the New Rochelle Y. C., and even without the accidents recorded it was exciting throughout.

Istalena beat Winsome by 36s., while Cara Mia won handily in Class P. Nepsi, Alicia, Sue, Amada, Suelow, Marzola, Hamburg II., Robin Hood II., Ogeemah, Scylla, Turquoise, Argus, Snug, Loon and Go Go won in their classes. The summaries:

	Finish	Elapsed
Sloops, Class K—Course, 21¼ Miles—Start, 12:10.		
Winsome, E. T. Hall	2 55 31	2 45 31
Istalena, George M. Pyncheon.....	2 54 55	2 44 55

	Finish	Elapsed
Sloops, Class P—Course, 11½ Miles, Start, 12:15.		
Cara Mia, R. L. Cuthbert	2 53 08	2 38 08
Joyant, W. H. Childs	2 56 13	2 41 13
Corinthian; H. C. Smith	2 55 24	2 40 24

	Finish	Elapsed
N. Y. Y. C. 30-foot Class—Course, 15½ Miles—Start 12:20.		
Alera, J. W. and E. P. Alker.....	3 08 19	2 48 19
Ibis, W. H. Buck	3 13 43	2 53 43
Okece, J. A. Mahlstedt	3 14 07	2 54 07
Juanita, S. C. Hunter.....	3 08 12	2 48 12
Nepsi, J. De Forest	3 04 34	2 44 34
Carlita, G. B. Kulenkampff	3 07 41	2 47 41
Rowdy, H. S. Duell	3 07 49	2 47 49
Phyrne, J. P. Morgan, Jr.....	3 11 43	2 51 43
Caprice, R. N. Ellis	3 04 08	2 44 08

Long Island Sound One-Design Schooners—Course, 11½ Miles—Start, 12:30.

	Finish	Elapsed
Alicia, W. M. Baldwin	3 27 03	2 57 03
Moirra, C. Cowl	3 19 24	2 49 24
Helen II., E. Randolph.....	3 13 15	2 43 15
Daffodil, A. H. Morris	3 10 52	2 40 52

	Finish	Elapsed
Handicap Class, 1st Div.—Course, 11½ Miles—Start, 12:35.		
Sue, F. Ewing	3 11 38	2 36 38
Interim, R. N. Bavier	3 10 27	2 35 27
Dorinda, H. L. Dyer	3 16 33	2 41 33
Sally IX., A. E. Black	3 14 32	2 39 32
Alert, R. B. Budd	3 10 36	2 35 36
May Queen, J. S. Crosby.....	3 26 54	2 51 54

Corrected times: Sue, 2.25.46; Sally, 2.28.39; Interim, 2.30.03; Alert, 2.35.36; Dorinda, 2.36.09; May Queen, 2.45.41.

	Finish	Elapsed
Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Course, 11½ Miles—Start, 12:35.		
Veda, Schultz, et al.....	3 36 41	2 01 35
Amada, B. R. Stoddard	3 12 54	3 37 54
Maloco, C. A. Stoltze	Did not finish.	
Red Wing, Loewy and Glace.....	3 27 04	2 46 04
Mist, H. T. Hornidge	Did not finish.	

Corrected times: Amada, 2.37.54; Red Wing, 2.39.45; Veda, 2.48.17.

	Finish	Elapsed
Sloops, Class O—Course, 11½ Miles—Start, 12:40.		
Edmee, R. F. Schaefer	Did not finish.	
Suelew, E. F. Luckenback	3 16 03	2 36 03

Essex, J. L. Mitchell	3 19 23	2 39 23
More Joy, P. M. Giffin	3 24 32	2 44 32
American Y. C., Raceabouts—Course, 11½ Miles—Start, 12:40.		

Cliphora, C. D. Mallory	Did not finish.	
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	Did not finish.	
Maryolia, A. F. Bradley	3 28 33	2 48 33
Larchmont Interclub Class—Course, 11½ Miles—Start, 12:35.		

Festina, A. B. Alley	3 30 00	2 45 00
Whiff, W. R. Manny	3 30 30	2 45 30
Triton, W. H. Jennings	3 29 02	2 44 02
Lewanna, L. G. Spence	Did not finish.	
Hamburgh II., M. M. Goldschmidt	3 28 31	2 43 31
Bella, G. S. Runk, Jr.....	Did not finish.	
Le Cygne, D. Garll.....	Did not finish.	

	Finish	Elapsed
Handicap Class 3d Div.—Course, 11½ Miles—Start, 12:50.		
Robin Hood II., G. E. Gartland...	4 18 52	3 28 52
Natoma, W. F. Clark	3 27 15	2 37 15
Chinook, Hazen Morse	Sunk.	
Circe, J. S. and E. S. Appleby.....	Did not finish.	
Amanita IV., A. E. Fountain.....	Did not finish.	

	Finish	Elapsed
Handicap Class 4th Div.—Course, 11½ Miles—Start, 12:50.		
Ada, L. Price	Did not finish.	
Robin Hood, G. C. Molloy	Sunk	
Dolly, T. Price	Did not finish.	
Kanaka, W. J. McHugh.....	Did not finish.	

	Finish	Elapsed
Sloops, Class R—Course, 11½ Miles—Start, 12:55.		
Ogeemah, A. B. Clements	2 47 27	1 52 27
Virginia, C. Shields	3 06 11	2 11 11

	Finish	Elapsed
Manhasset Bay Class—Course, 7¼ Miles—Start, 12:55.		
Scylla, E. A. Sierek	2 44 31	1 49 31
Mile. Boss, W. E. Lindeman.....	2 48 44	1 53 44

	Finish	Elapsed
Glen Cove Jewel Class—Course 7¼ Miles—Start, 12:55.		
Amethyst, W. H. Truesdale.....	1 45 43	1 50 43
Brilliant, W. W. J. Bucknall	2 42 15	1 47 15
Jade, E. S. Willard	2 39 58	1 44 58
Turquoise, J. S. Morgan, Jr.....	2 38 28	1 43 28
Topaz, F. P. Davison	2 42 36	1 47 36

	Finish	Elapsed
Star Class—Course, 7¼ Miles—Start, 1 P. M.		
Twinkle, J. Alley	2 56 22	1 56 22
Snake, F. S. Richards	3 00 40	2 00 40
Cynosure, H. Ford	2 55 55	1 55 55
Argus, L. Parsons	2 54 22	1 54 22
Little Dipper, George Corry.....	3 01 13	2 01 13
Solikel, M. M. Loozem	3 01 04	2 01 04
Mercury, J. S. Huyler	3 05 46	2 05 46

	Finish	Elapsed
New Rochelle Class—Course, 7¼ Miles—Start, 1 P. M..		
La Rochelle, F. H. Waldorf.....	3 12 33	2 12 33
Echo, T. C. Press.....	3 07 49	2 07 49
Neried, George Fuller	3 09 30	2 09 30
Snug, L. Huntington	3 02 48	2 02 48

	Finish	Elapsed
Bayside Bird Class—Course, 7¼ Miles—Start, 1:05.		
Skylark, C. Dayton	2 54 10	1 49 10
Loon, A. W. Knapp	2 53 52	1 48 52
Curlew, C. L. Willard	2 55 50	1 50 50
Dodo, A. C. Andrews	2 54 20	1 49 20

	Finish	Elapsed
American Y. C. Dories—Course, 7¼ Miles—Start, 1:10.		
Tautog, G. G. Fay	Capsized.	
Alice, A. K. Griffin	Capsized.	
Rocky, I. Rockwell	Capsized.	
Madeleine II., R. P. Coutard.....	Capsized.	
Wampus, R. S. Hardy	Capsized.	

	Finish	Elapsed
Bug Class—Course, 7¼ Miles—Start, 1:05.		
Mayfly, R. A. Mahlstedt	3 15 38	2 10 38
Iney, C. C. Converse	3 15 20	2 10 20

	Finish	Elapsed
Port Washington Class—Course, Special—Start, 2:35.		
Go Go, B. A. Mackinnon	3 29 47	0 54 47
Trix, R. D. Hulst	Capsized.	
Viva, W. Trench	Capsized.	

Manhasset Bay Cup.

It took three races to settle the question of supremacy between Chicago's new yacht Michigan and Joyant from Indian Harbor Y. C. The first race Michigan won by 2m. 15s. (described in last week's issue). In the second race Joyant won by 5m. 29s. Scores follow:

	Finish	Elapsed
Second Race.		
Joyant, Indian Harbor Y. C.....	4 49 24	2 39 24
Michigan, Chicago, Y. C.	4 54 53	3 44 53
Cara Mia, American Y. C.	4 58 32	3 48 32
Corinthian S. C. Y. C.	5 02 42	3 52 42
Windward, Larchmont Y. C.	5 07 27	3 57 27

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.
The elapsed times over each leg of the course were:						
Joyant	54 36	21 29	37 01	51 36	20 19	34 23
Michigan ..	55 22	21 31	47 57	52 10	20 41	37 12
Cara Mia ..	54 40	22 03	39 12	54 26	20 50	37 21
Corinthian ..	56 21	21 06	38 06	55 05	21 09	39 55
Windward ..	55 08	21 23	38 45	56 40	21 23	44 08

With each boat having a credit of 9 points, the last race, June 27, was full of excitement. It was won by Cara Mia, trophy holder, but as both Joyant and Michigan were so far ahead in points, the cup had to be won by either of those two. Joyant finished last, with the Chicago boat 1m. 15s. ahead of her, thus giving the Western yacht enough points to enable her to take home the trophy that has caused enough

dissension among Long Island Sound yachtsmen to make its departure almost a relief.

Cara Mia was first at the windward mark, followed by Windward, Corinthian, Michigan and Joyant. Each set light sails for the run home. No change was made in the order down the wind, and the time taken at the end of the first round were: Cara Mia, 3.19.16; Windward, 3.26.36; Corinthian, 3.30.11; Michigan, 3.30.55; Joyant, 3.32.22.

On the second round Cara Mia led the procession. Windward held Corinthian and increased her lead, and Michigan kept ahead of Joyant. The wind was a little better on the second round, faster time being made. Cara Mia finished first, 8m. 18s. ahead of Windward. Windward was 4m. 28s. ahead of Corinthian. Then came Michigan 2m. 54s. further astern and 1m. 15s. ahead of Joyant. The summary:

Third Race for Manhasset Challenge Cup—Course to Windward and Return, 16 Miles—Start, 1:40.

	Finish	Elapsed
Cara Mia, American Y. C.	4 49 06	3 09 06
Windward, Larchmont Y. C.	4 57 20	3 17 20
Corinthian, S. C. Y. C.	5 01 52	3 20 52
Michigan	5 04 46	3 24 46
Joyant, Indian Harbor Y. C.	5 06 01	3 26 01

The points scored were: Michigan, 11; Joyant and Cara Mia, 10 each; Windward, 8; Corinthian, 6.

Atlantic Y. C.

NEAR the end of the Atlantic Y. C. regatta last Saturday a fearful squall broke, threatening capsizes and calling for real seamanship which was forthcoming to the elimination of accidents. The summaries:

	Finish	Elapsed
Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:00—Course, 12 Miles.		
Grayjacket, F. S. Noble	5 14 58	2 14 58
Soya, W. A. Barstow.....	5 17 35	2 17 35
Alice, G. Davis	5 19 31	2 10 13
Spider, H. Chubb	5 31 55	2 31 55
Florence, R. A. Brown.....	Did not finish.	

	Finish	Elapsed
Handicap Class—1st Div.—Start, 3:05—Course, 12 Miles.		
Claire, W. C. Van Clief	5 29 55	2 24 55
La Cubana, J. H. Ives	5 32 45	2 28 45
Joy, Le Sauvage and Geer.....	5 39 40	2 34 40

	Finish	Elapsed
Corrected time on La Cubana, 2.08.45; Claire, 2.14.46; Joy, 2.25.58.		
Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Start, 3:05—Course, 9.6 Miles.		
Careless, R. Rummell	5 11 55	2 06 55
Gunda, W. H. Hall	5 17 43	2 12 43
Blue Bill, Z. Meyhew	5 23 34	2 18 34

	Finish	Elapsed
Corrected time on Gunda, 2.05.44; Careless, 2.06.55; Blue Bill, 2.12.13.		
Sloops, Class S—Start, 3:10—Course, 9.6 Miles.		
Cyric, Dr. C. L. Atkinson.....	5 13 55	2 03 55
M. and F., Camp and Marchant.....	5 14 45	2 04 45

	Finish	Elapsed
Sloops, Class X—Start, 3:15—Course, 8 Miles.		
Mouse, R. E. Dengman	5 09 39	1 54 39
Suffragette, Platt and Siemann	5 10 25	1 55 25
Merry Widow, Bailly and Bailly	5 10 38	1 55 38
Skylark, M. A. Howard	5 13 00	1 58 00
Slow Poke, F. L. Durland	5 32 50	2 17 50
Pike, R. Rummell, Jr.	Did not finish.	

Winthrop (Mass.) Y. C.

SOME lively racing was provided by the three boats in the handicap race held last Saturday by the Winthrop Y. C. Virginia came home first, but Chewink won on time allowance. The power boat race was won by Eleanor H., owned by George Hazel. The summary:

	Elapsed	Corrected
Class A.		
Chewink, O. W. Swenson	1 23 50	1 22 35
Virginia, Charles Joy	1 23 00	1 23 50
Zindina, Homer and Hamilton.....	1 31 35	1 27 00
Idalia, D. M. Wisely	Withdraw.	
Marion III., Ralph Gowdey	Disabled.	

	Elapsed	Corrected
Power Boats.		
Eleanor II., George Hazel.....	1 03 00	0 45 10
Florence A., Charles Blazo	1 03 15	0 45 15
Saracen, George H. Griggs	1 05 20	0 45 20
Friskey, W. E. Traiser	1 03 30	0 46 30
Pete, Elmer King	0 47 35	0 47 35
Dorothy, S. M. Rinn	1 19 20	0 49 20
Josephine, W. T. Downes.....	1 21 00	0 49 30
Sport, R. Wells	1 41 35	0 49 33

Nahant (Mass.) Dory Club.

THE first championship race of the season of the Nahant Dory Club was held off the club house last Saturday. The first leg was won by Stinger. These races will be held every Saturday until after Labor Day. The summary:

	Elapsed
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Jamaica Bay Y. R. A.

THE first of the series of handicap ocean and beach channel races of the Yacht Racing Association of Jamaica Bay last Saturday had twenty-six entries. In the ocean contest Curlew won in the sloop class. Elvira won the cabin catboats. Lester was the only one of the cruising power boats to finish and Brisk scored a sailover in the half cabin power boat class.

In the open power boat division, Bill Morrison won. Siren won in the open catboat division and Anna Grace took the semi-speed boat class. The summaries:

Ocean Division, Cabin Sloops—Start, 12:00—Course, 14 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Curlew, E. Wilson	2 40 10	2 40 10
Cornelia, D. S. Van Wicklen	2 59 15	2 59 15
Kismet, W. J. Wheeler	3 00 07	3 00 07
Marion, W. C. Pens.....	3 08 02	3 08 02
Kanawha, W. McLaughlin	3 58 15	3 58 15
Kiyo, A. H. Brook	Did not finish.	
Pocahontas, C. A. Martin	Disqualified.	
Cabin Catboats—Start, 12:05—Course, 14 Miles.		
Elvira, J. Anderson, Sr.....	3 01 28	2 56 28
Sinbad, George Brown	3 05 32	3 00 32
Madge, Thomas Mannion	3 18 38	3 13 38
Cruising Cabin Power Boats—Start, 12:10—Course 14 Miles.		
Lester, Dr. J. R. Hodgson	1 57 12	1 47 12
Algro, M. J. Lowe	Did not finish.	
Half-Cabin Power Boats—Start, 12:15—Course, 14 Miles.		
Brisk, J. Yezzer	1 54 56	1 49 56
Beach Channel Division, Open Power Boats—Start, 12:10—Course, 10 Miles.		
Bill Morrison, H. Ham	1 40 31	1 30 31
Ella and Elsie A. McDonald	1 41 10	1 31 10
Smarty, L. Golly	1 41 50	1 31 50
Thistle, J. H. Buchanan	1 59 32	1 49 32
Mildred S., A. A. Scharbius	2 10 30	2 00 30
Open Catboats—Start, 12:05—Course, 10 Miles.		
Siren, C. A. Merritt	3 20 00	3 15 00
Zoe, F. S. LaFord	3 44 30	3 39 30
Rover, L. Soper	3 45 00	3 40 00
Semi-Speed Boats—Start, 12:20—Course, 10 Miles.		
Anna Grace, A. Clyde	1 30 30	1 10 30
Valliant II., J. Sauer	1 52 09	1 32 09
So Long, A. Humphries	1 52 14	1 32 14
Powers, R. Davidson	Did not finish.	

Eastern Y. C.

THE Class P 31-raters with six entries was won by Italia. J. B. Fallon's Timandra took second place, 5½ minutes after Italia. The sonder class was won by F. B. Crowninshield's Demon, and C. P. Curtis' Ellen, which will be this year's Boston Y. C. representative in the Quincy cup race, was second. In the class for little Marblehead 17-footers, the Eastern Y. C. class was the prettiest of the day. Eight boats went over the course. John Lawrence's Squaw won handily. The summary:

Class P, 31-Raters.	
	Elapsed.
Italia, George Lee	1 55 57
Timandra, J. B. Fallon	2 01 35
Amoret, H. S. Wheelock	2 03 01
Sayonara, V. F. West	2 04 50
Wianno, A. W. Stevens	2 05 44
Onda II., John Greenough	2 06 33
Class Q, 25-Raters.	
Tabasco II., J. S. Proctor	2 41 59
Sonder Class.	
Demon, F. B. Crowninshield	2 27 31
Ellen, C. P. Curtis	2 28 15
Dorothy, G. L. Batchelder	2 30 30
Panther, Augustus Loring	2 31 47
Beatrice, C. A. Wood	2 33 09
Marblehead 17-Footers.	
Squaw, John Lawrence	3 28 52
Daddy D., J. L. Saltonstall	3 29 57
Atalanta, R. S. Stone	3 31 30
Daffydil, H. M. Scars	3 33 36
Moslem III., C. M. and B. D. Barker.....	3 34 59
Shawna, E. J. Bliss	3 45 18
Orisso, George Atkinson, Jr.....	3 49 09
Jay Jay, J. J. Storrow	3 51 07
Lolita, C. H. W. Foster	Withdraw.
Dick, E. H. Pentecost	Withdraw.

MORTON F. PLANT'S schooner Elena won a second leg on the gold cup offered by ex-Commodore F. Lewis Clark, of the Eastern Y. C., in the annual ocean race around Cape Cod on June 30, making the run in less than sixteen hours. Enchantress, owned by William E. Iselin, was second, finishing 54m. 45s. later. The boats ran into a violent squall off Cape Cod. Elena and Enchantress were far ahead of the other craft when the wind shifted to northeast suddenly at 12:30 A. M., being at that time to the northward of Highland Light. Elena and Enchantress

stripped their canvas to forestaysails and mainsails, under which rig they planed across the Massachusetts Bay to the finish. Irolita was compelled to run into Gloucester Harbor, Muriel taking shelter in Provincetown. Princess won the cup offered by ex-Commodore Washington B. Thomas for schooners of the second division, and Acushla II. won the cup offered by Capt. Henry A. Morss for sloops and yawls. The summary:

First Division Schooners, Clark Cup.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elena, Morton F. Plant	15 40 45	15 40 45
Enchantress, Wm. E. Iselin	16 35 15	16 35 15
Princess, Demarest Lloyd	19 23 10	17 28 48
Shiyessa IV., Alfred Douglas.....	30 28 01	29 25 40
Irolita, E. Walter Clark	Did not finish.	
Muriel, Henry A. Morss	Did not finish.	
Second Division Schooners—Thomas Cup.		
Princess, Demarest Lloyd	19 23 10	17 28 48
Vagrant, Harold S. Vanderbilt	29 33 36	27 03 36
Shiyessa IV., Alfred Douglas	30 28 01	29 25 40
Muriel, Henry A. Morss	Did not finish.	
Sloops and aYwls—Morss Cup.		
Acushla II., Wetmore and Robbins	Not measured.	
Shimna, R. T. Paine, 2d.....	Did not finish.	
Doris, S. Reed Anuthony.....	Disabled.	

Bristol Y. C.

WANDERER VI., owned by Flint brothers, won the 18-foot knockabout class in the Bristol Y. C. regatta at Bristol, R. I., on June 29. Hugi was second with 4m. 25s. later. The class winners among the twenty-two to enter were Wanderer VI., Little Rhody, Momo, Emblem, Swan, Yvonne and Meteor. The summary:

Division B, Class I.		
Wanderer VI., Flint Bros.	2 39 45	
Hugi, A. B. Brayton	2 43 47	
Dorothy, W. D. Wood	2 43 54	
Question, Arnold Hoffman	2 46 10	
Bat, J. P. Caton	2 48 14	
Arrow, B. C. Hirst	2 47 13	
Anore, J. Borden	2 51 09	
Power Boats, Class R.		
Swan, S. G. Mason	2 22 43	
Silver Fizz, Edmund Whitehead	2 35 41	
Power Boat, Class C.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Meteor, R. F. Haffenreffer.....	0 20 53	0 16 01
Anna, Samuel R. Swan	0 20 43	0 20 43
Power Boat, Class E.		
Yvonne, F. W. Townsend	0 36 00	0 36 00
Maurence, W. W. Massie	0 40 11	0 36 52
Raymar, G. C. Worthington	0 42 04	0 38 39
Division 1, Class P.		
Momo, W. E. Butler	2 31 58	2 31 58
Priscilla, W. S. Wood	2 38 30	2 36 55
Class Q.		
Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast	2 26 25	2 26 25
Idler, A. W. Chase	2 34 16	2 30 20
Molly, O. S. Howes	2 45 50	2 41 36
Rambler, Buffington Bros.	Did not finish.	
Class D.		
Emblem, Latham	3 09 39	
Omeme, J. F. Holt	3 20 55	

Hingham Y. C.

THE Hingham (Mass.) Y. C. held a race for the one-design 15-footers last Saturday.

The race resolved itself into a struggle between Usona II. and Mischief, the former winning by 45s. By taking second place, Mr. Dyer's yacht, Mischief, wins the monthly championship and a silver cup. The summary:

One-Design 15-Footers.	
	Elapsed.
Usona II., A. L. Lincoln	2 15 00
Mischief, J. J. Dyer	2 15 45
Puzzle, F. G. Boggs	2 17 00
Pirate, R. M. Fullerton	2 18 30
Pollywog, H. G. Grafton	2 19 00
Marwindor, C. M. Scudder	2 21 30
Possum, W. H. C. Walker	2 21 00
Hanky Pank, W. R. Whiting.....	Withdraw.

Manchester (Mass.) Y. C.

THE one-design class of the Manchester (Mass.) Y. C. sailed a race last Saturday in which ten went over the course. Blue Grass came in ahead, with Minx a close second. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Blue Grass, D. O'Hara	2 11 00
Minx, H. S. Grew	2 12 30
Clarise, John Caswell, Jr.....	2 12 32
Gnat, O. Ames	2 12 45
Shad, Mason Sears	2 14 00
Ketchum, Edith Fabyan	2 14 05
Kiowa II., J. A. Jeffries	2 15 00
Teal, Billie Dexter	2 15 05
Hiccough, George and Everett Fabyan.....	2 17 30
Vosetta, Geo. Wigglesworth	2 17 52

Gloucester (Mass.) Y. C.

THE Gloucester Y. C. opening event had sixteen boats sailing over the new course just adopted, the western mark being a spar buoy in range of Bakers Island.

The first class, Edjarko, finished 25s. ahead of Nereid on actual time. In the second class Osprey finished 40s. ahead of Elizabeth. In the 18-foot class with six starters the race was not finished. Tid, Petrel and Arrow had the best of it until they struck the calm. In Class 3, Weasel had a walkover and Oleta in the 15-footers showed Meave and Pewtom getting second place. The summary:

First Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edjarko, S. E. Raymond	2 20 15	2 15 35
Nereid, C. H. Lunt	2 20 40	2 20 40
Second Class.		
Osprey, C. R. Hanson	2 14 20	2 12 46
Elizabeth, Dr. W. A. Rowe.....	2 15 00	2 15 00
Third Class.		
Weasel, E. A. Flye	2 13 03	2 13 03
Amoral, Paul Wick	2 54 02	2 49 56
Helen E., C. Telman	Did not finish.	
Fifteen-Footers.		
Oleta, S. E. Raymond	2 10 30	
Meave, F. G. Hall	2 15 41	
Pew Tom, Nai Choate	2 15 55	
Nutmeg 2d, T. A. Macaulay.....	2 28 48	

In the 18-foot class the Petrel, Tid, Privateer, Rattler and Arrow did not finish.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

DURING the regatta last Saturday a vicious squall broke giving the yachtsmen quick and exciting work. All the boats raced through the gale, George Nicholas' Hen winning. The summary:

Fourth Race, 15-footers—Start, 3:15—Inside Course.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hen, George Nicholas	4 53 50	1 38 50
Ibis, E. Tuckerman	4 56 00	1 41 00
Flicker, E. C. Henderson	4 56 30	1 41 30
Imp, S. L. Landon	4 56 45	1 41 45
Bat, N. Jennings	4 57 40	1 42 40
Thelema, E. Mackenzie	4 57 45	1 43 45



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Beverly Y. C.

THE fourth club race of the Beverly Y. C. was held in Buzzard's Bay on June 29. In the 21-foot class D. L. Whittemore again won with Foraminifer three minutes ahead of Terrapin, which was about three minutes in front of Saracen. The sonder class was taken by Seacoon, owned by J. Lewis Stackpole. Sally VIII. was second by only 20s. Joyant was third.

There were two classes of 15-foot boats, seven Herreshoffs and ten Cranes. The Crane boats appeared to have more speed as a class than their older rivals, six of the Crane design finishing the No. 18 course of 5¾ miles to Dry Ledge and Abiels Ledge and return in better time than the leader of the Herreshoff class.

Vim led the Herreshoff class, being 2m. in front of Pronto, owned by Miss Esther Hosmer. The first two boats in the Crane 15-foot class finished near together, the Niobe having 42 seconds on Pioneer. The summary:

21-Foot Class.		
Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore	2 02 30	
Terrapin, F. L. and G. B. Dabney	2 05 13	
Saracen, R. Winsor, Jr.	2 08 40	
Scallop, W. E. C. Eustis	2 14 47	
Phantom, F. W. Sargent.....	2 15 00	
Selwonk, W. S. Knowles.....	2 16 08	
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis.....	2 18 15	
Pollywog, F. C. Hood.....	2 19 10	

Sonder Class.		
Seacoon, J. Lewis Stackpole	2 12 15	
Sally VIII., C. E. Hellier	2 13 35	
Joyette, J. C. Edwards	2 14 05	
Fin, H. Stockton, Jr.....	2 14 40	

Herreshoff 15-Foot Class.		
Vim, W. O. Taylor	1 20 19	
Pronto, Esther Hosmer	1 21 15	
Pheasant, P. Winsor	1 22 50	
Endeavor, G. H. Fiske	1 24 12	
Tinker, Robert Emmons, Jr.....	1 24 22	
Fly, W. H. Slocum	1 26 11	
Jack, R. F. Herrick, Jr.....	1 27 42	

Unqua-Corinthian Y. C.

FIVE boats sailed in the initial regatta off Amityville, L. I., last Saturday.

Margaret won the first leg on the Commodore Frederick B. Dalzell cup. The summary:

Catboats—Start, 3:30—Course, 14 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Margaret, Haight Brothers	4 39 20	1 19 20
Utah, Bergen Chichester	4 41 06	1 21 35
Lizetta, R. Melick	4 41 20	1 21 20
Hope, Lewis Smyth	4 46 50	1 26 50

Sloops—Start, 3:25—Course, 14 Miles.		
Manitou, Charles Molineaux	4 45 12	1 20 12

Glen Cove Y. C.

THE schedule for the midweek races is as follows: July 3, American Y. C.; July 10, Glen Cove; July 17, Glen Cove; July 24, Larchmont Y. C.; July 31, Aug. 7, 14, 21, 28, Sept. 4 and 11, all at Glen Cove.

The 1912 series of championship races follows: June 29, New Rochelle Y. C.; July 6, Riverside A. C.; July 13, Indian Harbor Y. C.; July 20, Larchmont Y. C.; July 27, Larchmont Y. C.; Aug. 3, Horseshoe Harbor Y. C.; Aug. 10, Hempstead Harbor Y. C.; Aug. 17, Hempstead Harbor Y. C.; Aug. 24, New Rochelle Y. C.; Aug. 31, Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.; Sept. 7, Indian Harbor Y. C.; Sept. 14, Manhasset Bay Y. C.

Interlaken Regatta Meet.

FOLLOWING is a list of events which will take place during the Interlaken regatta meet:

Monday, July 15, Morning.—Other sports committee baseball game; catboat race. Afternoon—Other sports committee swimming events. Evening—Annual banquet at Hotel Commodore.

Tuesday, July 16, Morning.—Sail yacht races, all classes; 8:30 A. M., warning gun, 2:30 P. M., power boat races, all classes. Evening—Smoker and vaudeville entertainment, Palm Garden, Hotel Commodore.

Wednesday, July 17, Morning.—Sailboat races, all classes; 8:30 A. M., warning gun; 2:30 P. M., power boat races, all classes; 5 P. M., other sports committee on shore for ladies. Evening—Venetian night.

Thursday, July 18, Morning.—8:30 A. M.,

other sports committee, canoe events, water baseball; 2:30 P. M., squadron sail; 4:30 P. M., other sports committee, ladies' catboat race.

Friday, July 19, Morning.—8:30 A. M., sailboat races, all classes. Evening—Distribution of prizes.

A feature that at least is unique will be pulled off. It will be the chase after the 18-foot launch which is to be started out into the lake with its wheel tied and engine going, but with nobody aboard. The contestants will be handicapped and the chap lucky enough to first reach the wild boat will own her.

New York Y. C.

ON June 27 C. Ledyard Blair, commodore of the New York Y. C., held the fourth general meeting of the club on the flagship the steam yacht Diana, at anchor off East Twenty-third street. There were present besides the commodore, Rear Commodore George F. Baker, steam yacht Viking; A. C. James Clark, Aloha; James B. Ford, schooner Katrina; Ernestus Gulick, steamer Nomad; Irving T. Bush, steamer Admiral; Cornelius Vanderbilt, sloop Aurora; Secretary George A. Cormack, Fleet Captain Franklin Plusner and H. de B. Parsons, chairman of the regatta committee.

Glen Cove Cups.

ON July 6 the New York Y. C. will hold a regatta for Glen Cove cups. A cup is offered for every class.

Entries for these races will be received by the regatta committee up to the time the warning signal at noon. Several of the big yachts will then be with the Eastern Y. C. on its cruise to the eastward, but the 65-footers, Avenger and Medora, the 31-raters, the 30-footers and the small schooners will take part in the races. The committee is H. de B. Parsons, chairman; J. M. Macdonough and Frederic O. Spedden.

Yachts Change Hands.

A BOSTON agency has sold the speedy motor boat Fidgei, owned by Richard Hutchinson, of Boston, to Percy C. Stuart, of New York.

The same agency has sold the champion 21-foot centerboard sloop Little Haste to a Connecticut yachtsman; the Hull one-design class 15-foot knockabout Eagle, owned by George H. Brazer, of Boston, to Dr. Lincoln Davis, of Boston; the knockabout Polyp, owned by H. R. Page, of Boston, to Henry O. Cutter, of Cambridge, Mass., and the knockabout Dormie, owned by L. W. Chapin, of Rochester, N. Y., to Mrs. A. P. Hartshorn, of Taunton, Mass.

COX & STEVENS report the following yacht sales and charters made through their firm:

The 200-foot steam yacht Owera, chartered for F. A. Stevens, to Senator Nelson W. Aldrich.

The 200-foot steam yacht Emmeline, chartered for Charles Sweeney, to a Boston yachtsman.

The 200-foot English steam yacht Surf, chartered for Mr. Lambert, her owner, to Mr. Harkness, of New York.

The 170-foot express steam yacht Flying Fox, chartered to a member of the New York Y. C.

The 140-foot steam yacht Cavalier, chartered for R. E. Proctor, to J. S. Barney.

The 130-foot steam yacht Parthenia, chartered for H. E. Converse to a Boston yachtsman for the season.

The 120-foot motor yacht Alacrity, chartered for W. A. Bradford, to Sherwood Aldridge.

The 105-foot motor yacht Heather, chartered for E. R. Dick, to a New York yachtsman for a portion of the season.

The 98-foot auxiliary schooner Seneca, sold for Demerest Lloyd, of Boston, to Archibald McNeil, of Bridgeport.

The 80-foot auxiliary schooner yacht Harbinger, sold for J. R. White, of Rochester, to M. W. Strong.

The 90-foot cruising motor yacht Ednada

III., sold for George C. Thomas to Charles Van Bergen, who has changed the name of this vessel to Zianetta.

The 70-foot cruising motor yacht Mao II., sold for the estate of I. J. Merritt to Julius Weinheimer.

The 100-foot motor yacht Mona, chartered for a portion of the season from W. Campbell Clark, to a member of the New York Y. C.

The 60-foot motor yacht Snipe, sold for Charles Morgan to Thomas Friant, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The 60-foot motor yacht Waywassimo, sold for D. R. Sortwell, of Boston, to Lawrence Solomon, of Toronto.

A 60-foot raised deck cruiser sold to J. J. Harty, of Kingston.

The 65-foot motor yacht Weow, chartered for the season by E. E. Gray, of Boston, to a member of the New York Y. C.

The 65-foot houseboat Mary Anna, chartered for H. A. Little, of Philadelphia, Pa., to a New York yachtsman.

The 50-foot raised deck cruiser Graham, sold for Gabriel Reeves, of Yonkers, to E. J. Thomas, of Mamaroneck.

Motor Boating

Ocean Race for Power Boats.

AN ocean race for power boats over a course that should prove popular will be held by the New Rochelle Y. C. on July 20. The course will be from New Rochelle through the East River and New York bays, outside of Long Island to West Harbor, Block Island and back through the Sound to New Rochelle. This course combines sound, harbor and ocean navigation.

There will be a control at Block Island. Cruising boats from 30 to 60 feet overall will be eligible, running in two divisions, one division comprising boats from 30 to 45 feet in length and the other from 45 to 60 feet. The conditions are:

Start.—Saturday, July 20, 1912. Warning signal, 1:50 P. M. Preparatory, 1:55 P. M. Starting signal, 2 P. M.

Course.—From line drawn between committee boat and red spar buoy off Premium Point, down the East River, through the Narrows around the south side of Long Island to West Harbor, Block Island, and thence through Long Island Sound to the finishing line between the committee boat and red spar buoy off Premium Point. Distance about 245 nautical miles.

Classes.—The race will be run in two classes, Class I. being for cruising boats from 45 to 60 feet overall length; Class II., cruising boats from 30 to 45 feet overall length.

Crew.—The crew of Class I. shall consist of not less than four persons on each boat, and in Class II. three persons on each boat. In the event of the owner not being on board, he must be represented by a member of a recognized yacht club.

Power.—Boats must be propelled by internal combustion engines, operated by gasoline, kerosene or alcohol.

Fuel.—All fuel must be carried in fixed tanks permanently piped and connected. Any boat using kerosene will be allowed two gallons of gasoline in cans for use in starting the engine.

Speed Trials of Dixie Junior III.

Run.	Time.	Miles per hour
1.—North	1m. 22 1/5s.	43.78
2.—South	1m. 24 2/5s.	42.55
3.—North	1m. 24 2/5s.	42.55
4.—South	1m. 23s.	43.37
5.—North	1m. 23 2/5s.	43.16

5) 215.41

Average 43.08

Yachting Notes continued on page 30.

TRAP SHOOTING

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. Arthur Gambell, Supt.
Aug. 13-14.—Portland (Me.) G. C. Individual Championship on second day. S. Dimick, Sec'y.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

July 6.—Nicholson (Pa.) R. and G. C. L. A. Wright, Sec'y.
July 6-7.—Swansea (Ill.) Country Club. W. C. Butts, Sec'y.
July 9-11.—Fort Dodge, Ia.—Iowa State tournament, under the auspices of the Fort Dodge G. C. Jos. Kautzky, Mgr.
July 9-11.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State tournament, under the auspices of the Little Rock G. C. Geo. W. Clements, Mgr.
July 9-11.—Bradford, Pa.—The Interstate Association's seventh Eastern Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Bradford G. C.; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in the Eastern Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
July 11-12.—Warren (Minn.) G. C. D. Farrell, Pres.
July 14-15.—Fargo, N. D.—North Dakota State tournament, under the auspices of the Gate City G. C. Albert E. Rose, Sec'y.
July 14-17.—Helena, Mont.—Montana State tournament, under the auspices of the Helena G. C. Reynolds Prosser, Sec'y.
July 16.—Butler, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Butler R. and G. C. S. G. Purvis, Sec'y.
July 16-17.—Davenport, Ia.—Cumberland G. C. Harry Martens, Sec'y.
July 17.—Tomah (Wis.) Rod and Gun Club. F. L. Fieting, Sec'y.
July 17.—Jersey Shore (Pa.) G. C. H. Meyers, Sec'y.
July 17-18.—Wilmington, N. C.—North Carolina State tournament, under auspices of New Hanover G. C. J. H. Dreher, Sec'y.
July 17-18.—Peoria (Ill.) G. C. C. L. Portman, Sec'y.
July 17-18.—Sea Girt, N. J.—New Jersey State R. A. G.
July 17-18.—Seattle (Wash.) T. S. A. A. L. Hall, Sec'y.
July 18.—Lorain (O.) G. C. J. P. Traxler, Sec'y.
July 18.—S. Madison, Wis.—Triangle G. C. H. G. Waterman, Sec'y.
July 18.—Altoona, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under the auspices of the Blair County Road Drivers' Association. Jack Waltz, Sec'y.
July 20.—Danbury, Conn.—Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Pahquoque G. C. E. H. Bailey, Sec'y.
July 21-22.—Bellingham (Wash.) G. C. O. H. Joy, Sec.
July 22.—Sheridan (Wyo.) G. C. J. H. Bradfield, Sec'y.
July 22-23.—Crookston (Minn.) G. C. W. E. Rowe, Pres.
July 22-25.—Berterton, Md.—Berterton G. C. James R. Malone, Sec'y.
July 23.—Marion (O.) G. C. D. A. Orr, Sec'y.
July 23-24.—Paragould (Ark.) G. C. C. W. Stedman, Sec'y.
July 24.—Milton (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club. S. H. Kock, Sec'y.
July 24-25.—Redfield (S. D.) Gun Club. Chas. E. Stutenroth, Sec'y.
July 24-25.—Mason City, Ia.—Cerro Gordo G. C. H. B. Madsen, Sec'y.
July 25-26.—Warroad, Minn.—Minnesota State tournament, under the auspices of the Minnesota State Sportsmen's Association. Peter Alldrin, Sec'y.
July 26.—Bradford (Ill.) G. C. H. A. Swearingen, Sec'y.
July 26.—Shamokin (Pa.) G. C. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 26.—Huntington (W. Va.) G. C. A. C. Martin, Sec.
July 26-27.—Nelson (B. C., Canada) G. C. W. A. Ward, Sec'y.
July 27.—Washington, D. C.—Analostan G. C. Miles Taylor, Sec'y.
July 29.—Baudette (Minn.) G. C. A. M. Hoover, Sec'y.
July 29-30.—Revelstoke (B. C., Canada) G. C. A. J. MacDonnell, Sec'y.
July 30.—Tyndall (S. D.) G. C. F. F. Chladek, Sec'y.
July 30.—Oregon (Wis.) G. C. W. H. Dreher, Sec'y.
July 30.—Spooner (Minn.) G. C. M. D. Weeks, Sec'y.
July 30-31.—Portsmouth (O.) G. C. J. E. Nutt, Mgr.
July 31.—Marion (Ia.) G. C. A. C. Maxwell, Sec'y.
Aug. 1.—International Falls, (Minn.) G. C. R. G. Green, Sec'y.
Aug. 1.—Plattsville (Wis.) G. C. F. J. Bridges, Sec'y.
Aug. 3.—Holmesburg Jct., Pa.—S. S. White G. C. W. E. Robinson, Sec'y.
Aug. 3.—Pikeral Lake, S. D.—Sisseton G. C. Maurice Schindler, Sec'y.
Aug. 3-4.—Green Bay, Wis.—Wisconsin State tournament, under the auspices of the Green Bay Game and Gun Club. R. E. St. John, Sec'y.
Aug. 6-7.—Dallas (Tex.) G. C. H. R. Basley, Mgr.
Aug. 6.—Belle Vernon, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Belle Vernon G. C. B. F. Daugherty, Sec'y.
Aug. 6.—Durant (Ia.) G. C. Hugo Boldt, Sec'y.
Aug. 6-7.—Mitchell (S. D.) G. C. C. A. Ferguson, Sec.
Aug. 6-7.—Alabama State tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham (Ala.) Gun Club. O. L. Garl, Sec'y.
Aug. 6-7.—Wilson, (N. C.) Gun Club. Jas. D. Barnes, Sec'y.
Aug. 6-7.—Lock Haven (Pa.) G. C. C. A. Jobson, Sec'y.
Aug. 7.—Madrid (N. Y.) G. C. J. E. Thompson, Pres.
Aug. 7-8.—Lindsay (Okla.) G. C. Robt. May, Sec'y.

Aug. 7-8.—Springfield, Ill.—Illinois G. C. J. R. Leib, C. A. McDermid, Pres.
Aug. 7-8.—Blue Ribbon (Kan.) Gun Club. J. F. Caldwell, Sec'y.
Aug. 7-8.—Concordia, Kans.—Blue Ribbon Gun Club. J. F. Caldwell, Sec'y.
Aug. 7-8.—Princeton (Mo.) G. C. E. W. Stacy, Sec'y.
Aug. 8.—Livermore (Ia.) G. C. J. H. Zigrang, Sec'y.
Aug. 8.—Berwick (Pa.) R. and G. C. W. I. Shrader, Sec'y.
Aug. 10.—Temple, Pa.—Hercules G. C. A. K. Ludwig, Sec'y.
Aug. 10.—Waterbury, Conn.—Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Mattatuck R. and G. C. David R. Walker, Sec'y.
Aug. 10-11.—Chicago (Ill.) G. C. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
Aug. 12-13.—Fayette, Mo.—Afro-American Trapshooters' League Grand Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.
Aug. 13-14.—Abilene (Tex.) G. C. C. D. Payton, Sec'y.
Aug. 14.—Lancaster (Pa.) G. C. W. T. Krick, Sec'y.
Aug. 14.—Batavia, N. Y.—Holland G. C. Chas. W. Gardner, Sec'y.
Aug. 14-15.—Montgomery, Ala.—Capital City G. C. M. Moore, Pres.
Aug. 14-16.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's Seventh Western Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Kansas City G. C.; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in the Western Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Aug. 15.—Rio (Wis.) G. C. Bert Thompson, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-16.—Dayton, Ky.—Northern Kentucky G. C. Geo. W. Dameron, Sec'y.
Aug. 20.—Marthasville, Mo.—Daniel Boone G. C. J. O. Wilson, Sec'y.
Aug. 20-21.—Sioux Falls (S. D.) G. C. A. Olson, Sec'y.
Aug. 20-23.—Montreal, Canada.—Dominion of Canada T. S. A. T. Claude Cooke, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-22.—Garrison, N. Y.—Garrison-Highland R. and G. C. F. N. Limdebjerg, Sec'y.
Aug. 22.—Ebensburg, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of the Ebensburg G. C. W. R. Thompson, Sec'y, Ebensburg, Pa.
Aug. 23.—Sandusky, O.—Ye Oak Meadow G. C. Ira C. Krupp, Sec'y.
Aug. 23.—Gouverneur (N. Y.) R. and G. C. W. R. Patrick, Sec'y.
Aug. 24.—La Crosse G. C. J. V. Winter, Sec'y.
Aug. 27.—Canonsburg (Pa.) G. C. A. S. Anthony, Sec'y.
Aug. 27-29.—Cedar Point, O.—Indians. C. W. Budd, Sec.
Aug. 27-29.—Portland, Ore.—The Interstate Association's seventh Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Portland G. C.; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in the Pacific Coast Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Aug. 28-29.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland S. S. A. State tournament. Geo. P. Mordecai, Sec'y, 215 American Building, Baltimore, Md.
Aug. 28-29.—Fulda (Minn.) G. C. H. W. Converse, Sec'y.
Aug. 29.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Big Game Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. H. G. Frederichs, Sec'y.
Aug. 29-30.—Sedalia (Mo.) G. C. John McGrath, Sec'y, under the auspices of the Bay City G. C. C. A. Galbraith, Mgr.
Aug. 31.—Menominee Falls (Wis.) G. C. Jas. A. Pike, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Hammond (Ind.) G. C. J. C. Becker, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Ft. Collins (Colo.) Shooting Club. Jos. Garst, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Ogdensburg (N. Y.) S. A. J. M. Morley, Sec.
Sept. 2.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League tournament, under auspices of the Sea Side G. C. Earl R. Lewis, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Lima (O.) G. C. A. W. Fisk, Pres.
Sept. 2-3.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia State tournament, under auspices of Lynchburg G. C. W. R. Winfree, Sec'y, 1008 Main St., Lynchburg, Va.
Sept. 2-3.—Paducah (Ky.) Target Club. C. E. Pursell, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Celina (O.) G. C. Geo. Kistler, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Bucklin (Mo.) G. C. Ed. Herriman, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Holdrege (Neb.) G. C. Thos. Hufford, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Cumberland (Md.) G. C. F. Billmeyer, Sec'y.
Sept. 10-11.—Caro (Mich.) S. A. F. W. Bowles, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—London (O.) G. C. H. L. Hildinger, Sec'y.
Sept. 9-10.—Evansville, Ind.—Indiana State tournament, under the auspices of the Recreation G. C. Geo. A. Beard, Cor. Sec'y.
Sept. 10.—McKeesport, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Youghiogheny Country Club. R. J. Caughey, Sec'y.
Sept. 10-13.—Denver, Colo.—Rocky Mountain Interstate Sportsmen's Association; \$5,000 added money. Ambrose E. McKenzie, Mgr.
Sept. 11.—Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club. Jay Clark, Jr., Sec'y.
Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. A. B. Heyl, Pres.
Sept. 13-14.—Beverly, Mass.—Massachusetts State tournament, under the auspices of the Massachusetts State T. S. A. F. E. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.
Sept. 17.—Huntingdon, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Alexandria G. C. L. M. Hagerty, Sec'y, Alexandria, Pa.
Sept. 17-18.—Brookfield, Mo.—Linn County G. C. Ed. Barton, Sec'y.
Sept. 17-20.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Westy Hogans of America tournament. Bernard Elssner, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-19.—Bloomington, Ill.—McLean County G. C. C. A. McDermid, Pres.

Sept. 19.—Springfield (O.) G. C. Harry C. Downey, Sec.
Sept. 20.—Sangerfield (N. Y.) Country Club. R. H. Terry, Sec'y.
Sept. 23-24.—Lewiston (Idaho) G. C. P. T. Lomax, Sec'y.
Sept. 26-27.—Baltimore, Md.—West Forest Park G. C. Richard L. Collings, Sec'y.
Sept. 26-27.—Capron (Ill.) G. C. Alex. Vance, Sec'y.
Oct. 1-2.—Omaha (Neb.) G. C. F. T. Lovering, Sec'y.
Oct. 3.—Elkton (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Mgr.
Oct. 15-18.—Cincinnati, O.—The Interstate Association's Post-Season tournament, on the grounds of the Cincinnati G. C.; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.

1913.
Jan. 22-25.—Pinchurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tauts, Pres.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The date of the Celina (O.) tournament has been changed from Aug. 29 to Sept. 3.

There were 150,500 targets trapped at the recent Grand American Handicap tournament.

Officers of Canandaigua Sportsmen's Club for 1912 are: President, A. A. Sterling; Vice-President, C. A. Soule; Secretary-Treasurer, W. J. Kibbe; Executive Committee, A. A. Sterling, W. J. Kibbe, C. A. Soule, F. C. Smiley and G. R. Ellis. President Sterling also is the Shooting Master.

In the round on the first day of the clay target shooting, June 29, at the Olympic games, Stockholm, the American team led by one target, scoring 108; Germany, 107; Great Britain, 104. In the second "stage" the American scored 161; Great Britain, 160; Germany, 156; Sweden, 148.

Blue Wing Gun Club.

St. Louis, Mo., June 24.—Two days' good shooting, fellowship and scores ended to-day, with a pretty good list of shooters from the G. A. H. over at Springfield. Among those who slipped over from the big boom in Illinois was one Harry Kahler, from Ben Franklin's town. This same lad copped the kale as it were with one fine young score. He missed only five out of 300, tying Spencer and being one behind Les. German, those two rattling pros. Clay took second joy with 292, followed by Eaton, who lost one bird more.

	First Day.		Second Day.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Kahler	150	147	150	148
Clay	150	147	150	145
Eaton	150	147	150	144
Pottinger	150	138	150	146
W S Spencer	150	141	150	143
Orr	150	142	150	141
Noel	150	140	150	142
Lewis	150	138	150	144
Mackie	150	137	150	141
Martin	150	140	150	138
Brown	150	135	150	141
Eichhorn	150	132	150	138
Maitland	150	130	150	137
Slear	150	132	150	130
Reppenhagen	150	126	150	133
McDermott	150	126	150	129
Bug	150	128	150	122
Brashear	150	114	150	120
Warren	150	108	150	113
Grierson	150	99	150	112
Kohler	150	74	150	103
MacLachlan	150	140	60	44
W Baggerman	150	140	150	128
P Baggerman	150	129
Victor	150	127
Davidson	150	142	150	135
Vogt	150	117
Kuenze	150	110
Poode	150	112
G Lauth	150	131
Bell	90	85
Grundman	90	81
Kosche	90	38	150	55
A Lauth	90	70
Weinbreuner	60	38
Chassaing	75	52
Weisberg	60	17
Wakefield	45	23
Clegg	150	125
Professionals:				
German	150	149	150	147
C G Spencer	150	149	150	146
Maxwell	150	145	150	146
Borden	150	145	150	146
Gross	150	146	150	144
Grubb	150	143	150	146
H Clark	150	140	150	147
Henderson	150	145	150	144
Ward	150	141	150	143
Mermod	150	137	150	130
Bovee	150	137	150	132
Hoyt	150	140
Winans	150	108	150	110
Norton	150	120
Killam	150	130	150	129

Idaho State Sportsmen's Association.

Boise, Idaho, June 19.—An ideal tournament was that held here during yesterday and to-day. Attendance good, weather excellent, scores generally well up. L. A. Lehrbas took high gun for two days' average, cracking 382 out of 400 rocks. Lee Barclay won high professional honors with the same score, 382. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
	First Day.		Second Day.	
Geo Browning	200	179	200	182
C W Fuller	200	179	200	186
S E Todd	200	172
W H Cannon	200	164	200	167
A B Bean	200	182	200	170
J M McLoughlin	200	190	200	181
Ed Fitzgerald	150	124	200	147
L A Lehrbas	200	187	200	192
P H O'Brien	200	190	200	190
D Hoholan	200	188	200	194
F A Drydan	200	177	200	182
W C Tatro	200	169	150	115
John Gray	200	191	200	185
Sherman Johnson	200	169
H L Streeter	175	133	150	107
O S Frazer	200	154	200	163
W H Lamberton	200	183	200	174
H H Mack	150	108	150	114
C T Varian	150	125
Al Bayhouse	200	172	150	131
A Adleman	200	185	200	179
J E Wade	200	175	200	168
Carl Adleman	200	173	200	174
F D Wade	150	124	200	167
W G Beagle	150	130	175	152
P A Kinzel	150	133
Oliver Nicely	150	114
F Sage	150	129	150	126
T J Huston	175	148
Professionals:				
Hugh Poston	200	189	200	189
C B Randlett	200	166	200	175
Lee Barclay	200	188	200	194
L H Reed	200	187	200	193
H H Veatch	200	150	200	175
Guy Hoholan	200	181	200	176

Idabel Gun Club.

IDABEL, Okla., June 20.—Brother Butler, secretary of the Idabel Gun Club, may be an expert with a Remington or an L. C. Smith shotgun, but he needs a great deal of practice on the typewriter of the same name. He must have been shooting doubles, for on our copy of the score he got two names into each day's compartment, the net result being that I don't know who won. No matter who won, the score was good—most of them appear to have been high. In the professional department (written a la Spencer), A. D. Mermod cracked 391 out of 420. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
	First Day.		Second Day.	
W P Alston	210	176	210	194
W H Barber	150	104	150	118
J E Boothe	190	164	150	120
C D Ellison	120	109	210	159
J K Ferguson	210	165	210	191
F Fowler	210	183	210	123
T E Hopson	210	142	210	186
F Houston	210	200	210	154
G A Loftin	210	150	210	150
B L Laden	210	179	210	195
I W Lacy	210	110	210	173
Wainwright	210	152	210	155
W P Walker	210	168	210	182
A T Wight	210	181	210	168
J L Tobin	210	183	150	89
W S McKinney	150	92	210	161
H McBride	210	166
Billy Rains	210	180	210	187
Frank Rosback	210	192	210	190
T E Saxton	210	186	210	153
H C Stanford	210	169	210	189

Professional scores for the two days follow:

Shot at.	Brk.	Shot at.	Brk.		
W H Antery...	420	330	A D Mermod.. 420	391	
R L Bennett...	420	371	J R Hinkle ...	360	327
G B Crigg	340	283	H Donnelly ...	360	319

Orange Gun Club.

ORANGE, N. J., June 29.—Out of 1,250 targets thrown yesterday afternoon at the traps of the Orange Gun Club, 1,152 were broken by the nine gunners. Von Lengerke shot at 175 of the targets and broke 173, missing none until he was on his sixth string of 25. Thomas Dukes broke 124 out of 125. The first 100 shot by Von Lengerke was on the Unger cup, and he won with a clean score. Dukes was second in that event with 99. Dukes had also a clean score for the du Pont trophy, of 25. Von Lengerke, missing his first in that string, making a score of 24.

Joseph Taylor, a coffee planter of the East Indies, who never handled a gun till he visited this country a few months ago, broke 210 out of 225. Other scores:

Shot at.	Broke	Shot at.	Broke		
Thompson	150	140	Lane	100	87
Lockwood	125	111	Michell	50	37
Wickes	200	190	Rockwell	100	80

The scores for the Unger cup were: Von Lengerke 100, Dukes 99, Taylor 90, Lockwood 92, Lane 87, Rockwell 80, Thompson 94, Wickes 94.

On the Du Pont trophy these scores were made: Dukes 25, Thompson 24, Taylor 23, Lockwood 25, Wickes 23, Von Lengerke 24, Lane 23.

Du Bois Gun Club.

Du Bois, Pa., June 26.—Fred Guinzberg ran off with the two-days' average with 289 out of 300. Elliott missed four more, while the Junior Mallory found 281. M. Hawkins was top professional, with Day close up. The scores:

	First Day.		Second Day.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Irwin	150	140	150	139
E W Kelly	150	130	150	131
L W Quinn	150	129	150	139
Guinzberg	150	146	150	143
Elliott	150	141	150	144
De Arment	150	117	150	127
Osborn	150	135	150	134
Doubt	150	136	150	130
Goodwin	150	116
Keenan	150	124
Kuhn	150	133	150	142
Schwem	150	125
Ryler	150	130	150	120
Sullivan	105	87

Levinson	150	106	150	112
Connelly	150	137	150	141
Mallory, Jr.	150	138	150	143
Eygobroat	150	132	150	137
Farnum	150	131	150	128
Travis	30	27
Wilkins	30	11
Williams	30	21
Speers	150	137
Kift	150	121
Millen	30	30
Wilson	120	95
Robinson	30	26
Professionals:				
Day	150	145	150	145
Hassam	150	134	150	139
Cumberland	150	137	150	143
Garland	150	129	150	125
Hawkins	150	144	150	147
Pringle	150	144	150	141

REMINGTON
UMC

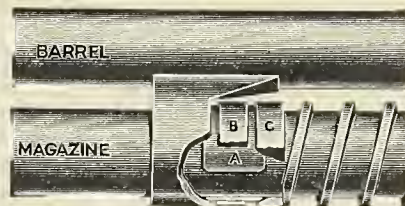


The Remington Cubs pick the only easy single loader

AUTOLOADING SHOTGUN

For singles—trap or field—just toss in a shell, press the button and—"PULL." The side bolt makes it easy. You don't have to tug at the barrel or watch an on-and-off device. The action stays open after each single shot is fired,—It always stays open when the magazine is empty. Five shots—three to get the cripples—each under absolute control of the trigger finger. The recoil reloads for you—kicks another shell in; takes the strain off the gun—the discomfort out of the kick—all without diminishing the drive behind the shot.

And a friction brake feature found only on the **Remington-UMC** Autoloading Shotgun, slows down the rearward motion of the barrel and bolt. The greater the recoil, the more force taken up by this ring. The shooter's shoulder does not have to stand the difference in kick between a blank and a 3 1/2—1 1/4 load. Simple take-down—a few turns of the readily handled magazine screw-cap makes cleaning, carrying and interchange of barrels quick and easy.



Try the **Remington-UMC** Autoloading Shotgun at your dealer's. Pick out shells with badly battered crimps. Watch how readily the action will handle them. Have you any questions about the mechanism? Send to-day for a booklet completely explaining the action.



Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

299 Broadway

New York City

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 22.—The tournament personally conducted by A. E. Sibley, of the American Powder Mills, and G. H. Chapin, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., was held here to-day. "Chape" did not seem to mind the work and it certainly did not interfere with his hitting them. The scores:

Shot		Brk.		Shot		Brk.	
at				at			
H L Snow	150	128		S W Putnam	150	132	
C W Doten	150	132		C P Blanchard	150	91	
H S Powers	150	104		H Boynton	150	133	
H H Wright	150	126		A Allen	150	96	
H E Dickerman	150	133		W C Brooks	150	118	
C P Blinn	150	124		R G Levermore	150	103	
W C Newton	150	124		L H Davis	150	116	
W F Clarke	150	131		J H Hardy	150	121	
F A Sanderson	150	110		H H Knight	150	107	
H F Robinson	150	132		A S Noyes	150	117	
A K Peacot	150	61		J F Powers	150	83	
C A Dodge	150	112		G R Steele	150	139	
A C Rice	150	92		J Clark, Jr.	150	131	
G C Rousseau	150	97		H P Emory	150	133	
M H Boland	150	123		A M Arnold	150	127	
J S Sherer	150	110		J D Jordan	150	124	
P Letendre	150	125		C Crompton	45	26	
F R Sweet	150	121		P W Hehir	60	19	
J M Gates	150	136		H W Bartlett	30	19	
Professionals:							
Geo H Chapin	150	147		O R Dickey	150	131	
T E Sheldon	150	127		G Wheeler	150	120	
E R Sawin	150	121		W B Darton	150	131	
J S Fanning	150	140		M Ballou	150	125	
H H Stevens	150	143		A E Sibley	150	134	



IOWA CITY GUN CLUB.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 30.—Following are the scores made by the Analostan Gun Club members yesterday. Dr. A. B. Stine and Phil. Steubener tied for high in the singles, each scoring 92 out of 100, and W. E. Ford and Walter Ferguson tied in the doubles on 20 out of 24. Steubener missed only two out of his first 50, while Stine scored 49 out of his last 50, running 45 straight.

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Stine	100 92	Green	65 53
Steubener	100 92	Barnes	50 42
Ford	100 89	Bohnke	50 39
G W Peck, Jr.	100 88	Kirk	50 39
Parsons	100 87	Luttrell	50 35
Ferguson	100 84	Monroe	50 33
Huseman	100 80	M Taylor	30 25
Gerald Peck	100 41	Wagner	30 19
Sharpe	100 26	C S Wilson	30 21
Emmons	80 44	Orrison	25 22

MILES TAYLOR, Sec'y.

take place in the near future, the date not being decided yet, but will be published in the sporting columns of your most valuable paper as soon as we find that the corn is ripe.

There was a dead heat for high gun honors between Dave Engle (who always manages to keep near the top of the score sheet) and Doc Groll (the man that is always looking for a little side bet to make things interesting), each man scoring 83 out of the 100 targets that count in the club averages. Jack Williams was second with 79 per cent.

The morning was cool and pleasant; in fact, an ideal day for trapshooting, with just wind enough to make the targets travel a little faster than the traps could throw them, and which accounts in a way for some of the poor scores.

Our next shoot will be held on July 14, and everybody is welcome to shoot along with us, so come out and pay us a visit.

Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
D D Engle	21	21	21	20	19
J H Williams	19	20	18	18	21
Dr O'Brien	15	18	18	17	19
W Roach	17	17	19	19	21
Dr Groll	19	18	23	23	16
C von Lengerke	17	17	19	23	19
T Kelley	17	17	19	21	19
W Hutchings	17	18	20	17	19
J Whitley	21	19	22	19	17
J Williams, Jr.	18	17	20	15	19

T. H. K., Sec'y.

Smith Gun Club.

EXCELLENT scores were made June 29 at the Smith Gun Club traps. High gun was J. Baldwin with 211 out of 225. Dr. Moeller broke 193 out of 225. The following scores were made:

J Baldwin	23	23	25	24	23	22	22	25	25
Dr Moeller	19	20	22	23	24	19	22	23	21
H Higgs	20	17	23	22
F Apgar	16	18	19	20	18
A Stevenson	12	14	12
R Bercaugh	21	20	20
Lindley	22	21	21
E Leslie	10	9	13
Castle	20	22	23	22
E Stager	22	20	21	18

Registered Tournaments.

THE following tournaments have been registered with the Interstate Association during the week ending June 29:
 Sept. 23-24.—Lewiston (Idaho) G. C. P. T. Lomax, Sec'y.
 Oct. 1-2.—Omaha (Neb.) G. C. F. T. Lovering, Sec'y.
 Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
 ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Treas.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.



VERMONT STATE TOURNAMENT—BARRE GUN CLUB.

WINCHESTER

Repeating Shotguns and Shotgun Shells

Do the Most Wonderful Shooting at

Grand American Handicap

A striking feature of the Grand American Handicap for 1912 was the wonderful shooting throughout all the events of Mark Arie, of Thomasboro, Ill., with a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Note the summary of his winnings given below, which, however, falls far short of describing his remarkable work:

AMATEUR DOUBLE CHAMPIONSHIP

High Amateur for all Single Targets. Score 657 x 700.

High Over All for All Targets. (Singles and Doubles) Score 746 x 800.

High Over All for All Handicap Targets. Score 281 x 300.

High Over All for All Program Targets. (Singles and Doubles) Score 558 x 600.

THE CONSOLATION HANDICAP

Mark Arie made high score in this event. Score, 96 x 100 from 20 yards.

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP

Lee Stockley, of Chicago, shooting a Winchester gun and Winchester shells; J. G. Gray, of Bloomington, Ill., shooting Winchester shells, and C. E. Orr, of East Alton, Ill., shooting a Winchester gun, tied the winner with a score of 94.

W. R. Crosby made the highest score in this event— 95 x 100, from 23 yards, shooting Winchester shells.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

H. D. Duckham, of Kenton, O., shooting Winchester shells, tied the winner with a score of 96 x 100.

C. A. Young made the High Professional score in this event—95 x 100, shooting from 22 yards, with a Winchester gun.

PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT SINGLES

Won by W. R. Crosby, with Winchester Factory Loaded Shells, score 198 x 200. Fred Gilbert was runner-up with 195, also shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT DOUBLES

Won by Fred Gilbert with Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

In addition to the above, W. R. Crosby, with Winchester shells, won High Professional Average for all Single Targets on the program, scoring 477 x 500. W. R. Crosby and Fred Gilbert tied for High Professional Average on all Single and Double program targets, scoring 550 x 600, with Winchester shells.



W. R. CROSBY



FRED GILBERT

The declaration was made above that Winchester Shotguns and Shotgun Shells did the most wonderful shooting at the Grand American Handicap. The evidence, which has now been submitted, speaks for itself, and proves conclusively that

The Red W Combination Is Superior To All Others

Peters Shells

Win a Great Victory at the GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP At Springfield, Ill., June 18-21

- PRELIMINARY HANDICAP** - - - - - won by W. S. Hoon, 94 x 100 and 18 x 20 in shoot off.
- AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP** - - - - - Wm. S. Hoon tied for 1st place, 192 x 200.
- GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP** - - - C. A. Young made high professional score, 95 x 100 from 22 yards.
- PROFESSIONAL DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP** - - J. S. Day and Walter Huff tied for 1st, 84 x 50 pairs.
- AMATEUR DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP** - - - - - Harry W. Kahler, 2d, 88 x 50 pairs.
- HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE—All Single Targets** - - - - - W. S. Hoon, 380 x 400.

A fitting climax to a wonderful succession of winnings. The superior quality of "steel where steel belongs" shells absolutely proven.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

NEW YORK: 98 Chambers St., T. H. Keller, Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO: 608-612 Howard St., J. S. French, Manager.

NEW ORLEANS: 321 Magazine St., Lee Omohundro, Manager.

Freehold Gun Club.

FREEHOLD, N. J., June 26.—A very fair number of gunners turned out here yesterday and to-day. H. J. Schlicher shot an excellent average, getting 284 out of 300. H. Powers took second with 277, and Dr. W. H. Matthews third, breaking 265.

	First Day.		Second Day.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
E I Vanderveer.....	150	119	150	122
Frank Muldoon.....	150	127	150	110
M B Downes.....	150	133	150	120
H J Schlicher.....	150	142	150	142
J H Morris.....	150	133	150	126
Wm Posten.....	150	118
H Powers.....	150	141	150	136
H Cowdrick.....	150	125	150	98
Chas Newman.....	150	101
Dr W H Matthews.....	150	136	150	129
G W Van Hise.....	75	56
Adam Carr.....	150	125	150	125
A W Emley.....	75	57
Harry Eyre.....	90	74
V Oliver.....	90	76
Professionals:				
N Apgar.....	150	147	150	131
F Lawrence.....	150	131	150	140
F Pratt.....	90	72

Birmingham Gun Club.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., June 23.—Fourteen shooters were present at the weekly shoot of the Birmingham Gun Club. John Warren did most phenomenal shooting, breaking all of the single targets shot at, making a perfect score of 100. He was followed closely by R. R. Skinner and E. R. Holt, with but 3 down out of 100. Mr. Armstrong, for some reason, is shooting away below his average.

There will be but one more shoot on the Du Pont badge, with several tied for it.

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke			
J K Warren.....	100	100	L Moody.....	100	83
E R Holt.....	100	91	B H Baugh.....	100	82
R R Skinner.....	100	97	I Armstrong.....	100	81
J Lambeth.....	100	96	Wm Dunn.....	100	76
A Henderson.....	100	94	O L Garl.....	75	71
P H Lallande.....	100	94	Ed Cornwell.....	75	71
Mrs Garl.....	100	88	R L Kennon.....	75	59

Shooting at 12 pairs doubles, Warren broke 20 targets, Skinner 19, Holt 17, Moody 15.

Cleveland Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O., June 23.—The regular weekly club shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club was held Saturday afternoon, June 22, at Shooting Park, Mayfield road, and was something of a contest—much more than was expected after two weeks of hard shooting, the State shoot and the Grand American Handicap, which has been hard work for those who attended. The weather

conditions were good, just enough wind to keep the targets on a jump. Mr. Williams, a come-back, was the big gun of the day, breaking 147 out of 150 in the four events, which shows that if it is in the blood it will come out. C. B. Haycox, who has been a very sick man since the first of the year, is with us again, and everybody was glad to see Charley; but with all of his sickness, he has not lost his eye, as he turned in a score of 48 out of 50 in the first event, and 43 in the second—91 out of 100 is not so bad for a sick man.

The Fourth of July contest is open to all lovers of the sport. The shoot will be at 200 targets per man; the first 100 targets will be shot in five 20-target events. Entrance for the five events, \$5. Twelve cash prizes, running from \$2.50 to \$10 each, and a silver loving cup will be awarded to high gun in each event, but no contestant to win more than one cup. The second 100 targets will be handicap contest; three beautiful trophies will be awarded in this shoot; the entrance fee will be price of targets only, and is open to all, so if you don't want to shoot for money, get into this contest and be a helper in keeping the good work on the move.

Event No. 1, monthly trophy, 50 targets:

Williams.....	48	Wall.....	39
Haycox.....	48	C B Stevens.....	38
Doolittle.....	47	Hopkins.....	37
Judd.....	44	Thorp.....	37
Freeman.....	43	Ong.....	35
Brown.....	43	Telling.....	35
Stapp.....	42	Mould.....	33
Jones.....	41	Mohrman.....	28
Rockwell.....	39		

Event No. 2, annual trophy, 50 targets:

Williams.....	50	Mould.....	37
Doolittle.....	47	C B Stevens.....	37
Brown.....	46	Hopkins.....	37
Stapp.....	43	Rockwell.....	34
Haycox.....	43	Ong.....	34
Jones.....	43	Telling.....	34
Judd.....	42	Thorp.....	33
Freeman.....	40	Mohrman.....	30
Wall.....	37		

Event No. 3, special Blue Ribbon handicap, 25 targets, added-target handicaps:

Doolittle.....	0	25	Haycox.....	1	23
Williams.....	0	25	Mould.....	5	23
Jones.....	2	25	Brown.....	1	22
Freeman.....	3	25	Rockwell.....	6	21
Stapp.....	1	23	Mohrman.....	8	19

No. 4, same as No. 3:

Mohrman.....	8	25	Mould.....	5	24
Stapp.....	1	24	Freeman.....	3	23
Jones.....	2	24	Doolittle.....	0	22
Brown.....	1	24	Haycox.....	1	22
Williams.....	0	24			

F. H. WALLACE, Mgr.

Sikeston Gun Club.

SIKESTON, Mo., June 28.—Out of 50 pigeons, the following scores were made to-day: Dan McCoy 42, Clem. Marshall 41, W. H. Tanner 38, C. H. Yanson 37, L. R. Bowman 36, Shields 36, H. A. Smith 29.

WM. H. TANNER, Sec'y.

Delaware—New England.

In one of the greatest matches of the year on the grounds of the Du Pont Gun Club, Saturday, June 29, the All-Delaware team tied with a team representing All-New England. The total score on each side was 919 out of 1,000. Thirteen men competed on each side, each man shooting at 100 targets. The scores of the ten highest men were taken in computing the result.

The feature of the day was the shooting of E. A. Staples, of Franklin, Mass., who broke 100 straight—local record this season.

The match was interesting from start to finish. When All-New England had finished it looked like a defeat for Delaware. The local men took a brace, however.

The individual scores of each team and the order in which the men finished were:

All-New England.	All Delaware.		
E A Staples.....	100	W M Foord.....	97
R H Burns.....	94	A B Richardson..	96
R Smih.....	94	J H Minnick.....	94
G N Proctor.....	93	H B Carlon.....	94
F O Williams.....	93	J B McHugh.....	92
Jas McArdle.....	92	E E du Pont.....	92
W F Clarke.....	90	W Edmanson.....	92
C F Marden.....	89	C Leedom.....	90
J L Snow.....	87	V du Pont 3d....	88
E C Griffith.....	87	S Tuchtton.....	84
C P Blinn.....	85	C Thorpe.....	81
L H Davis.....	83	N K Smith.....	81
*F R Sweet.....	61—919	L C Lyon.....	79—919

The full scores of the day follow:

Last T'l for 100 day.	Last T'l for 100 day.				
E C Griffith.....	89	158	H B Cook.....	87	170
Jas McArdle.....	92	163	A L Westcott...	80	145
W F Clark.....	90	160	J Griffith.....	93	167
R N Burns.....	94	168	E E du Pont.....	92	163
C F Marden.....	89	160	A B Richardson	96	169
E A Staples....	100	175	J H Minnick...	94	169
J L Snow.....	87	164	J T Skelly.....	92	168
F C Williams..	93	163	W S Colfax, Jr.	95	168
F R Sweet.....	135	163	A B Freeman..	68	116
Robt Smith.....	94	163	S M Freeman..	89	154
J H Morris.....	91	162	T Martin.....	81	146
C B Pratt.....	92	166	N K Smith.....	81	150
N Apgar.....	97	173	J B McHugh....	92	167
S E Shull.....	81	152	L C Lyon.....	79	...
A S Griswold...	72	136	C R Babson....	53	...
C P Blum.....	85	153	Clyde Leedom..	90	...
G N Proctor....	93	162	Wm Foord.....	97	...
L H Davis.....	83	151	J Anderson, Jr	76	...
W Edmanson ..	92	163	C H Simon.....	76	...
V du Pont.....	88	156	S Tuchtton.....	84	...
H P Carlon....	94	159	W B Smith, Jr.	79	...
E A W Everitt.	91	167	F P Ewing.....	82	...
H E Eyre.....	88	162	W A Joslyn....	86	...
V Oliver.....	97	168	S G David.....	54	...
E Ford.....	88	162	J Magahern....	66	...
J F Pratt.....	76	142	W G Wood.....	67	...
M C Morris....	76	137	J A Gregg.....	16	...
O Groff.....	92	166	E Dill.....	31	...
G R Cleveland.	88	154	U Jackson.....	34	...
F B Stephenson	91	163	S Newman.....	16	...
F Plum.....	95	165	P W Matthews.	32	...
C H Newcomb..	91	163			

Listen to the Echoes from the
Grand American Handicap Tournament

Mr. H. D. Duckham, of Kenton, Ohio, tied for First Place in the Grand American Handicap, breaking 96 x 100 from 19 yards, with



SMOKELESS POWDER

3d place,	Max Kneussel, 95 x 100, from 20 yards.....	Shooting DUPONT
4th, 5th } and 6th places	A. Meaders, 94 x 100, from 17 yards.....	Shooting E. C.
	M. L. Lippott, 94 x 100, from 17 yards.....	Shooting SCHULTZE
	W. S. Hoon, 94 x 100, from 19 yards.....	Shooting DUPONT
7th and 8th } places	R. F. Appleman, 93 x 100, from 19 yards.....	Shooting BALLISTITE
	W. L. Baggerman, 93 x 100, from 19 yards.....	Shooting DUPONT

Professional Trophy in the Grand American Handicap Event, won by C. A. Young, 95 x 100, from 22 yards, with BALLISTITE

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP

W. S. Hoon, L. Stockley, J. S. Gray, C. E. Orr, tied at 94 x 100. Mr. Hoon won in shoot-off with DUPONT.

PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

Won by W. R. Crosby, 198 x 200, with SCHULTZE.

CONSOLATION HANDICAP

J. R. Lieb, shooting DUPONT and C. A. Galbraith, shooting BALLISTITE, tied at 94 x 100. Mr. Lieb won in shoot-off.

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

E. W. Varner and W. S. Hoon, tied at 192 x 200, shooting DUPONT. Mr. Varner won in shoot-off.

PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP ON DOUBLES

Won by Fred Gilbert, 84 x 100, shooting DUPONT.

LONG RUN TOURNAMENT

103 straight, from 18 yards, made by Fred Gilbert, shooting DUPONT.

Further Conclusive Evidence of the Superiority of



SMOKELESS POWDERS

WON Forty-five of the fifty-eight moneys (65% of entire purse) in Grand American Handicap.

WON Thirty-two of the forty-eight moneys (78% of entire purse) in the Preliminary Handicap.

WON Nineteen of the twenty-two "first moneys" in Grand American Handicap.

WON 60% of purse in the Amateur Championship at Singles, 67% in the Professional Championship at Singles, 84% in the Professional Championship at Doubles and 75% in the Consolation Handicap.

No Shortcomings—Not One

ANY shortcoming in a shot gun, which seems almost trifling, may cause the gun to go wrong in the field, and spoil a long-planned expensive hunting trip.

The Smith Gun has no shortcomings—not one. The six Hunter Brothers with inventions, precision workmanship, and experience, kept after the shortcomings for 22 years, until the last and least important one was wiped out.

"6 times 22 years' experience" gives the shooter of a Smith Gun the fullest possible pleasure in the field, and the maximum game in his bag. A Smith Gun is "two guns in one," bored to meet the combined requirements of field, blind, and trap.

Ask your dealer to show you the new L. C. Smith 20-gauge. It is 20-gauge from butt to muzzle. Write for catalogue of Smith Guns—every grade from \$25 net to \$1500 list.

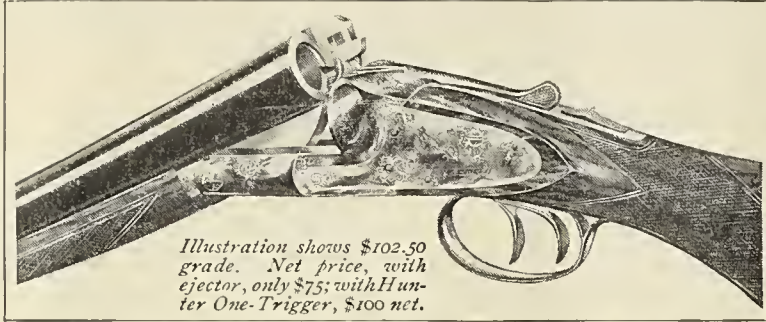


Illustration shows \$102.50 grade. Net price, with ejector, only \$75; with Hunter One-Trigger, \$100 net.

L. C. SMITH GUNS

HUNTER ARMS COMPANY, 76 Hubbard St., FULTON, NEW YORK



THE BLACK SHELLS WIN G. A. H. High Amateur Average

At the Grand American Handicap, Springfield, Ill., Mark Arie, shooting **THE BLACK SHELLS**, from 20 yards, won the Amateur High Average on all targets during the shoot, breaking 746 x 800.

Mr. Arie, shooting **THE BLACK SHELLS** in a pump gun, from 20 yards, also won the Doubles Championship, defeating professionals and amateurs, with a score of 89 x 100.

These splendid records were made possible by the uniformity of pattern, instantaneous ignition and absolute reliability of **THE BLACK SHELLS**.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.

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New Bedford, Mass.

Roanoke Gun Club.

TWENTY-NINE shooters took their turn at the traps of the Roanoke Gun Club on June 22, and some good scores were made. The weekly medals were won as follows: Scratch—First, L. G. Richards; second, P. T. Jamison. Class A—First, G. G. Moore; second, W. S. Jones. Class B—First, D. W. Richards; second, A. H. Boyd. Class C—First, H. Holland; second, W. C. Bringman.

The scores, 50 targets per man:

	Per Brk. Cent.		Per Brk. Cent.
L G Richards	49 98	Bloxtton	40 80
Jamison	46 92	Dyer	39 78
Bringman	45 90	J W Poindexter	39 78
Price	45 90	Wilkinson	38 76
Scholl	45 90	Lightner	35 70
Watson	45 90	MacFerrin	38 76
Shepherd	44 88	Fishburne	34 68
Jones	44 88	Dalby	33 66
Battle	43 86	J B Cumbie	33 66
D W Richards	43 86	Elliott	33 66
Holland	42 84	G C Cumbie	31 62
Hunt	42 84	Inge	30 60
E W Poindexter	41 82	Ferguson	28 56
Moore	41 82	Berkeley	18 36
Boyd	41 82		

June 29.—Shooting at the traps of the Roanoke Gun Club was somewhat difficult to-day, gusts of wind causing the targets to leap in their flight. Twenty-six shooters were on hand.

The weekly medals were awarded as follows: Scratch—First, tie between Watson, Shepherd and L. G. Richards.

Class A—First, Elliott; second, J. W. Poindexter. Class B—First, Boyd; second, Fisher. Class C—First, Holland; second, Bringman.

The scores follow:

Watson	47 94	Bringman	40 80
Shepherd	47 94	Hunt	40 80
L G Richards	47 94	E W Poindexter	39 78
Jamison	45 90	Boyd	39 78
Price	45 90	Fisher	38 76
Jones	45 90	Moore	37 74
Elliott	44 88	Holland	37 74
Atkinson	43 86	Wilkinson	34 68
*Coffin (100)	84 84	D W Richards	34 68
Bloxtton	42 84	Lightner	31 62
Howard	42 84	Ferguson	26 52
J W Poindexter	42 84	Dyer	24 48
C C Richards	41 82	Berkeley	13 26

*Professional.

H. F. WILKINSON, Sec'y.

Canandaigua Sportsmen's Association.

THE tenth annual all-day tournament of Canandaigua Sportsmen's Association, at Lakeside Park, June 28, was eminently successful, the attendance large, and the weather fine.

In the regular events, C. J. Dalley, of Baldwinsville, with a score of 141 out of 150, took high honors; Green, of Avon, and Vanderhoff, of Watkins, each with 140, divided second and third.

There were 39 shooters in one or more events, and 55 in the merchandise event.

	Earnings.	Score		Earnings.	Score
Hookway	\$15.75	130	Woolsey	9.10	89
*Welles	15.00	134	Kinney	12.45	114
Snook	15.00	129	Hummell	14.30	124
Greene	21.00	140	Crane	14.35	126
Dalley	25.45	141	Van Wormer	10.30	103
Frantz	20.30	137	Loomis	16.35	127
Stoddard	13.15	117	Phillips	21.30	137
Sousa	15.20	130	Clark	16.20	125
C Brown	15.40	126	Carey	14.50	124
Vanderhoff	19.45	140	Mason	12.55	115
Shutt	17.35	133	Hopkins	14.85	128
Fish	19.95	136	G Brown	10.80	133
Sterling	15.15	128	King	18.10	130
*Glover	14.2	142	Eiseline	11.75	113
*Stevens	14.0	140			

*Professionals.

Mulberry Grove Gun Club.

MULBERRY GROVE, Ill., June 26.—One more shooter won over for trapshooting in this little village. They are coming rather fast now. The newest addition to the game answers to the name of J. J. Bingham, and is one of the most well-to-do farmers of this vicinity. When asked for his opinion of the game, he replied: "Bully! Great sport! Count me in as a club member and a regular shooter just as soon as I can change my address to this burg." Fred Ellis, who had been only partially successful in previous attempts at the elusive targets, celebrated the initial tryout of a new Remington pump gun by pulverizing 45 out of 50, thereby winning high honors for the day. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
F Ellis	20	25	J J Bingham	11	9
Ed Hartley	15	22	21	..	E E Page	13
E R Enloe	14	17	22	21	Howard Enloe	16
F E Martin	15	18	17	..	*B E McCurdy	17
O T Davis	18	16					

*Visitor.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Rifle and Revolver

American Rifle Team Wins.

THE American rifle team, comprised of Capt. C. L. Burdette, of West Virginia; Sergt. A. E. Jackson, of Iowa; Sergt. H. L. Adams, U. S. A.; Capt. A. L. Briggs, U. S. A.; Hospital Steward W. A. Sprout, U. S. N.; Lieut. C. T. Osborn, U. S. N.; Capt. F. N. Hird, Iowa, and Ensign H. N. Bartlett, U. S. N., won the international army rifle shooting match at Olympic games, at Stockholm, June 29, with the score of 1,688. Great Britain was second with 1,600; Sweden third, 1,575; Africa, 1,531; France, 1,517; Norway, 1,476; Greece, 1,439; Denmark, 1,412; Russia, 1,401, and Hungary, 1,334. Fifteen shots were fired by each man, the arms used being the national military weapon of each country.

The score of the American team was: 200 meters, 438; 400 meters, 444; 500 meters, 424; 600 meters, 382. Total 1,688.

The aggregate individual scores of the American team were: Burdette 288, Briggs 284, Adams 283, Jackson 279, Osborn 278, Sprout 276.

A. P. Lane, United States, won the dual shooting individual competition at 30 meters, with 287. Palen, of Sweden, was second with 286, and Vouholst, another Swedish entry, third with 284. John Dietz, United States, fourth with 282.

Kennel Department

Cure For Distemper.

For years Thomas J. Deaken has been at work on a cure for distemper in dogs, and while he claims that the cure was perfected five years ago, it differed so radically from all other anti-toxins that the young enthusiast was never allowed a chance to prove the wonderful healing powers of his discovery. Finally in despair, says the New York Sun, Mr. Deaken went to one of the best known veterinarians in New York city and begged to be allowed to vaccinate an animal in the hospital, only asking that he be believed when the dog was cured. When he was refused this chance, as a last resort, he offered to buy the dog of the veterinarian, and stated that if he did not cure the dog which was in the last stages of distemper, the loss would be his alone. If he did succeed in curing him, the veterinarian was to buy the dog back again.

It was only a question of a few moments when the transaction was made, and poor Fido felt the sharp prick of a needle in his jugular vein. Then cubic centimeters of the life-giving fluid flowed through his little body, and in a few hours he began to sit up and take notice. If the distemper is further complicated by paralysis or chorea, one or more treatments are necessary, but it is always successful. While Mr. Deaken has at last received the recognition he deserves, he evidently believes that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and he has accepted a very flattering offer to demonstrate his cure in Kansas City.

Not long ago Mr. Deaken saved the life of one of the wonderful Eskimo dogs which Peary brought with him from the pole. The dog had been sold to an artist for \$500, and shortly after this he developed distemper in its worst form. When Dr. Deaken reached him he was paralyzed and his case seemed hopeless, but after receiving the treatment the little sufferer recovered miraculously, and in a few days seemed as well as when he left his frozen home.

All over the city might be found little canines of different breeds who, if they could speak, would gladly tell how the kind gentleman had saved their lives. Mrs. Varman's old English sheep dog and Mrs. Taylor's French bull are among Mr. Deaken's recent convalescents.

Mr. Deaken started as a medical assistant, but his heart always was with the canines and particularly with the under dog. From what he had observed he did not believe that distemper in dogs was due to a bacillus, but an entirely different organism. With this in view he started to work and just what he did nobody knows, but it is true that he discovered the real germ of the disease while others were groping in the dark.

To produce the vaccine Mr. Deaken uses a

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At Springfield, Ill., June 17-22, 1912,

Won The Following Important Events—More Than Any Other Two Guns Combined.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA, by E. W. Varner, of Adams, Neb., from the 18 yard mark, score 192 x 200.

THE PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT DOUBLES, by Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., from the 16 yard mark, score 84 x 100. Mr. Gilbert shot off three ties, and finally won the event.

THE PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT SINGLES, by W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., from the 18 yard mark, score 198 x 200.

Gilbert and Crosby tied for HIGH GENERAL AVERAGE for the four days' shooting, each breaking 550 x 600 targets shot at.

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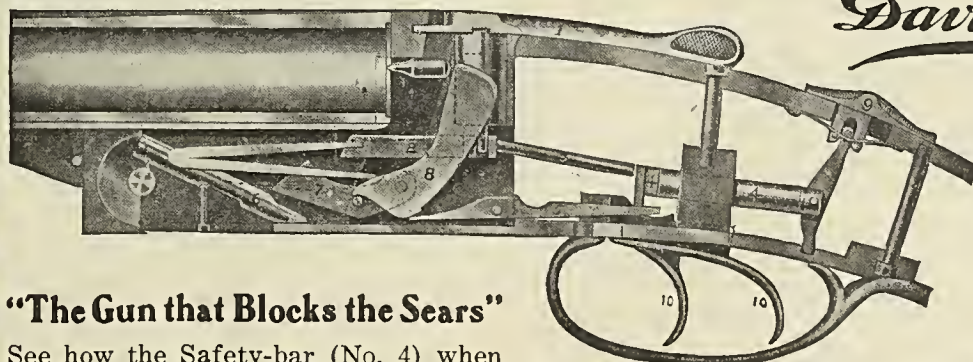
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media similar to the following: Agar, 5 grams; gelatine, 80 grams; Liebig's meat extract, 5 grams and distilled water, 1,000 grams. Here is where old Dobbin is called upon to assist his canine friends, and he is inoculated with thirty-five centimeters of the dead organism, and then in one week he receives 500 cubic centimeters of the live organism, and so on for four weeks, when he is ready to produce the fluid which gives life to the dogs. This operation is not at all painful, and in fact the faithful old horse does not know that anything unusual is going on. It is simply taking the germ of distemper from the dog, injecting it into the horse, and then in a certain length of time, taking it from the horse again and putting it back into the dog. This sounds simple enough, but so far Mr. Deaken is the only man who has discovered the proper organism to use with the media.

In cases where the disease is only slightly marked, Mr. Deaken is satisfied with putting the fluid under the skin. It is only in severe cases where the anti-toxin goes into the jugular vein. Although the youthful discoverer has not disclosed his secret, he has made it possible for others to use the anti-toxin, and when he leaves the city he will leave behind him able disciples, so that every little dog who is suffering from the dread disease, distemper, may have a chance for his life.

Picking the Best in the Litter.

NOTHING is more difficult for the undogmatic than to try to judge the merit of pups, and even those who can classify at a glance the full grown, fail where the embryonic champions are concerned.

Some breeds are more difficult to select than others on account of possessing certain points which are not fully revealed until a fairly late age. The ears of a collie or terrier or hound will probably be carried wrong until the permanent teeth have grown. So, too, with many breeds in which color is of importance. Age alone determines whether this is going to be correct or the reverse. The collie, however carefully he is fed, exercised and groomed, may disappoint his owner as regards the quantity of coat he possesses on reaching adult age, and one that did not look so well at weaning time may come along nicely.

Yorkshire terriers are among the most difficult to pick, as they are born black. A litter of Airedale terriers will, to those unused to the dogs, resemble a litter of black and tans.

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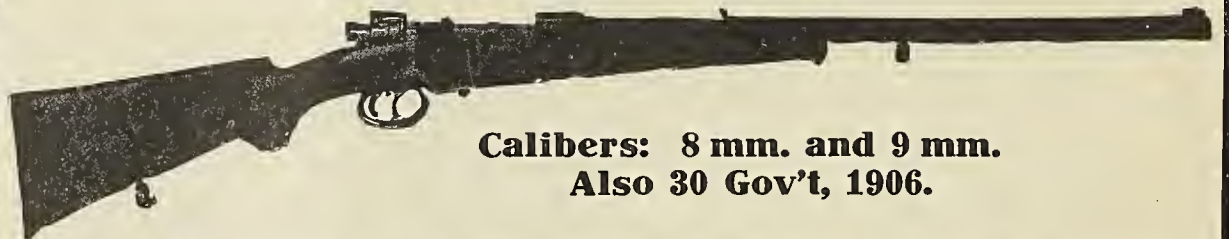
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ing. They will remain small up to a certain point and then suddenly decide to assume the proportion of a foxhound. It is difficult to set down any fixed rule for selecting a puppy. The most one can do is to select a man who ought to know and abide by his decision.

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THE collie illustration herewith printed shows a recently imported collie with a remarkable record of wins in Europe, with several to his credit since crossing to this side of the



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pond. His family tree shows the bluest of the blue blood found in collie families, coming lineally direct from Ch. Squire of Tyton, Ch. Southport Sample, and Ch. Southport Sculpture. Successor is sable and white, heavily coated and handsome. He is owned by Dundee Collie Kennels.

Newport Show Judges.

THE date for the Newport dog show has not yet been decided, but the prizes have been selected.

James Mortimer, of Hempstead, L. I., will judge St. Bernards, Russian wolfhounds, Irish wolfhounds, pointers, collies, chows, Dalmatians, bull terries, toy bull terriers, Welsh terriers, Sealyham terriers, West Highland white terriers, Schipperkes, black and tan Manchester terriers, miscellaneous and unclassified specials.

The Scottish terriers will be judged by Miss M. Brigham. William J. Green, of Philadelphia, will handle Boston terriers. Harry Loes, of Boston, will handle bloodhounds, foxhounds, harriers, setters, poodles, pinschers, Old English sheep dogs, dachshunds, Bedlington terriers, Skye terriers, Belgian or German sheep dogs, Samoyedes and Dandy Dinmont terriers. Mrs. R. F. Mayhew will handle fox terriers, Pomeranians, English toy spaniels, Japanese spaniels, Pekingese, Yorkshire terriers, toy black and tan terriers, toy poodles, Griffons and Maltese terriers.

Bulldogs, English and French, will be in charge of Arnold Lawson. Winthrop Rutherford will judge Airedale terriers and Irish terriers. Rev. T. Moore Smith will handle spaniels and Thomas Shallcross greyhounds, beagles, whippets and Italian greyhounds.

Soudan Swiveler Not Sold.

RUMORS to contrary notwithstanding, Soudan Swiveler will not be sold. Before his death George W. Batson gave the famous Airedale to Mrs. Batson who will continue to exhibit him.

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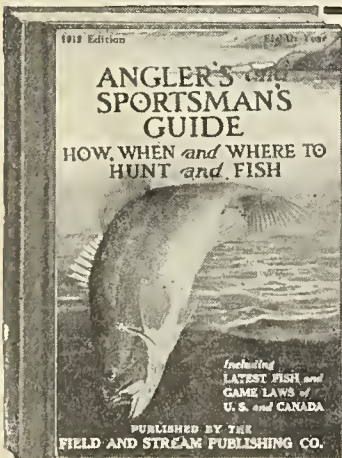
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Albany Motor Boat Race.

FIFTEEN motor boats of the cruiser class started in the New York Motor Boat Club's race to Albany and return on June 29, but mishap turned back half the number. Respite, owned by V. C. Pederson, won. She finished at 4:41:30 Sunday afternoon, defeating Thistle, owned by J. H. Wallace, by 2h. 57m. 13s., with handicap allowance of 6h. 3m. 18s.

Thistle finished first and broke the record for the course of 235 miles on actual time by 20m. 35s. Last year's time, made by Excelsior, was 27h. 56m. Thistle's total elapsed time was 27h. 35m. 25s. Oeyesee was second, her total elapsed time being 30h. 41m. 30s.

The third boat, Marinette, owned by H. B. Freeman, finished at 5:47:36. Her elapsed time was 31h. 47m. 36s. and corrected 26h. 37m. 1s.

Bunk III., owned by C. Firth, won the open boat class. She covered the course in 29h. 22m. 42s.

An All-Around Open Launch.

BY E. T. KEYSER.

"AND I'll put a cabin on it for \$60 extra," said the builder. "That's just exactly what you will not do," said the skipper. "There is such a thing as getting too much for one's money and getting it on too short an over-all length. When I want to do a hurdle race, I'll take my hurdles in the open and not in the form of extension transoms on a 6-foot 4-inch boat."

So the Sandpiper remained an open craft, in spite of an obliging builder's desire to add more top hamper to both the bill and the boat simultaneously.

The Sandpiper is 26 feet 6 inches long, 6 feet 4 inches beam and of the whale boat type. The cockpit is 18 feet long, because, as the skipper observed, he wanted room to move around in and a place to put afternoon guests where they wouldn't get mixed up with the machinery.

The cockpit is divided into two sections by a thwartship bulkhead, which materially strengthens the craft.

Forward of the bulkhead is the engine, a two-cylinder two-cycle, 4½x4½ Monarch, so installed that there are 6 feet 4 inches clearance between the forward face of the flywheel and the after face of the forward bulkhead.

It took considerable persuasion to induce the builder to install the engine in just this position, but it was worth all the effort, as there is room to drop a couple of cushions on the floor, on which the skipper can sleep when night overtakes him on a lonely trip.

The forward cockpit is 10 feet in length, with locker seats running along each side, and the boat cushions are so divided that they may be laid upon wooden strips reaching across from side to side, and fill in, as a bed, the entire width of the cockpit forward of the engine.

The after cockpit is 8 feet in length with a wide lazy-back seat across its after end and with all the rest of the floor free for the accommodation of chairs.

Instead of the raised deck cabin which the builder wished to inflict on the hull, there is a 10-ounce khaki spray hood, built by the Pneumatic Mfg. Co., which covers the entire forward cockpit and gives 5 feet 7 inches headroom—something that couldn't be had in a cabin on so small a boat without making her unduly top-heavy.

On the aft end of the spray hood are curtains with glove fasteners, so that when the hood is snugged down and the curtain snapped, there is a 10-foot cabin on the boat.

And in this cabin the engine is protected and the boat is as dry and comfortable as a cabin craft in rough and wet weather.

On hot days, the sides and front and back of the spray hood are brailed up, making a snug awning, while, if desired, the whole spray hood may be shoved forward and dropped on the forward deck, leaving everything open.

An apron of 10-ounce waterproof khaki runs from the aft end of the spray hood to the aft deck of the boat and snaps to the side combings, keeping the boat absolutely dry.

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There are samson posts forward and aft, stepped into the keel, so that it is the cable or anchor flags that will have to give way instead of cleat or decking.

There is an adjustable automobile type of steering wheel forward, which can be raised or lowered, giving a choice of positions—a big comfort on a long run.

The rudder head comes up to the deck just under its deck plate, and, in event of anything going wrong with the tiller lines, an ordinary tiller may be dropped over it and the boat steered from the after lazy-back seat. But one of the chief features of the boat is the upright wooden steering lever—just aft of the bulkhead, which divides the cockpit, and which allows one man, seated alongside the engine, to handle the boat with the greatest of ease.

Reverse gear, lever, throttle, spark control, switch, master vibrator, Klaxon button, grease cups and power bilge pump, are so grouped that, without rising from his seat, the engineer can control them all. Under the locker seats, at the rear end of the forward cockpit, there are two Stanley & Patterson waterproof 12-cell dry battery holders. The one on the port side furnishes current for ignition and the Klaxon, while that on the starboard side, connected up into three fours in series multiple, furnishes current for the four sailing lights and also for a couple of four-candlepower incandescent bulbs fastened to the bow of the spray hood. The lighting battery can also be switched on to the ignition system, if it is desired, in an emergency.

The Perfex vibrator box is installed on the bulkhead, just aft of the engine and the wires from same lead forward on the plugs on the cylinders. All wiring from batteries is carried along the same bulkhead and the exhaust piping drops down under the flooring, passes under the after cockpit, to the muffler under the after deck, so that no piping or wiring is in the way when moving forward and aft in the boat.

The Sandpiper was intended for an afternoon boat, for fishing trips and yet so arranged that two or three fellows could go on an extended cruise aboard of her. It will be seen that she has quite comfortable headroom under the spray hood, which has never leaked in the heaviest rains, and that she boasts of the convenience in passenger carrying capacity of an open boat, with many of the good points of a small cruiser, and she certainly gives more freedom and room in which to move around than could be obtained in a cabin craft of less than 10 feet greater over-all length.

She is very completely constructed, all the bright woodwork being of oak, with deck seams payed with marine glue. The brasswork on engine and fittings is reduced to a minimum, and after three seasons' use, her owner would not swap her for anything of her size in the market.

It is true she only makes nine miles an hour, but she is a mighty weatherly craft and has stood some heavy blows in the Tappan Zea, Long Island Sound, and the Lower Bay, and although her whale-boat stern prevents her from making very great speed, it's the most comfortable sort of a stern when you are running away from the big white horses.

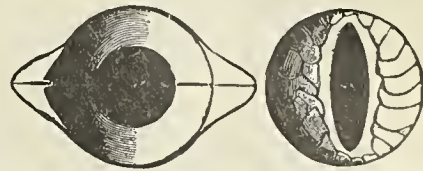
For a dinghy she tows a little 10-foot dory skiff, whose tendency toward crankiness is compensated for by the fact that you cannot possibly capsize it when you "snap the whip" with it on the end of a long painter.

The Sandpiper has a mess chest, which serves as a seat and opens up as a table and holds cooking utensils and enough grub for a four days' cruise, and four fellows have lived on her for a week at a time, cooking, eating and sleeping aboard her, while eighteen people can be accommodated comfortably on an afternoon run.

This type of craft is far better for the average man than the very small cabin cruiser, for, when you come right down to brass tacks, the man who can habitually go away for cruises of a week's duration at a sufficient number of times during the season to make it worth while, is usually so fixed financially that he's apt to be in the market for something about 50 to 60 feet in length.

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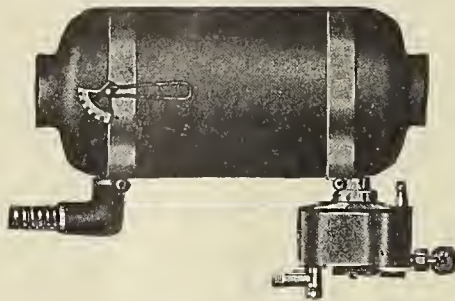
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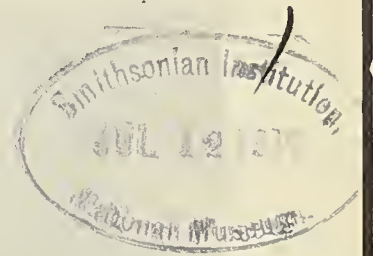
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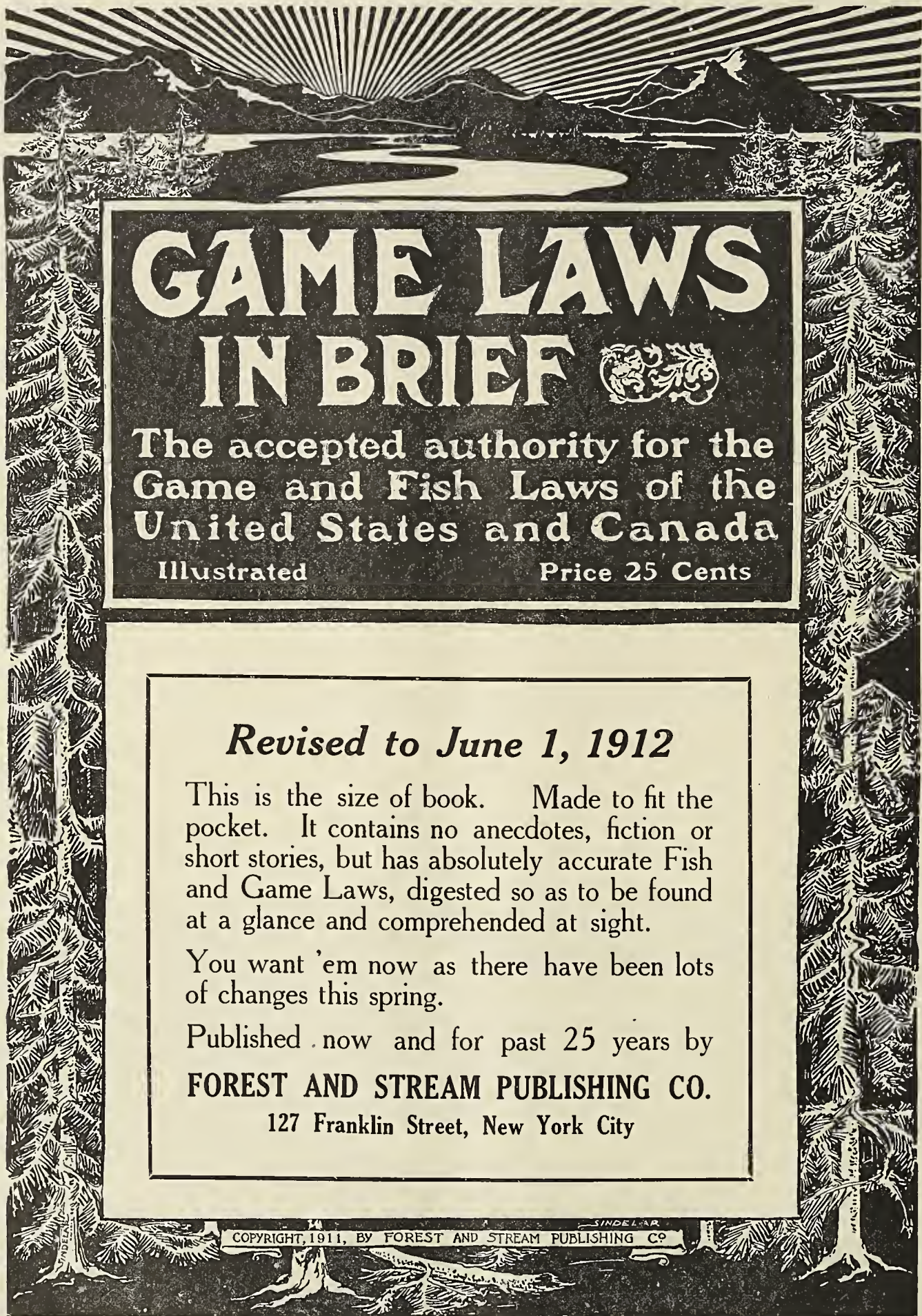
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A PARADISE FOR BIRDS.

HENDERSON county, Ky., which was the former home of the naturalist, John James Audubon, deserves to be called a bird paradise. The Lynchburg News some weeks ago called on the farmers in this section to feed the birds and keep them alive while the ground was covered with snow, and they were unable to help themselves. Similar conditions prevailed elsewhere and the same appeal was made to the farmers and with good results in some quarters at least. We quote the following from the Gleaner, published in Henderson county, Kentucky:

"The farmers of Henderson county are ahead of any in any other county in the State in humane treatment of the birds. The Gleaner, in an article just at the beginning of the cold weather this winter, made an appeal that was nobly responded to without delay, and the result is that few of the little feathered friends of the farmer went hungry during the period that snow covered the earth.

"Farmers everywhere in the county made provisions for the birds to get grain around the corn cribs. Some left the door open at certain times of the day, so that the birds could go in and gorge themselves with grain.

"One prominent farmer said that there was a covey of quail on his place, and that they took up quarters in the gangway between his corn barn and stock barn and he gave orders that the door be left open so that the little birds could get scattered grain, and that they should not be molested.

"Others tell of birds that come in the yard and feed with the chickens. One farmer said he realized and believed that other farmers had the same opinion, that the birds were the best friends the farmer had; that they destroyed worms and bugs that were a menace to farm products, and that without the birds to help exterminate the pests they would become worse than Pharaoh's plague."

There is an example worthy of imitation. The action of the Henderson county farmer is both wise and humane. Game laws are all well enough in their way, but they are not sufficient to protect our feathered friends while the weather conditions are so unfavorable. The birds will be needed next summer, not only to add a charm to the rural scenery by the beauty of their plumage and the music of their songs, but to make incessant war upon the myriads of insects which prey upon the farmers' crops. Without their help the farmer would be at great disadvantage in the contest with the insect plague. To take a lower view of this matter the sportsmen of the next season would find themselves out of a job if the birds this winter were permitted to perish through cold and starvation.

RUSSIAN STATE FORESTS.

WHILE the privately owned woodland of Russia is being annually reduced in area, the extensive State forests, generally less accessible and farther away from well-developed trade routes, are but gradually being brought into use, and for a long time to come they will continue a welcome and important reserve timber supply for the world. In round numbers these forests cover 937,000,000 acres, a fair proportion of which is well stocked.

The increasing utilization of the State forests is shown by the growth of gross receipts therefrom. In 1885, the gross receipts amounted to \$7,176,010; in 1890, \$9,486,300; 1895, \$14,915,945; 1900, \$28,838,455; 1904, \$31,132,780; 1909, \$34,343,290; 1910, \$38,610,580; 1911, \$42,525,610; yet even this last total is only about 24 kopecks per dessiatine (12 cents per 2.7 acres).

Much of the timber apportioned for cutting can not be placed. This remains standing and harms the new growth. Measures are now contemplated for bringing this timber into the world's markets. Roads will be made, and over 1,000 new officials will be added to the staff of foresters, and many more keepers. Much is also intended to be done for the improvement of the condition of the forests.—Consul John H. Grout, Odessa, Russia.

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The shop itself, the place of business of Uncle Lisha Peggs, bootmaker and repairer, was a sort of sportsman's exchange, where, as one of the fraternity expressed it, the hunters and fishermen of the widely scattered neighborhood used to meet of evenings and dull outdoor days, "to swap lies."

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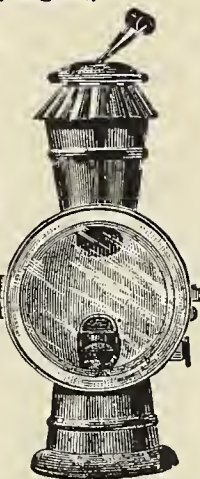
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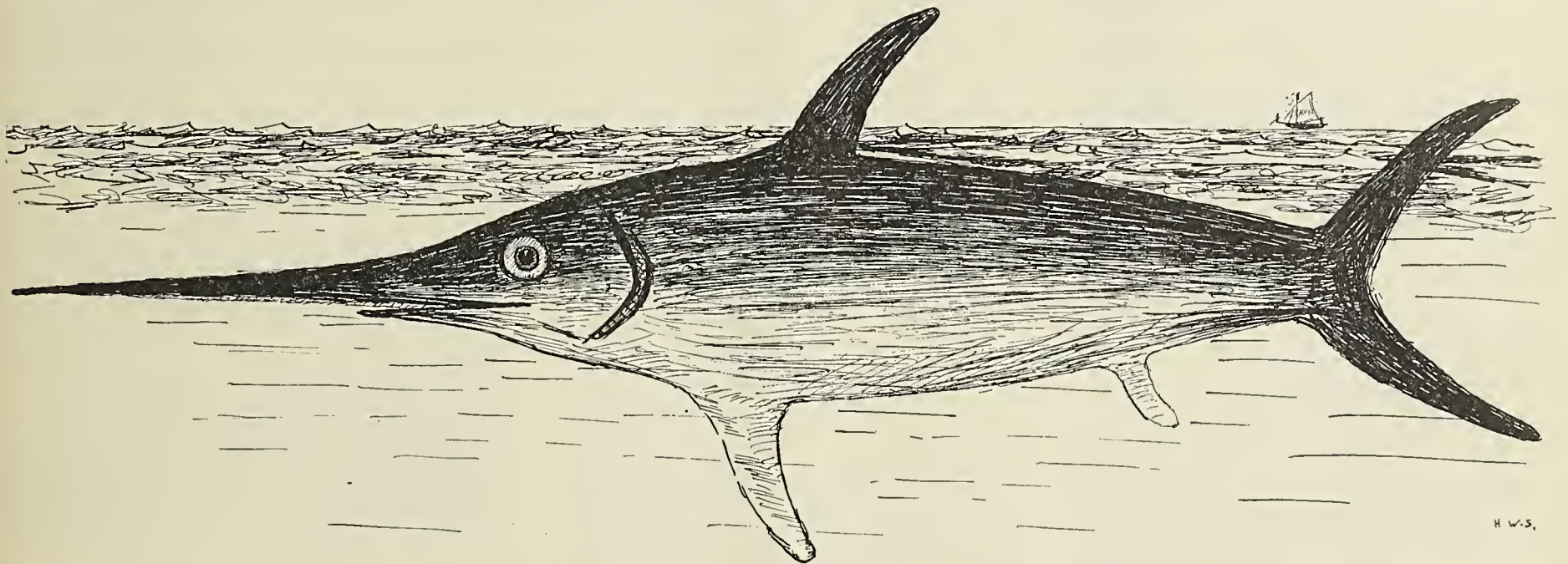
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127 Franklin St., New York.



Swordfishing off Martha's Vineyard

By HORACE WINSTON STOKES

Photographs and Drawings by the Author.

WE hoisted sail at dawn one August morning and with sail and engine driving us alike we spun through Vineyard Sound before an easterly breeze and a fair tide. The cliff so aptly named Gay Head was soon abeam, its banks of saffron, white and crimson marvelous in the flame of the early sun. Noman's Land was passed—a solitary islet shared by a single family, a flock of sheep, two cows and a vast multitude of gulls. Our little vessel's head was pointed southeast, and we made our way into the open sea. In number we were three, two veterans and a novice at the trade. Our ship was an able catboat, fast, strong, seaworthy and quick in answering her helm. In addition to a sail of goodly size, the thrust of a ten horsepower Lathrop engine was behind us.

Swordfishing, as the reader doubtless knows, resembles whaling in many points, as the fish are caught always in the open ocean, are sighted from aloft, harpooned, and then approached and captured from a dory, this last partly to save time and partly to eliminate the danger of an attack on the main vessel. The sword of an average sized fish of this species is a spur of bone from three to four feet in length, covered with tough skin, sharp edged, pointed and with a penetrating power that will drive it through the planking of a sloop or catboat. With the thrust and impetus of two or three hundred pounds game weight behind it, this sword becomes a weapon to be treated with respect, and

the fishermen prefer to risk their dories rather than to invite the attention of their sometimes belligerent quarry to the sides of their main vessel.

The home of the swordfish is said to be the Mediterranean, but it is found in considerable numbers along the north Atlantic coast, in the bay of Fundy and on the Georges. Fish of unusually large size, weighing from five to six hundred pounds, are sometimes taken as far north as Newfoundland, but the greater number are well to the south of this point. Block Island is well known as a favorite resort of swordfishermen, but many vessels put out from New Bedford and Martha's Vineyard taking fish within a radius of thirty miles.

The harpoon and gear with which swordfish are captured are both simple and ingenious. A strong light rope about 100 feet in length runs from the barb of the harpoon along the shaft, and leading back from the "pulpit" in front of the bow where the harpooner stands, is firmly attached to a small keg around which it is wound with the utmost care. When a fish is struck the pole and shank of the harpoon can be freed from the loosely fitting socket of the barb, the barb hitherto being held in place by drawing taut the harpoon rope attached to it, and fastening the rope in a simple eight or quarter hitch in a leather strap that is nailed to the pole for the purpose. The keg around which the harpoon rope is wound is now tossed overhead, the rope

unreeling as the swordfish darts away with the barb imbedded in its flesh. When the end of the rope is reached, the keg is often pulled completely under water and the strain of its resistance causes the barb to turn as on a pivot at right angles in the wound. This turn is produced by fastening the harpoon rope to the middle of the barb, and greatly lessens the danger of the barb's tearing from the flesh where it is held.

The keg is now being towed by the fish at a more or less rapid rate over the water. It is pursued by the main vessel, and when overhauled is picked up from the dory in which one man plays the swordfish on the rope as a tarpon would be played on rod and reel with a possibility beyond that of tarpon fishing, however, in the chance of being "plugged," as the fishermen term it, by their occasionally dangerous opponent.

To bring a fish alongside the dory and slip a noose over the powerful fluke is a matter of from twenty minutes to several hours, and usually requires a long period of strenuous and careful hauling, taking heed the while never to allow the line to slacken, which might cause the fish to turn and deliver his knockout punch, and never to become entangled in the coils of the harpoon rope that is likely to be whipped back over the gunwale by an unexpected rush at any minute. A half turn about a wrist or ankle in one of these rushes would send the fisherman to Davy Jones. The danger, however, with an



"A 250-POUND CATCH."

experienced man tending the rope is less than it would seem, and casualties are infrequent, although about one fish in ten will try to charge the dory. The process of capture is extraordinarily exciting and never to be forgotten. The pull of the straining fish will tow the dory over the water, and the braces and smother of spray in adjusting the fluke rope have possibilities beyond the gaffing of the liveliest salmon in a rocky stream.

As we sailed through the blue and gold of early morning, the wind died down, and the sun beat hot upon our deck. The sea became a flat expanse of burnished steel, the long heave of the ground swell running through it, and we rose and fell with measured regularity on water that seemed like oil. A hot day with no wind will bring the swordfish to the surface, where they bask in the warm sunshine or glide slowly in search of food, impelled by the sail-like power of their sickle-shaped fin and fluke. And such a day, ideal in all conditions, was upon us. Harpoons and gear were carefully examined, the captain of our vessel climbed into the "pulpit" at the bow. The first mate, with more skill than grace, clambered aloft, and the crew, consisting of the novice, took the helm, where it was thought that he could do least damage.

After slowing down the engine we cruised in long reaches over the fishing grounds, backward and forward in five-mile circles, triangles and quadrilaterals, allowing not a single foot of

the gleaming water to escape the notice of the keen-eyed lad aloft. The tin pan beat of the exhaust was sleep producing and monotonous; the novice, whose sole duty was to mind the helm and dose the engine with cylinder oil, detected himself nodding at the wheel. After several hours swordfish began to take on a mythical unreality that made the waste of quart on quart of gasolene seem futile and extravagant, when—"Luff!" was bellowed from aloft, and in a yell, "Luff hard!"

With the tail of his eye the novice caught sight of a black fin "cut out" swiftly to starboard and disappear as the boat swung sharply in its direction. But the tip of the harpoon, by which the man at the helm must steer at such a time, still pointed to starboard, then ahead, then lowered, down it plunged. "We have him!" was the cry, and "Shut her off!" came in the same breath from aloft.

Fumbling in excitement the novice nearly tore the switch from its fastening.

"Toss your keg" came double voices. He tossed, and the line running aft was caught in the propeller. A two-pronged pitchfork lay on deck. The novice by dint of jumping over the engine, and upsetting a quart of cylinder oil as he did so, reached it and cleared the line, while from the keg now thirty feet astern the line unreeled with stately slowness. The motion quickened, spray began to fly, the keg spun like a top upon the water. It disappeared bobbed up again some fifty feet further on, and danced along over the waves as fast as a man could row.

"Start her up," said the captain, and the mate bent to the fly-wheel. "Whish!" said the engine. "Drat the engine," said the mate.

The engine back-fired resonantly, but snapping the switch, the mate caught the explosion and we forged ahead once more at top speed, soon overhauling the skipping keg that was doing a skirt dance all its own some 200 yards away. Into the dory jumped the mate, the novice scrambling after, and the oars creaked.

"Got to see the end of this!" exclaimed the novice with a nonchalance that he was far from feeling.

"May be you'll see the end of something else," remarked the mate to cheer his spirits. "Charging elephants," he said, "if I don't believe he's going to run us!"

The keg was in the dory by this time, and the line, running outward almost horizontally, showed that Mr. Swordfish was on top of the water seeking that which he might punch with his proboscis. The novice elevated his frame from the bottom of the dory where he had been squatting. He disliked the thought of being taken for a target.

"A man was plugged right through the thigh the other day," remarked the mate. "He's in the hospital now with six trained nurses. Honor bright," he added, with a grin.

"What did he do until the main boat came alongside?" ventured the novice.

"Bailed, hung on to his leg and prayed," said the mate tersely. "There she goes," he added; "we're all right now."



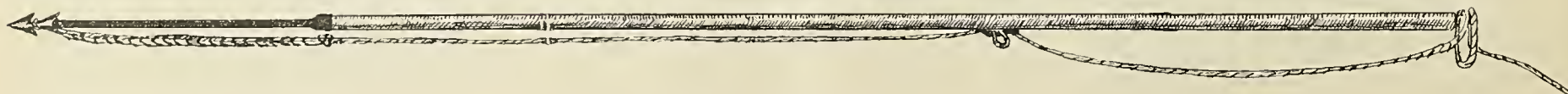
"LUFF HARD."

The line was again running deep, lower and taut, and the danger of being charged eliminated. The dory moved with unction over the rippling heave of the ground swell, and finally the novice looking overboard caught a vague, blue-green, torpedo-like shape that turned sideways for an instant giving forth a flash of silver.

"Better attend to business," said the mate. "He'll be up in a jiffy. Get your fluke rope ready. Now then!" A giant of blue and silver, with eyes that might have looked upon the fall of man, was alongside. "Oh, good Lord!" exclaimed the novice. His exclamation stopped, however, when the fish, with a swift motion of its fluke, drenched him with a bucket or two of water, and struck the dory a blow that made it quiver.

"Over she goes!" sputtered the mate, who was also drenched. The fluke rope was attached and with yells and hosannas the occupants of the dory signalled the main vessel which was cruising slowly back and forth about 300 yards away.

The throat halyard used as a tackle made quick work of hoisting the fish aboard, where it was quieted with a hammer, and again we resumed the cruise, while the novice gazed with gloating ecstasy on the 250-pound monster now wrapped carefully in oilskins to preserve it from the sun. On that trip we took six fish ranging from one to three hundred pounds in weight, and to lovers of excitement and the sea the advice within this article is brief and to the point—go swordfishing.



Quail Shooting in Central Italy

By L. DeB. HANDLEY

THERE is probably not a race, even among the pleasure-loving Latins, that knows so well how to enjoy sport as does the Italian. His fondness for shooting is proverbial, and he makes a regular holiday of his days afield, which does not prevent his being an exceptionally good sportsman.

Anyone visiting Rome during the month of May, which marks the flight of the European quail from its tropical winter haunts to the far north, can enjoy a delightful outing, with the prospect of a good bag, by running down for a day's shooting to any of the nearby villages along the coast.

The passage of the birds usually begins late in April and extends to early June, being heaviest in May. The game little fellows leave the southern shores of the Mediterranean during the night, cross the sea, and land on Italian soil between dark and noon, according to weather conditions. Wind has much to do with the direction and the size of the flight. Any breeze from the north or west will swing the flocks to the lower peninsula, and Sicily and Calabria will receive the bulk, but a blow from the south or east and Central Italy is the favored locality. When you set out of a morning you never know whether you are going to return with a bag of fifty, one hundred or more birds, or draw a blank.

Many of the fortunate have shooting boxes at the seashore and spend the entire season there. Others, men engaged in business and unable to be absent for long periods, take only occasional trips, but they have in a very clever manner solved the problem of ascertaining when best to go.

Reliable agents are posted at all the neighboring sea stations with instructions to send daily wires to the leading sporting goods houses, telling of conditions. By 5 o'clock in the morning these bulletins begin to appear in the shop windows, and a crowd is always on hand to see them exhibited. The telegrams will read possibly: Anzio—small flight; Fiumicino, no birds early, a few beginning to arrive; Maccarese, shooting below Camp Salino, moderate pass; Furbara, fair flight, nothing great. Under the circumstances the majority will wait patiently for later news, but a few may decide to take a chance and go off on the first train to Maccarese or Furbara from where come the best reports. If a notice reads, "Big flight" you might think the crowd had suddenly gone mad as it disperses at a run in every direction. Men will rush home, jump into their shooting clothes, hail a cab and drive to the station in a frenzy to catch the next train, for they all know that if the pass is good, there will be birds aplenty for everyone.

At the depots a hurrying, scurrying mob of excited and vociferating individuals will soon collect, guns a-shoulder, baskets and bags in hand, and from one to half a dozen canines of every breed trailing along on chains and leashes, growling and snapping at one another.

In droves the human cattle pour into the third class carriages, dogs and men tumbling in together, then comes a great ringing of bells and crying of "Pronti! Partenza!" by the guards

and the train rumbles out. At destination it is a race for the grounds, and soon the regiment deploys, mingling with the more lucky mortals who have been on the spot since early morning.

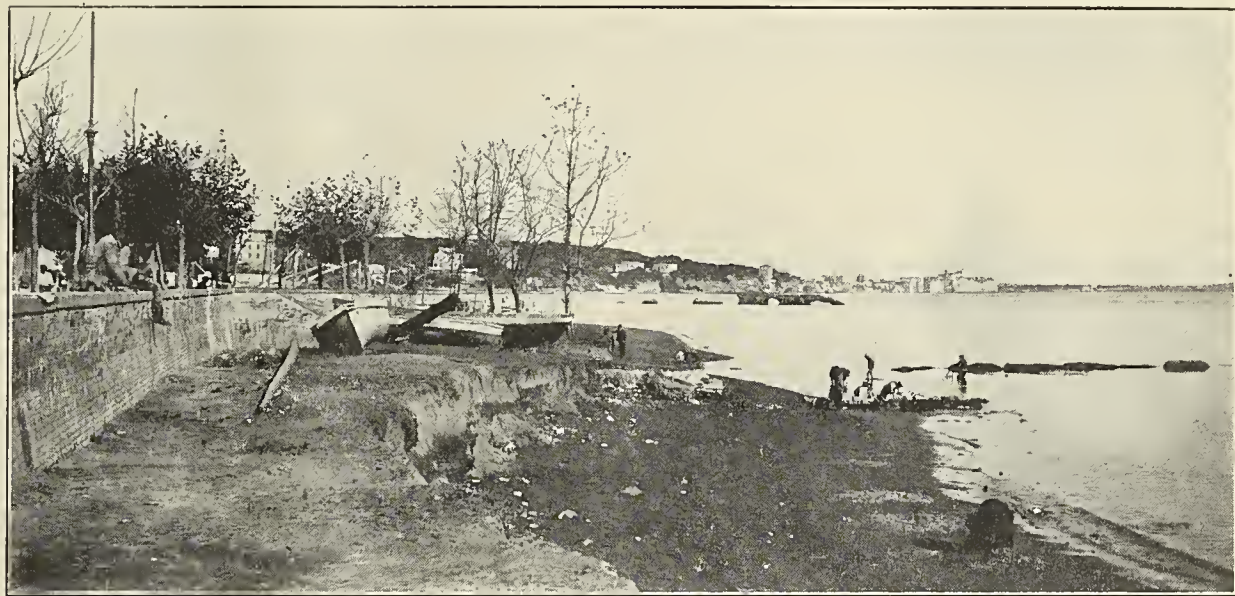
When the flight is really good, the firing is incessant. Men hunt by side. The territory is literally covered, and it speaks well for the skill and sportsmanship of the gunners that accidents are rare, and that the right of way is respected even in such close quarters.

The most friendly feeling and a fine spirit of democracy prevail in the field. The prince and the cobbler will fraternize if chance throws them together. Men who have never met will pass with a word of greeting, and the sports-

larly have passed the century line and quite a few have exceeded the 200 mark.

The writer had the good fortune the year of Scorzone's feat to secure with three companions the shooting box of Prince Borghese, near Tor Astura, ten miles south of Nettuno. Leader of the quartet was Louis Sindici, one of Italy's greatest game shots, and two artillery officers, Captain Garofalo and Lieutenant Cerchiari, completed the outfit.

The lodge was a primitive stone cottage with one floor and a cellar. The former was divided into two large rooms, one used as bed chamber the other as kitchen, dining and living room. A peasant and a boy attended to our wants.



FAMOUS QUAIL POINT FOR MAY SHOOTING.

man's salutation, "In bocca al lupo" (In the wolf's mouth) is bandied back and forth on every side. This form is "de rigueur" in Italy. Woe to the uninitiated who tenders a "Buona caccia" (a good day's shooting). This phrase is believed to convey bad luck and is often bitterly resented.

The life at the seashore is most enjoyable during the quail season. The villages of Ladispoli, Furbara, Maccarese, Fiumicino, Ostia, Anzio and Nettuno harbor hundreds of enthusiastic nimrods who go out after birds in the early morning, and if the pass is small, return before noon and spend the rest of the day fishing, riding, sailing, playing tennis and golf, or indulging in other pastimes. The more rabid, however, flee civilization and camp out in the wilderness, making a shooting box, a lonely farm house, a shepherd's hut, or a tent their headquarters. These are the ones who make the biggest bags that at times reach sensational figures. The authentic record for one day to one gun stands to the credit of Scorzone, a man in the employ of Mr. Ferri, a well known civil engineer. Scorzone shot 342 quail in thirteen hours on his employer's property near Tor Vaianica, a historical old watch tower half way between Fiumicino and Anzio.

This is of course a phenomenal and exceptional kill, but most Romans who shoot regu-

larly have passed the century line and quite a few have exceeded the 200 mark. One rose before dawn. The sea, not fifty yards away, provided ample accommodation for ablutions, and if it was rough, we used a stream running beside the house. Breakfast was on the table by the time we were dressed and three of us partook of coffee and rolls, but Cerchiari, a giant in size, always made it a course meal and washed it down with a quart of burgundy. Imagine, at 3 o'clock in the morning!

At the first sign of breaking in the east each one of us took his gun and a camp stool, freed one of his dogs and repaired to a little hill a few rods away, overlooking the sea. Here the four of us sat and chatted awaiting daylight and the birds.

Sometimes the little immigrants would begin to arrive while it was still dark, and only a whirr of wings told of their landing, but an experienced ear could detect the sudden check when they alighted, and the spot was marked for search as soon as the sky cleared.

And such sunrises as were witnessed on a cloudless morning! It was wonderful to see the warm tints, almost tropical in their glory, slowly rise on the horizon, paint the sky in riotous colors, then fringe with gold the tops of the tall umbrella pines and creep down over the dunes to illumine the mirror-like waters which lapped the white beaches with soft murmur.

But watch those three little black specks close to the surface rapidly approaching. See them flicker and swerve? They are birds; they are the vanguard of an army of quail. It is Sindici who points them out to us, and following the rules of sport they are his when they land. Gradually they increase in size, until their wings and heads are plainly discernible. Then they reach shore and plunge headlong into a clump of reeds. They are tired out; the journey has been a long one.

Sindici sees them drop, but waits a few minutes to allow them to settle, then motions to his dog to search and follow him over. Brill has not been asleep and goes for the quarry as straight as an arrow. In a moment he falls to a point, edges up, and crouches immobile. His master walks up and kicks the tall grass. Immediately a little brown beauty arises in a flurry and strikes swiftly inland, but up goes the gun, a sharp report, and it tumbles into the sand. At the noise of the shot the other two hurriedly take flight, but only one gets away, the rearmost crumples up suddenly when the infallible sixteen speaks, and our companion returns with the first prizes of the day.

It is Cerchiari who marks the next arrival, a lone traveler coming straight for us with the velocity of the wind. Totally oblivious of our presence it passes within ten yards without shifting its course and heads for the hills but the lieutenant has arisen, and at the crack of his gun the bird is flung to the ground.

A flock of about a dozen is spotted soon after, again by Sindici, and it spreads in some tamarack bushes not a hundred yards away.

"Come," says the veteran; "there are enough for us all," so we stroll over together and account for six of the birds.

Not another quail is sighted for over an hour and by 6 o'clock Garofalo stirs himself.

"Looks like an empty day," he says. "I

think I'll work the brush to the point and turn in. Who's with me?"

I volunteer and we set out side by side, the dogs quartering before us, while Sindici and Cerchiari start in the opposite direction. Game is scarce, however, and 8 o'clock finds us back at the lodge with less than a dozen pair to the four guns. Breakfast number two awaits us and we do justice to it with an appetite to which the tramp has given a keen edge.

Then Sindici unhitched a fishing seine from the wall and proceeds to overhaul it.

"Don't forget that we are to have guests to dinner," he warns us. I'll undertake to provide the fish course—I saw a lot of white mullet in the creek this morning—but you will have to attend to the rest. If Garofalo will take a run to Astura for lobsters, and you two will uproot some dandelion for salad and gather a few flowers for table decorations, we'll be ready for them. Ciccio has already gone to the woods to pick strawberries."

The dinner party in question was one of many we enjoyed. We held open house and it was not infrequent for us to receive notice from some of our friends that they would drop in on us either by yacht or by carriage on such a day. At times we had as many as twenty men and women to cater for. Luckily we did not have to look for provisions. The sea and the brook gave us many delicious varieties of fish, and lobsters and clams were always to be had at Astura, about a mile away. Quail we seldom failed to shoot, and there was our chicken coop to fall back upon in case of no pass, while salad and dessert were provided by the nearby fields and woods.

The various duties allotted us on this occasion did not prevent our hunting at the same time. Sindici had his gun beside him while he fished, and kept his eye open for late arrivals. Garofalo beat the brush all the way to Astura

and back, and Cerchiari and I allowed our dogs to run around at will while we were busy in the fields, casting an occasional glance at them and running up if we saw one pointed.

To a stranger some of the customs obtaining at the seashore during the quail season are odd and interesting. For instance, a miss, never mind by whom, is generally saluted by every sportsman in the vicinity, and when the place is crowded, the scene is most amusing. As soon as a dog falls to a point, everyone stops to watch, and it may be imagined the nerve that it takes not to get rattled in the face of such a critical audience. Even good shots often suffer an attack of stage fright, with the result that both barrels are pumped ineffectively. The din which follows is indescribable. From almost every pocket comes a tin horn, the discordant blasts of which rend the air, while from many throats issue at top voice the stentorian cry "p-a-s-s-a-p-o-r-t-o," indicating that the lucky flyer has received its passport to the dead line, beyond which shooting is forbidden.

The most curious and entertaining spectacles, however, are the executions of bad sportsmen which occur once or twice at least each year. In the eye of the Italian it is an unpardonable sin to try to win glory by padding the bag; that is, by reporting a larger number of birds than one has killed. Let a man be convicted of the crime and he is virtually ostracized from the fraternity.

When a gunner is suspected of "flying," the term applied to padding the bag, either his boy is bribed to keep tabs on him, or a committee approaches him afield, and after inquiries concerning his luck asks him without ceremony to produce the birds. A regular offender is soon caught, for the disease is chronic, with some, and then the fun begins.

A tribunal is immediately formed; judge, jury and attorneys are appointed and court is held. The place is jammed when the case comes up for examination, for the battle of lawyers is usually extremely witty and amusing, even though the culprit is condemned in advance, no action being taken until undisputable proof is in the hands of the accusers. Eventually the death sentence is passed.

The execution follows in due course, the date being set for the first clear day on which there is no pass, and it generally takes place on the village square. It is an imposing ceremony.

All sportsmen in the neighborhood are invited to participate and most of them do. They collect in force, in full regalia, and form in procession. Then, led by a band playing funeral marches, and followed by a working cart on which is seated a mannikin of straw, bearing the name of the condemned in large letters, they solemnly parade through the streets. Useless to say, by the time the village square is reached the populace has swarmed into line.

In the center of the square the procession comes to a stand. From the top of the cart a herald reads aloud the findings of the court. The effigy of the criminal is stood up against a wall, and order is given for the firing squad to form. Amid impressive silence the command to fire rings out, a double volley awakens the echoes, and the deed is done. Ready hands bundle the sprawling scarecrow into the wagon again, and thus it is borne to a nearby field, where a pyre has already been built. The match is applied, flames rise high in the air, and in a few minutes



SPORTSMAN'S HUT.

the combustible remains of the pseudo corpse lay in smoldering ashes.

Not infrequently the doomed sportsman assists at his own execution, and he is seldom seen in the field thereafter. He knows he is a marked man and the first train available generally hurries him back to town.

A day that will ever remain a vivid memory to me was that memorable May 4th, on which Scorzone established his extraordinary record of 342 birds, probably the greatest flight day ever witnessed in Central Italy.

To an ugly night of storm followed a dawn wet, chilly and blowy. We rose as usual at break of day, but one look outside was enough to send us back to bed. Even enthusiasm has its limitations. We had not been long under covers, however, when the sound of shooting toward Nettuno began to reach us, and it soon became so insistent that it caused us to dress hastily and prepare for the fray.

The morning was gray and dark. A blustering wind blew in angry puffs from the south and rain fell in torrents. It was the very negation of a pass day. Nevertheless we had hardly poked our noses outside the door when a regular cloud of birds, several hundred in all, prob-

ably swept by with the speed of a cyclone and were soon lost in the mist.

With a concerted movement every gun was broken and shells inserted, but even before we had had time to look, another big flock whizzed by, and from that moment until nightfall the barrels of our shooting pieces hardly had chance to grow cold.

It was not sport; it was plain butchery. Yet such an opportunity occurs but once in a life time, and the man must be forgiven who, in the craze of attaining a record, loses for a while all sense of moderation and kills for the sake of number. It is wrong; it is most reprehensible, but it is human nature.

That day I saw more than one, whose fine sportsmanship was a byword, go stark mad with fever of slaughter. The spirit of rivalry seemed paramount in every breast. It was bitter competition instead of sport.

Drenched to the skin, unmindful of hunger, fatigue and discomfort, everyone hunted from dawn to dusk. We four tramped all day in a circle, with the lodge as our meeting point, but we paused there only long enough to leave our birds, change dogs, get more cartridges and gulp down a glass of wine.

At night came the reaction. Famished, exhausted and aching in every bone we sat down to survey the day's catch, and gazing on the mound of dead, now an ugly mess of wet feathers, gore and sand, we felt the blush of shame rise to our temples. But it was done; the kill had passed into history; it was too late to regret.

And this was the one and only black mark of the season. Usually there was no attempt to excel; on the contrary I have often seen an old-timer insist on giving first shot to a less experienced companion whenever chance permitted.

Bags ranging from ten to thirty birds were the rule throughout May, but four or five times over fifty went to every gun.

Alarmists are constantly crying out that the European quail is being decimated by the spring shooting in Italy, and that it will soon become extinct. But there is no immediate danger of it. The wise action of the authorities in forbidding the use of nets, one prevalent from Tuscany to Sicily, and in confining the shooting to one kilometer from shore, has done much to preserve the specie, and the supply does not seem to diminish very rapidly. Doubtless good sport will be enjoyed by Italians at the seaside for many years to come.

Dog Sledding in the Wilds

By ARTHUR SANTMIER

A Missionary's Trip in Mid-Winter—The Traits of the Dogs—Equipment—An Indian Feast

Photographs by the Author.

WITH a jingle of the bells, the crack of the whip and the explosive command, "Marche Bob," we were off on the trip to faraway Norway House. It was in the depths of a sub-arctic winter and Norway House lay distant 200 miles. At the time I was laboring as a missionary at God's Lake, a remote post of the great Hudson's Bay region. Owing to an early freeze-up, my goods had been delayed at the foot of Lake Winnipeg, and this rendered necessary the long trip by dog train.

The dog is the beast of burden of the North. Where no horse could go, and where no other draught animal could survive, the faithful dog does double duty as a hauling dog and as a companion to man. Travelers are wont to say that the dog is by far the best company one could well have. He is loving, patient, uncomplaining and faithful unto death.

The sled dog is a mixture of several breeds. He has at last become a mongrel. He pulls well, endures starvation without complaint, is unmercifully beaten and otherwise abused by his Indian master, and finally when his services are no longer required, he is turned loose to shift for himself. In company with three or four of his kindred he is harnessed to a flat sled or toboggan and together they haul a load of three or four hundred pounds twenty-five to sixty miles a day, depending upon the condition of the trail, the state of the weather and the degree of strength of the dogs.

On this journey I had a team of four, a set

of "web" harness and a very poor sled. My leader, "Bob," was a large, black dog of great intelligence and strength. His comrade of similar build and color was named "Cariboo." Cariboo was a first-class sled dog, but a constant fighter. He was either being lamed or laming some other dog at every opportunity. "Carlo" was a runaway. He was a long-haired red or yellow animal with small body and heavy fur.

He did not haul well and had to be watched all the time to prevent his running away. "Cubre" was a "Husky" or Eskimo puppy, but ten months of age and gave promise of a brilliant future as sled dogs go.

I started alone, but found that I might have company if I so desired, for an Indian by the name of Namaygoose was going as far as Oxford House with a boy to run ahead of the dogs.



FEEDING THE DOGS.

As I had a very large load, Namaygoose offered to carry two pieces of baggage for me to the end of his journey. With lightened loads we sped rapidly on our way. The start was made at mid-day, and at night we camped on the muskeg near Knee Lake, having accomplished a distance of twenty miles. Bob was very lame and Carlo was sick. Considering these disabilities, we did very well. At this place wood for the fire and spruce boughs for the camp were more than ordinarily scarce, and so this could not be reckoned among the most comfortable of my camps. Namaygoose manufactured a loaf from snow-water and flour and called it "bannock." I succeeded in devouring it after several attempts.

Leaving camp long before daylight we dashed across the portage at full speed. The low hanging branches slapped us in the face; fallen trees caught our feet; short sticks and stumps gouged us. The trailing sled rope seemed bound to entangle itself about my limbs, and the ups and downs of the trail, which could not be calculated in that gloomy hour before dawn, seemed to mock all efforts to preserve the balance, and finally at a turn in the trail the dogs stopped abruptly and my headlong flight carried me over the sled into a heap near my sled dog. He immediately wagged his tail by way of showing sympathy. This is a fair sample of early morning travel 'ere old Sol aids the traveler by his friendly rays.

At a little after noon we arrived at Oxford House where my dogs for safe keeping were placed in the dog yard belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. During the hours of night Carlo could be heard making a fearful outcry. He had already caused me considerable trouble by his home-seeking proclivities, and he now seemed determined to get out of that yard and go home. Early in the morning I hastened to the dog yard and found a small piece of wood chewed from one of the upright logs that formed the inclosure. Through this aperture Cubre and Carlo had effected their escape. But two of my dogs remained in the yard. It was surprising to note through how small a space the dogs had managed to drag their bulk.

Immediately men were sent off to search for the escaped canines that were so necessary for our trip. Several days later Cubre was brought back. He had followed an Indian dog train down Oxford Lake for thirty miles and had there made his home until recaptured. Two or three days after this a sled came in from God's Lake and there in the harness was Carlo, my runaway dog. Upon effecting his escape he had made for his home at God's Lake with as much speed as was possible. He bore the marks of having been whipped severely, but I did not resent such treatment at this time, as I otherwise would have done knowing that he needed punishment.

I was delayed still longer at Oxford House endeavoring to engage a dog train and driver to accompany me to Norway House. Finally an English-speaking fellow whose name for various reason I will not give, was engaged for the trip. He was the only available man at the time, possessing a fairly good dog train.

As the mail packet from York Factory, known as the "York Packet," was soon to arrive and Mr. Campbell the trader with his several dog trains was to accompany it to Norway House, I decided to wait until after Christmas

and enjoy their company. It saved me the expense of employing a guide, as both the "Packet" and Mr. Campbell's teams had men to run ahead of the dogs.

On Tuesday, Dec. 27, my sled was early packed, and after waiting two hours for my man he came up hurriedly to inform me that he could not go to Norway House. I demanded a reason for thus breaking a contract and leaving me in the lurch. He replied: "You white men change your minds and I change my mind, too." I was unable to convince him of the difference between a man's engagement of his own private affairs and the sacredness of a contract that involved the interests of others. The man had a special dislike for Norway House, and the vicinity of the police barracks, as he had been accused of "borrowing" a gun without the owner's permission and of taking a cross fox from a man's trap and selling it as his own.

On a former trip to Norway House this recreant dog driver had been given an order for five dollars in goods at the company's store. To the figure "5" he had prefixed a "1," thus making the sum of "15." To increase this amount still more he had used a different pencil to alter the "5" to an "8" and then presented finally an order for eighteen dollars. For this, as well as for his other misdoings, he was wanted by the police, and so I did not wonder at his reluctance to go thither.

As the company's trains were not ready for the start I boldly launched forth upon the frozen lake. The cold was intense. As I had but a fair-sized load, I was able to keep from freezing by the exercise of running and driving. All went well for the first ten miles, when upon coming to a fork in the trail I was obliged to leave the dogs for a moment to ascertain which road I was to take. This brief stop sufficed to chill me thoroughly. To add to the dangers I found that Carlo, anxious to be freed from his traces, had cut two of them with his teeth. Things appeared rather dismal for a time, as I had nothing with me with which to repair the damage. After giving Carlo the punishment he deserved, there was nothing left to do but to await Mr. Campbell's arrival. He quickly repaired the traces and lending me his warm bear skin mittens for my half frozen hands, he made me drive hard toward the far distant shore. He led the way at a rapid pace and I was obliged to fasten the sled rope to my benumbed body to avoid being left behind. Not until after many miles did I again become warm and regain the proper use of arms and limbs. This experience taught me a lesson. After this I always carried twine or deer skin along with me on my journeys, as well as an awl with which to mend broken harness or sled.

A heavy fall of snow the first night that continued until noon of the following day rendered traveling very laborious. With the York Packet were two trains of "Husky" dogs, very slow and hard-pulling animals. Mr. Campbell had with him three trains and these with mine made a procession of six long dog trains. We had a very good chance to compare the "Husky" with the ordinary Indian dog of the country. Of course the Eskimo dog, or Husky was the hardier of the two, the strongest haulers, the most enduring and the least particular about their food. We however found our dogs to be much speedier and in traveling behind the Packet we were

obliged many times to stop and permit the Huskies to go ahead for a mile or two after which our trains rapidly came up again.

On the third morning the start was made while the sky was still studded with stars. While descending a very steep hill, my sled upset and dogs, driver and sled were precipitated into the soft depths of a great snowdrift at the foot of the hill. Before dogs and harness could be extricated and rearranged, and the snow shaken from my clothing, the other trains were far away across the lake. My dogs were able to follow the trail, however, and were eager to catch up. We crossed the four-mile portage at such a rapid rate that several times in the darkness I was thrown violently to the ground. After a twelve or fifteen-mile run we came up to the other sleds.

Hearing that the mail had been carried as far as an Indian house a mile or two ahead and left there, Mr. Campbell suddenly became very energetic in breaking a road, and hastened on ahead to get his mail. Previously he had found it more convenient to stay behind with his much vaunted train of five fresh dogs, and leave the road making and the road breaking to the tired dogs of the Packet, which had already experienced a ten or twelve days' trip. But for this mile or two he generously went ahead. After reading his mail and eating his dinner he took his original position behind the Packet.

It soon became my duty to lead the way, and despite the fact that I had one lame dog, one sick animal, and a third was a puppy, my train did splendidly for some time. When the dogs began to lag, another train took their place. We had been joined by this time by three Indian dog trains and presented an interesting sight as the nine trains followed the windings of the crooked trail across the muskegs and lakes. At night two large camps were made to accommodate the party.

While carelessly felling trees one of the men dropped a large spruce tree full upon Carlo's back. With a yelp he was buried in the snow and I heard Mr. Campbell exclaim in Cree: "Surely, he is killed!" But when the tree was lifted poor Carlo staggered forth in a dazed condition and wandered off in the woods. I followed him for a distance, and after throwing him a few spruce boughs for a bed, I left him until the morning. He did recognize me and I fully expected to find him dead in the morning. However, he had so far recovered that I put him in the harness and he made forty miles that day.

At this camp a thrilling experience befell us. During the night we were awakened by a choking sensation to find that the wind, which had greatly increased in force, had also changed direction, and the embers of the fire had been blown into activity and sparks were being showered over our bedding and equipment. Hastily throwing our belongings to the other side of the fire, we jumped through the flame and made haste to place ourselves beyond its reach. There in the cold and snow we rearranged the camp and searched for our several possessions. For some time I looked in vain for my moccasins and cup, and to this day I have not found my knife, fork and spoon, and a number of the belongings of the party were consumed in the flames.

On the last day of the trip we were astir

at three in the morning, and for the first ten miles went at a rapid pace. We then ate breakfast, and with my train well in the lead, we traveled so rapidly that at times it required my entire stock of energy to keep pace with the dogs. When near the mission while crossing the last portage my sled slipped sideways over an embankment and upset. With a wave of the hand comfortably seated in his cariole, Mr. Campbell passed me, and thus was first into Norway House after the many miles I had taken the lead.

As I passed an Indian house my dogs swerved toward the doorway and the sled was hurled against the threshold. I aimed a terrific blow at my leader with the heavy dog whip, but a man appearing in the doorway at this critical moment received the greater force of it across his shins. I was traveling too fast to stop and apologize, but later found that my victim was none other than William Crait, the mission interpreter, and he often laughed at my spectacular entrance into the mission village of Rossville.

The other trains went on over to the Hudson Bay Company's post, a little more than two miles further on, while I put my dogs in an empty stable and made myself at home at the mission where, as always, I was warmly welcomed.

And now approached the happiest time of the year to the northern Indian, the day of the great feast—New Year's day! At this important time are gathered together at Norway House nearly all the Hudson's Bay Company's traders in the district. From far-off Split Lake and Nelson House to the north and west; from Oxford House, God's Lake and Island Lake on the east, came the sleds of the fur traders. It so happens that many of the missionaries find this a convenient time to trip to Norway House for provisions. As all the Indians that are able to walk or to be carried are brought together at this time, there is an interesting gathering on New Year's day.

I arrived just in time to take part in the festivities of the occasion. The Indian agent, the Rev. Mr. Gilmore, had recently been appointed, with headquarters at Norway House, and was now on duty. This gentlemen wished to attend the feast given at the chief's house on the Jack River, and I offered to convey him by dog train to the feast. Accordingly soon after dinner we started.

For a sled I used the old heavy covered cariole, formerly used by Mr. McTavish, the chief factor of the company on his long journey. It proved too heavy for this work, and Mr. Gilmore purchased it for the Indian department. It was nearly covered over with a red parchment cover, and after carefully packing the passenger inside the remainder of the sled could be protected by means of a sliding cover that worked on wires. Thus he could be protected from the wildest storms.

The roads were hard and smooth, and we traveled briskly. Occasionally Mr. Filmore would call out to know if I was running and how I managed to maintain such a pace. I replied that running was an easy matter. All it requires is health and perseverance. We made the six or seven miles in forty-five minutes, and on the return trip gained five minutes on this record.

I had informed Mr. Gilmore of the custom



THE FAMOUS YORK PACKET.

of the Indian women at this feast to each one separately kiss every white man appearing on the scene. At this news he straightened up in defiance and declared that no Indian woman would kiss him. He would walk rapidly through the crowd and allow them no opportunity. As I fancied but little this promiscuous kissing, I determined to do likewise and to keep close to Mr. Gilmore for protection.

As soon as my dogs were cared for, we faced the music. The women were already assembled in pleased anticipation, while the young girls were audibly giggling. They would now add to their conquests, for had not they already vanquished the officers of the honorable company, including the Chief Factor? But, behold! With the mien of a soldier about to die for his country, with form erect and eyes flashing, with moustache waxed and pointed, and with his Yankee attendant treading at his heels, he marched through the assembly, and on up the

stairs with the air of a conquerer. Thus the first onset was avoided.

The feast comprised many varieties of meat, vegetables, various tinned or dried fruits, tea and coffee, and the usual cakes and puddings. It was truly a feast that was greatly enjoyed.

And then we were obliged to once more run the gauntlet, for the women have the right of way at New Year's time. With elbows akimbo and with as much speed as comported with dignity, we made our exit. As quickly as possible I arranged dogs, sled robes and passenger, and with all speed we returned to Rossville where another great feast was in progress. Here I relinquished my charge and my dog driving for the day was done.

Sad to relate the journey to Norway House was the last I was able to take in company with my noble dogs. Three of them were seized with a dangerous form of distemper, and when I returned to Oxford House I was obliged to leave them behind.

“Now, that Reminds Me”—III.

By O. W. SMITH

Photograph by the Author.

“**N**OW, that reminds me’ of bait-fishing for rainbow trout after nightfall, and if it be, as has been intimated, ‘unsportsman-like,’ then I must plead guilty to being a transgressor of the ‘high ethics’ of angling. Yes, I do angle for rainbow at night and am not ashamed of the practice. Furthermore, to make my sin more pernicious, I am going to tell my brethren of the angle how to do likewise. Perhaps I cannot better describe the *modus operandi* of night bait-fishing for rainbow than by simply telling you how I fell from piscatorial grace.

“You see, a party of us city anglers were camping on the Peshtigo River, out in Wisconsin, a stream which has more than local fame as a *Salmo irideus* water. We elected to camp

at Caldron Falls, some twenty-five miles or so from Ellis Junction, a station on the C. M. & St. P. Had we wanted speckled trout, we would have camped at the mouth of the Little Eagle, some eight miles below Caldron Falls, for there was wonderful fishing in that stream. I know, for while camped at Caldron Falls I made three trips to the Little Eagle, and some large rainbow have been taken from the Peshtigo just below the mouth of the Eagle. Then there is the Big Eagle, but when one begins to talk of speckled trout fishing, there is no end of opportunities in that section of the Badger State. I am under the impression that Caldron Falls is sixty-eight feet high, though owing to the tortuous gorge through which the angry water plunges, one sel-

dom realizes their height. Of course there is a wide, deep pool below the falls, with great white drifts of foam circling and eddying upon the surface of the unquiet water. A rainbow fisherman need not be told that large rainbows are sure to be found in such a deep and well aerated pool.

"Manifestly fly-fishing is well nigh impossible; that is, unless one uses a boat, a practice fraught with great danger and not to be recommended. However, on close, mizzling days, one can have considerable sport fly-fishing, providing he is possessed of more than a little skill with the rod and can 'lay a long line.' But with bait-fishing the case is different. There is no necessity for a long cast, the strong current taking the line out usually as far as the fisherman cares to have it go, and unless he keeps one eye upon the spool, the current will tease more line from the reel than he is aware, the result being that he may face a battle with an empty spool.

"We had been fishing for several days before we discovered that not until after sunset did the large rainbow begin to feed. Oh, we had taken a number of fish, both speckled trout and rainbow, fishing early in the morning and again in the afternoon, but the glimpses of broad tails we semi-occasionally caught made us dissatisfied with our successes, for we knew that the fishes of our dreams were feeding right before us day after day. Some of us took to invoking the fates, others cursed, while we all invented new flies and baits. Some two and one three-pound rainbow were taken, but either we were unable to reach the large fish, or they would have nothing to do with our lures. As a rule we had found grasshoppers the best live bait, though shiner minnows were a close second.

"Then one afternoon my fishing mate and I put our heads together, the result being that we determined to try night-fishing, which for some unknown reason none of the party had thought of doing. We provided ourselves with a couple dozen large shiner minnows, then just as the full moon rose, stole out of camp without exciting the suspicions of our companions. We made our way along the piled-up rocks to the foot of the falls, where we took positions only a few feet apart, so that we could make one another hear, and began to pay out our lines. We had fished so continuously that we were intimately acquainted with every eddy and current, and knew just about what our baited hooks would do. By watching our spools we were able to judge quite accurately the amount of line we had out. So we waited, each on the *qui vive*, expecting the first sharp tug which usually announces the presence of a rainbow.

"My companion, more fortunate than I, hooked the first fish; a good one, I judged, from the manner in which his rod bent to the strain. Shouting something which was lost in the roar of the falls, he dashed away along the rock-strewn shore, seeking to draw the fish out of the heavy current. Fortunately the angler had plenty of line on his large multiplying reel, so that he was able to successfully accomplish the maneuver. I would like to have seen the battle, but there were two reasons why I was unable to act the rôle of spectator. First, the drifting mist concealed him for the greater part of the time; then, too, he was standing in the shadow of the bluff; secondly, I had hooked a fish which required my undivided attention. Just when my

fish struck I am unable to say, for I was more occupied with the scrambles of my companion than I was with my own line, the wily rainbow seizing the opportunity to swallow my minnow and sneak to the other side of the pool. When I became aware of the fact that I was fast to a fish, my enemy was on the far side of the pool, between us a raging, seething torrent. Of course there was but one thing to do, attempt to drag him through the swift water by main strength, trusting that tackle and hook would hold. But why prolong the story? The weight of the water was too great, the hook tore out, and I reeled in glad to escape with so light a toll.

"While I was rebaiting, my companion came clambering over the rocks, bearing in his hand a fine four-pound rainbow which he had landed, and over which he gloated exceedingly. I told him to give me the inside position and I would go him a pound better, but in spite of my boast he hooked the next fish and I reeled in so that he might get down the shore into quieter water, for to attempt to land a fish where it would have the advantage of the heavy current was suicidal. While my companion was playing his capture, I hooked a fish, and keeping away from the current, led him into quiet water and fought the battle to a successful finish. My fish was larger than my companion's second, but not so large as the first, a fact which gave him great pleasure.

"Well, we fished until 11 o'clock, when we fastened on our last brace of minnows, the moon directly overhead, making the gorge almost as light as day, save when the gentle breeze would waft the ever-present cloud of vapor between us and her smiling face. It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, and if such fishing be not sport, I do not know what is.

"With his last minnow my companion hooked and lost what he insisted was the largest fish of the evening, but I shouted in his ear something about the largest fish always escaping, which he took with poor grace. Then I hooked a real fish and he took the minnow with a rush, the 'feel' of the rod indicating that he was well hooked. Sprinting away over the rocky beach I reached the edge of the still water, where, gently but firmly, I coaxed my antagonist out of the mael-

strom into a more quiet portion of the pool where we fought the battle. Again and again the rainbow leaped, but always the hook held. I have been tempted to assert after certain rainbow expeditions that small fish are more active than the large, which if true simply proves that the last fish that night was an exception to the rule. How long the struggle continued I am unable to say, perhaps fifteen minutes, maybe half an hour, for under such circumstances each moment is an eternity long, and no watch records correct time. At last the battle was over, the fish netted and killed. My companion said that he would easily weigh six pounds, but I wishing to be conservative, placed him at five pounds, though I am positive that the real weight was somewhat more.

"Sitting on the bare rocks, there in the moonlight we took stock of the evening's sport. Seven fish, of which my companion had taken four, while I had to be content with three; however, I was satisfied, for I had taken the largest fish of the evening. We estimated that the string, one cannot say basket, would have weighed in the neighborhood of nineteen or twenty pounds, which if true would have averaged out three pounds apiece; not so bad, was it?

"After our experience, night-fishing became the regular thing, and always with greater or less success, though no two anglers ever did so well in a single evening as did my companion and I on the first night. Since that time I have resorted to night-fishing with bait, live minnows or grasshoppers, when seeking rainbow in various waters, and always with marked success. One will need a rather heavy fly-rod, say a seven-ounce, and a large multiplying reel. I know some of my friends use a bait-rod for the work, but I like the action of a fly-rod and always use one. Some time I am going to try the sport with a large automatic reel; then if I can 'keep my head' I am sure that royal fun will be my portion."

The FOREST AND STREAM may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.



THE PESHTIGO.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

California Notes.

WHAT is declared to be the largest sturgeon ever landed in Northern California was taken from the Pitt River recently by four fishermen. The fish measured ten feet in length and weighed 546 pounds.

C. MARCUS, a supervisor of Santa Cruz, Cal., who is deeply interested in fish and game matters, has suggested that when trout fry are planted in some of the small streams in that locality, temporary dams be erected and the large fish removed from the reservoirs thus created. By the time these dams are washed out next winter, the young trout will be large enough to care for themselves, and the present heavy loss will be minimized.

Fishing in California.

BY GOLDEN GATE.

IN spite of the fact that since the opening of the trout fishing season in the sierras, indications have been for very early sport, it may now be said that the very best fishing of the year is at hand. The snowfall in the mountains was exceptionally light last winter and it was predicted that as soon as this was off the ground, streams would fall rapidly, and the best trout fishing would speedily come to an end. Numerous rains have occurred from time to time since the 1st of April, and the water in many streams is still as high as it was then. These late rains have kept streams in a muddy condition and have prevented many people from making early visits to the mountain regions. In the large streams, such as the Feather and Klamath rivers, anglers have been compelled to depend largely upon bait fishing to fill their creels up to the present time, but now splendid fly-fishing is in order. In the lake country back of Blairsden there is still considerable snow, but summer camps are being opened there and the fishing season is commencing. Within a radius of a few miles from Gold Lake there are to be found thirty or more lakes, and these are all well stocked with trout. Fishing has been especially good at Smith's Lake, and Fred J. Goble and wife, of Berkeley, who have recently returned from a trip there, found no trouble in taking the limit whenever desired. In this section Poplar, Long Valley, Grizzly and Gray Eagle creeks have been affording good sport, as well as the Middle Feather from Cromberg to Blairsden. In the Big Meadows country fly-fishing is now good, but the lack of accommodations there is keeping many away who would otherwise make the trip.

The open season for black bass commenced on June 1 and some fine sport has been enjoyed on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers of late. In Prospect Slough and Cache Creek some splendid catches are being made as well as in the vicinity of Newman. This fish has propagated in a wonderful manner in California streams, and some very large bass are now being taken.

Striped bass fishing is still rather indifferent

and has been decidedly off color for several months. Not only do the fish seem to be very scarce; but those taken are quite small. Some fish of this variety are being taken in the vicinity of Oroville, and on the upper stretches of the San Joaquin. Leading local anglers believe that the fish are in the rivers instead of in the sloughs in the Bay district. With the advent of real warm weather, striped bass fishing is expected to show an improvement.

Following the heavy run of salmon experienced several weeks ago in Monterey Bay, several lighter runs have occurred and some fine sport has been enjoyed there. A few fish have been taken by trollers outside the heads at San Francisco, and several salmon have been taken in the San Joaquin River near Mendota, the run there being the heaviest in several years.

Illinois Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our contest scheduled for June 29 was run off in regular order with the exception of the quarter-ounce distance event, postponed because of the wet condition of the lawn; showers just before and threatening weather necessitating a delay in starting the game. The weather during the accuracy bait event was cloudy, light south wind and almost calm; during the accuracy bait event, clear sky, light north wind; during the delicacy and accuracy fly event, cloudy and calm; during the light tackle dry fly event, cloudy. Following are the scores in the order cast:

Quarter-ounce accuracy, bait:			
	Score.	Re-entry.	
Humphreys	98.6	97.9	
Amman	98.5	
Jamison	99.1	
Tournier	98.3	98.9	
Wehle	98.4	
Ball	99.2	99.3	
McCandless	97.9	
De Garmo	99.2	99.5	
Bauer	98.2	99.1	
McFarlin	97.8	
Spencer	97.8	98.0	
Hornstein	96.7	
*Kleinfeldt	98.8	
Huntley	98.3	94.6	
Nicholson	98.6	97.9	
Stoltz	93.8	97.5	
Kerr	97.6	
Kernaghan	99.2	98.3	
Blodgett	94.6	97.8	
Pierson	99.2	
Delicacy and accuracy, fly:			
Jamison	96 19-30	De Garmo	98 5-30
Ball	97 3-30	Amman	96 20-30
Stanley	97 24-30		
L. T. dry fly, accuracy:			
	Score.	Re-entry.	
Jamison	97 14-15	98 7-15	
De Garmo	99 1-15	99 4-15	
Stanley	99 7-15	99 1-15	
Amman	98 2-15	99	
Pierson	98 9-15	99	
Heston	99 5-15	..	

Attention is called to the large number of scores over 98 and 99 per cent., there being eight of the latter.

Herewith we are handing you copy of letter received from H. Wheeler Perce, referring to the first contest of the inter-club tournament to be held on the grounds of the Anglers' Casting Club, at Douglas Park, on July 21. It is hoped all members will remember the date, and that the Illinois will be largely represented and do all possible to "boost the game."

Our practice events every Saturday and the "day following" on days other than and after regular contests are growing more popular, as is evidenced by the attendance, twenty-six members out last Sunday. These events are run off and judged from the large target and offer excellent opportunity for good practice work. Members may be found on the grounds each evening through the week.

As the next event will complete the first half of the season, members are cautioned to keep close tab on their re-entries. Hereafter the club score cards will be brought to the grounds on regular contest days, and members having any doubt as to their re-entries will consult the secretary or captain.

Whose name will be engraved first on the Chicago Fly-Casting Club's "Friendship Trophy"? Why not yours?

O. C. WEHLE, Secretary Pro Tem.

Mr. Perce says in his letter:

Dear Sir—The committee having in charge the arrangements for the Chicago inter-club tournament have instructed me to advise the secretary of each of the four clubs that the first event of said tournament will occur on Sunday, July 21, 1912, at 10 A. M., on the grounds of the Anglers' Casting Club of Chicago, at Douglas Park, and will consist of quarter-ounce accuracy bait and light tackle dry-fly accuracy.

Numbers will be drawn at random and those holding even numbers will constitute a team to play the team made up of those holding odd numbers.

The second contest of this series will be held on the grounds of the North Shore Casting Club at a date to be later decided upon.

H. WHEELER PERCE,
Acting Chairman.


Aransas Pass Tarpon Club.

AKRON, Ohio, June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The past week has been one of the greatest in the history of tarpon fishing at Port Aransas, Texas. The waters have been literally alive with tarpon.

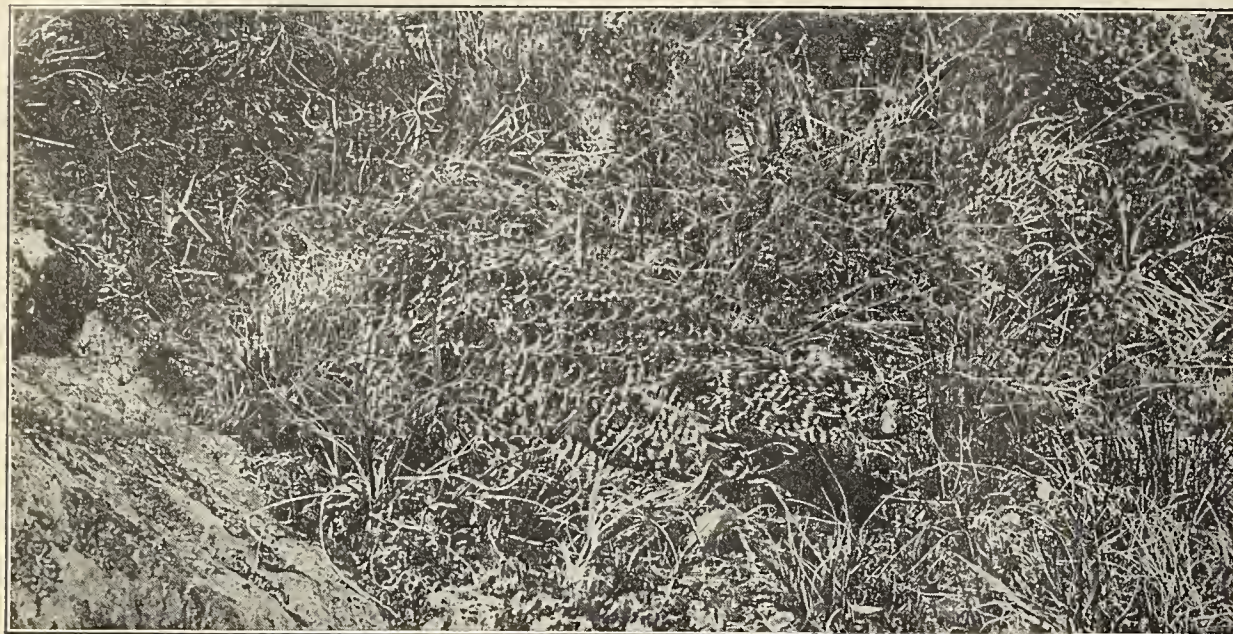
A total of thirty-three tarpon was caught on June 4. A. W. Hooper, of Boston, Mass., thus far holds the record for the season's largest fish and greatest number. His best fish measured 6 feet 5 inches long. H. W. Brannock, of St. Louis, Mo., holds second place with a 6 foot 2¾ inch fish. J. W. Seafert, of Houston, Tex., caught the one hundredth tarpon, winning a prize for so doing. Many big catches of Spanish mackerel have also been recorded thus far.

The Tarpon Club members had a meeting at Port Aransas, Tex., last Wednesday, at which the following officers were re-elected for the ensuing year: President, A. W. Hooper, Boston, Mass.; First Vice-President, L. G. Murphy, Converse, Ind.; Second Vice-President, Henry Wilcox, Denver, Colo.; Third Vice-President, W. E. Jones, Houston, Tex.; Secretary and Treasurer, J. E. Cotter, Port Aransas; Corresponding Secretary J. E. Pfluger, Akron, Ohio; Governing Board, A. W. Hooper, L. G. Murphy, Henry Wilcox, W. E. Jones, J. E. Pfluger, J. E. Cotter, W. C. Boschen, L. P. Streeter.

J. E. PFLUEGER, Cor. Sec'y.



GAME BAG AND GUN

WHITE-TAILED PTARMIGAN ON NEST.

A Perfect Blend

By CHARLES S. MOODY

LOOK out! Do not step on that bird!" I called to my companion who was slightly in advance as we were climbing the steep side of a western mountain one day in June.

He halted and looked in surprise. "What bird?" he asked.

"The one right beneath your feet."

He looked again, saw nothing and started forward. I seized him by the arm and pointed to where a brownish bird flecked with gray, sat upon her nest in the grass not two feet from where we stood.

"That is wonderful!" he exclaimed. "What is it?"

"That is a white-tailed ptarmigan in her housekeeping dress," I explained.

The white-tailed ptarmigan of the western mountains is one of the most striking examples of "protective harmony" in coloration. The birds frequent the higher mountains above or near timber line. During the winter season they are nearly snow white, well nigh invisible against the background of snow. This change does not take place suddenly, but by regular gradations. In October the summer dress begins to moult the feathers, giving place to white. By the time the first snows come in November, the plumage is in perfect harmony with the half snow-covered rocks. When the ground is entirely covered with snow, the birds are almost white. As the snows begin to melt in the spring, the birds take on their summer dress, and by the time the ground is bare, are brown blotched with gray.

The female ptarmigan chooses her nesting site more with an idea of outwitting her enemies than for its attractive outlook. The nest is always placed somewhere on the talus of slide rock where the vegetation is either stunted or entirely

wanting. In the one event the grass soon becomes parched and brown, perfectly blending with her plumage; in the other, the red earth and gray rocks afford a like perfect setting. Once located on her nest, and it requires a keen eye to detect her. Her own sharp black eyes are the only betrayal. She cannot keep from closing the lids, and the glint of the sunlight discovers her presence. The bird is a close sitter, clinging to her treasures what though your next step will crush her. Many times I have lifted a sitting ptarmigan off her eggs the same as you might lift old Biddy in the hay loft, and with about the same resistance, a vicious peck. The ptarmigan is naturally more wary than this would seem to indicate, and beyond doubt the nesting bird depends upon her neutral color to protect her from discovery. The eggs carry out the deception, being dark brown blotched with umber, so nearly the color of the ground upon which they lie, that it is next to impossible to locate them unless by accident.

Hunting in California.

BY GOLDEN GATE.

THE open season for deer hunting commenced on July 1 in Districts No. 2, 4 and 5, except in such counties as have passed ordinances shortening the season. Reports that have come from the mountain sections of Central California, in which these three game districts are located, are to the effect that the deer are in very poor condition, the bucks being still "in velvet" and the fawns too young to care for themselves. Conditions are worse than they were last season when the Fish and Game Commission received letters from more than 250 persons who had found fawns wandering alone. So

numerous have been these complaints that it is considered likely that the game law will be amended at the next session of the Legislature, making the opening of the season a month or so later. It was anticipated that the supervisors of Alameda county would shorten the season in that county by two weeks this year, this having been decided upon last May, but at the last moment the regular opening date was decided upon.

Last season the State realized about \$150,000 from the sale of hunting licenses, and this amount is expected to be considerably larger this year. In the sale of hunting licenses this State is led by but two other States in the Union, New York and Illinois. The entire cost of maintaining the Fish and Game Commission and conducting its work is met from this revenue and from the fines imposed for violations of the law. Formerly the State was compelled to appropriate as much as \$80,000 a year from the public funds for this work. This year there have been printed 171,000 licenses, the value of these being in excess of \$200,000.

The Alameda County Fish and Game Protective Association held its annual meeting at Livermore, Cal., and elected officers as follows: President, C. L. Crellin, of Pleasanton; Vice-President, C. W. Heyer, Mayor of Hayward; Secretary, Earl Downing, Pleasanton; Treasurer, C. E. Beck, Livermore; Directors, John McGlinchey, of Livermore; C. A. Gale, of Pleasanton; C. W. Riser, of Centerville, and Fred G. Hoyt, of Hayward. Hayward was selected as the place for the annual barbecue which will be held early in the fall. At the recent meeting a silver cup was presented to E. T. Ellis as a reward for killing the largest number of bluejays during the past year.

A beautiful specimen of the scarlet ibis killed in Southern California, near the border line of Mexico, has been received by the museum curator at Golden Gate Park, and is now on exhibition. This bird is now very rare, having been almost exterminated by the Indians who are fond of its rich scarlet plumage.

Hatching Pheasants in Illinois.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* E. H. Werner and Wm. McCarthy, well-known sportsmen of Will county, paid a visit to the State game farm at Auburn this week and were promised a consignment of game birds during the coming summer. The State hatcheries will distribute 70,000 English ring-necked pheasants. Eight hundred Plymouth Rock hens are assisting the pheasants in hatching the pheasant eggs, and it is hoped to give each county in the State a supply of the young birds. The State commissioner is conducting a series of experiments with various species of the birds, and the hardiest and those best adapted to Illinois will be given the preference next year.

E. E. P.

Two unusual bird incidents were reported in Central Illinois recently. Mrs. J. P. Daniels, of Clinton, was attacked by a woodpecker and so severely injured about the head that it was necessary to call a physician to dress her wounds. At Minonk, a bluejay was detected killing and eating young chickens. Ornithologists assert that such a cannibalistic trait was unsuspected, as the jays usually subsist only upon insects.



YACHTING



Larchmont Y. C.

THE thirty-third annual regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. was held on July 4, eighty-six yachts competing. It took one hour and ten minutes to get the entire fleet over the line. The 65-footers were the first over. Aurora led, with Winsome crossing next up to windward. Down to leeward was Istalena. At the home mark the times were: Winsome, 2.25.00; Istalena, 2.26.18; Aurora, 2.29.55. Winsome won, beating Istalena 1m. 58s. and Aurora 4m. 25s. Joyant was second and Cara Mia took the lee end of the line. In Class P Joyant won. Corinthian crossed the finishing line on the wrong side of the stake boat. In correcting she let Cara Mia into second place. Alera led the 30-footers at the start. Phryne and Caprice were close up with the leader and Nepsi and Dahinda won handily, with J. P. Morgan, Jr.'s, Phryne second. The summaries:

Sloops, Class K—Course, 30½ Miles—Start, 12:45.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Winsome, E. Trowbridge Hall.....	3 58 56	3 13 56
Istalena, G. M. Pyncheon	4 00 54	3 15 54
Aurora, Cornelius Vanderbilt	4 03 31	3 18 21
Sloops, Class M—Course, 30½ Miles—Start, 12:47.		
Medora, H. G. S. Noble	4 21 03	3 34 03
Sloops, Class P—Course, 15¼ Miles—Start, 12:55.		
Cara Mia, R. L. Cuthbert	2 58 43	2 03 43
Corinthian, H. C. Smith.....	2 57 07	2 02 07
Joyant, W. H. Childs.....	2 56 21	2 01 21
N. Y. Y. C. 30-Footers—Course, 15¼ Miles—Start, 1:00.		
Alera, J. W. and E. P. Alker.....	3 14 08	2 14 08
Ibis, W. K. Busk	3 15 45	2 15 45
Juanita, S. C. Hunter.....	3 13 49	2 13 49
Dahinda, G. E. Roosevelt.....	3 12 00	2 12 00
Nepsi, J. De Forest	3 09 52	2 09 52
Carlita, G. B. Kulenkampff	3 15 40	2 15 40
Rowdy, H. S. Duell	3 14 21	2 14 21
Phryne, J. P. Morgan, Jr.....	3 11 29	2 11 29
Caprice, R. N. Ellis	3 14 35	2 14 35
Sound Schooners—Course, 11½ Miles—Start, 1:05.		
Rival, W. H. Judson	3 11 59	2 06 59
Moir, C. Cowl	3 09 14	2 04 14
Vandalia, David Duncan	3 07 53	2 02 53
Daffodil, A. H. Morris	3 10 24	2 05 24
Helen II., E. Randolph	3 07 23	2 02 23
Alicia, W. M. Baldwin	3 10 48	2 05 48
Sloops, Class Q—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 1:10.		
More Joy, P. V. Griffin	3 24 05	2 14 05
Suelew, E. F. Luckenback	3 21 15	2 11 15
Edmee, R. J. Schaefer	3 21 46	2 11 46
Gamecock, R. P. Tyler.....	Did not finish.	
Handicap Class, 1st Div.—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 1:20.		
Dorinda, L. H. Dyer	3 26 43	2 06 43
Alert, R. B. Budd.....	3 27 02	2 07 02
Interim, R. N. Bavier	3 29 57	2 09 57
May Queen, J. S. Crosby	3 34 01	2 14 01
Corrected times: Dorinda, 2.03.33; Alert, 2.07.02; Interim, 2.47.25; May Queen, 2.10.13.		
Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 1:20.		
Amada, B. R. Stoddard	3 21 14	2 01 14
Red Wing, T. T. Grace	3 30 17	2 10 17
Kenmuir, O. P. Kraus	Did not finish.	
Veda, A. Schultz	Did not finish.	
Corrected times—Amada, 2.01.14; Red Wing, 2.06.39.		
American Raceabouts—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 1:15.		
Cliphora, C. D. Mallory.....	3 35 35	2 20 35
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer.....	3 34 56	2 19 56
Maryola, A. F. Bradley	3 40 26	2 25 26
Sloops, Class R—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 1:15.		
Virginia, C. Shields	4 07 13	2 52 13
Ogeemah, A. B. Clements	3 49 09	2 34 09
Handicap Class, 3d Div.—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 1:25.		
Natoma, W. F. Clark	3 42 23	2 17 23
Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	3 35 06	2 10 06
Amanita IV., A. E. Fountain	3 37 50	2 12 50
Corrected times: Amanita IV., 2.00.35; Rascal III., 2.10.06; Natoma, 2.14.47.		
Handicap Class, 4th Div.—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 1:25.		
Insurgent, U. D. Cutting	4 15 00	2 50 00
Dolly, T. and L. Price.....	4 03 14	2 38 14
Ada, L. Price	Did not finish.	
Corrected times: Dolly, 2.38.14; Insurgent, 2.42.55.		
Interclub Class—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 1:30.		
Yukon, W. D. Weir	3 51 47	3 51 47
Triton, W. H. Jennings.....	3 52 44	3 52 44
Hamburg II., M. M. Goldschmidt.....	3 52 33	3 52 33
Lewanna, L. G. Spence	3 49 11	3 49 11
Whiff, W. R. Manny	3 53 42	3 53 42
Festina, A. B. Alley	3 40 39	3 40 39
Bella, G. S. Runk, Jr.....	3 50 07	3 50 07
Dagmar, P. J. Tierney	3 57 39	3 57 39
Manhasset Bay S Class—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 1:40.		
Scylla, E. A. Sierck	4 10 50	4 10 50
Mlle. Boss, W. E. Lindeman	4 09 45	4 09 45
Glen Cove S Class—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 1:35.		
Amethyst, W. R. Truesdale	4 05 40	4 05 40
Sapphire, H. F. Whitney	4 08 58	4 08 58
Jade, E. S. Willard	4 05 49	4 05 49
Brilliant, W. W. J. Bucknall	4 09 05	4 09 05

Catseye, H. M. Adams	4 06 16	4 06 16
Turquoise, J. S. Morgan, Jr.....	4 02 09	4 02 09
Topaz, T. Davison	4 03 06	4 03 06
Star Class—Course, 5½ Miles—Start, 1:45.		
Cynosure, H. Ford	3 06 29	3 06 29
Twinkle, J. Alley	3 04 55	3 04 55
Mercury, J. S. Huyler	3 07 50	3 07 50
Comet, W. Rand	3 08 38	3 08 38
Little Dipper, G. A. Cory.....	3 04 52	3 04 52
Snake, F. S. Richards	3 08 01	3 08 01
Gemmi, W. S. MacIntosh	3 06 11	3 06 11
Zippolite, L. Wainwright	3 15 02	3 15 02
New Rochelle Knockabouts—Course, 5½ Miles—Start 1:55.		
Virginia, Boyd Decker	3 24 40	1 29 40
Nereid, George Fuller	3 24 34	1 29 34
La Rochelle, F. H. Waldorf.....	3 26 51	1 26 51
Echo, T. C. Press	3 27 20	1 27 20
Bug Class—Course, 5½ Miles—Start, 1:55.		
May Fly, R. A. Mahlstedt	3 30 30	1 35 30
Iney, C. C. Converse.....	3 24 41	1 29 41
Dories—Course, 5½ Miles—Start, 1:55.		
Tautog, G. G. Fry	3 41 03	1 46 03
Faraway, S. B. Fry	Did not finish.	
Rocky, J. Rockwell	3 55 45	2 00 45
Alice, A. K. Griffin	4 49 12	1 54 12
Wampus, R. Bermingham	4 01 22	2 06 22
Fishy, Miss L. Ford	Did not finish.	
Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 1:40.		
Arizona, G. W. Kear	Did not finish.	
Pixy, L. F. Eggers	4 32 07	2 52 07
Avis, H. Gerber	4 32 40	2 52 40

American Y. C.

FIFTY-ONE yachts crossed the line in the annual regatta of the American Y. C. on July 3. The three 65-footers, Winsome, Aurora and Istalena, were the first over. On signal Winsome crossed first, and in the windward position Istalena was at the lee end of the line and Aurora was last. At the end of the first round the times were: Istalena, 2.40.03; Winsome, 2.44.35; Aurora, 2.46.17. The wind freshened considerably, and the yachts sailed with their lee rails down close to the water's edge. All three jibed around the home mark. On the second round Istalena kept increasing her lead and won by 5m. 17s. Winsome beat Aurora by 2m. 14s. The Class P yachts, 30-footers and first two divisions of the handicap class sailed once around the long course. Windward led across the line with Cara Mia and Corinthian in the 31-rater class. Corinthian won from Cara Mia by 25s. Windward came in 11s. later.

In the race for the 30-footers there were six starters. Caprice crossed the starting line first down to leeward. Juanita, Carlita, Rowdy, Alera and Phryne followed. Caprice won by 27s. and Phryne, second, beat Rowdy by 2m. 12s. The four Sound schooners made a pretty race. Daffodil won by 53s. Vandalia was second. Interim, Red Wing and Natoma won in the handicap classes. Bela won in the inter-club class and Scylla in the Manhasset Bay S class. Topaz took the jewels. There were seven stars among which George Corey's Little Dipper won from start to finish. Argus was second. Skylark won with Curlew second, and each skipper entered a protest. In the Bayside bird class, Tautog won in the dory event. The summaries:

Sloops, Class K—Course, 33 Miles—Start, 12:15.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Istalena, G. M. Pyncheon	4 39 26	4 24 26
Winsome, E. T. Hale	4 44 33	4 29 43
Aurora, C. Vanderbilt	4 46 57	4 31 57
Sloops, Class P—Course, 16½ Miles—Start, 12:25.		
Corinthian, H. C. Smith	3 41 39	3 16 39
Cara Mia, R. L. Cuthbert	3 42 04	3 17 04
Windward, R. A. Monks.....	3 42 15	3 17 15
N. Y. Y. C. 30-Footers—Course, 16½ Miles—Start, 12:30.		
Caprice, Aalph N. Ellis	3 50 35	3 20 35
Phryne, J. P. Morgan, Jr.....	3 51 02	3 21 02
Rowdy, H. S. Duell	3 53 14	3 23 14
Alera, J. W. and E. P. Alker	3 53 53	3 23 53
Juanita, S. C. Hunter	3 58 20	3 28 20
Carlita, J. B. Kulenkampff	3 59 08	3 29 08
Sound Schooners—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 12:35.		
Daffodil, A. H. Morris	3 24 36	2 49 36
Vandalia, David Duncan	3 25 29	2 50 29
Alicia, W. M. Baldwin	3 26 01	2 51 01
Moir, Clarkon Cowl	3 29 53	2 54 03
Handicap Class, 1st Div.—Course, 16½ Miles—Start, 12:40.		
Alert, R. B. Budd	3 59 17	3 19 17
Interim, R. N. Bavier	4 01 37	3 21 37
Corrected times: Interim, 3.15.34; Alert, 3.19.17.		

Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Course, 16½ Miles—Start, 12:40.		
Red Wing, Loewy and Grace	4 11 03	3 31 03
Amada, B. R. Stoddard	4 14 04	3 34 04
Corrected times: Red Wing, 3.21.33; Amada, 3.34.04.		
Handicap Class, 3d Div.—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 12:45.		
Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	3 27 05	2 42 05
Natoma, W. F. Clarke	3 31 23	2 46 22
Cliphora, C. D. Mallory	3 31 48	2 46 48
Amanita, N. A. C. Fountain, Jr.....	3 32 04	2 47 04
Circe, J. S. Appleby	Did not finish.	
Corrected times: Natoma, 2.41.23; Rascal III., 2.42.05; Amanita IV., 2.42.53; Cliphora, 2.45.08.		
Interclub Class—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 12:50.		
Bella, George S. Runk, Jr.....	3 34 04	2 44 14
Yukan, N. D. Weir	3 36 03	2 46 03
Whiff, W. R. Manny	3 38 29	2 48 29
Sloops, Class Q—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 12:50.		
Edmee, R. J. Schaefer	3 28 24	2 28 24
Sloops, Class R—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 12:55.		
Ogeemah, L. F. Eggers	2 45 53	1 50 53
Manhasset Bay Class S—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 12:55.		
Scylla, E. A. Sierck	3 51 38	2 56 38
Mlle. Boss, W. H. Lindeman.....	3 52 11	2 57 11
Jewel S Class—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 1:05.		
Topaz, T. Davison	3 48 30	2 48 30
Jade, E. S. Willard	3 48 40	2 43 40
Sapphire, R. Whitney	3 54 43	2 49 43
Amethyst, W. H. Truesdale	3 58 13	2 53 13
Star Class—Course, 8 Miles—Start, 1:00.		
Little Dipper, George A. Corry	3 05 30	2 05 30
Argus, Livingston Parsons	3 10 44	2 10 44
Snake, F. L. Richards	3 11 28	3 11 28
Comet, William Rand, Jr.....	3 15 08	2 15 08
Cynosure, Hobart Ford	3 16 00	2 16 00
Mercury, Sterling Halstead	3 16 42	2 16 42
Taurus, W. K. B. Emerson, Jr.....	3 16 54	2 16 54
Bayside Birds—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 12:55.		
Skylark, W. S. Dayton	3 50 38	2 55 38
Curlew, C. L. Willard	3 50 58	2 55 59
Teaser, A. Nesbitt	3 53 46	2 58 46
Loon, A. W. Knapp	3 54 08	2 59 08
Dodo, A. C. Andrews	3 54 09	2 59 09
Dories—Course, 4 Miles—Start, 1:05.		
Tautog, G. G. Fry	2 41 02	1 36 02
Alice, A. R. Griffin	2 49 15	1 44 15
Fishy, Miss F. Ford	2 52 34	1 47 34

Corinthian Y. C.

THE Corinthian Y. C. held a club race last Saturday, eighteen boats entering in the five classes. The wind was fresh from the southeast and Classes P and Q and the sonders were sent over a triangular course to Southeast breakers, to mark 3 and home, giving a reach, beat to windward and run home. The smaller boats were sent over the inside course.

In Class P Amoret sailed a pretty race and won out over Sayanora by 52s. Tabasco III., in Class Q, sailed over the course alone. In the sonder class Ellen had it all her own way, winning by nearly five minutes.

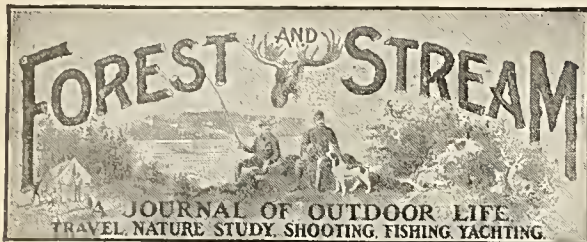
Lolita won by nearly 1m. in the Eastern Y. C. one-design class, and Picayune in the Corinthian one-design class. Bon Soir, in the Corinthian one-design class, was struck by a squall off Grays Rock and capsized and sunk. The crew escaped with nothing worse than a ducking. The summary:

Class P.		Class Q.	
	Elapsed.		Elapsed.
Amoret	2 03 02	Italia	2 06 51
Sayanora	2 03 54	Timandra	2 07 30
Class Q.			
Tabasco III.	2 38 44		
Sonder Class.			
Ellen	2 15 48	Dorothy	2 21 26
Cima	2 20 39		
Corinthian Y. C. One Design.			
Picayune	1 40 56	We Three	1 47 44
Half Moon	1 46 20	Bon Soir	Capsized
E. Y. C. One Design.			
Lolita	1 25 48	Moslem II.	1 29 20
Atlanta	1 26 34	Viva	1 31 36
Searob	1 27 03	Sharnia	1 31 40

Knickerbocker Y. C.

EIGHT yachts sailed on July 4 in the regatta of the Knickerbocker Y. C. in the first race of a series of three for the Kayak cup. The course was from off the club house and took the yachts to Execution Rock, Hempstead Harbor, Scotch Caps and back to Execution and home. Paiute, owned by W. Beam, won with Lynx second. The summary:

First Race for Kayak Cup—Start, 10:15.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Paiute, W. Beam	1 28 50	3 13 50
Lynx, A. E. Aigeltinzer	2 13 48	3 58 48
Ouananiche, Rodman Sands	2 22 56	4 07 56
Echo, J. S. Whitmore	2 35 31	4 20 31
Knot, C. E. Davenport	2 36 00	4 21 00
Cow Baby, Dusenbury and Hopkins	2 54 30	4 39 30
Surprise, W. D. Griscom.....	2 22 56	4 07 56
Alice, J. R. Strong	2 23 30	4 08 30



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ADVERTISEMENTS: Display and classified, 20 cts. per agate line (\$2.80 per inch). There are 14 agate lines to the inch. Covers and special positions extra. Five, ten and twenty per cent. discount for 13, 26 and 52 insertions, respectively, within one year. Forms close Monday in advance of publication date.

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL
 will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

THE AVIATRIX.

How useful in other walks of life would be the woman with sufficient courage to become an aviatrix! The death of Miss Harriet Quimby leads us to ask if it were not better to leave the struggle for mastery of the air to men of courage, who outnumber courageous women many to one. The game of air flying requires not only skill, courage and a cool head, but strength as well. Women often excel in all but the latter, in which they are so far inferior as to preclude any chance of their ever being of any value in the struggle against her, whose toll will number thousands before she will allow her paths to be navigated to any degree of safety. Granting of aviators' licenses by the body at present in control of flyers places a tremendous responsibility upon that body. Have they not the right to discriminate against women flyers? We think that under the existing circumstances they have such a right and should exercise it.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

NEVER was the adage "practice makes perfect" exemplified more emphatically than in the winning of the clay target team and individual championship by the Americans at the Olympic games. In America clay target shooters indulge in trapshooting almost to the exclusion of all other sports. Such experts as went to Stockholm, to represent America, shoot at the traps at least once a week during the season, while some of them average two or three times every week. In Europe trapshooting is not practiced to any such extent. Clay-bird shooting abroad is taken up as a substitute for and an adjunct to field shooting; "to get the hand in before the week end on the moors."

Clay target clubs are the exception rather than the rule abroad, and the man who shoots

at the traps is found more or less prominently among those interested in cricket, golf, tennis, riding, driving and sports of like nature. This incidental interest in the clay-bird game shows clearly in the fact that America took all clay target shoots. We are not belittling the excellent work of Mr. Billings and his team mates, nor that of Individual Champion J. R. Graham, for they have done well, and deserve all credit. Beyond doubt, however, practice made them more perfect than their foreign competitors, who were more or less without practice.

To those who know trapshooting, no word is necessary. To those who do not know this great sport, which is almost as much the national game as is baseball, we say, try it and you will learn why Americans practice and become perfect.

THE COMMON CAT.

IF city parks came within the jurisdiction of the Conservation Commission, how useful they would be as breeding places for game birds. As an instance take Pelham Bay Park, New York city. In this park at the present time are ring-neck and Chinese pheasants, quail, woodcock and a few partridge. These birds nest, lay and hatch each year, but then what happens? The common or garden cat comes along and takes its toll from among the progeny as well as the progenitors. The result is that instead of thousands of game birds in this great park, we have thousands of cats and few game birds. Park Commissioner Higgins, than whom there is no more conscientious and active commissioner, knows little about conservation of game birds, consequently a great opportunity is lost. A law should be passed by all city governments, and if city governments will not take care of it, the Conservation Commission should take it in charge, forbidding all residents on park property from owning or housing cats. City authorities should order all cats in city parks destroyed. If this is not done, all unboxed game birds in city parks soon will be wiped out. Why not a bounty on the scalp of the ex-house cat? When it was a house cat it had a mission; now that it has ceased to be a house cat, it should have a dismissal.

THE PLATFORM.

IN Chicago a President was nominated. In Baltimore ditto. We all know that either the Chicago or the Baltimore nominee must be elected, reports à la "progressive party" notwithstanding. In the platform of neither party do we find anything referring to conservation of natural resources. Political planks are imaginary, hence easily conserved. What we all want is a President who will see to it that the forests are conserved so that real planks will be available upon demand. There are many thousand votes awaiting the nominee announcing a desire to give the sportsman a chance.

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

THE call of the wild again has played its magnetic tattoo upon the ear drums of Paul Rainey, Harry Whitney and some other big-game hunters. The call must have been auricular, or how poor are acoustics at Sagamore Hill.

STOVER.

Most of us have read "Stover at Yale" and been amused at his idiosyncrasies. Many of us have been through much the same humorous feeling about Stover at Central Park. In one case we pay fifteen cents a copy for our entertainment; in the other case we pay \$5,000, and the destruction of one of the finest parks in this country. We all admire Mayor Gaynor for his policy of giving each of his subordinates an opportunity to make good—or bad. Isn't it true though that he listened to such men as Gutzon Borglum, who has made a study of the park situation and knows whereof he speaks when he condemns the present administration of Central Park, New York city? Hasn't Mayor Gaynor sufficient evidence that Mr. Stover has made bad?

VACATION.

WHEN you begin to slow up in your work, get irritable and want to find fault, where ordinarily you smiled, get out your fishing tackle. You need a vacation. When the office boy peeves you by lagging a bit, don't try to figure why. Get out your charts and lay out a two weeks' cruise. If your mind refuses to concentrate on a business proposition, it is time you let it wander on a pleasure trip. Get out your canoe and take to the stream. If you have none of these symptoms, take a vacation, anyhow.

PRAIRIE CHICKEN EGGS.

J. F. McCool, a farmer of Macon county, Ill., while mowing hay this week, discovered a nest of prairie chicken eggs. Knowing that the hen would never return, the eggs were transferred to the nest of a hen in the poultry house where a few days later ten chicks were hatched. Owing to the great scarcity of these game birds the ten were sent to the State game farm at Auburn, where they will be raised to maturity if possible, and used to propagate their kind. Despite the efforts of the game department, it is feared that the prairie chicken is doomed to extinction.

At Break of Day.

BY SADIE ELIZABETH MYERS.

Day danceth through the eastern skies,
 So fair to see,
 So glad to be;
 Traileth rare colors as she flies
 Both eagerly
 And happily;
 Stretched afar her arms of light,
 Lifteth from earth the gloom of night,
 Biddeth all life, with laughter bright,
 To joy awake
 And music make.

Hope trippeth with her friend, the morn,
 Blithe as you find,
 And on the wind,
 Lo, at their coming there is borne
 To every mind
 This message kind:
 "The past is dead—all things are new
 Naught is to fear, for skies are blue,
 Hope lives again, some hearts are true,
 And God is love,
 In His heaven above."

Squantum Y. C.

THE Squantum Y. C. held its annual open regatta last Saturday at Quincy. The class winners were: Class A, Nutmeg, A. C. Jones; Class B, Lethe, Hollis Burgess; Class C, Eleanor, W. L. Jefferson; Class D, Dartwell, I. M. Whittemore; Class H, Dorsyl, S. L. Gooin; Class I, Scaler, E. W. Murphy; Class S, Maritza II., C. H. Porter; Class X, Barbara, J. J. Blaney; cabin power boats, C. U. Later; open power boats, Pegasus.

Nutmeg, last year's champion and a consistent winner this season, had a sensational finish in Class A with Frizzell & Swenson's Chewink, Nutmeg barely nosing out a winner, cutting off Chewink by 10s.

Hollis Burgess and his Lethe found things to about suit them, the little Buzzard's Bay 21-footer feeling right at home in Buzzard's Bay weather. This makes the third race won by Lethe in three days and puts her in the running for the class championships despite her late entry this season.

Barracouta, owned by G. W. Glover, did better than before this year and showed her form of last season when she cleaned up the class.

But for real excitement, Class I, 18-foot knockabouts, gave the sport of the day, ten of the little fellows knocking around the course under full sail, half the time showing their fins way down to the lead. All the boats finished in hair-raising fashion within a space of ten minutes.

Louise, owned by A. E. Whittemore, was disqualified by the judges as she was coming in fourth boat for fouling the mark, her boom tip just hitting the flag. Seconds only separated Dorchen, Louise, Cheroot, Aurora and Bonitwo, the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth boats. Sealer, owned by E. W. Murphy, came into her own at last, winning the race in weather and sea, for which she was built.

The Cape cats had good sport, but Commodore I. M. Whittemore, of the Quincy Y. C., merely repeated his customary stunt of winning, the big sailboats being reefed down as no mortal could hold them down in the wind with full sail.

The double-finned Maritya repeated her stunt at Hingham by tilting in on her side, a winner in Class S, G. W. Sergeant's Wamenock being defeated on time allowance.

The little dories had their athletic crews with them, serving as the best kind of movable ballast increasing the leverage of their weight by hanging far out over the weather rail. J. J. Blaney's Barbara proved her sour weather qualities by coming in nearly three minutes ahead of the second boat, J. S. Hodge's Bessie A. III. The summary:

Class A.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nutmeg	0 53 25	0 33 15
Chewink II.	0 53 35	0 34 49
Clorinda	0 56 38	0 35 52
Virginia	0 54 36	0 36 02
Wanderer IV.	0 56 00	0 37 00
Mignon	1 01 26	0 41 26
Norma II.	1 02 32	0 43 22
Class B.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lethe	0 52 51	0 31 02
Barracouta	0 56 35	0 34 12
Sintram	0 59 05	0 36 30
Winona	1 01 38	0 38 32
Chevy Chase	1 01 27	0 39 34
Quakeress	1 01 42	0 39 56
Class C.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eleanor	0 56 30	0 36 37
H. Lindsay	0 51 46	0 37 14
Violet	0 58 39	0 43 43
Class D—Catboats.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dartwell	0 56 59	0 56 59
Clara	0 57 52	0 57 30
Iris	0 57 41	0 57 41
Mudjekeewis	0 58 15	0 58 00
Busy Bee	1 03 24	1 00 31
Class S.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Maritza	0 58 16	0 37 47
Wawenock	0 56 41	0 38 46
Winniahdin	1 00 20	0 39 30
Zoe	1 05 40	0 43 32
Class H—Handicap.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dorsyl	1 04 35	0 53 25
Thordis	0 58 30	0 58 30
Eleanor S.	1 09 21	0 59 21
Sinbad	1 09 01	1 01 01
Tidania	Disabled.	
Marion III.	Withdrawd.	

Class I—18-footers.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Scaler	0 56 55	0 56 55
Dorchen II.	0 59 58	0 59 58
Cheroot	1 00 10	1 00 10
Louise	1 00 35	1 00 35
Aurora	1 00 20	1 00 20
Bonitwo	1 00 55	1 00 55
Moslem II.	1 01 14	1 01 14
Arrow	1 02 34	1 02 34
Reina	1 03 00	1 03 00
Vanken	1 05 15	1 05 15
Class X—Dories.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Barbara	1 00 55	1 00 55
Bessie A., III.	1 03 31	1 03 31
Tomcod	1 08 36	1 08 36
Terror II.	1 10 02	1 10 02
Pointer	1 10 41	1 10 41
Pioneer	1 16 00	1 16 00
Babin Power Boats.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
C U Later	0 51 09	0 16 02
Lillian M.	0 46 10	0 19 06
Isabella	0 51 07	0 19 23
Beachcomber	0 51 44	0 20 19
Open Power Boats.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pegasus	0 21 55	0 21 55
Anabel	0 56 52	0 30 52
Gerard	0 50 52	0 31 52

Atlantic Y. C.

EDITH II. won the majority of prizes in the first two regattas in the motor boat championship of Gravesend Bay last Saturday. She won both the morning and the afternoon races for displacement boats, captured the hydroplane contest in the afternoon, and finished second to Vita in the race for hydroplanes. The races were held off Sea Gate, under the auspices of the Atlantic Y. C., and brought out a large number of yachts.

During the afternoon race for displacement boats, Mrs. Paula H. Blacton's Vita skidded and rammed Ethel May. Vita was badly damaged and had to be towed ashore.

Dr. Henry Z. Pratt's Tiny Tad, while in the morning race had trouble with her steering gear, in the afternoon's contest after starting thirty seconds late, she picked up Edith II. and Vita, Jr., and was leading at the end of the first round. At the end of the second round she stopped, but started again and led to the end of the third round. The race then was between Tiny Tad and Edith II., as Vita, Jr., had given up the contest. Nearing the Fort Hamilton mark, Tiny Tad again stopped, and was passed by Edith I. She never started again and had to be towed to her mooring. The summary:

Morning Race—Displacement Boats—Start, 11:00—Course, 30 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Edith II.	11 36 28	0 36 28
Vita	11 43 48	0 42 48

Corrected times: Edith II., 0.36.28; Vita, 0.37.01.

Morning Race—Hydroplane—Start, 12:00—30 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vita	12 41 22	0 41 22
Edith II.	12 38 00	0 38 00
Vita, Jr.	D'd not finish.	
Tiny Tad	Disabled.	

Afternoon Race, Displacement Boats—Start, 3:00—Course, 30 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Edith II.	3 40 50	0 40 50
Vita	Wrecked.	

Afternoon Race, Displacement Boats, More than 30ft.—Course, 30 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esolanie II.	3 57 17	0 57 17

Afternoon Race—Hydroplane—Start, 4:00—30 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Edith II.	4 39 18	0 39 18
Tiny Tad	Disabled.	
Vita, Jr.	D'd not finish.	

Arcanum Y. C.

A DECIDEDLY unique race was held on July 4 by the Arcanum Y. C. on Gravesend Bay. The "bang and go back race" was its official classification, and the conditions advised that upon a signal from the committee all boats must stop and return to the finish line over the same course. Rear Commodore McCaully's Carlotta II. won. Commodore Graff's Adelaide was second and Alva was third.

Tappan Zee Y. C.

THE regatta of the Tappan Zee Y. C. was run off on July 4 and was interesting and well attended. Respite, owned by V. C. Peterson, won the ten-mile event for cabin cruisers in 58m. 23s. Spindrift, owned by C. R. Butler, was second. Grace, owned by C. R. W. Smith, won in the fluke class. Bantam beat Louise in a five-mile sail race. In the one-design class No. 16, of the Yonkers Y. C., won in 1h. 20m. 7s. No. 4, of the Ridge Y. C., Hastings, was second.

Edjacko II. a Winner.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., July 6.—Although Onda, in the first class, held the lead from start to finish, Edjacko II. was at her heels, and with her allowance, won.

In the second class Osprey and Elizabeth fought it out all the way, but the first named won on actual time and did not need her allowance to get into first place. Weasel, as has been the case from the beginning of the season, had things her own way and won in a romp.

Sumarki, sailed by W. R. Harcourt, and Armored, sailed by Paul Wick, a Youngstown, O., boy, sailed one of the closest races, the allowance to Armored bringing the time of each out alike, although pursuing the decimal further, Sumarki wins by a shade.

Tid and the new boat Jane locked horns, and in the breeze which freshened toward the close, it was evident that the older boat had a trifle the best of it with rail awash and a rough sea. The course, as in all but the 15-footers, was a beat to the outer western mark, then a reach to the mark off the whistler, a broad reach to the breakwater and a spinnaker run from that point home. Meave scored her first win, the heavy weather condition showing her to advantage. The summary:

First Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edjacko II.	1 26 31	1 21 14
Onda II.	1 23 23	1 23 23
Nereid	1 26 51	1 24 45
Class 2.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Osprey	1 34 07	1 32 32
Elizabeth	1 35 55	1 35 55
Class 3.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Weasel	1 38 22	1 38 22
Sumarki	1 43 14	1 43 14
Armored	1 46 50	1 43 14
18ft. Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tid II.	1 40 12	1 40 12
Jane	1 41 43	1 41 43
Privateer	1 44 12	1 44 12
Petrel	1 54 07	1 54 07
15ft. Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Meave	1 39 36	1 39 36
Oleta	1 42 10	1 42 10
Tew Lom	1 47 21	1 47 21

Stamford Y. C.

THE first round in the tournament race for the Stamford Y. C. one-design boats on July 4 was won by H. C. Fleitman's Kittawake. Kelpie in turn beat Kittawake. Snapper beat Osprey. Curlew beat Dart.

THE last race in the first series for the Stamford Y. C. one-design yachts was sailed last Saturday and was won by Dart, which finished 1s. ahead of Gayer Dominick's Curlew. The summary:

Start, 3:05.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dart	4 39 00	1 34 00
Curley	4 39 01	1 34 01
Kelpie	4 41 00	1 36 00
Snapper	4 41 35	1 36 35
Killie	4 41 42	1 36 42
Fiddler	4 42 00	1 37 00
Osprey	4 42 10	1 37 10
Kittawake	4 44 30	1 39 30

Killie leads the other boats in points scored in the series with a total of 32. The standing of the others is Kelpie, 25; Dart, 22; Fiddler, 19; Snapper, 18; Curley, 14; Osprey, 13; Kittawake, 12.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

ONLY six seconds separated the first three boats in the race of the 15-footers of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. over the inside course at Oyster Bay on July 4. There were seven starters. Moranto, owned by E. F. Whitney, won, beating Flicker 2s. and Hen, 6s. The summary:

S. C. Y. C. 15-Footers—Start, 3.15.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Moranto, E. F. Whitney	4 46 02	1 31 02
Flicker, E. C. Henderson	4 46 04	1 31 04
Hen, George Nichols	4 46 08	1 31 08
Thelema, Clinton Mackenzie	4 46 40	1 31 40
Imp, F. L. Landon	4 47 40	1 32 40
Grilse, P. J. Roosevelt	4 48 05	1 33 05
Tamale, Francis Weld	4 55 02	1 40 02

Bensonhurst Y. C.

THE Independence Day regatta of the Bensonhurst Y. C. showed fifteen starters. Alice won in Class Q by more than 4m., never being headed from the start. Spider took second. La Cubana won in the sloop division on corrected time. Blue Bill took the second division and Cyrice won in Class S. The summary:

Sloops, Class Q—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 11:00.		
	Finish	Elapsed.
Alice, G. Davis	12 51 16	1 51 16
Spider, H. Chubb	12 55 13	1 55 13
Florence, R. A. Brown	12 56 18	1 56 18
Soya, W. A. Barstow	12 56 38	1 56 38
Sloops, Handicap Class—1st Div.—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 11:05.		
Joy, Le Sauvage and Geer	1 01 52	1 56 52
La Cubana, J. H. Ives	1 04 02	1 59 02
Corrected times: Joy, 1.49.51; La Cubana, 1.46.11.		
Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Course, 11.5 Miles—Start, 11:05.		
Blue Bill, Z. Mayhew	1 13 43	2 08 43
Careless, R. Rummell	1 14 56	2 09 56
Gunda, W. H. Hall	1 15 25	2 10 25
Sloops, Class S—Course, 11.5 Miles—Start, 11:10.		
Cyric, Dr. C. L. Atkinson	1 16 44	2 06 44
M. and F. II., C. M. Camp	1 17 28	2 07 28
Sloops, Class X—Course, 8 Miles—Start, 11:15.		
Mouse, R. Dingman	12 46 50	1 31 50
Skylark, W. A. Howard	12 49 47	1 34 47
Pike, R. Rummell, Jr.	12 55 38	1 40 38
Slow Poke, F. L. Durland	12 57 38	1 42 38
Corrected times: On the second division of the handicap class: Blue Bell, 2.00.50; Gunda, 2.03.20, and Careless, 2.09.56.		

Stratford Shoal Race.

EARLY finishes, especially in the motor boat division, marked the New Rochelle Y. C.'s annual races for power and sailing yachts from off Premium Point to and around Stratford Shoal Lighthouse and return, a distance of sixty-five miles, on July 6, and to Pearl II, was awarded the first prize in the motor boat division.

Seven power yachts were started at 10 o'clock the previous morning and half an hour later the sailing division was sent to the eastward.

It was not expected that the first of the sailing yachts would finish much before midnight, but at half-past seven o'clock Rohilla made her appearance off New Rochelle and won the special prize offered by W. King, Jr.

Hyperion, R. N. Bavier, and Amada, B. R. Stoddard, were second and third to finish, but the winner in the sailing division could not be announced until all the yachts had finished. The summary:

Motor Boat Division—Start, 10:00—Course 65 Miles.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pearl II., G. W. Korter	8 08 45	6 22 45
Eileen, W. H. Creevey	7 13 40	6 24 15
Takitezy, F. M. Appleby	8 21 22	6 25 37
Thistle, J. H. Wallace	6 56 45	6 36 10
Hopalong, W. King, Jr.	8 08 02	6 37 39
Muskeget, C. W. Voltz	7 48 47	6 57 52

Flicker a Winner.

FIVE yachts took part in the weekly regatta of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. yesterday. The contest was decided in a good breeze from the southwest. Flicker was the winner. The summary:

Sloops, Class S—Start, 3:20—Inside Course.		
	Finish	Elapsed.
Flicker	4 46 35	1 26 35
Grilse	4 47 05	1 27 05
Moranto	4 52 53	1 32 55
Iris	Disqualified.	
Hen	Disqualified.	

Racing at Washington Park.

THE members of the Washington Park Y. C. turned out in force to witness the regular races of that organization. The boats started from the club landing and sailed around Greene's Island and back to the land. A strong southwest wind and a lumpy sea helped furnish excitement.

Omeme, owned by F. Holt, and Wemader, owned by S. W. Gammons, fought it out in the Class F. event for catboats, the former winning by 30s. Molly, owned by O. Howes, had little trouble in landing the Class Q events for knockabouts. Eva May was the only starter in the power boat event.

Steward Richard Higgins acted as starter in

the absence of the chairman of the regatta committee. The summary:

Class F—Catboats.		Elapsed.
Omeme, F. Holt	4 35 30
Wemader, S. W. Gammons	4 36 00
Trixie, F. Dimes	5 08 00
Class Q—Knockabouts.		Elapsed.
Molly, O. Howes	4 36 02
Mystery, H. Walsh	5 02 30
Power Boats.		Elapsed.
Eva May, Al. Ellicott	5 33 30

Savin Hill Y. C.

FOUR boats furnished good sport for the members of the Savin Hill Y. C. on July 6. It was planned to conduct the race in two classes, but owing to the small number entered, the boats were bunched. Jacquinall won prettily. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jacquinall	1 25 55	1 00 06
Aarman	1 26 31	1 00 52
Caprice	1 20 03	1 00 53
Hannah B.	1 41 04	1 16 16

From Governor's Island to Larchmont.

THE Bensonhurst Y. C. has arranged for a race to Larchmont. The boats will sail in the events of race week. The Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay has officially recognized the Sound series this season and has arranged no dates for either of the Saturdays of Larchmont week. A larger fleet undoubtedly will take part in the contest this year.

The start will be made from Governor's Island on the morning of July 21. The contest is especially arranged for the knockabouts, but if the Q and the other classes decide to take part in the contest, prizes will be offered by the Larchmont Y. C. The boats that have entered the contest are: W. E. Darling's Paloma, A. M. Chace's Idler, Mystery and Alice W. All in the Q class.

Bay Side Y. C.

Two races made up the program of the Bay Side Y. C. on July 4. In the bird class Loon, owned by A. W. Knapp, won. H. C. Andrews' Dodo was second, W. F. Dayton's Skylark, third. In the one-design class Betty took the one-design class event, being cleverly sailed by W. H. Johns, her owner. C. Snedeker's Rowdy was second; W. Banks' Mary Jane third. In the afternoon Plover beat the other five birds handily, finishing as named: Loon, Skylark, Dodo, Curlew and Teaser. In the one-design class Mary Jane beat Rowdy.

Nassau County Y. A.

H. B. SIMMON'S Rocket, of the South Shore Y. C., won in the Class A regatta on July 4, the time being 19m. Sadie L. won in her class with Gonfalon second. In the 21-foot class sloops, the winners were: Rose Marie, J. Henry, Cedarhurst Y. C.; 15-foot class, The Bug, R. S. Carter, Cedarhurst Y. C.; 14-foot class, Shamrock, P. K. Stevens, Cedarhurst Y. C.; 23-foot class cats, Ethel, E. J. Williams, Cedarhurst Y. C.

Ticks from the Ship's Clock.

The Mitt II, owned by J. Harold Hayden, of New York, took a successful fall out of the new Dixie, Jr., and Bear Cat, owned by Herbert W. Copelle, of Englewood, in a race held at Alexandria Bay on the St. Lawrence River yesterday over the course of the Thousand Island Y. C. on July 2. Mitt II. is the holder of the gold challenge cup won last August at Frontenac.

Bill Thompson sure did yeoman's work on his trip abroad in the interest of the Chicago yacht carnival. He pulled it over the owners of the fastest boats in Europe, so that Lake Michigan will see the greatest bunch of international speed boats ever seen on this side of the ocean. William H. is a wonder in matters of persuasion.

New York Y. C.

THE program for the cruise, weather permitting, will be as follows:

The squadron will rendezvous off Station No. 10, Glen Cove, at 5 P. M., on Wednesday, Aug. 7.

Captains meeting on board the flagship at 9 P. M.

Reception on board the flagship at 9:30 P. M. to captains and their guests.

Thursday, Aug. 8, squadron run, Glen Cove to Smithtown Bay.

Friday, Aug. 9, squadron run, Smithtown Bay to New London.

Saturday, Aug. 10, squadron run, New London to Newport.

Sunday, Aug. 11, at Newport. The squadron will dress ship at morning colors. the squadron will illuminate at 9 P. M.

Monday, Aug. 12, squadron run, Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Tuesday, Aug. 13, squadron run, Vineyard Haven to Newport.

Wednesday, Aug. 14, at Newport. Races for Astor cups.

Thursday, Aug. 15, at Newport. Race for the King's cup.

Friday, Aug. 16. The squadron will be disbanded.

The preparatory signal for squadron runs will be two guns fired in rapid succession by the flagship, and the display at the foretopmast head of the code letter P over the signal indicating the next port. The start will be made promptly one hour later from a line previously established by the regatta committee, at which time the preparatory signal will be hauled down on board the flagship.

The regatta committee will issue instructions for the runs from port to port, and for the other racing events.

The flag officers' cups will be sailed for during the cruise.

Races for owl and game cock colors will be held at Smithtown Bay, on Aug. 8, at 6 P. M.

Captains are requested to supply their vessels with New York Y. C. night signals.

Captains and their guests will be welcome on board the flagship at all times.

Particular attention is invited to the club routine and to the signal code as appearing in the club book.

Captains are requested to forward the names of their guests to the fleet captain upon joining the squadron. The complete list will be sent ashore to the club station on the arrival of the squadron at the several ports for the convenience of members.

C. LEDYARD BLAIR, Commodore.
FRANKLIN A. PLUMMER, Fleet Captain.

Yachts Change Hands.

The 50-foot bridge deck cruiser Vincent, sold for Fred Brainan, of New Rochelle, to F. H. Shafer, of Brooklyn.

The 50-foot yawl Janette, sold for J. D. Peabody, of New York, to A. H. Likely, of St. Johns, New Brunswick.

The 40-foot raised deck cruiser Alice, sold for L. M. Boyce, to H. P. Hamell, of Philadelphia.

The 40-foot raised deck cruiser Navette, sold for Alfred Mestri to Dr. C. R. Holmes, of Cincinnati.

The 40-foot cabin cruiser Opitsah, sold for J. J. Harty, of Kingston, to a Western yachtsman.

ARTHUR BINNEY

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Naval Architect and Yacht Broker

Mason Building, Kilby St., BOSTON, MASS.

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COX & STEVENS

Yacht Brokers and Naval Architects

15 William Street - New York

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Red Bank Y. C.

THE entrants in the Independence Day regatta were: Adolph Hupfel's Dolphin, Frank James' Maywin, John G. Gilligh's Papoose, Otto Wagner's Widow, John S. Dickerson's Manhasset and C. G. Worthley's P. D. Q. Papoose won on corrected time in 56m. 31s. Maywin was second in the handicap and winner in Class H, corrected time being 1h. 12m. 3s.

Motor Boating

Palatka (Fla.) Y. C.

PALATKA, July 6.—In the speed boat races pulled off yesterday morning and afternoon some exciting aquatic sprinting was indulged in and several records lowered. The course was clear of hyacinths, a brisk northeast breeze was blowing and the weather was fair. The contests were witnessed by several hundred speed boat fans and appeared to be thoroughly enjoyed.

In the twenty mile handicap Diana was first, Seminole second and Independence II. third. In the flying mile Diana won the handsome cup offered by the Gulf Refining Company and lowered the record for that distance. Her time was 1:42.

Seminole lifted the trophy in the thirty mile handicap, winning by a small margin from Diana.

In the afternoon Diana was the victor in the first class race with Seminole a close second.

In the second class race Independence II. and No-Name of Palatka carried off the prize cups offered in that event. This concluded the races which should have taken place the day before, and constituted the premier attraction in Palatka's Fourth of July celebration, but on account of hyacinths obstructing the course were postponed until yesterday.

Jacksonville boats practically made a clean sweep of the entire card.

The New Winchester.

MESSRS. COX & STEVENS, the designers of the new express steam yacht Winchester for Peter W. Rouss, which has attracted so much attention during the course of its construction, have received a very satisfactory cable from the builders of this vessel, Messrs. Yarrow & Company, Scotland, to the effect that a thoroughly satisfactory trial was run over a measured mile on June 25 during which the Winchester made an average speed of 32.23 knots as a mean of six consecutive runs over a measured mile. This speed was secured without undue forcing and exceeds the speed guarantee by .23 knots, and it is safe to say that if desired, the owner can

drive Winchester at a considerably higher speed. Winchester is 205 feet over all, beam is 18 feet 6 inches, and she is driven by Parsons turbine supplied with steam by oil-fired Yarrow water tube boilers.

The trials having been completed, Winchester will be immediately prepared for her trip across the Atlantic, and will soon be seen in these waters in commission.

Mississippi Valley P. B. Ass'n.

THE fifth annual regatta of the Mississippi Valley Power Boat Association closed with Leading Lady, owned by W. P. Cleveland, of Galena, Ill., winning the five-mile handicap for boats in the speed championship classes. The time was 22m. 36s. Wigwam II., with five minutes' handicap, was second.

The five mile handicap for small boats was won by Borem Jeric, owned by Theodore Thompson, of Lacrosse, Wis., time 22m. 57 4-5s. Water Witch, owned by A. Smalley, of Muscatine, Ia., was second.

The Class A five mile event for single cylinder craft was won by Spitzbub, owned by Joseph Kelso, of Bellevue, Ia., time 23m. 4 1/4s., with Siren, owned by Harry Godley, of Davenport, second.

South Shore Y. C.

THE South Shore Y. C. at Freeport had a motor boat regatta on July 4. There were four classes—cabin boats, open boats, displacement speed boats and hydroplanes. In the hydroplane class Jack Boyden was the only one to finish, the time being 1h. 12m. In the class for cabin boats La Boheme was the winner with Old Fashioned second. In the race for open boats the winner was The Commodore. Rothsay was second with All Wool third. Marie II. won the race for displacement speed boats and Mildred V. finished second.

Ocean Race.

ALFRED S., owned by H. S. Soddner, of the Orum Y. C., won the 210-mile motor boat race to Cornfield Light and return which started last Saturday from the Colonial Y. C. Alfred S. crossed the finish line in front of the Colonial Club at 7:29:13, making her elapsed time for the long race 27.59.12. She was next to the limit in the handicap. Francis H., owned by G. W. Hoertel, of the Hudson River Y. C., on the long handicap, was the last of the boats to finish, and won second place by 1 1/2 m. from Spindrift, owned by C. R. Butler, of Albany.

Seven prizes, to be awarded in the order of corrected time, were donated by Senator Cyprian C. Hunt for this race, which was the longest inland motor boat race of the year. The first

prize was a German silver yacht model, complete in every detail, and the other six prizes were loving cups.

Empire, which is owned by J. B. Luckenbach, of the Atlantic Y. C., poked her way to the front as soon as the starter's signal boomed, and made the pace for the fleet every inch of the way. She turned Cornfield Light at 1:58 o'clock Sunday morning, forty minutes ahead of Snap Shot and Naiad, which turned at the same time, 2:38 o'clock. Empire crossed the finish line at ten minutes after the noon hour Sunday, her elapsed time for the race being 20.40.50. Empire won the fifth prize, no prize being offered for best time.

Madeline I., owned by Owen Reilly, of the Hudson River Y. C., finished in the highest corrected time. On the trip up the East River the intake valve on her first cylinder broke, and it was generally understood that the boat was out of the race. After a delay the boat continued on her way. She turned Cornfield Light hours after all the other craft had started back and finished up at 9:41 o'clock.

Commodore Franklin Pratt's Alma II. was the committee boat. The committee on board consisted of C. H. Newman, C. Van Culen, E. D. Knowles and H. W. Mott. William Richards represented the committee at the Cornfield Light turn. The summary:

	Cornfield L't.	Turn.	Finish.	Corrected.
Alfred S.	5 41 00		7 29 12	15 01 43
Francis H.	6 04 00		9 45 13	17 07 41
Spindrift	2 50 00		3 59 58	17 09 10
Phryne II.	2 40 00		5 14 00	17 26 01
Lida M.	4 17 00		5 17 30	17 31 01
Empire	1 58 00	12 10 50	18 51 35	18 51 35
Widgeon II.	3 33 00		3 15 43	19 02 35
Snap Shot III.	2 38 00		2 14 30	19 02 44
Naiad	2 38 00		3 59 58	21 06 17
Madeline II.	9 43 00		9 41 50	30 11 50
*Anna J.	4 34 00	
*Helen	7 55 00	
Clara	Did not turn.	
Ruth II.	Disabled.	
Idle Time	Disabled.	
Lady Betty	Disabled.	

(Yachting Notes continued on page 60.)

Canoeing

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—Carl Frederick Koenig, Jr., 16 Mary street, Bordentown, N. J., and Leslie H. Cox, Bordentown, N. J., both by M. E. Southard.

Central Division.—M. B. Garden, 1803 Union Bank, Pittsburgh, Pa., and W. F. Spengle, 1803 Union Bank, Pittsburgh, Pa., both by Frank Graf.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—6463, William H. Widger, Jr., 2636 North Thirty-first street, Philadelphia, Pa.; 6464, Robert M. Smith, 23 South Sixty-first street, Philadelphia, Pa.; 6469, Herbert Lowden, 210 Osborn street, Wissahickon, Philadelphia, Pa.; 6470, Harold J. Cook, 3560 Retta street, Wissahickon, Philadelphia, Pa.; 6471, Harry H. Kaiser, 508 East Washington Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.; 6479, J. Lloyd Jones, Box 299, Beverly, N. J.

Central Division.—6472, William E. Fowler, 302 Gray Building, Wilksburg, Pa.; 6473, Joseph A. Shaw, 2329 Murray avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.; 6474, Ralph F. Gettinger, 403 Whitney avenue, Wilksburg, Pa.; 6475, Rudolf E. Hellmund, 608 South Dallas avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.; 6476, Frank A. Bumpus, 800 Penn avenue, Wilksburg, Pa.; 6477, John M. Frazier, 814 Portland street, Pittsburgh, Pa.; 6478, Robert MacMinn, 304 Gray Bldg., Wilksburg, Pa.

Western Division.—6465, Herbert D. Ware, 674 Rush street, Chicago, Ill.; 6466, John F. Moffet, II, 745 Lincoln Parkway, Chicago, Ill.; 6467, Burton H. Doty, 152 Elm street, Batavia, Ill.; 6468, Fred L. Fraenhoff, 136 Hinman street, Aurora, Ill.



STEAM YACHT WINCHESTER.



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 13-14.—Portland (Me.) G. C. Individual Championship on second day. S. Dimick, Sec'y.
Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. Arthur Gambell, Supt.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

July 14-15.—Fargo, N. D.—North Dakota State tournament, under the auspices of the Gate City G. C. Albert E. Rose, Sec'y.
July 14-17.—Helena, Mont.—Montana State tournament, under the auspices of the Helena G. C. Reynolds Prosser, Sec'y.
July 16.—Butler, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Butler R. and G. C. S. G. Purvis, Sec'y.
July 16-17.—Davenport, Ia.—Cumberland G. C. Harry Martens, Sec'y.
July 17.—Tomah (Wis.) Rod and Gun Club. F. L. Ficting, Sec'y.
July 17.—Jersey Shore (Pa.) G. C. H. Meyers, Sec'y.
July 17-18.—Wilmington, N. C.—North Carolina State tournament, under auspices of New Hanover G. C. J. H. Dreher, Sec'y.
July 17-18.—Peoria (Ill.) G. C. C. L. Portman, Sec'y.
July 17-18.—Sea Girt, N. J.—New Jersey State R. A. G. July 17-18.—Seattle (Wash.) T. S. A. A. L. Hall, Sec'y.
July 18.—Lorain (O.) G. C. J. P. Traxler, Sec'y.
July 18.—S. Madison, Wis.—Triangle G. C. H. G. Waterman, Sec'y.
July 18.—Altoona, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under the auspices of the Blair County Road Drivers' Association. Jack Waltz, Sec'y.
July 20.—Danbury, Conn.—Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Pahquoque G. C. E. H. Bailey, Sec'y.
July 21-22.—Bellingham (Wash.) G. C. O. H. Joy, Sec.
July 22.—Sheridan (Wyo.) G. C. J. H. Bradfield, Sec'y.
July 22-23.—Crookston (Minn.) G. C. W. E. Rowe, Pres.
July 22-25.—Betterton, Md.—Betterton G. C. James R. Malone, Sec'y.
July 23.—Marion (O.) G. C. D. A. Orr, Sec'y.
July 23-24.—Paragonld (Ark.) G. C. C. W. Stedman, Sec'y.
July 24.—Milton (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club. S. H. Kock, Sec'y.
July 24-25.—Redfield (S. D.) Gun Club. Chas. E. Stutenroth, Sec'y.
July 24-25.—Mason City, Ia.—Cerro Gordo G. C. H. B. Madsen, Sec'y.
July 25-26.—Warrroad, Minn.—Minnesota State tournament, under the auspices of the Minnesota State Sportsmen's Association. Peter Alldrin, Sec'y.
July 26.—Bradford (Ill.) G. C. H. A. Swearingen, Sec'y.
July 26.—Shamokin (Pa.) G. C. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 26.—Huntington (W. Va.) G. C. A. C. Martin, Sec.
July 26-27.—Nelson (B. C., Canada) G. C. W. A. Ward, Sec'y.
July 27.—Washington, D. C.—Analostan G. C. Miles Taylor, Sec'y.
July 29.—Baudette (Minn.) G. C. A. M. Hoover, Sec'y
July 29-30.—Revelstoke (B. C., Canada) G. C. A. J. MacDonnell, Sec'y.
July 30.—Tyndall (S. D.) G. C. F. F. Chladek, Sec'y.
July 30.—Oregon (Wis.) G. C. W. H. Dreher, Sec'y.
July 30.—Spooner (Minn.) G. C. M. D. Weeks, Sec'y.
July 30-31.—Portsmouth (O.) G. C. J. E. Nutt, Mgr.
July 31.—Marion (Ia.) G. C. A. C. Maxwell, Sec'y.
Aug. 1.—International Falls, (Minn.) G. C. R. G. Green, Sec'y.
Aug. 1.—Plattsville (Wis.) G. C. F. J. Bridges, Sec'y.
Aug. 3.—Holmesburg Jct., Pa.—S. S. White G. C. W. E. Robinson, Sec'y.
Aug. 3.—Pikeral Lake, S. D.—Sisseton G. C. Maurice Schindler, Sec'y.
Aug. 3-4.—Green Bay, Wis.—Wisconsin State tournament, under the auspices of the Green Bay Game and Gun Club. R. E. St. John, Sec'y.
Aug. 6-7.—Dallas (Tex.) G. C. H. R. Basley, Mgr.
Aug. 6.—Belle Vernon, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Belle Vernon G. C. B. F. Daugherty, Sec'y.
Aug. 6.—Durant (Ia.) G. C. Hugo Boldt, Sec'y.
Aug. 6-7.—Mitchell (S. D.) G. C. C. A. Ferguson, Sec.
Aug. 6-7.—Alabama State tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham (Ala.) Gun Club. O. L. Garl, Sec'y.
Aug. 6-7.—Wilson, (N. C.) Gun Club. Jas. D. Barnes, Sec'y.
Aug. 6-7.—Lock Haven (Pa.) G. C. C. A. Jobson, Sec'y.
Aug. 7.—Madrid (N. Y.) G. C. J. E. Thompson, Pres.
Aug. 7-8.—Springfield, Ill.—Illinois G. C. J. R. Leib, C. A. McDermand, Pres.
Aug. 7-8.—Blue Ribbon (Kan.) Gun Club. J. F. Caldwell, Sec'y.
Aug. 7-8.—Concordia, Kans.—Blue Ribbon Gun Club. J. F. Caldwell, Sec'y.
Aug. 7-8.—Princeton (Mo.) G. C. E. W. Stacy, Sec'y.
Aug. 8.—Livermore (Ia.) G. C. J. H. Zigrang, Sec'y.
Aug. 8.—Berwick (Pa.) R. and G. C. W. I. Shrader, Sec'y.
Aug. 10.—Temple, Pa.—Hercules G. C. A. K. Ludwig, Sec'y.
Aug. 10.—Waterbury, Conn.—Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Mattatuck R. and G. C. David R. Walker, Sec'y.
Aug. 10-11.—Chicago (Ill.) G. C. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
Aug. 12-13.—Fayette, Mo.—Afro-American Trapshooters' League Grand Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cohon, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Abilene (Tex.) G. C. C. D. Payton, Sec'y.
Aug. 14.—Lancaster (Pa.) G. C. W. T. Krick, Sec'y.
Aug. 14.—Batavia, N. Y.—Holland G. C. Chas. W. Gardner, Sec'y.
Aug. 14-15.—Montgomery, Ala.—Capital City G. C. M. Moore, Pres.
Aug. 14-15.—Lindsay (Okla.) G. C. Robt. May, Sec'y.
Aug. 14-16.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's Seventh Western Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Kansas City G. C.; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in the Western Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Aug. 15.—Rio (Wis.) G. C. Bert Thompson, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-16.—Dayton, Ky.—Northern Kentucky G. C. Geo. W. Dameron, Sec'y.
Aug. 20.—Marthasville, Mo.—Daniel Boone G. C. J. O. Wilson, Sec'y.
Aug. 20-21.—Sioux Falls (S. D.) G. C. A. Olson, Sec'y
Aug. 20-23.—Montreal, Canada.—Dominion of Canada T. S. A. T. Claude Cooke, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-22.—Garrison, N. Y.—Garrison-Highland R. and G. C. F. N. Limdebjerg, Sec'y.
Aug. 22.—Ebensburg, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of the Ebensburg G. C. W. R. Thompson, Sec'y, Ebensburg, Pa.
Aug. 23.—Sandusky, O.—Ye Oak Meadow G. C. Ira C. Krupp, Sec'y.
Aug. 23.—Gouverneur (N. Y.) R. and G. C. W. R. Patrick, Sec'y.
Aug. 24.—La Crosse G. C. J. V. Winter, Sec'y.
Aug. 27.—Canonsburg (Pa.) G. C. A. S. Anthony, Sec'y.
Aug. 27-29.—Cedar Point, O.—Indians. C. W. Budd, Sec.
Aug. 27-29.—Portland, Ore.—The Interstate Association's seventh Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Portland G. C.; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in the Pacific Coast Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Aug. 28-29.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland S. S. A. State tournament. Geo. P. Mordecai, Sec'y, 215 American Building, Baltimore, Md.
Aug. 28-29.—Fulda (Minn.) G. C. H. W. Converse, Sec'y.
Aug. 29.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Big Game Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. H. G. Frederichs, Sec'y.
Aug. 29-30.—Sedalia (Mo.) G. C. John McGrath, Sec'y, under the auspices of the Bay City G. C. C. A. Galbraith, Mgr.
Aug. 31.—Menominee Falls (Wis.) G. C. Jas. A. Pike, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Hammond (Ind.) G. C. J. C. Becker, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Ft. Collins (Colo.) Shooting Club. Jos. Garst, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Ogdensburg (N. Y.) S. A. J. M. Morley, Sec.
Sept. 2.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League tournament, under auspices of the Sea Side G. C. Earl R. Lewis, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Lima (O.) G. C. A. W. Fisk, Pres.
Sept. 2-3.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia State tournament, under auspices of Lynchburg G. C. W. R. Winfree, Sec'y, 1008 Main St., Lynchburg, Va.
Sept. 2-3.—Paducah (Ky.) Target Club. C. E. Pursell, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Celina (O.) G. C. Geo. Kistler, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Bucklin (Mo.) G. C. Ed. Herriman, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Holdrege (Neb.) G. C. Thos. Hufford, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Cumberland (Md.) G. C. F. Billmeyer, Sec'y.
Sept. 10-11.—Caro (Mich.) S. A. F. W. Bowles, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—London (O.) G. C. H. L. Hildinger, Sec'y.
Sept. 9-10.—Evansville, Ind.—Indiana State tournament, under the auspices of the Recreation G. C. Geo. A. Beard, Cor. Sec'y.
Sept. 10.—McKeesport, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Youghiogheny Country Club. R. J. Caghey, Sec'y.
Sept. 10-13.—Denver, Colo.—Rocky Mountain Interstate Sportsmen's Association; \$5,000 added money. Ambrose E. McKenzie, Mgr.
Sept. 11.—Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club. Jay Clark, Jr., Sec'y.
Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. A. B. Heyl, Pres.
Sept. 13-14.—Beverly, Mass.—Massachusetts State tournament, under the auspices of the Massachusetts State T. S. A. F. E. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.
Sept. 17.—Huntingdon, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Alexandria G. C. L. M. Hagerty, Sec'y, Alexandria, Pa.
Sept. 17-18.—Brookfield, Mo.—Linn County G. C. Ed. Barton, Sec'y.
Sept. 17-20.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Westy Hogans of America tournament. Bernard Elssesser, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-19.—Bloomington, Ill.—McLean County G. C. C. A. McDermand, Pres.
Sept. 19.—Springfield (O.) G. C. Harry C. Downey, Sec.
Sept. 20.—Sangerfield (N. Y.) Country Club. R. H. Terry, Sec'y.
Sept. 23-24.—Lewiston (Idaho) G. C. P. T. Lomax, Sec'y.
Sept. 26-27.—Baltimore, Md.—West Forest Park G. C. Richard L. Collings, Sec'y.
Sept. 26-27.—Capron (Ill.) G. C. Alex. Vance, Sec'y.
Sept. 27.—Saginaw (Mich.) Canoe Club. T. A. Saylor, Sec'y.
Oct. 1-2.—Omaha (Neb.) G. C. F. T. Lovering, Sec'y.
Oct. 2.—Piedmont (W. Va.) G. C. G. N. Hoover, Sec.
Oct. 3.—Wapakoneta (O.) G. C. Chas. E. Zint, Sec'y.
Oct. 3.—Elkton (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Mgr.
Oct. 15-18.—Cincinnati, O.—The Interstate Association's Post-Season tournament, on the grounds of the Cincinnati G. C.; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.

1913.

Jan. 22-25.—Pinchurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tutts, Pres.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The 1913 Missouri State shoot will be held under auspices of Marshall (Mo.) Gun Club.

Jersey City Gun Club is going to be open for several Saturdays before closing the season and extend an invitation to shooters to pay them a visit and enjoy a good sport.

The eighteenth annual tournament of the Betterton Gun Club will be held at Betterton, Md., July 22, 23, 24 and 25, under the management of J. R. Malone. Tournament and Handicap Committee: Joe Hunter, W. T. Harvey, Jos. Gifford, John Brice.

The Post Season tournament will be given at Cincinnati, O., on Oct. 15, 16, 17 and 18, 1912. All amateurs who have on Oct. 1, made an average of not less than 88 per cent. on 1,200 or more single targets shot from the 16yds. mark at registered tournaments held in 1912, will be eligible to take part in the Post Season tournament.

Don't overlook the shoot of the New Jersey State Rifle Association at Sea Girt, N. J., July 17 and 18. Lloyd Lewis, Neaf Apgar, H. H. Stevens, Jack Fanning, T. Haze Keller, Jr., Frank Pratt, Harry Wells, Mal Hawkins, Carl von Lengerke, Bob Schneider, Frank Lawrence, C. R. Babson and H. L. Brown will be there to take care of you. The Sea Girt championship, for amateurs only is a feature. Valuable trophies will be given. Write for program to H. G. Aspell, Secretary, Sea Girt, N. J.

W. G. BEECROFT.

Chesapeake City Gun Club.

CHESAPEAKE CITY, Md., July 6.—Fifteen contestants took part in the monthly shoot here to-day. The main attraction was the Du Pont trophy event, which was won by W. Anants with a score 97—four best scores out of six, with handicap added. This event has been keenly contested for. Of the thirty-five contestants, fourteen have scores of 80 to 96. In the spoon event W. Anants won the tablespoon, and C. Anants the dessert spoon. The scores:

Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	5p.	5p.
L H Worthington	7	8	10	10	20	9	9
R Reese	8	6	9	7	18	6	3
C Hoover	7	9	6	..	21
G Bennett	..	6	16
W Stevens	8	5	6	7	22	5	5
C Stevens	9	8	10	7	20
W Anants	9	..	25
W A Brown	9	8	9	7	19	5	5
H Kibler	..	4	7	..	18
C Ellison	3	6	5	..	14
H Howard	..	7	6	..	15
C Toy	5	13
J Harris	14
H Bramble	3	14
H Everett	7	19	4	4

Farmington Rod and Gun Club.

FARMINGTON, N. H., July 4.—The newly organized Rod and Gun Club of this place, held their first shoot of the season. The excessive heat kept many away; nevertheless, nineteen shooters faced the traps, many for the first time. The scores:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Young	40 31	Thompson	60 35
Gibbs	50 36	L Gillman	15 4
Leighton	55 35	Currier	35 12
Whitten	29 9	Watson	10 3
Stoddard	60 29	Winn	50 30
Nute	40 18	B Gillman	27 12
L Gillman	45 22	Chas Burnham	25 15
G Burnham	35 10	Doty	10 6
Tibbetts	35 13	F Farrell	25 11
Brown	20 0		

G. H. STODDARD.

Port Huron (Mich.) Gun Club.

THE best shooting contest ever participated in by the members of the Port Huron Gun Club took place yesterday. The following scores were made:

Targets:	25	25	10	Targets:	25	25	10
Ludwig	24	23	7	Palmer	19	21	..
E N Runnels	24	20	10	Maines	19	23	..
Hubert	20	14	7	Soutar	13	19	..
H E Runnels	14	12	7	Lewis	12	3	..
Schnoor	22	20	8	Waters	16	5	..
Donohue	12	8	..	Kimball	20	8	..
Stinson	24	22	..	Miles	11
Galloway	19	20	..	Harrington	14
Ellison	15	18	..	Unger	14
Vince	13	15	..				



PUMP GUN, STEEL LINED SHELLS and METALLIC CARTRIDGES

BEAT THE WORLD IN OLYMPIC GAMES

American Experts and *Remington-UMC* Arms and Ammunition set a New Pace in Great Stockholm Meet

Individual Clay Bird Championship—Won by J. R. Graham, shooting *Remington-UMC* Pump Gun and *Remington-UMC* Arrow Steel Lined Shells, score 96 ex 100.

Team Clay Bird Championship—Five high men shot *Remington-UMC* Arrow Steel Lined Shells, with scores averaging over 90 ex 100.

Revolver and Pistol Championship—A. P. Lane, shooting *Remington-UMC* Metallic Cartridges, made the best individual score and a world's record in the team competition, scoring 509 ex 600; won the individual competition at 50 metres, scoring 292 ex 300, and won the individual competition at 30 metres, scoring 287 ex 300.

Paul Palen, also shooting *Remington-UMC* Metallic Cartridges, was second in the 30 metre individual competition.

The Olympic Trap Shooting Team chose Remington-UMC Arrow Steel Lined Shells because of their remarkable trap record of 15 out of 17 great national handicaps.

**There is strong additional proof here of the supremacy of
Remington-UMC — the perfect shooting combination.**

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., 299-301 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., July 7.—Just an even two dozen shooters took part in the events decided yesterday afternoon on the grounds of the Du Pont Gun Club. This was a good showing, considering the counter attractions offered and the hot weather that prevailed.

The club management was disappointed in not having J. H. Minnick and A. B. Richardson, the State champion, get together and decide their match for the Class A 1911 cup; also their tie for one of the Coleman du Pont spoons, which was offered to the local man making high score on all program events during the shoot yesterday week between the All-New England team and the team representing All-Delaware. On that occasion Messrs. Minnick and Richardson tied on score of 169 out of 180. Owing to Mr. Richardson being unable to attend the shoot yesterday, arrangements have been made for both matches to be shot next Saturday afternoon. This will make the program for that afternoon especially interesting, as both men are shooting a fast gait just now.

Minnick showed yesterday that he was in good form, breaking 25 straight for the Class A spoon. In Class B Clyde Leedom, H. W. Bush and H. P. Carlon tied on 22, and will shoot off the tie next Saturday. The Class C spoon went to Z. H. Lofland on the excellent score of 23, and R. S. Robinson won the Class D spoon on 18 out of 25.

The Class D cup (1911 trophy), recently held by S. T. Newman, was put up for open competition, no one having challenged the holder within the time limit set by

the conditions. The winner yesterday afternoon was R. S. Robinson, who is now open to receive challenges and do his best to defend his title to the cup.

A couple of novelties were introduced during the afternoon's sport. The first was "quail shooting," and Clyde Leedom and H. W. Bush showed their proficiency at "field shooting" by breaking 12 out of their 15 targets. "Quail shooting" at the traps is carried out as follows: The gunner starts walking toward the trap, his gun held well below the elbow, as if hunting birds. He starts from 23yd. mark, and the puller is permitted to pull the trap and release the target any time after the gunner has started on his walk toward the trap. Sometimes he lets him walk right up to the trap, and then again he pulls the trap just as soon as he has started. The event was quite interesting, and also proved how easy it was to miss targets even when standing "on top of the trap house."

The second novelty was an event at 25 targets, "Olympic style" of shooting. This means 18yds. rise, use of both barrels; targets thrown about 60yds., and with gun held between the armpit and hip until the target is in the air. E. A. W. Everitt showed the way with 22 out of 25. Leedom broke 19, Carlon 17 and Skelly 16. It was at this style of shooting last week at Stockholm, Sweden, during the Olympic gathering, that J. R. Graham, of Ingleside, Ill., a member of the Chicago A. A., won the Olympic world's individual championship with the wonderful total of 96 out of 100, two more than he broke when he led the winning American team which carried off earlier in the week the Olympic team

championship of the world.

The scores in the regular Coleman du Pont spoon contests, were as follows, each man shooting at 25 targets: J. H. Minnick 25, *Edward Banks 25, *J. T. Skelly 24, W. M. Hammond 23, *E. A. W. Everitt 23, Z. H. Lofland 23, Clyde Leedom 22, H. W. Bush 22, H. P. Carlon 22, T. E. Doremus 19, Dr. S. Steele 19, Dr. A. Patterson 19, T. W. Matthewson 19, R. S. Wood 18, R. S. Robinson 18, F. P. Ewing 17, D. A. Grier 17, J. H. Stadelman 17, W. B. Smith, Jr., 16, J. A. Kaiser 16, A. J. Curley 15, Dr. H. Betts 14, J. B. Grier 13, S. P. Livermore 12.

*Not eligible for spoons.

Fulton Gun Club.

FULTON, Mo., July 6.—Having formed the Fulton Gun Club at this place on June 24, the result of our July 4 shoot follows:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
R A Moore.....	50 44	H Baker	30 11
J Leavell	15 0	M Neal	60 44
W H Chenoweth	35 17	L Frank	50 6
W B Everheart.	40 21	M Baysinger....	25 16
F A Gingrieh...	60 46	V Lyons	25 12
C Doerreir	50 40	A Briglieb	32 50
		F. C. WELLS, Sec'y-Treas.	

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Pacific Indians.

EUGENE, Oregon, July 1.—The three-day shoot of the Pacific Indians ended on the 28th of June and was attended by a goodly company of lovers of the game.

As early as a week previous, some of the boys who could spare a little time began to arrive, attracted by the famous fishing in the Willamette and McKenzie rivers; and the more fortunate who got this extra enjoyment out of the annual meet, came in with strings of the beautiful "red sides" that made the other fellows wish that they as well, with all the world, "might a-fishing go."

By the 23d a goodly bunch had gathered in the hotels, and every train dropped its recruits unto the second day of the meet, many visitors coming to see the shooting who did not even participate themselves.

As showing appreciation of the occasion, a great many of the local business houses had special window decorations in honor of the occasion, and some of these were of a really high order of merit. The gun club and the good people of Eugene, in fact, showed in many ways that the Tribe made no mistake in voting to come here two years in succession. A finer degree of hospitality could not have been showed, and we are glad of this opportunity to say that this fact is appreciated by the Indians.

Practice Work.

Forty shooters went to the grounds Monday to "look down the barrels at a few," either for the first time if they were new-comers, or to confirm their previous experience of the traps and surroundings.

On an informal program of 100 targets, Lee Barkley took the most scalps, coming in with 99 at his belt. Right up close and leading the amateurs came Chief Bill Caldwell, of Portland, with 96; Hugh Poston accounted for 95, and Les. Reid bagged 94. Then the scores became pretty well bunched, but averaging well above 85, indicating that there would be "some shootings" later in the week.

Notes.

"Mooch" Abraham and Dick Carlon got away early and made sure that the fish were still there.

The Vancouver, B. C., squad was a jolly bunch and had "something doing" all the time. May we always have them with us.

Frank Riehl made the longest "jump" to get here—all the way from the Grand American Handicap at Springfield, Ill., passing up the premier shooting event of the year in order to be in on time.

Chiefs Haight, Holohan and Morris contributed their full share to the spontaneous gaiety of the week.

As the youngest one in the game, Deskin Reid was there with a whole basket of beads.

If the world has another trio who can "show" with Al Cook, Ed. Bean and Doc Day as preceptors in the art piscatorial, we will have to be shown.

First Day.

The shoot started promptly with sixty-five shooters at the score, the largest attendance yet recorded at a shoot of the kind on the Coast. Weather conditions were fine, and scores ran high for the day. Les. Reid got away from the bunch right at the start and finished with 147 alone. Lee Barkley was right after him with 146 for the Indians, as was also Fred Moellen, of Eugene, leading the palefaces. For third place B. Kompp, Harry Ellis and Hugh Poston tied, and then a long string followed with 140 or better. We are of the opinion, in fact, that no shoot ever before held on the Coast with over fifty guns on the firing line returned such high general scores for the day's work.

A new feature of very special interest was the competition for the solid gold honor medals, ten of which were offered for the ten high places each day. Ties had to be shot off at 50 targets, and of the ten places there were seven ties with two to five men in each. Over a thousand extra targets were shot in these special matches, and a large crowd of spectators watched the races with interest akin to that of the average crowd in a good turf event. This new feature was an experiment on the part of the tribe this year, but so eminently successful was it that we shall almost certainly make it a permanent feature of our annual meets. When the last gun was fired, the following were in possession of the day's honors, and thereby barred from medal competition on the following days: L. H. Reid, E. Ford, E. W. Cooper, J. T. Hillis, E. Abraham and Al. Cook.

Second Day.

Conditions were varied, and a good deal hinged on luck as the squads called during or between wind and rain showers. Scores, however, continued very high. Poston led the field with only one lost, Barkley losing 2 and L. Reid 3 for the day's work. For the palefaces, Frank Troeh, of Vancouver, Wash., scored 145; Harry Ellis, of Portland, and Chas. Porter, of Vancouver, 144, and Percy Knight, of Portland, 143.

For the day's ten medals the winners proved to be Barkley, B. Komp, F. Troeh, L. M. Fisher, Percy Knight, F. Van Atta, Harry Gilchrist, Bill Caldwell, Peter Holohan, Dr. Bull. Again there were ties in six of the ten places, these being shot off in a driving rain at 50 targets each, affording much entertainment for visitors on the grounds.

The annual meeting of the Tribe was held on the evening of the 26th at Hotel Osburn, there being twenty-three Indians in attendance.

Conditions governing the Chingren challenge trophy were changed to make it a straight race at 100 single targets, all contestants standing at 18yds. rise.

Bids for the 1913 meeting were received, backed by substantial money offers, from Boise, Idaho, Eugene, Ore., and Raymond, Wash. A close ballot resulted in favor of Raymond. Special votes of thanks were voted to Boise for its generous bid and to Eugene for this third offer to entertain the organization, as well as for

the magnificent entertainment accorded as at this and the last annual meet.

New officers elected are: E. A. Bean, Eugene, President; Geo. H. Smith, Eugene, First Vice-Chief; D. W. Riehl, of Tacoma, Herald-Custodian.

New members elected to the Council of Chiefs are: C. A. Porter, Dr. A. R. Baker, Al. Field, Vancouver, B. C.; J. A. Dague, Tacoma; Harry Gilchrist, Centralia; Fred Sturgis, Raymond, Wash.; W. A. Simonton, San Francisco; Con. Dillon, Dr. F. M. Day, Fred Moellen, James Seavey and Dr. M. M. Bull, Eugene, Ore.; Albert Zieroff, Junction City, Ore.; Chas. Dierlein, Eugene; Webster Kincaid, Eugene; W. W. McCormack, Eugene; C. E. Wilson, Raymond, Wash., and D. C. Reid, Seattle, Wash.

Third Day.

The third day's work held right up to the high standard, and what is remarkable in a tournament these days, the attendance was larger on the last day than the first. Throughout the week, the comment was that it was a most successful, satisfactory and well-managed meet, and it is believed that every participant went away more than well pleased.

Honor medals on this day's program went to D. Reid, D. W. Fleet, Fred Willett, John Edmunson, Frank Riehl, Ed. Morriss, Chas. Porter, Chas. Dierling and Frank Howe.

The annual competition at the Chingren challenge medal brought twenty-four shooters to the score. Poston and Walt McCormack tied with 97, with Riehl, Mullen and Seavey second at 96, and D. Reid, Caldwell and Barkley third with 94. Poston won the shootoff, and was immediately challenged by twelve shooters. A second contest resulted in a victory for Fred Moellen, of Eugene, with the splendid score of 98 out of a possible 100. And so the matter rests, on the finish of the finest tournament ever held by the Tribe.

The programme consisted of 150 targets each of the three days. Scores:

Table with two columns: 'Shot at. Broke' and 'Shot at. Broke'. Lists names and scores for various participants including Airheart, Tracy, Edmunson, Meek, Brockbank, Nichols, Simons, Leninger, Pfeiffer, P J Baltimore, Hillis, Baker, Porter, Field, Helman, Ford, Fleet, J Cooper, F C Mullen, M M Bull, B Komp, J W Seavey, W McCormack, D C Reid, W W Caldwell, R P Knight, H Ellis, F M Day, Dierling, Professionals, J E Reid, F C Riehl, Ed Morris, P J Holohan, C A Haight, H W Maynard, Dillon, Simonton, M Abrahams, Carlon, Bullock, E E Young, Dague, Ted Cooper, F O Joy, Geo Smith, A Cook, Ed Bean, H Gilchrist, F Howe, Dr Seelye, F Van Atta, F M Troeh, C Wagner, Lewis, E C Stotzer, Sturgis, Wilson, Zeirolf, J W Gibson, W Kincaid, W Komp, M A Rickard, J E Eiger, Glasso, A Blair, I M Fisher, H E Poston, F Willett, L R Barkley, L H Reid.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 7.—The Analostan Gun Club was honored by visits from two professionals—Homer Clark and E. H. Storr—at their regular shoot on the 6th. Clark scored 95 out of 100, and Storr accounted for 92. Dr. M. E. Harrison was high among the amateurs, scoring 93; Dr. Stine rang up the good score of 91. In the doubles Storr scored 22 out of 24, Parsons 20, Dr. Monroe and Miles Taylor 18, and R. T. Bray 13.

In the spoon contest Dr. Harrison walked away with the spoon in Class A, scoring 47 out of 50; Brown and Taylor tied for the Class B spoon on 42, and Green and Parsons tied for the third spoon. In shooting off the ties at 15 birds, all four tied again, and in the next shoot-off, Brown and Green scored all 15 and took the silver. Following are the scores:

Table with two columns: 'Shot at. Broke' and 'Shot at. Broke'. Lists names and scores for Green, Brown, Clark, Harrison, Storr, Stine, Dr Taylor, D D Stine, Parsons, Emmons, Sharpe, Wagner, Le Merl, Bohne, Taylor, Bray, Monroe, Orrison, T M Monroe, Bradford.

Grafton Gun Club.

GRAFTON, W. Va., July 4.—The following scores were made here at a practice shoot held this afternoon. A high wind and a hard target, together with five men who had never shot at a target before, kept the scores low:

Table with two columns: 'Shot at. Broke' and 'Shot at. Broke'. Lists names and scores for Gerstell, Riffee, Flanagan, Murray, Mambourg, Peck, Walker, Heckmer, Powell, Donnelly, Wren, Fahey.

N. J. S. R. A. Tournament.

THE first registered trapshooting tournament of the New Jersey State Rifle Association Gun Club will be held July 16-18 at Sea Girt, N. J. July 16 will be practice day. In announcing the first trapshooting tournament of the New Jersey State Rifle Association Gun Club, we extend a cordial greeting to all, assuring you a hearty welcome and a pleasant outing.

Sea Girt, N. J., is delightfully situated on "Old Ocean," fifty-seven miles from New York city, and is one of the most picturesque places on the north Jersey coast.

The privileges of the club house will be extended to visiting sportsmen, and meals may be had at most reasonable rates in the club restaurant.

The officers of the New Jersey State Rifle Association Gun Club are: President, General Bird W. Spencer; Vice-President, Colonel William Libbey; Treasurer, Colonel Charles A. Reid, Secretary, Henry G. Aspell; Field Captain, Captain Charles F. Silvester.

The program follows:

Practice day, five events, 20 targets each.

First Day.—Ten events, 15 targets each. Extra Sea Girt championship, open to amateurs only, 50 targets per man, handicap 16 to 21yds.; 25 targets to be shot each day; valuable trophies will be given to the three high guns; entrance, including targets, \$1.00; optional sweeps this day, \$1.00. The first day's events will be held open until 11 A. M.

Second Day.—Ten events, 15 targets each. Extra, continuation of last half of the Sea Girt championship, 25 targets; entrance, including targets, 50 cents; optional sweeps this day, \$1.00.

Division of moneys Rose System.

From Philadelphia, Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, or at the foot of Market Street, via Camden. Express time, two hours.

From New York via Pennsylvania Railroad, Thirty-third Street Station, by ferry from foot of Cortlandt or Desbrosses streets, or by Hudson Tubes from the Terminal Building or Sixth Avenue Stations, or via Central Railroad of New Jersey from foot of Liberty or West Twenty-third street, or boats of Sandy Hook Route from Pier 10, North River. Express time, one and one-half hours.

For further information, programs, etc., address the Secretary, Sea Girt, N. J.

Bryden Gun Club.

CATASAUQUA, Pa., July 3.—The weather for the Bryden Gun Club's registered tournament was ideal, but the sun shone a 90 degree heat, which caused the boys to sweat a good deal, although the firing line was protected by a 12ft. wide canvas. Thirty-eight shooters were present—thirty-two amateurs and six professionals. A short recess was called at the noon hour for dinner, which was served gratis by the courtesy of the club to all participants, and was in charge of hostess Mrs. Granville E. Brown, who provided a luncheon fit for a king, as "Smith," of Reading termed it—a token which is never to be forgotten. The menu consisted of roast beef, cold sliced ham, Swiss cheese, hard-boiled eggs, mixed pickles, wheat bread, graham bread, fancy cakes, fruit, prepared mustard, radishes, potato salad, celery gherkins, olives, red beets, onions, cucumber salad, bananas, banana cakes and ice cream. Eating too much lowers a man's score, and such was the case to-day. Lloyd says, "Oh you banana cakes." Al. ate for forty-five minutes and looked hungry yet.

High amateur honors fell on Smith, of Reading, and Kahler, of Philadelphia, who tied on 140. Behm, of Esterly, and Heil, of Allentown, again tied. These were the principal stars among the visiting fair sex, as both are single, but neither of them cares to be tied to any cotton-tails. Some of the bacon has always to be shared with the Reading boys. At Allentown, Ed. Adams was high with 146; at Newmantown, A. J. Menzel was high with 147, and a straight run of 126, and here Smith tied as high amateur with 140 H. W. Kahler, the Philadelphia champion. Behm and Luddy served as coaches; thus Smith landed \$28.90 as first money, with Kahler the same; Behm and Heil received \$22.05 each as second prize.

Fred Coleman, of Philadelphia, the noted live-bird shot, shot in the same squad with Smith and Behm, breaking 155 out of his quota. Rasmusson, pitcher of the Allentown Baseball team, broke 157 out of his quota—a notable record for "Rass."

H. J. Schlicher, former State champion, had bad luck and fell down to 136 in the regular program, but landed first with 45 out of 50 (25 pairs of doubles), and received the silver cup donated by the Brydens in this event. Here Heil was second with 44, and Kahler third with 41.

The professional field was led by Neaf Apgar with 148 out of 150. Out of his last 252 targets shot at on these grounds in registered tournaments, Neaf dropped but 4 birds. He holds a record of 236 straight here, while Hawkins holds one of 216 straight on the same date. "Mal" was second with 145 to his credit. Lloyd R. Lewis was third with 139.

During luncheon Mr. Granville E. Brown, president of the Brydens, presented a fine loving cup to Mr. Lewis for his kind services to the club since its organization, as a token of remembrance. Mr. Lewis was taken entirely by surprise, and thanked the club for their courtesy.

C. R. Babson shot but one event, as he became sick and could not continue in the race.

H. L. Brown served as squad hustler, and kept the game moving.

The long-run trophy was won by Arthur Walker with 56. George Selfies was a close second with 54, and Heil landed in third column with 50.

The low gun trophy was won by J. Knoll, of Cata-sauqua, with 66 breaks.

Luddy, secretary of the Hercules Gun Club, Temple, Pa., was in charge of the office, assisted by the popular John McAlister, and L. R. Lewis, on the Squier money-

back system. The shoot opened at 10 A. M., and closed at 5:30 P. M.

R. D. Thomas showed an 80.33 per cent. clip on his 90 targets shot at, which was well done.

A. E. Rasmusson, shooting a 91.30 per cent. clip, will be ranked among the stars as quoted by the fair sex, as well as Messrs. Heil and Behm.

W. Hepner reached the 136 mark, and tied H. J. Schlicher.

J. A. Depew paid us a visit and landed 123—away below his gait, while his comrade, Mr. Budd, of Lykens, reached the 127 mark.

Englert and Silfies tied on 132 to-day. John changed his old standby shells to-day, which caused him to fall down some. George Cooper showed the boys some skill when he broke 124 to-day. H. W. Headman, the oldest man at the firing line to-day, showed exceptional skill to-day, with 123 kills.

John C. Bitterling did well with 119 in the regular program, while he got 30 out of his 50 in the doubles.

The next big event will be the Hercules Gun Club's registered tournament at Temple, Pa., on Aug. 10. Here the Reading Eagle donates a solid bronze cup, standing 10in. high, elaborately decorated in silver, the center marking a crack target shooter in position, for competition to all amateurs on the full program of 150 targets. The amateur winning this event will be the sole owner of same. This cup was placed on exhibition at Catasauqua, and many of the crack shots will be in attendance on Aug. 10 on the Hercules Gun Club grounds to compete for this cup. The program for this tournament is in the press now, and will be ready for distribution in several days.

Ed. H. Adams and C. H. Adams, of Reading, had promised to come to Catasauqua on the auto, but business prevented this.

Lockwood B. Worden, of Harrisburg, Pa., president of the P. S. S. A., has submitted no excuse for absenting himself from this tournament, which he had promised Luddy to attend. Scores follow:

Shot at.	Broke	Shot at.	Broke
H C Richards..	150 98	J C Bitterling...	150 116
A S Heil.....	150 139	John Haines ...	150 103
Geo Cooper	150 124	E J Knell.....	150 66
J A Depew.....	150 123	A E Bogh.....	75 42
R J Budd.....	150 127	G E Brown.....	150 76
J L Englert....	150 132	H Porter	150 119
W Keiser	150 104	F L Bush.....	150 88
H W Kahler....	150 140	H W Headman.	150 123
H Schlicher ...	150 136	A Walker	150 139
F Ziegler	150 129	A E Rasmusson.	150 137
Geo Silfies	150 132	Smith	150 140
W Hepner	150 136	W S Behm.....	150 139
Rob Peacock....	150 122	Coleman	150 135
Thos Howells .	150 102	S Richards	45 27
Ed. Jones	150 103	R D Thomas....	90 75
E F Sobers.....	150 98		
Professionals:			
O S Sked.....	150 134	J M Hawkins... 150	145
L R Lewis....	150 139	C R Babson.....	15 9
E Moorehouse..	150 113	H L Brown	150 117
N Pagar	150 148		

A. K. Ludwig, Mgr.

Echoes of New England—Delaware Shoot.

It seldom happens that any trapshooting team race finishes under such exciting conditions as those which prevailed in the race between All-New England and All-Delaware at Du Pont Gun Club. Stanley Tuchten, of the Du Pont Club, was the last man on the list to finish, and he had to break 18 out of 20 to win, or 17 to tie. When he only dusted his fifteenth target, things looked squally for the Delawareans, as that made his third miss, but he broke the last five targets and finished with 17, the race ending in a tie.

E. A. Staples, of Franklin, Mass., did great work, breaking his 100 straight in the team race; altogether, he made a run of 118 straight, a new club record, and finished with 175 out of 180, or an average of 97.2 for the program.

C. F. Marden, of Salem, Mass., who broke only 89 in the match, may be excused for some of his misses. He had bad luck from the start. His grip was stolen from him at the Boston station, and he had to purchase a soft collar in Wilmington. No wonder he couldn't "break 'em all." Said he: "If Staples lost his grip, what would Delaware?"

Billy Foord came to his own again, scoring 97 out of his 100, and landing in first place on the Delaware team. His good work netted him a prize in the shape of a souvenir silver spoon. Mr. Staples, of course, won the spoon offered to high man on the visiting team.

H. B. Cook, of the Seaside Hotel, Atlantic City, N. J., left the seashore and surf-bathing long enough to come over and break 170 out of 180 targets, incidentally winning a spoon also. His side partner, F. Plum, broke 95 out of his last 100.

E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., is one of the old-timers who has made a decided mark on trapshooting records. Among other things worthy of note that he has done at the traps was his double win of the two Grand American Handicaps in 1901—the live-bird G. A. H. and the clay target G. A. H., both shot at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y. He broke 95 out of 100 from 19yds. when he won the target event, and beat seventy-four other shooters. Last Saturday his best work was done on waffles during breakfast at the Wilmington Country Club.

J. L. Snow, of Boston, was as his name implies, the coolest man on the ground, despite the great heat. The only sign of warmth that he displayed was when he realized that his team had needed but one more target to win out, and that his score was only 87.

A. B. Richardson and J. H. Minnick, both Delawareans, and good shots as well, tied for the spoon offered to the local man, making highest total on the 180 targets in the program.

Bridgeton, N. J., was well represented by genial John Morris, C. E. Platt and S. E. Shull. Morris broke



WINCHESTER

Rifles and Cartridges

A man who travels the distance and incurs the expense generally necessary to get into big game hunting country should not run the risk of having his time, money and effort all go for naught by taking a rifle or cartridges that may fail him at the supreme moment. The surest way to guard against such a disappointing experience is by equipping with a Winchester rifle and Winchester make of cartridges. They come as near to being infallible as guns and ammunition can be made. Not only are they dependable, but they are made in calibers suitable for hunting all kinds of game. Remember

THE RED W BRAND NEVER DISAPPOINTS

91 out of his last 100, and 162 out of 180, but said he had just as much fun as those who broke more targets.

G. N. Proctor, of Boston, one of the visitors, declared several times during the day that he was absolutely certain he had a hat when he came to Wilmington, although none could be found on the grounds that he could claim as his. On the way to the Station in the evening it was discovered hung up in the top of the automobile in which he had ridden out to the grounds in the morning. Mr. Proctor thus left on the Colonial Express for Boston later in the day without a stain upon his character, and with his hat upon his head.

That the shooting was decidedly high class is shown by the fact that out of the forty-five shooters who shot through the entire program of 180 targets, no less than twenty-seven of them made better than 90 per cent.

JAKE.

Sikeston Gun Club.

SIKESTON, Mo., July 5.—Out of 50 clay pigeons, the following scores were made, to-day: L. R. Bowman 42, Clem Marshall 40, W. H. Tanner 40, W. Brookins 28.

WM. H. TANNER, Sec'y.

Marshall Gun Club.

MARSHALL, Mo., July 4.—Two days' good shooting was result of our registered tournament, finished here to-day. Wm. Ridley shot a great brace of scores, getting 146 on first day and 149 on second, a total of 295 out of 300. The weather was clear and hot, and while the attendance was not large, it was enthusiastic.

	1st	2d		1st	2d
	Day.	Day.		Day.	Day.
E W Brown.....	135	135	H Snyder	142	148
A L Brown.....	131	131	T H Bagnell....	138	118
Fred Brown ...	135	138	U Green	118	94
T M Ehler.....	136	140	W E Hulett....	124	115
L L Tucker....	129	133	Dr Canady	128	...
Wm Ridley	146	149	J McGrath	135	135
H B Pottinger..	142	138	Reppenhagen ...	133	130
W S Hoon.....	147	145	A Gray	138	134
C B Eaton.....	145	146			

Professionals:

C G Spencer....	147	150	Dell Gross	143	137
J S Day.....	147	145	Alex Mermod...	134	133
Geo Maxwell ...	142	139	Dan Bouel	137	138

E. C. CHALLENGE CUP AGAIN WON BY A RECORD SCORE

Peters

WITH

"steel where steel belongs"

LOADED SHELLS

In a match at the Cincinnati Gun Club, July 4, H. D. Freeman (Challenger) won this famous trophy from C. A. Young (Holder) by a score of 189 to 172. This score of 189 is five targets better than that by which Mr. Young won the cup May 14, 1912 (also with PETERS Shells), and ten targets in excess of the best previous score with other makes of shells. The results of the match of July 4, in detail, are as follows:

	Singles	Expert Rules	Doubles	Total
FREEMAN - - -	98	46	45	189
YOUNG - - -	85	44	43	172

Here are some more winnings, adding to the already overwhelming weight of evidence of P superiority:

St. Louis, Mo.	June 23-24	High Amateur Average	295 ex 300	by Harry W. Kahler
Webster City, Ia.	" 25	" " " "	193 ex 200	" W. S. Hoon
Wilmington, Del.	" 29	High Professional Average	173 ex 180	" Neaf Apgar
Barre, Vt.	" 18-19	Vermont State Championship	92 ex 100	" W. B. Springer
Dayton, Ky.	" 30	High General Average	144 ex 150	" C. O. Le Compte
Salida, Colo.	" 16-19	Championship of Colo., N. Mexico & Wyo.	623 ex 675	" Walter Schemwell
Freehold, N. J.	" 26-27	High General Average	284 ex 300	" Howard Schlicher
Toledo, O.	" 28	" " " (tie)	145 ex 150	" W. R. Chamberlain
Eugene, Ore.	" 24-27	" " " "	440 ex 450	" L. H. Reid

(Pacific Coast Indians)

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

NEW YORK: 98 Chambers St., T. H. Keller, Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO: 608-612 Howard St., J. S. French, Manager.

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Cleveland Gun Club.

The weekly shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club was held on Saturday afternoon, June 29, at Shooting Park, Mayfield road. The shoot was not as well attended as we would like to see, but the hot weather and too much shooting for the last month has begun to tell on some and rest is needed. But those who attended put in the afternoon doing some good shooting. Mr. Doolittle was high gun in the first two events, the monthly and the annual, breaking 94 out of 100. The fine work of the day was done by Mr. F. W. Judd, who broke 50 straight in the annual contest and 39 in the special events, making a total run of 89 in all, with good targets and a wind that kept the flag moving all the time. This is good shooting and is a record for any man, may the weather be hot or cold.

I wish to announce to the many friends of Mr. John A. Flick that he is at his home a very sick man, and that it may be some time before we will see John on the firing line again. We are all wishing and hoping that he may be with us again, as he is one of the old standbys and the life of the game; and not to have him with us during the summer shoots one thinks he is not at home.

Event No. 1, monthly trophy, 50 targets, 16yds. handicap: Doolittle 48, Rogers 46, Dibble 45, Wallace 44, Judd 43, Stepp 43, Brown 42, Rockwell 39, Gould 38, Jones 37, Freeman 36, Thorp 35.

Event No. 2, annual trophy, 50 targets, 16yds. handicap: Judd 50, Brown 48, Stepp 47, Doolittle 46, Williams 46, Rockwell 45, Harris 45, Dibble 44, Wallace 43, Rogers 42, Freeman 42, Jones 41, Thorp 30, Annis 27.

Special event, blue ribbon handicap, 25 targets, added target handicap: Judd (2) 25; Stepp (1) 25; Harris (4) 25; Freeman (1) 23; Dibble (2) 23; Brown (1) 23; Rogers (2) 23; Williams (0) 23; Jones (0) 20; Annis (8) 17.

Special event No. 2, 25 targets, added targets handicap: Rogers (2) 25; Annis (8) 25; Judd (1) 24; Brown (0) 25; Freeman (3) 24; Jones (1) 23; Stepp (0) 23.

Silver spoon contest, 10 pairs doubles: Williams 19, Doolittle 16, Robers 15, Charley 15, Rodgers 18, Thorp 12.

The Fourth of July shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club was a success. The weather was very warm, and when the program was shot out nobody was looking for special events. All were glad to pick up and look for an ice house. The program was divided into events of 100 targets each. The first was shot from 16yds.; the second from 16 to 20yds. The prizes in the first event were twelve cash prizes, from \$2.50 to \$10, and a silver loving cup to each contestant making the best score out of each 20 targets shot at. The second 100 targets, handicaps 16 to 20yds., was a very pretty race. W. H. Archer won the beautiful Independence trophy with a score of 91, from 17yds. E. S. Rogers won the second prize, a silver cup, shooting from 18yds., and making a score of 90. Geo. Burns, the third, a silver loving cup, 88 out of 100 from 19yds. The high gun trophy was won by E. S. Rogers, who broke 182 out of 200 from 16 and 18yds. All hands got a little of the money and went home happy, as it is the long green stuff that makes the boys smile, no matter how small it is.

Following are the scores of Club shoot on July 6:

Event No. 1, monthly trophy, 50 targets: Doolittle

49, Williams 47, Jack 46, Rogers 45, Haycox 45, Dibble 45, Brown 44, Judd 43, Stepp 43, Jones 42, Bickley 39, Forman 38, Cline 37, Rockwell 35, Mutt 35, Annis 34.

Event No. 2, annual trophy, 50 targets: Doolittle 48, Brown 47, Rogers 46, Haycox 45, Williams 45, Judd 44, Scott 44, Jack 44, Jones 42, Dibble 42, Wallace 40, Rockwell 39, Stepp 39, Bickley 39, Forman 38, Cline 35.

Event No. 3, Blue Ribbon contest, 25 targets: Brown 25, Doolittle 25, Judd 23, Scott 23, Rogers 22, Haycox 21, Stepp 21, Williams 21, Dibble 19, Bickley 19.

Event No. 4, Blue Ribbon contest: Rogers 24, Brown 24, Haycox 23, Williams 23, Jack 23, Little 22, Wilson 22, Stepp 21, Bickley 21.

The scores made on the Fourth were:

Event No. 1, monthly trophy, 100 targets, 16yds.: Wilcox 95, Rogers 92, G. E. Burns 92, Ledgett 91, Haycox 89, Brown 88, Archer 87, Jones 86, F. Burns 85, Freeman 81, Hopkins 78, Rockwell 78, Bigelow 75, Annis 74, Gould 74, Goss 74, Wakman 70.

Event No. 2, Independence Day trophy shoot, 100 targets, handicap: Archer (17yds.) 91, Rogers (18) 90, Geo. Burns (19) 88, McVeigh (16) 87, Wilcox (20) 86, Jones (18) 84, Stepp (17) 83, F. Burns (16) 82, Freeman (18) 81, Haycox (18) 78, Brown (18) 76, Rockwell (16) 75, Hopkins (16) 74, Gould (16) 73, Annis (16) 70, Wakman (16) 65, Goss (16) 62.

F. H. WALLACE, Mgr.

Jersey City Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., June 29.—Twelve members were out to-day and enjoyed a good afternoon's sport, as the day was an ideal one for shooting, although a little warm. H. H. Shannon was high gun for the day with an average of 87 per cent.; W. J. Simpson second, with 86 per cent.; North third, with 84 per cent. Huggins and McLemore tied for the first weekly prize with full scores, counting the handicaps, and in the second Shannon won by breaking all of his twenty-five birds. The scores follow in strings of 15:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
North	10	12	14	12	13	14	12	12
Simpson	14	12	14	13
Lawrence	12	9	11	10	9	8	11	15
Dr. Groll	10	14	13	14	14	11	13	11
McLemore	12	9	11	11	10	10
Huggins	9	9	7	9	10	7
Shannon	12	14	12	13	15	15	11	14	10	..
Harvey	12	8	8	11	13	12	10	13	9	12
Jones	10	8	7	8	9
Brady	11	11	13	14	8
Sam	10	10	9	8	9

First weekly prize, 25 birds, handicap: McLemore (7) 25; Huggins (10) 25; Shannon (0) 20; Harvey (4) 21; North (0) 21; Lawrence (6) 21; Dr. Groll (2) 22; Dicks (0) 19. Huggins won shootoff miss-and-out.

Second weekly prize, 25 birds, handicap: McLemore (6) 25; Huggins (7) 22; Shannon (0) 25; Harvey (4) 24; North (0) 23. Shannon won with full score from scratch.

SECRETARY.

Buffalo Audubon Club.

A FAIR crowd attended the first shoot of the Audubon Club for July. Messrs. W. B. Darton and Ed. Cox, trade representatives, were welcome visitors. This was the first shoot for the fiscal year, and Mr. W. H. Smith kindly donated three beautiful trophies, to be shot for under similar conditions which prevailed in the Lambert trophy events last year.

The following officers were elected: C. F. Lambert, President; Chas. Rogers, Vice-President; W. C. Wootton, Secretary; John Ebberts, Treasurer; Ed. Wacker, Field Captain, and Messrs. B. V. Covert, Lewis Houpt and Ed. Cox, Directors. The scores for yesterday follow: No. 2 was the badge event, No. 4, spoon event; No. 5, Smith trophy event.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Covert	17	16	18	15	17
Rogers	16	13	19	18	17
Hammond	12	12	16	16	16
Ward	15	14	15	14	17
Kelsey	15	15	18	18	17
Darton	16	19	17	17	19
Ebberts	14	11	14	17	15
Wacker	11	10	12	17	18
Talcott	13
Immel	13	18	15	17	14
Lambert	18	16	16	15	18
W. H. Smith	15	14	15	16	16
E. Smith	14	14	15	13	11
Cox	14	19	15	19	17
Houpt	5	10	11
Lodge	15	13

Olympic Trapshooting.

THE American team won the international match over the traps at Olympic games, Stockholm, Sweden, breaking 532 out of 600, Olympic style. James R. Graham, of Ingleside, Ill., and Chicago A. A., was high individual member with 94 out of 100. Charley Billings made second with 93, with Ralph Spotts getting third place with 90.

The British team ran second with 511. Germans brought up the rear with 510.

Mr. Graham won also individual championship, making the remarkable score of 96 out of 100. J. F. Gleason, of Boston A. A., looked like a contender until the last stage, when he was passed and beaten for second place by Herr Guelden, of Germany, who was credited with 94. The Russian entrant, Blau, got third on 91.

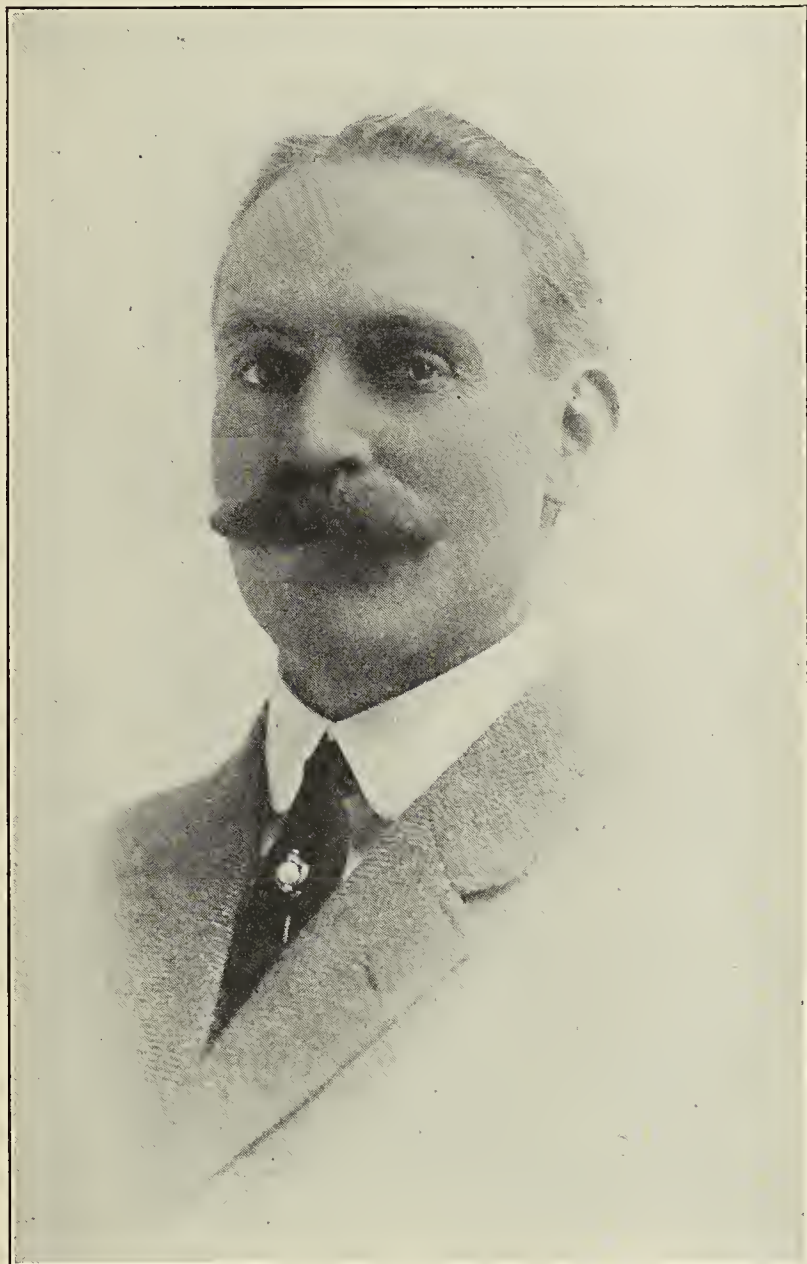
The individual shoot with any rifle, at 300 meters, 120 shots (40 standing, 40 kneeling and 40 prone), was won by Colas, of France, with a score of 984. Madsen, Denmark, was second with 983; Johansson, Sweden, third, with 959.

In the pistol shooting competition for firing teams, firing at a distance of 50 meters, the United States team won yesterday. Sweden was second and Great Britain third.

The United States team was awarded the gold medal, its aggregate score being 1916. Sweden scored 1849, and Great Britain, 1804.

Highest Olympic Honors

At Stockholm, Sweden, June 28-July 4, 1912
Won by American Trapshooters with



J. R. GRAHAM

**The Olympic Individual World's Championship
At Inanimate Targets**

Won by J. R. Graham, of Ingleside, Ill.,
with 96 ex 100.

**The Olympic Team World's Championship
At Inanimate Targets**

Won by the United States Team.

— THE SCORE —

J. R. Graham, Ingleside, Ill.....	94
C. W. Billings, Glen Ridge, N. J.....	94
Ralph L. Spotts, New York, N. Y.....	90
J. H. Hendrickson, New York, N. Y.....	89
Frank Hall, Ridgefield Park, N. J.....	86
Dr. E. F. Gleason, Boston, Mass.....	80
Total - -	<u>532</u>

The English team was second with 511
The German team was third with 510

Both these matches were shot under the extremely difficult Olympic conditions.

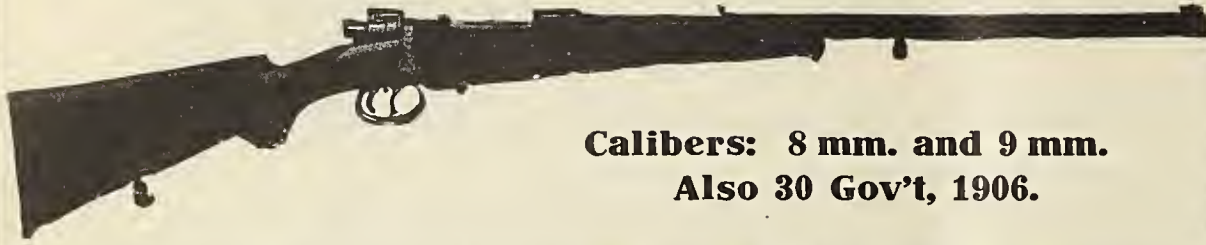
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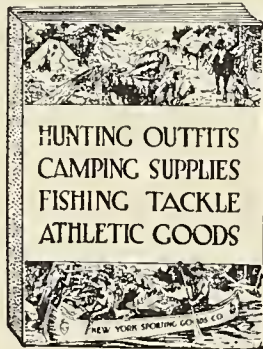
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75 cents, postpaid.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

Spencer Gun Club.

SPENCER, Ia., June 27.—The weather conditions were ideal and a more successful event would be hard to pull off. One interesting feature of the shoot was the work of J. Becker, a boy just in his teens—first day, 133; second day, 120, using a 3/4 dram load, which seemed to jar the boy some.

High average went to Porter White and W. S. Hoon, who tied for the honors, with S. A. Huntley a close second; Frank Campbell next, closely followed by Wm. Ridley. In the specials, Ridley, Huntley and Harker carried off the honors.

1st Day.		2d Day.		1st Day.		2d Day.	
F Campbell	141	143	W H Hegert	132	139		
W S Hoon	142	145	Dr Conway	144	...		
E Henshaw	129	137	W Lemcke	87	118		
J Mayland	139	145	C Hows	118	720		
J Kantzky	139	138	G H Becker	108	113		
S A Huntley	144	111	J E Harker	125	112		
R Klein	132	141	W J Becker	734	724		
C W Budd	129	...	H A Kline	120	131		
D Nelson	121	136	E A Kartuse	115	123		
A Leighter	135	136	J Kitty	131	134		
F R Welch	122	142	J Becker	133	120		
S Fisher	130	...	S C Clapper	117	126		
E F Rice	136	138	Wm Ridley	133	146		
C McGinnis	143	136	Porter White	145	145		
O Sutton	128	...					

Professionals:
L Fitzsimmons... 126 ... F Gilbert 142 145
W T Garrett... 131 142 H W Vietmeyer 129 131
G Kreger 147 143

Smith Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., July 7.—There was a large attendance yesterday at the Smith Gun Club shoot. The shooting, in the main, was about up to the average. Following are the scores in the practice events:

W Hassinger	21	20	19	20
J Baldwin	25	25	24	..
E Gardner	14	16	19	..
C W Naugle	21	22	20	..
H Higgs	22	21	23	..
John Erb	21	20	19	21
Sam Thornton	21	20	22	19
J Bross	16	14	17	..
A Castle	18	19	21	..
E Keller	18	20	17	..
H Parsella	17	16	17	..
I Castle	19	21	20	20
Dr T Moller	19	21	21	20

In the 50-bird prize merchandise event, J. Baldwin won first prize, breaking 46 out of 50. John Erb and Wm. Hassinger tied for second and third prizes with 43. On the draw, Erb took second and Hassinger third prize. Fourth prize was taken by G. W. Naugle with 42 to his credit. Sam Thornton and Dr. Moller tied for fifth and sixth with 41. On the draw, the fifth prize was taken by Thornton and the sixth by Dr. Moller.

Mulberry Grove Gun Club.

INDEPENDENCE DAY brought only a dozen shooters out, nearly celebrations and the intense heat being the chief causes for the lack of interest displayed over the only "celebration" we boast of. Much enthusiasm, however, was "on tap" throughout the largest crowd of spectators that has ever witnessed any of our previous shoots. The afternoon's shooting was featured by E. E. Pages' straight, and the shooting of J. Banks. The latter caused quite a little comment because of the fact that he waited so long before shooting, the target sometimes being almost on the ground when his gun would speak. Luck figured largely in his score. The comedy of his shoot was, "Watching the unfamiliar gun 'kick him off the boards' every time he shot, and his giving vent to his feelings immediately following the rough treatment." Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
H Enloe	22	20	19	Ed Hartley	15	14	..
F E Martin	22	20	20	D A Causey	8	14	..
E R Enloe	21	20	16	Wm Lilligh	14
E E Page	25	Dr E A Glasgow	11
Lee Davis	22	19	..	James Banks	18
F McKean	16	19	..	Wm Disser	18

Official Averages for 1912.

THE yearly averages for amateurs will be computed as follows:

First.—The original competition will be based on 1,200 or more single targets shot from the 16yds. mark at registered tournaments held prior to Oct. 1, 1912, and apply to all amateurs who have made an average of not less than 88 per cent. at said number of targets.

Second.—All amateurs who qualify in the original competition must further contest at 800 single targets shot from the 16yds. mark at the Post Season tournament.

Third.—All amateurs who compete at the Post Season tournament will start on an equal footing in the yearly averages, regardless of the percentages made by them in the original qualifying contest.

The yearly averages for professionals will be computed as follows:

Not less than 2,000 single targets must be shot from the 16yds. mark, and this only at the Southern Handicap, Grand American Handicap, Eastern Handicap, Western Handicap, Pacific Coast Handicap and Post Season tournaments given by the Interstate Association.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Kennel Department

Romantic Origin of the Pekingese Dog.

PEKINGESE dogs are the product of that palace life in Peking which would seem now to be passing for ever into the limbo of forgotten things, so that the present is surely an appropriate time for touching briefly on the history and character of the dog which has leapt into favor in the past few years in an extraordinary meteoric manner.

In 1860, says the Strand, the Summer Palace of Peking was sacked by European soldiers, the first shaking-off of that extraordinary fabric of Eastern rule which we now see laid in the dust. Among the loot were eight of the Imperial dogs, which had hitherto never been allowed outside the confines of the palace, save under penalties that included death in various fashions, such as stoning or being cut into a thousand pieces, either of which methods had not unnaturally been found sufficiently drastic to discourage dog-stealing.

The dogs looted in 1860 are persistently described as being five in number, but there must have been eight at least. They were found hidden in the apartments of the Emperor's aunt, an unfortunate lady who committed suicide on the approach of the soldiers. One was given to Queen Victoria, who had its portrait painted by Landseer; one pair became the property of the late Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and another pair were acquired by Admiral Lord John Hay. Admiral Oliver Jones (then captain) brought home one further dog, and a pair were secured by another officer, from which was bred a puppy that lived in England for nearly seventeen years.

From these eight priceless creatures were bred all the Pekingese that England could boast of for another generation, and, remaining in few hands, they continued comparatively unknown. At length, however, a few were obtained from the palace by methods into which it would be impertinent to inquire, but it seems clear that they had begun life as the personal pets of the late Dowager-Empress, known as "Old Buddha." How jealously watched they were is shown by the fact that at the later siege of Peking, when the foreign embassies were in such great danger and were believed even to have fallen, the palace dogs were removed in the first palankeen which departed from Singan-fu as the foreigners entered the Forbidden City.

Ladies Kennel Association of New Jersey.

THE Ladies' Kennel Association of New Jersey will hold its show on Young's Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City on Aug. 2. The officers of the club are: Mrs. Frank Smythe, President; Mrs. Ralph C. Stewart, Vice-President; Mrs. Henry Jarrett, Treasurer and Miss Lida R. Patton, Secretary. The judges are: Mrs. Arthur L. Holland, Japanese spaniels; Mrs. A. Hungerford, Bay Shore, L. I., dachshunds; J. C. Cooper, Fort Washington, Pa., collies and Scottish terriers; Mrs. William Thorpe, poodles, black and tan terriers, Schipperkes, English toy spaniels, pugs, Yorkshire terriers, toy black and tans and Chihuahuas; M. R. Guggenheim, New York, bulldogs; Daniel S. Riker, New York, Airedale terries and fox terriers; W. Howard West, Wyncote, Pa., bull terriers; F. J. Bristol, New York, French bulldogs; A. G. Rohr, Germantown, Pa., Boston terriers; Miss Lida R. Patton, Chelsea, N. J., Pomeranians, Griffons, Italian greyhounds; Dr. M. Carey Corkhill, Philadelphia, Pa., toy poodles and maltese terriers; Frank Spencer Byram, Germantown, Pa., Russian wolfhounds; E. B. Chase, Rodner, Pa., English setters, Gordon setters and Irish setters; Walter J. Few, Westchester, Pa., beagles; B. F. Lewis, Jr., Lansdowne, Pa., all other breeds.

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THE PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT DOUBLES, by Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., from the 16 yard mark, score 84 x 100. Mr. Gilbert shot off three ties, and finally won the event.

THE PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT SINGLES, by W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., from the 18 yard mark, score 198 x 200.

Gilbert and Crosby tied for HIGH GENERAL AVERAGE for the four days' shooting, each breaking 550 x 600 targets shot at.

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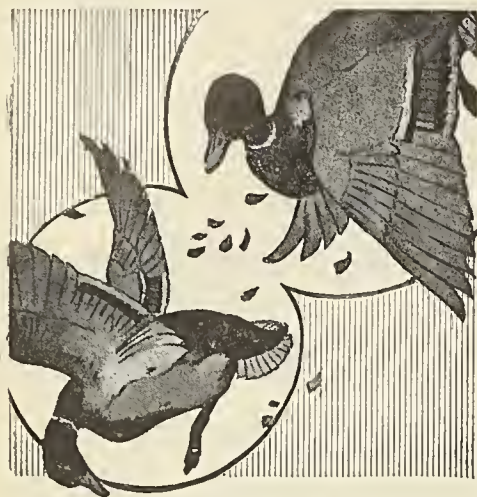
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Supplement to Game Laws in Brief

SO many and important changes have been made in fish and game laws in a number of States, during the past winter, that we have found it necessary to issue an eight page supplement of these changes. Paste these eight pages in the back of your copy of GAME LAWS IN BRIEF and you will have complete and correct laws to June 1st, 1912, governing fishing and shooting in every part of the United States and Canada.

Ten Cents is the price of this addenda. Mailed to any address upon receipt of price.

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YOU know mallards—wisest and wariest of all ducks—Solomons of the air. You can't knock down mallards with a paddle nor can you get them with a gun that plasters its shots all over the face of creation.

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Ch. Duchess Chica de Doberman.

A. K. C. 137826.

THIS well-known Doberman-Pinscher after her successful show career in the East has been recently sold by the Doberman Kennels, of Rochester, N. Y., to Dr. Will H. Potter, of Kootenai, Idaho. She was bred prior to shipment to the recently imported "Weddo von Eichthal" and is now weaning a fine litter of pups in her far Western home, thus affording a chance to Western dog lovers to get a pup from the best possible strains in their own section. As a mate for the future the doctor purchased Doberman Dorussia, another winner. This is by experts considered to be one of the best American bred dogs of the breed ever produced. He is champion bred on both sire's and dam's side, his sire being the now dead champion Bertel Doberman, his dam the famous champion Hertha Doberman.

Ontario Bench Show.

THE Kennel Club of London, Ontario, will hold its annual bench show on Sept. 10 to 13 at the same time the Western Fair is held. Charles H. Mason, of Port Washington, L. I., one of the first of the cocker spaniel breeders, will judge all breeds except the Boston terriers. William Austin, of Toronto, will have these under his direction.

New Kennel Club to Hold Show.

A RUMOR is afloat that as a consequence of the forming of the new kennel club, a bench show will be held at Red Bank, N. J., in the near future.

YACHTING NOTES.

New York Y. C.

TWENTY-TWO yachts in the New York Y. C. race for Glen Cove cups last Saturday crossed the starting line. An eight knot south by west breeze gave the yachts some good light weather work over the courses of $2\frac{3}{8}$ and $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles selected for the two divisions, and running, reaching and beating were provided for, but not enough of the last to enable the Class M sloop Medora to hold her own with the K class sloops, and on corrected time the Istalena defeated her by 1m. 35s.

It was a great day for Istalena as regards the other boats of her own class as well, for she defeated Aurora by 4m. 44s. and Winsome by 5m. 32s.

The warning signal was set on the committee boat at noon, and at a quarter past twelve that for the three big single stickers. Aurora, with Cornelius Vanderbilt at the wheel, obtained the windward position, with Istalena close under her lee, and Winsome, handled by Frank Bowne Jones, got away at the leeward end of the line. All broke out ballooners as they started on a broad reach for the first mark off Woolsey's reef. Two minutes later the new Medora started all alone.

Three of the Class P sloops, Corinthian, Cara Mia and Windward, with the first in the weather berth and the last well to leeward, were next to get away, but their start was not an exciting one, and Windward, though to leeward, had all the best of it.

Five minutes later, when ten of the popular New York Y. C. thirties were sent away to a fine start, Joyant, which had not arrived in time, crossed the starting line from the eastward, went about and started after the other Class P boats.

The smaller yachts set their spinnakers as they made for their first mark, the buoy off Matinicock Point. The little schooners, four in all, followed the example of the small sloops, when they were started at twenty-five minutes of one o'clock.

The 65-footers, having rounded the first mark, had a leg of windward work to the Lloyd's Neck spar buoy, and then followed a close reach

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until Matinicock was rounded, when another short leg of weather work was provided as a wind-up of the day's work.

By the time Istalena had rounded Matinicock, she had a good lead over her competitors and was enabled to cover the last leg without splitting tacks as often as the others, thereby gaining considerable time in the beat to the finish.

The second mark for the smaller yachts was the buoy off Parsonage Point, and then came the windward leg. The smaller yachts of the various classes, especially the New York thirties, kept close together throughout the two rounds of the triangular course selected for them, and

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the finish of that popular course was one of the closest seen in a long while.

To make the finish more interesting, Medora, which sailed the best time of the K class sloops, was in their midst, and a group of the Glen Cove jewel class racers, which were in a race of their own in Hempstead Harbor, rounded the spar buoy, used as one end of the finishing line, in the opposite direction, and the two fleets passed each other, affording a most unusual yachting spectacle. Six of the New York thirties finished with less than a minute between the first and last of them.

H. de B. Parsons and J. M. Macdonough composed the regatta committee. The summary:

Sloops, Class K—Start, 12:15—Course, 23 $\frac{7}{8}$ Miles.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Istalena	3 13 33	2 58 33
Aurora	3 18 17	3 03 17
Sloops, Classes K and M., Special—Course, 23 $\frac{7}{8}$ Miles.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Istalena12 15 05	3 13 33	2 58 28
Medora12 17 25	3 37 40	3 20 15
Corrected.			2 37 53
			2 39 28
Sloops, Class P—Start, 12:55—Course, 18 $\frac{1}{4}$ Miles.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Corinthian	3 17 06	2 52 06
Cara Mia	3 18 55	2 53 55
Windward	3 19 37	2 54 37
Joyant	3 23 25	2 58 25
N. Y. C. Thirties—Start, 12:30—Course, 18 $\frac{1}{4}$ Miles.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Caprice	3 36 27	3 06 27
Phryne	3 36 33	3 06 33
Alero	3 36 51	3 06 51
Dahinda	3 36 56	3 06 56
Juanita	3 37 03	3 07 03
Nepsi	3 37 20	3 07 20
Rowdy	3 41 09	3 11 09
Ibis	3 41 15	3 11 15
Carlita	3 42 19	3 12 19
*Okee	3 42 51	3 12 51
Second Class—Schooners—Start, 12:35—Course, 18 $\frac{1}{4}$ Miles.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vandalia	3 51 54	3 16 54
Helen II.	3 37 59	3 22 59
Daffodil	3 59 19	3 24 19
Moir	4 11 50	3 36 50

*Okee not enrolled in N. Y. C.; in special match race.

Eastern Y. C.

LIGHT, favorable airs wafted the Eastern Y. C. fleet from Booth Bay into the Western Penobscot last Saturday with an anchorage for the night beneath the Camden Hills. The racing portion of the fleet had a 33-mile struggle from Squirrel Island around the Bantam Ledge buoy, past the Old Man Ledge, through Monhegan Channel to a finish off White Head Light. The light southerly breeze gave the yachts a beat, a broad reach and a run. It was the third racing run of the cruise, and as Irolita let almost from the start and beat the Elena boat for boat by 33s. at the finish, the half of the cruise closed Saturday last with honors even in the first division schooners between Irolita, Elena and Enchantress, so far as actual wins are concerned.

There was just wind enough in Booth Bay Harbor to take the yachts out to the start off the southern end of Squirrel Island. Soon after 10 o'clock the fleet was sent away on a four-mile beat around the Bantam buoy to the southward of outer Heron Island. Elena had a good berth at the windward end of the line, with Irolita a couple of hundred yards to leeward and Enchantress astern. The wind, however, proved fickle both in strength and in direction, and on the first board to port Irolita crossed Elena's bow by a hundred yards.

The three big yachts slipped through the fleet rapidly, but the sloops Avenger and Shimina managed to wear around Bantam before the big schooners caught them.

It was a 19-mile reach to the Old Man, and with big ballooners, jibs and staysails bulging out to port and an increasing southerly breeze coming over the starboard rail, all the yachts made fairly good time for about an hour. Then the wind dropped again, but not until Elena was on even terms with Irolita, while astern Enchantress was bringing up what was left of the expiring breeze.

Between Monhegan and Burnt Island the yachts were nearly becalmed at one time, but Irolita managed to pick up a draught from some quarter, slipped out from under Elena and squared away for the finish, ten miles to leeward. In this last run Captain Clark on board Irolita, played the game of beating to leeward

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more deftly than Skipper Dennis, on board Elena, but it meant lots of work, for the spinners were being swapped from port to starboard and back again every few minutes.

In the last five miles Irolita jibed four times and several times was a quarter to half a mile off the straight course. Half a mile from the finish she was just far enough ahead of Elena not to get blanketed and slipped across the line by 3s., winning by 2m. 37s. corrected time.

Princess, Muriel and Taormina fought out a fine sailing battle in light air and Princess managed to win for the first time since the cruise started. In the first division the sloop Avenger and Shimna indulged in several luffing matches on the run to Old Man Ledge, the former getting the lead and holding it to the finish. Tammany scored her first victory in the cruise in the third division of schooners, while Dorello won again in the second division of sloops.

There was a jollification meeting on the after deck of Irolita when the committee tug blew the three blasts which always greet the leader in each division. The rest of the fleet had a hard struggle in the light air around the Old Man, and it was nearly dark before some of the smaller yachts reached the finish and late in the evening when all were anchored in this harbor. The fleet will spend most of tomorrow visiting friends in the western Penobscot, but will assemble again at night.

In the competition for the cruise prize offered by Commodore Paine for the best total corrected time in this division, Elena was leading to-night, with a total of 13h. 28m. 45s. and Enchantress third, with a total of 13h. 34m. 8s. The yachts have three more races to sail, one on Monday, a second on Wednesday and a third on Thursday. It is expected there will be more or less windward work in these remaining contests. The struggle between these three big schooners is much keener and considerably closer than last year. The summary:

First Division—Schooners—Start, 10:25.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Irolita	3 41 50	3 39 46
Elena	3 42 23	3 42 23
Enchantress	3 49 41	3 47 55
Second Division—Schooners—Start, 10:20.		
Princess	4 42 50	4 41 59
Muriel	4 44 53	4 44 53
Taormina	5 09 30	5 01 24
Third Division—Schooners.		
Tammany	5 59 55	5 42 34
Vagrant	6 26 07	6 11 44
Shylesia	6 17 45	6 17 45
First Division—Sloops.		
Avenger	4 45 34	4 44 59
Shimna	4 52 00	4 52 00
Doris	5 41 25	5 36 29
Second Division—Sloops.		
Dorello	5 57 21	5 54 20
Alice	7 35 19	7 32 02
Sakuntala	Not timed.	

Nahant (Mass.) Dory Club.

ANOTHER leg of the champion cup series of the Nahant Dory Club, of Nahant, Mass., was sailed on the outside course on July 6, the course being from the steamboat landing around the Nahant buoy and to Deer Island buoy, nearly ten miles. There was a stiff westerly wind blowing that made the beating to windward a tough proposition. Commodore Foster won the leg. The summary:

Elapsed.		Elapsed.	
Humbug	2 02 32	Bugaboo	2 11 45
Spider	2 03 51	Brownie III.	2 19 20
Weivell	2 06 55	Stinger	2 20 33
Midge	2 07 04		

Riverside Y. C.

THE number of starters in the twenty-fourth annual regatta of the Riverside Y. C. was small last Saturday. Only fifteen yachts crossed the starting line off Little Captain's Island.

R. Halliday Nexsen and Harry L. Follett, of the race committee, postponed the start until 1 P. M. to give the other fifty yachts which entered an opportunity to reach the line.

Of the six Larchmont inter-club boats that started, Lewanna, with L. G. Spence at the tiller, was first away in the weather berth.

The course was five miles to windward and

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return with the gas buoy off Matinicock Point as the outer mark. The dories sailed a five-mile course around both Captain's islands.

The run from the outer mark to the finish was made with spinnakers set to starboard. Lewanna won in the Larchmont Inter-Club class from Yukan by 2m., with Festina third. Cliphora won from Robin Hood by 1m. 54s. and De De from Virginia by 21m. 57s. In It won from Kismet by 9m. 32s. The summary:

Larchmont Interclub Class—Course 10 Miles—Start, 1:00		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yukan	3 39 34	2 39 30
Lewanna	3 27 30	2 07 30
Whiff	3 40 45	2 40 45
Festina	3 39 52	2 39 52
Dagmar	3 41 21	2 41 21
Hamburg	3 40 30	2 40 30
Handicap Class—Third Div.—Course, 10 Miles—Start, 1:05.		
Cliphora	3 36 37	2 31 37
Robin Hood	3 44 21	2 39 21
Corrected times: Cliphora, 2.31.37; Robin Hood, 2.33.31.		
Sloops—Class R—Course, 10 Miles—Start, 1:05.		
Virginia	4 14 34	3 09 34
De De	3 52 37	2 47 37
Star and S Class—Course 10 Miles—Start, 1:05.		
Drena	3 50 34	2 45 34
Cynosure	Did not finish.	
Sound Beach Dories—Course, 5 Miles—Start, 2:30.		
In It	4 08 33	1 38 33
Sarana	4 09 40	1 49 40
Kismet	4 13 05	1 43 05

Log of Karina.

ROBERT E. TOD's schooner yacht Karina turned in a decidedly good log on her trip across the ocean in May. Throughout the trip, with the exception of May 17, she carried a moderate sailing breeze. Her best stretch was 150 miles in ten hours.

The total distance sailed from the Ambrose Channel lightship to the Lizard was 3,245 miles, and she did this in 15 days, 19 hours 24 minutes. Atlantic, when she made the record in 1905, sailed 3,013 miles in 12 days 1 hour 4 minutes. She averaged 10.32 nautical miles an hour and her best day's run was 341 miles.

Ambrose Channel lightship to the Lizard, started 3:40 P. M. (Greenwich time), May 17, 1912:

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Distance.
May 17.....			20
May 18.....	39° 26'	66° 58'	302
May 19.....	39° 37'	63° 22'	168
May 20.....	39° 03'	58° 10'	245
May 21.....	38° 48'	55° 25'	135
May 22.....	39° 00'	50° 55'	230
May 23.....	38° 27'	45° 18'	254
May 24.....	39° 51'	41° 05'	219
May 25.....	41° 05'	38° 15'	148
May 26.....	43° 09'	33° 22'	255
May 27.....	44° 46'	29° 38'	190
May 28.....	46° 16'	27° 31'	131
May 29.....	47° 11'	24° 22'	142
May 30.....	47° 21'	18° 38'	238
May 31.....	48° 19'	12° 22'	267
June 1.....	48° 46'	8° 41'	146
Distance to Lizard.....			155

Total 3,245

Arrived off the Lizard light June 2 at 11 hours 3 minutes (Greenwich mean time).

Time of passage, 15 days 19 hours 24 minutes.

Best day's run (noon to noon, about 23 hours 40 minutes), 302 miles.

Best 10-hours' run, 150 miles.

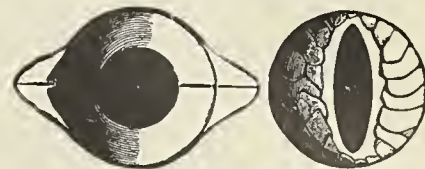
Average per hour for whole distance, 8.55 miles.

CARTAN & JEFFREY CO., Wholesale Brokerage and Commission, OMAHA, NEB. June 3d, 1912.

Forest and Stream Advertising Department, New York, N. Y.: Gentlemen—Answering your letter of May 31, we would say that certainly it is to our interest to sell all the Carnation Milk possible, and that without any regard whatever to our friends in the advertising business. We are glad that the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Co. has an appropriation for advertising in publications such as yours, as we believe this will open up practically a new field for the milk. Yours truly, **CARTAN & JEFFREY Co.**

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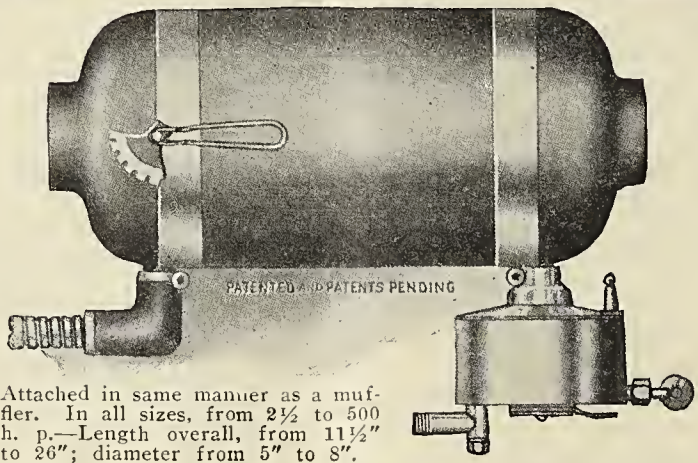
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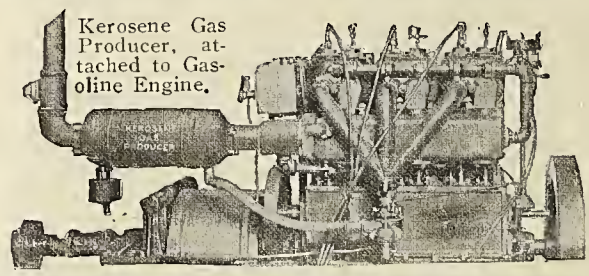
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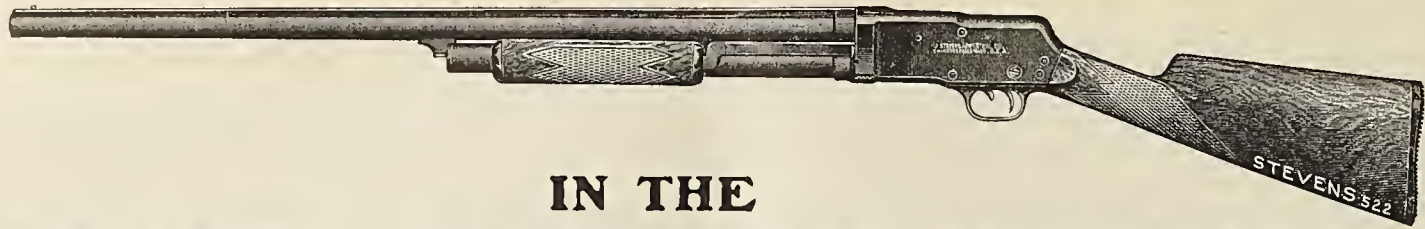
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DOGS OF THE YUKON.

Dogs in Alaska are of all breeds and sizes, the most common being the malamute or native dog, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. The word "malamute" is an Indian word meaning Eskimo and is applied to both dogs and natives. The malamute is of the wolf strain—in fact, the best of the breed are half wolf. They evince all the characteristics of the wolf, both in appearance and in manners.

Owing to his wolflike fur, the malamute can easily stand the extreme Alaskan cold. He is a born fighter, an inveterate thief and somewhat of a coward, for he will seldom fight singly against a lone adversary. The malamute, while well able to withstand the cold, does not seem to have the same order of intelligence as is displayed by the outside dog, and the best dog for Alaska would seem to be a mixture of the two strains.

Another native breed in the North is the huskie, but this breed is rarer than common usage of the word would imply. The real huskies are bred in the neighborhood of the Mackenzie River, and are more common in the territory under the jurisdiction of the Hudson's Bay Company than in Alaska.

Small dogs, such as fox terriers, are a rarity in Alaska, for in that country a dog is valuable in exact proportion to the amount he can pull. A sleigh dog will weigh anything from thirty to 150 pounds, the average being about seventy-five pounds.

Dogs in Alaska, when on the trail, are fed once a day, after the day's work is done. They are never fed in the morning, for if they were they would be lazy all day, or what is more probable, would vomit up their breakfast soon after they got on the trail. Dogs, to work well, must be well fed.

They get a variety of foods, including rice, tallow, corn meal and fish. If rice or corn meal forms a part of their food it must be cooked. Some men prefer to feed their dogs on bacon or fish, thus doing away with cooking.

The Yukon sled, while not a thing of beauty, is built to stand all kinds of hard wear. The sled is about eight feet long, is made of any kind of hard wood, lies close to the ground, costs from ten to fourteen dollars, and makes a trail sixteen inches in width. Another pattern is known as the basket sleigh, and is to the Yukon sleigh what a three-masted schooner is to a coal barge. In length it is from eight to fifteen feet, is made of birch, oak, or hickory, cuts a trail twenty-two inches in width, costs from \$40 to \$200, is raised a foot or more from the runners, and, in the best examples, is lashed together with rawhide.

The basket sleigh, as its name implies, is fitted with a basket, into which the load is placed, and from the back of the basket a pair of handles project, to be used in guiding the sled on the trail. In very cold weather wooden runners are best, but in ordinary circumstances steel or brass runners are used.

THE CRADLE OF THE NEW YORK Y. C.

SHORTLY after the Revolution, says W. P. Dodge in the July Strand, Colonel Stevens purchased Hoboken, which was then an island of swamps and rocky hills, and established the family on Castle Point, a beautiful promontory overlooking the Hudson and New York City. John C. Stevens, the father of American yachting, was born there in 1785. There were no ferries in those days, and the Stevens boys of necessity became expert boatmen. At fourteen John C. owned a sailboat of twenty feet length, named Diver. As the years passed by he had the schooner Gimcrack built for him by William Capes, in Hoboken. This boat is one of the most historic craft of American yachting, since she was the cradle of the New York Y. C., the organization being accomplished in her cabin on July 30, 1844, the year in which so many of the world's greatest achievements occurred. On that day John C. Stevens called a meeting of yachtsmen, which assembled aboard the Gimcrack, anchored off the Battery, New York city, and here the constitution of the New York Y. C. was drawn up.

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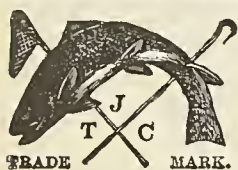
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1912.

VOL. LXXIX.—No. 3.
127 Franklin St., New York.

Fishing in Colorado

By GOV. JOHN F. SHAFROTH

COLORADO presents a happy combination of fishes to the sportsman. Trout and grayling are abundant and furnish the standard of excellence, but the hump-backed sucker, the white salmon and several other odd fishes offer

the territories west of the one hundredth meridian. During the next fifteen years the trout in the more accessible streams, particularly those of the Eastern slope, suffered from the popularity of trout fishing. Adequate protection

was arranged, and three species of trout introduced, the rainbow trout from California, the landlocked salmon from Maine and the Eastern brook trout. All of these have thrived, particularly the last, which is almost, if not quite, as successful as the various native species. Of the native trout there are four kinds, one of which is unique to Colorado. This, the yellow-finned or Macdonald trout, is especially worthy of note. It is much like the green-backed or native trout of the Eastern slope except for the lower fins. These are brilliant yellow. It is a fine species and reaches the weight of eleven pounds. Dr. Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, discovered this fish in Twin Lakes in 1889, and it is known only from these lakes and from the streams in the immediate vicinity. The common native trout on the western slope is the Colorado River trout, locally known as the red-finned trout.

Concerning the caprices of trout almost any fisherman who has tried for them will have a supply of stories. Trout are notorious for their change of taste. One bait may be taken with alacrity for an hour or so, when suddenly the fish stop biting. A change of bait at this time frequently means a favorable change of luck, and again frequently not. What fisherman has not crouched near a still mountain pool and disgustedly watched the play of color on a fine "green back" as it repeatedly passed the most



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something distinctly different from the usual catch. The game fishes are of the best and will try both the skill and equipment of the expert, although the amateur may be sure of fish with nothing more than the hook and line, and the worm, if accompanied by a bit of good humor.

Trout have always been favorites. It seems that they have a charm of their own to man, both civilized and otherwise, for even the Indians prized these splendid fish. Perhaps this is due in part at least to the habits and habitat of these fish. In clear, cold streams, sometimes barely deep enough to cover its back, the brilliantly colored trout moves about in plain sight of its pursuer and taxes his ingenuity to the utmost. The trout of merry England, of New England and of Colorado have each in turn commanded the attention of fishermen, and to-day few fishing grounds rival the mountain streams and lakes of Colorado.

Colorado trout were first brought to the general notice of Eastern fishermen by the exploration of the expedition of Lieut. Wheeler, U. S. A., during the years 1871 to 1875. This expedition collected fishes among other things in



ON BIG THOMPSON RIVER.



AT GLENISLE, PLATTE CANYON.

alluring flies and worms for a floating bug. A friend of mine who fishes often and takes a camera with him to verify his stories, tells of an experience on Jasper Lake. He had tried a royal coachman, a gray hackle and several other of his favorite flies without result, yet there were plenty of trout. At last he placed a yellow wasp on the line as he was about to quit. Previously he had had little luck with this bait except in the lower streams. Almost as if by magic the trout began to strike. He could not cast fast enough, and as for putting the fish in the basket, that was out of the question. As he fished a storm came up, and he was finally driven to cover by the sharp lightning, with the trout literally crowding for his bait to the last. This same bait, in the same place and under almost identical conditions, a few days later, was of no avail. But this very tantalizing uncertainty of the trout makes them fish worth fighting for.

Almost all mountain streams of the State are good trout streams unless the fish have been killed by mine waste, and that is now almost past. Each fisherman has his favored place which he assures you is unexcelled, yet all agree that the headwaters of the Bear River on the west slope are among the best, though the Platte, Rio Grande, Arkansas, North, Middle and South Boulder, White, Eagle, St. Vrain, Big and Little Thompson, Gunnison, Roaring Fork, Frying Pan, Animas, Grand, Michigan, Laramie and others are rich with the trout propagated at the hatcheries. The trout were once very abundant in the San Luis Valley, but the alteration of the streams for irrigation has greatly reduced them, as so many are killed in their fall migrations down stream, but the streams are being stocked again and fishing is getting better. In general trout are confined to waters the temperature of which does not exceed 65 degrees Fahrenheit. Thanks to the efforts of the National and State Governments and of many private individuals there are numerous hatcheries in the State and the waters are being restocked continually with game fish.

Near relatives of the trout are the grayling and whitefish, both natives of the Rocky Mountains, which have been found to thrive well in

the northwestern part of the State. The State Commissioner of Fish and Game, Col. J. H. Shinn, has had the fry of the grayling at the hatcheries, and this fish will probably become more important. In late spring and early summer the grayling are very abundant in the more favorable localities. They migrate up streams, fairly crowding the smaller streams, and during the night the peculiar noise made by these fishes may be heard. The Colorado grayling is regarded by some scientists as being the same as the Michigan grayling, but others think it quite a different fish. In habit it is much the same.

The trout tribe furnish the game fishes of Colorado with the exception of the bass, which has been introduced into certain lakes. There are, however, other fishes in the State worth fishing for. The Pacific slope has two at least which will satisfy the most exacting angler if he be looking for queer fish. In the tributaries of the Colorado River one finds the hump-backed sucker and the white salmon.

The hump-backed sucker or razor tail, as it is called, is a curious fish. The posterior portion of the body is rather thin, but of the general shape of the common sucker, the tail being perhaps a trifle thinner, hence the name razor tail. The head on the other hand is very much flattened in the opposite direction, being widest in a plane at right angles to the main axis of the fish and abruptly joined to the rest of the body which stands above it like the hump of a camel. On the under side of the head is the mouth, of true sucker type, which is almost the only feature of this fish that would enable a fisherman unfamiliar with it to tell what he had caught. The razor tail reaches the weight of from eight to ten pounds, and although a sucker, it is regarded as a food fish. Further south in the Mohave region it is much sought after by the Indians. Its large economic importance comes from its pernicious habit of eating trout eggs.

The white salmon is more widely distributed through the tributaries of the Colorado River than the razor tail. It is concerning this fish, which is really not a salmon in spite of its popular name, that Colorado's "biggest" true fish story is told. This fish belongs to the tribe of

minnows, and minnows to a scientist are not the young of any kind of fish, but a particular group of fishes that are usually small as adults. The white salmon has been known to weigh eighty pounds and average specimens usually exceed forty pounds. With the scientific position of this fish in mind, Colorado anglers may well boast that Colorado is the place to fish, since even the minnows are giants "out here." The nearest relative of this fish is the squawfish of the Sacramento River in California, and this squawfish is easily remembered as the fish which may be readily caught, however incredible it may seem, on a large hook, the point of which has been covered with a single grain of soaked wheat. The white salmon, in spite of its close relationship to the carp, furnishes a fair grade of food, although not so fine as the trout or grayling. Unfortunately it, like the razor tail, eats eggs of the trout. It is best taken in small streams in the spring when ascending to spawn, and through the summer it is found in the deep pools. Carp have been introduced into several lakes and as elsewhere they thrive. They have not, however, secured the hold in the streams of this State that they have in many others. There are hundreds of lakes in Colorado that afford excellent trout fishing, and they are reached by good roads.

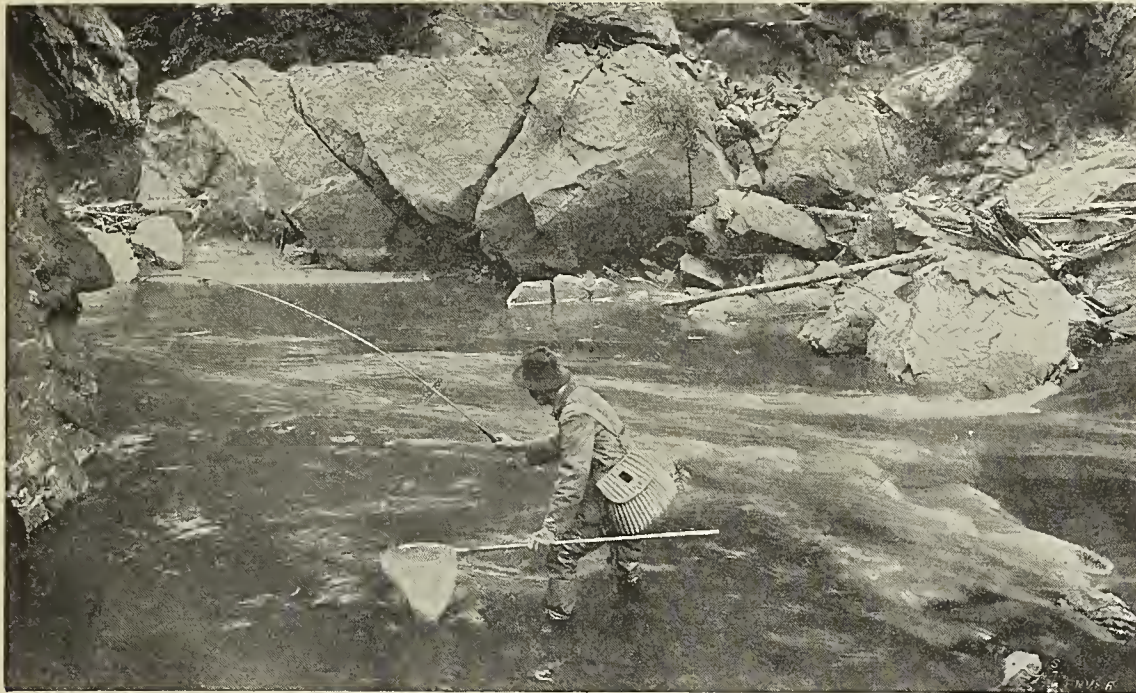
Catfishes as a rule are not favorites, unless to the small boy, but during the summer months when the river is low they furnish amusement and a "bite of fish" to the people of the plains along the Arkansas. The bullhead and the channel cat, the latter ascending from the Mississippi, are usually taken.

Eastern fishermen must notice soon on coming to Colorado that certain fishes so common throughout the Mississippi Valley are not found here. The ringed perch and the bass are found only where they have been introduced in our streams and lakes. The native sunfish are small and few, and except for the Arkansas basin, catfish are almost wanting. Colorado fishes for the most part belong to the soft rayed types, while the fishes with the spiny-rayed fins like the bass are not native here to any extent. Including all kinds there are about forty-two species of fishes known in the waters of this State, according to Prof. Max Ellis, of the University of Colorado.

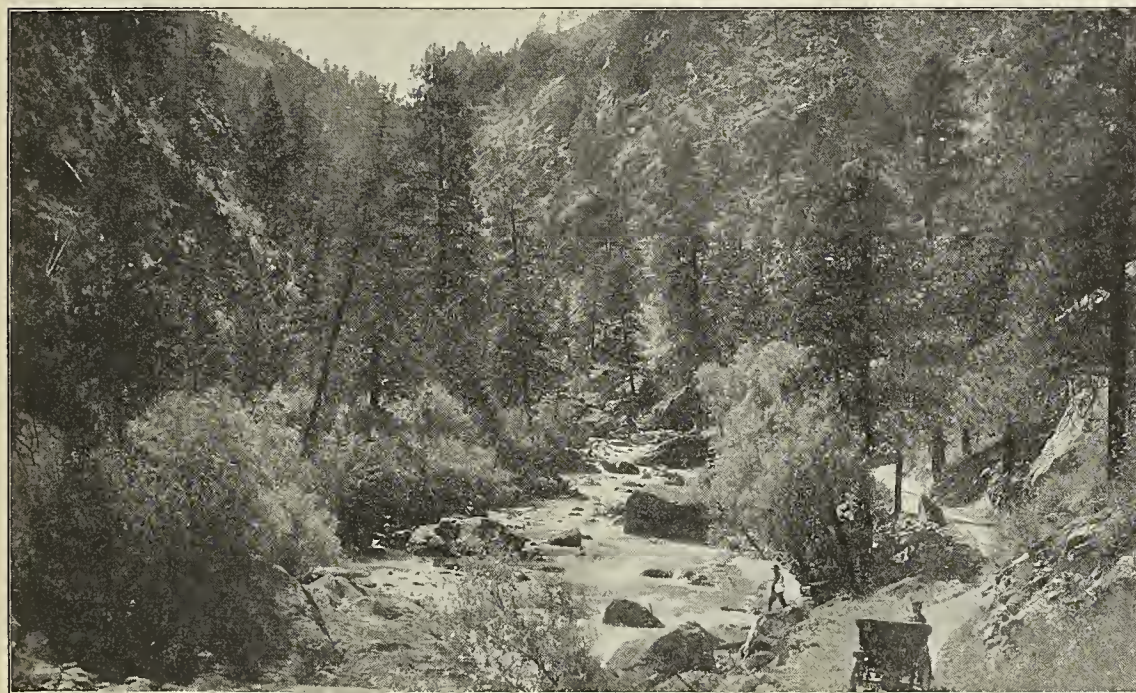
That the fish fauna of Colorado is unique has been known for some time. This is due in part to the large amount of headwater, as the Platte, the Arkansas, the Rio Grande and the Colorado Rivers all have tributaries rising in the mountains of Colorado, and Colorado streams connect with both the Pacific and Atlantic oceans.

The fishing season begins May 25 and closes Oct. 31. The streams are the popular resorts of the natives and adopted sons of Colorado, and Colorado welcomes the true sportsman from every clime. Come while the water is good and the fish are biting.

The streams are annually stocked by both the Game and Fish Department of the State of Colorado, and the Federal Government. The State in 1911 put 11,000,000 trout fry into the streams, the output of the various State fish hatcheries. The output for 1912 will be about 14,000,000 fry, insuring a continuous supply of the speckled beauties. Tourists intending coming to Colorado for pleasure will find inviting accommodations and camping grounds along any of the streams where beautiful scenery and fine



BELOW BAILEY'S.



BIG THOMPSON.



NEAR FERDALE.

fishing will amply compensate them for their trouble. Beginning Sept. 23, 1912, the American Fisheries' Society will hold its annual meeting in Denver. A magnificent game and fish banquet will be one of the unique features of the meeting. Come and taste what Colorado has to offer.

Report on Colorado Fishing.

FOLLOWING are carefully compiled reports to July 10 from some of the choicest troutng resorts in the State:

South Platte.—Fishing fair.
 Colorado Sportsmen's Association.—Fishing good.
 Buffalo.—Fishing fair.
 Pine Grove.—Fishing not extra good.
 Bailey's.—Fishing fair.
 Shawnee.—Fishing good.
 Grant.—Geneva Creek water little high; fishing fair; Platte River little roily; fishing with bait good.
 Longmont.—Fishing reported fair.
 Loveland.—Fishing in streams with fly and bait fair.
 Fort Collins.—On Poudre and its North Fork, fishing not up to standard, but in streams tributary to it, good catches are being made.

CAUGHT 248 TROUT, 10 TO 16 INCHES.

Eldora and Nederland.—Middle Boulder, Nederland reservoir and Jasper Lake, bait fishing good. In a week three parties caught 248 trout from 10 to 16 inches in length in Jasper Lake; good catches in Nederland reservoir.

Blue Bird.—North Boulder bait fishing good.
 Hill Siding.—Bait fishing good.
 Ward.—In Middle and South St. Vrain, Jim Creek, Lakes Stapps, Tumbleasons and Duck Lake, bait fishing fair.
 Hartsel.—Fishing poor.
 Antero.—Fishing poor.
 Creek reservoir, fishing fair; Lake Creek and Clear Creek, fishing also fair.

AT FRYING PAN RIVER POINTS.

Nast.—Bait and fly-fishing fair.
 Sellar.—Bait and fly-fishing fair.
 Ruedi.—Fishing good.
 Thomasville.—Fishing good; large catches are made.
 Wood's Lake (seven miles from Thomasville).—Fishing good; some excellent catches past week with fly and spoon.
 Basalt.—Bait fishing good.
 Ivanhoe.—Fishing in Lake and Ivanhoe Creek fair.
 Cottonwood Creeks and Lake.—Bait fishing fair.

ALONG EAGLE RIVER.

Pando.—Fishing good.
 Red Cliff.—Fishing good.
 Minturn.—Eagle River, Gore Creek and Cross Creek, two miles distant; Piney Lake, fifteen miles, can arrange for packing there; good bait fishing.
 Avon.—Fishing fair.
 Wolcott.—Bait fishing fair.
 Eagle.—Eagle and Brush Creek, some good catches have been made; fishing good.
 Gypsum.—Fishing good in Eagle and Sweetwater lakes.
 Glenwood Springs.—At Roaring Fork and Grand River Falls, Grizzly and No Name Creeks fishing fair.

WILLOW FLIES OUT ON GUNNISON.

Sargent.—At Tomichi and Marshall trout rise to flies; willow flies are out, and nice catches are made daily; fishing very good.
 Gunnison.—Gunnison, Tomichi and Taylor rivers; angle worms, helgramites and minnows for bait; several large catches reported; fishing good.
 Crested Butte, Almont, Jack's Cabin.—Bait fishing fair.
 Sapinero.—Willow flies are out; fishing good.
 Lake City.—Fishing fair on natural and artificial bait.
 Cimarron.—Bait fishing good.
 Creede.—Fishing only fair.

The FOREST AND STREAM may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Care of the Feet

By CHARLES STUART MOODY, M.D.

IF I were the general of an army in full retreat, and believed in the efficiency of prayer, I should petition the God of Battle to afflict every soldier in the pursuing army with a corn, bunion or ingrowing toe nail. I believe it was Napoleon who said an army traveled on its stomach. Had he said "on its feet" he had been both literally and figuratively correct. The care with which the examining surgeon in the army inspects the recruit's feet, and the promptness with which that recruit is rejected unless his walking extremities are in first class shape, has caused me to reflect upon the necessity of the man who goes hunting paying some heed to the same subject. When a man's teeth trouble him he very promptly takes them to the dental surgeon; if his stomach gets balky, he goes to the physician, but he will suffer from a busy corn with all the fortitude of a Spartan and never think of visiting the chiropodist.

No man should think of going on a long tramp without first giving attention to the condition of his feet. While the selection of footwear is probably of the first importance, he should understand that no matter how well fitted his shoes may be, he will suffer unless they are fitted over feet free from corns, bunions, ingrowing toe nails, callosities and the like.

There are some hints that have come to me from years in the woods which I am inclined to inflict upon the readers of this magazine. Many of these things have been learned from the Indians, several from the Canadians, a few from the "river hogs" of the West.

Let me assume that the reader has taken my advice and visited a competent chiropodist before setting out upon his journey. He has also followed the advice I shall give later with regard to the selection of his foot wear, but some evening he arrives at camp with a large and angry chafe on his Tendo Achilles, where a blister has been. The chafe, unless cared for, will render his trip a horrible nightmare, make him a "grouchy" camp companion, and possibly destroy his chances for securing that head he has longed for so ardently.

The remedy is to wash the chafe clean with warm soap and water, dry it, then cut a piece of zinc oxide plaster without which no man should ever enter the woods, apply this plaster over the chafe, taking care that it covers the edges fully half an inch. This same treatment should be applied to a bunion, or calloused place. First soak the feet until the epidermis is loosened, then scrape it down with a dull knife, taking care not to reach the live skin beneath, apply plaster and allow it to remain. In the case of the chafe where the blister has been, it is well to renew the plaster every day.

Ingrowing nails are really serious things. A person afflicted should take every precaution when in the woods far from surgical attention, for of their liability to become infected, and an infection without surgical care is something of gravity. There are several ways of alleviating the evil. The old standby of paring the nail square across the end, then scraping it down the center until

it is very thin is a very good one. In most cases this gives relief. The best remedy, one often followed by surgeons when they do not wish to operate, but one that should be used with caution, is to draw the flesh away from the affected side and instill a few drops of pure carbolic acid around the side of the nail, allow it to remain exactly one minute, then neutralize with pure alcohol. This is by far the most effective cure next to actual removal. Relief may be temporarily afforded by lifting the nail and inserting a thin piece of paper, like a cigarette paper folded several times beneath the nail. This must be renewed every day.

Most of us are familiar—too familiar—with corns. Corns are an invention of the devil to destroy the pleasure of hunters. There is no such thing as removing a corn without medicines. The sufferer can only pare the thing down until he has reached the tender skin beneath, then dress it. A good dressing for a corn is to take a small pledget of absorbent cotton and saturate it with collodion. Apply this to the corn and add another small bit of cotton above it. Care should be taken that the pledget impregnated with the collodion is not too thick or it will irritate.

Blisters on the feet and ankles should never be opened by an incision. If you wish to remove the serum, puncture the blister at its lowest point with a needle and press the fluid out through the opening. The serum is nature's pad and is placed there to protect the tender skin beneath. It is really best to allow the serum to remain.

Anomalous as it may appear, there is such a thing as washing the feet too much. The feet of course should be kept clean, but when on a long tramp it is not best to remove the shoes and wash the feet. If they become hot and perspiring, sore from walking, it may be well to sponge them off with a damp cloth, afterward drying them thoroughly before replacing the shoes, but they should never be soaked, as this has a tendency to loosen up the epidermis which supplies a protection.

By far the greater number of foot ills might be eliminated by properly constructed and properly fitting footwear. I have my own peculiar ideas of what constitutes propriety in this regard, based upon some thirty years in the mountains. If these ideas do not happen to coincide with yours, I am ready to listen to argument.

It is an undeniable fact that when properly made, the moccasin is the very best foot covering a man can wear. No man, however, can wear a moccasin without education. Unfortunately it takes longer to acquire this education than most of us are prepared to give. The feet must be habituated to their use before starting on a long tramp. We, who have been accustomed to heels, will find that a heelless shoe has a tendency to strain the muscles of the calf and make us lame. This can only be done away with by use. The deer skin moccasin of the Indian is noiseless; they are the thing for clambering over rocks and fallen logs; they are light and fit the foot like a glove. Of course they are not

waterproof and useless to the civilized man in damp weather. The Indian does not care for this, but wears his moccasins winter and summer.

Next comes that first cousin to the moccasin, the moose hide pac. I have practically abandoned all other kinds of shoes for these. They generally come with a single sole of heavy leather which I rip off and attach a sole made from a piece of old rubber belting. The rubber belting is nearly indestructible; it is waterproof; it never slips and has just the right degree of spring to make walking easy. If the wearer desires a heel, he may add two thicknesses of the belting for that purpose. I wear two forms of pacs—those with half leg for snow and rain, and those made no higher than a moccasin for dry weather.

The popular sporting boot with either half or full leg is not a great favorite of mine; the full leg boot not at all. In the first place these boots are made too heavy with the soles several times as thick as required. This is doubtless done under the mistaken idea that a walking boot needs a heavy sole. The sole of any boot should be no thicker than is necessary to keep the feet from being bruised by the inequalities of the trail, such as stones and sticks of wood. For comfort the sole must have a certain degree of spring. Shun the full leg boot unless you are to be in the saddle a great deal. A full leg boot is hot and constricts the play of the walking muscles. The same caution with regard to tight leggins or puttees. The ideal leg covering is a heavy pair of golf stockings which should be worn with knee trousers or at least with trousers opened from the knee to the ankle. If you ever do any mountain climbing you will recognize the truth of the above statement.

There should be as much care exercised in the selection of the hosiery as in the leather portion of the footwear. In summer medium weight silk is the most suitable, while in wet weather or winter cold, the light weight wool. No man should venture on a hunting trip without a number of pairs of hose. Nor should he ever wear one pair more than a day. They should be scoured at night in cold water and hung up to dry, a fresh pair substituted in the morning. Avoid the cotton sock by all means. Also reject any hose with a variety of colors. Red, blue and green dyes are decidedly irritant, and if you annex a chafe while wearing them, you are liable to a nice little case of blood poisoning as I have seen more than once.

Having decided upon your footwear, the next thing is the fit. Care should be taken that the shoe is neither too tight or too loose, the latter worse than the former. A tight shoe will stretch, a loose one will also, and then misery. The shoe should pull on like a glove and feel comfortable when it is on. If it binds in some spot and feels loose in another, discard it. If it feels loose and "squashy" all over, do not wear it. If it binds in every part, but more especially across the ball of the foot, cut it out. If you intend wearing half leg boots, see to it that they fit snug around the ankles and do not constrict the bony prominences of the ankle joints.

While it may seem trivial to you, take the same heed about the fit of your hose. If they are too tight, the great toe will prod a hole through, and if too loose they will wrinkle and one wrinkle in a sock can scrub a blister on your foot just a few shades quicker than anything I know about. Leave your hose supporters at home when you go on a hunt.

And now to conclude, a few words about the care of your shoes when in camp. In the first place no leather was ever made perfectly waterproof. If it were, it would be about as comfortable as a rubber boot, and if you want to know how comfortable that is, put on a pair some day in July and walk half a mile. The best that can be done is to render the leather approximately impervious to moisture, and that can be done only by constant care. There are several leather dressings on the market, all of them good. If you want a recipe for a good one, here it is: Take a pound of mutton tallow, half pound lanolin, quart of shark oil, one ounce resin, four ounces beeswax and melt them all together. This forms a thick yellow composition having a tendency to congeal in cold weather which is about as near waterproof as anything I have ever seen. When you come into camp after a tramp in the snow or rain, do not remove the shoes at once, and do not stick them up against the camp-fire to dry. The leather must be dried slowly, and when half dry you can remove them and finish the process. Before going to bed warm your composition and rub into the leather thoroughly, add a top coat and set them away. This must be done every day in wet weather and twice a week in dry weather if you expect your feet to remain dry.

The river drivers of the West, whose feet are wet for months at a time, have a practice which is worth following. They melt tallow and pour into their driving boots in the morning before going on the drive. While the tallow is yet warm, they draw the boots on, and their feet remain dry all day. Not only that, but the oil keeps them from chafing and becoming sore from the action of the water. I have tried this plan several times when on trout fishing excursions and can vouch for its value.

Wasps' Nest in a Rifle Barrel.

JAFFREY, N. H., June 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a subscriber of several years' standing, I thought the following incident might interest your readers:

Before going away for a week I carefully greased my Marlin .25-20, and put it in the barn, as the driest place I could find. On my return, when I was about to use it, I happened to glance at the muzzle, which I found plugged with dry mud. Supposing some unauthorized person had been making free with it, I carefully pushed the mud out with my cleaning rod. I was surprised to find that the plug was a mud wasps' nest containing several grubs and a partially decayed insect. The whole nest was about two and a half inches long. Naturally the mud had pretty well rusted out the bore of the rifle.

BRYANT STRONG.

All the game laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

Some Famous British Yacht Clubs

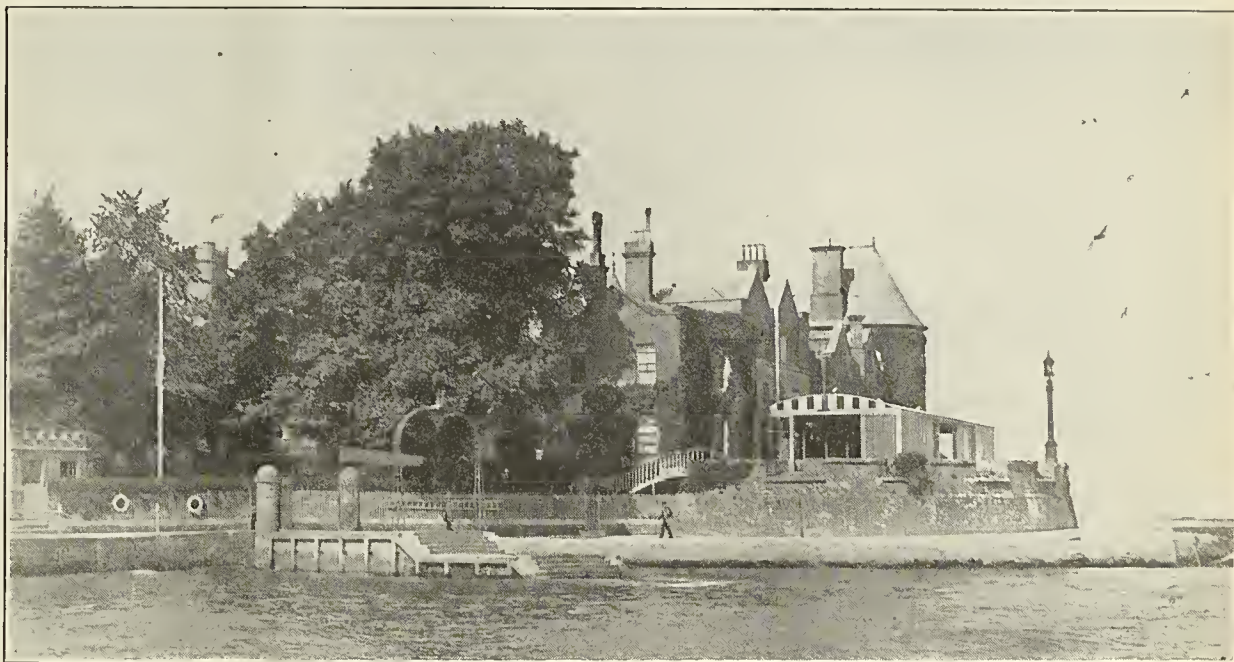
By HORACE WYNDHAM

A CONVINCING proof of the popularity of yachting in Great Britain is afforded by the fact that no fewer than sixty clubs exist for the sole purpose of encouraging this pastime. The majority of these are established at different ports on the English coast, but there are also several important ones in Scotland and Ireland. Indeed the oldest of all such clubs—the Royal Cork—has its headquarters at Queenstown. It was founded there so long ago as the year 1720, and received its admiralty warrant in 1831. Another distinction belonging to the Royal Cork Y. C. is that it alone out of all the other institutions of a similar nature in the United Kingdom is presided over by an admiral instead of by a commodore.

The chief of all the British yacht clubs is

guineas, while the annual subscription is £16. The list of yachts registered to fly the squadron burgee includes such universally famous craft as Meteor (of the German Emperor), Sunbeam (of Lord Brassey), and Valkyrie (of Lord Dunraven).

The yacht club next in importance is the Royal Thames. It was established in 1823 for the purpose of "encouraging yacht building and sailing on the river Thames." The members have recently acquired new premises in Piccadilly, and are housed in a mansion that formerly belonged to Sir Francis Burdett-Coutts, M.P. They are entitled to wear a uniform, consisting of a plain blue cloth dress coat and white waistcoat, each with special buttons, and either blue cloth or white duck trousers according to the



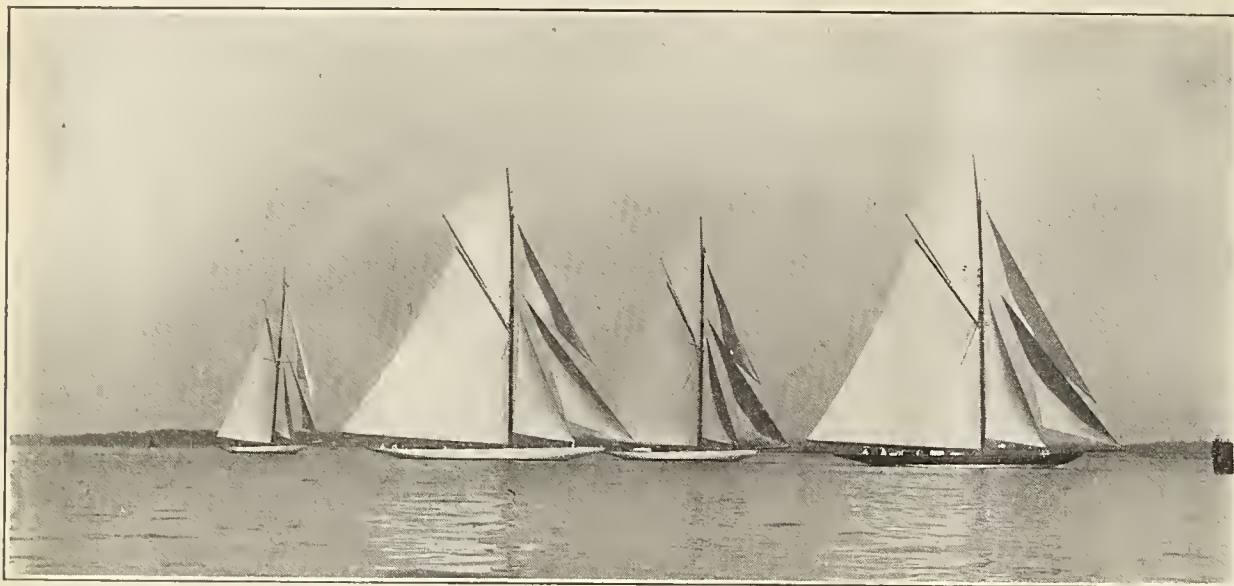
HEADQUARTERS OF ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

the Royal Yacht Squadron, founded at Cowes, in 1812, and granted an admiralty warrant in 1839. The squadron was established by a group of fifty yacht owners, but no regular regatta was held until many years later. At first the yachts resembled revenue cutters, and were made too heavy for speed. Several of them also ran to considerable dimensions, as there was no time allowance for difference of size. In 1827 the committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron passed a resolution, by which any member who should use steam was to be disqualified. The first Royal cup given to the squadron as a racing trophy was presented by William IV.

The Royal Yacht Squadron is perhaps the most exclusive body in the club world, and no candidate can hope to secure election unless possessed of considerable social influence. The ballot indeed is so severe that the "pilling" of extremely well known sportsmen frequently takes place, much to the chagrin of their proposers. On one occasion for example a certain Royal personage is said to have been so annoyed at finding one of his nominees blackballed that he promptly tendered his own resignation. On election all members pay an entrance fee of 100

season. In undress a short blue jacket is worn in place of the tail coat.

The club flag is the blue ensign of His Majesty's fleet (in terms of a warrant granted in 1848), while the burgee is blue, with a white cross and a red crown in the center. Among the peculiar privileges enjoyed by members of this club are those of making their yachts fast to Government buoys, and of entering foreign ports without being first required to pay harbor dues. As in the case of the Royal Yacht Squadron the membership is very exclusive. At one time the "black ball" was used right and left, and the ordeal of the ballot was extremely severe. A story is told of a certain former member of the committee who was bent on "pilling" a prospective member. Accordingly he attended a meeting and put in a black ball. To his dismay, however, he discovered that by doing so he had made up a quorum, and the candidate was declared to be elected since nobody else registered an adverse vote. The annual subscription of the R. T. Y. C. is eight guineas, except in the case of members owning yachts of not less than nine tons Thames measurement (who pay six guineas), and an entrance fee of ten guineas.



REGATTA ON SOLENT.

Another old established yacht club is the one entitled the Royal Western Y. C., of England. It was founded in 1827, and granted its admiralty warrant in 1834. When Prince of Wales, our late King Edward honored the club by becoming its commodore, but he resigned the office on succeeding to the throne.

Membership is restricted to 500, and no one can be elected if the ballot show him to have received one black ball against five white. Members wear a special evening dress uniform, consisting of a dark blue shell jacket (with buttons inscribed with the club monogram), blue waistcoat (with similar buttons) and plain blue trousers.

The club house, which is at Plymouth, contains a number of valuable pictures and souvenirs, the gifts of past and present members. In the coffee room, for example, is an engraving of the "Death of Nelson," the frame of which is made of timber taken from the Victory, while in the hall are some West African war drums and an elephant's carved tusk that was taken from Benim City in 1897. The special privileges enjoyed by yachts registered as belonging to this club include that of free admission into the harbors of France, Holland, Belgium, Russia, Denmark, Prussia, Egypt, Syria, Canada, Hanover, Greece, Portugal, Norway, Sweden and Spain. They are also allowed to make fast to Government buoys in British ports when these are not required by His Majesty's ships. Should a member of the club, however, leave a passenger at any foreign port, or receive one on board his vessel, he becomes liable to harbor dues as a packet boat.

The Isle of Wight, being the chief yachting center in Great Britain, the Royal Victoria Y. C. has its headquarters appropriately enough at Ryde. It was established at this port in 1844 for the encouragement of yachting among gentlemen owning property on the island. By its constitution membership is still confined to persons coming under this heading. Admission to temporary membership, however, may be extended to yacht owners who belong to other recognized clubs.

Both Queen Victoria and his Royal Highness, the Prince Consort, conferred their patronage upon the R. V. Y. C. for many years. The election of members is vested in the whole club, instead of (as is usually the case) in a small committee. The ballot is a strict one, as a

single black ball in five means rejection. Ladies who are registered as the owners of yachts are eligible to the club privileges afloat. The entrance fee and annual subscription are respectively five and six guineas.

One of the rules of the club that strikes the visitor as a little curious is to the effect that no round game of cards and no game of hazard of any description may be played on the premises. In other respects the club is conducted in practically the same manner as any other establishment of a similar nature.

The members of the R. V. Y. C. are specially permitted by the Lords of the Admiralty to fly the red ensign of the fleet with a crown surmounting the letters V. R. emblazoned on the fly; the club burgee is red, with a crown over an anchor, and on either side the letters V. R. pierced yellow.

Among the privileges enjoyed by members are those of removing their furniture from one port to another in the United Kingdom without being required to take out a coasting license, and on arrival from abroad of depositing wines, etc., in the Customs warehouses free of duty, in readiness for reshipment for subsequent voyages.

Although it was established at so comparatively recent a date as 1875, the Royal Southampton Y. C. is recognized as a leading one. By its

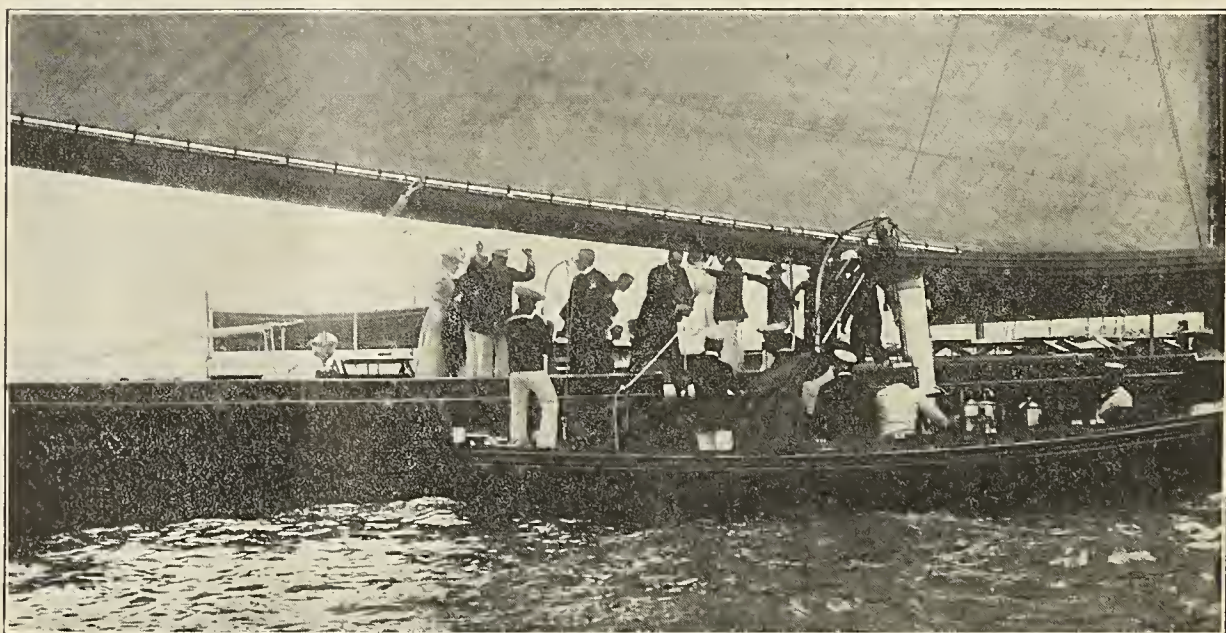
constitution the club exists for the encouragement of yachting in Southampton water and the Solent. Membership is open to both ladies and gentlemen, the proportion of the former being a considerable one. With regard to colors, vessels registered as belonging to the R. S. Y. C. are sanctioned by the Admiralty to carry the blue ensign of the fleet, with a crown in the center of the Union Jack, and a blue burgee with the Southampton town shield, surmounted by a crown, embroidered on the center thereof.

Dotted round the coast of the United Kingdom are several small, but still well known, yacht clubs. Prominent among such is that of the Royal Cinque ports, and others are established at Harwich, Dartmouth, Weymouth, Lowestoft and Torquay, etc., together with four in the Isle of Wight. Ireland contributes—in addition to the Royal Cork Y. C. already mentioned—the Royal Ulster, the Royal Alfred, the Royal Dublin and the Royal Munster, etc., and in Wales there is a yacht club at Anglesey, while Scotland furnishes among others the Eastern, Forth, Clyde, Highland, Largs, Northern, Tay and Western of Scotland. Of these the Royal Anglesey Y. C. is the second oldest in the Kingdom, since it was founded in 1802. The Royal Northern, with its station at Rothesay, was founded in 1831, and the Royal Eastern, at Granton, dates from 1836. Practically all these various clubs are in possession of the coveted admiralty warrant, entitling the members to special privileges in British and foreign ports. The entrance fees and annual subscriptions range respectively from £10 10s. and £7 7s. to £2 2s. and £1 1s.

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ROYAL YACHT AT COWES.

"Now, that Reminds Me"—IV.

By O. W. SMITH

Photograph by the Author.

"**N**OW, that reminds me' of a live bait almost as attractive to rainbow as minnows; I have grasshoppers in mind. Did you ever try them? Well, let me tell you that they will often turn the trick in July and August when flies prove unattractive and earthworms unavailing. Of course in fishing large rivers or lakes where overgrown rainbow and trout are to be found, one should not attempt their capture until along toward sunset, unless the day be a mizzling one, when they are apt to bite any time. Personally I have caught my largest rainbow when using grasshoppers, and I have found them a good bait for brook trout, too. It is not the easiest matter in the world to become a good 'hopper fisherman; the secret lies in manipulating the insect in a perfectly natural manner, for unless the fish be ravenously hungry, they will regard with suspicion a grasshopper that can travel upstream, feet sticking in the air.

"I have found my best 'hopper fishing for rainbow in rather wide and slow-moving streams, where one can handle the gymnastic insects to a nicety, and where the record-breakers are sometimes hooked. Probably the Peshtigo River, Wis., is one of the best rainbow streams in the Middle West. I have fished it several times going in from Ellis Junction on the C. M. & St. P., then I have gone in from the northwestern line, leaving the road at Mountain, Lakewood and Laona, and I have also 'hit' the headwaters of the Peshtigo from Cavour and Armstrong Creek on the Soo Line. Undoubtedly the best fishing today is to be reached from the latter station; at any rate two years ago I found the August fishing all that could be desired.

"I was late in getting away from town that year, and it was well toward the middle of August before we got down from the train at the little station of Armstrong Creek. Probably our host at the hotel could not understand such haste as we manifested, unless he attributed it to a desire to escape board bills; at any rate by dint of much persuasion and a generous fee we were enabled to get a driver to take us down to the mouth of Armstrong Creek at once, so at 8 o'clock in the evening we set out, bag and baggage. It was a long drive and the road not of the best, but years of campaigning along the edge of civilization has inured us to hardships, so while the wagon bumped from rock to root and back again, I hung to the seat and watched the stars which winked at me through the tree-tops and listened to yarns of my companion. Daylight and sun had arrived before we reached our destination, and with a sigh of relief I paid off the driver, who outspanned his tired team, got himself a lunch, then lay down under the wagon for a snooze. But there was no rest for my companion and I. We got busy with the tent and before the uninitiated might think it possible, had a comfortable camp established. Then, mid-day though it was, we jointed our rods and began fishing, the result being several good speckled trout and three fair rainbow.

"When we returned to camp our driver had

disappeared with his team, and we were not sorry to be left alone. One of the most enjoyable features of wilderness camping is its loneliness. You have not camped out until you have gone alone or with a single companion. Leisurely we prepared our mid-afternoon dinner, neither talking much, for in our work-a-day



ARMSTRONG CREEK.

world speech is at a premium and in the out-doors we are glad to keep silent. Then we rested until the sun, a great red ball, hung just above the treetops, a sign that the best hour for rainbow fishing had arrived.

"We camped at the head of a long rapid, wild and angry water with many an up-reaching brown rock, and deep eddying pool, an ideal rainbow water. Side by side we waded in, and side by side we walked with the current. The water was not much above our knees; that is, save in the deeper places which we watched out for. Casting was easy, for we had plenty of room, and when upon the surface of the water the swift current kept our 'hoppers bobbing and dancing in a very lively manner. We discovered that while trout are always found on the lower side of rocks, rainbow were often found above them. The instant a fish was hooked we could tell whether it would prove a native or a Westerner, their methods of fighting are so different. The rainbow's actions are more electric than the native's, while the former leaps from the water, something that the latter never does on a slack line. By the time night had gathered we had several fine fish, more than enough for breakfast, while we had liberated three for every one we kept.

"Now, I am not going to tell you of individual battles, victories and defeats; there were many of both. Only remember the one who handles grasshoppers as he would flies is sure of plenty

of rainbow on the upper Peshtigo. We found waders rather a nuisance, for we were always stumbling or stepping into deep holes and filling them, not only a disagreeable experience, but a dangerous one in that swift water, so we formed the habit of fishing without them and changing our clothes upon returning to camp.

"The days passed swiftly and all too soon the last arrived, the last fish was caught, and the tent taken down in anticipation of the arrival of the promised team. Then we were bumped and tossed over the stones and roots once more and whirled away behind the iron horse, back to the desk and business. If you want to know what grasshopper fishing for rainbow trout is like,

just visit the Peshtigo or like stream in dog days, and my word for it, you will be delighted with the experience and results."

A Real Sea Serpent?

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is reported that the sea serpent has been seen at Englee down the north coast, and the fishermen are afraid to go out to the grounds. This is not a "holiday" tale, as certainly some monster fish has been seen in that vicinity, as it is not easy to frighten Newfoundland fishermen with anything coming from deep waters.

W. J. CARROLL.

Wisconsin Angling.

THE third season's angling trip for the Fontinalis, in the rivers of Shawano county, Wisconsin, by the three boon companions (old members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club) Geo. A. Murrell, William Wolfarth and Hawley A. Newkirk, was most enjoyable. They spent ten days with their good Indian guide and caught enough to have trout on the table for five people three times a day, and bring the law's allowance home. It was a little early for the very large ones, but they secured from seven to twelve-inch trout, and the best flies proved to be, in their order, brown Palmer, queen of waters, cow dung and the professor.



Wee Fighters in Big Waters

By RETTA KING TOURISON

(Assistant to the Superintendent of the Fairmount Park Aquarium.)

THERE is an aquatic warrior which, in some parts of the country, people call sunfish; in others, pumpkin seed; again he is known as "kivers," and in the South as bream. For a noted fish he is very small, among the smallest of the fighting fishes, for he rarely exceeds a length of six or seven inches. What he lacks in size he more than makes up in brilliancy of color, in ambition, energy and courage. He is a wee fighter in big waters. Tiny as he is the small boy and the grown ups love the little "scrapper."

In shape he is flat and nearly circular, hence his name—pumpkin seed and "kiver." He is always hungry, and boys soon discover that when he seizes a hook, he swallows it just as a catfish does, almost to his tail. His appetite is so insatiable that he will come up from the bottom of the water with a rush and take a hook covered with feathers—the artificial fly—and sportsmen declare that he does it with the vim of a trout. When hooked he does not quietly submit to adverse fate, but makes a gallant and stubborn fight for his life.

Although ever hungry and eager to snatch at food, the sunfish hunts deliberately and even daintily. When he sights a prospective tid-bit, he pauses a short distance from it, balancing by quick movements of his pectoral fins, and a gentle waving of his caudal. Soberly, contemplatively, he eyes his prey; then a swift dart forward, and the little jaws close quickly over the trophy of his chase.

The "sunny" delights in clear streams and ponds. In winter he goes into deep water, but when the spring raises the temperature, he comes into the shallows and haunts the shores. He hunts a sandy spot in early June where the water is only about a foot deep, for at this time his inclinations have turned to nest building.

The sunfish has seen his big cousin, the black bass, build a nest. He thinks he will construct his on the same lines, but so great is his ambition that he decides to have a home much larger than that of his ferocious relative. Now while the sunny has, in proportion to his size, just as much strength and courage in his wee body as the big bass, yet to carry out his architectural plans he must choose a site different from the bass's stony estate. Hence the sandy bottom.

When the sunfish has selected a place he spends much time darting back and forth, wagging his tail. He has much the same air of superior satisfaction as the "newly weds" who have just embarked on the simple life in the country.

By and by dropping close to the sand he flirts away the sediment with a rapid fan-like motion of his pectoral and ventral fins. It is marvelous what speed the sunfish imparts to

these redimentary arms and legs, and in an incredibly short time he clears a circular space of more than two feet in diameter, where the sand glistens white and clean. As the sunfish fans he turns and turns without ceasing, so that the sand is thrown in an unbroken mound around the edge of the circle, and a well defined rim is formed.

The sunfish delves with the object of penetrating the sand and reaching fine gravel. Sometimes he succeeds. If he fails he does not abandon the spot, but goes to work and little by little carries home gravel from wherever he can find it. On these errands, having no wheelbarrow, he uses his mouth. When this task is done the center of the nest presents a circle of about eight inches or more in diameter, covered with pebbles the size of small peas. When everything is symmetrical and scrupulously clean, the sunfish goes a-courting, and when he finds a mate, he coaxes her to the nest where she is to lay her eggs.

The sunfish is as dainty in his courtship as in his every day life, and very loving. While he follows the same general method of making love as his cousin, the black bass, he is not rude or rough. He swims in graceful circles around and around the female, tilting sidewise until the light catches the opalescent colors of his scales. He sidles up to her and with open mouth touches her on the cheek just as though he were kissing her.

The female seems to accept this all as a matter of course and with much complacency, unless, as sometimes happens, she decides to reject him, when she flouts the wooer contemptuously with a toss of her tail and swims away.

Even so, he will try his luck with another. He follows the maxim that there "are just as good fish in the sea" as she. Yet, when he succeeds, it often appears that the male sunfish, in building a nest, has gone beyond the ability of the female to provide a sufficient number of eggs to fill it. This does not satisfy his sunfishship. It leaves a waste of good house room which he has so carefully prepared. He wants his nursery filled. So, obsessed with this idea, he sallies forth in search of a second mate. Sometimes the little Mormon brings as many as five wives home to the nest.

When at length there are as many eggs deposited as he thinks desirable, the sunfish generally drives all but one of the females away. He may keep his first wife, and in the expulsion of the discarded mates he is assisted by the favored one. They rush open-mouthed and savagely at the unfortunates, and woe betide the one the pursuers overtake. She is likely to lose one of her fins or a piece out of her side in this brief period of savagery. Generally the ousted

females take their ejection philosophically, and as a matter of course, seeking safety in hasty flight.

Housekeeping now begins in earnest. The female scouts on the outside and forages for herself. But the male poises over the center of the nest, now and then darting away to assure himself that all is well. He takes no food; even if a most toothsome morsel falls directly into the nest, he tosses it out, and with scarcely any rest he is on duty day and night.

The approach of an intruder fills the sunfish with rage. His fins are all raised and expanded to their fullest extent. It matters not how big, or what the species of fish the interloper may be, the sunfish pauses but for an instant, then darts open-mouthed and fearlessly in assault.

Strange to say the onslaught of the sunfish is almost invariably successful. There seems to be something about a nest-building fish which inspires respect and even fear in the hearts of other fish. A pickerel, for instance, might be able to swallow a sunfish at a single gulp, and under ordinary circumstances would do so, but he sedulously avoids a sunfish nest when the parent fish is there.

The young of these wee fighters, the sunfish, begin life like all other fish by emerging from the egg tail first, and the diminutive creatures—for they are mere specks—cling closely to the fine gravel in the nest where they wag their tiny tails in apparent joy at being alive and in the world. There are thousands of them in one of these sunfish nurseries, and they are so close together and wagging their tails so rapidly and persistently that when the sunshine falls on the water and illuminates the nest, there appears but a rippling of a reddish yellow mass.

The domestic cares of the sunfish are now doubled, yet at this point the female deserts, and the up-bringing of the family rests wholly with the male, and to this work he rises nobly. Fortunately the little father does not have to prepare food for his thousands of babies, because for some days after birth the young sunfish has attached to its body a sac, on the contents of which it lives by absorption. When this food is gone, the mass of tiny sunfish rises from among the stones toward the surface with rapid awkward movements. Their father sweeps gracefully about among them as though to teach them how to swim easily, and to the best advantage.

When about two weeks old all these boys and girl fishes are ready to shift for themselves, and then the parental instinct deserts the father. He darts into their midst and ruthlessly "chases" them. Frightened at the changed attitude of their father the young sunfish scurry to the shoal water and hide among the grasses. The father turns, swims away and promptly forgets his children.

THE Illinois fish commissioners are continuing their warfare against the garfish which are becoming so plentiful in the waters of this State, and which are destroyers of game fish. A large specimen was seined in the Mississippi recently which contained forty pounds of spawn and weighed 238 pounds. The law provides that gars must be killed whenever taken by hook or seine, and all fishermen who recognize the destructive characteristics of this species kill these fish before returning them to the water.

On the Beaverkill and Rondout.

RIPOGENUS LAKE, Maine, July 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the interest of a little accuracy permit me to untangle a little statement made by "One Who Went," appearing under the title, "Fishing at the Beaverkill," on page 790 of your issue dated June 22, 1912. He must have "went" a rugged, not to say jagged, route. As you know, but as some well meaning reader may not know, De Bruce is on the Willowemoc River, not 'at the Beaverkill' at all; the Hearthstone Inn is run by Mrs. (not Miss) Elizabeth Royce, and "The Homestead" by her sister, Miss (not Mrs.) Ada Cooper, and there is corking good fly-fishing there, particularly in the stretch of water between the "Anvil Rock" and the junction pool of the Mongaup Brook (not river; the river has a story all its own further south in Sullivan count) with the Willowemoc. Jay Davidson's place is at Beaverkill P. O., on the Beaverkill River. Here, however, I have not had such good fishing as further up the river, nearer to Lew Beach (not Besch), particularly just back of Archie Dickson's farm—famous pools, eddies and rips once you learn the water—and just below Voorhis's place, where a fishing club now has its headquarters. Otherwise he who went is all right. It is a beautiful country, all easily accessible from Livingston Manor on the Ontario & Western railway, and mighty good cover for the ruffed grouse if the farmers' boys would turn their attention a little more toward keeping down the numbers of three kinds of hawks—the crows, owls, skunks and other vermin which, added to what men do to him, make life some exciting for said Mr. Grouse.

A word, too, if I may, with Mr. "Whirling Dun" who in the same issue writes of "The Dry-Fly on the Roundout." Don't worry, Mr. Dun, if you begin to suspect that Dr. Breck is not after all in all things always infallible. You have some others with you and Dr. Breck is himself too good a sportsman to believe or to wish others to believe that he believes he "knows it all" in connection with all of out of doors. He does know a lot, but like other wise men, he has apparently changed his mind about one or two things in the last twenty years, so let's hope he will live at least twenty years more. To which I suppose he may inquire, "Why limit me?" But as many of his ideas are sound, I haven't time to go into that now.

That yellow-winged floater you write of interests me. Or, rather, I have gone at it backward, for it is not the yellow-winged floater that interests me at all, but rather the natural yellow-winged fly that caused you to use it. If, when wading some of those Catskill streams about the middle of May or earlier, you look carefully, you will notice clinging to the stones, rather nearer the banks than mid-stream, what appear to be small bits of twigs. I first noticed the thing in the waters of Western North Carolina, where it is locally known as "stick bait." For by pressing upon these "twigs" they crack open and discover a white grub with a black head. These I believe to be the larvæ of the yellow-winged flies which I have seen hatch by the thousands for a few minutes on the waters of the Willowemoc about De Bruce. During the hatch you might as well stay home and play with the baby, but just as it ceases, and only a

fly here and there is left upon the water, and the fish have just about gorged themselves, cast a green drake dry over a rising fish, and if Mr. *Salmo fario* is he who rose—oh! la, la, la, la!

I took in this manner the two finest brown trout of my experience one afternoon at De Bruce. Now, the green drake is not a good imitation of the hatching fly. It is not at all on the same shade of yellow. But the point is the trout—the brown trout, at least—take it, and I believe they will the yellow May. When I had my panic and had thrashed everything I could think of at a school of brown trout feed-



"THE CORPULENT MR. GILL."

ing on the hatch, the green drake was all I had left, and they "fell for it."

As you suggest, what we need in this country is a fly tier or two who can exactly or approximately imitate the actual flies found upon our waters upon which trout habitually feed. That man may justly be termed the American Halford and save us from a great deal more of the hysterical babbling that is the present mode about the dry-fly in America—"practical" or otherwise. Mr. La Branche, a most gracefully fashioned person, gyrates horribly upon the tournament platform; the corpulent Mr. Gill writes most gracefully; and Mr. Camp is a wonderful "south paw" artist, but are they improving American angling conditions in the least?

RALPH BISBEE.

All the fish laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

Fishing in California.

THE distribution of trout fry is going forward steadily, and it is anticipated that by the end of the season almost 18,000,000 fry will have been liberated in California streams, the largest number on record. Many streams that have never been stocked before have been given attention this season, especially in sections of the Sierras, recently opened to railroad travel. With the growth of the fish planting work of the Fish and Game Commission, it is becoming the opinion of members of this body that more satisfactory results could be obtained by the establishing of a number of new hatcheries, rather than by enlarging the facilities of existing ones. This year about 10,000,000 fry were hatched at one station and distributed from here to streams all over the State. With smaller hatcheries located at important distributing points, the expense for transportation would be greatly reduced, and there would be much less loss of fry through impaired vitality caused by long journeys. W. H. Shebley, A. E. Doney and Mr. Gilmore have been making a survey of California streams with the idea of locating all dams and obstructions which might interfere with the free passage of fish to natural spawning places. A map is being prepared, showing all streams and dams, and steps will be taken at once to see that fishways are installed wherever needed. Nevada sportsmen are interesting themselves in similar conditions on the Truckee, and it is believed that this stream will soon be freed from all obstructions. Congressman Raker, of California, has introduced a bill appropriating \$10,000 for building a fishway at the Derby dam, the old one being useless.

Visitors to the Yosemite Valley since the first of July have been enjoying splendid sport in the Merced River and its tributaries, these streams having been thrown open to fishing on that date after a three years' closed season. Heavy plantings of trout have been made there during the past few years, and the fish are now more plentiful than ever before. Dr. F. B. Alden, of San Francisco, made the trip there recently with his family and succeeded in landing many fine trout, some of these weighing four pounds each.

Fishing has been unusually good this season in the streams along the Ocean Shore railroad between San Francisco and Santa Cruz, and will be kept at the present high standard if this can be accomplished by planting. In one day recently there were planted about 350,000 fish in ten of these coast streams, which should insure some splendid sport for several seasons to come.

The best sport of the season is now being experienced along the Feather River, notably on the lower stretches where the early sport was rather indifferent. At Belden limit catches can be easily made and some large fish are being taken. At Spring Garden the sport continues to be of high order, and a six-pound trout was recently landed there. The fish taken in that vicinity are averaging about five to the pound. On the Middle Fork good fishing is to be enjoyed in the vicinity of Cromberg, but most of the anglers now visiting this section are spending most of their time at the lakes in the vicinity of Johnsville where fishing is just commencing. In the vicinity of Oroville a variety of sport is

now being enjoyed, trout, striped bass and black bass being in evidence there. Bass fishing there is reported to be much better than it is in most of the fishing grounds on the lower Sacramento River. A heavy run of striped bass occurred recently on the Russian River, and the sloughs near San Francisco have not been receiving much attention of late.

A movement is on foot in the lower part of the San Joaquin Valley to organize the San Joaquin Valley Game Protective Association, and A. D. Ferguson, of Fresno, Deputy Game Warden in charge in that section, has promised his co-operation in making the organization a success. It is planned to map all the mountain trout streams and to keep on hand data as to their condition as well as to plan a system through which they may be kept replenished with fry.

Deputy J. L. Bundock, of the California Fish and Game Commission, recently arrested Al McCormick and Frank Peterson, near Giant, for fishing for bass with a net of illegal sized mesh.

GOLDEN GATE.

Landlocked Salmon in Lake George.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Doubtless genuine anglers will be interested to know that the experiment of placing the landlocked salmon in Lake George is a success. Large specimens are being caught yearly by those trolling deep for lake trout, and it now remains for experts who know how to fish for the ouananche to go to this beautiful body of water properly equipped and get what they fish for.

The late A. N. Cheney, when State fish-culturist, planted landlocked salmon in Lake George a dozen or more years ago, and while secretary of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, I had the work continued. Dr. Bean has since kept it up. The distribution of ouananche was begun by the old commission in 1903, but the first regular plant was made in Lake George in 1907, when 1,200 fingerlings were put into the water. Since then the record is as follows: 1908, fingerlings, 18,886; 1909, fingerlings, 28,000; 1910, fingerlings, 23,000; and I have just been assured that a plant of about 10,000 fingerlings was made there during the present week. There does not seem to have been any plant made in 1911. The eggs from which these fingerlings are hatched are furnished by the United States Commission, and the fish are reared by the State at its Old Forge hatchery.

Unfortunately, it does not seem possible to secure records of the landlocked salmon that are caught, although frequently an angler is found who tells his story for the benefit of others. Such an one is Dr. D. F. McGillicuddy, of Glens Falls, whose 8½-pound catch is shown in the picture inclosed. It was caught the latter part of May, and this is what the doctor says about his experience: "I hooked my fish on May 25, at about 5:30 p. m., about a mile south of Dome Island, on the north side of fixed Pine Point Shoal, where the water is about 80 feet deep. Had on a small brook sucker for bait and about 150 feet of line out without lead. The lake was quite rough and a strong wind was blowing. When first hooked the fish jumped about six feet out of water and it took

me fully twenty minutes' hard work to land him. At two different times when brought near the boat within reach of the net he jumped several feet out of water." Dr. McGillicuddy wanted very much to know just what the fish was feeding on, but says that the taxidermist to whom he sent it to be mounted told him he "found the stomach entirely empty," but that he found "a liberal quantity of spawn."

With one exception, this is the only account we have of the way in which the ouananche have been caught in Lake George or their manner of acting when hooked. The other was given to me in 1907 by S. H. Harris, one of the best known fishermen at the lake, who had just caught a 12½-pound specimen, a photograph of which was shown in the commission's report of that year. Harris said: "I



DR. D. F. M'GILlicuddy AND HIS 8½-POUND SALMON.

caught my landlocked salmon near Victoria Lodge on a hand line. I was running about 250 feet of line with a frost fish for bait on a gang. The fish struck hard and then made a rush that took about 100 feet more line. When I stopped him finally, I thought I had lost him and reeled in about seventy-five feet of line before I felt him again. He acted like that for fully three-quarters of an hour before I managed to get him near enough to the boat to see him. I had about a pound sinker on and was doing bottom fishing when he struck. When he came to the surface he jumped from four to six feet in the air several times before I got him close enough to gaff him."

These are stories to stir the blood of any angler, and I hope to see them repeated, as I am certain they can be if only still-fishermen will try for the ouananche in Lake George at the right time, properly equipped, and will then send pictures of their catch to *FOREST AND STREAM* with an account of the battle, so that all fishermen may enjoy it.

JOHN D. WHISH.



THE TOP RAIL.

C. T. WALLACE is the champion fisherman of the West, but he never uses a seine or hook. He catches the fish in his bare hands while below the surface of the water. His home is in Macon county, Illinois, and he supports himself by this unique method of fishing. Long practice has made him expert in locating a fish in hiding in the protection of a log, brush or other retreat, and once his fingers are locked in the gills, there is no escape for his prey. He is always an attraction at fish fries, being engaged to make a public exhibition of his work, the fish he catches being later cooked for the assembled company. His record catch was 200 pounds in forty minutes. The largest fish he caught with his bare hands was a Mississippi catfish that weighed thirty-six pounds. This fish was captured in Salt Creek, a small stream of Central Illinois. Wallace has carried on his unique occupation for twenty years and is almost as much at home in the water as the fish themselves. He seldom goes deeper than eight feet. He has become so expert that he can detect the presence of a fish by a slight discoloration or movement of the water, and has the knack of approaching the fish without alarming it. He is also successful in catching turtles and snakes. Efforts are being made to perpetuate his work by means of moving picture films.

* * *

FRANK L. MATHIS, a thirteen-year-old boy of Morton, while fishing off Kelly's beach on the Illinois River this week, landed a black bass after a desperate struggle lasting a half hour. The contest between the boy and fish attracted a large crowd of campers. The fish weighed 14½ pounds, the record catch of the season with a hook and line. Fishermen say that this is a banner year for black bass fishing in the Illinois, but it is extremely rare to land one as large as the prize catch of young Mathis. The black bass season is on at the lake of the Decatur Fishing Club, and some fine strings are being caught. Phillip Mueller landed one this week which weighed four pounds, the largest taken so far this season.

* * *

PLYMOUTH, MASS., farmers are complaining of extensive damage by deer. So tame have the animals become from being protected from gun and dog that they suffer anybody to come within a few feet of them while feeding.

GRIZZLY KING.

All the fish laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.



A Foxy Trick

By A. D. DART

Flagging Ducks Within Gunshot on Great South Bay by Gently Waving a Small Red Flag or Boot

A QUEER custom practiced by Sir Reynard on Long Island, N. Y., was to lay on his back a few feet from the water, and by gently waving his brush to and fro, lure a flock of ducks within reaching, or springing distance.

easy matter to secure at least one out of the lot. The accompanying unique photograph shows the hunter lying on his back, while two flocks of ducks are slowly swimming in, the nearest flock at the time the picture was taken being



HUNTER "FLAGGING DUCKS."

Although the ducks might be a mile or so away, their curiosity would lead them to investigate the singular and apparently harmless object.

Old hunters have told the writer that they have seen hundreds of ducks lured to the water's edge by this trick, some even venturing on shore so close to Mr. or Mrs. Fox that it became an

not more than 100 feet away. The boot on this occasion was wrapped with a piece of red flannel. As the leg is being waved for the last time the kodak clicks, followed almost immediately by the discharge of the double barreled gun. Thanks to Sir Reynard, five broadbills are bagged.

Scarcity of Swallows in England.

BUDLEIGH, Salterton, Eng., June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the present season there has been a remarkable scarcity of birds of the swallow tribe in the British Islands, although other summer migrants appear to be as numerous as ever, and cuckoos (at least, in this part of England) are unusually plentiful.

For many years I have kept notes of the dates on which the swallows have arrived and departed. Generally they have appeared between the 15th and 20th of April, but this season I did not see the first pair until the 20th of May, and they are still exceedingly scarce either about the town or in the surrounding country.

I have lived here twenty years and swallows have always bred in the chimneys of my house, in the loft of the stable, and in an outhouse at the end of the garden, while martins have built under the eaves. This year there is not one pair of either species in any part of the grounds.

There was a colony of sand martins in an old gravel pit about 200 yards distant. It is now entirely deserted. Within the last seven years there has been a gradual but marked diminution in the numbers of swallows of all species, compared with what there were twenty years ago. This was attributed to the French and Italians

on the north shores of the Mediterranean, catching them with nets when they arrived after the flight from Africa. I think it is not exaggerating to say that they are one hundred times less numerous this season than they were last year.

A theory was lately published in a newspaper that owing to the multitudes of Europeans who have settled in the north of Africa within the last few years, the swallows now remain there and breed about their houses instead of crossing the Mediterranean.

Considering that nearly all migratory birds have a fixed habit of returning annually to the places in which they were hatched, it is very improbable that the great mass of swallows and martins would, in one year, change a custom established for many past ages.

It is greatly to be feared that the reduction in their numbers has been caused, in their countries where they spent the winter, by a widely spread epizootic disease. If so, the countries of Europe may suffer severely for some years from insect plagues. I have noticed a considerable increase of blight on fruit trees coincident with the lessened quantities of swallows during the last few years.

It would be interesting to know if there has been a similar diminution in the swallows of America. Those individuals which extend their

migrations to the arctic regions, are while there the near neighbors of their cousins from Europe which breed in the same latitudes, and an infectious disease in one variety might possibly extend to the other.
J. J. MEYRICK.

An Albino Sparrow.

EXETER, N. H., June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Throughout the winter and spring I have noticed frequently on a certain side street of the town an English sparrow that conforms pretty nearly to what must be albinism. I have observed the creature with great care, and the matter has been mentioned in the local paper. The tail and the chief feathers on the wings are the dirty brown always seen on the typical English sparrow, but the breast, the back and the belly are a creamy white. I cannot be sure that the eyes are any different from the usual sparrow, but the rest of the specimen is surely unusual. The bird is always in the company of other sparrows, and acts no differently from its fellows. Can you give me any information on this?

Though I have not been in the woods since the shooting season closed to any extent, report says that there are many young grouse and that they are thriving. The cold rains of the spring did not promise well, but there seem to be a good many young broods that have hatched out and that are now past the worst time of danger. A good number of woodcock have been reported as nesting in the vicinity. The birds that are raised here are invariably gone before the shooting season opens in October, but I consider that a great blessing, since the early shooting which some of the older men tell about well nigh settled the woodcock question for all time. Several litters of young foxes are being raised within a couple of miles of town, and promise the usual fine sport that the fox hunter loves.

Under the two weeks of open season on deer we are surely and rapidly losing those beautiful creatures from the woods and fields. The actual damage done by them to farmers' crops was always inconsiderable, and nothing in comparison with the advantage of having our countryside blessed by their sprightly presence. In a few years the "timid citizens" will have permanently withdrawn to the safer retreats of the forests further north. LAURENCE M. CROSBIE.

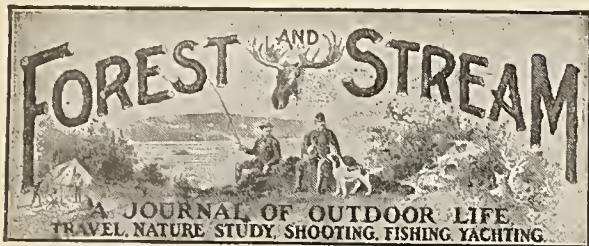
[White-breasted sparrows are not infrequently found in sparrow beevies, although white on the back is most unusual. It is not likely that the eyes are pink, the feather coloring being due to accident of birth.—EDITOR.]

A New Jersey Martin House.

PRINCE'S BAY, S. I., May 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Easter Sunday I spent at Lake-wood, and there I saw a sight I had not seen before since I was a very small boy—it was a colony of purple martins. A man had taken a common sugar barrel and made it into a suitable house and put it on top of a pole about thirty feet high. The martins were first seen Easter morning, and they were busy cleaning out the English sparrows that had had free rent all winter. There must have been fifty pair of martins there before evening.

If I thought I could get them around my place, I would do the same thing, but I have never seen a martin on Staten Island.

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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

OUR POLICY.

We reproduce herewith a paragraph from a letter written us by a prominent fisherman. The subject of the letter was unsatisfactory results obtained by the correspondent from certain fishing tackle used by him in Florida fishing:

"All sportsmen heartily sympathized with my disastrous results and agreed with my proposed method of obtaining a cure, although I have not seen many articles on the subject, perhaps because none have been written, and perhaps because publishers of sporting magazines care more about the revenue which they obtain from the dealers as fishing tackle advertisers than they do about promoting the interests of sport and sportsmen."

We take this paragraph as a theme worthy of explanation as to the relative position of FOREST AND STREAM and its subscribers.

Our first interest is to our subscriber. His complaints, when just, become our complaints; his perplexities are ours for solution. We absorb satisfaction from his pleasures. For forty years FOREST AND STREAM has been free from any control of its editorial policy through its advertising columns. It has been, and will continue to be, just to advertisers and subscribers. It will not exclude from its reading space fair criticism, whether such criticism be aimed at an advertiser, an individual, or a commission. We prefer to boost, but when occasion rightly demands a knock, we wish we had the hammer of Thor. Our policy is for construction, not destruction, except wherein it is necessary to destroy to clear the way for progress, or to take out of the way a purveyor who intentionally offers sporting goods that are not all that he claims them to be.

We make every effort to develop the business of our advertisers, but we aim to do it

through satisfaction with his goods by the subscriber.

Our columns are open to letters from readers or advertisers, and we will do our best to take up any argument that may arise between them. Our columns are at your service.

STATE OWNERSHIP.

THE question of the ownership of fish and game is a point much disputed. In a decision handed down by the United States Supreme Court in 1896, it was held that the ownership of the fish and game rested in the State. The decision was written by Chief Justice White. The ownership of fish and game being vested in the State, the State has a right to regulate the manner in which it is taken, or it may prohibit the taking of it entirely. An end would soon be put to the remaining fish and game of the State if private ownership should ever be proclaimed. With no restriction placed on seining or the spearing of fish, and the shooting of game birds and game animals permitted at all seasons of the year, we might expect a total destruction of our fish and game within a short time. Instead of a demand for the repeal of our fish and game laws, we find in place a growing sentiment for still stricter laws governing the taking of game birds and game fish. We heartily endorse the plea of the Marion County Fish and Game Protective Association that a "close season during the spawning season of bass and the prohibition of spring shooting of waterfowl are laws that should be presented to the next meeting of Indiana Legislature for serious consideration." A movement for their enactment should be supported by the hunting and fishing fraternity, not only in Indiana, but in many other States as well.

TWO GOOD ORDINANCES.

NEW YORK CITY has two good ordinances, one of which—the muffler cut-out on motor boats—is indifferently enforced. On Long Island Sound, around City Island, dinky "near speed" boats chug-chug about without regard to the law prohibiting cutting out of the muffler. On July 16 a similar ordinance went into effect applying to muffler cut-out on automobiles. Let us hope the enforcement of the second law is more forceful than that of the first, because soon it will be time for aeroplanes to come under, or over, the eye of city fathers, and it won't do to have two statutes applying to vehicles of transportation, unenforced when it becomes necessary to cut out the overhead muffler. Perhaps by that time it will be a case of cut-out city ordinances as well as mufflers.

DUCKS FIND GAME REFUGE.

A LITTLE family of wild ducks, too impatient to wait for the untying of bows of red tape by the game refuge associations, settled down on the Jersey meadows, nested and hatched. Undisturbed, they decoyed other families of ducks until now there is a goodly colony of ducks, drakes and ducklings residing peacefully in the waste lands of New Jersey. It is the first time in twenty years that wild ducks have nested in this section. It looks as though we did not need game refuges as much as game laws to enable migratory birds to multiply and grow fat.

JULY CROP REPORT.

A RECORD crop report for July comes from the Department of Agriculture. It omits of course the probability of any great deterioration between now and harvest time, which, figured on past history by average, is not likely to be. The crop of food stuffs shows an increase in animal, rather than human substance, but people who associate abundance with cost of living need have no worryment on that score. Big harvests of oats, corn and hay betoken lower prices more surely than a surplus of wheat, apples and potatoes. The prices of bread and apples practically are constant, leaving only potatoes to offset the downward trend of animal food stuffs incident to big crops. For another thing the significance of the Government crop report is emphasized by bright prospects for a plentiful production of cereals in foreign countries. A reversal of conditions from last year, therefore, practically is world-wide. The cry of famine comes from no quarter, a fact unusual at this season, but oftener true to-day than of old, when war and pestilence, together with undeveloped marketing facilities, shortened the production and distribution of staples. The crop story is no great surprise, but rather a confirmation of unofficial forecasts, which have become more and more optimistic since a backward early season suddenly was transformed into a continued spell of favorable farming conditions.

AMERICAN WINS AT STOCKHOLM.

IT indeed is gratifying to find that a real American won the highest honors at the Olympic games at Stockholm, Sweden. James Thorpe, a Carlisle Indian, therefore an American in every sense of the word, won the athletic championship of the world. Another victory for clean living was that of Harry Babcock, who though not an aborigine, has an American family tree dating way back into the great oaks of American history. This youngster, a product of the educated farm district, sometimes known as the suburbs, a student at Columbia University, with no suggestion of professional taint nor likelihood of acquiring one, is an excellent example of Young America. There were those on the Olympic team, whose wins are more a credit to England than to America, as they were Ireland born, but they have made such good citizens we are proud to credit their records to America. The entire team was an exemplification of what America can do with "born home" material or goods sent in for finishing.

OUT-WHALING JONAH!

TIME was when Jonah had all long distance records for whale transportation, undisputed leviathan rider of all time. A change has come and that too from the home of culture and veracity—Boston, of course. The New York Sun, wherein anything found passeth beyond conjecture, tells of a fisherman being attacked by a whale, tossed into the air, where he remained during such time as was necessary to make the descent, when he landed upon the whale's back. Here he slid about during his short cruise, finally landing right side up for rescue. The tossing feature would indicate a bull whale. The whole thing sounds like a "bully" story.



Ticks from the Ship's Clock.

Sidney Herreshoff, the eldest son of designer Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, has produced a new type of speed launch and gasolene engine which attracts attention in Narragansett Bay because of the steady going of the craft, no matter how rough the water. The boat is 20 feet in length, named Bubble, and has a speed of twenty miles an hour.

The reversion to the old custom of running a steamboat in order that members and guests may follow the races, worked out admirably last Saturday at the Indian Harbor regatta. The steamer was crowded comfortably and but for the fog would have been a most enjoyable innovation.

The Newport Y. R. A. has offered a cup for a race between the 65-footers Aurora, Istalena and Winsome. This race will be sailed after the close of the New York Y. C. cruise.

The longest yacht race of the year, from Los Angeles, Cal., to Honolulu, Hawaii, was won by Lurline, owned by Captain Harris, of the San Diego Y. C. The distance was 2,013 miles and the sailing course about 2,600 miles. Lurline's time, unofficially, was 13 days 23 hours and 16 minutes, finishing on June 30.

James J. Hill, the Minneapolis millionaire, is cruising along the Labrador coast on his steam yacht Wacouta on a salmon fishing expedition.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

WITH fifty-two starters, headed by the three 65-foot sloops in Class K, the twenty-fourth annual regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was sailed off Greenwich, on Long Island Sound, last Saturday. The weather man was various in his service, his first offering being a brisk, lowering east by north wind, which had kicked up a generous bit of sea by the time the start was made at 1 p. m. About 3 o'clock the wind faded into a zephyr vaporizing and shifting to the southeast, where it stayed to the finish. During most of the races the boats were fog-enshrouded. The big sloops over-jockeyed at the start. Winsome forcing Istalena over the line ahead of the signal, and following across both were recalled, thus giving Aurora a considerable lead which was cut down after the first leg by Istalena, which finished with 1m. 15s. to spare. The New York Y. C. "30" class was next away and furnished the prettiest race of the day. J. P. Morgan, Jr.'s, Phryne crossed first, followed closely by J. H. Mahlstadt's Okee and the Alker brothers' Alera. Okee ran along in the bunch on the first leg, then took the lead which she held to the finish, crossing 1m. 11s. ahead of Rowdy. Caprice and Phryne finished in the order named only 19s. apart. Other winners were: Corinthian, sloops, Class P; Helen II., Long Island Sound schooners; More Joy, sloops, Class Q; Sally IX., handicap class, first division; Amanda, second division; Rascal III., third division; Whiff, Larchmont Inter-Club Class; Turquoise, jewel class; Little Dipper, star class; Ace, Indian Harbor cats; Scalpa, Sound Beach dories; Arethusa, in a special match. The efficient regatta committee was: E. Burton Hart, Abbott P. Bush and H. C. Pelton. The summary:

Sloops, Class K—Start, 1:00—Course, 20 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Istalena	4 08 18	3 06 18
Aurora	4 07 33	3 07 33
Winsome	4 08 08	3 08 08
Sloops, Class P—Start, 1:15—Course, 15 Miles.		
Corinthian	4 16 10	3 01 10
Cara Mia	4 17 08	3 02 08
Joyant	4 24 09	3 09 09
Windward	4 32 39	3 17 39

N. Y. Y. C. "30" Class—Start, 1:20—Course, 15 Miles.		
Okee	4 43 24	3 23 24
Rowdy	4 44 35	3 24 35
Ibis	4 44 54	3 24 54
Carlita	4 46 21	3 26 21
Nepsi	4 47 17	3 27 17
Juanita	4 48 46	3 28 46
Caprice	4 46 10	3 26 10
Phryne	4 46 39	3 26 39
Alera	5 00 23	3 40 23

L. I. Sound Schooners—Start, 1:25—Course, 11 Miles.		
Helen II.	4 11 08	2 46 08
Alicia	4 14 47	2 49 47
Maira	4 21 52	2 56 52

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 1:30—Course, 11 Miles.		
More Joy	3 54 14	2 24 14
Suelew	4 02 00	2 32 00
Edmee	4 11 08	2 41 08

Handicap Class, 1st Div.—Start, 1:30—Course, 11 Miles.		
Sally IX.	3 56 33	2 26 33
Dorinda	3 58 37	2 28 37
Alert	3 53 58	2 23 58

Corrected times: Sally IX., 2.17.19; Dorinda, 2.25.32; Alert, 2.23.58.

Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Start, 1:35—Course 11 Miles.		
Amanda	4 06 29	2 31 29
Red Wing	4 29 00	2 54 00

Corrected times: Amada, 2.31.29; Red Wing, 2.49.28.

Handicap Class, 3d Div.—Start, 1:40—Course, 11 Miles.		
Rascal III.	4 15 02	2 35 02
Cliphora	4 17 41	2 37 41
Robin Hood	4 25 19	2 45 19

Corrected times: Rascal III., 2.35.02; Cliphora, 2.36.08; Robin Hood, 2.36.47.

Larchmont Interclub Class—Start, 1:45—Course, 11 Miles.		
Whiff	4 28 31	2 43 31
Hamburgh II.	4 30 16	2 45 16
Lewanna	4 35 11	2 50 11
Bella	4 30 40	2 45 40
Wild Thyme	Did not finish.	
Yukan	4 27 43	2 42 43

Jewel Class—Start, 1:55—Course, 8 Miles.		
Amethyst	4 09 08	2 14 08
Turquoise	4 06 11	2 11 11
Opal	4 07 26	2 12 26
Jade	4 08 03	2 13 03
Emerald	4 08 41	2 13 41
Topaz	4 08 30	2 13 30

Star Class—Start, 2:05—Course, 8 Miles.		
Little Dipper	4 21 07	2 16 07
Gemini II.	4 26 29	2 21 29
Twinkle	4 32 27	2 27 27

Indian Harbor Cats—Start, 2:20—Course, 5 Miles.		
Ace	3 47 29	1 27 29
Wildcat	3 52 18	1 32 18

Sound Beach Dories—Start, 2:20—Course, 5 Miles.		
Sarana	4 07 48	1 47 48
In It	4 17 02	1 57 02
Kismet	4 17 53	1 57 53
Scalpa III.	4 05 48	1 45 48

Special Match—Start, 1:40—Course, 11 Miles.		
Robin Hood	4 25 19	2 45 19
Arethusa	4 25 17	2 45 17

Chesapeake Bay Y. R. A.

J. H. ROBINETTE was unanimously elected president of the Chesapeake Bay Y. R. A. to succeed Commodore Isaac E. Emerson, who recently resigned. Mr. Robinette has been associated with local clubs for several years. His selection is a popular one.

The committees in charge of the races of July 20 to 30 follow: Official Measurer, Commodore L. F. Hewins, Capitol Y. C., of Washington; Alternate Official Measurer, J. G. Callis; Rules Committee for Sailboat Racing, Dr. W. Williams, Baltimore Y. C.; W. W. Estep, Corinthian Y. C., and M. F. Hartley, Capitol Y. C.; Rules Committee for Motor Boat Racing, A. Stanley Zell, Baltimore Motor Y. C.; Raymond Thompson, Baltimore Y. C., and James Smith, Cambridge Y. C.

Following is the program of coming events: July 20.—All boats will sail for Annapolis, where rendezvous will be set for that day. The crafts will lay over until Monday, when the races begin. Sunday the Capitol Y. C., of Washington, will entertain the yachtsmen at their Annapolis station.

July 22, 9 A. M.—Start from Annapolis to Cambridge.

July 23.—Races at Cambridge for sail and power boats.

July 24, 10 A. M.—Start from Cambridge to Oxford.

July 25, 10 A. M.—Sailboat races at Cambridge, and 3 P. M., power boat races.

July 26, 10 A. M.—Start from Oxford to Annapolis.

July 27, 10 A. M.—Start from Annapolis to Baltimore.

July 28.—The yachtsmen will be entertained by the Baltimore Y. C.

July 29.—Races at Baltimore. At 2 P. M., sail boat racing, and 4 P. M., motor boat racing.

July 30.—The boats will leave for their respective quarters.

The course for the races at Baltimore announced by Commodore Eckel follows:

Sailboats.—Start from Baltimore Y. C. to buoy off North Point, thence to Black Buoy at White Rocks and return. Distance, 16 miles.

Motor Boats.—Start from Baltimore Y. C. to buoy off the Quarantine Station and return. Distance, 5 miles.

Some of the boats entered are:

Sail Boats.—Helen, Eleanor, Ojigwan, Nemoosha, Grace K., Zillacoa, Vingt Trois, Chenonden, Freya, Friar Luck and Ventura.

Motor Boats.—Amina, Priscilla, Iorolanthe, Ketroas and Marguerite II.

Atlantic Y. C.

GRAVESEND BAY racing sailors got what they wanted last Saturday in the way of wind. It was steady and brisk. The winners were: Gray Jacket, Joy, Bluebill, M. & F. II. and Mouse. The summary:

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:00—Course, 10.5 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Grayjacket	4 45 24	1 45 24	
Alice	4 46 32	1 46 32	
Soya	4 46 54	1 46 54	
Spider	4 47 47	1 47 47	
Florence	4 48 27	1 48 27	
Handicap Class, 1st Div.—Start, 3:05—Course, 10.5 Miles.			
Joy	4 56 40	1 51 40	
La Cubana	5 06 01	2 01 01	
Corrected time: Joy, 1.44.58; La Cubana 1.48.44.			
Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Start, 3:05—Course, 9.6 Miles.			
Careless	4 57 21	1 52 21	
Blue Bill	5 01 43	1 56 43	
Gunda	5 02 30	1 58 30	
Corrected time: Blue Bill, 1.52.13; Careless, 1.52.21; Gunda, 1.53.00.			
Sloops, Class S—Start, 3:10—Course, 9.6 Miles.			
M. & F. II.	4 59 40	1 49 40	
Cyric	5 01 51	1 51 51	
Sloops, Class X—Start, 3:15—Course, 8 Miles.			
Mouse, R. L. Dingman	4 47 24	1 32 24	
Suffragette	4 51 49	1 36 49	
Merry Widow	4 52 03	1 37 03	
Skylark	4 57 49	1 42 49	
Slow Poke	5 02 11	1 47 11	

Canarsie Y. C.

THE annual regatta of Canarsie Y. C. was sailed last Saturday with thirteen entries, sail and power. The summary:

Sloops—Start, 3:45—Course, 10 Miles.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elizabeth II.	2 36 30	2 36 30
Cabin Catboats—Start, 3:50—Course, 10 Miles.		
Sinbad	2 16 00	2 16 00
Clara May	2 19 00	2 13 22
Open Catboats—Start, 3:55—Course, 10 Miles.		
Caddie	2 20 35	2 20 35
Selshish	2 26 05	2 24 47
Open Power Boats—Start, 4:00—Course, 10 Miles.		
Coquet	1 43 40	1 43 40
Grace D.	1 54 32	1 54 32
Cabin Power Boats—Start, 4:05—Course, 10 Miles.		
Helena	1 32 45	1 32 45
Hazel G.	1 39 44	1 39 44
Lester	1 33 30	1 33 30
Cara II.	1 35 05	1 35 05
Myra	2 45 55	2 40 55

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

SEVEN boats of Jamaica Bay finished the second ocean race of the season off the red spar buoy that lies off Manhattan Beach. The blow brought reefs to all but Kismet. Curlew, owned by E. Wilson, won by nearly four minutes. The summary:

Sloops—Start, 12:13—Course, 14 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Curlew	2 43 52	2 30 52
Cornelia	2 47 49	2 34 49
Kismet	3 08 32	2 55 32
Kanawha	Did not finish.	
Cabin Catboats—Start, 12:18—Course, 14 Miles.		
Sinbad	3 17 42	2 59 42
Elvira	3 21 38	3 03 38
Madge	Did not finish.	

Columbia Y. C.

Fog and light air predominated about Thompson's Island during most of the regatta held by the Columbia Y. C. off City Point, Boston, last Saturday. The winners were: Class A, A. C. Jones' Nutmeg; Class B, O. L. Brambach's Sintram; Class C, W. L. Jefferson's Eleanor; Class D, catboats, H. W. Robbins' Clara; Class S, F. J. Stewart's Zoe; Class H, handicap, Ralph Packard's Sinbad; Class I, 18-footers, A. W. Finlay's Dorchen II.; Class X, dories, J. J. Blaney's Barbara; cabin power boats, J. J. Tobin's Gertrude; open power boats, L. R. Cogswell's Pegasus. The summary:

Class A.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nutmeg	1 37 45	1 14 43
Virginia	1 38 05	1 16 51
Mignon	1 44 13	1 21 21
Wanderer IV.	1 51 01	1 29 18
Norma II.	1 52 13	1 29 22
Clorinda	1 53 55	1 30 11
Chewink II.	1 55 32	1 34 05
Class B.		
Sintram	1 47 10	1 21 31
Chevy Chase	1 46 37	1 21 36
Barracouta	1 48 33	1 22 59
Quakeress	1 49 23	1 24 31
Winona	1 52 18	1 25 54
Sentinel	1 51 20	1 26 11
Lethe	Did not finish.
Class C.		
Eleanor	1 49 43	1 27 00
H. Lindsay	1 44 00	1 27 23
Violet	1 53 25	1 36 23
Class D—Catboats.		
Clara	1 45 06	1 43 34
Dartwell	1 43 53	1 43 49
Dolly III	1 44 41	1 43 50
Iris	1 44 14	1 44 14
Busy Bee	1 48 21	1 45 03
Wanderer	1 54 51	1 51 07
Dolly III.	was protested by Dartwell for fouling mark.
Class S.		
Zoe	1 22 16	1 16 58
Maritza II.	1 41 14	1 17 49
Winniahdin	1 43 28	1 19 20
Wawenock	1 53 11	1 51 31
Class H—Handicap.		
Sinbad	1 58 02	1 47 02
Dorsyl	1 54 56	1 47 36
Newsboy	2 04 40	1 49 40
Thordis	1 53 45	1 50 45
Zidana	1 53 35	1 53 35
Marion III.	Disabled.
Class I—18-footers.		
Dorchen II.	1 45 54
Bonitwo	1 46 31
Moslem II.	1 48 27
Reina	1 49 48
Aurora	1 50 21
Louise	1 51 08
Scaler	1 51 09
Cheroot	2 16 13
Class X—Dories.		
Barbara	1 04 50
Elizabeth F.	1 09 13
Bessie A. III.	1 09 43
Teazer	1 10 00
Cabin Power Boats.		
Gertrude	1 04 20	0 49 20
Isabell	1 11 45	0 51 45
Beachcomber	1 00 21	1 00 21
Open Power Boats.		
Pegasus	0 30 30	0 30 30
Anabel	1 07 35	0 37 35
Gerard	1 08 15	0 44 15

Gloucester Y. C.

GLoucester, July 13.—The Gloucester Y. C. held its weekly regatta to-day. In the first class Onda won by 11s.

Elizabeth and Osprey were the only two entries in the second class. Elizabeth finished on actual time 47s. ahead, but lost on allowance.

In the third class, Armoral won without her time allowance.

In the 18-foot class, the new boat Jane again beat Tid II.

The 15-footers sailed a shorter course, Oleta winning handily. The summary:

Class One.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Onda	1 15 08	1 15 08
Nereid	1 17 45	1 15 19
Edjacko	1 17 48	1 15 22
Class Two.		
Osprey	1 20 31	1 19 11
Elizabeth	1 19 54	1 19 58
Class Three.		
Armoral	1 33 17	1 29 53
Sumarki	1 34 56	1 34 56
Weasel	1 35 00	1 35 00
18-Footers.		
Jane	1 30 56

Tid II.	1 39 56
Petrel	1 33 23
Privateer II.	1 37 42
15-Footers.		
Oleta	1 18 37
Meave	1 19 53
Nutmeg II.	1 21 50
Tew Lom	1 22 09
Cherub	Withdrew.

Edgewood Y. C.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 13.—In a fluky changeable wind, that converted races of skill into luck contests, the Edgewater winners of to-day follow:

Class P—Start, 2:45.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Momo, W. E. Butler	Did not cover course.
Class Q—Start, 2:48.		
Idler, A. M. Chase	2 46 10	2 46 10
Molly, O. S. Howes	2 56 10	2 55 53
Class D—Start, 2:53.		
Omeme, F. J. Holt
Mblem, John Caton, Jr.
Class E—Start, 2:56.		
Gilt Edge, W. E. Simmons	2 52 30	2 52 30
Bother, F. H. Sweet	3 24 15	3 22 50
Class I—Start, 3:07.		
Arrow II., B. C. Hirst, Jr.	3 10 47
Dorothy, W. D. Wood	3 11 10
Hugi, A. B. Brayton	3 11 15
Bat, Jesse Caton	3 11 35
Wanderer VI., H. J. Flint	3 14 35
Mouse, H. Possner	Did not finish.
Class Z—Start, 3:02.		
Puzzle, F. J. Killian	2 29 25
Little Mother, Smedley Bros.	2 29 50
Rube, Broadhead Bros.	2 32 40
Class S—Start, 3:18.		
P. D. Q.	1 55 5
Princess, S. H. Smith	Did not finish.

Boston Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, July 13.—The Boston Y. C. held its regatta here this afternoon. The wind was light from the southeast. Italia won in Class 6. Irma beat Ellen by 2s. in the Sonder Class. Mirage II. in Class I had a walkover. In the Marblehead 17-footers, Searob won from Lolita by 26s. The Corinthian Y. C. 15-foot class went to Dingbat. The summary:

Elapsed.		Elapsed.	
Italia	1 32 01	Amoret	1 43 32
Timandra	1 33 09
Sonder Class.			
Irma	1 37 49	Ellen	1 37 51
Class I.			
Mirage 2d	1 43 02
Marblehead 17-footers.			
Searob	1 48 56	Constance	1 50 48
Lolita	1 49 32	Shanna	1 52 01
Orissa	1 49 35	Daffy Dill	1 53 20
Moslem 2d	1 50 29	Italanta	1 54 01
Corinthian Y. C. 15-footers.			
Dingbat	1 54 01	Half Moon	2 05 48
Wee Three	2 04 06

Annisquam Y. C.

GLoucester, July 13.—The regatta of the Annisquam Y. C. was sailed this afternoon in a brisk southerly breeze with four starters. Reaching across to the Annisquam Y. C. buoy, Tabasco and Snipe drew away from the two others. In the rounding for the windward mark the boats made a short hitch to starboard with a long tack to port. Nisan began to pick up and when off Squam Light took the lead by a small margin from Tabasco, and after a nip and tuck race up the river was beaten by 13s. The summary:

Tabasco, Jr.	1 23 35
Nisan II.	1 23 48
Princess	1 27 40
Snipe	1 31 18

Nahant Dory Club.

NAHANT, July 13.—Brownie III., owned by S. E. Guild, won the leg in the championship races by beating out the second boat 40 seconds. Brownie was beautifully sailed by Mr. Guild's two sons. The summary:

Bug Boat Class.		Elapsed.
Brownie III.	1 24 00
Staying	1 24 40
Stinger	1 28 05
Bugaboo	1 28 19
Humbug	1 29 23
Wejvell	1 30 00
Midge,	1 31 22

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY, July 13.—The finishes were close in two of the four classes in the sixth club race of the Beverly Y. C. off Wings Neck this afternoon. The race in the 21-foot class was a repetition of the previous wins this year. D. L. Whittemore's Foraminifer again came home in the lead, nearly a minute ahead of Skate and Saracen, which were only two seconds apart. In the sonder class there was a difference of only 34s. between the first and fourth boats. Seacoon finished first, five seconds ahead of Sally VIII. Miss Margaret Codman again brought Yalu over the line first in the Herreshoff 15-foot class, sailing a decidedly clever race. Miss Codman's boat crossed just a second ahead of Tinker, owned by Robert W. Emmons 3d. In the Crane 15-foot class, Lestris, which has been a consistent winner in previous races, was second, F. B. Austin's Pioneer getting in just ahead of Miss Priscilla Crane's boat. The summary:

21-foot Class.		Sonder Class.			
	Elapsed.		Elapsed.		
Foraminifer	1 37 20	Pollywog	1 40 32		
Skate	1 38 15	Macabaro	1 41 48		
Saracen	1 38 17	Phantom	1 44 02		
Selwonk	1 38 28	Terrapin	1 46 09		
Sonder Class.					
Seacoon	1 40 21	Joyette	1 40 55		
Sally VIII.	1 40 26	Fin	1 47 55		
Peg	1 40 28		
Herreshoff 15-foot Class.		Crane 15-foot Class.			
Yalu	1 16 41	Endeavor	1 18 55		
Tinker	1 16 42	Pronto	1 19 00		
Vim	1 17 51	Fly	1 19 06		
Pioneer <td>1 12 21</td> <th colspan="2">Gifted<td>1 15 00</td> </th>		1 12 21	Gifted <td>1 15 00</td>		1 15 00
Lestris <td>1 13 17</td> <th colspan="2">Water Witch<td>1 16 07</td> </th>		1 13 17	Water Witch <td>1 16 07</td>		1 16 07
Nabob <td>1 13 19</td> <th colspan="2">Nahma<td>1 16 09</td> </th>		1 13 19	Nahma <td>1 16 09</td>		1 16 09
Charmion <td>1 14 41</td> <th colspan="2">No Name<td>1 16 31</td> </th>		1 14 41	No Name <td>1 16 31</td>		1 16 31
Niobe <td>1 14 55</td> <th colspan="2">.....<td>.....</td> </th>		1 14 55 <td>.....</td>	

Bayside Y. C.

A PRETTY race was sailed here last Saturday. It was the annual women's race of Bayside birds. There were four starters, conditions being that a woman must handle the tiller in each boat, being allowed one crew. The Bayside Y. C. may be proud of its women sailors. They compare favorably with the best among the men. Skylark, owned by J. H. Shiras, was beautifully handled by his daughter, Miss Peggy. As a sailor of international fame, we are willing to credit Hank Haff, but as a small yacht skipper we must give Miss Shiras credit for the other half. Miss B. Willard sailed Curlew, Miss A. Nesbitt, sailed Teaser and Mrs. McGregor handled Loon, and no criticism may be made of any of them in their seamanship, but like men sailors only one can win. The summary:

Bayside Y. C. Annual Women's Race, Bird Class—Course, 2 1-6 Miles—Wind, Southeast.		Elapsed.
Skylark	0 38 00
Teaser	0 39 00
Loon	0 39 38
Curlew	0 40 30

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

THE second race of the second series for the one-design class of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. was sailed last Saturday off Centre Island. Hen, owned by George Nichols, won by 2m. 28s. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hen	4 56 02	1 36 02
Flicker	4 58 30	1 38 30
Grilse	5 00 02	1 40 02
Chipmunk	5 00 15	1 40 15
Iris	5 02 30	1 42 30
Imp	5 11 30	1 51 30
Moranto	5 06 10	1 46 10

ARTHUR BINNEY

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Eastern Y. C. Cruise.

FOR the third successive year the cruise of the Eastern Y. C. fleet ended in a tow home, for there was no wind in Frenchman's Bay at Bar Harbor, Me., to-day. To-night prizes were awarded by Commodore Paine to the yachts making the best corrected time in the five divisions in the five races of the cruise. Winners were: First division, schooners, Irolita, owned and sailed by E. Walter Clark, of Philadelphia; second division schooners, Taormina, owned and sailed by William S. Eaton, of Boston; third division schooners, Vagrant, owned and sailed by Harold S. Vanderbilt, of New York. First division sloops, Avenger, owned and sailed by Harry S. Maxwell, of New York; second division sloops, Dorello, owned and sailed by W. B. Henry, of Philadelphia, with the fleet by invitation. The dispute over a foul between Irolita and Elena at the start of Wednesday's race off Swan's Island was settled, the committee finding Elena in error and upheld the protest of Irolita.

Hingham Y. C.

HINGHAM, July 13.—In a southwest breeze over an 8-mile course, six of the one-design 15-footers belonging to members of the Hingham Y. C., held a race off Crow Point this afternoon.

It was a struggle for first place between Polly Wog and Mischief, with the former winning by 20s. The summary:

Elapsed.		Elapsed.	
Polly Wog	2 45 00	Pirate	2 48 10
Mischief	2 45 20	Possum	2 49 00
Usonia II.	2 47 00	Marwinder	2 49 30

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY, July 13.—The Quincy Y. C. held a race for boats in Class B this afternoon off its club house at Hough's Neck. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Yarita	1 02 28	1 01 36
Plaris	1 06 57	1 05 58
Alpha	1 09 42	1 08 27
Pioneer	1 14 47	1 13 52
Rutland	1 19 30	1 18 35

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, July 13.—The Duxbury Y. C. sailed its weekly race to-day. L. B. Goodspeed's Again won very easily. The summary:

Elapsed.		Elapsed.	
Again	2 17 25	Aspinquid II.	2 33 52
Croaton	2 24 14		

Toledo Y. C.

LAST Saturday, Old Sam, Commodore Richardson's boat, won the second heat for the Taft cup in the fourth annual race over the Maumee Bay course. Bones, Commodore Walter F. Brown's yacht, was second, and Ethel, owned by Dr. F. A. Aldrich, of the Detroit Y. C., was third.

Stamford Y. C.

THE second round of the tournament race for Stamford Y. C. one-design boats was sailed last Saturday. Snapper sailed against Kelpie. Killie sailed against Curlew and Kelpie and Curlew won.

Sales and Charters.

THE Hollis Burgess Yacht Agency has sold the 35-foot waterline yawl Syren, owned by Russell Gardner, of the Cottage Park Y. C., Winthrop, Mass., to Judge Stanley M. Bolster, of Boston; and the 40-foot motor boat La Reine, owned by E. A. Studley, of Portland, Me., to Herbert M. Plimpton, of Norwood, Mass.

The same agency has chartered the 55-foot motor boat Totem, owned by Capt. Kimball, of Boston, to William Cameron Forbes, Governor of the Philippine Islands, who will use her at Nashawena Island, Buzzard's Bay, during his vacation there this summer.

Motor Boating

Rockland Light Race.

TEN motor boats finished the fifty-mile race of the Hudson River Motor Boat Club to Rockland Light and return before sundown last Sunday night. The winner of the cabin cruiser class, sent away at 10:30 A. M., was S. H. Soeldner's Alfred S., with an allowance of 2h. 51s. from the scratch boat, Mesaba. The elapsed time of Alfred S. was 5h. 56m., and her corrected time 3h. 25m. 9s. She defeated the second boat, C. R. Butler's Spindrift, by 53m. 16s. H. B. Freeman's Marinette was third and W. Israel's Sylvemort fourth. Gray Hare, belonging to A. Haas, was the winner in the open boat class. She won from Annadora by 1h. 8m. 32s. The summary:

Cabin Cruisers—Start, 10:30—Course, 50 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alfred S.	3 56 00	5 25 00
Spindrift	2 58 06	4 28 06
Marinette	3 31 55	5 01 55
Sylvemort	4 50 51	6 20 51
Mesaba	4 20 22	5 50 22
Lillian II.	5 06 06	6 36 06
Twin Kid	6 12 53	7 42 53

Corrected times: Alfred S., 3.25.09; Spindrift, 4.18.25; Marinette, 4.38.57; Sylvemort, 4.54.46; Mesaba, 5.20.22; Lillian II., 6.19.44; Twin Kid, 6.32.14.

Open Boats—Start, 10:20—Course, 50 Miles		
Gray Hare	2 12 13	3 52 13
Annadora	3 53 53	3 33 53
Roxanna	2 51 23	4 31 23

Corrected times: Gray Hare, 2.36.36; Annadora, 3.45.08; Roxana, 4.31.23.

The Regatta Committee timed the finishes from the club house at West 151st street.

Motor Boat off for Europe.

THE 35-foot motor boat Detroit, owned by Commodore W. E. Scripps, of Detroit Y. C., and commanded by Captain Thomas Fleming Day, started at noon last Sunday from New Rochelle Harbor on the second leg of her passage from Detroit to St. Petersburg.

Her next port will be Vineyard Haven, where, after a final supply of water is taken on board, the boat will go direct to Queenstown, thence up the English Channel, and through the North and Baltic seas to St. Petersburg.

Charles C. Earle, Jr., of Boston, will assist Captain Day in the navigation of the boat. The engineers are Walter Moreton and W. Newstead. Detroit is equipped with a two-cylinder engine of 16 horsepower, that drives her seven knots an hour.

She carries 1,200 gallons of gasolene in seven steel tanks, and provisions for ninety days. Each man will stand a watch of four hours, and no smoking will be allowed on board. A stout dinghy, that will carry five men and provisions, has been provided and all other legal marine requirements have been complied with.

Detroit is modeled like a lifeboat, with double ends and bilge keels. She has a beam of ten feet, and she draws five feet of water on a displacement of fourteen tons. The trip to Queenstown will take about twenty days.

The Chicago Power Boat Races.

FORMAL entries for twenty hydroplanes and five displacement boats have been received to date, July 11, by the Associated Yacht and Power Boat Clubs of America, the organization under whose auspices the American championship power boat races will be held in Chicago, Aug. 10-17. As the entry list does not close until a few days before the race it is expected this number will be nearly doubled, thus making the Chicago event the largest ever held in the history of the power boat game.

The races in Chicago will be the most important from the standpoint of prizes given, boats entered and features in connection with water sports ever held. Not only will the week be a great one for the powerboat men, but it will be one of the greatest importance for the windjammer, as the International yacht races between Canada and the United States will be held at the same time.

A third big feature will be the Lipton cup yacht races, while other big numbers on the program will be the exhibitions by the naval reserve fleet which will be the first ever held on fresh water. According to present plans, this fleet of eight warships and six other Government boats will arrive off Chicago Thursday afternoon, Aug. 15. The fleet will anchor inside the outer breakwater, and a fleet of hydroplanes will be sent out to see whether it is possible for the speediest craft afloat to get close enough to warships to damage them with torpedoes. This will be the first test ever given the hydroplane from the naval standpoint and upon the showing made by the speedy little craft will depend whether the Government will become interested in this type of speed boat.

There are so many big aquatic features in connection with the naval pageant and water carnival that they can only be mentioned. From two o'clock Saturday afternoon, Aug. 10, when the first race for the yachting supremacy of the Great Lakes begins, until Saturday night, Aug. 17, when the last rocket of the big fireworks exhibition is sent hissing into the air, the week will be so full of events there will not be a dull moment in the whole program.

At least two thousand motor boats from the various rivers of the Great North American central plain will wind up their annual cruises in Chicago. Especial preparations are being made to entertain the visiting yacht and power boatmen in the way of securing accommodations for them and giving them all the little courtesies possible in return for their attendance on th magnificent carnival.

The actual entries so far received are as follows: Disturber II. (re-named Chicago, Disturber III., Disturber IV., Baby Reliance III., Spitzbub, Leading Lady II., Peter Pan V., Baby VI. (the English hydroplane), Ankle Deep, Restless II., Minnow, Saracen, Tuttle, Wildcat I., Loew Victor II., Gretchen, Intruder II. Eph, Pee Vee Ho, and the Courier. These are all hydroplanes. Displacement boats entered so far are the Running Water and Audaciter. Other entries which have been promised are the Wigwam II. from Astoria, Ore.; Sea Rabbit, from the Cambridge Y. C., Cambridge, Md., and a German entry, which has not as yet been named.

The United States Government, Governor Deneen, of the State of Illinois, and Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, as well as the Association of Commerce, of Chicago, and many other civic bodies have given the pageant their endorsement and are doing everything in their power to help the cause of the yachting and power boating game.

Canoeing

Eastern Division Meet.

THE annual meet of the Eastern Division, A. C. A., was held at Camp De Costa, Long Pond, Lakeville, Mass., June 15, 16 and 17. The campsite was located on the western shore of the pond on a wooded ridge overlooking the course for the races. The first day of camp, Saturday, was given over to pitching of camps and greeting of old friends of former meets. Saturday night all gathered in the big tent for a Dutch supper followed by a camp-fire with speeches by members of all clubs present and a general good time.

Sunday, although cool and the water rough, many crews were out.

On Monday the big event, the war canoe race, had five entries, which is more than any previous A. C. A. race has had. Crescent C. C., Lawrence C. C., Cocheco C. C., Medford B. C. and Dedham B. C. were represented. The results follow:

War Canoe—First, Dedham B. C.; second, Crescent C. C.; third, Cocheco C. C.; fourth, Lawrence C. C.; fifth, Medford B. C.

Double Blade, Single—First, Riess, Swas-
(Continued on page 94.)



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 13-14.—Portland (Me.) G. C. Individual Championship on second day. S. Dimick, Sec'y.
Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. Arthur Gambell, Supt.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

July 20.—Danbury, Conn.—Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Pahquioque G. C. E. H. Bailey, Sec'y.
July 21-22.—Bellingham (Wash.) G. C. O. H. Joy, Sec.
July 22.—Sheridan (Wyo.) G. C. J. H. Bradford, Sec'y.
July 22-23.—Crookston (Minn.) G. C. W. E. Rowe, Pres.
July 22-25.—Berterton, Md.—Berterton G. C. James R. Malone, Sec'y.
July 23.—Marion (O.) G. C. D. A. Orr, Sec'y.
July 23-24.—Paragould (Ark.) G. C. C. W. Stedman, Sec'y.
July 24.—Milton (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club. S. H. Kock, Sec'y.
July 24-25.—Mason City, Ia.—Cerro Gordo G. C. H. B. Madsen, Sec'y.
July 25-26.—Warroad, Minn.—Minnesota State tournament, under the auspices of the Minnesota State Sportsmen's Association. Peter Alldrin, Sec'y.
July 26.—Bradford (Ill.) G. C. H. A. Swearingen, Sec'y.
July 26.—Shamokin (Pa.) G. C. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 26.—Huntington (W. Va.) G. C. A. C. Martin, Sec.
July 26-27.—Nelson (B. C., Canada) G. C. W. A. Ward, Sec'y.
July 27.—Washington, D. C.—Analan G. C. Miles Taylor, Sec'y.
July 29.—Baudette (Minn.) G. C. A. M. Hoover, Sec'y.
July 29-30.—Revelstoke (B. C., Canada) G. C. A. J. MacDonnell, Sec'y.
July 30.—Tyndall (S. D.) G. C. F. F. Chladek, Sec'y.
July 30.—Oregon (Wis.) G. C. W. H. Dreher, Sec'y.
July 30.—Spooners (Minn.) G. C. M. D. Weeks, Sec'y.
July 30-31.—Portsmouth (O.) G. C. J. E. Nutt, Mgr.
July 31.—Marion (Ia.) G. C. A. C. Maxwell, Sec'y.
Aug. 1.—International Falls, (Minn.) G. C. R. G. Green, Sec'y.
Aug. 1.—Plattsville (Wis.) G. C. F. J. Bridges, Sec'y.
Aug. 3.—Holmesburg Jct., Pa.—S. S. White G. C. W. E. Robinson, Sec'y.
Aug. 3.—Pikeral Lake, S. D.—Sisseton G. C. Maurice Schindler, Sec'y.
Aug. 3-4.—Green Bay, Wis.—Wisconsin State tournament, under the auspices of the Green Bay Game and Gun Club. R. E. St. John, Sec'y.
Aug. 6-7.—Dallas (Tex.) G. C. H. R. Basley, Mgr.
Aug. 6.—Belle Vernon, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Belle Vernon G. C. B. F. Daugherty, Sec'y.
Aug. 6.—Durant (Ia.) G. C. Hugo Boldt, Sec'y.
Aug. 6-7.—Mitchell (S. D.) G. C. C. A. Ferguson, Sec.
Aug. 6-7.—Alabama State tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham (Ala.) Gun Club. O. L. Garl, Sec'y.
Aug. 6-7.—Wilson, (N. C.) Gun Club. Jas. D. Barnes, Sec'y.
Aug. 6-7.—Lock Haven (Pa.) G. C. C. A. Jobson, Sec'y.
Aug. 7.—Madrid (N. Y.) G. C. J. E. Thompson, Pres.
Aug. 7-8.—Springfield, Ill.—Illinois G. C. J. R. Leib, C. A. McDermand, Pres.
Aug. 7-8.—Blue Ribbon (Kan.) Gun Club. J. F. Caldwell, Sec'y.
Aug. 7-8.—Concordia, Kans.—Blue Ribbon Gun Club. J. F. Caldwell, Sec'y.
Aug. 7-8.—Livermore (Mo.) G. C. E. W. Stacy, Sec'y.
Aug. 8.—Livermore (Ia.) G. C. J. H. Zigrang, Sec'y.
Aug. 8.—Berwick (Pa.) R. and G. C. W. I. Shrader, Sec'y.
Aug. 8-9.—Lindsay (Okla.) G. C. Robt. May, Sec'y.
Aug. 10.—Temple, Pa.—Hercules G. C. A. K. Ludwig, Sec'y.
Aug. 10.—Waterbury, Conn.—Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Mattatuck R. and G. C. David R. Walker, Sec'y.
Aug. 10-11.—Chicago (Ill.) G. C. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
Aug. 10-11.—Chicago Grand Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cochran, Sec'y.
Aug. 13-14.—Abilene (Tex.) G. C. C. D. Payton, Sec'y.
Aug. 14.—Lancaster (Pa.) G. C. W. T. Krick, Sec'y.
Aug. 14.—Batavia, N. Y.—Holland G. C. Chas. W. Gardiner, Sec'y.
Aug. 14-15.—Montgomery, Ala.—Capital City G. C. M. Moore, Pres.
Aug. 14-16.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's Seventh Western Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Kansas City G. C.; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in the Western Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Aug. 15.—Rio (Wis.) G. C. Bert Thompson, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-16.—Dayton, Ky.—Northern Kentucky G. C. Geo. W. Dameron, Sec'y.
Aug. 20.—Marthasville, Mo.—Daniel Boone G. C. J. O. Wilson, Sec'y.
Aug. 20.—Canonsburg (Pa.) G. C. A. S. Anthony, Sec'y.
Aug. 20-21.—Sioux Falls (S. D.) G. C. A. Olson, Sec'y.
Aug. 20-23.—Montreal, Canada.—Dominion of Canada T. S. A. T. Claude Cooke, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-22.—Garrison, N. Y.—Garrison-Highland R. and G. C. F. N. Limdebjerg, Sec'y.
Aug. 22.—Ebensburg, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of the Ebensburg G. C. W. R. Thompson, Sec'y, Ebensburg, Pa.
Aug. 23.—Sandusky, O.—Ye Oak Meadow G. C. Ira C. Krupp, Sec'y.

Aug. 23.—Gouverneur (N. Y.) R. and G. C. W. R. Patrick, Sec'y.
Aug. 24.—La Crosse G. C. J. V. Winter, Sec'y.
Aug. 27-29.—Cedar Point, O.—Indians. C. W. Budd, Sec.
Aug. 27-29.—Portland, Ore.—The Interstate Association's seventh Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Portland G. C.; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in the Pacific Coast Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Aug. 28-29.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland S. S. A. State tournament. Geo. P. Mordecai, Sec'y, 215 American Building, Baltimore, Md.
Aug. 28-29.—Fulda (Minn.) G. C. H. W. Converse, Sec'y.
Aug. 29.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Big Game Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. H. G. Frederichs, Sec'y.
Aug. 29-30.—Sedalia (Mo.) G. C. John McGrath, Sec'y, under the auspices of the Bay City G. C. C. A. Galbraith, Mgr.
Aug. 31.—Menominee Falls (Wis.) G. C. Jas. A. Pike, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Hammond (Ind.) G. C. J. C. Becker, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Ft. Collins (Colo.) Shooting Club. Jos. Garst, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Ogdensburg (N. Y.) S. A. J. M. Morley, Sec.
Sept. 2.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League tournament, under auspices of the Sea Side G. C. Earl R. Lewis, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Lima (O.) G. C. A. W. Fisk, Pres.
Sept. 2-3.—Fayette, Mo.—Afro-American Trapshooters' Sept. 2-3.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia State tournament, under auspices of Lynchburg G. C. W. R. Winfree, Sec'y, 1008 Main St., Lynchburg, Va.
Sept. 2-3.—Paducah (Ky.) Target Club. C. E. Pursell, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Celina (O.) G. C. Geo. Kistler, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Bucklin (Mo.) G. C. Ed. Herriman, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Holdrege (Neb.) G. C. Thos. Hufford, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Cumberland (Md.) G. C. F. Billmeyer, Sec'y.
Sept. 10-11.—Caro (Mich.) S. A. F. W. Bowles, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—London (O.) G. C. H. L. Hildinger, Sec'y.
Sept. 9-10.—Evansville, Ind.—Indiana State tournament, under the auspices of the Recreation G. C. Geo. A. Beard, Cor. Sec'y.
Sept. 10.—McKeesport, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Youghiogheny Country Club. R. J. Caughey, Sec'y.
Sept. 10-13.—Denver, Colo.—Rocky Mountain Interstate Sportsmen's Association; \$5,000 added money. Ambrose E. McKenzie, Mgr.
Sept. 11.—Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club. Jay Clark, Jr., Sec'y.
Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. A. B. Heyl, Pres.
Sept. 13-14.—Beverly, Mass.—Massachusetts State tournament, under the auspices of the Massachusetts State T. S. A. F. E. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.
Sept. 17.—Huntingdon, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Alexandria G. C. L. M. Hagerty, Sec'y, Alexandria, Pa.
Sept. 17-18.—Brookfield, Mo.—Linn County G. C. Ed. Barton, Sec'y.
Sept. 17-20.—Atlantic City, N.J.—Westy Hogans of America tournament. Bernard Elsesser, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-19.—Bloomington, Ill.—McLean County G. C. C. A. McDermand, Pres.
Sept. 19.—Springfield (O.) G. C. Harry C. Downey, Sec.
Sept. 20.—Sangerfield (N. Y.) Country Club. R. H. Terry, Sec'y.
Sept. 23-24.—Lewiston (Idaho) G. C. P. T. Lomax, Sec'y.
Sept. 26-27.—Baltimore, Md.—West Forest Park G. C. Richard L. Collings, Sec'y.
Sept. 26-27.—Capron (Ill.) G. C. Alex. Vance, Sec'y.
Sept. 27.—Saginaw (Mich.) Canoe Club. T. A. Saylor, Sec'y.
Oct. 1-2.—Omaha (Neb.) G. C. F. T. Lovering, Sec'y.
Oct. 2.—Piedmont (W. Va.) G. C. G. N. Hoover, Sec.
Oct. 3.—Wapakoneta (O.) G. C. Chas. E. Zint, Sec'y.
Oct. 3.—Elkton (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Mgr.
Oct. 15-18.—Cincinnati, O.—The Interstate Association's Post-Season tournament, on the grounds of the Cincinnati G. C.; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.

1913.

Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

It is encouraging to find our efforts to interest canoe clubs in trapshooting is beginning to be rewarded. To-day I have a letter from T. A. Saylor, manager Saginaw Canoe Club, Saginaw, Mich., that they will hold a registered tournament Sept. 27.

The eighth annual tournament of the New England Military Rifle Association, which was scheduled to take place during the fourth week in August, has been changed to the third week, the meeting opening Aug. 19. This change was made necessary by the National Rifle Association matches being fixed for the week of Aug. 26 to 31.

Elmer E. Shaner writes us: "In accordance with a resolution adopted by the Interstate Association, at its annual meeting in 1910, I beg to advise you that Mr. C. D. Henline, Bradford, Pa., was the winner of the seventh Eastern Handicap, shot at Bradford, Pa., July 11. Mr. Henline used a Baker gun, Winchester shells, and Du Pont powder."

The Danville (Ill.) Rod and Gun Club now owns its own home. A tract of eleven acres with buildings which the club has been renting for some time, was purchased last week, and the members propose to greatly improve the grounds and buildings. A campaign for new members is also to be inaugurated and a successful season is anticipated.

The Big Game Rifle, Rod and Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va., extends a cordial invitation to attend its fall merchandise and cash prize tournament, Thursday, Aug. 29. There will be plenty of prizes. This is a registered tournament. Professionals shoot for targets only. Price of targets, 2 cents, included in all entrances. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Shooting will begin at 9 A. M. sharp. Take the West Alexander car between Eleventh and Sixteenth streets, on Market. Shells and guns shipped, express prepaid, to H. G. Friedrichs Sporting Goods Store, 1523 Market street, will be delivered at the grounds free of charge. Interstate Association rules will govern. This shoot will be held under the Squier money-back system. For any further information, write to H. G. Friedrichs, Secretary. W. G. BEECROFT.

Red Deer Gun Club.

RED DEER, Alta, Canada, July 1.—The registered tournament held here to-day was interfered with seriously by rain. Fifty-four shooters tried to be happy, and although their dispositions were good, the same may not be said of their scores. R. G. Robinson, of Calgary, was high average, with Davis, of Red Deer, second. Morris, Bishop and Davis tied for championship, Davis winning out on shoot-off. Calgary won team shoot with 64 out of 75. Ponoka second with 63.

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
F Lund	165 131	H Mumm	100 59
W H Plaxton	165 133	J G La France	40 24
Dr Till	165 123	B E Pendleton	165 116
F Lee	165 86	W Kennedy	165 121
F Brower	165 119	M Bednar	165 139
F L Landon	165 108	G J James	165 126
J Duff	165 127	R K Alley	165 136
L H Walkley	165 121	G B Parker	165 115
H E Johnson	165 138	H B Edwards	40 30
G E Morris	165 145	D A Smith	165 100
A J Teller	165 130	R C Brumpton	165 120
J B Kenick	165 117	E J Higgs	80 51
W A Michael	150 90	J A Saffron	150 120
R G Robinson	165 149	Jas Mann	105 75
W B McLaren	165 135	W R Davis	165 147
H C Andrews	165 116	R A Brown	40 20
L Dowler	165 142	C H Chapman	40 23
Dr Karnopp	150 91	J M Campbell	85 49
B A Hines	150 131	G S Ware	80 38
A W Bishop	150 126	W B Anderson	100 73
W L Pettit	150 121	L M Goetz	100 71
M E Gillespie	80 51	C Crawford	25 9
J Garden	165 108	A T Stephenson	55 42
E A Short	150 118	W B Galbraith	40 16
Wm Hunter	150 122	R L Goetz	35 27
Professionals:			
H Ricklefson	165 118	B W Beckman	165 126
R J McKay	165 149	E J White	125 103

Canandaigua Sportsmen's Club.

SIXTEEN shooters took part in the good sport at the traps of the Canandaigua Sportsmen's Club on July 11. Mason won first, the silver spoon in the open events at 50 targets, scoring 46, which, with a handicap of 7, gave him a perfect score. Sterling was second with 40 killed and 4 handicap. Barringer changed guns after the second string, and with Club Champion Mason's pump, broke 27, and with a handicap of 15, landed in third place. It was one of the best proofs of "fit" of a gun the local shooters have witnessed, as Barringer scored 20 out of 25 in the merchandise event, taking second place to Van Wormer, who broke 23 with a similar gun. The scores:

B. H. T.		B. H. T.	
Mason	6 7 50	Ellis	28 .. 23
Sterling	40 4 44	Bushnell	26 .. 26
Barringer	27 15 42	Reed	23 .. 23
Eiselne	32 8 40	Gilligan	18 .. 18
Kibbe	32 6 38	Brink	18 .. 18
Soule	31 4 38	Miles	13 .. 13
Van Wormer	28 8 33	Sanford	10 .. 10
Thompson	32 .. 32	Chesebro	6 .. 6

W. J. KIBBE, Sec'y.

Sikeston Gun Club.

Sikeston, Mo., July 12.—Out of 50 clay pigeons, the following scores were made to-day: Harry Smith 47, Geo. Faiszt 43, W. H. Tanner 43, Clem Marshall 43, Dan McCoy 39, C. H. Yanson 37, Lyman Bowman 35, J. E. Dover 27. W. M. H. TANNER, Sec'y.



PUMP GUN, STEEL LINED SHELLS and METALLIC CARTRIDGES

BEAT THE WORLD IN OLYMPIC GAMES

American Experts and *Remington-UMC* Arms and Ammunition set a New Pace in Great Stockholm Meet

Individual Clay Bird Championship—Won by J. R. Graham, shooting a *Remington-UMC* Pump Gun and *Remington-UMC* Arrow Steel Lined Shells, score 96 ex 100.

Team Clay Bird Championship—Five high men in the victorious American Team shot *Remington-UMC* Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

Revolver and Pistol Championship—A. P. Lane, shooting *Remington-UMC* Metallic Cartridges, made the best individual score and a world's record in the 50 metre team competition, scoring 509 ex 600; won first in the team competition at 30 metres, scoring 292 ex 300, and won the individual competition at 30 metres, scoring 287 ex 300.

Paul Palen, also shooting *Remington-UMC* Metallic Cartridges, was second in the 30 metre team competition.

Running Deer Championship—Pitted against a formidable field in which the nations of the world were represented, the American Team, shooting *Remington-UMC* rifles and ammunition, closely contested for first honors, losing by only 8 points. Sweden was first, scoring 150; America second, scoring 142; and Finland third, scoring 123.

The Olympic Trap Shooting Team chose Remington-UMC Arrow Steel Lined Shells because of their remarkable trap record of 15 out of 18 great national handicaps.

There is strong additional proof here of the supremacy of
Remington-UMC - the perfect shooting combination.

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., 299-301 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Saratoga Gun Club.

THE Fourth of July shoot of the Saratoga Gun Club was certainly a "hot one," as far as the weather is concerned. With the mercury at 102, fifteen shooters blazed away and perspired and then kicked at the scores. The torrid weather had an effect on the targets that made a break difficult, and in the "pickups" it was not uncommon to find targets with from two to ten perforations in them which failed to break. Harry Levingston, one of our best shots, and also one of the best in the State, was decidedly out of form, and coupled with the weather conditions, showed up badly. Levingston's last performance was in the 90 per cent. class, and his score of 34 out of 45 on the Fourth will give the reader an impression of how hot weather affects trapshooters:

	Shot at.	Hdep.	Broke.	Total.
Sesselman	45	8	24	32
Levingston	45	0	35	35
Corey	45	0	30	30
Kearney	45	10	22	32
Downs	35	3	25	28
Hammond	35	12	15	24
Shevlin	20	1	13	14
Chamberlin	20	2	15	17
Futnam	20	2	12	14
Wentworth	10	2	6	8

Dr. Downs leads for the Dupont trophy, and also for the Levingston cup. Corey and Kearney are second and third respectively.
J. M. COREY, Sec'y.

Sunbury-Selinsgrove Gun Club.

SUNBURY, Pa., July 11.—At the regular weekly shoot of the Sunbury-Selinsgrove Gun Club to-day the rain kept the attendance down, but some very good scores were made. Teats, with a score of 95 out of 100, was high gun. The spoon in Class A was won by Schoffstall, with 25 straight. In Class C the spoon was won by Moeschlin, with 15 out of 25. For the cup event, Schoffstall again went 25 straight, thereby winning a leg on it. No. 3 was the spoon event; No. 4, the cup event. Scores:

	1	2	3	4		1	2	3	4
Howell	21	24	21	22	Schoffstall	22	20	25	25
Hartman	21	21	21	24	Moeschlin	12	11	15	..
Teats	24	23	24	22	J. W. SCHOFFSTALL.				

Baltimore Rod and Gun Club.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 8.—As we have recently organized a rod and gun club, note your invitation for publication of club shoots, we send you the following report of our "shoot" on the Fourth of July:
At Highland Electric Park, the home of the Rod and Gun Club, on July 4, R. H. Butler won in Class A; W. T. Turner in Class B; and W. E. Bowers in Class C. H. W. Williams, Augustus Gross, Henry Brown, Frederick Leon, Dr. R. G. Baker and Luther Tucker qualified for the 100-bird race for Aug. 30.
WM. MURRAY, Sec'y.

Analostan Tournament.

FIRST annual registered tournament of the Analostan Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., will be held July 27. Program, ten 15-target events, entrance \$1.40 each event, optional sweeps, entrance \$1. Squier money-back system. Division of moneys in regular program, Rose system, ratio points 5, 3, 2, 1. To be eligible for the Squier money-back system a contestant must compete in all regular program events. Any other events conducted in connection with the tournament are separate from the regular program, and it is optional with the contestant whether or not he makes entry for them. The Squier money-back system does not apply to any event or events other than the regular program.

The shoot is under the auspices of the Interstate Association, which contributed \$50 to apply on the money-back system, originated by Luther J. Squier. Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc., may shoot in the various events for targets only. Those who desire may shoot for targets only. The shoot will start promptly at 10 A. M. Interstate rules govern all events. To reach the grounds, take the H street cars and get off at the Benning Power Station, just across the Eastern Branch. The officers of the Analostan Gun Club are: C. S. Wilson, President; Dr. W. D. Monroe, Vice-President; Dr. A. B. Stine, Treasurer; Miles Taylor, Secretary.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 12.—The twenty-second annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, which was held here July 9, 10 and 11, was favored with good weather and a fair attendance, so that the entries for the three days ran very uniform. As has been the custom of this organization, a very attractive program was offered and in addition to the various State trophies for which only members of the association were eligible there was \$700 in cash added.

The program of the first day consisted of five 20-target events, Rose-Jack Rabbit system, with \$20 added in each. Then there were two 50-target events with a purse of \$25, divided among the six high guns. The first of these constituted the individual State championship, and this honor was won by J. P. Wright, of Camden, with 47. B. Vinson and J. W. Alston, of Little Rock, and C. C. Handley, of Pine Bluff, and Dr. A. U. Williams of Hot Springs, all finished with 46.

Among the non-resident shooters who were eligible to compete for the purse, C. B. Eaton scored 49, Weaver Wilson 48, and Pottinger 47.

The second 50 target event was the handicap, and the same conditions applied to this. E. B. McKain, of Hot Springs, shooting from the 16yd. mark, scored 48 and carried off the trophy. Harvey Dixon with 49 from the 22yd. mark, won first money. Eaton, shooting from the same mark, took second money on 48. A. L. Morgan, B. L. Williams and R. D. Keene scored 44. The high score in the professional class was 46 by Woolfolk Henderson, from 22yds.

The double-target championship at 25 pair was the closing event, and this was won by Hiram Whittington, of Hot Springs, with 39, this being high over all.

Dell Gross was high professional with 149, having a run of 96 straight. Henderson and Gibbs were second with 145.

Eaton and Pottinger tied for first in the amateur class with 142, and Bart Lewis was second with 140.

On the second day, Bart Lewis enjoyed the distinction of leading the entire field, hired men included, with 145. Eaton was second with 144, and then came Pottinger and Gibbs with 143, followed by Henderson and Gross with 142.

The team race was won by the Camden Club, with 73 out of 75, individual scores being: Morgan 25, Myar 25, Wright 23. The Pine Bluff team, consisting of C. C. Handley, E. J. Voss and P. W. Scruggs, finished second with 69; Little Rock team No. 1, composed of George Clements, J. W. Alston and J. G. Ebbets, finished third with 68.

There were also three 20-target sweeps on the program, Rose-Jack Rabbit events, with \$25 added. Pottinger cleaned up the 60 targets in these events, and Bart Lewis, Myar, Mermod and Gibbs dropped but one.

The third day was a repetition of the second day, and once more Bart Lewis showed his class by finishing with 148, leading the entire field. Henderson and Gibbs were second with 146, and Dixon, Pottinger and Borden followed with 145.

The two-man team championship was won by Pine Bluff on a perfect score, both C. C. Handley and E. J. Voss scoring 25 straight. J. W. Alston and George Clements, Little Rock team No. 1, with 49, were in the running, Clements dropping the lone target. Little Rock team No. 2, composed of Clements, Jr., and Baldi Vinson, showed good class by scoring 48, each dropping one.

The Squier money-back fund aggregated \$381.50, and the losses amounted to \$69.03; this left \$312.48, which was divided into twenty-two moncys, paying as follows: Bart Lewis, \$43.68; C. B. Eaton and H. B. Pottinger, \$37.44 each; H. Dixon, \$28.08; J. W. Wilson, \$24.96; Fremont Houston and J. P. Wright, \$20.28; C. C. Handley, \$15.60; A. L. Morgan and H. N. Bellinger, \$14.04 each; J. W. Alston, Guy Short, and J. A. Howlett, \$9.36 each; R. R. Stockburger, \$6.25; J. W. Myar, E. J. Voss, B. L. Laden, Dixon McCloy, J. N. Walker and A. W. Scruggs, \$3.12 each; George Clements, and R. D. Keene, \$1.56 each.

The annual meeting of the Association was held in the banquet hall of the Capital Hotel, Tuesday night, July 9. Hot Springs was awarded the next meeting and tournament. The following officers were elected: W. W. Little, Hot Springs, President; J. P. Wright, Camden, Vice-President; A. L. Morgan, Camden, Treasurer (re-elected), and R. L. Bennett, Little Rock, Secretary. Baldi Vinson, George Clements and Paul R. Litzke were appointed a committee to draft a game bill, with a view to having the next Legislature enact it.

The scores in the Squier money-back follow:

	1st Day.	2d Day.		1st Day.	2d Day.
C Eaton	144	144	B L Ladew	130	130
J W Myar	128	133	G Puterbaugh	140	113
J P Wright	137	139	R Stockburger	123	141
A L Morgan	135	137	W W Little	131	122
E A Howell	120	129	D McClay	121	140
E J Voss	133	130	R D Keene	129	128
C C Handley	137	137	H N Bellinger	133	139
A W Scruggs	133	130	J A Howlett	137	134
J T Lloyd	107	106	H B Pottinger	143	145
J W Alston	127	138	H Dixon	142	145
Geo Clements	131	124	B Lewis	145	148
J G Ebbets	111	110	J N Walker	131	129
J C Pierce	128	119	W H Barber	124	107
H Grindle	109	135	J L Tobin	121	130
Guy Short	136	134	F Palmer	118	...
F Houston	140	136	J W Wilson	140	137

Professionals:

A D Mermod	136	90	H J Borden	136	145
J K Lewis	133	127	D D Gross	142	140
H J Donnelly	127	139	W Henderson	142	146
H D Gibbs	143	146	R L Bennett	123	138

Penetration Pads.

George Puterbaugh, of Fayetteville, who had not shot a target in two years, showed remarkable form on the second day, scoring 140 in the Squier money-back event.

Dixon McCloy, of Monticello, the only juvenile par-

ticipant, made everyone sit up and take notice on the last day, by going through the money-back event with a score of 140, which was close to the top. This youngster plainly possesses the nerve, and with a little more experience will be a factor in the game.

R. R. Stockburger, hailing from Fayetteville, was a novice at the game, and this was his first tournament. Lack of experience was very evident at first, but gradually he got his bearing, and on the last day scored 141 out of 150, which was fifth in the producers' class.

Henderson and Gross (hired men) each cleaned up 50 straight in the championship event on the first day.

Heavy-weight Alec. Mermod was taken ill on the last day, and was unable to finish the program, much to the regret of every one present.

Henderson and Gibbs had a great race for hired men's honors, all during the tournament it was nip-and-tuck, but Gibbs finished one to the good.

That steady, consistent shooter Bart Lewis, of Auburn, Ill., again showed his class by running away from the entire field, winning high general average.

B. L. Laden and Guy Short, from Idabel, Okla. are a game pair, and though new to the game, are improving steadily.

H. A. Bellinger, the only Memphis representative present, though not shooting up to his usual form, showed himself the same clever fellow.

Dr. A. U. Williams, of Hot Springs, was one of the few who were present at the organization of the Association twenty-one years ago. In addition to the Doctor, the family was also represented by his son Burkett, and if Father Time should force the Doctor to retire, the family will still be in the game.

Reliable Pete Wright, of Camden, carried off the individual championship by scoring 47. Alston looked like a winner with 39 out of 40, but lost three in his final 10, finishing with 46, along with Baldi Vinson and Dr. Williams.

Pottinger cleaned up the final 60 targets in the three 20-target, Rose-Jack Rabbit sweeps, on the second day. All others failed to duplicate this.

A. S. Rutland, of Little Rock, cashier, and J. R. Hinkle, the well-known trade representative, his assistant, were the "target" bearers. You know it is a pleasant relief to take a kick at the cashier when one failed to negotiate the expected number on the firing line.

Alston's shooting was a disappointment to his many friends. Prior to the tournament he had averaged over 97 per cent. for more than 400 shots, but for some reason he could not strike his stride.

Popular Dell Gross did himself proud on the first day, with his fine score of 149 out of 150. His shooting throughout the entire tournament was very consistent.

Harvey Dixon arrived late on the first day, owing to a delayed train, and missed all of the sweeps, but showed his usual class, and his score of 49 out of 50 in the handicap from the 22yd. mark, was easily the feature of the day.

Walter Little is the gamest man of the Hot Springs contingent, and stayed through the entire shoot, not missing an event. The name is somewhat misleading, as Walter is of rotund physique, and his avoirdupois will approximate close to 300lbs.

Mrs. Hiram Whittington, who accompanied her husband, experienced keen disappointment at Hiram's poor showing in the individual championship contest, especially after the fine form he had shown earlier in the day. The handicap event also showed Hiram in the also-rans, but realizing that life would be a burden unless he captured some of the jewelry, he came through in good style and captured the double-target championship when it looked like a forlorn hope.

The Camden trio—Morgan, Myar and Wright—demonstrated their class, winning the three-man team championship with the fine total of 73, Wright shooting first, skipped two, but Myar and Morgan cleaned up in splendid style.

The two-man team championship was a battle royal and was won by Handley and Voss on a perfect score of 50 straight. Handley finished early, and then put it up to his Dutch running mate to duplicate his performance, and this he did impressively.

Alston came into his own in the two-man race, making a perfect score, but his running mate, George Clements, dropped one, so that this pair finished second with 49, which will win most of such events.

Weaver Wilson, of Parsons, Kans., was a long ways from home and shot as though he needed the money, doing consistent work throughout, and landing fifth average money in the Squier money-back events. His improvement has been remarkable, as last year he was eligible to compete in Elliott's Simon-pure shoot.

Bart Lewis, Dixon and Wilson shot the three-man team race to fill in. Bart slipped one, and with the Camden team already out with 73, there was little margin for Dixon and Weaver to beat their score, but both went at it like sawing wood and cleaned up the entire 50, so their total was 74; but of course, being non-residents, they were ineligible to compete for the trophies.

After a very poor start on the third day, in the first event, Borden got going and made the magnificent run of 186 straight, finally dropping a target in the last event. However, his loss of five at the start kept him from leading the field.

E. B. McKain, of Hot Springs, who won the handicap with the fine score of 48 from the 16yd. mark, is new at the game, and this was his first tournament. The emblem that goes with the honor is by far the handsomest of all those contested for, having been purchased at the birth of the organization twenty-one years ago. There is no evidence of wear, and the beautiful diamond has doubled in value since then.

The trade was represented by H. D. Gibbs, J. R. Hinkle, C. E. Gardner, H. J. Borden, D. D. Gross, H. J. Donnelly, O. D. Mermod, J. K. Lewis, Woolfolk Henderson, R. L. Bennett and Paul R. Litzke.

Good-natured Willis McCracken, from Success, was on hand the first day, shooting part of the events after arriving late, but evaporated that night, much to the disappointment of his many friends.

That enthusiastic pair from De Queen (Tobin and Barber) shot the program through and left well satisfied, with the expressed intentions of coming again.

Clements, Sr., and Clemens, Jr., each shot on the

Little Rock team in the two-man team race, and the father had nothing on the boy, who matched the senior's 24 score.

Both Voss and Alston had previously won the individual trophy with a score of 49 out of 50, but neither could repeat, though both were factors until the finish.

Hot Springs captured two of the trophies, the handicap and double championship medals. Camden did likewise by winning the three-man team and the individual trophy. Pine Bluff carried off the two-man team trophy on a perfect score.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., July 13.—Thirty-three shooters took a gun to the Du Pont Gun Club's grounds today. The program was attractive enough to reward those who went out to the grounds. First the match between J. H. Minnick, of this city, and Alden B. Richardson, of Dover, for the Class A 1911 challenge trophy. Minnick won this after a close and interesting match. Then there was the competition for the final ownership of the 1911 Class B cup. This also went to Minnick. He captured also the prize given to the local amateur who made highest score on the program which was shot when the All-New England and All-Delaware teams shot their race two weeks ago, when he tied with Richardson on 169 out of 180.

Fourteen teams of two men each, handicap allowance of "misses as breaks," competed in the first shoot for the Eugene E. du Pont team trophies. Six teams scored "highest possibles" of 50 each, and the ties will have to be either shot off or decided by lot, according as the management of the club thinks best. Three very handsome cups are the prizes donated by Mr. Du Pont for this race.

Among the other happenings of the afternoon were two matches for 1912 class cups. One was for the class C cup, held by L. L. Jarrell. This was won by Dr. Patterson, who scored 41 out of 50, to Jarrell's 39. The other match was for the 1912 Class B cup held by Victor du Pont. He was challenged for the cup by D. Lindsay and resigned ownership when he had to acknowledge defeat by the score of 42 out of 50 to 41.

In the match between Minnick and Richardson the first string of targets resulted in 25 to 24 in favor of Richardson, Minnick "dusting" his second target but not scoring a break. The second string ran along without a skip until the 39th round, when Richardson missed one and made the score all square. In the 42d round he put Minnick one ahead by dropping another, but the race ended a tie, when Minnick "dusted" once more a target in the 45th round. Both men finished with 48 out of 50.

The shoot for final ownership of the 1911 Class B trophy was close. The ten men eligible to compete for the cup were handicapped by distance, and Minnick, with H. P. Carlon, was placed at scratch (2lyds.) The scores, each man shooting at 50 targets, follow:

J H Minnick	21..... 44	Dr S Steele	19..... 41
W M Hammond	20..... 43	Victor du Pont	20..... 39
W G Wood	20..... 42	T W Matthewson	18..... 38
D Dougherty	19..... 42	N K Smith	19..... 35
H P Carlon	21..... 41	Thorpe Martin	19..... 32

In the Eugene E. du Pont team races the handicap of "misses as breaks" was figured on the club's classification of its members. Class A men received an allowance of 1; Class B, 3; Class C, 5, and Class D, 7 misses as breaks. No two men of any one class could shoot together as team mates. It is also provided that no two men can shoot together more than twice in the series of twelve shoots for the three cups, and cannot shoot together twice in succession. This event is a novelty and an entry list of fourteen teams must be considered as very satisfactory. As stated above, six of the fourteen teams scored highest possible, no team of course being allowed to score more than 50 for the team, no matter how many they broke with their allowance. The teams who tied, together with their allowance, were as follows:

A. B. Richardson (1) and H. P. Carlon (3), W. Edmanson (3) and J. A. McMullen (7), J. B. McHugh (1) and D. Lindsay (3), Victor du Pont (3) and J. W. Anderson, Jr. (5), Dr. Patterson (5) and W. G. Wood (1), T. W. Keithley (3) and C. D. Prickett (5).

The best scores made in the team races, exclusive of handicaps, were: Richardson, 25; F. P. Ewing, J. B. McHugh, Dr. Patterson and W. G. Wood, 24; H. P. Carlon, D. Lindsay, T. W. Keithley and C. D. Prickett, 23; Thorpe Martin, W. Edmanson, Victor du Pont and J. H. Minnick, 22.

Practice scores were shot during the afternoon by thirty-three shooters, Edward Banks shooting at 100 targets and breaking 99, with a straight run of 97. The practice scores were as follows, each man shooting at 25 targets:

Edward Banks, 25; J. H. Minnick, L. D. Willis (the old Wilmingtonian), W. G. Wood and Dr. Patterson, 24; A. B. Richardson, D. Dougherty, E. A. W. Everitt, T. W. Keithley, W. B. Smith, Jr., and D. Lindsay, 23; W. Edmanson, S. J. Newman, L. C. Lyon, H. P. Carlon, V du Pont, C. D. Prickett, and Stanley Tuchten, 22; J. B. McHugh, W. M. Armisted and J. A. McMullen, 21; J. W. Anderson, Jr., and Frank Matthewson, 20; F. P. Ewing, T. Martin, W. M. Hammond, L. L. Jarrell and Dr. Kracher, 19; R. S. Robinson, 18; A. J. Curley and N. K. Smith, 17; J. A. Stadelman, 15, and S. G. David, 12.

JAKE.

Fulton Gun Club.

FULTON, N. Y., July 11.—Eight trappers shot away this afternoon with R. A. Moore, chief cracksmen, he returning 45 to the soil, fragmented irreparably, out of 50 that flew toward the danger limit, 50yds. away. E. E. Hope allowed to escape only 5 of 25 pulled for him.

	Shot at.	Broke		Shot at.	Broke
R A Moore	50	45	C Doerreis	95	68
E E Hope	50	20	A Briglieb	45	38
G T Yancey	50	38	Mit Neal	50	28
F A Gengrich	50	37	John Kester	25	14

F. C. WELLS, Sec'y.

WINCHESTER

“Leader” Loaded Shells

W O N

THE EASTERN HANDICAP

C. D. HENLINE, of Bradford, Pa., winner, score 96 x 100 and 19 x 20

The winning of this, one of the leading events of the trapshooting year, with “Leader” Loaded Shells, was a foregone conclusion, as their perfect shooting had outstripped all competition and left C. D. Henline, F. Korner and W. Wallis, who were shooting these shells, all tied on 96 x 100. Mr. Henline won the shoot-off, scoring 19 x 20 from the 20-yard mark. F. Korner, who also shot from the 20-yard mark, used a Winchester shotgun as well.

“Leader” Loaded Shells

W O N

High Average Over All

Amateur and Professional

Lester German and an Illinois amateur won respectively Professional and Amateur Averages for all targets trapped, both shooting Winchester “Leader” Loaded Shells.

“Leader” Loaded Shells

W O N

Double Target Average

Amateur and Professional

Allen Heil won Amateur Average on “doubles,” scoring 90 x 100, which gave him the Holly Trophy. Lester German won Professional Average on “doubles,” scoring 93 x 100. Both shot “Leader” Loaded Shells.

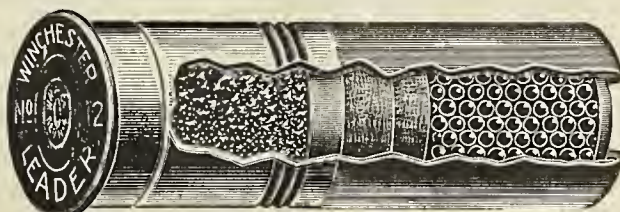
As will be noticed, Winchester Loaded Shells ACTUALLY WON all the events of the tournament making a clean sweep and proving themselves absolutely superior to all others.

A RECORD SURPASSING ALL OTHERS

Winchester Loaded Shells are the only ones that ever held at one time all the World’s Records at Inanimate Targets. They hold the record for the World’s Longest Run of 565 straight. They tied the winner of the recent PRELIMINARY HANDICAP and GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP, and won the PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP and PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT DOUBLES.

Winchester Loaded Shells with Patent Corrugated Head Always Shoot in a Winning Way

Winchester “Leader”
Red **W** Brand



Winchester “Leader”
Red **W** Brand

E. C. CHALLENGE CUP AGAIN WON BY A RECORD SCORE

Peters

WITH

"steel where steel belongs" LOADED SHELLS

In a match at the Cincinnati Gun Club, July 4, H. D. Freeman (Challenger) won this famous trophy from C. A. Young (Holder) by a score of 189 to 172. This score of 189 is five targets better than that by which Mr. Young won the cup May 14, 1912 (also with PETERS Shells), and ten targets in excess of the best previous score with other makes of shells. The results of the match of July 4, in detail, are as follows:

	Singles	Expert Rules	Doubles	Total
FREEMAN - - -	98	46	45	189
YOUNG - - -	85	44	43	172

Here are some more winnings, adding to the already overwhelming weight of evidence of P superiority:

St. Louis, Mo.....	June 23-24.....	High Amateur Average	295 ex 300	by Harry W. Kahler
Webster City, Ia.....	" 25	" " "	193 ex 200	" W. S. Hoon
Wilmington, Del.	" 29	High Professional Average	173 ex 180	" Neaf Apgar
Barre, Vt.	" 18-19.....	Vermont State Championship.....	92 ex 100	" W. B. Springer
Dayton, Ky.	" 30	High General Average	144 ex 150	" C. O. Le Compte
Salida, Colo.	" 16-19.....	Championship of Colo., N. Mexico & Wyo.	623 ex 675	" Walter Schemwell
Freehold, N. J.....	" 26-27.....	High General Average	284 ex 300	" Howard Schlicher
Toledo, O.	" 28	" " " (tie)	145 ex 150	" W. R. Chamberlain
Eugene, Ore.	" 24-27.....	" " "	440 ex 450	" L. H. Reid

(Pacific Coast Indians)

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

NEW YORK: 98 Chambers St., T. H. Keller, Manager.

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The Eastern Handicap

Three Days of High Scores at the Bradford Traps

BRADFORD, Pa., July 13.—The Interstate Association's seventh Eastern Handicap tournament was held at Bradford, Pa., July 9-11, under the auspices of the Bradford Gun Club.

The feature of the practice day, Monday, July 8, was the special match race for the Hazard double-target challenge championship trophy between Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia. (holder), and Mr. Fred G. Bills, of Chicago (challenger), at 100 double targets. After the completion of the regular program, Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburgh, Secretary-Treasurer of the Interstate Association, stepped to the firing line and announced the match between Messrs. Gilbert and Bills. Mr. Shaner stated that Chauncey M. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., would officiate as referee; that C. D. Henline would pull the traps, and that J. T. Skelly, President of the Interstate Association, would officiate as scorer. Mr. Shaner asked the spectators to refrain from any demonstrations until the last target had been thrown.

At the end of the first half of the race Gilbert had such a lead over his opponent that it was apparent he would have no trouble to retain his title. At the close of the match, Gilbert received congratulations of his friends. The scores of the match race follow:

F Gilbert	19 18 18 17 18 19 18 17 18 18—180
F G Bills.....	16 13 17 16 13 16 15 15 15 16—152

Practice Day, July 8.

There were also five 20-target events on the practice day, the scores of which follow:

T J Wallis.....	86	R S Van Nette.....	92
S Seaborn.....	91	T Thompson.....	68
*E A W Everitt.....	88	F Guinzburg.....	88
J G Martin.....	86	T O Glenn.....	90
E F Slear.....	81	*L S German.....	96
*L J Squier.....	89	H P Carlon.....	88
G E Painter.....	93	J A Curry.....	83
*H D Freeman.....	97	J C Bitterling.....	88
J S Speer.....	84	E R Sawin.....	84
*G W Maxwell.....	95	J F Mallory.....	87
R E Loring.....	86	L E Mallory, Jr.....	96
*F G Bills (60 tgts.)..	54	A J Stancliff.....	89
*H Clark.....	99	*F M Fay.....	91
J S Conley.....	85	*A E Sibley.....	86
A W Eygabroat.....	77	R Budd.....	86
*E H Taylor.....	89	Wm Daub.....	92
R Gerstell.....	97	A De Pew.....	83
*G H Hassam.....	90	*W B Darton.....	92
Jas Morrison.....	79	*H H Stevens.....	93
C C Irwin.....	95	*W H Heer.....	97
F Conneely.....	91	*C G Spencer.....	97
Korner.....	95	J M Bedeaux.....	74
C D Henline.....	94	F Kennedy.....	82
*R S Pringle.....	93	C Dresser.....	76
H T Walls.....	80	*O R Dickey.....	94

*J S Day.....	93	A B Richardson.....	96
C H Newcomb.....	94	*J T Skelly.....	94
E Korner.....	88	H M Jack.....	88
H W Kahler.....	94	B S Donnelly.....	94
F B Stevenson.....	81	*H S Welles.....	95
C M Powers.....	97	W E Phillips.....	85
C F Moore.....	97	G E Benninghoff.....	50
*W R Crosby.....	96	G Elliott.....	87
*J R Taylor.....	95	J D Elliott.....	92
E B Theakston.....	89	*Sim Glover.....	94
*J M Hawkins.....	96	F D Kelsey.....	93
J P Sousa.....	88	J W Vantine (60 tgts.)..	44
*N Apgar.....	93	E F Connors.....	85
H Schlichter.....	97	A H King.....	83
A Heil.....	88	Ed Schwem (60 tgts.)..	40
R B Greer.....	91	F Kuhn (60 tgts.).....	53
M Davis.....	84	J H De Armit (60).....	47
Geo Bodine.....	78	W D Wilkins (40).....	14
C C Farnum.....	78	S K Sutton (60).....	53
F G Crittenden.....	83	H Retburg (60).....	10
A W Vernon.....	97		

*Indicate professionals.

First Day, July 9.

There were 129 entrants registered at the opening of the seventh Eastern Handicap tournament at the Foster Brook grounds of the Bradford Gun Club when the program opened at 9 o'clock. There were ten events of 15 targets each, or a total of 150. A large number of spectators witnessed the sport during the day.

The strength of the Bradford Gun Club members was developed when C. D. Henline won high gun for the day in the amateur class against some of the crack shots of the country. His score was 146 out of a possible 150 targets. L. E. Mallory, Jr., was tied with H. W. Millin with scores of 145 each. R. Budd was third in the amateur class with 144.

In the day's events W. R. Crosby made the high score for the professional class. He finished with 149 targets out of a possible 150, and made a run of 137 without a miss. In the same class he was followed by H. D. Freeman, 148; Lester German, 148; George Maxwell, 147; C. G. Spencer, 147; Fred Gilbert, 146; Fred G. Bills, 146; Homer Clark, 146; J. R. Taylor, 146; J. M. Hawkins, 146.

Mrs. Ad. Topperwein, the only lady participant, made a record of 143 out of a possible 150 targets. In the special event of 25 doubles, A. Heil was the winner for the amateurs. He broke 47 out of a possible 50. The scores of the first day follow:

150		25	
Singles.	Prs.	Singles.	Prs.
T J Wallis.....	129	*W Heer.....	143
J Seaborn.....	125	Geo Cochran ..	136
S M Crothers... 143	42	J Wampler.....	119

J G Martin.....	136	J Curry.....	136
E F Slear.....	124	*A E Sibley.....	135
*L J Squier.....	134	A B Richardson	138
G E Painter.....	144	*J T Skelly.....	142
*G Maxwell.....	147	*O R Dickey.....	127
F M Edwards.....	142	Wm Webster.....	131
J S Speer.....	131	H E Smith.....	140
*F Gilbert.....	146	*H S Welles.....	144
*F G Bills.....	146	J F Calhoun.....	139
*H Clark.....	146	B Donnelly.....	132
J S Conley.....	130	Geo Elliott.....	133
J E Penrod.....	135	H Smart.....	129
*E H Taylor.....	141	R Budd.....	144
R Gerstell.....	141	W E Daub.....	141
J I Morrison.....	136	J A De Pew.....	124
*G Hassam.....	137	*W B Darton.....	140
C C Irwin.....	129	*H H Stevens..	144
F Conneely.....	142	Knickerbocker..	114
C D Henline.....	146	G L Pearson.....	130
F Korner.....	135	H Hirth.....	133
*R S Pringle.....	142	J C Bitterling..	121
H T Walls.....	123	A J Mengell.....	140
*J S Day.....	144	L Quinn.....	137
C Newcomb.....	140	F Guinzburg ..	141
*H D Freeman..	148	F Kuhn.....	134
H W Kahler.....	142	Ed Schwem.....	126
F B Stephenson..	132	*L S German.....	148
C M Powers.....	143	C F Lambert.....	130
C F Moore.....	144	B V Covert.....	138
*W R Crosby... 149	37	John Ebbert.....	117
*J R Taylor.....	146	C G Rogers.....	134
F B Theakston..	134	C A Ward.....	132
*J M Hawkins..	146	B K McCurley..	95
J P Sousa.....	133	S Eggabroat....	124
H Schlichter ..	143	H D Duckham..	141
*N Apgar.....	139	W T Edmonson..	114
A Heil.....	140	W J Simpson... 132	39
R B Green.....	139	W Hamaker.....	132
M Davis.....	114	W Wiedebush... 141	42
Geo Bodine.....	139	W R Dowes.....	132
C C Farnum.....	121	H P Carlon.....	124
F G Crittenden..	128	J D Elliott.....	133
A U Vernon.....	133	J Martin.....	134
B S Van Nette..	132	F D Kelsey.....	137
T Thompson.....	107	*S Wright.....	138
A Ledgett.....	133	F T Keller, Jr..	125
T C Glenn.....	133	G N Fish.....	141
*Mrs Topperwein	143	C L Frantz.....	139
*E R Sawin.....	120	W Vanderhoof..	132
*F M Fay.....	131	Chas Dalley....	125
*S Glover.....	140	M D Ullesy.....	89
*E A W Everitt..	134	D A Herrold... 135	..
L Mallory, Sr..	124	*A H Durston... 131	36
A J Stancliff... 132	..	Geo Volk.....	142
L Mallory, Jr..	145	C Dresser.....	120
E Korner.....	138	F J Kennedy....	108
Alex King.....	135	J De Arment... 126	..
*C G Spencer... 147	40	H M Jack.....	138
W E Phillips... 132	..	H W Millin....	145
*R W Clancy... 140	43	J W Bedeaux... 105	..
R Loring.....	139	G M Wykoff....	115

*Indicate professionals.

Second Day, July 10.

There were 134 entrants the second day of the tournament. The program of ten 15-target events was com-

Every Eastern Handicap HAS BEEN WON WITH



P O W D E R S

1906 1907 1908
 1909 1910 1911
And NOW 1912

Which was won on Thursday, July 11th, at Bradford, Pa., by C. D. Henline, of Bradford, who used



SMOKELESS

Score: 96 ex 100 from 20 yds., and 19 ex 20 in the shoot-off.

F. Korner, of Bradford, Pa., 20 yds., and T. J. Wallis, Warren, Pa., 16 yds., tied with Mr. Henline on 96. They also used Smokeless.

IT WAS A CLEAN SWEEP FOR POWDERS

First, Second and Third Moneys in The Eastern Handicap

*The Seven High Amateurs
on Single Targets

The Three High Professionals
on Single Targets

The Amateur High Score on Doubles, winning The Holley Trophy

The Professional High Score on Doubles

The Hazard Target Championship Trophy

The Long Run of the Tournament

The Amateur Long Run of the Tournament

*Mr. George Volk, of Toledo, Ohio, who was High Amateur with 388 ex 400, commenced shooting with another powder, but losing 6 out of 75, changed to and lost only 6 out of his last 325.

WHAT WILL YOU SHOOT AT THE NEXT TOURNAMENT?

Never Shakes Your Confidence

DON'T let your long planned hunting trip be spoiled—spoiled by your gun not rising to the occasion at some critical moment. And you know how the shortcomings of your gun always show up at the critical moment.

After that your confidence is gone.

The six Hunter brothers have kept on the trail of shotgun shortcomings with invention, workmanship and Purpose, for 22 years.

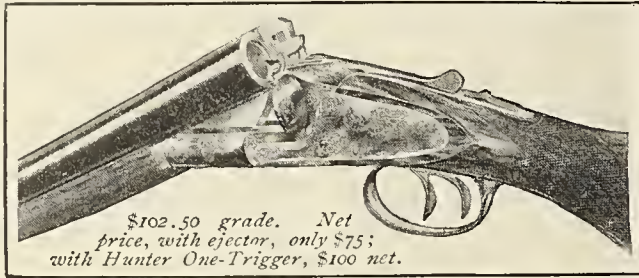
The result is the Smith Gun, the gun without a single shortcoming to mar the pleasure of the

hunting trip or cheat the game bag of a single bird.

Purpose got rid of "shooting loose" by producing the Smith bolt, which double-wedges through extension rib and grips tight with a double rotary grip.

Purpose eliminated *inaccessibility*—which causes a gun owner to leave his lock uncleaned until it causes trouble—with the Smith "one-screw access." And so on through the list.

Have your dealer show you the new Smith 20 gauge—20 gauge from butt to muzzle. Write for catalog, showing grades from \$25 net to \$1500 list.



L. C. SMITH GUNS

"6 Times 22 Years' Experience"

HUNTER ARMS COMPANY, 76 Hubbard Street, FULTON, NEW YORK



(Patented, Feb. 20, 1912.)

SPORTSMEN'S GLASSES REVOLUTIONIZED

by our new **Akopos Crystal** lens—a double shade of amber and veridian, and our own exclusive product—far superior to the old style, obsolete amber lens. The **Akopos Crystal** eliminates not only all the ultra violet rays, but also all the violet and blue rays which are so irritating to the eye.

The amber lens is less than 50 per cent. efficient, because it cuts out only part of the ultra violet and does not affect the latter two.

Before buying a field glass or binocular, it will pay you to communicate with us.

THE F. W. KING OPTICAL CO. 450 Ellastone Building, Cleveland, Ohio

pleted and the special event of 25 doubles was well along when rain began to fall, and the shooters were driven to cover. The entire program was completed, however, later on.

In the amateur class Geo. Volk, of Toledo, O., outdid the men of the professional class by making a score of 148 out of a possible 150 targets. J. D. Elliott, of New Wilmington, and F. Guinzburg, of Du Bois, were tied for second place, each having a score of 146. R. Budd was third with 145.

C. F. Lambert, of Buffalo, secretary and treasurer of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, and president of the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, was at his best, and opened the eyes of the other shooters by making a run of 92 targets straight. The Audubon Club team was composed of Messrs. Lambert, Covert, Ebberts, Rogers and Ward. Lambert made a total of 141, Covert 140, Rogers 135, Ebberts 118, Ward 136.

Fred G. Bills, of Chicago, was high gun for the day in the professional class, breaking 147 out of a possible 150. Mrs. Topperwein was second with 146, and J. M. Hawkins, George Maxwell and R. W. Clancy were tied for third place, each breaking 145 targets.

In the special event at 25 double targets, C. M. Powers was high among the amateurs with a total of 45. In the professional class R. W. Clancy, of Chicago, was high with a total of 49.

In the regular events George Volk, of Toledo, was high gun for the first two days with 290 out of a possible 300 targets; R. Budd was second with 289; L. E. Mallory, Jr., was third with 288. The scores of the second day follow:

150 Singles.		25 Prs.	
T J Wallis.....	120	J Wampler.....	132
J Seaborn.....	127	J Curry.....	124
S M Crothers....	146	*A E Sibley.....	136
J G Martin.....	124	A B Richardson	140
F Slear.....	130	*J T Skelly.....	141
*L J Squier.....	130	*O R Dickey.....	139
G E Painter.....	140	Wm Webster.....	137
*Geo Maxwell... 145	45	H E Smith.....	143
F M Edwards... 140	39	*H S Welles....	141
J S Speer.....	131	J F Calhoun....	139
*F Gilbert.....	141	B Donnelly.....	139
*F Bills.....	147	Geo Elliott.....	139
*H Clark.....	144	H Smart.....	130
J S Conley.....	136	R Budd.....	145
J E Penrod.....	116	W E Daub.....	132
*E H Taylor....	138	J H Depew....	121
R Gerstell.....	144	*W B Darton... 138	40
J I Morrison... 127	..	*H H Stevens.. 140	45
*Geo Hassam .. 131	38	J Knickerbocker	117
C C Irwin.....	131	G L Pearson....	126
F Connelly.....	138	H Hirth.....	138
C D Henline... 139	..	J C Bitterling.. 130	..
*R Pringle.... 135	36	A Eygabroat... 129	..
R Korner.....	133	L Quinn.....	134

H T Walls.....	136	..	F Guinzburg....	146	..
*J S Day.....	141	41	F Kuhn.....	134	..
C H Newcomb..	140	..	E Schwem.....	117	..
*H D Freeman..	139	44	*L German.....	142	46
H W Kahler....	143	43	C F Lambert....	141	43
F B Stephenson	140	..	B V Covert....	140	32
C M Powers....	144	45	J Ebberts.....	118	..
C F Moore.....	138	..	G G Rodgers... 135	..	
*W R Crosby... 144	37	..	C A Ward.....	136	34
F B Theakston.	138	..	B K McCurley.. 117	..	
*J M Hawkins.. 145	41	..	E W Kelley....	127	40
J P Sousa.....	140	22	H D Duckham.. 143	..	
H Schlicher... 140	35	..	Geo Volk.....	148	41
*N Apgar.....	144	38	W J Simpson... 131	14	
A Heil.....	141	43	W Hamaker....	133	..
R B Greer.....	131	..	W R Dawer....	127	..
M Davis.....	125	..	H P Carlon....	128	31
Geo Bodine.... 123	J D Elliott....	146	..
C C Farnum... 117	John Martin... 135	38	
F G Crittenden.	134	..	F D Kelsey....	144	36
A W Vernon... 140	F Wright.....	142	38
R S Van Nette.	128	..	*T H Keller, Jr.	127	15
T Thompson... 117	G N Fish.....	141	38
A Ledgett.... 135	D A Herrold... 139	..	
T O Glenn.... 127	39	..	H Millin.....	134	39
*J T Taylor... 144	37	..	Paul Evans....	131	..
*Mrs Topperwein	146	42	M D Ullery....	108	..
*E R Sawin.... 115	33	..	C L Frantz....	144	..
F M Fay.....	139	27	W Vanderhoof	138	..
*S Glover.....	144	35	C J Dalley....	136	..
*E A W Everitt	138	34	*A H Durston... 135	37	
L Mallory, Sr.. 127	41	..	A J Mengel....	142	..
A J Stancliff.. 134	H M Jack.....	135	..
L J Mallory, Jr.	143	..	W T Edmunson.	120	29
J F Mallory... 138	F J Kennedy... 116	..	
E Korner.....	131	37	C Dresser.....	123	..
A H King.....	139	32	E Connors.... 115	..	
*C G Spencer.. 142	37	..	C Van Arsdale.	101	..
W E Phillips... 134	W B Bartlett.. 134	..	
*R W Clancy... 145	49	..	A M Armour... 123	..	
R Loring.....	135	..	H Olcott.....	114	..
*W H Heer.... 145	42	..	W W Fuller... 110	..	
Geo Cochran .. 126	W Wiedebusch.	140	35

*Indicate professionals.

Third Day, July 11.

C. D. Henline, of the Bradford Gun Club, won the seventh Eastern Handicap of the Interstate Association, which came to an end this evening. T. J. Wallis, of Sharon, Pa., shooting from 16yds., and C. D. Henline and F. Korner, of this city, each shooting at 20yds., tied with a score of 96 out of a possible 100 targets. In the shoot-off, Mr. Henline made a whirlwind finish, breaking 19 targets out of a possible 20 targets. He dropped the 13th target. Mr. Wallis made 18 out of 20 and Korner broke 16 out of 20.

In the Eastern Handicap there were 160 entrants,

and the rain that fell copiously at times during the afternoon interrupted the sport and caused it to be late before the big event was finished.

The high amateur for the tournament was George Volk, of Toledo, O., who scored 338 out of a possible 400 targets. C. G. Spencer, of St. Louis, Mo., made the longest run of the three days, with 162 without a miss.

In the regular events the third day, five events of 20 targets each, a total of 100, Lester German and George Maxwell broke 100 targets straight. Both men are in the professional class. Dr. Vanderhoof, of Watkins, N. Y., and Carl Moore, of Brownsville, Pa., each broke a total of 99 out of a possible 100 targets.

The remarkable scores made were the topic of conversation on the streets and in the hotel lobbies. The shooters were of the opinion that the atmospheric conditions had been in their favor. There was a mellow light, and the targets are more easily seen, they claim.

Yesterday was a remarkable day in the history of trap shooting. In the morning 140 entrants shooting from the 16yd. firing line, made scores which averaged 92.89 per cent.

The work at the traps by George Maxwell, of Hastings, Neb., was considered wonderful. Of 400 regular targets, he lost but 8, making a total of 392. He is a one-armed man.

During the tournament, thirty-one of the amateurs broke better than 92.5 per cent. of the 400 targets at the 16yd. line; 84,380 targets were thrown during the tournament.

The Bradford Gun Club's manner of conducting the tournament was highly praised.

The handicap committee was composed of C. F. Lambert, Buffalo, N. Y.; C. C. Irwin, Pittsburgh, Pa.; J. G. Martin, Harrisburg, Pa.; F. M. Edwards, Columbus, O., and L. E. Mallory, Jr., Bradford, Pa.

Ideal-Leggett traps and bluerock targets were used. Mr. C. A. North, of Cleveland, O., was in charge of the traps, and kept them in first-class shape during the entire tournament. The even flight of the targets and smooth working of the traps came in for much praise from the contestants. The scores of the third day follow:

Five 20-target events, shot to-day, had scores as follows:

T J Wallis.....	86	*E A W Everitt....	91
T Thompson.....	72	J S Speer.....	78
A W Eygabroat..	87	*O R Dickey.....	91
B K McCurley... 85	..	A W Vernon....	91
T O Glenn.....	89	*T H Keller, Jr.. 75	..
H D Smart.....	85	Geo Elliott.....	93
Carl Dresser... 87	..	H W Millin....	97
J Ebberts.....	82	A J Mengel....	92
H M Jack.....	90	Wm Webster... 89	..
Joe Scaborn... 90	..	H E Smith.....	92
*W R Crosby... 98	..	W E Daub.....	97
*F Gilbert.....	97	H Schlicher... 98	..
*F G Bills.... 96	..	J F Calhoun... 92	..
*H D Freeman.. 97	..	D A Herrold... 92	..
*H Clark.....	97	*E H Taylor....	92
B S Donnelly... 91	..	J S Conley....	91
H T Walls.... 84	..	S M Crothers.. 91	..
Chas Dalley... 87	..	J A De Pew....	86
W Vanderhoff .. 99	..	M D Ullery....	82
L W Quinn.... 95	..	T F Connelly... 96	..
*J T Skelly... 93	..	G N Fish.....	98
G E Painter... 98	..	A H King.....	96
F M Edwards... 98	..	*A H Durston... 92	..
C D Henline... 95	..	*Geo Hassam .. 83	..
F B Stephenson.	92	H Hirth.....	95
*J R Taylor... 97	..	C G Rogers....	93
H W Kahler.... 95	..	R B Greer.....	85
*L S German... 100	..	J A De Pew....	86
*W H Heer.... 98	..	M D Ullery....	82
*C G Spencer... 97	..	P T Evans....	83
C A Ward..... 86	..	J E Penrod... 84	..
L E Mallory, Sr.	90	C C Farnum... 82	..
J I Morrison... 88	..	A Heil.....	90
J G Martin... 89	..	L E Mallory, Jr.	95
A J Stancliff.. 94	..	W E Phillips.. 89	..
W R Dawes.... 88	..	*R W Clancy... 96	..
F Kuhn.....	86	*H S Welles... 95	..
J P Sousa.... 87	..	*S Glover.....	99
H P Carlon... 88	..	*Mrs Topperwein	96
J Curry.....	87	C H Newcomb .. 92	..
C M Powers... 97	..	H D Duckham.. 97	..
A B Richardson.	96	R Gerstell.... 97	..
*G W Maxwell.. 100	..	F Guinzburg .. 98	..
Geo Volk..... 98	..	C F Moore.... 99	..
F Wright..... 98	..	R J Budd..... 95	..
*J M Hawkins.. 98	..	C L Frantz.... 95	..
*J S Day..... 97	..	W A Wiedebusch	95
*H H Stevens.. 97	..	*L J Squier.... 92	..
*N Apgar..... 98	..	*F M Fay..... 91	..
Geo Cochran .. 89	..	*L Lewis..... 80	..
J C Bitterling.	82	J D Elliott... 95	..
*E R Sawin.... 74	..	R S Van Nette.. 88	..
M Davis..... 84	..	F D Kelsey.... 89	..
Ed Schwem... 83	..	F Korner..... 96	..
J B Knickerbocker	72	E Korner..... 83	..
G L Pearson... 86	..	*W B Darton... 93	..
W Wampler... 81	..	W T Edmunson.	77
W Hamaker... 90	..	E W Kelley... 83	..
F J Kennedy... 81	..	Geo Bodine... 80	..
A C Stengel... 66	..	W J Simpson.. 88	..
C C Irwin..... 92	..	E F Slear..... 93	..
C F Lambert... 96	..	F G Crittenden.	84
B V Covert... 92	..	A Leggett.... 95	..
J Martin..... 90	..	B F Osborne... 81	..
Ed Hellager, Jr.	96	J G Doult.... 83	..
F B Theakston.	85	*R S Pringle... 90	..
*A E Sibley... 91	..	B H Hall..... 82	..
Rav E. Loring.. 94	..	I F Wooster... 68	..
J F Mallory... 87	..	H Jack..... 57	..

*Indicate professionals.

Eastern Handicap.

	Yards.	Targets				Total.
		20	20	20	20	
T J Wallis.....	16	19	19	20	20	96
T Thompson.....	16	15	17	15	17	82
A W Eygabroat..	16	18	18	13	16	81

	Yards.	Targets					Total.
		20	20	20	20	20	
B K McCurley.....	16	16	17	14	17	16	80
T O Glenn.....	16	17	16	18	20	18	89
H Smart.....	16	18	17	18	20	14	87
Carl Dresser.....	16	16	14	14	15	12	71
J Ebberts.....	16	17	16	18	18	17	86
H M Jack.....	16	19	19	20	19	18	95
Joe Seaborn.....	16	17	17	18	20	17	89
*W R Crosby.....	23	17	18	19	18	19	91
*F Gilbert.....	23	18	17	16	19	20	90
*F G Bills.....	23	16	18	17	17	18	86
*H D Freeman.....	23	19	16	16	18	18	87
*Homcr Clark.....	23	19	19	17	16	19	90
B Donnelly.....	18	17	15	16	15	18	81
H T Walls.....	18	17	20	17	18	18	90
Chas Dalley.....	18	18	18	15	17	19	87
W W Vanderhoof.....	18	18	20	19	20	18	95
L H Quinn.....	18	19	19	18	20	18	94
*J T Skelly.....	20	19	17	15	16	19	86
G E Painter.....	20	19	20	19	18	19	93
F M Edwards.....	20	18	19	20	14	19	90
C D Henline.....	20	20	20	18	18	20	96
F B Stephenson.....	20	17	20	17	18	17	89
*J R Taylor.....	23	20	19	18	18	19	94
H W Kahler.....	23	19	18	18	19	18	92
*L S German.....	23	19	19	18	18	20	94
*W H Heer.....	23	18	16	18	15	18	85
*C G Spencer.....	23	14	16	17	18	19	84
C A Ward.....	17	19	19	15	17	17	87
L E Mallory, Sr.....	17	19	20	16	19	19	93
J I Morrison.....	17	17	19	18	18	16	88
J G Martin.....	17	18	15	16	14	18	81
A J Stancliff.....	17	18	20	19	18	19	94
W R Dewes.....	17	19	18	17	18	16	88
Frank Kuhn.....	17	18	17	19	17	19	90
J P Sousa.....	17	18	19	17	15	15	84
G P Carlon.....	17	18	17	17	16	17	85
J Curry.....	17	18	17	14	16	18	83
C M Powers.....	22	18	18	20	17	17	90
A B Richardson.....	22	18	18	19	15	17	87
Geo Maxwell.....	22	20	18	18	17	18	91
Geo Volk.....	22	20	18	18	17	20	93
Frank Wright.....	22	19	18	20	17	19	93
*J M Hawkins.....	22	19	18	17	19	19	92
*J S Day.....	22	19	17	15	16	15	82
*H H Stevens.....	21	17	18	20	16	17	88
*Neaf Apgar.....	21	17	19	16	18	20	90
*R S Pringle.....	20	16	16	17	18	18	85
J C Bitterling.....	16	14	15	12	16	15	72
*E R Sawin.....	16	19	14	14	14	17	78
M Davis.....	16	17	16	17	17	17	84
E A Schwem.....	16	16	15	16	13	11	71
J B Knickerbocker.....	16	12	13	14	13	14	66
G L Pearson.....	16	18	19	14	19	20	90
Joe Wampler.....	16	15	20	15	15	15	80
W Hamaker.....	16	20	18	15	16	20	89
F J Kennedy.....	16	14	16	18	16	14	78
A C Stengel.....	16	14	13	10	13	11	61
C C Irwin.....	19	19	17	17	18	19	90
C F Lambert.....	19	18	16	18	17	16	85
B V Covert.....	19	16	16	17	14	18	81
John Martin.....	19	17	15	18	18	19	87
Ed Hellyer, Jr.....	19	18	19	17	16	17	87
F B Theakston.....	19	17	17	17	20	17	88
*A E Sibley.....	19	17	15	18	18	17	85
Rav Loring.....	19	17	18	15	19	17	86
J F Mallory.....	19	19	20	18	17	18	92
*E A W Everitt.....	19	18	17	14	18	19	86
J S Speer.....	18	16	14	14	14	19	77
*O R Dickey.....	18	19	18	18	16	19	90
A W Vernon.....	18	19	19	16	17	18	89
*T H Keller, Jr.....	18	17	15	15	12	17	76
Geo Elliott.....	18	18	20	19	20	17	94
H W Millen.....	20	13	19	16	18	19	85
A J Mengel.....	20	19	19	19	19	19	95
Wm Webster.....	20	17	19	19	19	19	93
H E Smith.....	20	18	19	19	18	20	94
W E Daub.....	20	17	16	19	19	20	91
H Schlicher.....	20	20	19	18	18	19	94
J F Calhoun.....	20	17	17	19	14	15	82
D A Herrold.....	20	17	18	17	14	18	84
*E H Taylor.....	20	17	19	16	17	18	87
J S Conley.....	20	18	15	17	14	19	81
S M Crothers.....	20	17	13	15	17	16	78
J A Prechtel.....	20	18	17	19	19	17	90
T F Conneely.....	20	18	19	18	14	18	87
G N Fish.....	20	18	17	20	16	19	90
A H King.....	20	17	15	17	20	19	88
*A H Durston.....	18	17	19	18	18	18	90
*Geo Haßsam.....	18	15	18	16	18	17	84
H Hirth.....	18	17	20	19	19	20	95
C G Rogers.....	17	18	17	14	17	19	85
R B Greer.....	17	18	13	18	16	14	79
J A De Pew.....	16	13	16	17	15	13	74
P T Evans.....	16	18	19	14	19	16	86
J E Penrod.....	16	19	17	18	14	16	84
C C Farnum.....	16	15	11	18	14	16	74
A Heil.....	21	17	20	18	13	18	86
L E Mallory, Jr.....	21	18	16	19	18	15	86
W E Phillips.....	21	19	20	17	19	17	92
*R W Clancy.....	21	20	19	19	19	18	95
*H S Welles.....	21	19	20	16	18	19	92
*Sim Glover.....	21	16	15	17	17	20	85
*Mrs Topperwein.....	21	17	17	19	18	17	88
C H Newcomb.....	21	20	17	19	18	18	92
H D Duckham.....	21	18	16	18	19	18	89
R Gerstell.....	21	18	18	20	15	17	88
F Guinzburg.....	21	19	17	15	14	17	82
C F Moore.....	21	17	19	17	17	19	89
R Budd.....	21	16	15	19	17	18	85
C L Frantz.....	21	17	18	19	20	18	92
W A Wiedebusch.....	21	17	15	18	19	17	86
*L J Squier.....	18	16	16	16	17	16	81
*F M Fay.....	18	18	17	19	16	18	88
*L R Lewis.....	18	19	19	19	17	18	92
J D Elliott.....	19	16	18	16	13	15	78
R S Van Nette.....	19	19	18	17	17	17	86
F D Kelsey.....	20	18	18	18	17	19	90
F Korner.....	20	19	20	19	20	18	96
E Korner.....	20	14	17	16	14	17	78
*W B Darton.....	20	17	16	16	18	18	85
Fred Tomlin.....	20	18	18	18	19	18	91
E W Kelly.....	18	17	15	14	13	18	77

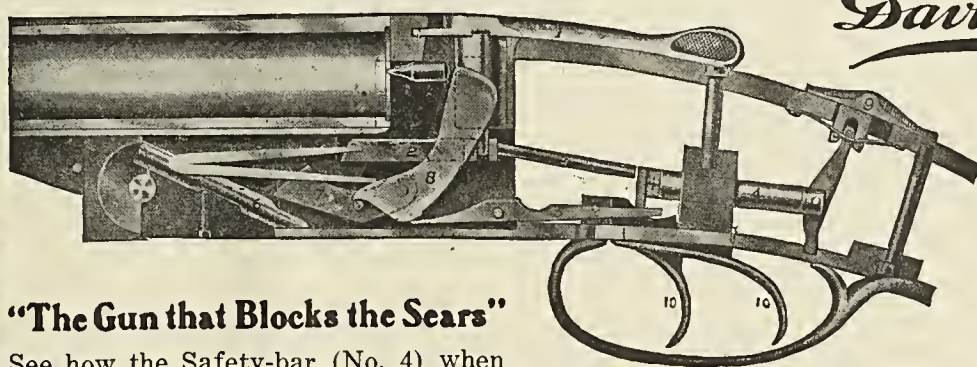
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 Established 1863

	Yards.	Targets					Total.
		20	20	20	20	20	
Geo Bodine.....	18	16	19	19	15	16	85
W J Simpson.....	18	16	19	15	19	18	84
E F Slear.....	18	16	19	19	17	18	89
F G Crittenden.....	18	15	14	17	16	17	79
J G Doust.....	18	17	14	16	16	18	81
B M Osborn.....	18	14	18	16	15	19	82
F W Wagner.....	18	17	16	18	15	16	82
E F Connors.....	18	16	18	18	13	19	84
J B Sanson.....	16	12	19	7	13	18	59
A Hennage.....	16	12	12	9	12	17	62
J H Artley.....	16	19	14	17	15	19	84
T E Costello.....	16	14	15	13	13	14	69
J F Wooster.....	16	13	16	14	15	16	74
H Jack.....	16	12	8	9	15	14	58
R F Hazelton.....	16	12	8	13	8	8	49
C Luse.....	16	17	16	17	12	19	81
C H Corwin.....	16	8	10	17	13	12	60
C A Wagner.....	16	9	15	13	17	13	67
F P Hazleton.....	16	10	10	8	11	15	54
J W Beatrup.....	16	13	17	19	16	10	75
F P Holley.....	16	13	11	12	4	13	53
J N Van Dyke.....	16	16	13	15	16	14	74
W D Wilkins.....	16	12	8	10	11	16	57
F Corrett.....	16	18	15	18	16	19	86
F Forrester.....	16	15	16	16	15	17	79
R Coffin.....	16	12	7	12	11	12	54
B H Hall.....	17	15	18	16	17	19	85
F E Durfrey.....	17	11	11	14	18	15	69
Tanner.....	16	1	1	3	9	2	16

*Indicate professionals.

EASTERN HANDICAP PURSE.

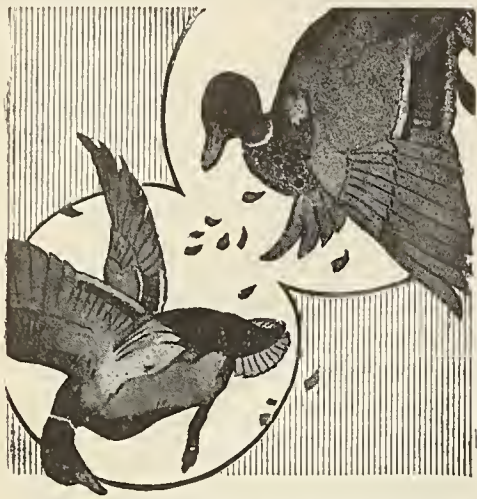
There were 160 entries in the Eastern Handicap, 73 of which were for targets, leaving 87 entries at \$8 each, or \$696; two penalty entries for targets only, \$4; \$200 added by the Interstate Association, making a total purse of \$900. The winners, their scores and the amount of their winnings follow

C D Henline.....	96	\$250.00	G J Elliott.....	94	36.00
T J Wallis.....	96	117.00	Wm Webster.....	93	19.80
F Korner.....	96	90.00	Geo Volk.....	93	19.80
W Vanderhoff.....	95	65.25	G E Painter.....	93	19.80
H Hirth.....	95	65.25	F S Wright.....	93	19.80
H M Jack.....	95	65.25	L Mallory, Sr.....	93	19.80
A J Mengel.....	95	65.25	J F Mallory.....	92	3.60
A J Stancliff.....	94	36.00	H W Kahler.....	92	3.60
H E Smith.....	94	36.00	W E Phillips.....	92	3.60
H Schlicher.....	94	36.00	C L Frantz.....	92	3.60
L W Quinn.....	94	36.00	C H Newcomb.....	92	3.60

SQUIER MONEY BACK PURSE.

The Squier money-back purse was made up as follows:
 Added by the Interstate Association.....\$200.00
 53,150 targets at 1 cent each..... 531.50
 First day extra entrance, at \$1..... 95.00
 Second day extra entrance at \$1..... 95.00
 Third day extra entrance at \$1..... 96.00
 Total purse.....\$1017.50
 Total losses paid back..... 539.00

Surplus		\$478.50	
Geo Volk.....	\$52.80	H W Millen.....	4.80
F Guinzburg.....	48.00	W A Wiedebusch.....	4.80
R Budd.....	40.80	Allen Heil.....	4.80
C M Powers.....	40.80	F Conneely.....	4.80
L E Mallory, Jr.....	38.40	H E Smith.....	4.80
G E Painter.....	31.20	S M Crothers.....	4.80
R Gerstell.....	31.20	A B Richardson.....	4.80
G F Moore.....	22.40	J D Elliott.....	4.80
H Schlicher.....	22.40	A J Mengel.....	4.80
H D Duckham.....	22.40	C H Newcomb.....	4.80
F M Edwards.....	14.40	A H King.....	3.85
C D Henline.....	14.40	J F Calhoun.....	3.85
G N Fish.....	14.40	F D Kelsey.....	3.85
H W Kahler.....	9		



YOU know mallards—wisest and wariest of all ducks—Solomons of the air. You can't knock down mallards with a paddle nor can you get them with a gun that plasters its shots all over the face of creation.

A mallard shot is generally a long shot, and long shots require a hard-shooting, close-shooting gun.

That's why the long-headed man who goes to a mallard country takes a Lefever. When he swings it on a towering pair of mallards he does not question the result. He knew it—

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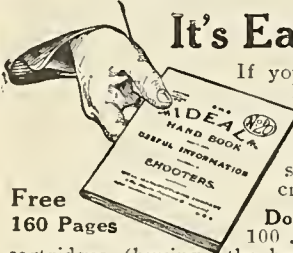
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Iowa State Sportsmen's Association.

FORT DODGE, Ia., July 11.—The thirty-fifth annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, held under the management of the Fort Dodge Gun Club, at Mineral City Park, was finished this afternoon with one of the special events. The tournament lasted three days.

State amateur championship cup, held last year by Mr. Wm. Weatleaf, of Nichols, Ia., who again proved the winner with 96 out of 100, being tied with Dr. Bothel, of Iowa City. On shoot-off Wettleaf broke 24 and Bothel 18. This is the third time that same cup has been won by this shooter. There were twenty-five entries in this event.

This shoot proved one grand success, so far as entries and consistency of weather were concerned, sixty-five shooters starting and sixty-five finishing the three-day's program.

The special cup events were also well entered. Smith cup, shot for on July 9, had twenty-four entries, at 25 targets, and was won by J. B. Harker, of Spirit Lake, on 25 straight, being tied by Prof. G. Hezlewood, of Iowa Falls. First shoot proved another tie on 25 straight. On second shoot-off, Harker broke 24 to Hezlewood's 23.

The second cup event of this day was the Wahkonsa cup, at 15 pairs. There were twenty-three entries, and the cup was won by A. L. Yearous, of Eagle Grove, score 27 out of 30.

Wettleaf also takes home the Ottumwa diamond badge, held jointly last year by Schman, Des Moines; Gilbert, Spirit Lake, and Kautzky, of Fort Dodge, winning out after shoot-off on tie with F. Fisher, of Eagle Grove, both having broken 48 out of 50. On shoot-off at 25 targets Wettleaf broke 24 and Fisher 23. This is a handicap event, Wettleaf shooting from 21 and Fisher 18 yards.

Annual Meeting of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association.

A very enthusiastic meeting was held by the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association at the Wahkonsa Hotel in the evening of July 10, at which 65 members were present. Mr. E. C. Henshaw, of Okoboji, was re-elected President; Mr. F. M. Shares, of Waterloo, First Vice-President; Mr. Sam. S. Foster, of Mason City, Second Vice-President; Jos. Kautzky, of Fort Dodge, Secretary-Treasurer. Board of Directors: John Peterson, of Randall; Prof. Hazlewood, of Iowa Falls, and G. L. Taylor, of Sioux City. Legislative Committee: Prof. Hazlewood, W. A. Brown, Dr. Bothell, of Iowa City; H. W. Vietmeyer, of Spencer, and John Peterson, of Randall.

A hot contest developed between Fort Dodge, Waterloo and Mason City, to secure the State shoot for 1913. A vote by ballot was taken, and Fort Dodge was again given the State shoot for 1913. Waterloo was given the Iowa State Post-Season shoot for next October.

By resolution, the secretary was instructed to pay the membership fee of \$5 to the American Game Protective and Propagation Association.

Several hours were spent discussing ways and means of better protection and propagation of the game of the State, and the following resolutions were passed:

1.—Whereas, the game of State of Iowa is rapidly disappearing, this based measurably upon the natural conditions, the reclaiming of lands for farming purposes which were formerly the home of the game bird,

We, the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, organized for the protection and propagation of the game, and representing as we do, the sportsmen of the State of Iowa, and taxpayers of this commonwealth, do hereby express our disapproval of the appropriating of any funds collected for hunting license from the sportsmen of this State, this to any fund except in the interest of the protection and propagation of game.

We indorse the American Protective and Propagation Association in their great work as National game protectors. We recommend State co-operation with this Association, and to this end, we, the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, in convention assembled at the Fort Dodge, Ia., July 10, hereby become a member of the American Protective and Propagation Association, this as a State Association.

We further protest against the utilization of the funds collected from the sportsmen of the State of Iowa being appropriated into any fund or channel, aside from the protection and propagation of game in the State of Iowa.

That this protest may be more emphatic, we agree, as sportsmen, regardless of political belief or affiliation, not to support or favor any member of the Senate or House of Representatives who shall vote to divert the funds collected from the State hunting license into other channels other than the protection and propagation of game.

We further urge the necessity and importance of immediately securing either by purchase or lease a suitable tract of land for the purpose of establishing a State fish and game farm, this for the propagation, protection and distribution of game birds and fish throughout our State.

We further recommend that the State game warden have immediate supervision and care of the propagation farm, permitting no shooting or fishing upon said farm under any conditions or circumstances.

We indorse legislation that will bring about the adoption of our recommendations and putting of same into active operation.

2.—Be it resolved, that the President of the State Sportsmen's Association be instructed to confer with the State game warden, Lincoln, to the end that the legislative committee appointed at this meeting, receive at his hands substantial recognition as co-workers.

Notes.

J. E. Harker, of Spirit Lake, made a run of 99 straight, giving out on his 100th bird.

F. C. Whitney, of Des Moines, the red W man, cashired the shoot, and was snappier than ever.

A. L. Yearous, Frank Fisher and the balance of the

Kennel.

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Eagle Grove bunch, made them all hustle. Yearous won the Wahkonsa cup at 15 doubles with 27 on very hard and difficult angles. That score will be hard to crack next year. Fisher divided with Wettleaf on diamond badge, losing out on hard shoot-off.

Potter, White, Hoon, Campbell, Huntley, Harker and Wettleaf were running a neck-and-neck race for the three days, Campbell finally landing first money.

Waterloo, with Shores, Webber, Hummel, Cowin and Corsin enjoyed themselves immensely if they did not take back the diamond badge, which the big, good-natured sheriff from that metropolis handed back to the shooters on his last three birds in the event, losing his 47th and 50th targets, with a grand total of 47 out of 50.

Tom A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill., could not pass up the Iowa State shoot, this being about the twenty-fifth he attended.

J. E. Dickey, winner of the 1910 State amateur championship shoot, shot well for the entire three days.

Neal Layman, Joe Kautzky and Fred Gilbert took up this year's entries of diamond badge, which was held jointly by them, and was this year carted away by Wettleaf, who also took with him to Nichols, the amateur championship, shooting from 2lyds.

Brown, Duncan, Huntley and Taylor, of Sioux City, went very strong the last day, Taylor having one run of 89 straight, this with an unfinished run of the previous day, he went well over the 100 mark.

Mason City, with Joe Thompson, McGowan and Flaherty, pulled hard for next year's shoot, but fell a little shy on votes. Still they left happy, thinking of the future.

Prof. Hazlewood, after first shoot-off for Smith cup, on which he tied with John Harker, of Spirit Lake, both having again broken 25 straight on shoot-off, said, "He don't miss, and I don't."

Old Steady Bill Ridley was breaking in his new gun, which accounts for him not being among the topnotchers. Nevertheless, he was all cheer from What Cheer.

The scores of those who completed the three days' programme of 450 targets follow:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day.
C C Collins.....	138	121	135
F Fisher.....	136	131	132
A L Yearous	123	129	132
O D Bryant	116	125	124

C Freel	123	137	133
J Kautzky	139	140	140
Wm Ridley	143	136	135
B F Elbert	118	137	138
P White	145	141	145
John Maland	139	134	145
F Campbell	143	147	145
W S Hoon	140	145	145
E Henshaw	129	131	140
W Muncy	134	135	140
A H Torring	130	130	141
J W Ford	127	125	135
C Wise	122	138	128
L G Mitchell	129	121	136
B A Miller	116	124	129
L G Schultz	129	130	134
C McBride	129	137	132
J Rodgers	129	127	140
John Harker	141	139	143
C McGinniss	138	139	131
Wm Wetleaf	143	146	143
M A Nashold	131	143	136
Neal Layman	128	140	139
C C Collins (Ft. Dodge)	133	126	130
W A Brown	130	135	138
W F Duncan	134	126	144
S A Huntley	139	142	143
G Taylor	130	137	143
A Abramson	128	137	131
J Konvalinka	121	134	123
W Thompson	120	128	124
S Foster	99	122	115
W J McGowan	102	117	114
F Shores	112	133	132
N Webber	119	115	126
C Hummel	123	136	134
R L Coward	107	125	126
J L Corson	116	120	118
W Hildebrandt	130	131	137
W Williams	136	129	140
A Stenerson	122	135	132
D H Mahoney	110	129	136
Hughes	134	128	142
John Peterson	132	140	133
J Hemmingway	124	135	131
G Wisner	131	128	128
L Hazelwood	130	132	138
R E Waters	85	129	124
T G Ness	111	131	127
Dr Bothel	120	140	137
Professionals:			
L H Fitzsimmons	127	134	138
T W Price	132	139	135
H E Winans	104	103	123
H W Vietmeyer	140	135	138
F C Whitney	110	126	116
T A Marshall	140	137	137
J E Dickey	132	135	136

Those who took part in the tournament, but who did not complete the program had scored as follows:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day.
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.
H C Dorton	150	130	...
A C Boggs	45 36
F Kennedy	150	115	...
W Linguard	...	60	45
E Breckenridge	150	132	...
Beiderman	60	51	...

B Anderson	150	133
W Mueller	60	32	15	36	45 33
E Thiede	30	19	15	7	...
Wm Benson	150	131
A J Rhinholdt	150	115
A E Eschelmann	15	7
A Smittle	150	117
J M Walker	150	121
N O'Connor	60	44
McGill	45	32
H Wright	30	21
K C Anderson	15	4
F Ford	60	11

Hunters' Club.

ROCKAWAY BEACH, Syracuse, N. Y., July 4.—Fifty gunners from all Eastern States took part in the registered tournament of Hunters' Club, of Onondaga, which was held at Rockaway Beach.

Jerome De Bee, of Marcy, N. Y., was high gun for the day's shooting with 144 out of 150. C. L. Frantz, of Seneca Falls, was second with 142.

W. E. Corfield, of Utica, won the merchandise event with 24 out of 25. T. E. Clay, of Syracuse, was second, after shooting a tie with Corfield.

Shot at.	Broke	Shot at.	Broke		
W E Hookway	175	151	E M Turner	175	135
C W Hobbie	175	156	H J Henry	150	98
C F Frantz	175	162	A Meagher	175	143
M E Barker	175	150	C D Salisbury	175	109
F S King	175	149	F J Turner	175	132
Chas Dalley	175	150	J Montgomery	175	129
J De Bee	175	164	C Hausman	175	115
C C Snooks	175	144	M Windhausen	130	81
J C Marcellus	175	144	Geo Storrier	175	121
W E Corfield	175	160	D Storrier	175	92
G M Phillips	175	145	Chas Green	60	34
T J Clay	175	155	J O Pierce	70	60
A E Sauer	175	86	J A Rice	70	42
M A Ritz	175	130	J Fellers	70	46
T P Evans	175	134	J T Calkins	75	58
Dr Pendergast	175	130	E Kinslow	60	37
J Hecker	175	113	T Lundy	55	36
O E Carpenter	175	120	G Shane	40	33
D Davenport	175	120	G Heiney, Jr.	25	8
F Weiss	175	142	C Marrin	15	10
M J Carey	175	141	W Tyler	25	18
A J Pendergast	175	113	H Burroughs	25	13

Professionals:					
S Glover	150	130	H S Welles	150	138
W B Darton	150	139	Ed Cox	150	134

C. H. STANNARD, Sec'y.

Holland Gun Club.

BATAVIA, N. Y., July 13.—Wm. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., called on his Batavia friends to-day and shot along with the boys this afternoon, breaking 85 out of 90. Walls won the cut-glass dish in the regular program handicap. Brumber is ahead for the Du Pont trophy with 98.6. We'll have to doctor his handicap for the next shoot. A strong southwest wind and rain showers made shooting hard to-day. Scores follow:

Targets:	10	15	10	20	20	25
Tomlinson	8	7	7	15	14	22
Gardiner	8	11	10	18	18	22

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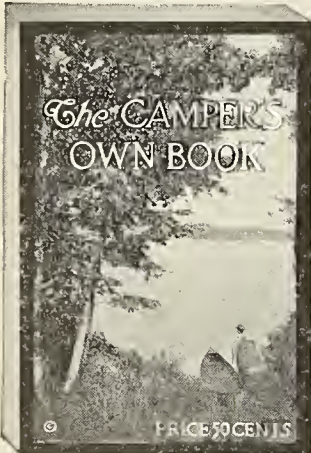
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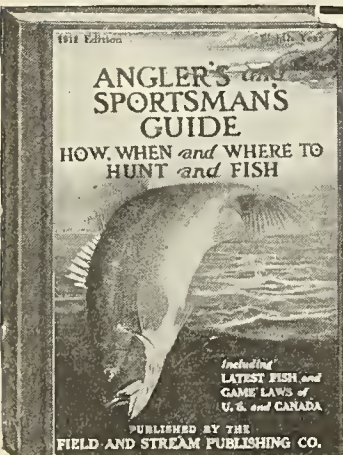
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Fisher	5	8	4	12	9	..
Baker	7	8	9	11	11	18
"39"	6	9	5	14	12	19
Childs	4	5	6	2	7	..
Williams	12
Crosby	..	15	9	18	20	23
Walls	8	13	10	17	14	23

Program for our tenth annual tournament, to be held Aug. 14, is in the printer's hands. We will start a new cup for the Western New York Championship. Ask us about it. CHAS. W. GARDINER, Sec'y.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

PARRY was again in his best form, on July 6, and easily led the field with 95 per cent. broke, a portion of which were thrown more than 60yds. Britton and Lewis were in second place with 92 per cent. The scores follow:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Edmonson	175 154	Alig	125 103
Moller	175 140	Hofer	110 86
Parry	150 142	Britton	100 92
Neighbors	150 100	Hancock	40 25
Lewis	125 115	Hendricks	40 24
Dixon	125 113		

July 13.—Edmonson, shooting consistently from start to finish, lost but 7 out of 140 targets shot at, beating Parry 5 points. Moller posted the long run of 50. Kirkwood led the professionals, 78 out of 80. Scores:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Edmonson	140 133	*Stannard	100 92
Parry	140 128	Fuller	100 66
Moller	140 126	*Kirkwood	80 78
Britton	140 120	*Barr	80 71
Alig	140 118	Finley	80 69
Lewis	140 117	Roberts	80 57
*Hymer	140 115		

*Professional.

Smith Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., July 13.—J. Baldwin was high gun this afternoon at the Smith Gun Club traps. He broke 117 out of 125. Dr. Lockwood shot well, getting 110 out of 125. C. E. Bedford trimmed E. Leslie in two out of three 25-bird matches. The scores were:

Bedford	13	12	14	Leslie	12	11	14
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The following additional events were shot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
J Baldwin	23	22	24	25	23
Dr Lockwood	21	19	24	23	23
G W Naugle	22	21	22	20	22
H Higgs	18	20	19	21	..
E Stager	16	17	17	19	..
H Minion	17	18	18
A Kealer	18	16	17	18	..
R Beraugh	19	21	20
C Luidel	21	20	22	18	..
W McMahan	20	22
E Leslie	12	11	14
O E Bedford	13	12	14

EASTERN DIVISION MEET.

Continued from page 83.

tika; second Ritchie, Lawrence; third Loudon, Dedham.

Single, Single Blade—First, French, Pawtuxet; second, Burrows, Crescent; Third, Clapp, Dedham.

Tandem, Double Blade—First, Riess and Hill, Swastika; second, Clapp and Fell, Dedham; third, Houghton and Loudon, Dedham.

Tandem, Single Blade—First, Martin and Gabulson, Coheco; second, Clapp and Fell, Dedham; third, W. G. and O. C. Schmidt, Coheco.

Double Blade, Four—First, Medford B. C.—Smith, Walking, Heyde, Manton; second, Dedham B. C.—Fell, Loudon, Sukowske, Marché.

Single Blade, Four—First, Winchester B. C.—Gerlach, Murphy, Newman, Sheridan; second, Coheco C. C.—Schmidt, Schmidt, Schmidt, Powers; third, Dedham B. C.—G. Merritt, Clapp, Houghton, S. Merritt.

The greatest number of points was won by the Dedham B. C., giving them possession of the Schaeffer trophy for another year.

The race officials were: Starter—B. F. Jacobs, Medford; Referee—W. A. Heath, Swastika; Clerk of Course—E. N. Cartwright, Dedham; Judges—A. L. McCrudden, Pawtuxet; F. W. Cramphorn, Innitou; J. A. Burdakin, Dedham; F. C. Rexford, Swastika, L. Weise, Coheco; W. Whiting, Coheco; Edgar Ward, Newton B. C.; Ben De Costa.

At the annual business meeting held Sunday afternoon these officers were elected for the coming year:

Vice-Commodore, F. W. Houston, Lawrence C. C.; Rear-Commodore, Fred Brodbeck, Dedham B. C.; Purser, C. L. Patterson, Law-

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rence C. C.; Executive Committee—Wm. Collins, Pawtuxet C. C.; B. F. Jacobs, Medford B. C.; R. F. Kelly, Coheco C. C.; Member Board of Governors (for three years), Paul Butler, Vesper C. C.

The Division also expressed the desire that the name of Mr. F. W. Cramphorn be presented by the Board of Governors as their candidate for Commodore of the A. C. A. for 1913.

One hundred and fifty members and guests were registered at headquarters and many more visitors were present on Monday to witness the races.

The meet this year was under the auspices of the Dedham B. C., the officers of the meet being as follows: Fred Brodbeck, Vice-Commodore, Dedham B. C.; Jack Howard, Rear-Commodore, Medford B. C.; E. A. Roland, Purser, Dedham B. C.; B. L. Goodman, Campsite Committee.

The meet will be held next year at Lawrence.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—George Parliament, 82 Warburton avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., and Arnold B. Mathis, 264½ Woodworth avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., both by M. F. Barth; Joseph M. Perkins, 501 West 169th street, New York city, by Fred W. Baldwin; Francis Edgar Soulé, 362 Chestnut street, Coatesville, Pa., and A. P. McArthur, Wister Station, Pa., both by Henry B. Fort.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—6480, Earle F. Kerber, 141 Keelor street, Wissahickon, Philadelphia, Pa.

Eastern Division.—6481, T. C. Jacobs, 81 Main street, Medford, Mass.; 6482, Walter E. Oliver, 177 Reservoir avenue, Providence, R. I.; 6483, Frank R. Clemmens, 418 Moody street, Waltham, Mass.; 6484, George L. Stingel, 16 Irving street, West Medford, Mass.; 6485, T. Hensley Smith, 45 Central avenue, Medford, Mass.; 6486, Ralph C. Poore, 463 Andover street, Lawrence, Mass.; 6487, Herbert Cray, 190 West street, Lawrence, Mass.; 6488, George B. Cumings, 6 Elmwood avenue, Winchester, Mass.; 6489, Ernest V. Evans, 29 Vine street, Winchester, Mass.; 6490, George C. Proctor, 6 Calumet road, Winchester, Mass.; 6491, E. Russell Murphy, 277 Washington street, Winchester, Mass.; 6492, Louis P. Marché, 10 Linwood square, Boston, Mass.; 6493, R. Sukowske, 67 Barrows street, Dedham, Mass.; 6494, William H. Herbst, Jr., 274 East street, Dedham, Mass.; 6495, George M. Fell, 56 Richards street, Dedham, Mass.

PROPOSED FOR ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Miss Elizabeth D. Friese, Kenilworth, Ill.; Miss Charlotte E. Friese, Kenilworth, Ill.; Miss Charlotte A. Mount, La Grange, Ky., all proposed by A. W. Friese.

Attracting Birds.

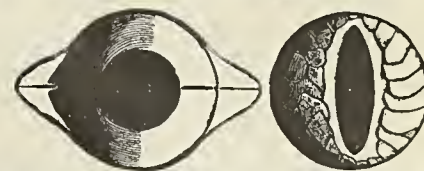
NEW SALEM, Mass., April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some people have noticed that strangely few birds nest on their grounds. Too many seem to pass on in migrating time. In driving through the country, especially after the leaves are off in autumn, you can notice more nests in some localities where the food supply does not seem better than where nests are scarce.

Notice nests. Make a nest census on your grounds every year. It is educational and also sport. Birds want safe places to nest. Von Berlapsch says that birds look long and earnestly for safe nesting places. They also must have a nearby food supply while feeding the young.

With us the summer of 1910 was disappointing. The hole-nesting birds did not seem to approve our nest boxes, and the open nesting

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birds did not stay to make nests. Last summer, as soon as the first robins appeared, the family cat was kept in the sheds. Other cats were watched and warned. The few other enemies to nests were watched and some appropriately treated. Crumbs were scattered on rocks and bare places. Where the year before only one robin's nest could be found, twenty-one robins' nests were counted and forty other birds' nests were found in the same area where very few were the year before.

Robins watch and defend their nests vigorously from enemies, and so the little birds like to build near robins. For instance, a robin angrily drove off a jay as soon as he appeared in sight. The jay left the vicinity from that day. One robin courageously defending its own incidentally saved many little nests. Probably robins are greatly needed for just this work. Nature's balance requires many robins. One hundred and twenty-two birds and their young on a few acres nearest the house makes the country interesting.

Elm leaf beetles are not troubling our trees, and we have no browntail moths this spring. Perhaps that, however, is because we hang out suet to attract the woodpeckers and other residents in winter.

We are glad to inform you what sport we are having with birds, as readers may get more or less out of the same. **E. O. MARSHALL,**

Secretary of the Massachusetts State Grange Committee on Protection of Wild Birds.

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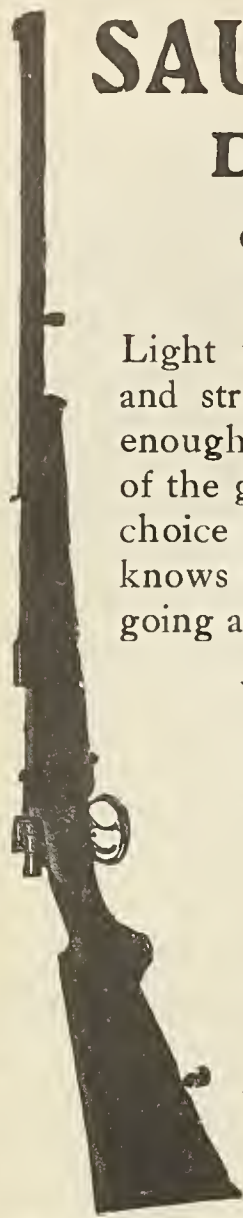
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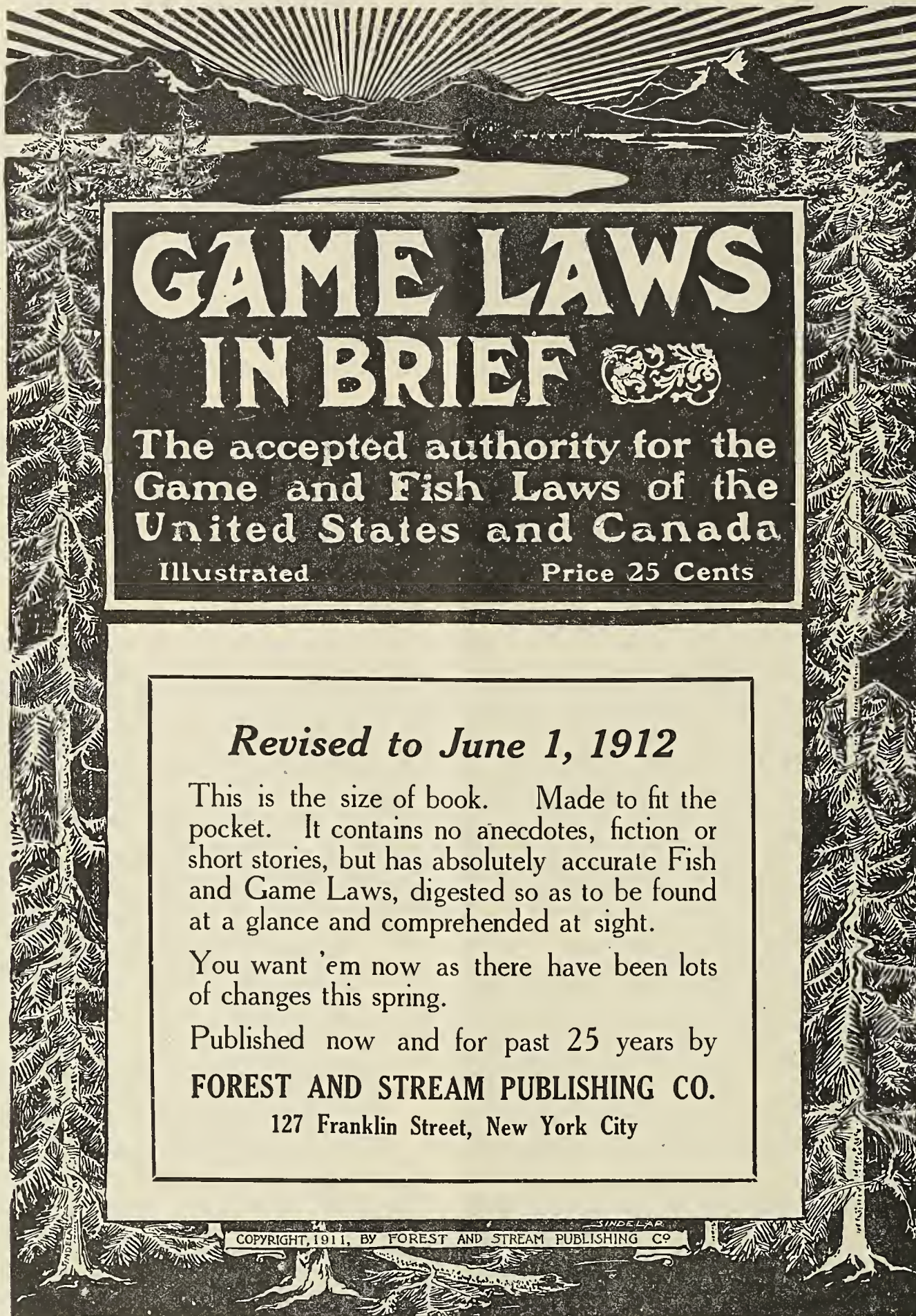
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BOILING DOWN PENGUINS.

WHAT is probably the most southerly industry of the world is being carried on at Macquarie Island, about half way between Tasmania and the Antarctic Continent, in the capture of penguins for their oil. Macquarie Island belongs to the State of Tasmania and has an area of about 25,000 acres, being about twenty-five miles long and five miles wide. The island is leased by the Tasmanian Government to Joseph Hatch, who has established a penguin oil industry there.

There are probably 80,000,000 penguins on the island, so that the stock to be drawn from seems almost limitless. According to Consular and Trade Reports the oil is obtained from the penguins by boiling the carcasses in digestors capable of dealing with 800 birds at a time. The tops of the digestors are fastened down and steam applied until about twenty-five pounds pressure is obtained. The steam is then turned off and water pumped into the bottoms of the digestors, this causing the oil to rise, when it is taken off the top by a tap.

The oil is placed in barrels and sold to binder twine makers in Australia and New Zealand. There is a good market for all the oil that is produced here, but the industry has met with several severe losses through wreck of ships attempting to visit the island. There is no harbor about the island, so that the vessels have to lie about half a mile off the rocky coast, and all material has to be conveyed to and from the shore on rafts formed of casks. Owing to the roughness of the open roadstead it is impossible to obtain insurance for vessels trading there.

Macquarie Island is about 750 miles southeast of Hobart. The island is barren, being covered only with tussocky grass. Whaling ships visiting there have introduced rabbits and Maori hens, which are now quite prolific. The Mawson Antarctic expedition from Australia has established a wireless station there, and daily messages are now being received at Hobart.

It was the intention of this expedition to use Macquarie Island as a means of sending messages all the way from their base at Adelie Land to Hobart, but unfortunately the wireless station established at Adelie Land has been unable to communicate with Macquarie Island, owing, it is supposed, to being too near the magnetic disturbance caused by the proximity of the south magnetic pole. The station at Macquarie Island, however, has already proved of considerable value to shipping in Australian waters by giving warning of storms coming from the south.

SYRIAN APRICOT PASTE.

IN view of the abundant apricot yield on the Pacific Coast, it might be of profit to American farmers in that region to utilize that portion of the yield which is too ripe, or is otherwise unfit for transportation to the fruit markets or canneries, in the manufacture of apricot paste, known in Syria as kamereddin.

*This industry has long been in vogue at Damascus and all along the valley of the Barada River. The methods employed are very simple. A basin two or three feet deep and of a circumference proportionate to the crop to be treated, is dug by the farmer and usually lined with cement. The ripe apricots are stoned and thrown into this basin and beaten into a pulp with tampers. The primitive method of kneading the fruit with bare feet is still often resorted to. The pulp is then spread out on thin boards and placed under trees and in shady places to dry. These boards are of uniform size, and the paste is so spread out as not to be thicker than one-tenth of an inch when dry. The sheets thus manufactured when dry weigh 1 rattle (about 5½ pounds) and look like sole leather.—Vice-Consul General F. Willoughby Smith, Beirut.

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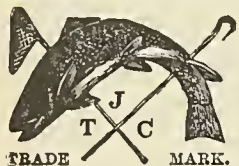
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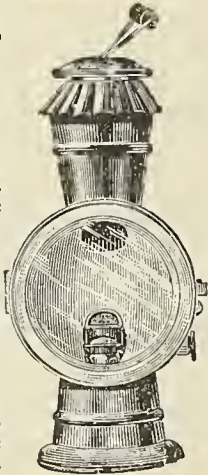
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1912.

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127 Franklin St., New York.

Trapping in the Santa Ritas

By M. R. STEVENS

Photographs by the Author.

FOLKS back in the land of clover meadows and blue-grass pastures would have thought the scene before my eyes a wilderness, barren and forbidding, but to me it was Elysium, peopled with the seductive forms of grizzly bears and black-tailed deer, and promising a goodly measure of pleasure and profit in the wake of the .30-40 Winchester lying across my arm. At that particular moment I was gazing over miles of live oak and juniper covered hills, up Sawmill Cañon where, fifteen years ago, a bear might have been found napping under almost any bush or boulder, and which is still a very good bear country, as well as the home of mountain lions and a few deer. I had come out for a look at my traps and to try for a shot at a bear before the last one had stowed himself away into winter quarters out of reach. If successful at all, I knew it must be soon ere his winter drowsiness beat me in the conquest of bruin.

It was early in November, and I had just settled my camp for a winter's trapping high in the Santa Rita range. Arizona's mesas and hills lay all around, empty save for the countless herds of cattle which here and there added a slightly emphasized note of animation to the unseen but strongly felt presence of wild life, permeating this waste as it does every scene of nature in her unmarred state. Material manifestations of the unseen wild life of the Santa Ritas had been playing havoc with the life of the herds; that is, wolves, bears and lions had been making free with calves and weaklings, and the fact had much to do with my selecting the Santa Ritas as a likely trapping ground. I may as well state right now, however, that the Santa Rita bears were too much for me, or I was too slow for them, for I did not get a shot at one the winter long.

Within a radius of six or seven miles from camp I put out some sixty traps in two lines, one nearly twenty, the other half as many miles long, and with making the rounds of them, skinning their victims, and taking an occasional tramp into the hills for deer, I was kept busy. My warehouse, in other words, the little tent given up to the storage of furs, filled rapidly. Tent walls, rocks and bushes in every shady spot in camp were soon covered with pelts stretched out to dry, while each visit to the traps added to the store. No beast of the hills seemed proof against the temptation of bait in those No. 4 traps. Mountain lion, coyote, gray fox, wildcat,

skunk, 'coon, ring-tailed cat, wolf and lynx alike came, smelled, tasted and paid the penalty with their lives. Even the birds of the air were not exempt from the danger, no less than twenty-four thieving eagles, some very large, falling into durance, as a result of their bait-filching efforts during the season. It always brought regret to find the national bird a victim of the snare intended for more mischievous prey, for the eagles are practically harmless in this region. I had no wish to include the birds among the marauders of the hills against which I waged warfare.

Yet it was not strange that the bait of those traps was tempting to such numbers of wild creatures. It often consisted of venison which would tempt the human appetite of a New York epicure. My most highly coveted game, however, was mountain lions, and consequently my favorite bait for the traps was horse meat, for

there was nothing the lions liked so well. Other animals showed no special preference in the bait line.

Notwithstanding its superiority, horse meat bait was not always at hand, and was obtained with some difficulty. The source of supply was the small bands of wild bronchos, fierce and wary, useless and ownerless, roaming the hills with the rest of the natural population. They were hunted and shot the same as deer, but were much harder to approach, being usually out on some mesa where it was easy to discover a doe at her very first appearance. A shot at short range was rare, and at times my .30-40 brought one down when the herd was grazing nearly a half mile away.

It is commonly thought necessary to use a large caliber gun in hunting large game, and as a deer rifle and general weapon nothing surpasses a .30-40 Winchester. But in this particu-



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A WILDWOOD TRAGEDY.

lar trapping expedition I conceived the fancy for testing the possibilities of the .22 rifle, with results that surprised myself. For trapped game it was as effective as anything could be after repeated tests upon the lives of wolf, lynx and coyote. The season's largest mountain lion, measuring over eight feet from tip to tip, was shot dead with the .22, and I even succeeded in shooting a deer with it, though I had some doubts of the result as I fired. The prize, a fine fat buck, ran only a little way after the ball reached him and proved the deadly merits of the .22 so conclusively that I became fired with the determination to kill a bear with it before breaking camp. I'll always be positive I could have done so, too, if every bear hadn't wisely taken warning and stayed out of sight and range.

Of all the fur game in the Santa Ritas, none was more interesting than the wolves and coyotes. As a rule, they are very cunning and hard to trap, and many a ruse was necessary to entice them into reach of the jaws of those No. 4's. One young fellow, however, was captured the first night one trap was baited, but his easy defeat was probably due to the overconfidence of youth and his ignorance of traps and trapping ways, not to any remarkable huntsman's skill and craft of the trapper. One trap, baited for coyotes, caught a lynx which was easily dispatched with the .22.

One day late in the season as I was gathering up and bringing in the traps, preparatory to breaking camp, I found a large gray wolf in one of them. He was very savage, poor beast, as any of us no doubt would be, with a foot crushed in a steel vise. He tried his best to get his fangs at the throats of the two dogs following at my heels, lying very quiet with eyes half closed and head averted until the dogs, thinking him helpless and harmless, approached to

investigate when, presto! he leaped like a flash into the face of his foes, who promptly fled with startled yelps. The performance constituted a series of short, rapidly changing scenes in a simple, wildwood tragedy often seen on the trapper's stage, with the curtain dropping at last on a silent furry shape beside a boulder against which a rifle leaned. Those particular dogs would fight a coyote, but a wolf was too much for them.

The dogs, while sources of companionship in those long winter days in the mountains, were likewise often sources of aggravation. They were only common curs and little more than pups, with the usual puppyish propensities for destruction which they found it possible to exercise even in a bare tent surrounded by trees and rocks, and which, upon at least one occasion came near costing them their lives. Our only visitors were now and then a passing cowboy or wandering Mexican, while reading matter and mail were rarities, so when by happy chance a large illustrated newspaper of fairly late date was left in camp, it is easily believed that I regarded it as a treasure and anticipated great joy in its perusal. But before the chance came for reading, I left camp one day, carelessly leaving that precious paper lying unprotected and in plain sight. While I was gone, those curs went inside the tent, spied the paper, and promptly tore it up, the scattered fragments littering the premises, being the first thing to meet my eyes when I returned, while the pups wore a very beaming and satisfied expression much like that worn by youngsters just returned from a Sunday school picnic. If I had been certain which pup was leader in the fray, I think I should have shot him then and there, but there was no way of telling where the guilt belonged, and I rather hated to kill both dogs to make sure of getting the right one, so I let

them off. They did it just for fun, anyway, and by the way paper was scattered they certainly must have had a high old time. After that when I left the tent I put any papers I wanted into the middle of my bed under the blankets, where the pups could not get at them.

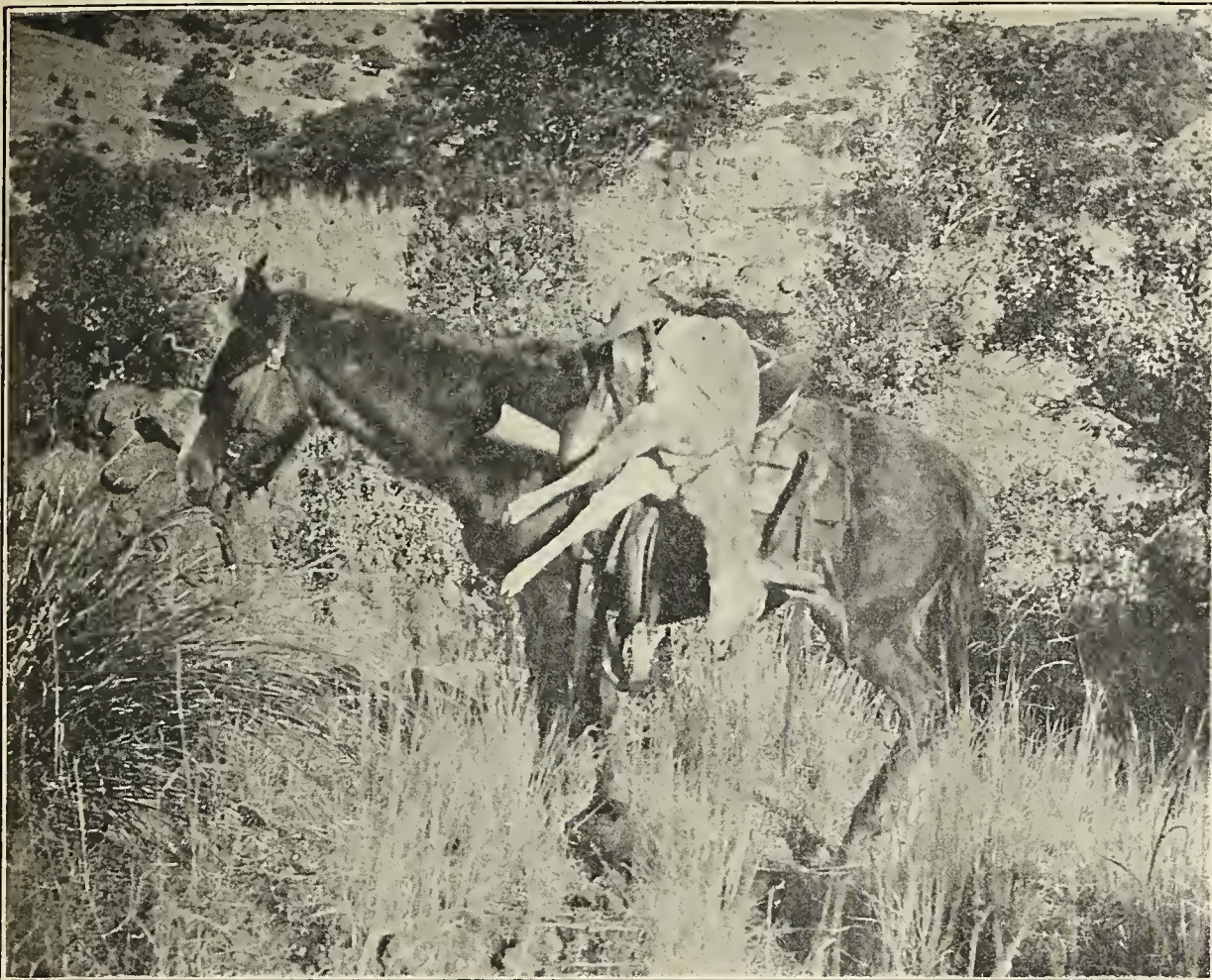
The Santa Ritas, in the vicinity of camp, was an excellent deer country, and there was one spot where a high rocky promontory jutted out into a sea of juniper and dwarf oak above an old ditch, which was their special haunt. The ditch once played its part in hydraulic mining, but the claim was long since abandoned. A plentiful supply of water, however, filled the ditch in the rainy season, while above its head a water hole fed by a spring and furnishing a goodly drinking place, may have helped account for the presence of the deer in such numbers. One day I shot a small buck here, as it ran along the mountain side about 150 yards away hanging it up above a clump of bear grass in an oak sapling near where it fell, while I went for a horse to pack it into camp. Then I decided I'd like a snapshot before moving my game, so left it hanging for suitable light. Long waiting for such a purpose would seem not to have been necessary in that land of almost perpetual sunshine and clear air, but on this occasion one of the Santa Ritas' rare spells of dark cloudy weather immediately set in, and that deer was forced to hang in the oak sapling till nearly spoiled, winter though it was, before I succeeded in getting the picture I wanted.

Not thinking it would rain very soon I went to look at my traps, one of those wet dark mornings, with the result that I was caught in a regular downpour. It wasn't very comfortable without a slicker, for up in the mountains where I was the rain was about half snow, and the wind blew a gale down the cañons. I was supposed to be wearing a waterproof coat, but it turned water about like a barley sack, and I was soaked to the skin and about half frozen when I got back to camp about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. But cheering myself with the thought that I'd be warm and comfortable again as soon as I got into dry clothes and was sheltered from the wind, I closed up the tent and began to make the change of raiment.

Well, I had successfully reached the low tide stage in the disrobing process, and had on about as near nothing in the shape of clothes as I could go, when zizz! flop! down came one end of the tent. Rain had softened the ground and a peg had pulled up, letting a corner of the



A FEW PELTS.



PACKING GAME TO CAMP.

canvas fall, while several other pegs barely held their own and threatened every second to let go. At the same instant a fresh gust of wind could be heard coming shrieking down the cañon, and when it struck I knew it would wreck both the tent and my dream of dry clothes.

'Twas a time for quick work, not for meditation, and I dived out into the weather to fix those pegs, dressed like a hummingbird and with all its graceful darting motions imitated through force of circumstances. If any one thinks I didn't work for the next five minutes, he never camped in the Santa Ritas with only a seven-foot canvas wall between him and the wild night. Some of those pegs were driven into the ground until, if they are ever pulled out again, it will be by a stump puller and not any little old winter wind. I felt good after it was over and I was safe inside my dry clothes, but I didn't exactly feel good while driving those pegs à la Cupid in the midst of a deluge, half rain, half snow, driven by a hurricane. A shower bath is pleasant, but not that kind. They say there is good in everything, but it took me some time to see the good in that experience, though after a while I partly figured it out by reflecting how things would have been if I had been an hour later getting into camp.

Winter away up in the mountains with no

company but two horses, two cur pups and the wild things and no habitation but a small tent often buried in snow, is rather a lonesome time. But it is a good time, too, in many ways, and makes one see and think things that he could never see nor think anywhere else. Then, when the spring sun begins to shine, and the snow melts away from the foothills and is crowded higher and higher up the slopes, till the ranges rise like huge green walls with a white-frosted border next a blue ceiling, all the mountains' lonesomeness melts away with the snow, for the full life of the hills is awake once more, filling every cliff and cañon with companionship. At least, that's the way the pups and I felt one April morning when, the trapping season over, we loaded our pack horse and took our way down Smith's Cañon toward the lower valleys and civilization after a five months' stay in the Upper Santa Ritas. To be sure the pups didn't tell me what they thought, but judging by that familiar, beaming, satisfied expression in their eyes, I felt sure they would be disappointed when they found they were being taken away from the scene of our mutual exploits, and that nothing would console them for their forced return to the tame confines of civilization, but the prospect of unlimited Sunday newspapers to demolish without danger of capital punishment.

collection is of immense size, including 4,000 specimens, more than 700 of which are those of large game. Edmund Heller, of the National Museum, was the guest of Mr. Rainey on his African hunting trip, and accompanied the expedition for the purpose of preserving the animals. Mr. Rainey has generously donated the entire collection to the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum. While Mr. Heller

had charge of the preservation of mammals in general, he paid especial attention to the collection of carnivores and ungulates. In the collection are twenty-four new species of rodents, in which it appears Africa abounds. During the trip Mr. Rainey extended to Mr. Heller every opportunity to make a complete survey of the mammals, which he successfully accomplished, assisted by thirty trained native skinners and porters who accompanied the safari.

Among the material obtained is the famous series of lions captured by Mr. Rainey's celebrated American bearhounds as described in his lectures. The idea of hunting lions with bearhounds appears to have been original with Mr. Rainey so far as the success of the venture is concerned. He carried with him to Africa thirty-six Mississippi bearhounds for use in trailing lions, a new and novel venture in African hunting annals.

Mr. Rainey stated that the hunting fraternity in Nairobi scoffed at his idea of trailing lions with dogs, and predicted that the dogs would not survive the first lion attack, and that as such a thing as lion hunting with dogs had never been heard of in Africa, the project must fail.

Nothing daunted, Mr. Rainey proceeded to the jungles with his pack of bearhounds, which readily took the trail of the first lion scent and strung out in true hound fashion. He carried with him on the hunting trip a complete moving picture outfit, including an expert operator, and on each chase after lions and other animals the moving picture machine was present to record the actual occurrences of the hunt. These pictures, exhibited by Mr. Rainey as a supplement to his lectures, show many remarkable illustrations of animal life. For instance it showed how the hounds acted in chasing the lioness, and how the latter tried to escape the tormenting dogs, finally sinking on her haunches in an exhausted condition, too weary to fight the dogs further with the exception of an occasional slap or snap at the pack which surrounded her, keeping her at bay until dispatched with a well directed shot.

In no instance did any dog show fear of the lion, and only one hound was lost straying from camp in a wounded condition, and was probably killed by some wild animal.

Mr. Rainey surpassed the record of all lion hunters, having killed seventy-six, each of which was trailed and bayed by his bearhounds. There are also many specimens of different kinds of antelopes in the collection including the hartebeestes, wildbeestes and waterbucks, as well as buffaloes, zebras, cheetas, monkeys and rodents. A few hippo skulls and rhino skins and one elephant were also collected. A large number of birds were secured, including some of the rarest species. Many of them are game birds, among them guinea fowls and francolins (which resemble our partridges), and plantain eaters, crows, bustards, vultures, vulturine, owls, hawks, kites, secretary birds, hornbills, pigeons, parrots, sun-birds, fly-catchers, are also represented. There also are four ostrich eggs.

The territory traversed was mostly to the north and east of that covered by Colonel Roosevelt on the earlier Smithsonian expedition, and included the country lying between the northern part of British East Africa and Southern Abyssinia.

The Paul Rainey Collection.

BY RALEIGH RAINES.

THE final shipment of the natural history collection, made by the Paul J. Rainey expedition in British East Africa, numbering some fourteen barrels and thirteen cases, has just been received at the National Museum, and is being unpacked in the taxidermy shops. The extensive

The Throne of the Mighty

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

WHERE then is the throne of the mighty? In what enchanted land, and amid what wonderful environments, surrounded by the blessed outpourings of a generous nature, can such a place be found, such a place as would stir the latent blood of the least caring onlooker and lift his very soul into the boundless home of the infinite? Truly there is such a place, for out there where the eternal Rockies thrust their snow-clad peaks into the matchless blue of the Western heavens, and form themselves in all their beauteous grandeur into what is now famed as the Glacier National Park—truly the playground of those gods who rule our mere lives, and strengthen us to meet our daily toil, with a smile of courage beaming on our faces. Let me not be misunderstood. I am offered no remuneration for this pleasant task of extolling this wonderful and grand expression of nature's handiwork—other than to have the honor of putting my words to type for the perusal of my brothers of the out-of-doors. I can best write this unvexed by the call of fame and gold, best know that I am writing from my heart with the glory of the infinite resting upon my soul and directing this task toward its ultimate goal. Truly there is a throne of the mighty, and there is a place for it in this beautiful country of ours; out there in Montana in this park, where the Creator heaped in lavish array the summing up of his toil in building this earth. There, under the graceful bend of the skies, rise in faultless attire the hoary vested mountains, one after another, hundreds of lakes, like gems on the bosom of silk, and streams that throw off a million glints of light to catch the sun-rays and turn them into bars of the purest silver; where the cascades pour their tumultuous offerings into the foaming, crashing basins below, where the very demons of carnage eagerly lie in wait to visit their doom upon whosoever in mortal flesh and blood, would stumble and disappear into that vast waste. Here, in seemingly endless array, the mountains rise, one after another, each seeming to vie with the other in presenting to the human eye that vast scheme of mighty perfection, beheld by the onlooker with a certain degree of awe that no endeavor of the mind would suffice to diagnose. In the selection of this wonderful region as an addition to our national playgrounds, there certainly was evinced a degree of perception that had for its making the very essence of art and beauty. Who can behold this region in all its primitive magnificence, without realizing that, first and above all things, it is the one spot in all the chain of the American Rockies where grandeur and sublimity walk hand in hand, where a man might truly spend a summer, and still be aware of new and newer sights as he traverses those pine set trails in sight of glaciers, multitudinous lakes, and waterfalls at whose bottom lurk the trout in such abundance as to set the heart a-beating in the breast of the wisest piscatorialist born. There is not one foot of that virgin region that has not some special attraction, where the man, tired and worn from his com-

bat with his kind in the sordid, practical mart, in search after the elusive dollar, might gain back some of that youthfulness that has stolen, truly like the Arabs, from his weary body. Here he might lift his eyes to the eternal hills, and be in constant communion with the wisest of all, nature. Here he might drink in the blessed ozone of pine and balsam, feel the muscles respond to his daily exertions, and realize in a thousand varying phrases those dramatic intercourses that cannot but influence the being to a better and wiser system of life. It will tone and recuperate the lost ideals; it will instill into the mind the very flower of endeavor, so that when once more the train carries one back over the homeward journey he will be fresh and happier for his little sojourn into the heart of things.

Such is the Glacier National Park, and word of pen or speech, and yet again the brush of the artist, cannot serve to convey in one single whit the intense, silent, overwhelming beauty of this spot, which seems like the supreme effort of the God of All Things. With an area of some one thousand four hundred square miles, this park is truly what is said of it; it is a national playground, offering to the persevering man the very cream of outdoor beauty, and setting forth for the appreciation of man those environments, so singularly in keep-

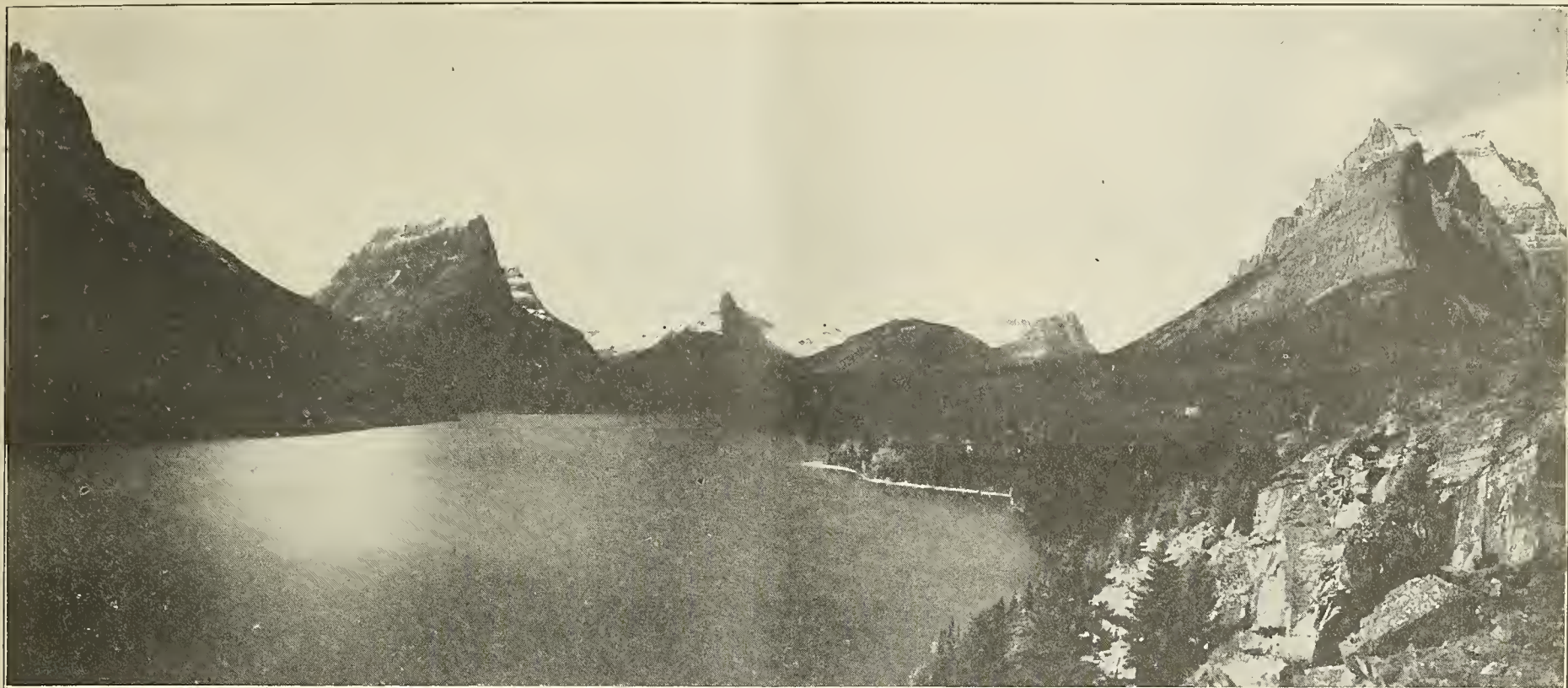
ing with the Western atmosphere. There it lies, all wild and unbroken, save for a few trails here and there, but always the same day in and day out, always beauty, loftiness and magnificence; gazing upon those lakes, those staggering waterfalls, those great mountains one feels the lack of tongue in trying to make the soul believe one's own capacity. With a perfect system of accommodation for the benefit of prospective visitors, much of the rough and unwelcome is done away with, so that now one is able to leave the railroad and make the inland journey without any great inconvenience.

Proceeding to Lake McDonald, one is brought almost instantly into the very heart of this most beautiful region, the heart of it, and by that I mean the very center of its magnificence. A glimpse at the photograph on page 106 will suffice to give the reader an idea of the wondrous clarity of the atmosphere, the subtle scenic effect, and the gem-like rarity of the waters, of that scintillating expanse. Twelve miles of this wonderful water with all the variety in color one can think of, and mirroring the clouds in the sky to perfection. The photographer has caught the effect and has brought with his effort some of that art that is gradually becoming more and more noticeable in the work of our camerists. At Glacier Park Hotel one finds the nucleus of his visiting days; from here he can start out, and, day after day, enjoy the beauties of this scenery, riding over the endless trails, and fishing out those inimitable pools, where the trout are crazy to snatch the skillfully cast fly from the foamy surface, and to make the bamboo a very thing of life and action. Starting out from the Glacier Hotel the first trip will be to Avalanche Lake, along trails where one is fully able to appreciate the wholesome stretch of country that lies between the two points. With good saddle horses trained for this mountain climbing, one finds no difficulty in becoming inured to the pleasure of sitting in a saddle, and the incident will soon enough appeal to one who has never before thrown his legs over the back of a horse. Up and up into the heights, where the sky seems to droop low over those giant mounts, enveloping them in a shroud of haze, and presently, ere one is quite aware of it, he comes upon the Royal Gorge, and pauses, with something of the awe-inspiring in his breast, to gaze, and still stand there inspired, while the moments creep by—a sight that one will cherish as long as there is life in the body. What mortal can tell in word of those intrinsic beauties? Who can unravel from his heart the promptings of the soul? There are none. Words are but mere playthings, and will fall upon the silence unheard. One can only gaze and wonder.

Avalanche Lake is a sight for the most world-familiar man or woman. With the pines reaching gracefully down to its sides, one has his first glimpse of it, as it lies there hid in between the guardian mounts, and fed by some half dozen spuming waterfalls of inconceivable beauty. These torrents flash from their great height into the space below, and one stands



RED EAGLE MOUNTAIN.
Copyright by Kiser Photo Co.



HEAD OF ST. MARY'S LAKE—GLACIER NATIONAL PARK.
Copyright by Kiser Photo Co., for Great Northern Ry.

long absorbing to its minutest detail that herculean flood. Gray as the clouds in November, and catching occasional touches of the sunlight; changeable and intermittent, sparkling and supplemented by the roar and crash. One seems to have suddenly left the shores of this country; he seems to be in the midst of the Switzerland country, for one cannot conceive of such equally beautiful scenes in this, the chain of the Rockies, where the usual order is lack-luster hills, lacking so much in that wonder one can find only here. With the first day filled out to the fullest extent, homeward you go at twilight, when the purple veil of night is lowering over the eternal quietudes, serene with the restfulness of evening, and lying there as though graced by the kiss of one who left them there as in the beginning.

The trip to Sperry Glacier occupies the next day, and by the time the rising sun has gilded the mountains in colorful lights, the order is given to up and out for the day's journey. One is first of all struck by the wonderful array of colorings, as seen in the early morning, when the silence is profound and the solemnity of the scene is intense. Steady climbing soon brings one to Crystal Ford, and thereafter the territory covered being of such a nature as to make riding in the saddle an inconvenience, the sightseers dismount, and with some difficulty reach the easier height of ground. From this prominent situation one is able to overlook the country below and witness for the first time the beauties of the upper world. Close to the waterfalls one is able to fully appreciate their wonderful views, but at a distance they also appeal in some distinct manner that is inexplicable, but of a such a nature as to be marked down in the heart for the closest attention. Perhaps it is the height; the realization that you are closer to the face of the skies. Who can tell? The scene is one of joy, and as the horses forge ahead, the eyes are busy taking toll of the scenery, and wondering if it is possible to say something fitting to the occasion about it to

his comrade, but hesitates, for he has nothing to say. It is one of those times when human speech is needless to convey meaning to the kindred. Sperry Camp is duly reached and there the hunger that has steadily been attaining an indomitable proportion in the intervening hours is appeased and thereafter the climb is continued on foot to the top, there to behold the wonders of the Sperry Glacier. The scribe has said of it:

"The glacier comes to an end a mile from the rim rock that the party gazed at when on the shores of Avalanche Lake the day before. The intervening mile is one of geological wonders, riven rocks the size of a bungalow that look as if they were split by a mighty wedge. Great hollows sculptured by the ice of ages, show twisted strata in whirls and spirals, and sharp angles. Here one may read of some vast convulsion when the world was young, ere it froze solid in its horror. Reds, greens and yellow are splashed with pink, violet and gold on the jagged pinnacles, around which cower pitiful little pines as if still fearful of the last of the winter winds. Some of them lie abject on the rocks like creeping things, all distorted and awry. On every side the waters squirm their way to the rim-rock that overhangs Avalanche Lake, and a half hour's stumbling brings the sightseer to that point to gaze downward in silenced awe at a scene of beauty beyond words and retrospect. He is 9,000 feet above sea level. There lies the lake on whose shores we stood the day before. Yesterday it was agate-gray, but to-day it is of a milky-white, in a setting of dark green pines that from that height look like soft, lustrous fur. To the right and left the water is leaping down, as white as the lake, with a roar that drowns out words. All around are the sharp, jagged crags, clothed in many colors, grim sentinels of the gem over which they stand jealous guard. It is far from the world of men and cities, of tilled fields and twentieth-century activities. The setting is of another age—before man took dominion over

the earth. The throaty whistle of the wind is a dirge, and a chill falls on body and spirit, as the clouds mass in front of the sun, and the white fire dies on the lake below. The green carpet of the pines turns to funeral black, and a longing springs up for the association of one's fellow-man, with horses or any of the commonplace living things."

What an aspect the glacier reveals itself in with its grinding flood of ice and snow lying there open to the vision; the hoary offerings of the gods, the cruel, menacing flood that carries the burden of the hills into the basin below, truly the cup of the mighty held in terrible hands that clutch at the crevices of those gaunt sides for a hold and seems to cling there in sheer desperation, frothing in his madness to gain the wild ascendancy. One looks and beholds with picturing eyes the terrible, awe-inspiring waste and feels within him something of that changeful, mute and ever constant passing. But the scene shifts and again night waits upon the hills, shutting out the menace of the height and flooding the garden of the gods in a dusky, luminous shroud, with the snow-clad peaks standing out aggressive and prominent, and the pine tips touched with the last dying rays of the setting sun, if such it be, presenting to the eye something of the art of the wild and free. And then, as the camp is made, one listens to the requiem of the heights, with the vesper notes throbbing musically through the boughs of the pines; slowly sleep touches the eyelids, and before one has the intimation of its presence, rest in all its glory bids the tired muscles relax into peacefulness. There are no dreams to vex one; just that solid, soothing, profound sleep that heralds the oncoming array of health and joy.

With the dawn of another morning the sightseers are up and doing. How pleasant is a morning in the mountains! It is as though the sins of the previous day, if any such exist, had been washed from the soul of the past, and now fresh, and new, soft and appealing, and colored with the blessings of the mighty sun,

there would wait upon one the sweet abandon of care. And who cannot but feel care-disburdened with such realistic surroundings, heightened by the most intense of nature's outpourings, suffused in the mothering rays of her love. One stands long, and lifts his eyes before the order comes from the guide to mount horses and away.

Gunsight Pass is the next on the list of beauty spots on the route and thence the cavalcade proceeds with more or less laborious effort, while the guide is busy proffering information of things in general to those nearest him. Those behind are content to conserve their speech, and let their minds mingle with the eloquent beauty of all around. Thus on and on until suddenly the party is brought face to face with a beautiful stretch of water, the well-known Lake Louise, which in itself is a veritable mirror of nature. Here one sees in startling array the imprint on the water of the giant shore pines, such is the wonderful transparency of the water. Slowly traversing the shores of the lake the party passes through Gunsight Pass, and thence on to the summit from which immense height, on the backbone of the continent one is able to command an inimitable view of the country below his gaze. After some time spent here the start back is made, during which many scenes of grandeur are met with, some of them of such prominence that it would take a full chapter in print to do them homage.

A trip of great interest indeed is the one that leads over the mountainous trails to Red Eagle Lake, nestled high up there between the clouds, in the center of some of the most picturesque country of the West. After fording the St. Mary's River, the first place of prominence is Old Town, which is a deserted mining town with no signs whatever of life; a mute reminder of those wild and woolly days when the West was in its infancy, and when the lure of gold was strong upon man. Passing into this town the sightseer finds ample room for scout-

ing around, taking stock of the situation, gathering from the deserted aspect some of that mystery that dominates such places. Here once long ago the untamed element had their swing and vanished with the day, which was marked with the crash of the six-shooter and the wild harangue of the bar-room; one imagines as he stands there in some empty, lonesome building that those visionary men of the past are re-enacting their wild deeds, and if he will listen he may seem to hear again that revelry at its height. But now the sunlight pours down, the aisles of the forest are silent, and no more shall the quietude be split on those wonderful evenings by the crash of the .45 Colts.

The party now proceeds toward their destination, making stops here and there to satisfy the cravings of the men in the saddle. The camera plays a prominent part in the program. It seems that here the camera is in its true element, for with such a territory to draw from, with such immense scenes to portray, one is lacking without the inevitable kodak; a glowing bit of water as seen between the pines, the foam fluttering water-fall, gleaming in ever-changing colors in the sheen of the sunlight, a shimmering lake, touched in blue, indigo and lavender, with here and there between those wonderful lights, and the shades of the pines upon its bosom. A touch of the shutter and the film has marked down a tale stronger than words—a scene that one will treasure when on cold winter evenings before the fire one recounts that wonderful trip into the mountains, showing as further evidence the proof of the photograph.

Trout? Of the fishing opportunities to be found in this treasured land no word can quite bear mention of in the right sort of phrasing, for such are the conditions that one is able at most any of those stops to go out and enjoy himself to repletion. Select a well set up bamboo; the trout will run up to four and five pounds in weight on the average, and have so much fight tucked in under their rainbow hides

that the best rod will find its equal, and when once they are on, one is sure to be the participant in a fight that will tone up the fever right. Connect your favorite flies to the leader, flip them in there under the waterfall, where those rotund fish lie sporting their aristocratic forms in the changing lights of the water, eager to dart from that basin and snatch them from the surface. The flies strike water—an upward leap, and the fight is on! You lead him a bit away from the fall, and there, with the glory of the mountains around you, fulfill one of those moments you have waited and hoped for.

St. Mary's Lake is especially noted for its Mackinaw trout, which will run in weight up to twenty pounds, and requires both experience and a good man at the oars to bring the gamey fish into check. And such a fight! To the onlooker it would seem that the very bottom of the lake had risen in wrath and was turning things into chaos. Back and forth, up and down, the mighty fish takes its course, with the reel shrieking its wild acclaim, and the line cutting up blades of water as it splits over the surface in the mad career for supremacy. Often enough the fight is disastrous to the fisherman, for the mighty denizen of the deep will get away. Here you will have a chance to test your favorite tackle, and you will have a chance to try your mettle; from beginning to end it is one constant fray.

Too much cannot be said in praise of this wonderful park, for truly it is one of the pleasure nooks in this country, and the man or woman who would enjoy themselves in a rough and ready manner, shorn of the artificial conventionalities of civilization, should remember that one of the places they should bear in mind is the Glacier National Park. As I have said I am not influenced by fame or gold to recommend this place, it is just the word of a brother of the out-of-doors to another, and if I have succeeded in impressing anyone in my trivial manner, I think I have won my point, for I am always looking out for the good fortune of my fellows. The one thing about this that I would outline to the prospective visitor, is that everything is conducted on a perfect scale of system and unfailing experience. You are entering a country which, while just as wild as any place you may think of in the United States, it is thoroughly investigated, and familiar to all the guides; you have not to bother with those hundred and one things that will present themselves in arranging a trip into the mountains in alien country, having to rely upon whomsoever you find to guide you. Here you have but to take the train, get out, locate at the starting point, and the trip begins—no needless blunders or worries to oppress you, everything just right to start. Anyone who has been through the mountains will appreciate the strictly up-to-date conditions presented to the sightseer here, and this, mind you, in a country that seems to have never been touched since the Creator first made it. I can think of no better place to spend a vacation, with a limited amount of money, than in the Glacier National Park, and one will return with the conviction that it is the one big playground of this country, where the scenery is singularly heightened, where the most wonders exists, and where with rod and reel one may obtain some of the best trout fishing known. Try it.



LAKE McDONALD—GLACIER NATIONAL PARK.
Copyright by Kiser Photo Co.

The American Game Association's Farm in Massachusetts

By SYDNEY G. FISHER

DURING the last week in June, I had to attend a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Trinity College at Hartford, and after telling the incoming freshmen to be good boys, study hard and not waste their time in sports and amusements, I started off for a day at the American Association's New Game Farm, near South Carver, at the base of Cape Cod.

It is a peculiar region, rolling, hilly, sandy and with very little fertility; but covered with a heavy growth of scrub oak which never grows high, pitch pine, poplar and some white pine. The original forest was cut or burnt off, I presume, long ago, and what we see is the second and possibly in places third or fourth growth. The farm is about five miles long, and three miles wide, pretty much a wilderness; and the surrounding region is very sparsely inhabited, and with more dense cover for the wild creatures of the world than we often see nowadays in this country.

A peculiarity of the region is a tendency to form level boggy places along the sides of the numerous streams and also in depressions where there is no stream. These places vary from half an acre or less up to sixty or a hundred acres; and are usually planted in cranberries which form an important industry and an exception to the statement I have just made as to the fertility of the land. It is the natural soil of the cranberry plant; and both the upland and the bog cranberry grow wild there. These cranberry bogs I found in a previous expedition some years ago, to be characteristic of the region much farther southeast on Cape Cod, where occasionally I saw magnificent houses with beautiful well kept lawns, and on inquiring the name of the fortunate owner, was told, "Oh, that's just a Cranberry King."

In the game farm region these bogs are apt to be lakes of all sizes and shapes. Some of them are a trifle deep without much grass, reeds or mud in them. Others are very grassy, shoal and muddy; and these are ideal places for wildfowl to breed and feed. In some of them, Mr. Torrey, the superintendent, has placed a pair of mallards or black ducks with their wings clipped, and they have nests; and some of them have young ones. Even the ponds that are not grassy and muddy have thick cover close to the water's edge, and in time I think they will be breeding places, too. All the ponds and the surrounding thick green cover reminded me very much of the innumerable ponds and lakes I have seen in South Dakota, where the wildfowl have always bred in such great numbers.

The most interesting pond was the one devoted to raising woodducks. It is very grassy and shoal. Part of it has been fenced off with wire and a number of boxes, like a wren box, put on posts. The theory was that as the woodducks have for thousands of years been nesting in hollow trees, they would readily use boxes with suitable holes in them. Sure enough they did; and the flock placed in the enclosure with clipped wings has laid over seventy eggs in these boxes. The eggs have been removed and placed under hens. Some of them are already

hatched out, and I had the pleasure of seeing the ducklings.

There is one remarkable circumstance about them. I have been informed, and have read, I think, in books, that no one knew how the adult woodduck removed her young from the hollow

Torrey made a projecting shelf all around the pen to stop them. While I was there, on approaching the pen he found one of the young rascals sitting up on the shelf shaking his tail, smoothing his down with his bill and saying, "I have been climbing trees for a good many thousand years, my boy, and you will have to build more than a shelf like that to stop me."

This climbing faculty of young woodducks may possibly be an old story to naturalists; but it was "a new one on me," as the boys say. Would not climbing duck be as suitable a name as woodduck? What a strange history in the far distant past the bird must have had to enable it slowly to develop in its young this tree-climbing ability in addition to web-footedness. The Muscovy duck and some crosses of it will build in a hollow tree, if you furnish them with it; but I do not know whether their young are tree climbers.

The woodduck must have been developed during a long period of time in this country when old decaying trees or trees that afforded hollows of some kind were numerous near water. Some of the cypress swamps in Florida, where I have seen numerous woodducks, have been admirable places for them in this respect. The drowned lands which have been numerous in some parts of the country may also have afforded suitable trees. There used to be woodducks in New Hampshire when I was a boy, and the heavy and old timber along the streams would account for them. Water which developed feet that could swim, hollow trees as safer nesting places than the ground, a slight variation in the toes of some young fellow which enabled him to survive by climbing and long lapse of time and survival of the fittest did the rest. Darwinians will please correct mistakes if I make them; and also kindly tell me how the beautiful plumage of the male woodduck was developed.

One of the residents near the game farm, an experienced sportsman and observer, told me that hollow trees near the water had grown scarce and had almost disappeared, and in that way he explained why the woodducks had largely abandoned that region for nesting. His reasoning seems to be correct, and the converse also is probably true that if you supply artificial hollows for them to nest in, they will return to the region. Might not woodducks be encouraged and bred in this way all over the United States? Mr. Torrey, the superintendent, has plans in mind for hollowing out logs with the bark on and nailing them to trees in suitable places, or making boxes from slabs with the bark on which can usually be obtained at sawmills. Something of this sort must be done; for the disappearance of the old forest growth of the country and the general clearing up that is going on will soon destroy entirely the original conditions which created and perpetuated the beautiful woodducks.

On a large pond close to the house at the game farm, with proper wire enclosures, wild mallards and blackducks are being reared, and I saw many young broods. I also saw in the



TWO VIEWS ON AMERICAN GAME ASSOCIATION'S FARM.

tree to the water. The entrance to the nest is often twenty or more feet from the ground; and as the little fellows were put in the water long before they could fly, the wonder was how it was done. Some said that the mother took them on her back and flew down to the water with them. But we can dismiss all that; for the young woodducks at the game farm have shown how they do the trick. They climb up the side of their pen and out as easily as flies could do it. They have a sharp nail or something in each foot which enables them to walk deliberately up or down a board or log more easily than a lineman climbs a telegraph pole or a steeplejack goes up a chimney.

Finding they could walk up the wooden side of their pen whenever they liked, Mr.

bushes along the shore a blackduck sitting on her nest. How she did flatten herself out and concentrate her whole being on hiding. I have hunted and shot her shy race for many years, and it was a new sensation to be so close to one of them alive. The wild duck industry at the farm is very promising and comparatively easy. Will they not in time raise sprigtails, baldpates, goldeneyes, redheads or canvasbacks and teach the rest of the country how to keep up the supply?

The raising of the English pheasants is also comparatively easy and I saw scores of broods presided over by common hens. These are in charge of a Scotch game keeper of experience and training. When turned out wild they may survive the winters and be as numerous as they are in Oregon. There is certainly plenty of cover for them.

Almost as interesting as the woodduck problem and far more difficult, I should suppose, is the attempt to raise young ruffed grouse in captivity. These birds are native to the region and nest in the neighborhood of the farm. I saw several broods that had been hatched by common hens and were doing well. They are quite fearless and will not hide from strangers like the young pheasants. Mr. Torrey tries to reproduce natural surroundings for them and has them in a rather thick growth of young poplars. It is an experiment on which much depends.

There are quail in the neighborhood, and I heard two cock birds whistling bobwhite. No attempt has as yet been made on the farm to struggle with the heretofore unsolvable problem of raising young quail in captivity, but I have no doubt it will be undertaken. The farm was started only this spring and has got under good headway in an astonishingly short time. They would be much further advanced if contractors had not failed to supply some of the pheasants until too late in the season.

In short, I spent a most delightful day, learned a great deal and was most handsomely entertained by the very agreeable and competent superintendent and his wife. I recommend all sportsmen, naturalists and nature lovers to apply at once for membership in the American Game Protective and Propagating Association at its headquarters, 111 Broadway, New York. It is the organization we have long been waiting for. It is not confined to this one game farm I visited and which is merely a starter. It is nation wide in its purpose, prepared to deal with every problem of game preservation in Legislatures and in the field. It is intelligent and broad-minded in its management, and if we all support it there will be money and influence to carry out its plans. It is part of the great movement to teach the American people the conservation of their natural and national resources.

problem of a full utilization of the annual product of the deer herd, the problem of disease and the problem of protection from the ravages of lions, coyotes and other varmints. In addition to making a study of the three species of deer found here, the black-tailed, white-tailed and mule-tailed deer, Mr. Clarke will devote his attention to elk, mountain sheep and antelope. He is getting in touch with every deputy of the commission in districts where deer are to be found, and expects to get much valuable data from the observations of these men.

The offices of the California Fish and Game Commission have been removed from the Balboa Building to the Mills Building at Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco, where much more space than formerly used has been secured. It is anticipated that at an early date work will be commenced on a State Building for this city, and the commission will then have permanent quarters and ample room, not only for the transaction of business, but for the display of specimens of California animal life.

Camp Food.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There seems to be a prejudice against oatmeal as an article of diet for campers and canoeists. This arises, I believe, from the fact that few know how to cook it properly and many confound it with rolled oats. Personally, had I to choose between oatmeal, rice and cornmeal for use in the woods, I would take oatmeal every time.

To cook oatmeal properly, for one person, add half a pint of dry coarse oatmeal (the kind our grandmothers used) to a little more than a quart of boiling salted water; let it boil for ten minutes, stirring and skimming off the pasty scum that rises to the top; then place the kettle where it will cook slowly for twenty minutes, giving it an occasional stir to prevent it from sticking to the kettle. Eat with milk, butter or maple syrup.

You will have more oatmeal cooked than you may care to eat at one meal. Pour the surplus into a spare cup or bowl, as a mold, and allow it to cool and harden. At the next meal it may be eaten cold or fried. To fry properly, remove the oatmeal from its mold, cut in slices, dip in flour and fry until brown.

Never soak the oatmeal before cooking. Never cook it in a double kettle. In either case you would get a pasty mess almost as bad as rolled oats, but not quite. Make your maple syrup in camp from maple sugar; it is easier to carry. Get your wife or the cook to show you how.

LORNA.

Louisiana Game Conditions.

ALABAMA State Game and Fish Commissioner John H. Wallace, Jr., returned last week from Baton Rouge, La., where he addressed the Legislature on the subject of conservation. Mr. Wallace was met at Baton Rouge by a committee of prominent and influential sportsmen. There is pending before the Louisiana Legislature a bill for the protection and preservation of game, birds and fish, embracing the principal features of the Alabama statute, and Mr. Wallace advocated legislation along the lines of the Alabama law.

Mr. Wallace said: "While I had anticipated



Hunting in California.

BY GOLDEN GATE.

THE deer hunting season in game districts 2, 4 and 5, comprising the central counties of California, is now in full swing and promises to be a highly successful one if the success of the season is to be judged by the number of deer slain. The reports received by city sportsmen early in the season to the effect that deer were very plentiful in these districts induced an unusually large number of them to get out on the opening day, and many bucks have been killed. The majority of the bucks brought in have been in poor condition, however, most of them being still in velvet. The opinion is general among sportsmen that the open season should not commence anywhere in California before the 1st of August, and even a later date is favored by many. The question of a revision of the game laws is now receiving the attention of the many game protective associations throughout the State, and it seems very likely that there will be some wholesale changes when the Legislature meets next January in regular session. Changes may be made at that time in the boundaries of the present game districts, as these were established more from a geographical standpoint than from any other.

In Santa Cruz county bucks seem to be very plentiful and some large ones have been bagged already. William Little, of San Francisco, brought down a seven-pointer at Waddell Creek, this being one of the largest ever killed in that vicinity, and the only seven point buck.

The Boulder Creek Gun Club gave a venison barbecue on July 7 and had plenty of venison for all. During the day a blue rock shoot was held on the club grounds. The officers of this club are: W. J. Caesar, President; Thomas Maddock, Vice-President; James Maddock, Secretary-Treasurer; Clyde Hickey, Official Scorer.

Mayor James Rolph, Jr., of San Francisco, enjoyed a few days' sport early in the season in company with three friends, the party accounting for four bucks.

The California Fish and Game Commission has commenced an important investigation of the deer of this State that will extend over a period of several years, and which, it is hoped, will throw light on a number of questions touching upon the conservation of game. This work will be carried on under the able direction of Frank C. Clarke, a graduate of the University of California, who received the unqualified recommendation of Chas. A. Kofoid, professor of zoology at this institution. Mr. Clarke is especially well fitted for this work, having been raised in the northern counties of the State where deer are plentiful, and having made a special study of animal life at the University. Last summer when a serious epidemic broke out among the deer of Trinity county, Mr. Clarke was sent there and rendered a report of much value to the commission. The new work of the commission will be to determine as nearly as possible the distribution and number of deer in the State, the ratio of the sexes, the effect of a prolonged killing of the males, the question of protection and conservation by law, the

finding conditions in a bad shape in Louisiana, I was not prepared to see them in such a chaotic state relative to game laws, and the enforcement of the statutes. I do not believe that I have ever known of a game commission to have fallen into such universal disrepute as has the one in Louisiana. No game law can be a success that does not contemplate the non-sale of game, and by this means obliterate the market hunter, which is the synonym of game hog."

Mr. Wallace urged the installation of the warden service as the only possible means of enforcing the provisions of the game and fish laws, and declared that local laws on these subjects had failed everywhere. He further said that a twenty-five cent hunter's license fee, as proposed, was a species of pusillanimousness that was unstatesmanlike and would cause the law to fall into certain disrepute and disrespect.

Mr. Wallace announced that in the event a model and modern law was not enacted by the present Legislature of Louisiana, the Governor would either assemble the Legislature in extraordinary session for the purpose of passing such a measure, or else the people of Louisiana would elect a Legislature, four years hence, that would appropriate a half million dollars for the purpose of purchasing game and fish to stock the State.

Game in North Dakota.

GALESBURG, N. D., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All indications are that game will be very plentiful in North Dakota this fall. The country people report many large flocks of young prairie chickens all over the State. The sloughs are full of water and ducks have stayed here and bred in large numbers. The weather is perfect—abundant rains, cool nights and comfortable days. The crops are luxuriant and promising beyond compare. Another three weeks of favorable weather and the Northwest will be diving into the hugest harvest ever garnered. By Sept. 7, the opening day on birds, the grain will be about all cut, and we will be ready to welcome the visiting sportsman to all the good things which promise to be superabundant this fall all over the State. J. P. WHITTEMORE.

New Collection in National Museum.

A NEW collection of a novel sort has been opened in the National Museum, and though the collection is not large, it represents the peculiar phenomena of albinism. All of the birds and animals are white instead of their natural colors. The largest single specimen is a deer that is entirely white, but unlike some albinos there was enough pigment in its composition to keep the eyes dark instead of pink, as is the case with the most pronounced type of albinos. Beside the deer there is a 'possum, a 'coon, a white crow, a white loon, white sparrows and a small jumping mouse that is white and has pink eyes. There are a number of birds, some entirely and others partly white. There is a small case with half a dozen specimens just opposite the albino group. These animals are types of melanism, in which there is an excess of color instead of none at all. There is a woodchuck and other animals almost black. The collections are most interesting, and the types are accidental. The specimens accumulate very slowly.



Richardson Lake Fishing.

NEW YORK CITY, July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On June 1 I took a party of friends (in all we numbered eight) to Upper Dam, Me. We left Bemis and crossed Mooselucmaguntic by launch to Upper Dam and fished the best part of the week on Richardson Lake, one of the so-called Rangeley Lakes.

The inclosed pictures will speak for themselves, and I would particularly call your attention to that of Chas. B. Ames, of the Horseless Age Co., who was my boat mate. I photographed him while he was in the act of reeling

strated by the fashionable crowd present and the automobiles blocking the way. The high scores were liberally applauded, while the day was extremely hot and humid, still it was tempered by a delightful breeze, which while very pleasant to the crowd generally, interfered somewhat with the accuracy of some of the fly-casters. All in all the contest was voted to have been unusually interesting and enjoyable. Following are the scores:

Fly, distance:			
	Feet.		Feet.
M. J. Brennan 79	Geo. Ashton 70
Aug. Cyran 76	Ralph L. Smith 69
S. S. Pingree 73	I. H. Hellman 61
B. A. Fleming 72		



A "REEL" STUDY IN EXPRESSION.

in his biggest fish, and you will note that his guide is in the act of placing his net.

Each day we went fishing we met at a given point. All the boats contributed to the morning's catch, and the guides immediately commenced to manufacture chowder. We also enjoyed broiled fish, flap-jacks, steaks and all other items that go with camp food, and if you were present you would think that you were among a lot of kids about sixteen years of age instead of full grown and supposedly sensible men.

N. R. HOPKINS.

St. Louis Fly- and Bait-Casting Club.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bimonthly tournament of the St. Louis Fly- and Bait-Casting Club was held on Sunday, July 14, in Art Hill Lake, Forest Park. The popularity of these contests was well demon-

Fly, accuracy:			
	Per Cent		Per Cent.
B. A. Fleming	... 99 5-15	Geo. Ashton 97 5-15
Aug. Cyran 98 13-15	Ralph L. Smith	.. 97 2-15
M. J. Brennan	... 98 12-15	I. H. Hellman	... 93 12-15
S. S. Pingree 98 9-15		
Quarter-ounce bait, distance:			
	Average Feet		Average Feet
F. Werner 117	H. F. Mardorf 102
Z. Geist 116½	S. S. Pingree 83
Aug. Cyran 106%	I. H. Hellman 64½
Longest cast made by F. Werner, 149 feet.			
Half-ounce bait, distance:			
	Average Feet		Average Feet
Z. Geist 165	H. F. Mardorf 75½
S. S. Pingree 131	John O. Day 67½
Geo. Ashton 129½	B. A. Fleming 60½
Aug. Cyran 125½	M. Alder 39½
I. H. Hellman 117	F. Werner 34½
Ralph H. Smith 105		
Longest cast made by Z. Geist, 170 feet.			
GEO. ASHTON, Sec'y.			

All the fish laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

"Flying" into Controversy.

NEW YORK CITY, July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* And now comes along Mr. Ralph Bisbee to swat the humble chronicler of the dry-fly. He asks: "But are they improving American angling conditions in the least?" The "they" means the aforesaid dry-fly writers.

Mr. Bisbee's question may be answered in true Yankee fashion by asking another: "Well, what about it?"

As a matter of fact nearly all literature has for its object either instruction or entertainment or both, and after wading through an enormous mass of angling literature during the past few years I can recall very little written for the distinct purpose of "improving conditions." So, I think, dry-fly literature is intended both to entertain and to instruct, but a thorough reading of nearly all of it leaves a distinct impression on the mind that there has been no school of angling writers with such uniformly high ideals of sportsmanship, and next to thoroughly stocking streams, keeping them from being polluted, and protecting fish by more stringent laws and better enforcement of these laws, I can think of nothing better calculated to improve angling conditions than thoroughly sportsmanlike literature. The dry-fly story rarely concludes with a triumph at the end of the day accomplished by the aid of a fat, juicy worm, cast into the best pool as the evening shadows are falling. In

I believe that this cult up to the present time must be given a clean bill of health.

Several times during the past year I have had occasion to quote T. E. Pritt's well known saying that anglers are not an intolerant folk, and have tried to believe it. Once I had a lot of trouble with this quotation, when an editor insisted on crossing out the "not." He explained this act of vandalism by saying: "But they *are* an intolerant folk." My reputation was saved by the reinsertion of the "not" after the article had gone to press. My belief in this saying perhaps was somewhat shattered when, early in 1911, some American dry-fly articles began to appear in American magazines. There seemed to be a disposition on the part of a few of the old-time wet-fly men to shy bricks at the dry-fly every time it was mentioned. Just why this should be so has always remained a mystery.

No one can claim that dry-fly methods are not thoroughly sportsmanlike. The tackle used is light and delicate; the fish has every show; casting the dry-fly and handling the line properly as the fly floats down stream require skill, and the method of fishing has many fascinations for its devotees. Our writers have not, I think, glorified it at the expense of the wet fly. Many dry-fly books have been published in England, while the Fishing Gazette, the English angling paper, devotes much space to the dry-fly weekly year in and year out. Why, then, should the dry-fly not receive its fair share of attention in our American sporting publications?

By the way, I met on a stream a week or two ago a stranger, who, as we talked things over, confided to me the fact that he was Mr. "Whirling Dun," who asked a question in FOREST AND STREAM about a yellow fly a few weeks ago and has been answered both by Theodore Gordon and Mr. Bisbee. He showed me the fly, and as I remember it, it had a light brown body, red hackles and yellow wings. It was not at all like our good old "yellow Sally." Mr. "Dun," for so I will call him, said that this fly was sent to him a few years ago by Cummins as a willow fly, but as it was entirely unlike the willow fly that he had used, or any described by the authorities, he made up his mind that Cummins had made a mistake. He did not use the fly for a long time, but the past two years has had much success with it.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bisbee, let the dry-fly man go on telling his tale. The "corpulent" writer mentioned by you, having handed out a few things for beginners, has performed his mission, so far as he can see at present, and is now waiting with you for the appearance of an infant American Halford. But before assuming the title the claimant should read Halford's "Autobiography" as well as Halford's other works, and understand just what the great English writer has accomplished in his life's work.

EMLYN M. GILL.

North Shore Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A communication received by me as secretary from the Chicago Fly-Casting Club dated March 15, 1912, stated that a tournament given by the four casting clubs of the city would be given during this summer, each club to be represented by five members.

The executive committee of our club con-

sidered that this plan disbarred the majority of the members of the various clubs, and therefore would not be representative of the whole membership, therefore declined to participate in said tournament.

At a subsequent meeting held by the delegates it was decided to hold a tournament under the following rules, which are heartily endorsed by our executive committees as giving every member a chance to participate in the sport:

"Every member of the four casting clubs are cordially invited to participate in this tournament. All of the members attending, regardless of what club they may be a member, will be divided into two parties, each under the supervision of a captain to be chosen at that time, each side to cast against the other for experience only, as no prizes of any kind are to be given. This very pleasant contest will be held at the anglers' casting pool, Douglas Park, Sunday, July 21, 10 o'clock A. M. sharp. Games played will be quarter-ounce accuracy bait and light tackle dry-fly accuracy."

The second series of the tournament will be held at the casting pool of our club on a date to be decided later.

The secretary wishes to congratulate the members on the good showing that we are making in our comprehensive schedule. It has been conclusively shown that we have in our membership men who can handle any of the games in the fishing line and handle them well.

The scores for July 13, 1912, follow:

Half-ounce accuracy bait:			
Hinterleitner	98.3	Marshall	99.0
Forsythe	98.9	Goodwin	97.2
Anderson	98.2	Bellows	98.5
Lambert	97.7	Ellsworth	93.2
Waters	98.0	*Gray	97.6
Liddell	96.3		
* Visitor.			

Re-entry:			
Anderson	98.0	Goodwin	97.1
Marshall	98.9		

Half-ounce distance bait; longest cast:			
Ercanbrock	135	Waters	100
Hinterleitner	139	Liddell	152
Forsythe	180	Goodwin	125
Anderson	130	Bellows	160
Adams	167	Ellsworth	160

Average of five casts:			
Ercanbrock	129	Waters	78
Hinterleitner	130	Liddell	125
Forsythe	136	Goodwin	109
Anderson	93	Bellows	137
Adams	130	Ellsworth	150

Accuracy fly:					
Hinterleitner	96	6-15	Liddell	99	3-15
Forsythe	99	9-15	Goodwin	97	9-15
Anderson	99	1-15	Bellows	99	11-15
Lambert	98	13-15			

C. O. DORCHESTER, M.D., Sec'y-Treas.

Newfoundland Notes.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The angling season is now in full swing. Every day numbers of American sportsmen land at Port au Basque, and then hasten to various parts to whip the chosen waters.

Last week passengers that came from the west coast reported that salmon were never so numerous as they are this season; every river is overflowing with them, and it only requires the right weather for the fishing to beat the record.

Many prominent Americans are on the various rivers, and they are reported as having great sport. Donald Brian caught two salmon weighing respectively twelve and thirteen pounds, and Mrs. Brian, who accompanies him,



THE AUTHOR.

fact, nothing like this has as yet appeared either in English dry-fly writings or in our infant American literature on the subject. Up to date I have not met a dry-fly angler who has shown the slightest evidence of being a fish hog. So

landed a splendid fish that tipped the scales at thirteen pounds. By yesterday's report they were credited with three salmon weighing thirty-eight pounds. Several other New Yorkers were also reported for good catches.

Trainmen and sectionmen say that the herds of caribou migrating north this season exceeded anything they ever before saw. Some of the old hunters say that the caribou are increasing, notwithstanding the increasing numbers of American hunters to take toll each year.

On the last two public holidays a special traveler's train was put on, and over 200 anglers went out along the line. Many hundred dozen were reported, but as many of the fishermen exaggerated the size of their catches, no accurate estimate could be formed of the number of trout really caught.

The following rivers report great catches: Little, Crabbes, Robinson's, Harry's, Gander, Gambo, Salmonier, South East, Lapoile, Salmon Falls, Grand, Codroy and Middle Bara-choix.
W. J. CARROLL.

The Right Way With the Tuna.

THE welcome success of Mr. Ross with the big tuna of Nova Scotia, a well deserved triumph on which all his friends will have congratulated him, has necessarily robbed that particular en-

and others of us failed, a plan abandoned only at the last moment. He still, however, hopes to catch the record tuna, and I am certain that the special tackle which he has designed for the purpose will bring such an achievement immeasurably nearer to fulfilment.

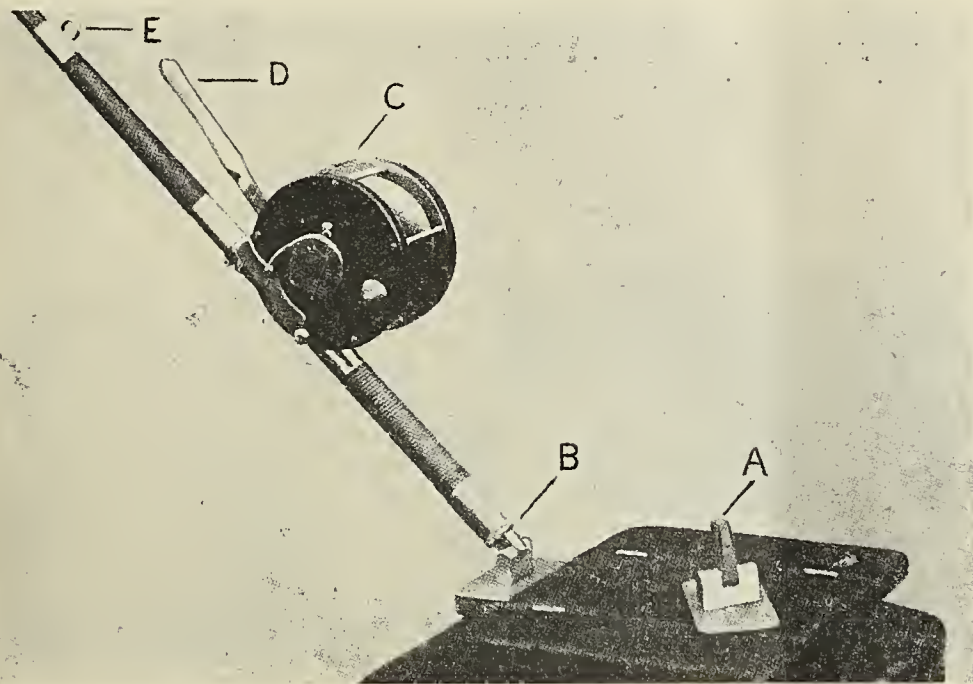


FIG. 1.

A, Universal joint on plate to be screwed to seat. B, Universal joint in use with rod attached. C, Brake drum (at side of reel), showing link for tightening band. D, Lever, which works brake. E, Ring for hook of shoulder strap.

terprise of the quite unusual interest that attended previous efforts to capture the first specimen. Nevertheless, it is highly improbable that there will be any resulting diminution of interest in big-game fishing generally, and I have, therefore, the pleasure of recording, says F. G. A., in the London Field, some particulars of a most remarkable outfit for such sport on a grand scale, the invention of Mr. Lorenzo Mitchell-Henry, which I have recently been privileged to inspect. Mr. Mitchell-Henry has had long and varied experience of tarpon and other big fish, and it was his intention, in company with the Duke of Manchester, to have tried for the big tuna of Cape Breton Island last year, when Mr. Ross

Instead of the usual method of binding the guides on the rods, above and below, these guides, which are slightly tapered, are slipped over the point of the rod and find their own position where they firmly bind themselves. By this arrangement the rods can be bent or used in any direction required, and are not reduced to only two directions, as happens when the guides are bound on. Another advantage of this system is that the tips can be tied up together in a bundle without damage to themselves or the guides, which are only put on when mounting the rod. It is also quite possible that by this system a broken tip could be replaced if it broke while playing a fish, the guides and top

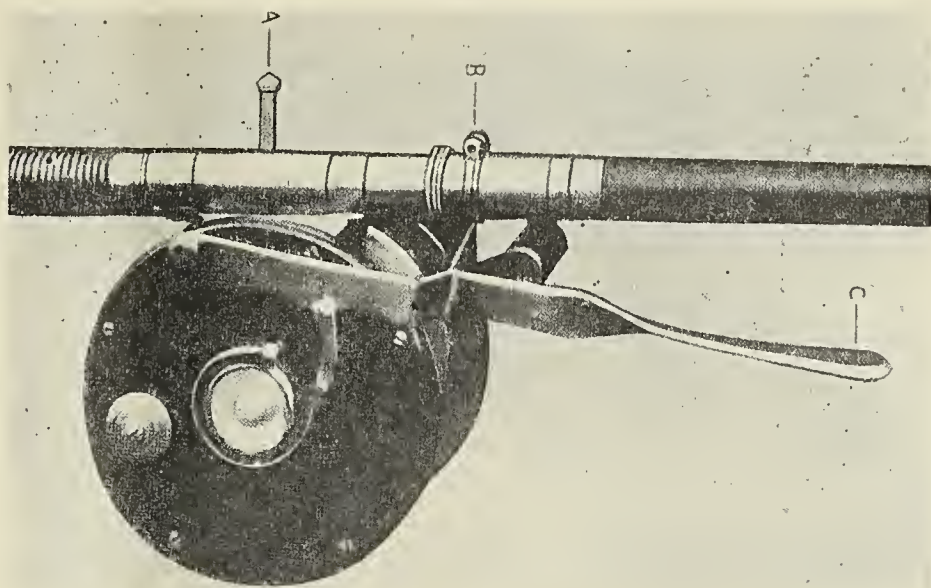


FIG 2.—LARGE TUNA REEL WITH BRAKE FITTED AND COVER REMOVED SHOWING BAND BRAKE AND BRAKE DRUM.

A, Bolt which goes through butt and screws into reel-plate. B, Split collar binding tip securely in butt socket. C, Brake lever.

guide being slipped off the broken rod and a new tip being put through the guide.

Fig. 1 shows an arrangement making it impossible for the rod or reel to twist, as happens when the leather cup usually employed is used. This device allows of free liberty to the rod to "pump" a fish, and also allows the rod to be swung in any direction, but in whatever direction the rod may point the reel is always uppermost, which is the object of the invention.

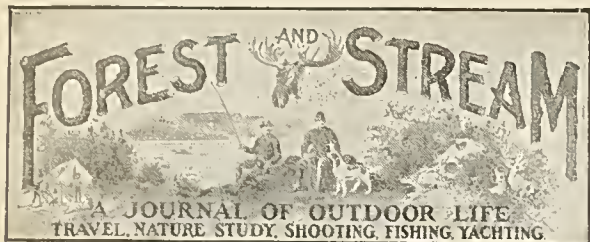
Fig. 2 shows the large reel specially made for tuna. It holds 400 yards of 39-thread line, and is fitted with a very powerful brake, which can, by means of the lever, be regulated with the greatest ease to any desired drag, from a free run to a dead stop. The bolt (a) in the figure also fills a long-felt want, as it fixes the reel absolutely solidly to the butt. The split collar at (b) when screwed up prevents any possibility of the tip twisting in the butt, which always occurs when winding the reel and holding the tip owing to the reel twisting.

Fig. 3 shows the support, which enables the shoulders and back to assist the arms in the mighty struggle in operation, and while there is quite a 20-pound pull on the line, in the photograph the rod, which is a very powerful one, appears hardly bent.

Such is the outfit, and if one item of it compels my admiration more than the rest, it is the perfect universal movement of the swing table, which, far more effectively than any other device I have seen, enables the rod to work with a minimum of friction in every direction.



FIG. 3.—ROD IN ACTION. SHOULDER STRAP AND BRAKE BOTH AT WORK.



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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

VALUE OF BIRDS ON THE FARM.

THE value of birds on the farm lies in the service they render in the destruction of weed seeds, rodents and insects.

Someone has said that "a weed is a plant out of place," and if this be true, some plants seem to have a well established habit of getting out of their proper sphere and into cultivated land. As a single plant of certain garden weeds may produce as many as 100,000 seeds in a season, if unchecked, these would soon become a decided menace to crops.

While the hoe and the cultivator may help to keep down the weeds on the farm, they still continue to grow in waste lands and along roadsides, and from there eventually spread to the cultivated lands. It is in just such places that birds are often most abundant, and so they play an important part in checking this increase. In fact, the seed-eating birds are among the most effective agents in the warfare against weeds, for they attack these pests in the critical seed period, and thus help to prevent their further spread. While a few seeds are simply scattered by birds, in nearly all cases they are destroyed. Dr. Judd, of the Biological Survey, says: "No less than fifty different birds act as weed destroyers, and the noxious plants which they help to eradicate number more than three score species."

Among the weeds commonly destroyed by birds are tarweed, turkey mullein, alfilaria, pigweed, knotweed, thistle and chickweed. Great numbers of seeds are often consumed by birds even in a single meal. The stomach of one sparrow contained 1,000 seeds of pigweed, while two other birds had taken 300 and 700 seeds of various kinds. Prof. Beal, of the United States Department of Agriculture, has estimated that the tree sparrows of Iowa will destroy, during the year, 875 tons of weed seeds.

Among the weed destroyers our native sparrows are unrivaled, weed seeds forming more than half of their food for the year. The value of sparrows to the farmer is increased by the fact that during the summer, and especially in the nesting season, they also eat many injurious insects. The young birds are fed almost entirely on insect food, including such pests as caterpillars, weevils, grasshoppers, cutworms and ants.

The one member of the sparrow family, which seems to be alike despised by both birds and man, is the imported English sparrow. While a few insects and weed seeds are eaten by these birds, the little good thus done cannot compare with the harm which they do, especially in driving out the useful insect and seed-eating birds. The English sparrows also destroy fruit and grain, and are a decided pest wherever they are found. The distinguishing mark of the male English sparrow is the large black patch on the throat and breast.

Among the other birds which hold a high place as weed destroyers are the goldfinches or "wild canaries," as they are commonly called. They often destroy certain weeds not usually taken by other birds, being especially fond of thistle seeds. For this reason they are sometimes given the name "thistle birds."

One of the game birds, the mourning dove, is especially worthy of mention as a useful seed-eating bird. While the dove sometimes takes grain, most of this seems to be waste grain taken after harvesting is over. These birds are most abundant, however, in waste lands where weeds abound, turkey mullein forming one of their favorite foods, while tumble weed and mustard are also eaten extensively.

The immense numbers of weed seeds destroyed by these birds is shown in the fact that the stomach of one dove contained 9,200 seeds of different weeds, while the stomachs of two other doves contained 6,400 and 7,500 respectively. If three doves at one meal can destroy 23,100 weed seeds and thus prevent the spread of that many noxious weeds, how much good could be accomplished by the doves on one farm in one county or throughout the State.

In the United States alone the annual loss from weeds has been estimated at \$400,000,000. In the face of these startling figures we can well realize the importance of protecting the useful seed-eating birds, one of nature's best means of checking just such losses.

WHITE PINE BLISTER RUST.

THAT the State of Massachusetts appreciates the seriousness of the damage that may be done is evidenced in the fact that stringent precautionary action against the white pine blister rust has been taken by the State Board of Agriculture when in an official order, signed by H. T. Fernald, State Nursery Inspector, the importation of pines of all kinds having the leaves in groups of five from any part of Europe into Massachusetts after June 1 is prohibited.

This action was taken because of the prevalence upon white pine trees and their four varieties of a very dangerous disease known as the white pine blister rust. This disease has practically ruined the growth of the white pine in Germany and France. Once established here, it

would kill all young pines of the five-leaved group, and ruin the larger pines.

Three places in Massachusetts are known to be infected with the white pine blister rust disease, but until the inspection by the nursery inspectors is completed late in this month, the exact amount of damage will not be definitely known.

This year there have been approximately only ten shipments of young trees made into Massachusetts. Of these two were discovered by Deputy Nursery Inspector W. S. Regan to be infected and were promptly condemned.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

IN last week's issue appeared resolutions passed at a recent meeting of Iowa Sportsmen's Association. They deserve a careful reading by every sportsman, and if he is a member of any sportsmen's organization, he should use his efforts toward having that body adopt identical resolutions. If he is not a member of an organization, the sooner he joins the better for the sport and the sportsman. If each State body of hunters and fishermen would get their organization working on members of State Legislatures, using as a slogan the following paragraph, taken from the Iowa sportsmen's platform, there soon would be a lot of action among State legislators toward the desired end:

"That this protest may be more emphatic, we agree, as sportsmen, regardless of political belief or affiliations not to support or favor any member of the Senate or House of Representatives who shall vote to divert the funds collected from the State hunting license into channels other than the protection and propagation of game."

FISH AND GAME DISTRICTS.

SEVERAL important improvements have been inaugurated in the division of fish and game by Commissioner James W. Fleming, but it is believed the most practical and satisfactory results in the protection of fish and game will accrue from the redistricting of the State and a more perfect systematization of the work of the protectors. Commissioner Fleming has divided New York State into twelve districts, each of which is in charge of a division chief protector. Each division chief has been advised of the names of the counties comprising his division, and the names of the protectors "who come under your supervision and control and who have been notified to make all reports to you." While each protector of a given district must give an account of his work to the division chief and look to him for orders, the entire force of division chiefs and protectors are under the direct management of Chief Protector Legge and Deputy Chief Protector Sauter.

COMMISSIONER WALLACE.

JOHN H. WALLACE, JR., game and fish commissioner of Alabama, deserves the support of every sportsman. He is relentlessly prosecuting violators of the game and fish laws in his own State, as well as giving his services to Florida and Louisiana. He is strongly opposed to market hunting, and believes with other worthy authorities that the surest method of propagation and preservation of game birds is the absolute prohibition of their sale.

YACHTING

Ticks from the Ship's Clock.

William H. Moffit was elected commodore of the Bayshore Motor Boat Club at the club's annual meeting. Dr. William A. Hulse was elected Vice-Commodore and John H. Ennis, Rear-Commodore. The club has a hundred members.

The annual cruise of the yachts of the Great South Bay Yacht Racing Association will start on Aug. 6. The fleet will rendezvous at Babylon. On Aug. 8 the run will be to Sayville; Aug. 9 to Patchogue and Aug. 10 to Bellport.

The Bay Shore Motor Boat Club opened its season last Saturday. Tommy III., owned by Thomas Forbes, of Freeport, won the speed class race with June Bug second. In the cruiser class A. Rundel, owned by Thomas Forbes, won, with Sunray second. J. A. Mollenhauer's Preston III. won the race for semi-speed boats and Charles J. Hill's Vinita won in the open class.

MISS MARJORIE COCHRAN driving Spree, won the motor boat regatta at Shelter Island Y. C., New York, last Saturday. Miss Cochran handled her flyer like a veteran.

The clubs in the Southeastern Long Island Association will have a busy season. The association race will be sailed on Aug. 3. Amateur club races will be sailed on Aug. 10, and on Aug. 23 there will be a ladies' race. The officers of this club are: Commodore, E. P. Maynard; Vice-Commodore, R. L. Dickinson; Fleet Captain, Theodore E. Conklin; Secretary-Treasurer, F. B. Lindsay, who with W. W. Hallock forms the regatta committee.

The Westhampton Country Club will hold races on July 30 and Aug. 17, and the Moriches Y. C. will have regattas on July 27, Aug. 17 and 31.

The Great Peconic Bay Y. C. will begin with a motor boat race. Justice William Rasquin, Jr., has offered a prize for the one-design class and three races are to be sailed. The yacht scoring the most points will win the prize. The dates are Aug. 3 and 31 and Sept. 2. There will be a free-for-all for motor boats for the Wunder prize on Aug. 10, and races for the Leggatt and Ludlam trophies on Aug. 17. The regatta committee is C. A. Ludlam, Albert E. Disney and William Leggatt.

Inland Lake Y. R. A.

PUT-IN-BAY, Ohio, July 16.—Twenty-eight boats entered in the first day's sailing races of the I. L. Y. A. regatta to-day; three from Cleveland, Toledo sent eighteen, Detroit five and Sandusky and Monroe each one. None of the Buffalo, Erie and Canadian yachts that have been brought to former regattas entered, and the total number of entries in the sailing classes is but little more than half the usual number.

Two of the Cleveland yachts won first place in their classes. Psammiad in the modern cruiser class and Hoorah in the 16-foot class, while Half Moon, skipper E. C. Botten, was second in the yawl class. Hoorah's winning has been protested by the crew of Rambler, of the Maumee River Y. C., Toledo, on the ground that she was potlead in violation of the rules. The summary:

Class F—21-Footers—Start, 8:55.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Toledo, T. Y. C.	11 06 26	2 11 26
Camilla, C. C.	11 08 05	2 13 05
Cleveland, D. Y. C.	11 09 03	2 14 03
Otsiketa, D. B. C.	11 14 42	2 19 42
Class A—Veteran Cruisers—Start, 9:05.		
Psammiad, L. Y. C.	11 22 40	2 17 40
Elsie, T. Y. C.	11 38 57	2 33 57
Elizabeth Ann, S. Y. S.	12 17 17	3 12 17
Mildred S., B. Y. C.	11 54 14	2 49 14

Class II—18-Footers—Start, 9:10.		
Teal, T. Y. C.	11 57 34	2 47 34
Class J—16-Footers—Start, 9:15.		
Hoorah, C. Y. C.	11 53 27	2 38 27
Rambler, M. R. Y. C.	11 59 55	2 44 55
Lee II., M. R. Y. C.	12 00 02	2 45 02
Nancy, T. Y. C.	12 01 04	2 46 04
Class D—Universal—Start, 9:20.		
Enright	12 09 43	2 49 43
Class Y—Yawls—Start, 9:20.		
Sella III., T. Y. C.	12 08 35	2 48 35
Half Moon, L. Y. C.	12 11 37	2 51 37
Winifred, O. R. Y. C.	12 35 12	3 15 12
Kemah, T. Y. C.	12 27 37	3 07 37
Sevanoa, M. R. Y. C.	No time taken.	
Class L—14-Footers—Start, 9:25.		
Rube, M. R. Y. C.	11 17 37	1 52 37
Odello, M. R. Y. C.	11 21 56	1 56 56
Class K—Catboats—Start, 9:30.		
Old Sam, T. Y. C.	11 07 14	1 37 14
Ethel, D. Y. C.	11 07 56	1 37 56
Bones, T. Y. C.	11 13 03	1 43 03
Possum, T. Y. C.	11 13 56	1 43 56
Billy, T. Y. C.	11 22 31	1 52 31
Jeff, M. Y. C.	11 23 22	1 53 22
Dutch, S. Y. C.	11 24 30	1 54 30

POWER BOATS.

Open Runabout Class—Start, 2:40.		
		Finish.
Echo III., Wm. Thewes, C. P. B. C.		3 18 20
Cleo II., A. K. Sim, L. P. C.		3 19 05
Brown Betty, Ross Lewis, P. B. Y. C.		3 22 06
Class A—Cruisers—Start, 2:45.		
Jessamine, S. O. Richardson, T. Y. C.		3 30 05
Companion, John Dorn, S. Y. C.		3 34 45
Roslyn, L. B. Berdan, T. Y. C.		3 40 15
Thelma, W. R. Huntington, S. Y. C.		3 45 18
Red Feather, Howard Affleck, T. Y. C.		3 46 03
Norbetn, Wm. Strobel, S. Y. C.		3 49 55
Class C—Open Boats—Start, 4:00.		
Topsy, Walter Hart, C. P. B. C.		5 02 53
Kid, Howard Young, C. P. C.		5 12 11
Virginia B., Carl T. Bates, S. Y. C.		5 23 34
Hornet, Sam Jones, L. Y. C.		5 26 28
Aunt, Tom Sandler, C. P. C.		5 26 55
Meteor, L. Y. C.		5 30 23
Class D—Cruisers, 42ft.—Start, 4:10.		
Tarantula, Frouchey, M. R. Y. C.		5 10 05
Alice M., W. F. Meyer, L. Y. C.		5 15 23
Tramp, Paul Erdman, C. P. C.		5 18 40
Sunbeam Y., Louis Johanson, L. Y. C.		5 25 03

Knickerbocker Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON, L. I., July 22.—Dark brown weather greeted four yachts in the second race for the Kayah cup held yesterday. W. B. Beam's Paiute won, covering the course, 16.5 miles, in 2:57.55. Lynx, owned by A. E. Aigeltinger, finished 8m. later, with Rodman Sands' Ouananiehe nearly half an hour behind her. The next leg for the cup will be pulled off on July 28. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Paiute, W. B. Beam	1 12 55	2 57 55
Lynx, A. E. Aigeltinger	1 33 10	3 18 10
Ouananiehe, Rodman Sands	1 58 20	3 43 20
Knot, C. E. Davenport	2 03 22	3 48 22

Corrected times: Paiute, 2:57.55; Lynx, 3:05.16; Ouananiehe, 3:21.10; Knot, 3:01.49.

Yachts Change Hands.

THE Hollis Burgess yacht agency has chartered the 52-foot waterline auxiliary yawl Vanessa, owned by Dr. John C. Phillips, of Wenham, Mass., to John J. Martin, of Boston, who will use her on the Boston Y. C. cruise and for other cruises in Eastern waters; the 70-foot motor boat Kasagi, owned by George E. Hills, of Boston, to a prominent Boston yachtsman; the 40-foot sloop yacht Hera, owned by Oscar M. Angier, of the Boston Y. C., to L. W. McCallum, of Chicago, and W. G. Spaulding, of Cleveland, for cruising in Maine waters; and has sold the 26-foot waterline auxiliary sloop Marchesa, owned by Allyn A. Stillman, of Hyannis, Mass., to James H. Jones, of Springfield, Mass.; the 18-foot waterline knockabout Shrimp, owned by Dr. Farrar Cobb, of Boston, to Alexander Kendall, of Cambridge, for use at Annisquam; the Swampscott racing dory Sea Dog, owned by Mauric Briggs, of Lynn, to C. M. Chapin, of Boston.



INTERNATIONAL TROPHY.

Presented by Commodore S. O. Richardson, of Toledo. To be raced for by "Patricia" and "Michicago" Aug. 10-17, under auspices of the Chicago Yacht Club.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., July 20.—Twenty-two boats contested in the club race of the Corinthian Y. C. this afternoon. In Class P there were four entries. Amorel was third over the line at the start, but after rounding Archers Rock Buoy she split tacks. Amorel led to the finish, defeating Italia by 56s. Sayanora withdrew. In Class Q Tabasco III. sailed the course alone. Four boats entered in the Sonder class, Ellen defeating Demon, the second boat, by 56s. Nine boats crossed the line at the start in the Marblehead 17-foot class. Daddy B won out over Dorma by 2m. Lolita carried away her mast near the finish and withdrew. In the Corinthian one-design class it was a close race between Wee Three and Pecayne, the former winning by 20s. The summary:

Marblehead One-Design Class.		Elapsed.	
Daddy B.	1 29 21	Moslem III.	1 35 00
Squaw	1 31 21	Neva	1 35 40
Orissa	1 33 15	Jay Jay	1 39 50
Dorma	1 34 01	Lolita	Withdrew.
Atlanta	1 34 58		
C. Y. C. One-Design Class.		Elapsed.	
Wee Three	1 43 30	Half Moon	1 44 56
Pecayne	1 43 50	Dingbat	1 54 34
Class P.		Elapsed.	
Amorel	1 58 07	Timandra	2 09 17
Italia	1 59 03	Sayvaric	Withdrew.
Class Q.		Elapsed.	
Tabasco III.	2 40 23		
Sonder Class.		Elapsed.	
Ellen	2 11 21	Beatrice	2 20 14
Demon	2 12 17	Clara	2 12 25

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., July 20.—Commodore Eustis brought his new 21-footer Skate over the line a winner to-day in her first regatta. Sally VIII. won in the Sonder class. Miss Elizabeth Coolidge took Water Witch over a winner in the Crane one-design event, while another lady pilot, Miss Esther Hosmer, took the Herreshoff 15-foot class by 1.20 in Pronto. There were eight skipperesses, which added much to the afternoon's enjoyment. The summary:

21-Footers.		Elapsed.	
Skate	1 55 30	Phantom	2 06 10
Foraminifer	1 56 43	Saracen	2 15 30
Polliwog	1 57 40		
Sonder Class		Elapsed.	
Sally VIII.	2 00 27	Joyette	2 07 08
Seacoon	2 03 42	Fin	2 08 08
Peg	2 05 45		
Crane One-Design Class.		Elapsed.	
Water Witch	1 14 20	Gifted	1 17 47
No Name	1 15 26	Pioneer	1 18 17
Charmion	1 15 40	Nabob	1 19 45
Lestris	1 17 40		
Herreshoff 15-ft. Class.		Elapsed.	
Pronto	1 36 40	Vim	1 42 05
Varda	1 38 00	Fly	1 42 06
Yalu	1 38 38	Endeavor	1 42 12

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, Mass., July 20.—The Duxbury Y. C. boats raced this afternoon in a strong southwest breeze. All the 15-footers, except Cucu and Gretchen, carried a single reef. In the 18-foot class Osprey 2d won by nearly a minute. In the 15-foot class Kit was an easy winner. The summary:

18ft. Class.		Elapsed.	
Osprey 2d	1 39 35	Aspinquid	1 40 45
Again	1 40 24	Croatan	1 45 50
15ft. Class.		Elapsed.	
Kit	1 43 55	Curlew	1 49 30
Virginia	1 44 41	Petrel	1 50 52
Elizabeth	1 45 06	Cucu	1 54 45
Merlin	1 46 23	Thistle	2 05 34
Gretchen	1 46 29		

Manchester Y. C.

MANCHESTER, Mass., July 20.—Ten boats of one-design class of the Manchester Y. C. crossed the line in a whole sheet breeze to-day. The boats made a pretty start. Teal and Ketchup going over together on the gun. Shad, Bluegrass and Minx followed. Gnat made excellent weather work out to the first mark, which she turned with a lead of 1m. 20s. over Bluegrass

and was never headed. Kiowa, Clarise and Teal followed in the order named, which was practically the order to the finish. The summary:

Elapsed.		Elapsed.	
Gnat	1 49 02	Vosetta	1 55 39
Blue Grass	1 51 59	Shad	1 56 52
Kiowa	1 53 59	Minx	1 57 37
Clarise	1 54 07	Hiccough	1 57 55
Teal	1 55 22	Ketchup	1 58 50

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, Mass., July 20.—Great sport was furnished to-day in the annual regatta held by the Winthrop Y. C. There were many mishaps and a misunderstanding in the motor boat men, but all in all it was a great, big successful regatta. The winners were: Class A, Nutmeg; Class B, Winona; Class C, Eleanor; Class S, Maritza II.; Class D, Clara; Class H, Marion III.; Class I, Dorchen; Class X, Barbara; Hingham one-design Mischief; cabin power boats, Gertrude; open power boats, Gerard. The summary:

Class A.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Nutmeg	1 08 44	0 45 42			
Meemer	1 07 28	0 48 01			
Marie L.	1 11 33	0 48 42			
Chewink II.	1 10 11	0 48 44			
Flirt	Disabled.				
Virginia	Disabled.				
Class B.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Winona	1 17 42	0 51 18			
Quakeress	1 16 51	0 51 59			
Chevy Chase	1 17 20	0 52 19			
Pirate	1 21 26	0 55 38			
Barracouta	Disabled.				
Sintram	Disabled.				
Class C.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Eleanor	1 13 37	0 50 54			
H. Lindsay	1 08 23	0 51 46			
Violet	1 16 21	0 59 23			
Class S.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Maritza II.	1 14 29	0 51 04			
Wawenock	1 15 16	0 53 36			
Zoe	1 22 24	0 57 05			
I X L	1 39 01	1 11 31			
Winniahdin	Disabled.				
Class D, Catboats.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Clara	1 15 54	1 15 28			
Dartwell	1 16 03	1 15 59			
Dolly III.	1 17 14	1 16 23			
Iris	Disqualified.				
Class H, Handicap.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Marion III.	1 15 20	1 11 20			
Newsboy	1 27 35	1 12 35			
Sinbad	1 22 37	1 13 37			
Thordis	1 16 49	1 14 49			
Dorsyl	1 19 26	1 15 26			
Zidana	Disabled.				
Hingham One-Design.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Mischief	1 34 02	1 36 01			
Usona	1 34 54	1 37 34			
Pirate	1 35 43	1 41 52			
Class I, 18-footers.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Dorchen II.	1 15 50	1 19 03			
Louise	1 15 59	1 19 20			
Bonitwo	1 18 35	1 20 01			
Moslem II.	1 19 00				
Class X, Dorics.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Barbara	1 22 25	Withdraw.			
Terror II.	1 22 25	Withdraw.			
Bessie A. III.	1 22 35	Withdraw.			
Teaser	1 23 34	Withdraw.			

Class A.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Nutmeg	1 08 44	0 45 42			
Meemer	1 07 28	0 48 01			
Marie L.	1 11 33	0 48 42			
Chewink II.	1 10 11	0 48 44			
Flirt	Disabled.				
Virginia	Disabled.				
Class B.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Winona	1 17 42	0 51 18			
Quakeress	1 16 51	0 51 59			
Chevy Chase	1 17 20	0 52 19			
Pirate	1 21 26	0 55 38			
Barracouta	Disabled.				
Sintram	Disabled.				
Class C.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Eleanor	1 13 37	0 50 54			
H. Lindsay	1 08 23	0 51 46			
Violet	1 16 21	0 59 23			
Class S.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Maritza II.	1 14 29	0 51 04			
Wawenock	1 15 16	0 53 36			
Zoe	1 22 24	0 57 05			
I X L	1 39 01	1 11 31			
Winniahdin	Disabled.				
Class D, Catboats.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Clara	1 15 54	1 15 28			
Dartwell	1 16 03	1 15 59			
Dolly III.	1 17 14	1 16 23			
Iris	Disqualified.				
Class H, Handicap.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Marion III.	1 15 20	1 11 20			
Newsboy	1 27 35	1 12 35			
Sinbad	1 22 37	1 13 37			
Thordis	1 16 49	1 14 49			
Dorsyl	1 19 26	1 15 26			
Zidana	Disabled.				
Hingham One-Design.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Mischief	1 34 02	1 36 01			
Usona	1 34 54	1 37 34			
Pirate	1 35 43	1 41 52			
Class I, 18-footers.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Dorchen II.	1 15 50	1 19 03			
Louise	1 15 59	1 19 20			
Bonitwo	1 18 35	1 20 01			
Moslem II.	1 19 00				
Class X, Dorics.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Barbara	1 22 25	Withdraw.			
Terror II.	1 22 25	Withdraw.			
Bessie A. III.	1 22 35	Withdraw.			
Teaser	1 23 34	Withdraw.			

Cabin Power Boats.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Gertrude	0 44 30	0 36 30			
Beachcomber	0 37 13	0 37 13			
Isabelle	0 43 58	0 37 20			
Open Power Boats.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Gerard	0 40 15	0 19 10			
Anabelle	0 49 32	0 20 41			
Stuart Co.	0 38 58	0 32 13			
Florence A.	0 41 13	0 38 30			

Annisquam Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., July 20.—On the first two reaches in the 15-foot class Princess led, with Tabasco second, about a half minute behind. At the stone beacon at the south of the river Nisan got the weather berth, crossing Tabasco's bow, but the latter fought every inch of ground and it was a race until the cannon sounded. In the catboat class little Priscilla Smith, the twelve-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Smith, gave her big brother Russell a rub to win with the Wiggin boat Bow Wow. The summary:

15-Footers.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Nisan	1 28 48	1 34 21			
Tabasco 2d	1 29 07	1 40 06			
Catboats.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Bow Wow	1 08 00	1 08 51			

Chesapeake Bay Y. R. A.

CAMBRIDGE, Md., July 22.—Because of an unsettled protest, no winner was selected in to-day's regatta of the Chesapeake Bay Yacht Association regatta. It was claimed that Vingt Trois cut a buoy. The summary follows:

Sailing yachts, Class P, over 25 and not over 31 feet—Helen, Schneidereith and Gilbert, Baltimore Y. C.; started at 9:25:30; won by sailing over the course without opposition.

Class Q, over 20 and not over 25 feet—Vingt Trois, T. Johnson, Chesapeake Bay Y. C.; started 9:30:23 and finished 1:59:20.

Eleanor, Dr. I. E. Emerson, owner, Baltimore Y. C.; started 9:30:15 and finished 1:59:40.

Ojigwan, Tilghman brothers, Chesapeake Bay Y. C.; started 9:31; time not taken.

Class Y, Special for cruising yawls under 60 feet—Chenoden, J. A. Dinning, Baltimore Y. C.; started 9:35:24 and finished 2:06:30.

Fraya, Capt. J. H. Bright, Capitol Y. C.; started 9:37:15 and finished 2:16:45.

Serena, Capt. H. Cruet, Capitol Y. C.; started 9:36:05 and finished 2:22.

Neenemooske, E. H. Hewens, Capitol Y. C.; started 9:35:28 and finished 2:28.

Class Z, Special Class for cruising yawls under 26 feet—Wye, Capt. H. Huseman, Baltimore Y. C.; had no competition, started 9:18, time not taken.

Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., July 20.—In to-day's regatta there were sixteen starters and a spanking breeze. The winners were: Onda, Elizabeth, Weasel, Tid 2d and Meave. The summary:

First Class.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Onda	1 22 21	1 22 21			
Nereid	1 25 42	1 22 55			
Edjacko	1 25 56	1 23 09			
Second Class.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Elizabeth	1 29 14	1 29 13			
Osprey	1 34 52	1 33 23			
Third Class.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Weasel	1 34 30	1 34 30			
Sumarki	1 35 17	1 35 17			
Amoral	1 43 34	1 35 32			
18-Footers.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Tid 2d	1 35 28	Arrow	1 39 09		
Privateer 2d	1 36 29	Petrel	1 44 57		
15-Footers.		Elapsed.		Corrected.	
Meave	1 36 54	Oleta	1 41 34		
Tew Lom	1 41 10	Cherub	1 45 25		

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., July 20.—Six 15-footers sailed in the third race of the second series here to-day. Flicker, owned by E. C. Henderson, crossed only five seconds ahead of George Nichols' Hen. The summary:

Finish.		Elapsed.	
Flicker, E. C. Henderson	4 47 20	1 32 20	
Hen, George Nichols	4 47 25	1 32 25	
Iris, E. Tuckerman	4 48 15	1 33 25	
Imp, F. L. Landon	4 49 25	1 34 25	
Thelema, C. McKenzie	4 50 00	1 31 20	
Grilse, G. P. Roosevelt	4 50 04	1 26 10	

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT, N. Y., July 20.—Race week started auspiciously here to-day. The first regatta had 130 entries, and Larchmont luck was much in evidence. With a flat calm half an hour before the start, the first class got away with a full sail breeze for the southwest. The winners were: Winsome, Medora, Corinthian, Carlita, Gamecock, Vandalia, More Joy, Interim, Red Wing, Cliphora, Ogeemah, Natoma, Kenosha, Yukan, M. & F. II., Mile, Boss, Amethyst, Loon, Snapper, Little Dipper, Mary Jane, Go Go, La Rochelle, Iney, Alice, Joy, Wasp, Pixie and Barnacle. The new Gardner boat, Medora, in Class M, showed up remarkably well, beating handily Class L. Avenger. The summary:

Sloops—Class K—Start, 1:15—30½ Miles.
 Elapsed. Elapsed.
 Istalena 3 51 55 Aurora 3 49 18
 Winsome 3 47 45

Sloops—Classes L, M and N—Start, 1:20—23 Miles.
 Avenger 3 36 00 Adventuress 3 43 17
 Medora 3 38 38 Phantom 3 16 12
 Corrected times: Medora 3.29.01; Adventuress, 3.33.16; Avenger, 3.36.00; Phantom, 3.49.56.

Sloops—Class P—Start, 1:25—15¼ Miles.
 Cara Mia 2 36 21 Joyant 2 31 24
 Corinthian 2 31 06 Windward 2 31 33

New York Y. C. 30s—Start, 1.30—15¼ Miles.
 Alera 2 48 13 Carlita 2 37 40
 Ibis 2 40 35 Rowdy 2 41 22
 Okee 2 45 14 Banzai 2 47 38
 Juanita 2 41 09 Phryne 2 41 05
 Lena 2 47 51 Caprice 2 37 50
 Nepsi 2 40 08

Sloops—Buzzards Bay Class—Start, 1:40—11 Miles.
 Gamecock 2 47 45 Mashnee 2 56 57

Sound Schooners—Start, 1:35—11½ Miles.
 Rival 2 40 29 Daffodil 2 41 25
 Algot 2 37 27 Helen II. 3 40 43
 Moira 2 40 15 Alicia 2 43 03
 Vandalia 2 31 21

Sloops—Class O—Start, 1:40—11 Miles.
 More Joy 2 26 23 Alice 2 35 44
 Suelew 2 27 17 Edmee 2 31 54
 Essex 2 36 26

Handicap Class—First Div.—Start, 1:45—11 Miles.
 Sally XI. 2 47 17 Interim 2 42 21
 Dorinda 2 44 41 Sue 2 50 11
 Alert 2 47 28 May Queen d.n.f.
 Corrected times: Interim, 2.39.06; Sally IX., 2.39.10; Dorinda, 2.41.26; Sue, 2.42.04; Alert, 2.47.28.

Handicap Class—Second Div.—Start, 1:45—11 Miles.
 Amada 2 57 31 Betty 3 08 06
 Red Wing 2 49 48
 Corrected times: Red Wing, 2.43.51; Betty, 2.55.22; Amada, 2.57.31.

American Raceabouts—Start, 1:50—11 Miles.
 Cliphora 2 27 20 Maryola 2 29 28

Sloops—Class R—Start, 2:10—11 Miles.
 Virginia 2 54 21 Ogeemah 2 39 58
 Handicap Class—Third Div.—Start, 1:50—11 Miles.
 Robin Hood 2 29 49 Rascal III. 2 29 19
 Natoma 2 24 10 Amanita IV. 2 27 00
 Corrected times: Natoma, 2.21.17; Robin Hood II., 2.21.53; Amanita IV., 2.24.07; Rascal III., 2.29.19.

Handicap Class—Fourth Div.—Start, 1:50—11 Miles.
 Kenosha 2 38 36 Grace II. 2 58 27
 Larchmont Interclub Class—Start, 2:00—11 Miles.
 Lecygne 2 33 39 Whiff 2 32 04
 Yukan 2 31 05 Festina 2 31 23
 Triton 2 34 20 Bella 2 31 12
 Hamburg II. 2 33 48 Dagmar 2 53 20
 Lewanna 2 31 06 Babbette d.n.f.

Sloops—Class S—Start, 2:05—11 Miles.
 M. and F. II. 2 42 26 Snug 2 58 59
 Drena 2 42 40

Manhasset Bay S Class—Start, 2:05—11 Miles.
 Scylla 2 50 18 Mlle. Boss 2 50 12

Jewel Class—Start, 2:05—11 Miles.
 Amethyst 2 37 09 Opal 4 42 59
 Jade 2 37 57 Turquoise 2 54 08
 Brilliant d.n.f. Topaz 2 37 39
 Catseye 2 42 29

Bayside Bird Class—Start, 2:05—11 Miles.
 Skylark 2 43 01 Curley 2 44 59
 Teaser 2 44 30 Plover 2 45 22
 Loon 2 42 24 Dodo 2 44 49

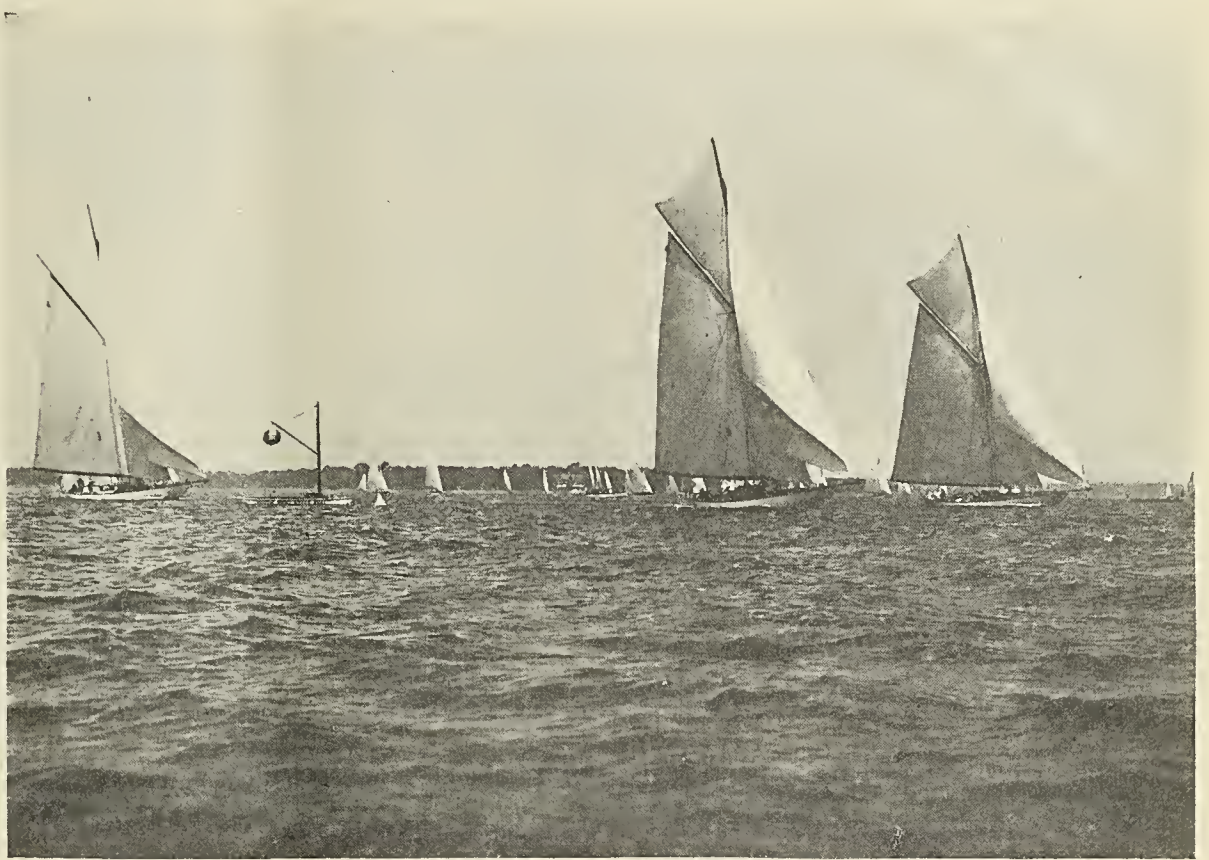
Stamford One-Design Class—Start, 2:10—11 Miles.
 Kelpie 3 10 36 Scamp 3 01 34
 Snapper 2 58 50 Osprey 3 01 46
 Curley 3 03 32

Star Class—Start, 2:15—11 Miles.
 Argus 1 43 48 Pegasus 1 37 03
 Vega 1 37 04 Little Dipper 1 33 49
 Cynosure 1 35 49 Snake 1 41 50
 Twinkle 1 36 25 Gemini 1 44 55
 Mercury 1 38 31 Knot 1 38 43
 Comet 1 45 12 Solikel 1 44 25

Bayside One-Design Class—Start, 2:20—5½ Miles.
 Mary Jane 1 39 36
 Edna 1 41 08

Port Washington One-Design Class—Start, 2:20—5½ Miles.
 Zip 1 34 12 Trix d.n.f.
 Viva 1 39 07 Go Go 1 32 05

New Rochelle One-Design—Start, 2:25—5½ Miles.
 La Rochelle 1 44 29
 Bug Class—Start, 2:25—5½ Miles.
 May Fly 1 37 29 Iney 1 36 54



ISTALENA.

AURORA.

WINSOME.

American Dorries—Start, 2:25—5½ Miles.
 Tautog 2 02 06 Alice 2 00 51
 Faraway 2 29 58 Madeline II. 2 05 20
 Rocky 2 02 17 Wampus 2 04 21
 Gravesend Bay Handicap Class—Start, 1:45—11 Miles.
 Joy 2 23 34 La Cubana 2 38 09
 Clare 2 31 15
 Dinghies—Start, 2:25—5½ Miles.
 Aries 2 07 15 Wasp 2 06 57
 Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Start, 2:10—11 Miles.
 Avis 2 51 51 Pixie 2 51 13
 Arizona d.n.f. Chickoker 3 09 35
 Greenwich Dorries—Start, 2:25—5½ Miles.
 Barnacle 1 55 53 Jean d.n.f.
 In It 2 00 03 Sarana 1 58 09

One hundred and ten yachts sailed in the second race day of the Larchmont race week. There was a heavy north-northwest wind and a trapping sea. The summary:

Sloops, Class K—Start, 12:45—Course, 30½ Miles.
 Elapsed. Elapsed.
 Winsome 2 58 05 Istalena 2 56 45
 Aurora 2 57 45

Sloops, Class M—Start, 12:50—Course, 23 Miles.
 Medora 3 09 42 Adventuress 3 18 57

Sloops, Class P—Start, 12:55—Course, 15¼ Miles.
 Windward 1 58 54 Corinthian 2 00 04
 Joyant 1 55 37 Cara Mia 1 56 16

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 1:00—Course, 15¼ Miles.
 Caprice 2 07 31 Banzai 2 08 42
 Phryne 2 04 17 Juanita 2 10 19
 Rowdy 2 01 15 Lena 2 12 35
 Nepsi 2 03 38 Carlita 2 04 19
 Alera 2 04 40 Okee 2 04 15
 Ibis 2 06 45

Buzzard Bays—Start, 1:10—Course, 15¼ Miles.
 Gamecock 2 13 19 Mashnee 2 09 38

Sound Schooners—Start, 1:05—Course, 11½ Miles.
 Alicia 2 00 40 Alys II. d. n. f.
 Helen II. 2 04 29 Moira 2 04 05
 Daffodil 2 04 06 Algot 2 01 31
 Vandalia 2 00 42 Rival 2 05 14

Sloops, Class O—Start, 1:10—Course, 11½ Miles.
 Suelew 2 02 52 Alice 2 01 03
 More Joy 2 04 50 Essex Disabled.
 Edmee 2 02 53

Handicap Class, 1st Div.—Start, 1:15—Course, 15¼ Miles.
 Dounda 2 03 09 Alert 2 11 37
 Interim 2 20 19 Sue 2 14 51
 Sally IX. 2 13 54

Corrected times: Dounda, 2.01.55; Sue, 2.09.18; Sally IX., 2.09.35; Alert, 2.11.38; Interim, 2.19.42.

Gravesend Bay Handicap Class—Start, 1:15—Course, 15¼ Miles.
 Joy 2 17 07 La Cabana 2 22 56
 Claire 2 20 50
 Corrected times: La Cabana, 3.14.42; Joy, 2 17 07; Claire, 2.20.49.

Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Start, 1:15—Course, 15¼ Miles.
 Red Wing 2 19 46 Veda 2 19 35
 Amada 2 03 01 Betty 2 27 07
 Corrected times: Amada, 2.03.01; Veda, 2.14.40; Red Wing, 2.17.18; Bctty, 2.17.53.

American Raceabouts—Start, 1:20—Course, 11 Miles.
 Cliphora 2 27 47 Maryola d. n. f.

Handicap Class, 3d Div.—Start, 1:20—Course, 11 Miles.
 Natoma d. n. f. Robin Hood II. 2 24 32
 Rascal III. 2 16 04 Amanita IV. 2 15 21
 Corrected times: Amanita IV., 2.13.18; Rascal III., 2.16.04; Robin Hood II., 2.17.42

Handicap Class—4th Div.—Start, 1:20—Course, 11 Miles.
 Grace II. 2 29 09 Kenosha Disabled.
 Narragansett Bay Class—Start, 1:25—Course, 11 Miles.
 Momo 2 20 59 Idler 2 25 34

Larchmont Interclub Class—Start, 1:30—Course, 11 Miles.
 Festina 2 17 49 Babbette 2 25 10
 Lewanna 2 22 22 Whiff 2 18 58
 Yukan 2 25 18 Dagmar 2 24 08
 Hamburgh II. 2 23 35 Bella 2 21 50

Sloops, Class S—Start, 1:35—Course, 11 Miles.
 M. and F. II. 2 36 15 Snug 2 56 45

Bayside Birds—Start, 1:35—Course, 11 Miles.
 Shylock 2 41 50 Curlew 2 39 46
 Teaser 2 39 35 Plover 2 42 49
 Loon 2 39 15 Dodo 2 42 35

Manhasset Bay S Class—Start, 1:40—Course, 11 Miles.
 Scylla 2 22 27 Mlle. Boss 2 24 57

Glen Cove S Class—Start, 1:35—Course, 11 Miles.
 Catseye 2 36 29 Topaz 2 37 13
 Amethyst 2 33 09 Brilliant 2 34 53
 Jade 2 33 02 Turquoise 2 35 45

Stamford One-Design—Start, 1:40—Course, 11 Miles.
 Curlew 1 37 06 Scamp 1 31 03
 Snapper 1 31 15

Sloops, Class R—Start, 1:40—Course, 11 Miles.
 Virginia 2 39 00 Ogeemah 2 37 26

Star Class—Start, 1:35—Course, 11 Miles.
 Little Dipper 1 35 35 Mercury 1 42 03
 Twinkle 1 35 50 Snake 1 36 39
 Cynosure 1 30 57 Gemmi 1 43 31
 Argus 1 40 14 Solikel 1 36 27
 Comet 1 41 04

New Rochelle One-Design—Start, 1:55—Course, 5½ Miles.
 Virginia 1 36 54 La Rochelle d. n. f.

Gravesend Knockabout—Start, 1:55—Course, 5½ Miles.
 Mouse 1 26 20

Greenwich Dorries—Start, 1:55—Course, 5½ Miles.
 Barnacle 1 42 00 Jean d. n. f.
 Sarana 1 42 52

Port Washington Class—Start, 1:50—Course, 5½ Miles.
 Zip 2 03 15 Gogo 1 48 21
 Bug Class—Start, 1:55—Course, 5½ Miles.
 Mayfly 1 34 58 Iney 1 36 53
 American Dorries—Start, 1:55—Course, 5½ Miles.
 Tautog 1 42 31 Alice 1 41 21

Bayside Class—Start, 1:50—Course, 5½ Miles.
 Mary Jane 1 36 38 Edna 1 34 46
 Manhasset Bay (Old)—Start, 1:40—Course, 11 Miles.
 Pixey 2 48 59

Thousand Island Y. C.

ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y. July 20.—The much exploited Bear Cat was beaten to-day by A. G. Miles' P. D. Q. in the elimination races for the gold challenge cup. Bear Cat came in about one-fifth of a mile behind P. D. Q., which will represent the Thousand Island Y. C. in the regatta on Aug. 1, 2, and 3.



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

- Aug. 13-14.—Portland (Me.) G. C. Individual Championship on second day. S. Dimick, Sec'y.
- Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. Arthur Gambell, Supt.
- REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.**
- July 27.—Washington, D. C.—Analostan G. C. Miles Taylor, Sec'y.
- July 29.—Baudette (Minn.) G. C. A. M. Hoover, Sec'y.
- July 29-30.—Revelstoke (B. C., Canada) G. C. A. J. MacDonnell, Sec'y.
- July 30.—Tyndall (S. D.) G. C. F. F. Chladek, Sec'y.
- July 30.—Oregon (Wis.) G. C. W. H. Dreher, Sec'y.
- July 30.—Spoooner (Minn.) G. C. M. D. Weeks, Sec'y.
- July 30-31.—Portsmouth (O.) G. C. J. E. Nutt, Mgr.
- July 31.—Marion (Ia.) G. C. A. C. Maxwell, Sec'y.
- Aug. 1.—International Falls, (Minn.) G. C. R. G. Green, Sec'y.
- Aug. 1.—Plattsville (Wis.) G. C. F. J. Bridges, Sec'y.
- Aug. 3.—Holmesburg Jct., Pa.—S. S. White G. C. W. E. Robinson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 3.—Pikeral Lake, S. D.—Sisseton G. C. Maurice Schindler, Sec'y.
- Aug. 3-4.—Green Bay, Wis.—Wisconsin State tournament, under the auspices of the Green Bay Game and Gun Club. R. E. St. John, Sec'y.
- Aug. 6-7.—Dallas (Tex.) G. C. H. R. Basley, Mgr.
- Aug. 6.—Belle Vernon, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Belle Vernon G. C. B. F. Daugherty, Sec'y.
- Aug. 6.—Durant (Ia.) G. C. Hugo Boldt, Sec'y.
- Aug. 6-7.—Mitchell (S. D.) G. C. C. A. Ferguson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 6-7.—Alabama State tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham (Ala.) Gun Club. O. L. Garl, Sec'y.
- Aug. 6-7.—Wilson, (N. C.) Gun Club. Jas. D. Barnes, Sec'y.
- Aug. 6-7.—Lock Haven (Pa.) G. C. C. A. Jobson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 7.—Madrid (N. Y.) G. C. J. E. Thompson, Pres.
- Aug. 7-8.—Springfield, Ill.—Illinois G. C. J. R. Leib, C. A. McDermand, Pres.
- Aug. 7-8.—Blue Ribbon (Kan.) Gun Club. J. F. Caldwell, Sec'y.
- Aug. 7-8.—Concordia, Kans.—Blue Ribbon Gun Club. J. F. Caldwell, Sec'y.
- Aug. 7-8.—Princeton (Mo.) G. C. E. W. Stacy, Sec'y.
- Aug. 8.—Livermore (Ia.) G. C. J. H. Zigran, Sec'y.
- Aug. 8.—Berwick (Pa.) R. and G. C. W. I. Shrader, Sec'y.
- Aug. 8-9.—Lindsay (Okla.) G. C. Robt. May, Sec'y.
- Aug. 10.—Temple, Pa.—Hercules G. C. A. K. Ludwig, Sec'y.
- Aug. 10.—Waterbury, Conn.—Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Mattatuck R. and G. C. David R. Walker, Sec'y.
- Aug. 10-11.—Chicago (Ill.) G. C. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
- League Grand Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.
- Aug. 13-14.—Abilene (Tex.) G. C. C. D. Payton, Sec'y.
- Aug. 14.—Lancaster (Pa.) G. C. W. T. Krick, Sec'y.
- Aug. 14.—Batavia, N. Y.—Holland G. C. Chas. W. Gardiner, Sec'y.
- Aug. 14-15.—Montgomery, Ala.—Capital City G. C. M. Moore, Pres.
- Aug. 14-16.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's Seventh Western Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Kansas City G. C.; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in the Western Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Aug. 15.—Rio (Wis.) G. C. Bert Thompson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 15-16.—Dayton, Ky.—Northern Kentucky G. C. Geo. W. Dameron, Sec'y.
- Aug. 20.—Marthasville, Mo.—Daniel Boone G. C. J. O. Wilson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 20.—Canonsburg (Pa.) G. C. A. S. Anthony, Sec'y.
- Aug. 20-21.—Sioux Falls (S. D.) G. C. A. Olson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 20-23.—Montreal, Canada.—Dominion of Canada T. S. A. T. Claude Cooke, Sec'y.
- Aug. 21-22.—Garrison, N. Y.—Garrison-Highland R. and G. C. F. N. Limdebjerg, Sec'y.
- Aug. 22.—Ebensburg, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of the Ebensburg G. C. W. R. Thompson, Sec'y, Ebensburg, Pa.
- Aug. 23.—Sandusky, O.—Ye Oak Meadow G. C. Ira C. Krupp, Sec'y.
- Aug. 23.—Gouverneur (N. Y.) R. and G. C. W. R. Patrick, Sec'y.
- Aug. 24.—La Crosse G. C. J. V. Winter, Sec'y.
- Aug. 27-29.—Cedar Point, O.—Indians. C. W. Budd, Sec'y.
- Aug. 27-29.—Portland, Ore.—The Interstate Association's seventh Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Portland G. C.; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in the Pacific Coast Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Aug. 28-29.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland S. S. A. State tournament. Geo. P. Mordecia, Sec'y, 215 American Building, Baltimore, Md.
- Aug. 28-29.—Fulda (Minn.) G. C. H. W. Converse, Sec'y.
- Aug. 29.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Big Game Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. H. G. Frederichs, Sec'y.
- Aug. 29-30.—Sedalia (Mo.) G. C. John McGrath, Sec'y, under the auspices of the Bay City G. C. C. A. Galbraith, Mgr.
- Aug. 31.—Menominee Falls (Wis.) G. C. Jas. A. Pike, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2.—Hammond (Ind.) G. C. J. C. Becker, Sec'y.

- Sept. 2.—Ft. Collins (Colo.) Shooting Club. Jos. Garst, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2.—Tower City, Pa.—Sheridan G. C. W. E. Daub, Mgr.
- Sept. 2.—Ogdensburg (N. Y.) S. A. J. M. Morley, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League tournament, under auspices of the Sea Side G. C. Earl R. Lewis, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2.—Lima (O.) G. C. A. W. Fisk, Pres.
- Sept. 2-3.—Fayette, Mo.—Afro-American Trapshooters' League tournament, under auspices of the Lynchburg G. C. W. R. Winfree, Sec'y, 1008 Main St., Lynchburg, Va.
- Sept. 2-3.—Paducah (Ky.) Target Club. C. E. Pursell, Sec'y.
- Sept. 3.—Celina (O.) G. C. Geo. Kistler, Sec'y.
- Sept. 3.—Bucklin (Mo.) G. C. Ed. Herriman, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—Holdrege (Neb.) G. C. Thos. Hufford, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—Cumberland (Md.) G. C. F. Billmeyer, Sec'y.
- Sept. 10-11.—Caro (Mich.) S. A. F. W. Bowles, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—London (O.) G. C. H. L. Hildinger, Sec'y.
- Sept. 9-10.—Evansville, Ind.—Indiana State tournament, under the auspices of the Recreation G. C. Geo. A. Beard, Cor. Sec'y.
- Sept. 10.—McKeesport, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Youghiogheny Country Club. R. J. Caughy, Sec'y.
- Sept. 10-13.—Denver, Colo.—Rocky Mountain Interstate Sportsmen's Association; \$5,000 added money. Ambrose E. McKenzie, Mgr.
- Sept. 11.—Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club. Jay Clark, Jr., Sec'y.
- Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. A. B. Heyl, Pres.
- Sept. 13-14.—Beverly, Mass.—Massachusetts State tournament, under the auspices of the Massachusetts State T. S. A. F. E. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.
- Sept. 17.—Huntingdon, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Alexandria G. C. L. M. Hagerty, Sec'y, Alexandria, Pa.
- Sept. 17-18.—Brookfield, Mo.—Linn County G. C. Ed. Barton, Sec'y.
- Sept. 17-20.—Atlantic City, N.J.—Westy Hogans of America tournament. Bernard Elsesser, Sec'y.
- Sept. 18-19.—Bloomington, Ill.—McLean County G. C. C. A. McDermand, Pres.
- Sept. 19.—Springfield (O.) G. C. Harry C. Downey, Sec'y.
- Sept. 20.—Sangerfield (N. Y.) Country Club. R. H. Terry, Sec'y.
- Sept. 23-24.—Lewiston (Idaho) G. C. P. T. Lomax, Sec'y.
- Sept. 26-27.—Baltimore, Md.—West Forest Park G. C. Richard L. Collings, Sec'y.
- Sept. 26-27.—Capron (Ill.) G. C. Alex. Vance, Sec'y.
- Sept. 27.—Saginaw (Mich.) Canoe Club. T. A. Saylor, Sec'y.
- Oct. 1-2.—Omaha (Neb.) G. C. F. T. Lovering, Sec'y.
- Oct. 2.—Piedmont (W. Va.) G. C. G. N. Hoover, Sec'y.
- Oct. 3.—Wapakoneta (O.) G. C. Chas. E. Zint, Sec'y.
- Oct. 3.—Elkton (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Mgr.
- Oct. 5.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Meadow Spring G. C. Wm. F. Letford, Sec'y.
- Oct. 15-18.—Cincinnati, O.—The Interstate Association's Post-Season tournament, on the grounds of the Cincinnati G. C.; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Oct. 16-17.—Tarboro (N. C.) G. C. R. E. L. Cook, Mgr.
- Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
- Oct. 30.—Medford (Okla.) G. C. Dr. I. V. Hardy, Sec'y.

1913.

- Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Kenmar Gun Club, of Jersey Shore, Pa., has forty-four members, and is planning to hold a big tournament some time this fall.

Next tournament of Central Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League will be held Aug. 22, at Ebensburg, Pa. W. R. Thompson is Secretary.

Second annual tournament of the Mt. Kisco Gun Club will be held on Sept. 25; \$250 in merchandise prizes; \$25 added money. Full information from A. Betti, Sec'y.

The sixth annual registered target tournament of the Hercules Gun Club, of Temple, Pa., will be held on grounds at Cotopaxi Swamp, Aug. 19. For particulars address A. K. Ludwig, Secretary, 930 North Second street, Reading, Pa.

Dupont Gun Club will visit the West Chester Gun Club, on July 27, to shoot a team race on the latter's grounds, and it is expected that about twenty-five members and friends will make the trip, which will be made in automobiles. Capt. Eachus, of the West Chester Club recently fractured his left arm, but he will be on hand to welcome the visitors.

W. L. Karcher and wife are members of the Freeport, Ill., Gun Club, and Mrs. Karcher participates in all tournaments given by the organization. She broke 19 targets out of 25 at last week's shoot, making a better record than many of the men.

In that Indiana town with the stimulating name, Bourbon, there is an energetic gun club, the officers of which are: Luman Russell, President; Oscar Loney, Vice-President; R. W. Stokes, Secretary; Dell Morrill, Field Captain. They shoot every Monday.

I have just received advance copy of program for seventh Western Handicap (reviewed in another column). The same nest egg—\$1,000 added money—wields its magnetic influence as usual, while the omnipresent Shanerian sign of success pervades the program. Remember, Aug. 14, 15 and 16. Further information from R. S. Elliott, Secretary-Treasurer, Kansas City Gun Club, 1221 Walnut street, Kansas City, Mo.

The Frank Hall cup championship will be held at the Alert Gun Club, Phillipsburg, N. J., July 27. While this cup can only be shot for by New Jersey shooters, still in order to have a good shoot we invite all shooters to be present, whether from New Jersey or not, and we will have the 100-target event, in addition to being the event for the cup, open for all as follows: Four 25-target events, \$1 entrance in each. Entrance for cup, \$3.50 extra. This shoot, as all will understand, is optional, and will start at 2 P. M. Extra events will be shot if time will permit. Ammunition will be on sale at the grounds. For further information write Edward F. Markley, Easton, Pa.

Greenwich (Conn.) Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot at Island Beach, Greenwich, Conn., Saturday, Aug. 3. Program commences at 10:30 A. M. Perfect background. Covered platform. There will be six events at 15 targets, 40 cents entrance in each; three at 20 targets, 45 cents entrance, and two specials (Nos. 10 and 11), 25 targets, \$1.25 entrance in each. Nos. 1 to 9 are for merchandise, class shooting, optional sweep \$1. Contestants may shoot for targets only at 1½ cents each. Events 3, 4 and 5, two-man team race for cup; events 7, 8 and 9, five-man team race for cup. Medal for high amateur in events 1 to 9 inclusive. Medal for high amateur run in events 1 to 9 inclusive. Cups and medals donated by Island Beach Co. Sixteen merchandise prizes in class shooting. Six prizes in Class A, high gun and nine points below; five prizes in Class B, 10 points below Class A; four prizes in Class C, 10 points below Class B. Prize for low gun shooting events 1 to 9 inclusive. High guns win in each class. Rose system division of sweeps, 5, 3, 2, 1. Price of targets included in entrance at 1 cent each. Standard loads for sale at 65 cents per box. Refreshments on grounds. Program shoots every Saturday afternoon. Boats leave Island Beach dock, near railroad station, every half hour. For further information address J. H. Finch, 93 East Elm street, Greenwich, Conn.

W. G. BEECROFT.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 20.—Favorable conditions, fast work and surprises marked the meet of the Indianapolis Gun Club. First came Carter, emerging from mediocrity, who led in the first 100 targets shot at with 96 broken, and made a run of 58. In the finals, 160 targets having been shot at, Edmonson again led with 154, Carter being second with 149. Edmonson, starting with the fourth frame, broke 99 out of 100, losing only the 51st bird. That is the best performance credited to a local amateur in the history of the club. Summary:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Edmonson	160 154	Britton	120 112
Carter	160 149	Ahg	120 100
Fayette	160 148	Foland	100 79
Siwel	160 147	Wilson	100 71
Hymer	160 112	Hawn	100 65
Neighbors	140 111		

R. R.

Throckmorton Gun Club.

THROCKMORTON, Texas, July 16.—We are all beginners, organized last March and have about twenty-five members. As we are forty miles from a railroad, we seldom have any professional shooters with us.

The scores of to-day are: H. A. Bachman 19, W. G. Thorp 8, J. B. Wilkinson 10, H. C. Roberts 16, A. B. Gober 14, M. H. Hoile 9, L. A. Hansby 11, John W. Craig 14, W. I. Craig 12, M. B. Bachman 15, W. A. Donald 13, J. T. Davis 6, Dr. J. E. King 12.
H. A. BACHMAN, Sec'y.

Roanoke Gun Club.

ROANOKE, Va., July 13.—Only twenty-one members shot over the traps of the Roanoke Gun Club to-day, the extreme heat being assigned as the cause of the absence of a number of the enthusiasts. We are pleased to note the improvement being shown by a number of the younger members, and hope that they may continue to show the same amount of progress during the remainder of the shooting season.

The weekly medals were won by the following members:

Scratch—First, M. S. Battle; second, S. S. Scholl.
Class A—First, W. S. Jones; second, H. F. Wilkinson.
Class B—First, tie between Boyd and Ferguson; second, B. J. Fishburne.
Class C—First, E. D. Heins; second, C. T. Jennings.
The scores, at 50 targets each, follow:

Per		Per	
Brk.	Cent.	Brk.	Cent.
Jones	46 92	MacFerrin	36 72
Battle	45 90	Ferguson	35 70
Wilkinson	44 88	Fishburne	34 68
Scholl	42 84	Jennings	33 66
Bloxton	41 82	D W Richards	32 64
Robinson	40 80	Thurman	30 60
Shepherd	40 80	Lightner	29 58
Bringman	39 78	Blankenship	27 54
Boyd	39 78	Berkeley	23 46
Holland	39 78	Martin	21 42
Heins	39 78		

July 20.—The regular weekly shoot held on the grounds of the Roanoke Gun Club to-day was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by the twenty-eight members present. A number of ladies witnessed the shooting, and the club is always glad to welcome them, and hope that they may continue to visit the grounds and witness the contests each Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The weekly medals were won by the following members:

Scratch—First, tie between Shepherd and Bloxton; second, Battle.
Class A—First, Jones; second, Wilkinson.
Class B—First, Ferguson; second, Boyd.
Class C—First, Holland; second, Berkeley.

Per		Per	
Brk.	Cent.	Brk.	Cent.
Bloxton	47 94	E Poindexter	36 72
Shepherd	47 94	Heins	36 72
Battle	46 92	Robinson	34 68
Hunt	45 90	Fishburne	34 68
Holland	45 90	Wade	33 66
Jones	44 88	Jennings	33 66
Howard	44 88	Schenck	32 64
Jamison	43 86	Dann	31 62
Bringman	43 86	J Poindexter	30 60
Wilkinson	41 82	Lightner	30 60
Boyd	41 82	MacFerrin	30 60
Atkinson	40 80	Townes	29 58
Ferguson	38 76	Berkeley	27 54
Mitchell	37 74	Martin	22 44

BUSHONG, Referee.

The Western Handicap.

THE Interstate Association's Seventh Western Handicap tournament will be held at Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 14-16, under the auspices of the Kansas City Gun Club.

Kansas City, in Jackson county, Missouri, the second city in size and importance in the State, is situated on the right bank of the Missouri, immediately below the mouth of the Kansas River, 235 miles west by north of St. Louis. It is a large railroad center, several important lines meeting here, and giving the city large facilities for commanding the trade of western Missouri, Kansas, northern Texas, Oklahoma and part of Colorado and New Mexico. The business in agricultural products is very large, the beef and pork packing business being especially great, and growing with great rapidity. The city was laid out in 1830, but its growth may be said to date from 1860, when its population numbered less than 5,000.

Famous for its beautiful parks, boulevards, magnificent homes, enterprising citizens, progressive municipality and generous hospitality, it is a place to be desired by those seeking pleasure or business. Its general picturesqueness and natural attractions cannot be exaggerated, while in point of beauty and completeness its roads and drives cannot be surpassed. These alone furnish a never-ending change of scenery and beauty.

It was a wise choice when Kansas City was chosen as the logical point to hold the Western Handicap tournament in 1912. Located as it is in the geographical center of the United States, with its vast net of railways radiating to every habitat point of the Middle West territory, it is an ideal city to reach quickly and conveniently from all points in this vast scope of country, which has such a large following of sportsmen who love the pleasures of trapshooting.

The Kansas City Gun Club is the oldest organization of its kind in the State of Missouri, it having been brought into existence more than thirty years ago, and has been in continuous existence ever since. This in itself insures visiting sportsmen that there will be nothing left undone to meet their most exacting requirements. The Kansas City Gun Club is from Missouri, and it will "show you" from the first toss of your hat into the ring—the more hats the merrier. Special efforts will be made by all gun club members to see that visiting sportsmen are entertained, and their stay in the city made a pleasant one.

Kansas City has the shooting grounds and local management, and will overlook no chance to make memorable the Seventh Western Handicap tournament.

The conditions governing the Western Handicap are 100 targets, unknown angles; handicaps 16 to 23yds.; high guns, not class shooting; \$200 added to the purse; the number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries. Entrance \$10, the price of targets being included. The



**ARMS AND AMMUNITION WIN
Big Shooting Events of the World**

Grand American Handicap

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Olympic Games

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

On one continent a competition within "a nation of crack shots," on the other a contest between shooting experts of all nations—both

Positive proof of the dependable "Speed plus Pattern" of Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination

Iowa State Tournament another Link in Chain of Victories

High Amateur Average:

Won by Frank Campbell, shooting *Remington-UMC* Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells, 435 ex 450.

High Professional:

Won by Tom Marshall, shooting *Remington-UMC* Arrow Steel Lined Shells, 414 ex 450.

Long Run:

Won by J. P. White, shooting Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells. Mr. White also won third Amateur Average, shooting same ammunition, 431 ex 450.

Smith Cup Competition:

Prof. L. Hazelwood tied, shooting Arrow Steel Lined Shells, 25 straight.

Eastern Handicap yields High Honors to Remington-UMC

High Professional Average:

Won by George Maxwell, shooting *Remington-UMC* Pump Gun and Arrow Steel Lined Shells, 392 ex 400.

High Amateur Average:

Won by George Volk, shooting *Remington-UMC* Pump Gun and Arrow Steel Lined Shells (used one box only of another make), 388 ex 400.

FOR TRAPS OR THE HUNT
Remington-UMC Arrow and Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells

Winners at Olympic Games, Winners at 1912 Grand American Handicap,
Winners at 15 out of 18 Big National Handicaps in three years

STILL WINNING

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299-301 Broadway - - - - - New York, N. Y.

winner of first money is guaranteed \$250 or more. If first money falls below \$250, the difference will be made good by the Interstate Association. A trophy will be presented by the Interstate Association to the amateur contestant who makes the highest score.

Regular entries must be made at the cashier's office on the shooting grounds before 5 P. M., Thursday, Aug. 15. Penalty entries may be made after Thursday, Aug. 15, up to the time the first gun is fired in event No. 5, Friday, Aug. 16, by paying \$15 entrance, targets included.

The money will be divided as follows: Regular program and double target events, Rose system; ratio of points 5, 3, 2, 1. Optional sweepstakes, percentage system, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., class shooting; ten entries and under, three moneys, 50, 30, and 20 per cent.

To be eligible for the Squier money-back system a contestant must compete in all regular program events.

The special events at double targets, and the Western Handicap are separate from the regular program, and it is optional with the contestant whether or not he makes entry for them. The Squier money-back system does not apply to the double-target events and the Western Handicap.

The first tournament was held at Denver, Colo., in 1906, open to all, and had a total of 227 entries in the main event. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., handicapped at 21yds., was the winner, with a score of 97 out of 100.

The second tournament was also held at Denver, in 1907 with 202 entries in the main event. T. E. Graham, of Ingleside, Ill., handicapped at 19yds., was the winner with a score of 99 out of 100 shot at.

The third tournament was held at Des Moines, Ia., in 1908 with 143 entries in the main event. B. F. Elbert, of Des Moines, Ia., handicapped at 18yds., was the winner with a score of 96 out of 100.

The fourth tournament was held at St. Paul, Minn., in 1909, with 154 entries in the main event. F. H. Bailey, of Fargo, N. D., handicapped at 16yds., was the winner with a score of 97 out of 100.

The fifth tournament was held at Des Moines, Ia., in 1910; total number of entries in the main event, 119. J. E. Dickey, of Davenport, Ia., handicapped at 17yds., was the winner with a score of 96 out of 100 shot at.

The sixth tournament was held at Omaha, Neb., in 1911; total number of entries in the main event, 188. William Ridley, of What Cheer, Ia., handicapped at 19yds., was the winner with a score of 98 out of 100.

New Hanover Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, N. C., July 18.—John E. Taylor, of this city, a member of the New Hanover Gun Club, won the State championship event, after he and Mr. Chas. Nichols, of the Mecklenburg Gun Club, Charlotte, had tied for the honor with scores of 93 each. On the shoot-off, Mr. Taylor broke 25 targets out of 25, while Mr. Nichols broke 23. The highest amateur score in the State championship race was made by J. M. Barrett, of Augusta, Ga., who broke 95 out of 100, but not being a native of this State, his score did not count in the competition.

Iomer Clark, of Alton, Ill., was high professional with 149 out of 150 targets. H. D. Gibbs was second high with 145 and E. R. Holt third with 142.

In the high amateur class John E. Taylor and S. R. Coley, of Wilmington, and J. B. Pennington, of Tarboro, tied for first honors with scores of 140 out of 150. J. M. Barrett, of Augusta, Ga., was second with 139, Charles Nuchols, of Charlotte, third with 138. Scores:

Table with columns: Name, First Day (Shot at, Broke), Second Day (Shot at, Broke). Lists scores for various participants like J. B. Pennington, G. DeF. Wilson, etc.

Table titled 'Professionals:' listing names and scores for professionals like H. Clark, E. R. Holt, H. D. Gibbs, etc.

Buffalo Audubon Club.

The club members turned out in good numbers to our club shoot, twenty-three in all. It seemed like old times to see some of the members who have been out of the game for some time. We hope to see Messrs. Cannon, Imhoff, Eaton, Bargar, Babcock and Burgwardt out regularly in the future.

Some good shooting was witnessed by the many spectators present, F. S. Wright being high for the day with 93 out of the 100. Mr. Houpt shot well for the second time at the traps, finishing with 75 per cent. Messrs. Wright, Burke and Rappock were winners in the badge event in Class A, B and C respectively, while Wright, Imhoff and Houpt scored in the spoon event. In the W. H. Smith trophy event Messrs. Lambert and Imhoff won with straight scores in Class A and B, and Houpt won Class C. Messrs. Moser and Rommel made application for membership. Scores follow:

Table with columns: Name, Events (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). Lists scores for participants like Imhoff, Cannon, Ebberts, etc.

No. 2 was for badge; No. 4 was spoon event; No. 5 was for Smith trophy.

Lorain Gun Club.

LORAIN, O., July 20.—Fancy scores were made at the second annual registered tournament of the Lorain Gun Club, held Thursday, in spite of the high wind and rain-storm. Geo. Volk copped high average in the amateur events, "killing" 140 birds. J. P. Traxler was second with a score of 139, and C. E. Doolittle, of Cleveland, with a score of 138 out of a possible 150, was third.

The high wind and heavy rainstorm dampened the enthusiasm of the spectators, but the marksmen braved the stiff zephyrs and finished with good scores.

Cleveland turned out with a good bunch of sportsmen, as well as Sandusky. Come again, boys, we will not forget you.

Following are the scores:

Table listing names and scores for the Lorain Gun Club tournament, including J. L. Wadsworth, W. H. Archer, M. D. Stepp, etc.

*Professionals.

Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

BUTLER, Pa., July 16.—Seventy-nine is a pretty good bunch to turn out for a one-day shoot, but we got that many here to-day, and they all had a rattling good time. C. F. Moore got away with the big roll with a score of 143 out of 150. He started badly, losing 3 in his first event, and 2 in the third. He ran the second five events straight, with a straight in the fourth. There were three ties at 141 for place. G. E. Painter, Ad. Hickman and H. Gillespie comprised the bunch. Bill Crosby was big pro. with 146. He missed two in the 14th frame, one in the 4th and one in the 8th.

Table with columns: Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for participants like J. W. Gribble, C. J. Jessop, E. Murray, etc.

*Professionals.

North Side Gun Club.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 14.—Despite the fact that the fishing season is on in full sway, and as quite a number of our members are very enthusiastic in the art of Izaak Walton, the attendance at the North Side Gun Club shoot to-day was very gratifying. E. Reichel led a field of twenty-four shooters by breaking 97 out of 100. Groffy Immekus, Gus Piepenhagen and Obenberger tied for second honors with 95. In the sweepstake of 25, Groffy and Piepenhagen broke even with a straight. In a special match Geo. Sell defeated E. Reichel by one target, breaking 24 out of 25. Scores:

Table with columns: Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for participants like C. Groffy, E. Reichel, G. Immekus, etc.

In addition to the regular events there was a special match at 25 targets and a sweepstake of 25 targets. Scores: Sweepstake: Groffy 25, Reichel 23, Immekus 24, Gies 24, Sell 22, Lehnhoff 20, Krause 21, Piepenhagen 25, L. Pietsch 19, Geo. Himmelstein 21, Bruley 22, Obenberger 24, Imse 23. Special match: Reichel 23, Sell 24.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

New Jersey State Rifle Association.

SEA GIRT, N. J., July 17.—The first trap shoot of the New Jersey State Rifle Association took place here to-day and was most successful. The score sheet looked like a page from ye olden days. They came from all parts. Mrs. Vogel shot pretty well on day one, but going off badly on second day. John Philip Sousa, J. T. Skelly, Les. German, Jack Fanning, Harry Kahler and other genial and artistic wielders of batons and rock-breakers vied with one another to keep up interest in the merry art of pull and bust. C. Newcomb took down high average kale with 288 out of 300. Harry Kahler, the redoubtable, made second upper with three less.

JULY 17.

Table with columns: Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for participants like Chas. Brown, R. Stockton, D. H. Fanning, etc.

JULY 18.

Table with columns: Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for participants like H. S. Welles, J. Minnick, L. S. German, etc.

*Professionals.

Triangle Gun Club.

MADISON, Wis., July 18.—There was a goodly gathering of powder igniters here to-day and plenty of excitement. A. E. Van Wald, did some great shooting, smashing cleanly 145 out of 150. J. F. Wulf trailed close up with 142, and but for a sad stumble in seventh and ninth events, would have come pretty close to counting. W. D. Stannard shot like a demon in the professional class. He broke straight in all but 3 and 4, finishing with 148 out of 150.

Table with columns: Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for participants like W. A. Wager, J. V. Winter, C. P. Shumway, etc.

Professionals:

Table listing professional scores: W. D. Stannard.. 148, F. H. Siefkin 150, H. R. Patterson.. 150, C. E. Robbins.... 145.

Portland Gun Club.

PORTLAND, Me., July 20.—"Bobby" Hunt won to-day the third leg of the shoot at the Portland Gun Club for the Spotts cup with a score of 94 out of 100. This shoot will be continued for three months, at the end of which the cup will be awarded to the contestant having won the greatest number of legs. The first three matches were shot on June 29, July 4 and July 13. The first was won by Webster. Hunt has won the last two matches. The scores were as follows: Hunt 94, Wheeler 90, A. L. Dow 89, Dr. Hayden 87, Weymouth 77, Freeman 68, W. Taylor 38 out of 40, N. Taylor 40 out of 60.

Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., July 20.—Twenty-five shooters shot this afternoon in the fifth contest for the F. L. Connable trophy, postponed from the previous Saturday. Two were visitors and two others were not eligible under the rules of the club to win the trophy. This left a total of twenty-one competitors, and of that number Doc Steele carried off the cup with 24 out of 25 from the 18yd. mark. It was a popular win, and puts him on the honor roll, which already bore the names of W. M. Foord, W. Edmundson and H. P. Carlon (the latter having won the trophy twice.) The conditions provide that after the cup has been shot for twelve times, all those who have won the cup one or more times shall shoot off for final ownership. L. L. Jarrell had just hung up a total of 23 out of 24 from 18yds.

A special feature was a match between R. S. Robinson, holder of the 1911 Class D cup, and Dr. E. Q. Bullock, challenger. Dr. Bullock succeeded in having the right to have his name engraved on the cup by beating out his opponent by the score of 31 to 28.

On July 6, H. P. Carlon, H. W. Bush and Clyde Leedon tied for the Class B spoon. To-day they shot off the tie, and on the first string of 25 targets Carlon and Leedom tied on 22, Bush scoring 21. The second shoot-off resulted in a win for Carlon by 23 to 20.

Another match was also shot during the afternoon. This was between W. S. Colfax, Jr., holder of the 1912 Class A cup, and Ward Hammond, who challenged him for the trophy. Colfax shot in his usual good form and won easily, breaking 47 out of 50.

Walker Matthewson got together a squad of five men to shoot under conditions that earned for them the title of "The Foolish Squad." Each member of the squad shot at 25 targets and shot five different guns; that is, each man shot five targets first with his own gun, then passed on to the next position and shot with his neighbor's gun, and so on. In other words, the gun never moved from its first location, but was shot by five different persons. Ed. Banks broke 23, W. P. Northcott 19, Ward Hammond 18, William Coyne 17, Walker Matthewson 16.

Colfax made the best record on 100 targets, scoring 96, Banks had 95. W. P. Northcott, a native of Chicago, but a regular visitor at and a member of the club, ran his last 50 straight. Scores in the Connable cup event were as follows, each man shooting at 25 targets:

Yards.	T'tl.	Yards.	T'tl.
W P Northcott.....	22	S G David.....	18
W M Hammond.....	22	Dr A Patterson.....	18
H P Carlon.....	22	Dr H Betts.....	18
W Edmandson.....	21	W B Smith, Jr.....	18
H W Bush.....	20	Wm Coyne.....	18
C Leedom.....	20	J B Grier.....	18
S Tughton.....	20	J A McMullen.....	16
J W Matthews.....	18	M H Hanby.....	16
F P Ewing.....	18	*W A Joslyn.....	22
L L Jarrell.....	18	*Ed Banks.....	22
H C McClane.....	18	*U Jackson.....	16
H J Newman.....	18	*Dr Kraiker.....	16
Dr S Steele.....	18		14

*Not eligible for the trophy.

Central Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

ALTOONA, Pa., July 18.—Rain nearly spoiled the shoot here to-day—it put a quietus on high scores. Ed. Hellyer took high honors with 133 out of 150. Second fell to A. M. Bennett with 128, and third to Fred Ebright with 127. Bill Crosby scooped first professional glory, getting 145. Ed. Banks was second high "targets only," cracking 142. J. S. Day broke 140 for third.

Shot at.	Broke	Shot at.	Broke
Wm McClarren.....	150	J Slabterbach.....	150
L Swartz.....	150	C J Singer.....	150
W R Thompson.....	150	W C Letterman.....	150
L Shettig.....	150	Jack Waltz.....	150
H Tomlinson.....	150	C D Hughes.....	150
E F Miller.....	150	Jacob Davis.....	150
A M Bennett.....	150	C G Brennerman.....	150
Gus Newhall.....	150	P S Duncan.....	150
M E Tomlinson.....	150	D Lane.....	150
Fred Ebright.....	150	L A Huntley.....	150
Ed Hellyer.....	150	M M Fraley.....	150
J Chilcote.....	150	F A Sargent.....	150
G P Peper.....	150	W E Tafferty.....	150
Chas Steinbach.....	150	D M Hyde.....	30
P L Morrison.....	150	Dr Keiper.....	150
Geo Ebright.....	150	*C O Dunlap.....	150
R A Walker.....	150	*R L Leinbach.....	150
W P Steinbach.....	150	*W R Daws.....	150

Professionals:
 J S Day..... 150 140
 F Fay..... 150 133
 G Maxwell..... 150 139
 *For targets only.

Tomah Rod and Gun Club.

TOMAH, Wis., July 17.—Guy Deering was high gun here to-day with 144. C. P. Shumway and J. Culp tied for place with 141. High professional was E. H. Siefken with 144. Attendance was not large, only twenty-four shooters being on deck.

C P Shumway.....	141	F Smith.....	119
W H Schultz.....	137	W A Wager.....	120
F L Felting.....	132	Geo Miller.....	132
Wm Laylund.....	126	C Wiklund.....	137
J F Meineke.....	109	G O Deering.....	144
C L Kellogg.....	117	J Roup.....	137
Gus Rose.....	107	A J Keel.....	128
J O Winters.....	140	D J Puffer.....	123
J Culp.....	141	R Hiscox.....	135

Professionals:
 C E Robbins..... 141
 G E Mathews..... 131
 C C Mitchell..... 143
 F H Siefken..... 144
 W D Stannard..... 135

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shells

Won The Eastern Handicap

C. D. Henline, F. Korner and W. Wallis, all shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells, tied on 96 ex 100. Mr. Henline won the shoot-off, scoring 19 ex 20 from 20 yd. mark.

HIGH AVERAGE OVER ALL

Amateur and Professional

Lester German and an Illinois amateur won respectively Professional and Amateur Averages for all targets trapped, both shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

DOUBLE TARGET AVERAGE

Amateur and Professional

Allen Heil won Amateur Average on "doubles", scoring 90 x 100. Lester German won Professional Average on "doubles", scoring 93 x 100. Both shot Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF NORTH CAROLINA

John E. Taylor, of Wilmington, won this hotly contested event with "Leader" Loaded Shells, scoring 93 ex 100 and 25 straight. High Amateur Average was won by J. B. Pennington, of Tarboro, who also shot "Leader" Loaded Shells

Winchester Loaded Shells with Patent Corrugated Head Always Shoot in a Winning Way

Newport News Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., July 18.—Considerable interest was taken in the team match between Newport News and Norfolk-Portsmouth gun clubs, this being the second of a series of matches, both of which have been won by the Norfolk-Portsmouth, both of which have been won by the club of the shoot with 93 out of 100. Following are the scores:

*Dr Boyd.....	47	*Hartwell.....	37
Gallagher.....	45	*Davis.....	36
*Hundley.....	45	Wiggins.....	36
*Winchester.....	42	*Marston.....	35
*Edmonds.....	41	*Boyd.....	34
Goodloe.....	41	*Smith.....	30
*Megee.....	41		
Ballance.....	40	Norfolk-Portsmouth.....	200
Talbot.....	38	Newport News.....	191

Tracy City Gun Club.

THERE will be a big registered tournament Aug. 14, at Tracy City, Tenn., by Tracy City G. C. Everybody with a gun and a good disposition is invited. Shooting begins 9 A. M. Targets 2 cnts each. Purses divided

into four moneys. The innerman will be provided for on the grounds on European plan—"you pays for what ye gits." Regular program has ten 20-target events, alternating cash and merchandise prizes, the first event having merchandise prizes. High gun for entire day's program at 200 targets, has three prizes. Prizes are to be given for high gun. Booby prize given to the low gun of the day. There will be several handsome merchandise prizes in each merchandise event. Special railroad rates can be obtained to Tracy City and return. Club officers are: E. C. Norvell, President; Geo. W. Tidman, Secretary.

Alabama State Shooting Tournament.

THE twelfth Alabama State shooting tournament will be held in Birmingham, Ala., at State fair grounds on Aug. 6 and 7, 1912, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. The officers of the Alabama State Association of Gun Clubs are: R. H. Baugh, President; J. A. Blount, Vice-President; H. McDermott, Secretary-Treasurer; Al. Geohagan, Cashier. A handsome silver pitcher will be presented for State championship.

E. C. CHALLENGE CUP AGAIN WON BY A RECORD SCORE

Peters

WITH

"steel where steel belongs" LOADED SHELLS

In a match at the Cincinnati Gun Club, July 4, H. D. Freeman (Challenger) won this famous trophy from C. A. Young (Holder) by a score of 189 to 172. This score of 189 is five targets better than that by which Mr. Young won the cup May 14, 1912 (also with PETERS Shells), and ten targets in excess of the best previous score with other makes of shells. The results of the match of July 4, in detail, are as follows:

	Singles	Expert Rules	Doubles	Total
FREEMAN - - -	98	46	45	189
YOUNG - - -	85	44	43	172

Here are some more winnings, adding to the already overwhelming weight of evidence of P superiority:

St. Louis, Mo.	June 23-24.	High Amateur Average	295 ex 300	by Harry W. Kahler
Webster City, Ia.	" 25	" " " "	193 ex 200	" W. S. Hoon
Wilmington, Del.	" 29	High Professional Average	173 ex 180	" Neaf Apgar
Barre, Vt.	" 18-19.	Vermont State Championship.	92 ex 100	" W. B. Springer
Dayton, Ky.	" 30	High General Average	144 ex 150	" C. O. Le Compte
Salida, Colo.	" 16-19.	Championship of Colo., N. Mexico & Wyo.	623 ex 675	" Walter Schemwell
Freehold, N. J.	" 26-27.	High General Average	284 ex 300	" Howard Schlicher
Toledo, O.	" 28	" " " (tie)	145 ex 150	" W. R. Chamberlain
Eugene, Ore.	" 24-27.	" " " "	440 ex 450	" L. H. Reid

(Pacific Coast Indians)

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

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Peoria Gun Club.

PEORIA, Ill., July 18.—Two days shooting was most enjoyable by a pretty fair crowd at our tournament ending here to-day. Lewis was high average for the two days with 290 out of 300. Ward Burton made the high professional score, 288.

	First Day.		Second Day.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Groves	150	140	150	138
Magill	150	125	150	124
Hieronimus	150	133	150	139
Graper	150	139	150	122
Portman	150	121	150	135
Voorhees, Jr.	150	142	150	126
Meidroth	150	124	150	130
Sammis	150	136	150	133
Gerstner	150	146	150	112
Smith	150	136	150	119
Gray	150	138	150	136
Crothers	150	138	150	135
McDermand	150	127	150	111
Scholes	150	138	150	123
Rugg	150	133	150	116
Connor	150	131	150	134
Herman	150	126	150	144
Heitzman	150	132	150	144
Thompson	150	139	150	139
Meyers	150	130	150	132
Davidson	150	144	150	132
Lewis	150	146	150	135
Leib	150	143	150	128
Workman	150	137	150	141
Lawrence	150	135	150	132
Professionals:				
Ward Burton	150	142	150	141
H W Cadwallader	150	138	150	132
Arthur Killam	150	135	150	114
H E Winans	150	105	150	104
E S Graham	150	143	150	136

Cincinnati Gun Club.

HEAVY showers on the morning of July 21 cut the attendance at the weekly shoot far below expectations, only seven men showing up. The team match, scheduled for the day, was declared off, and a few events were shot between the showers. Of the amateurs, Eph Randall, of Mason, O., and J. Schreck tied for high gun on 69 out of 75. Dan Pohlar was at the grounds for the first time in several months and shot an 88 per cent. gait. George Walker did nice work in his last event, missing but one target out of 20. J. S. Day came over to get a little practice on doubles and shot a very nice race, breaking 47 out of 50 singles, and 46 out of 25 pairs of doubles, a total of 93. His match for the E. C. cup with H. D. Freeman, of Atlanta, Ga., the present holder, will be shot on these grounds on Aug. 24.

Dr. Hill, one of the old-time regulars at the Northern Kentucky's grounds, was out to-day, and showed that he has not forgotten how by breaking 80 per cent. of his targets with a borrowed gun. Shooting at 12 pairs of doubles, Pohlar broke 20 and Schreck 18. Len Shepard

played the triple role of puller, referee and scorer. The club is still looking for a chance to mix it up with some of the local clubs, and will welcome almost any kind of a proposition for a team match. Just drop a line to Supt. Arthur Gambell.

Targets:	15	15	20	25	25	Total.
A Gambell	11	11	17	39
D Pohlar	14	14	16	44
Randall	14	15	17	23	..	69
Schreck	14	15	17	23	..	62
Walker	11	12	19	42
Day	24	23	..	47
Dr Hill	18	22	..	40

Greenwich Gun Club.

"BETTER late than never," come the scores of July 4 shoot at Greenwich Gun Club. It was a great day. Fifty shooters were entered and many shot the entire program. The background being the blue sky and Atlantic Ocean, was too clear for most shooters used to shooting across a field with a tree and bush backing, hence many scores were low. L. C. Wilson was high gun with 154 out of 165.

The team shoot was won by Sea Side Gun Club, of Bridgeport, beating Greenwich Gun Club team by 4 targets out of 250.

Championship of Greenwich was tied for by Luke Brush and J. S. Conover, at 91 out of 100; shoot-off won by Brush by one target.

High run medal won by B. J. Jones, 46. Scores:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
A E Ranney	85 68	T Hoyt	90 51
J D Chapman	85 68	F F Rogers	115 86
A Raymond	165 150	R Keeler	135 119
Geo Luke	100 60	W Abrams	60 31
H O Allyn	135 113	T Garrecht	80 47
H H Stevens	115 112	E L Hatch	80 66
T A Davis	100 80	V S Allien	80 54
G M Wheeler	165 139	A S Pitt	80 53
J S Fanning	100 93	M Hepburn	165 149
N Apgar	100 98	A M Dalton	135 112
L C Wilson	165 154	J R Talcott	115 74
J Williams	165 143	A J Bell	85 56
W W Rice	165 136	E L Lehn	45 15
Chas Fox	165 124	Miss M Hyland	95 57
H G Billings	165 121	E F Ward	115 104
J H Finch	165 123	W Banks	95 47
S G Chase	115 84	C S Purdy	95 82
W D Finch	115 80	W Herrick	45 37
C H Voorhees	85 71	Wm Elder	45 30
Z C Offutt	165 146	A E Soley	65 48
L Brush	165 148	Schlichting	65 43
J S Conover	165 147	Scherer	65 43
J O'Brien	165 128	H Mead	40 15
P V Pell	135 106	Miss L Boles	55 32
B J Jones	150 129	C Talbot	20 14

July 13.—Regular Saturday afternoon shoot. No. 4 was Du Pont trophy event; No. 5 was a special:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
J S Conover	14	15	18	0	23
Luke Brush	11	12	18	1	25
W D Finch	11	10	13	4	23

Geo Luke	9	9	14	5	21	16
G C Chard	7	10	16	5	22	..
A M Dalton	10	12	17	1	25	*19
J H Finch	11	14	16	1	21	20
T W Hoyt	7	9	14	6	25	15
J D Chapman	10	10	15	3	21	15
A E Ranney	13	15	20	0	22	23
Miss L Boles	7	5	11	9	25	*19
J A Raymond	14	14	18	0	24	21
W G Abrams	10	9	14	7	23	..
C S Purdy	12	13	15	3	20	..
F F Rogers	11	13	16	3	19	..
W E Smith	4	7	2	10	17	..

*Shoot-off for leg on Du Pont trophy; won by Brush.

July 15.—These scores were shot to-day:									
Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Geo Luke	17	17	13	20	Miss L Boles	19	15	11	..
L Brush	25	21	21	23	J H Finch	22	24	24	21

J. H. FINCH, Sec'y.

Clinton Gun Club.

LANCASTER, Pa., July 20.—E. G. Staples made 142 out of 150 and took high gun at our annual tournament. Putnam made one less for second, and George Proctor slipped in for third with 138. Worcester Gun Club won the team shoot with 139. Paleface Gun Club was second with 136; Clinton third, 129.

The pro. scores hardly showed on score board, the highest being Ballou with 125 out of 150. Scores:

J M Gates	123	Wm L Lane	101
M H Boland	130	W F Clarke	131
A C Rice	132	Wm C Newton	130
J Clark, Jr.	131	C P Blinn	128
E A Staples	142	G M Proctor	138
J L Snow	126	H L Snow	136
F R Sweet	126	C M Doten	135
R Smith	125	H S Searls	124
R M Burns	136	C R Blanchard	112
S Putnam	141	H H Wright	122
I E Johnson	81	W P Millner	115
A G Larkin	92	H E Tuttle	109
G C Rousseau	108		

Professionals: Sheldon 108, Ballou 125, Stull 109

Three-man team match:		Clinton Gun Club.	
Worcester Gun Club.		Paleface Gun Club.	
J Clark	44	Wildor	45
Doten	46	Gates	44
H Snow	49-139	Boland	40-129
Paleface No. 1.		Paleface No. 2.	
Newton	43	Staples	49
Burns	41	Sweet	45
Proctor	43-127	Snow	42-136
Paleface No. 3.		Smith	
W F Clarke	43	Smith	45-128
Blinn	40		

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Every Eastern Handicap HAS BEEN WON WITH




P O W D E R S

1906 1907 1908
 1909 1910 1911
And NOW 1912

Which was won on Thursday, July 11th, at Bradford, Pa., by C. D. Henline, of Bradford, who used



Score: 96 ex 100 from 20 yds., and 19 ex 20 in the shoot-off.

F. Korner, of Bradford, Pa., 20 yds., and T. J. Wallis, Sharon, Pa., 16 yds., tied with Mr. Henline on 96. They also used  Smokeless.

IT WAS A CLEAN SWEEP FOR POWDERS

First, Second and Third Moneys in The Eastern Handicap

*The Seven High Amateurs
on Single Targets

The Three High Professionals
on Single Targets


The Amateur High Score on Doubles, winning The Holley Trophy

The Professional High Score on Doubles

The Hazard Target Championship Trophy

The Long Run of the Tournament

The Amateur Long Run of the Tournament

*Mr. George Volk, of Toledo, Ohio, who was High Amateur with 388 ex 400, commenced shooting with another powder, but losing 6 out of 75, changed to  and lost only 6 out of his last 325.

WHAT WILL YOU SHOOT AT THE NEXT TOURNAMENT?

Grand American Handicap, 1912

Most wonderful shooting with

THE BLACK SHELLS

Mark Arie, of Thomasboro, Ill., with **THE BLACK SHELLS**, won **Amateur Double Championship - 89 x 100.**

High Amateur for all single targets, 657 x 700

High over all for all program targets, 558 x 600
(singles and doubles)

High over all for all targets - 746 x 800
(singles and doubles)

THE CONSOLATION HANDICAP - 96 x 100
at 20 yards

High over all for all handicap targets, 281 x 300

This remarkable shooting shows clearly what **THE BLACK SHELLS** will do in a repeating or magazine gun.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY

Dept. H, Lowell, Mass.

Cumberland Gun Club.

DAVENPORT, Ia., July 17.—There was some race at our two-day tournament between Jess Young and Max Kneussel, and they never did decide who was the topper of the pair. Each made 291 out of 300. Kneussel outshot Young by one rock on first day, while conditions were reversed the second day. Each man made 13 straights, and each had two frames in which 13 were scored. Billy Hoon slipped in place with 284. Big pro. was C. G. Spencer with another 291, which, while only tying high amateur, was several doors further up the street than his nearest pro. competitor. Scores:

	First Day.		Second Day.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
B J Donnelly.....	150	134	150	135
Carl Horix.....	150	114	150	127
George Reimers.....	150	138	150	126
A H Goehring.....	150	137	150	137
H Boldt.....	150	112
John Foley.....	150	136
E Smith.....	150	131
Jess Young.....	150	144	150	147
C A Hagemann.....	150	128	150	133
H Martins.....	150	140	150	139
Max Kneussel.....	150	145	150	146
W J Kunkel.....	150	119	150	108
A J Droz.....	150	74
W T Sherer.....	150	78
W S Hoon.....	150	144	150	140
N Nuncy.....	150	136	150	143
C Bothell.....	150	136
O E Hull.....	150	126
E A Otto.....	150	119
D Donaldson.....	60	54
J P Kotting.....	75	52
B F Cole.....	60	56
W O'Brian.....	150	121
A T Sperry.....	45	41
Ellingsworth.....	45	36
Professionals:				
C G Spencer.....	150	147	150	144
W H Vietmeyer.....	150	128	150	135
L H Fitzsimmons.....	150	130	150	138
L S McCoy.....	150	137	150	130

H. MARTENS, Sec'y.

Jersey Shore Gun Club.

THE Jersey Shore Gun Club held its first registered tournament under auspices of the Interstate Association near Jersey Shore, July 17. More than forty marksmen were at the traps throughout the day, thirty-three shooting through the entire program. The high amateur

was George Clinger, of Milton, with 145 out of 150. D. Herald, of Sunbury, was second with 143, and Bryan Teats, third, with 142. The feature of the shoot was a run made by George Clinger, who broke 105 straight, and D. K. Kishel, of Ottawa, 113. The first merchandise prize was won by Mr. Donahue, of Lock Haven, on the toss of a coin after it became too dark to shoot. Mr. Donahue and J. A. Klinger, of Pine, were tied four times after shooting 100 extra.

Somers was high pro. with 129 out of 150. Daly broke 126, and Ed. Banks made 115 out of 120.

Orange Gun Club.

ORANGE, N. J., July 20.—A relay team match at the Orange Gun Club showed no winner to-day. The two leading teams of the three tied till too dark to shoot longer. Dukes and Marsh tied Wickes and Lockwood on original program of 20; they shot until 25 had been broken by each team. Then they retired. The other team was composed of Wakeley and Raymond, who broke 19 out of 20.

Wickes and Dukes were tied with a clean score of 25 for the Du Pont trophy, the other scores being: Mosler 23, Raymond 20, Wakeley 20, Lockwood 25.

At 15 pairs of doubles the scores were: Dukes 23, Mosler 23, Wickes 21, Yeomans 24, Wakeley 22.

On the Unger cup Lockwood scored the full 50, the other scores being: Dukes 47, Mosler 42, Wickes 43, Yeomans 41, Raymond 40, Wakeley 47.

Charleston Gun Club.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., July 20.—Fine conditions prevailed at the gun club's shoot yesterday. Sixteen shooters faced the traps and scores resulted as under:

Shot at. Brk.		Shot at. Brk.	
Chamberlain.....	100 95	Payne.....	100 46
Crider.....	100 92	Nicholson.....	50 49
De Gruyter.....	100 90	W F Goshun.....	50 37
Fultz.....	100 84	Beardsley.....	80 48
Mottsheard.....	100 72	Laing.....	50 27
Black.....	100 82	Johnson.....	60 41
Felts.....	100 88	Douglass.....	60 45
Thomas.....	100 79	Moore.....	60 48

DR. G. NICHOLSON, Sec'y.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Marshall Gun Club.

MARSHALL, Mo., July 16.—Nine enthusiasts took up arms in our weekly practice to-day. The program was 50 aerosaucers. Bagnell, F. H. Brown and E. W. Brown shot a great race. The former broke 47 for first, second going to F. H. Brown with 46, place being taken by E. W. with 45. In first 25 all three tied with 23, which figure F. Brown made also in second 25, E. W. missing three birds, while Bagnell missed only one. The scores:

E. W. Brown 45, A. F. Brown 44, Bagnell 47, Poye 33, Tucker 42, Tillery 42, F. Brown 46, Radford 38, Pote 33.

Rifle and Revolver

National Rifle Association.

BISLEY, Eng., July 20.—The National Rifle Association closed a successful tournament of a fortnight's duration with the completion this afternoon of the match for the King's prize, the principal trophy of the meeting. Private A. C. Fulton, a London volunteer, was the winner with an aggregate score of 335 out of a possible 350. The winner of the gold medal has appeared in the final of this competition four times previously, but each time failed to carry off the prize.

YACHTING NOTES.

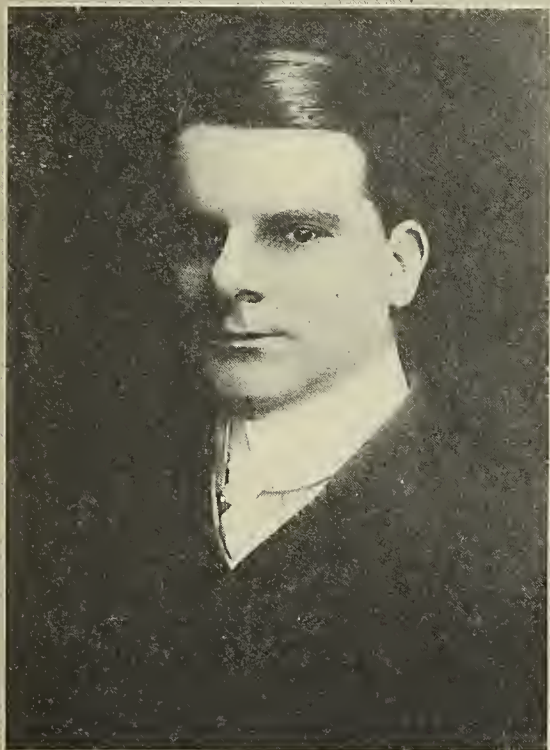
Long Island Y. R. A.

THE Quantuck, Moriches and Westhampton Country Yacht Clubs of the Southeastern Long Island Yachting Association have prepared for a big season. The former will hold its first races on Saturday, July 27. The association race will be sailed on Aug. 3 and 10 and ladies' races on Aug. 27. The Westhampton Country Y. C. will hold its races on July 30, and Aug. 17. The Moriches Club regatta will be held on July 27, Aug. 17 and Aug. 31.

Motor Boating

Studebaker Cup.

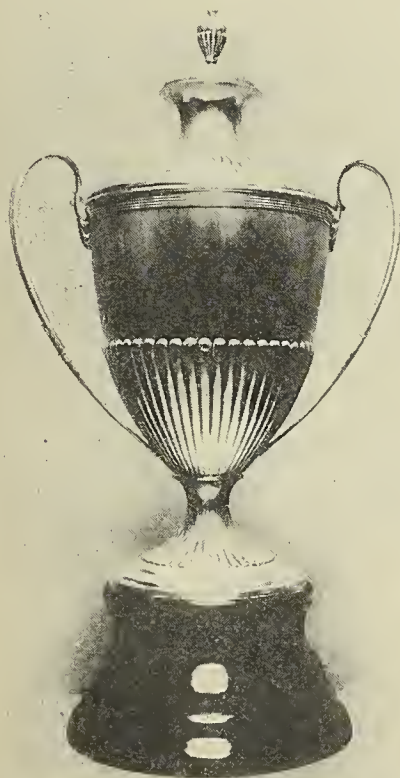
Just how wild a flight of speed is really possible to the highly developed motor boat of the present day is a ground which nautical sharps have found fertile for argument. Practically all events at recent regattas have been raced on a course requiring one or more turns, and there



CLEMENT STUDEBAKER, JR.

are few skippers who have yet succeeded in getting the top speed out of their craft for the whole distance.

Clement Studebaker, Jr., the millionaire vehicle and automobile maker, has been closely



STUDEBAKER CUP.

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Wear Well, Shoot Well and Handle Well

Wear well because they are made of the best material by the most skillful craftsmen. Shoot well because they hold the charge compactly together at extreme ranges. Handle well because the greatest attention has always been paid to the distribution of wood and metal, to insure perfect balance and the most symmetrical outline. Twenty-bore Parkers have set the pace for small bores in America, and are growing in popularity every year with the most progressive sportsmen.

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LEFEVER GUN

WINS HIGH AVERAGE OVER ALL

Blue Grass Championship, Winchester, Ky., July 4th

192 ex 200

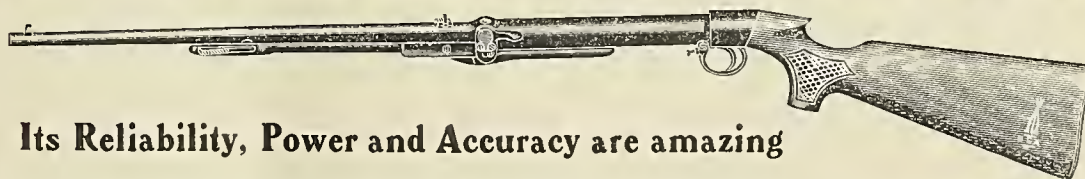
in the hands of Mr. Woolfolk Henderson.

Lefever system of taper boring insures the maximum penetration and most even distribution of shot.

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Hunting Out West



May I Tell You Where To Go, And What To Take?

While anywhere in the great outdoors is of benefit to mankind, the delightful climate of the Rocky Mountains, the fascination of the Western life appeals most strongly to me. If you want to go in pursuit of Elk, Mountain Sheep, Mule Deer or Bear, I can put you in touch with reliable "game-getting" guides. I will tell you what to take and what *not* to take. I will do this willingly whether you buy your outfit from us or not.

Our new book No. 530 tells of Hunting, Fishing and Camping Goods for every section—North, South, East and West. May I send you a copy?

Tawhataui R. Robinson President

NEW YORK SPORTING GOODS CO.

Agents for Maine Hunting Licenses
15 and 17 Warren Street, near Broadway, New York.



(Patented, Feb. 20, 1912.)

SPORTSMEN'S GLASSES REVOLUTIONIZED

by our new **Akops Crystal** lense—a double shade of amber and veridian, and our own exclusive product—far superior to the old style, obsolete amber lense. The **Akops Crystal** eliminates not only all the ultra violet rays, but also all the violet and blue rays which are so irritating to the eye.

The amber lense is less than 50 per cent. efficient, because it cuts out only part of the ultra violet and does not affect the latter two.

Before buying a field glass or binocular, it will pay you to communicate with us.

THE F. W. KING OPTICAL CO. 450 Ellastone Building, Cleveland, Ohio

interested in the argument and took advantage of Detroit's Cadillaqua regatta to make an offer which should go far to differentiate between extravagant claim and actual performance.

Mr. Studebaker gave a massive sterling silver trophy to the motor boat making, during the regatta, the fastest flight over the measured "Studebaker Mile" course on the Detroit River. The event was open to all boats propelled by gasolene engines. The name of the winner will appear in our next issue.

The fastest of the world's motor boats were entered in the Detroit event and conditions were ideal for the very best results.

Carondelet M. B. C.

St. Louis, Mo., July 20.—At a meeting held last night plans for the second annual motor boat regatta, under the auspices of the Carondelet Motor Boat Club, were completed. It will be held on the Mississippi at the foot of Kraus street, Aug. 31, Sept. 1 and 2. Entries so far are: Reliance III., owned by John J. Ryan; Leading Lady III., owned by W. P. Cleveland, Galena, Ill.; Wigwam II., owner, Charles Wise, Astoria, Ore.; Wild Cat II., owner, W. D. Beauvais, St. Louis; Show Me, owner, Sidney T. Bixby, St. Louis; Disturber III., owner, Commodore James A. Pugh, Chicago, Ill. Edwin C. Koenig's Independence III., a 26-foot single step hydroplane, equipped with a four-cylinder, long stroke, 130 horsepower French motor, also will race. The builder of this boat, W. D. Beauvais, has guaranteed the owner a speed of forty-five miles per hour. The racing committee is: Dr. M. C. Starkloff, Commodore; C. W. Rippstein, O. R. Van Kleeck, W. J. O'Hara, W. Rudolf, Jr., J. M. Hass and J. Quirk.

Ocean Race.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., July 20.—Power boat skippers seem to be afraid of ocean or other races requiring navigation. In the Block Island race a few weeks ago only three boats finished, while only seven entered. In the ocean race from New Rochelle around Long Island, under the auspices of the New Rochelle Y. C., held to-day, only three boats entered, these being C. R. Butler's Spindrift, Dr. Pederson's Respite and Dr. Geo. W. Van Benschotten's Half Moon. These power boats represent the Albany Y. C., Columbia Y. C. and Rhode Island Y. C. Respite won, being the only boat to finish the rough trip.

It's Easy to Reload!

If you haven't time to cast bullets, we furnish hand made bullets for any caliber at low prices. You then merely decap and re-cap shell, insert powder and crimp shell on to bullet.

Free 160 Pages **Does it pay?** You can reload 100 .32-40 smokeless short range cartridges (buying the bullets) in half an hour at a total expense of 77c.; casting bullets yourself, 38c.; the new factory cartridges cost you \$2.52 per 100.

The **Ideal Hand Book** tells about reloading all rifle, pistol and shotgun ammunition; free for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
27 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

No Shortcomings

The Smith Gun has no shortcomings—not one. The 6 Hunter brothers, with inventions, precision, workmanship and experience, kept after shot gun shortcomings for 22 years, until they had wiped out the last and least important one.

"6 Times 22 Years Experience" gives the shooter of a Smith Gun the fullest possible pleasure in the field, and the maximum game in his bag.

Ask your dealer to show you the new L. C. Smith 20-gauge. Send for Catalog.

HUNTER ARMS CO., 90 Hubbard St., FULTON, N. Y.

L. C. SMITH GUNS

Safety Rigs for Motor Boating Emergencies.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERG WALSH.

EQUIPMENTS required by law for motor boats are only such as ordinary common sense would dictate to safeguard navigation, and the owner of a craft will not stop short with these if he considers the safety of his boat and himself. The navigation laws do not require the carrying of emergency rigs, for their intent and purpose is to protect the water highways from the invasion of the rights of the many by a few careless or ignorant people. They do not attempt to formulate rules for the protection of the individual against himself. A motor boat must perforce carry lights, whistles, life preservers and similar equipment, but he may use an old leaky tub for his boat, carry a wornout cranky engine, take insufficient gasoline, and leave his tools behind without in any way breaking the navigation laws. That is all a matter that concerns him alone.

But the experienced motor boat owner and navigator supplies himself with all sorts of emergency equipment.

Now, it is no reflection upon the value or seaworthiness of the motor boat to make proper preparations for accidents that may happen to the motor or machinery, and breakdowns may be caused by heavy seas and storms. No man who ventures far from the shore is sure that he will return safely to it without encountering bad weather.

An emergency sail rig is now considered necessary for motor boats which take long cruises or trips along the coast, or on any of our great bodies of water. Such a rig enables the navigator to get back to land without the use of the engine. The emergency sail rig is simply large enough to give good steering headway, so that the craft can be kept from drifting and work its way slowly into port. A rig of this nature can be stowed away in a small space. It may not be used for years, possibly never, but when needed is invaluable.

Both sail and spar should be strong and serviceable. The average motor boat is not built with the idea of carrying a sail, and consequently it must not be large, or the hull may be strained. A small leg of mutton sail will answer for the average boat. Emergency outfits of this character may easily be obtained or rigged up on shore. The yard should be jointed, and masts in the form of a joint that can be let down are convenient. Many standing masts on motor boats are of the jointed form so that they may be let down without unstepping when passing beneath bridges.

The emergency sail rig should be strong enough to withstand a hard blow. A very small sail area will give a good deal of drawing power to a motor boat that has good lines. A tall mast is, therefore, not required, nor for that matter a heavy or cumbersome one. The whole rig should be simple, easy of stowage, with good driving power, and so arranged that it can be quickly installed and operated.

A great variety of these sail rigs are made for motorboats of all sizes, but for a small craft under twenty-five feet any ingenious yachtsman can rig one.

When caught off a bad coast in a storm the navigator experiences many difficulties unless he is prepared for the emergency. The storm may prove too severe to make headway against the wind and waves. The motor may be working, but to drive it at full speed against waves and wind may prove risky. To slow it down may mean loss of headway, and that is a bad business. In such an emergency the only safe course often is to anchor and ride out the storm.

But how many motorboats that go to sea for short trips are prepared to ride out a storm? If properly equipped, however, a good staunch, seaworthy boat can ride out about the roughest storm that springs up suddenly. The motorboat that plunges forward under full power is liable in a heavy storm to broach to and roll over or to drive the nose under each crested wave. There

(Continued on page 126.)

Kennel Department

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 28.—Southern Ohio Field Trial Association's second annual field trials. G. R. Harris, Sec'y, 15 West Sixth St., Cincinnati, O.

Monmouth County Kennel Club.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., July 20.—There was a small dog show here to-day, with many arbitrary decisions by the judges. The winners were:

Bloodhounds, Bitches.—Miss Amy L. Bonham's Kennel Pride.

St. Bernards, Rough, Dogs.—Hercuven Kennels' Champion Alta Marvel.

St. Bernards, Smooth, Dogs.—Elkwood Kennels' Elkwood's Monarch.

Greyhounds, Bitches.—B. F. Lewis' Lansdowne Artemis.

English Setters, Dogs.—Meadowview Kennels' Meadowview Rob Roy; reserve, Joe Lewis' Deodora Prince II.

Cocker Spaniels, Black, Dogs.—Mrs. Frederick Allen's Peter; reserve, Mrs. S. Jessen's Antonio.

Collies, Rough, Dogs.—Mrs. L. L. Andrass' Southport Stamp; reserve, Joseph T. Ryan's Kelton Fluffy.

Poodles, Curly, Dogs.—Mr. Jacques Bustanoby's Fidele.

Chow Chow, Dogs.—Greenaere Kennels' Rufus.

Bulldogs, Dogs.—Rock Cliffe Kennels' Rock Cliffe Hats Off; reserve, Inwall Kennels' Baron Beaming.

Bulldogs, Bitches.—Inwall Kennels' Wroxham Perrier; reserve, Walter Murray's Thornbury Pearl.

Airedale Terriers, Dogs.—B. Richard Simon's Baughfell Model; reserve, Theodore Offerman's York the Past Master.

Bull Terriers, Dogs.—Robert S. Frey's Atleboro Chevalier; reserve, Scott L. Libby's Williston, Jr.

Bull Terriers, Bitches.—Wex Jones' Frost.

Boston Terriers, Dogs.—Daniel P. Ritchey's Revilo Rip, Jr.

Fox Terriers, Smooth, Dogs.—E. H. Ingwersen's Niola Invader.

Fox Terriers, Wire Haired Dogs.—Howard Ehrieh's Kenmare Footman.

Irish Terriers, Dogs.—John G. Bates' Blarney Badger.

Pomeranians, Dogs.—Mrs. Frank T. Clarke's Ashton Wee Oliver.

Pomeranians, Bitches.—Mrs. Ralph C. Stewart's Offley Girl.

Pekinese Spaniels, Dogs.—Mrs. Howard Ellery Mitchell's Sutherland Kai.

Bulldog Breeders Ass'n of America.

THE fourth produce stakes of the Bulldog Breeders' Association of America are now open and nomination blanks can be had at the office of the Secretary, Abram D. Gillette, Ft. Salonga, L. I. These produce stakes are open to all, whether members of the Bulldog Breeders' Association or not.

Thoroughbred bull bitches bred to thoroughbred bulldogs between the dates of July 1, 1912, and June 30, 1913, only are eligible for nomination.

WRITE our editor about the interesting incidents of your vacation. Short, pithy letters just fill the bill.

Kennel.

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Book on Dog Diseases

AND HOW TO FEED.



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A thoroughbred English Setter (Lord Lavarack), 5 years of age. Excellent bird or game dog. Thoroughly "broke." Male. State price offered. No fair offer refused. Reason for selling: moving to city, and no suitable quarters for him. Communicate by mail with EDWARD E. ELY, 17 W. 40th St., Bayonne, N. J.

DOGS FOR SALE.

Do you want to buy a dog or pup of any kind? If so, send for list and prices of all varieties. Always on hand.

OXFORD KENNELS,
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FOR SALE—Dogs, Setters and Pointers; Fox, Coyote, Wolf and Deer Hounds; Coon, Cat, Bear, Varmint and Rabbit Hounds. Shipped on trial. Send 4 cents stamps for 50-page illustrated catalogue.

BLUE GRASS FARM KENNELS, Berry, Ky.

COCKER SPANIELS.

Several fine black Cocker Spaniel dogs, about 1 year, field type. Suitable to train in for the fall shooting.

HANDSOME BROOK KENNEL, Franklin, N. Y.

Hunting Hounds for Hunters. Well bred, well trained, well kept. COLUMBIAN BEAGLE KENNELS, Chatham, N. Y.

Beagles and Rabbit Hounds.—Thoroughly trained and experienced hunters. Not gunshy. Satisfaction guaranteed. Puppies all ages. LEWIS MILLER, West Chester, Pa.

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Gives all official news of the American Kennel Club, including registrations, with addresses of owners and breeders, fixtures, club officials, active members, official awards of shows, and cancellations and corrections.

Breeders' Register for names of breeders by States.

Stud Dog Register for names of stud dogs by States.

These Registers have proved of great benefit to many. Fee only \$2.00 per year for each breed or stud dog.

The Pocket Kennel Record

Morocco. Price, 50 cents.

The "Pocket Kennel Record" is, as its name implies, a handy book for the immediate record of all events and transactions which take place away from home, intended to relieve the owner from the risk of trusting any important matter to his memory.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

Resorts for Sportsmen.

Maine.



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HUNTING, FISHING, RECREATION

A **Big Country** is here opened up for Sportsmen just half way down the "West Branch" Canoe Trip; 40 miles by steamer from Greenville to Northeast Carry; twenty miles to Chesuncook by canoe, twenty miles more to camps by motor boat or canoe. Another route by canoe from Norcross, Maine. Another overland by team from Lilly Bay (Moosehead Lake) to Caribou Lake, thence by canoe or motor boat 12 miles to camps. **Home Camps** comfortable with spring beds, etc. **Back Camps and Lean-tos** cover a great tract of Wilderness, for Sportsmen desiring to go far back in the woods. **Good living everywhere, Grouse, Ducks and Black Bear.** We guarantee to give you **Trout Fishing** that is **unequaled** and **Moose and Deer Hunting** that is **unsurpassed.** Choice of the sportiest quick water in Maine, for the stream fisherman, or the most placid of pond and lake fishing for those who prefer it, where brook trout rise to the fly all summer.

RALPH BISBEE - - - Kokadjo, Maine

BELGRADE LAKE

is the **best bass lake in Maine**, and Thwing Bros. Camps is the best fishing resort on the lake.

We cater to fishermen and their families

Individual camps with bath—excellent table, spring water, fine beds and personal attention of the management—trout and salmon fishing unexcelled.

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Finest July, August and September fly-fishing. Machias and Musquacook regions of Maine. Largest trout, togue, and salmon.

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AN IDEAL OUTING PLACE

On the main road to Yellowstone, where you can build up a run down constitution

while you fish, ride horseback, climb mountains, or just loaf. A tent, a cabin or a house. Rates, \$12.00 a week. **KARST'S COLD SPRING RESORT,** Salesville, Montana.

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Elk, deer, mountain sheep, goat, bear and small game in season. Special rates for fishing and camping trips. First-class outfit and dogs. Reference given. **J. K. STADLER, Ovando, Mont.**

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Spruce Brook - - - Newfoundland
Salmon fishing. Caribou hunting. Canoeing. Motor boating. Lovely scenery. Every comfort, but no frills. Terms moderate. Guides, licenses and all, provided.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Do you want good **SALMON** and **TROUT** fishing? Or to shoot the "lordly **CARIBOU!** Apply **J. R. WHITAKER,**
The Bungalow, Grand Lake, Newfoundland.

Maryland.

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On Atlantic Coast

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Nova Scotia.

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is always the danger in such an emergency of the engine failing.

The experienced motor boat navigator would have his anchor ready for immediate use and also his oil bags. The anchor equipment of a seagoing motor boat is one that needs special attention. Most boats designed for still water sailing carry an anchor or anchors inadequate for use off shore in a storm. The most common fault is too light an anchor and too short a cable. If the water is not too deep, a motor boat properly anchored off shore can ride out the storm that is too severe for the boat to face with the engine running.

The anchor then has real work to perform, and the test of its usefulness is never more critical. In the heavy sea the boat will rise and fall on the waves, and this will give a tremendous jerk on the cable and anchor. The tendency is to jerk the anchor up each time the boat rises and dragging follows. The longer the cable in such an emergency, the longer the slant it will have, and consequently the less upward jerk on the anchor. Extra lengths of cable for emergencies should always be carried along.

The small anchors perfectly suited for fishing and anchoring in mild weather are of little use in a storm. For sea purposes or for use on the Great Lakes a boat of one ton should not have an anchor weighing less than twenty pounds, and a two-ton boat should carry one of at least thirty pounds, and a four-ton boat from fifty to sixty pounds. These figures, however, are hardly adequate for severe emergencies. The best rule is for a motor boat of thirty feet to carry a forty to fifty-pound anchor and a twenty-five-foot boat a twenty to twenty-five-pound anchor.

Few motor boats carry sea anchors, and yet they are of the utmost importance. One reason why sea anchors are not generally carried probably is the comparative ease that one can be extemporized in an emergency. A good seaman can extemporize a fairly good sea anchor out of a pair of oars and some canvas, or for that matter from planks ripped up from the bottom or side of the boat. The oars are crossed and the ends fastened together with rope. Then a piece of canvas is cut to cover one side, hanging down in the middle to form a sort of pocket into which some heavy article of metal is placed. A rope bridle is formed, crossed from two corners of the frame, and to this the cable is attached. But after all the necessary materials for extemporizing a sea anchor may not be aboard, and in that event considerable trouble would be experienced in riding out the storm. It is much better to make the sea anchor at home and carry it stored away in the boat.

The simplest form of a homemade sea anchor may be constructed on shore. For the ordinary motor boat take an iron ring twenty-five to forty inches in diameter, cut a piece of canvas to fit around the iron and lace it to the ring. The depth of the cone should be about twice the diameter of the mouth. When cut to the proper shape, sew a double seam down the outer side. At the end of the cone fasten a small iron ring to which a light tripping rope is attached. This is useful in hauling in the sea anchor. A rope bridle of five ends should be fastened to the ring and brought together in a knot about two feet from the mouth. A ring should be attached so that a cable can be quickly fastened to it. A sea anchor of this character takes up little more storage room than required for the circle of iron, and it can be tucked away in a locker until needed.

An ordinary pail has been used in emergencies as a sea anchor, and also wooden buckets. The handles of these, however, are apt to weaken under the strain and give way.

As a last resort in a heavy sea the motor boat navigator must resort to the oil bags. With the sea anchor holding the boat up into the waves there may still be danger. The crested waves may be so high that they break over the bow and gradually swamp the craft. In such an emergency the oil bags may save the day. Like the sea anchor these can be extemporized in an emergency if the necessary materials are at hand. But advance preparation is always the safest. It is easier to make the oil bags on shore and store

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them away with the sea anchor and extra cable lengths.

The oil bags may be made out of old pieces of canvas in any shape desired. The most acceptable and usual shape is cylindrical, and about six inches in diameter. The bags must be made of at least three or four thicknesses of canvas so that the oil will not escape too freely. The bags are stuffed with oakum, and with a rope bridle attached they are ready for use. When needed they are first attached to a short length of cable, and then the oakum is saturated with cylinder oil. These must be used freely until the oakum has absorbed all it will hold. Usually it is wise to attach to the oil bags a small, wooden float, for sometimes they prove so heavy that they will sink. They must float on the surface to give the proper results. A little experiment with them when finished will enable one to judge how large a float is needed. Some place a piece of cork the size of the fist in the bag to make floating certain.

The oil bags should be floated a few fathoms ahead of the boat to quiet the breaking waves. Two oil bags floated ahead of the boat on either side will suffice. If the storm proves a long one the bags can be hauled in as needed and replenished with more oil. In this way one may safely ride out a rough storm for forty-eight or more hours. Many a boat and yacht has been saved by the sea anchor and oil bags. Where there is plenty of sea room the boat can be allowed to drift indefinitely with a good sea anchor thrown out, and there will be no danger of the boat drifting around so as to get the pounding seas on the side. The motor may be dead or kept going very slowly if it is not desirable to drift too far.

When all these precautions have been taken and the seas continue to break over the boat, the only thing left to do is to get on the life preserver and wait for the end. But do not abandon the boat until it has actually sunk. Many an abandoned boat has eventually floated ashore in perfect condition or been picked up by other vessels while the frightened occupants were drowned in trying to swim to the shore.

The old maxim of the sea still is: "Stick to your ship until the last." Then take to the sea, but don't forget your life preservers. Moreover, don't be ashamed to pass out the life preservers before it is too late. It is no sign of cowardice or panic to insist upon every one wearing a life preserver when things begin to look squally and threatening for the safety of the boat. Preparedness for the worst is good seamanship.

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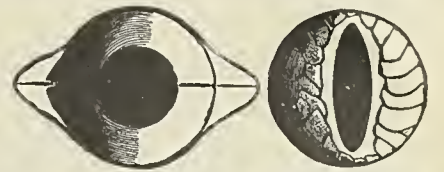
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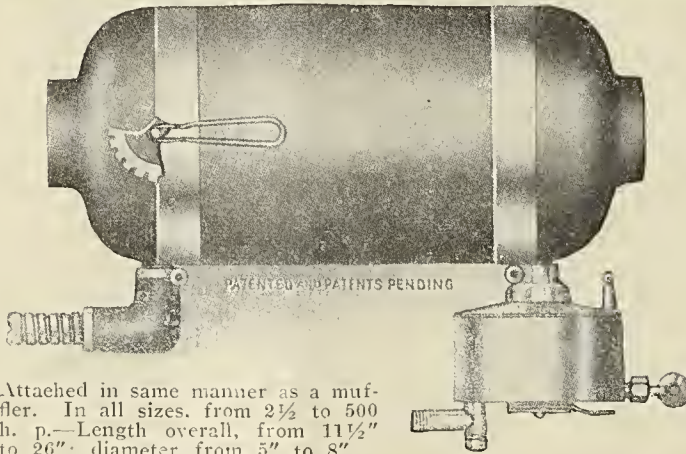
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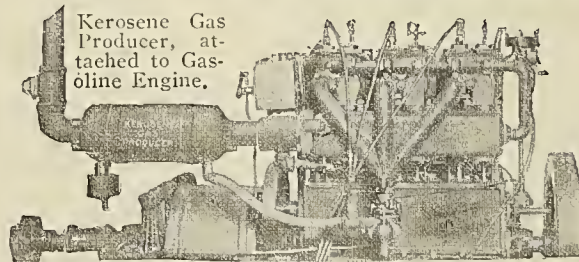
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The reason is obvious. The book is written in plain English, and all the details are set down so simply that a boy can follow them. All of the types of rods used on fresh and salt water are described and specifications given. Separate chapters cover all details, and the one on split cane rodmaking is the only comprehensive treatise on that subject ever published.

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PARTRIDGES IN CAPTIVITY.

THE State game hatchery at Wilbraham is making an experiment in partridge propagation that will be watched with interest by sportsmen all over the State, and if it proves successful it will demonstrate something that has long been hoped for, but never realized.

The State hatchery has proved that pheasants can be raised and bred in captivity, but the partridge, with its shy and timid ways, has been an uncertain problem all these years. At last the State hatchery has succeeded in hatching fourteen partridges, all of which are living and are doing finely and bid fair to reach maturity in captivity.

The method under which the State became possessed of these birds has a local flavor, for they were hatched from Great Barrington eggs. Game Warden Sargood on one of his hikes over Beartown Mountain into Great Barrington territory came unexpectedly upon a partridge's nest in which there were fourteen eggs upon which the mother bird had sat for ten days or so. Sargood gathered up the eggs, wrapped each one in cotton batting and some other protection, and carried them to the State hatchery.

The eggs had been six hours away from the nest when he reached the hatchery, but fortunately a bantam hen had been setting on a clutch of pheasant's eggs just about ten days, so they transferred this bantam to the partridge eggs and she hatched every one of them. Now the hatchery people will do their best to so domesticate these young partridges that when they reach maturity and arrive at the laying stage their eggs may be hatched in captivity and the flock at the hatchery thus materially increased until in course of time partridges may be put out from there into the woodland covers the same as pheasants are now handled.

This means the solving of a problem that has long been considered, but which hitherto, from lack of the right opportunity, has not before been tried at the hatchery. There has always been such an element of doubt entering into the problem in scuring eggs at the right time to insure a hatch that many obstacles have hitherto surrounded the attempt. Now the way to success appears most encouraging.—From the Berkshire Courier.

OYSTERS NOT POPULAR IN AUSTRIAN CAPITAL.

CONSUL-GENERAL CHARLES DENBY, of Vienna, Austria, says: "Oysters are offered for sale in several large Vienna restaurants, always in the shell, but they are not much in demand. They are seldom served in private houses or at banquets. The oyster usually found in the restaurants is the Whitstable oyster, sold on the half shell at six crowns (about \$1.20) per dozen. On the Adriatic coast of Austria, at Trieste and other cities, local oysters are peddled about the streets, but this variety seldom reaches Vienna.

There were imported into Austria-Hungary in the year 1910 twenty tons of oysters valued at about \$10,000. They came from Belgium, Germany and Holland. There is fast freight transportation in Austria, performing all the functions of the express service in America. The refrigerator service on Austrian railways is at present not fully developed, and a service of refrigerator cars on a regular time table does not exist."

MALTESE CATS AND DOGS.

CONSUL JAMES O. LAING, resident at Malta, says: "Many requests have been received from Americans to be placed in touch with breeders of pure-bred Maltese terriers and cats. There are a few of the so-called Maltese terriers in Malta, but they are not of pure blood, and the puppies, which the street hawkers offer for sale to tourists, are more or less mongrel with a strain of the old breed. The Maltese cat does not exist in Malta; at least not one has been seen here of the color called Maltese in the United States."



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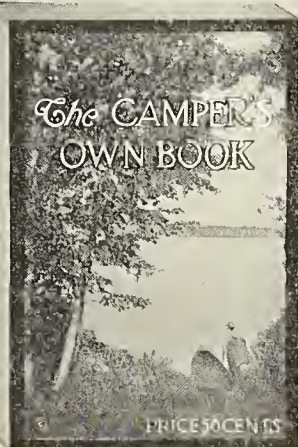
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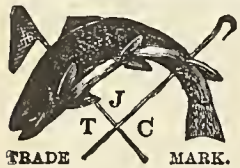
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Roughing it in Big Cypress

By WILLIAM PERRY BROWN

WILD life, of the shootable kind, is much more in evidence in the Big Cypress than amid the more open savannas of the "Grasswater," or Everglades in South Florida. To hunt in the Big Cypress swamp it is best to either go in the dry season—always uncertain as to time and duration—or to proceed through some of the many waterways by boat, with a competent guide. In fact, even at this day the average tourist sportsman is apt to hear more about this tremendous swamp than he is likely to see, for the difficulty—not to speak of the expense—of penetrating the surrounding country is, to many, too discouraging.

The Big Cypress lies south of the Caloosahatchee River, from which it is separated by broad stretches of open pine land, low scrub ridges, and smaller isolated areas of hammock and saw grass marsh. A good deal of this flat, open country in Southern Florida is so often flooded during wet seasons as to be termed "drowned lands." Miles upon miles of it may then be traversed on horseback, the depth of water varying from "shoemouth" to near swimming depth, the last when one happens to strike a natural watercourse or saw grass, for at these wet times all things look alike to the traveler—water, water, everywhere, with the perpetual forest, and forest undergrowth alone deceiving the eye with fallacious promise of dry land.

One who can go from Tampa or the Charlotte's Harbor section along the gulf coast down into Gallivan's Bay and below Cape Romano and effect a landing with suitable guides and other equipment, may enter the Big Cypress from the west without much trouble. Along this side some of the larger hammocks have been secured by private individuals for game preserves or plantations to raise tropical fruits. This last, however, only to a moderate extent. If the great drainage development goes on under State supervision as at present, this region as well as certain portions of the Glades will be much more accessible. But at this time to reach the more accessible points nearest to the big swamp, the tax for a coasting sloop, boats, guides and other paraphernalia is beyond the purse power of ordinary, every day hunters, unless they club together, or are personally known to some one of the class of individuals who have already secured a foothold along the edge.

When once beyond the immediate influence of railroads, steamers, and the towns they have created, the natural conditions surrounding and within the Big Cypress are much the same as when the Seminoles took refuge there in the

wars with the whites, and when, after most of them were taken west, the remainder made their final home in the Everglades.

Coming to the big swamp itself, when we reflect that here is a water-wooded wilderness

probably larger than the Great Dismal (in Virginia) and the Okcfenokee swamps put together, we may have a stray notion as to its extent. Add to this that it is so far south that frost is practically unknown, with all which this implies



THE BIG CYPRESS.

in regard to natural wild growth and animal life, we may easily doubt if there is another region of similar extent and formation where such phenomenal conditions exist in our own broad land.

It is probably almost the last refuge for the alligator, now so nearly exterminated in more settled regions. A species of this tribe, here and in the Big Mangrove Swamp (southeast of the Glades) is so fiercely carnivorous as to be locally called crocodiles, though there is no evidence to prove that they are closely akin to the terrible man-eaters of equatorial Africa or the far East. They are more allied to the huge, savage cayman of the Amazon and other tropical South American swamps. But they are isolated, few in number, and their habitat is limited through natural causes. Many years ago, when living in South Florida, I saw a Seminole lad near Fort Dallas, who was one-legged—the only one-legged redskin I ever met. I was told that when he was very small a crocodile attacked his father, who was toting him across a bayou or lagoon. Whether the parent got clear I know not, but the kid lost a leg.

Penetrating these "drowned lands" that belt the Big Cypress is by no means easy or pleasant, except in very dry seasons, which here are exceptionally infrequent owing to the Gulf stream and the humid west winds off the Gulf. The flat monotony is broken by clumps of stunted pine, and saw and cabbage palmetto. Nearing the Big Cypress these clumps increase in number and size. Camping on the way is not comfortable, for only in the highest spots, amid these clumps, is the earth dry. One learns to distinguish the dryer clumps by the kind of growth thereon. Pine, oak, hickory and other hardwoods seldom attain much vigor; where the water "sobs" the earth they grow in all the year round. On the lower swamp islands those hammocks, where cypress, gum, water oak, mangrove and certain kinds of bay and magnolia flourish, they indicate wet and miry soil. Some of these Big Cypress hammocks are so large as to seem interminable. The ferns are gigantic, while the melancholy Spanish moss festoons the branches above so as to exclude the very sun.

The term "island" down there is merely relative, meaning not so much dry land surrounded by water as land that is a trifle higher than similar land immediately surrounding it. Everywhere the tall cabbage palm raises its clustered fronds, and everywhere the moss streams alike from all higher timber, its long, trailing gray masses dominating the whole in a way hardly possible to describe. It is in these vast, intricate "islands," where the soil is always oozy and sunlight hardly ever penetrates, except in spots, that the deer, bear and turkey find refuge when their feeding grounds are disturbed by the hunter. Snakes abound, many of them poisonous, such as water moccasins, swamp adders, ground rattlers and the like. High boots, or leggings of thick leather, should be worn by the more venturesome.

Bear are fairly numerous in the Big Cypress. They are rather small, cowardly, and unless young and quite fat, not good eating. Their rusty, brownish black hides are less valuable in the fur market than hides procured further north. When wounded, cornered, or in defense of their young, they may put up a fight to the extent of whipping a dog or two. But it re-

quires no great skill to murder one when cornered. The real test of sportsmanlike grit lies in getting there yourself with your weapon dry and serviceable. The recesses where these bear will penetrate before being treed or held up are such a mass of intermingling brush, vines, ferns, bottomed in depthless ooze, one wonders not so much how he got there, as to how he will get the bear out. Still it is often done, and bragged about on hotel porches thereafter where the surroundings are more congenial to yarn exaggerations than the actual occurrence—bad as it was—would altogether justify.

Deer may be had almost anywhere in season. They are more plentiful than in the open glades to the east. One may not see many when tramping, but they are in the thick places, lying perdu, fleeing from man before man often gets a sight. Only a glimpse, at that, of a flash of white over something dun underneath; then the saw palmetto hides all. I except the native Indian, who is among the best of "stalkers" seldom using dogs, and more lynx-eyed in his wilderness than a city sleuth at home. With good guides the sportsman will get his fill of deer shooting by being simply placed on good stands, and if guides are faithful they will drive the pretty dun whitetails within open gunshot, especially if their employer has been liberal with the "long green."

It is, however, the wild turkey that is compensation for undergoing such a toilsome trip. There br'er turkey still holds sway, much as he did before the white man came. The reasons for this are as follows: One is the difficulty and expense incurred by the average sportsman in getting himself and a suitable outfit there—on the ground. The other is one most creditable to those who are carrying it out. Namely, as I have said before, it is the institution of several private game preserves on the larger "islands" that have been taken for plantation usage. One of these includes several hundred acres of higher land destined for the culture of grape fruit. The owner has forbidden the killing of turkeys by anyone on his land, which in all embraces a thousand or more acres. The cleared land now utilized is less than a fifth. Indians often visit him from the glades, but so well known is his ultimatum they respect it perhaps because they respect the man himself. He has plenty of help, and if any white intruder disobeys, his summary ejection follows. Even the irresponsible pot and plume hunter keeps clear of these private refuges. It is said that in the hunting season the turkey learns to know these refuges, for they swarm about them. A friend who visited the Big Cypress recently told me that they were so tame, gobbling and strutting up and down about the hens, that to shoot them would be a shame.

But the wild turkey is a wild turkey all the same. Catch these same turkeys a few days later, and they have become a different bird altogether. They are then as hard to approach as they were easy when safe in their island refuge. How did they acquire this knowledge? Probably by the same means that the most of us acquire certain usages in life—the force of habit. They felt that they were safe in those refuges. This instinct or sub-intelligence is most acute in the wild turkey. The Seminoles recognize it when they say, in hunting: "Deer look up, see injun. Say 'Mebbe injun, mebbe stump.'

Turkey look up, see injun. Say 'Mebbe injun,' then he run away mighty quick."

Groups of strutting gobblers and hens with their broods would walk fearlessly among the workmen on these refuges. Yet they kept a suspicious eye on strangers who wielded neither axe, mattock nor hoe. Away in the swamp, or on the prairie, these birds were exceedingly wary. In the brief dry seasons the native hunter will often drag a lighted torch of dead palmetto leaves across the wind. This is to assist his progress from one island to another. Turkeys are unharmed, and the deer are drawn hither to lick the salty ashes. But the snakes perish by the thousand; the new grass makes good feeding ground for the game later on. A born hunter, who walks without stepping on things that make a noise, or shadows the thick places without a rustle, may pick up a turkey in the Big Cypress most any time. But it takes the green hand so much longer that he is apt to quit, or fall back on the old pioneer dodge of seeking br'er turkey at night. When roosting high amid the big timber he is an easier and less sportsmanlike mark.

One of the easiest ways to secure a wild turkey is to let the birds do the hunting. This sounds paradoxical, but note the method. The place to hide in must be chosen with judgment and with the wind, if any, blowing from the direction where the turkeys are feeding. A clump of palmetto in the edge of a burnt prairie where the young grass is up, is as good as any. Chance counts for a lot. When the turkeys drift back to their roosting place in the swamp, about sunset, makes a good combination. They are almost sure to spend the day among the young grass. If they do not approach near enough, a deft call or two on a yelper will often assist. The gobblers are apt to gobble and advance closer, though with suspicion.

Also a sizeable panther or wildcat may be stirred up when least expected. Then there is always fishing of the best, both of fresh and salt water.

New Publications.

THE YOSEMITE, by John Muir. Century Co. Cloth, 284 pages, illustrated.

So attractively has John Muir portrayed The Yosemite that the reading is almost as good as a trip through the National Park. He tells, as only Mr. Muir can, of the birds, flowers, trees and the park conditions in winter and summer. The work is illustrated with original photographs, with maps inserted showing the general features, and includes an outlined map for the traveler. It is dedicated to Robert Underwood Johnson, editor of the Century Magazine, and is finished and bound in the incomparable style of James Abbott.

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS, by F. W. Headley. With-erby & Co., London. 8vo., 260 pages, 5s. net.

F. W. Headley, whose works, "The Structure and Life of Birds" and the "Life and Evolution of Birds," have been instructive as well as interesting, has issued a new book, "The Flight of Birds," with a continuation of his erudite style. The plates are made from clean photographs well handled. There is much of interest contained in the book for the aeroplane driver, as it includes many comparative tables.

In Quest of the Red-Eyes

By J. B. THOMPSON, Author of "The Tale of a Quail"

IT has always been my practice in spring, after the last cold spell, or at least after what is imagined to be the last, to make my obeisance to the small-mouth of Current River, Missouri. This had so long been the case that I considered it really a necessary procedure in order to propitiate the fish gods in my favor. Personally, I have always believed it to be the

through mountains, right in the maple sugar camps of Shannon county. Big Creek; that is the one.

I remembered once a visit there without rod or fishing tackle of any kind. Yes, that was the place where I cast the early grasshopper on the hastening waters and the great rush of red-eyes after it. In a few days I had arrived at Emi-

be made on foot over steep acclivities, numerous waterways, and not the least among the native element hostile to visitors if they bear any resemblance to their conceptions of certain State officers. Unfortunately I came within the latter classification, and the well-meaning prosecuting attorney had warned me at the last moment against exposing my identity and protested strongly my making the trip on foot and alone.

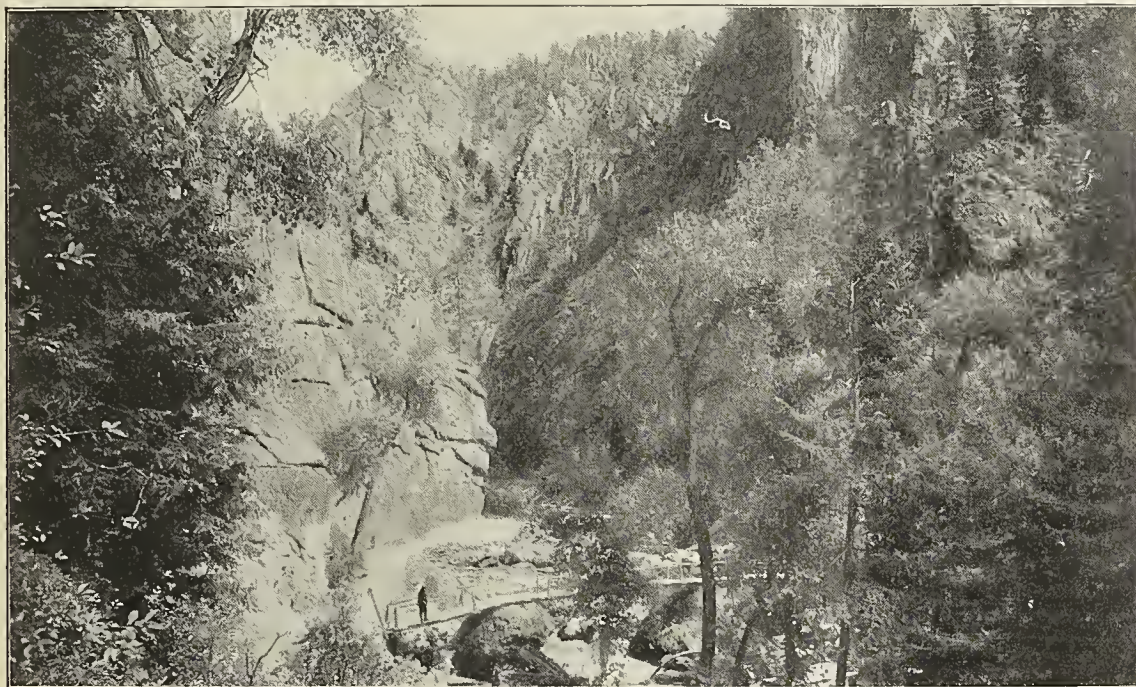
But an angler has little consideration for other than the subject of his quest. I was anxious to be off. However, Jack's Fork had taken a sudden rise and was too deep to ford and not a boat in sight, so I remained a day in the terrace-situated town and watched a snow storm chill my prospects, but not my ardor.

Fortunately the following day broke clear, and in an hour the sun, under the influence of a warm southern breeze, had vanished. Somewhat restless I took a stroll down the stream and found a small boat moored to a clump of leather wood. There was only one way to acquire its services; that was to appropriate it without asking. So I ran hastily to town, gathered my scanty luggage, threw it in the craft, and after a hard struggle poled her across the rapids. I left her fastened for some other wayfarer.

Knowing the depths of the main streams I decided to avoid them. Keeping close within touch of them I could tell my whereabouts wherever I happened to be. I knew the river routes well, but back in the untouched wilderness of the pine, where houses were not to be met up with, I was dependent on those signs of direction which nature posts in the wild countries. I got my course as I passed the last farm and swung along the bluffs for a short distance and left the stream right at the point where the river makes its horseshoe bend.

A trail was discovered across the first hill. It was followed to the northeast until it reached a rapid creek, whose bed of flat rock made quick falls in its haste to the river. It was Sheldon Creek. While its water was clear and it possessed the desirable swiftness, it lacked the depth of the typical small-mouth stream. I pursued it for a mile or more before I discovered a crossing.

Evidently the cold had still a grasp on the



BIG CREEK.

best red-eye stream I have come in contact with, while its fish were the strongest battlers I had ever engaged with, its waters the coldest and by far the clearest, and the fish ran larger in size. I have had only one complaint to register against it—the late period in spring before the bass rose to flies; sometimes they remained until the latter part of May before offering battle with the light fly-rod.

Other nearby streams offer fishing a month before, but as with the exception of Eleven Point they contain the less belligerent big-mouth. They have been unable to lure me from my favorite. But my favorite stream takes the melting snows from so many formidable chains of hillsides. The water is very late before it has enough warmth to bring forth the little bronze warriors from their lair of rock. However, a month's idleness from a stream in spring is unthought of by the angler, so I planned a little sortie to one of the tributaries, reasoning that where the water warmed earlier, fishing would be of some consequence.

Nevertheless I had to think of an ideal place. There were Buffalo and others, but too many big-mouth in them to suit me. Then I began to count over acquaintances of the kind from Current River's source, and I knew only one creek would fit my wants. It must of course be a tributary of Current River, have its start from springs in the mountains, rock and gravel bottom, fairly deep and particularly swift, nearly all its length, as a mill race. Then as suddenly came to my mind a small stream way up, cutting

nence, the county seat on the Jack's Fork of Current River.

While I had gained this little town, plastered by some miracle on the side of a hill, and by a greater miracle it remained there, I had only passed a few of the terrors incident to the journey. The undesirable train service looked almost like comfortable traveling, when I realized that the remainder of my journey was to



CURRENT RIVER.

shaded areas of the northeast face of the bluffs. Icicles clung to the shelving rock.

An hour before dusk I espied a small clearing in the distance and gazing beyond a well known landmark on the east approach of the river—the large bluff of rock called Bee Rock. Yes, I had reason to remember it, for only the spring before I saw a four-point whitetail leap to his death on the gravel bar—a palpable case of suicide. It was in the little valley upon which the rock frowned, and where the blue smoke of green wood fire curled up, that I realized was one place where I could remain for the night. The character of my host was doubtful as the vindictiveness of former feuds in the valley remained, and a certain intangible hostility against a man from the city was still there, and I doubt if this feeling will ever be eradicated. A certain apprehension took hold of me as I dropped to the flat to apply for a night's lodging, and more than that, if fishing was good, a week would find me there, but the owner of the small farm was a dangerous citizen when aroused, and I thought caution was necessary.

Through the second growth hickory on the outside of the fence a man and a woman pulled laboriously a cross-cut saw. I walked over to them and offered the conventional "Howdy," responded to in the same tone as offered, possibly a little brusker and slightly tainted with curiosity as well as suspicion. I seated myself on another log, showing no undue eagerness to enter into conversation, and watched the slow severing of the hard wood. We remained under this spell of uncommunicativeness for at least thirty minutes, and the subject uppermost in my mind, a sleeping place for the night, as yet remained unbroached.

Two children came to the clearing—dirty little bare-headed urchins. The older, a girl about eight years, was leading a younger one, a boy. I noticed that the left hand of the boy had a repulsive bandage around it, and the owner flinched as he stepped gingerly over strewn limbs.

"What's the matter with the little chap's hand?" I asked of the father.

He turned to me with an expectant look and explained: "Poor little devil got three fingers chopped off; got hold of my tic-axe and tried to chop some pine knots. Do you know he ain't slept none since it happened."

"How long since it has happened?" I asked.

"Three days."

"Have you done anything for it?"

"Yes, wrapped a piece of fat meat on it after we got the bleeding stopped, but he's still pretty sore. I guess I'd better take him to a doctor next week if we go to town, but the river's done been too high of late to ford; dunno when I'll git a chance"

"If you don't mind I'll dress his hand," I offered. "If you have some hot water at the house I'll fix the little fellow up," I added.

There was in my tramping clothes an emergency outfit which I always carried, and told the big man of it. He immediately picked the youngster carressingly in his arms and struck out for the shanty, visible at a distance of 200 yards on the ridge. His wife and I followed.

His house was a large log house of one room crowded with beds, stove, tools and in confusion of dirtiness. But there was one agreeable prospect—the large open fireplace, and on two smouldering logs steamed a kettle. I took

the little fellow in my lap and proceeded to unwind the covering. From a bowl of warm water the mother had placed within easy reach, I saturated the hand and was able to unwrap it without much pain. What a sight met my eyes as the last remnant of cloth came from the wound! A dirty, repulsive, festering, gangrenous sore.

"You are a brave fine fellow," I said to the unflinching young one as I washed it with antiseptics and followed with a dressing of absorbent cotton. Aside to the parents who were over-looking my amateur efforts at surgery I remarked: "Jessie, I want to take a picture of him, the bravest boy I ever saw, and I'll do it to-morrow if you will only keep me over night."

The parents stepped back amazed at my knowledge of their names, and the boy laughed out: "Pap, my hand ain't hurting none now." At the same time he threw me such a grateful look.

"How did you 'un know my name?" drawled the father in surprise. The description offered to me in advance of him had been too accurate to mislead, and I also remembered his face as one of the cedar rafters that occasionally visited my town.

"B.," I exclaimed, "I want to stay a while. Now don't get a false impression about me. I'm a game warden; I have nothing at present, strange to say, against your crowd, but I want to do some fishing on Big Creek. I have a week to myself, and I want to make the most of it, so it's up to you to say git or stay." I could see amazement, hatred and kindred facial expressions melt under the rapidly growing warmth of gratitude. He lowered his soft brown eyes and extended his hand to me, and his wife gained confidence and blurted in with the big mountaineer.

"Well, it's a case of stay as long as you want to, and I'm sure everyone's gwine to treat you right." We both laughed, and from that moment I felt comfortable, and it might be well to say that all the natives showed me marked respect, and did everything in their power to make my visit a memorable one. While the men of the hills had slight respect for the game laws, and prior to this visit, I was continually in conflict with them, I had no need to be on my guard against the customary pernicious nagging that undesirable visitors are subjected to. I had his word and it sufficed for me. Across Current River I was fairly familiar with the country. I had tramped it before to the extent of the small village of the Rat postoffice, and during the jaunt had become acquainted with the promises of Big Creek.

Morning came with its transcendent glow of pink, and as it touched the yellow sedge-clad hills and flashed back a light of gold, a marvelous transformation had taken place; the unkempt hut was now clean, the food was good and I reveled in comforts unlooked for the day before.

Climbing into the hollowed pine log canoe I pushed across the swollen river to the mouth of Brushy Creek, took the waterway and followed it about a mile, where a fallen maple log made easy crossing, then I changed my route to one due north and climbed an immense hill; an hour elapsed in going over it. At its base flowed swiftly Big Creek, while in the eastern divide of the hills I discovered all of the branches to be clear and in a normal condition of flow. On

the side I had passed the day before, unprecedented rains at the head of the Jack's Fork had given the waters an ugly appearance. I figured from my present location I could have five miles of fishing water to the river, and believed that I was to be the first person who had ever cast a fly on the transparent stream. I was in a narrow valley and could see the maple trees dripping slowly in the crude cups their sap; it was the maple sugar district of the county.

It was not necessary to select a particular pool. All the water course looked likely. Assembling my rod I dressed my leader with a trio of royal coachman. I made my first cast across to the opposite bank under a leaning birch. I had acquired the right side and found few trees or entangling growths on the other side.

My first offering received immediate response, possibly thirty small red-eyes charged angrily at my flies. Two not over eight inches impaled themselves on the hooks. It was such a motley gathering of black bass that as I released the lucky pair and returned them to their home I felt encouraged. Working slowly down stream I drew a two-pounder from under a rock and had quite an exciting tussle in keeping him away from the numerous large rocks in the stream.

Another cast behind the same rock brought a double of about the same weight. I coaxed them to within ten feet of the bank when one tried an upstream route and the other, just as determined, frantically plunged down stream. Unfortunately a small boulder of flint, peering an inch above water, obstructed the leader. The up stream fish gave a leap and took with him the second dropper fly. As chance would have it, the other fish seemed content to use opener water for his battle, finally to yield gracefully to the persuasions of my tackle.

I left the stream for a moment on account of its narrowing and numerous obstructions, but eventually turned back to a broader stretch of water. It was fairly fast, and I should judge eight



THE TRANSPARENT STREAM.

or ten feet in depth. Many good size fishes were caught, invariably on the trailer, the dropper during the combat was fiercely attacked by hundreds of small-mouths not over six inches in length. It proved to me conclusively that in March the bass were making the run of the smaller waterways of the mountains. By noon I had fifteen fish averaging from a pound and a half to four pounds and saw that all the muscle I put to crowding them in the creel could not make it contain more. Nevertheless this would prove sufficient for the family and myself. I wandered on through the sugar camps, finally to a confluence of creeks, climbed a ridge, descended and found my boat.

I had discovered in my contests with the Big Creek small-mouth that the light rod I carried was entirely out of place here. The fish were such gallant fighters, the stream so promiscuously strewn with sharp boulders that I had lost many, as in the limited fighting territory frequently I could not turn them quickly enough from dangerous quarters. But I had no complaint to make; I had fully enjoyed the day and now was anxious to see my intrepid little patient.

Jessie greeted my arrival as he accepted the heavy creel: "We sure will have plenty of feesh; they ain't none of them trout* caught here less we gig 'em. My leetle chap feels mighty pirt since you fixed him up."

The little one just then peeped from the doorway and I advised him that it was time to renew the dressing on his hand. Again the youngster exhibited his bravery, this time scarcely flinching while I bathed the wound.

"Did you meet anyone?" asked the father.

"No. Why?"

"Some of the boys planned to go out tonight and gig some feesh if you didn't ketch enny, but I 'lowed you might meet some one."

"No, I passed through the sugar country and saw no one."

"I'll blow the horn, then they'll know you ketched enough, and as ther's plenty fur all, I'll have the MacIntyre boys over fur supper."

Little Jessie had become very much attached to me, and while seated near the fire found my knee an irresistible seat. He was a charming child, intelligent and promised much under other associations. The MacIntyres came for supper, shook hands, asked about the boy, and the hard uncommunicativeness of their kind mellowed under the warming influence of Jessie's attitude to me.

"If you'll only feesh at the lower end of them little rock dams you seen on Big Crick, I'm sure you'd git some crackerjacks," offered the older of the visitors, who spoke for the first time. "While down at my sugar trees the other day I seen some whoppers a-jumping."

I had wondered to myself during the day the wherefore of the innumerable dams on the short stream; two or three to each mile, so I interposed. "What's the reason for so many dams on the stream? It seems to me rather out of the way for much grinding to be done."

MacIntyre blushed visibly, but finally managed to say not without exhibiting suspicion at the purport of my question: "Ah!" I guess a person can set a mill near water if they wants

*It is strange to hear an Ozarker call a small-mouth a trout. He usually applies the misappellation of trout to the big-mouth bass; the small-mouth invariably goes by the name of "yaller bass."



MANY BIG ONES WERE TAKEN HERE.

to, and them that wants to grind can do it when they pleases."

I shifted subjects at once, for inadvertently I had blundered on an occupation of the natives that was quite risky to make mention of. At least, if circumstantial evidence was to be considered, indications of activity in the mountain dew way were in evidence on many sides. But as I had no interest other than curiosity, I subsided into another lead. However, my *faux pas* went unnoticed, and we parted good friends.

My last morning found me on the stream. Great banks of clouds hovered threateningly in the east. The lessons of the day before had been of some service. So as not to be bothered with the smaller fishes as I had been the day before, I placed my faith in the superior powers of the black gnat. Stepping cautiously along the rocky bank I placed my first cast below the fall of an old dismantled dam. Nothing came; again and again I worked along the decaying timbers, perfectly bound up in the estimate, that no place could be more promising without results. Stepping below a rock that jutted midstream some ten feet from the dam, I cast upstream, the flies glancingly scraped the rock, then dropped lifelessly on the water. Just as I began a quick recovery there came from under the huge boulder a flash of gleaming bronze, hurling itself with fury at the dropper. It seized it at the first rush and dashed fiercely with it down stream, until it gained the opener water, which was free from obstructing boulders and logs.

I had no conception of its size. Suddenly from out the water as it felt the first inhibitive prick of barbed steel it leaped for freedom, and to my eyes came through the haze of morning a momentary vision of one of the largest small-mouths I had ever seen. He plunged for the opposite bank where a few logs offered release. Luckily he turned hastily, as one of the MacIntyre boys happened at the moment to pass on his visit to his sugar trees, and realizing the danger to my tackle began shaking a willow on the bank. The fish saw it and tried to bore for the deep water. This put me at my wits' end, for they have a peculiar habit when hooked of making gyrating dives for the bottom, if perchance, as there usually is, some obstruction offers an opportunity for escape. Nevertheless

I gained confidence. Finding that I had open water nearly all of the way down stream the creek fairly wide, I could risk roughing it with him if I could only deter him from charging to the bank opposite me.

Unsuccessful with his diving experiments he went into a series of spectacular leaps, but between each shaking and tearing at the line with the relentless determination of an infuriated bulldog.

The Ozarker shouted as the fish lunged for the first rapid: "If he gets in that swift water, he's sure a goner!"

"No," I replied with confidence, "he'll go straight through, and I'm going with him." True to my words, as I saw I could not check his strong rush, I leaped in the water as he gained the first riffle. I could feel the strain ease some and thought possibly the line had been severed. I began to reel slowly, then I knew the cause as the giant broke water once more. He had backed into one of those up stream currents and I was only too glad for the rest of my hand. He took the swift water again, and with chilled limbs I followed in his wake. Occasionally he attempted a frantic up stream effort, but the current favored not.

Finally he dove for another deep pool and the gyrating dives were again begun with desperate intensity. But the little rod responded nobly, and MacIntyre on the bank, shouting inarticulate orders and gesticulating wildly, assisted me greatly in turning him from the brushy bank. The fish eased slightly as I took the bank, for the stream was now too deep for further wading. The fighter renewed his spectacular leaps, heading pell-mell for another rapid—a very short one. I permitted him to back slowly into the quiet pool. I could perceive that his rushes were weaker and he made them in heartlessly small circles. Now it was my turn at the initiative.

I gave him a taste of roughing it until he went into a succession of feeble leaps, then I coaxed him into a smooth eddy where the bronze warrior backed reluctantly into the landing net, his red eyes flashing belligerent lights.

MacIntyre came to me and I held my hand out to him, and he, accepting it, was the first to speak: "That sure was some fighting, wasn't it?"

"You bet!" I explained. "If it had not been for you on the other side frightening him from the bank I never would have landed him; he was so strong I simply couldn't turn him."

"He'll weigh six pounds sure as a fiddle," announced my friend admiring my prize. "He's certainly a son of a gun of a yaller bass!"

"Any way, I have had the experience of my life. I will present him to you, but I want you to tack his head up and save it for me," I said.

Mack smiled all over, and after urgent solicitations accepted my gift. I afterward learned from a card sent to me by the recipient that the fish weighed five and a quarter pounds and was twenty-one and a half inches in length.

With the capture of the big fellow the black gnat lost its potency. Finally after offering several deceits with only ordinary success I gave my old favorite, silver doctor, a chance to display its effectiveness. That it had attractive powers was immediately proven. In a short time the weight of my creel drove me to the Jessie homestead. Even if it had not, the ominous growlings of a near thunder storm would have hastened me to shelter. I had only gained the west side of Current River when the storm lashed forth in all its fury, and by the time I reached the warm fireplace I was soaked to the skin.

I burrowed clothes from the head of the house, though they could easily contain two of my frame. I felt comfortable and remained before the radiant fireplace watching my garments pouring a cloud of steam throughout the restrictions of the room, and knowing well that the terrific downpour of rain would ruin the fishing for a week or more. Still my mind reverted



"THE BLACK GNAT LOST ITS POTENCY."

longingly to the small stream hidden in the hills, and I sensed that the lure of its pleasures was so strong upon me that another try at the red-eyes of Big Creek would follow soon.*

*In writing the article, I have purposely withheld from giving the name of my host Jessie; as he is a rather dangerous animal and the valley is full of lawless feudists, I would not care to have some of your readers run in there for a trip and meet with disaster. That district has been noted for its monthly killings of the most cold-blooded kinds.

I think you will be pleased to learn that I secured conviction of the notorious duck shipper in the Sunken Lands, DeLisle Godair, for attempting to ship 100 wood-ducks. This has about cleaned up the last shipper on the Missouri side of the big overflow.

Grouse Hunting in the Idaho Lowlands

By CHARLES STUART MOODY

UNLESS more stringent protective laws are enacted the dusky grouse (*Dendragapus obscurus*) and his nearest kin the sooty grouse (*D. o. fuliginosus*) will have gone to join the passenger pigeon and the heath hen in the land of things that were.

It is not so many years ago that the foothills of the mountains of north Idaho were covered with these, the handsomest of our upland game birds. The "burned over" lands were the breeding places of the birds, and there they congregated literally in thousands. After sunset of an evening in spring the air was ventriloquial with their musical hooting, nearly every burned log harbored its nest. In summer and early autumn the young coveys assembled in the service berry fields, then later, when the frosts came, retired to the deep-leaved firs where they spent the winter. Grouse shooting was good those days, and I fear that we did not appreciate that there would come a time when it would not be so.

I have always had a feeling of love for the grouse, there is something so wild and free, something that breathes of the pines, about him. One Christmas time I was an alien, far from home. I tried to kill the time by walking down the streets of a great city. There is nothing more depressing in this life than to be among a city of happy holiday busy people and not know a soul there. I passed a poultry store and saw a grouse displayed. The poor fellow was long since dead, but he, too, looked lonesome, out of place, far from his native pines. I bought him. No matter what I paid, it was more than I could afford. The landlady and her daughter who were more familiar with domestic fowls of the masculine persuasion, thought I had brought some new and rare variety of turkey for my Christmas dinner. The next day I sat down to my lonesome meal and my great roast grouse brought up visions of the blue mountains and crystal streams of the West. The West was calling, and before the meal was ended, I had resolved to heed the call.

Ah me! things were changed. The former wilderness now blossomed with homes, the waste places were grain fields, the grouse were gone. Like the wild Indian, they had retired before the onward march of civilization.

The prime requisites of grouse shooting are a hard close-shooting gun, an intelligent dog, and a sturdy pair of legs that will not rebel when called upon to carry the hunter upon the steep and rugged sides of the mountains, for it is there only he will find the game, and even there he may consider himself fortunate if he kills a brace of birds in a day's tramp. The grouse is, as I stated before, a rare bird. But, ah! the joy of bagging one or two of these big handsome blue-gray fellows with their smooth glossy plumage.

It is early autumn, a tang of frost is already in the early morning air as you tumble out in the "false morning" and hustle into your shooting togs. Across the lake the mountains loom dark with a fog hanging over them. Before the sun has peeped above the eastern

horizon you are panting up the steep side of the hill following the sinuous winding of a dim trail. The hills rise by successive "benches," each "bench" several acres in extent. When you have reached the last of these you enter a forest of open pines beneath which dense thickets of service berry bushes grow. Upon



"MRS. DENDRAGAPUS' NEST."

these berries the grouse will be found feeding in the early morning. Turn down the "bench" and lie on your dog. If there are any birds feeding and you have never hunted grouse there is a surprise in store for you. You are wading waist-deep in the service berry and buckthorn, your dog working in front, hidden by the undergrowth. All of a sudden you imagine a bomb shell has burst beneath your feet and you get an indistinct impression of something like several dozen birds all going in different directions, the beating of their wings making a sound like mimic thunder. It requires a quick eye and good judgment to pick out your bird and let him have it. He who hesitates is lost, for no bird flies that is wiser about putting a tree or a hill between himself and the hunter. The wise old grouse hunter carries his gun at the ready and fires upon the first flash of a wing. For so heavy a bird the grouse flies very rapidly, with a rolling motion of the body which is very disconcerting.

After you have hunted the upland "benches" and the day is well advanced, it will be well to seek some hidden spring in a wooded cañon, for there the grouse congregate at midday to drink and rest in the cool shade. Some years ago quite a discussion went the rounds of the sporting press as to whether the grouse ever drank. Some persons who should have known better, asserted with the greatest solemnity that they never did, because forsooth, they had never seen them do it. Not only do they drink, but that frequently, so frequently in fact, that you may always be certain of finding them in the heat of the day around some spring or watercourse. At such times the birds are less wild than when on their feeding grounds. A covey of young grouse flushed near their watering place will generally take to a tree where they are adept in hiding among the leafy branches. There are much easier things seen than a young

grouse, or an old one either, for that matter, sitting in a leafy fir tree. They have a provoking trick of alighting near the outer end of a branch, then walking along the branch until they are near the body of the tree, where they crouch down and blend so perfectly with the surroundings that it requires a sharp eye to detect them. The hunter walks around the tree, peering with all his eyes into the foliage without being able to locate his game. After he has strained his vision until it is about to crack and craned a "crick" in his neck, the bird waits until he is on the opposite side, then hurtles out of the tree cackling in derision.

Grouse hunting requires an especially trained dog. The dog trained for quail or pinnated grouse will prove useless. The best dog for grouse hunting is a cross between a cocker and Gordon setter, one of those busy, industrious little chaps that will go hurrying from place to place, never quiet for an instant. When he strikes the scent he should follow it with a rush and flush the game without setting. In the first place, if he should come to a stand you would be unable to see him in the brush and in the next the grouse would quietly vacate that immediate vicinity, using their strong legs

to get away on. A healthy grouse can run, under proper stimulus, just a few shades faster than a scared rabbit.

The nest of a sooty grouse is of sufficient rarity that no apology need be made for presenting a photograph of one. Naturally I have found many of their nests in the old days, but the one presented happened to be the last, and the only one found when I happened to have a camera along. I was seeking far more important things, gold in fact, when I chanced upon this nest. It was in the Bitter Root Mountains in Shoshone county, Idaho, and near the summit of the range. I had climbed up out of a narrow steep cañon and was crossing a small plateau, picking my way through the "devil club," when Mrs. Dendragapus shot right out from beneath my feet. The next step would have landed me upon her. To clear away the brush, set the camera and make the exposure was the work of only a few minutes, and as I walked away the bird came creeping back and settled upon her eggs. I tried to photograph her, but she would have none of my attentions. For fear the eggs would get chilled (it was early spring and the ground damp and cold), I desisted and went my way.

"Oh, yes! Simplicity is fine! It's the greatest thing that ever came down the gang way, but it has its drawbacks. One of the drawbacks of simplicity is illustrated by the man who takes it for granted that because he has used his electric apparatus for fourteen hours running, it's in good condition.

"Maybe it is, but if it is not, he won't know it until the engine stops and he gives up five or six hard-earned iron men to some pirates who offer to tow him in for all the spare cash he has aboard. Ammeters that would cost him \$1.25 would have put him wise to the sad state of affairs before he cast off his moorings.

"Do you suppose for two seconds, my young and unsophisticated friend, that people just like to sit around and write to the dealers to send them, C. O. D., boat accessories and such luxuries? Each and every bit of apparatus that you find aboard a motor boat is there because the man who owns that boat knows it is a good thing to have, and placing his time, comfort and safety up against the cost and trouble spent in taking care of it, the boat owner of experience knows that he's way ahead of the game. If somebody could arouse Robin Hood and show him a sample line of shotguns, he, in his innocence, would be just as likely to pick out a single barrel muzzleloader as an automatic, as you in your innocence, who think all there is in boating is to jump aboard and start up the engine, may go wrong on simplicity during your first year. But you'll see things differently after you've been soaked once, scorched twice, paid for two or three tows and gone home feeling as if you had fallen out of a three-story window because you sat four and a half hours on an uncomfortable seat.

"This isn't to say that if you and three or four other hardened citizens wanted to go out for a day, you can't stand it in a boat such as you're describing, but the boat to-day has grown to be a family matter, and it wouldn't be half as popular among the girls, or among the men, either, if every time one took a lady out in it, she took a chance on getting soaked or roasted, and it was a dead sure 100 to 1 bet that she'd be covered with engine grease and soaked with the bilge water thrown by the playful fly-wheel."

Yearning for Old-Time Thrillers.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I presume it is contrary to the ethics of standard journals to republish articles which have once appeared in their columns, but I am sure that many of your subscribers would delight in reading those thrilling accounts which appeared in your columns of the experience of Colonel Pickett killing grizzly bears with his Sharp's .45-120-275 Express, or Ira Dodge in his disastrous battle with three grizzlies in the Big Hole country, Wyoming.

There are many other writers and articles that might be mentioned, but in this day when we compare the results obtained by our high-power rifles, it is also interesting to note what was accomplished by the best types of hunters using the best weapons of a time rapidly passing away. In making this request there is no criticism of the articles that appear from time to time, but simply a desire that present day readers may enjoy that which we of the Old Guard so greatly appreciated a few years ago.

B. A. DUMSER.

Simplicity vs. Utility

By E. T. KEYSER

"YOU can talk all you want to," said the novice, as leaned back in his chair, "but that boat of Smith's is just about my size.

"For a sensible man who does not want any flim-flam-flap-doodle and wants to get anywhere within twenty-four hours of the time he steps aboard, she's got everything else in the harbor beat a mile. All Smith has to do is just yank the tarpaulin off the engine, turn on his gasolene, throw on the switch, give the wheel a yank, and he's off.

"It makes me tired to see the way most of the fellows down at the club spend from one to one and a half hours getting things ready before they start out. They let down the spray hood, take off the cockpit cover, get out the tool bag, arrange the cushions, get the flags out of the locker and stick 'em up, and perform forty-seven other stunts before they let go the mooring, and then it's the same old job over in a contrarywise method before they can quit the boat and go home to a cold dinner at night.

"Half of you fellows that think you're enjoying yourselves are spending all your time polishing up brass work and paying for motor accessories, electric lights, speed counters, voltameters and 472 variety of junk that has to be taken care of. Give me Smith's boat every time."

And then he lowered the tide in a long glass that had ice and something else in it.

During the fore part of the tirade the skipper of the Betsy Jane had looked with mild amusement at his friend as he condemned every other type of boat but Smith's, but as he continued, he began to take more and more interest. When the novice had finally subsided, the skipper arose and took the floor.

"It's all right for you theorists, who are just able to distinguish between a fly-wheel and a

carburetor, to sit down here on the club veranda and tell a man, who has accumulated an outfit, that he's seventeen varieties of assorted imbecile. You make me think of the back to nature camper, who calls every man who uses a tent a 'softy' and proceeds to tell how beautiful it is to sleep in the open air.

"What you and the back to nature, one-cent-a-word writer never seem to grasp is the fact that almost anything will go in fair weather, but that the man who wants to be happy and provide against rain and accidents and be comfortable afloat in almost any circumstances must put a slight dent in his pocket book to do so.

"It's all right for you to climb aboard Smiths' boat on a bright, beautiful, June day when the sun is shining two minutes and going under a cloud every four or five, but how would you like to sit down on one of these nice, hard board locker seats and remain glued there for eight and a half hours with a hot sun beating down on the back of your neck, and how would you feel if you took your family, either actual or prospective, all dressed up in its nice, sweet yachting clothes with a neat little parasol that measures two and a half inches in diameter and cost \$14 an inch, and experienced a nice, fat, juicy downpour just about the time you struck the middle of the sound, and nothing but an oil-soaked tarpaulin to wrap around the lady? You'd stand a swell chance for the return of the engagement ring or divorce proceedings, wouldn't you?"

"And some day, when you were caught in a tight corner, and you wanted to sit plumb still for about forty-five to fifty seconds, and yet be able to pick up and wade along when the necessity occurred, you'd find you couldn't do it without a reversible propeller or reverse gear.

“Now, that Reminds Me”—V.

By O. W. SMITH

Photograph by the Author.

NOW, that reminds me' of some grasshopper fishing I once did for brook trout.

“Not a great ways out from the city of Green Bay, Wis., there are several little trout streams, unimportant, but naturally much fished. I presume that those streams have local names by which fishermen designate them, but so far as I am concerned all are nameless. One found in Pittsfield township has always been an especial favorite of mine. I fished it often during eight years, and naturally became well acquainted with it from the swamp in which it had its genesis to the Suamico River into which it emptied. It was little and unimportant, and yet I look back upon those days spent along its banks as among the most enjoyable of my piscatorial experiences. After all it is not so much the fish one catches as the attachment one forms for a stream that makes fishing attractive.

“The Pittsfield stream was visited by my wife and I one hot August morning. We walked in from Tremble, a little box-like depot on the C. M. & St. P., which we had reached by a freight train. Our good friend A., a farmer whose comfortable house stands hard by the creek, was surprised to see us, but as usual extended a hearty welcome.

“When we informed Mr. A. that we were after trout, and that we were going to get them, too, he laughingly promised to eat raw all we caught. It seemed that the local fishermen, farmer boys, insisted that either the trout had left the creek, or that they were all caught out; in any event trout fishing in that stream was away below par. But we were not daunted. Lives there a fisherman worthy of the name who

does not think that he will secure a basket of fish even though experienced anglers inform him that it is an ‘off day,’ or ‘the fish have migrated to colder waters’? Shouldering our rods, while our friend grinned, we set out for the cow pasture, a favorite portion of the stream with us.

“‘Say,’ shouted Mr. A., making a trumpet of his hands, ‘don’t forget that I am going to eat raw all you bring back.’

“If such a taunt as that would not stir an angler to great efforts, nothing would. Mentally I resolved to stay by those fish until I had enough to make our fun-loving friend a substantial meal, though my wife was plainly downcast.

“Early though it was, the air was fairly stifling, a premonition of what was to follow, yet there was something about the shimmering atmosphere and serene landscape that was thought provoking and satisfactory. For all the world the landscape had what one might term an Arizonian aspect. Every mid-summer angler knows what I mean, a time when the water is low, fish shy and sulky, pool after pool apparently tenantless, flies unattractive and worms valueless. Well, we fished and we fished. Up and down the pasture we worked, exercising all our skill and employing all the little tricks common to old trout fishermen, but without avail. Oh! I caught one miserable little fingerling less than four inches long which I promptly liberated with the injunction, ‘Go home and grow up.’ It began to look as though our farmer friend was to have the laugh on us, a matter more unendurable than a mere fishless creel. Discouraged, my wife unjointed her rod and returned to the house to discuss clothes and child training with the far-

mer’s wife. Shortly after I heard a shout and looked up to behold Mr. A. on the back porch going through an energetic pantomime of transferring something from a pan to his mouth. I shook my fist at him and hurried out of sight.

“When well screened by brush, which grew in clumps along the creek, I sat down close by the water’s edge to think the matter out. I had tried all my flies; I had used worms, so there was but one thing more to do, catch a grasshopper. Now the short-cropped grass was just alive with those insects, but I worked for fully five minutes before I succeeded in capturing one of the lively fellows. Then, face bathed in perspiration, with unholy delight, I impaled the struggling ‘hopper upon my hook. Crawling up to within twenty feet of an open and unprotected pool, I sent the bait whirling through the air. It landed upon the far bank of the stream well back from the water’s edge, where I let it remain for some moments; the fine line held well above the water. When certain that any suspicions which might have been awakened in the brain of some watchful fish by the shadow of the flying insect had been allayed, I gave the line a sharp jerk. Instantly, and in a very natural manner, the hooked ‘hopper leaped out upon the surface of the water. There was a swirl and a tug and I had hooked for the stream a good fish. I honestly was sorry he was so large, for I could not throw him out by strength of rod, therefore in playing him alarmed any other fish there might have been in the pool, but there were other pools, a matter for which I was devoutly thankful.

“From the next hole above I stole three fish without its sly inhabitants discovering that the grasshoppers, which jumped into the water, carried with them a barbed hook. It was great sport, the difficulties adding thereto immeasurably. A shadow or a heavy footfall upon the bank was sufficient to warn every speckled rascal that danger was nigh, and they then wormed back under the overreaching bank from which hiding places they could not be induced to move. I visited several holes from which I failed to secure a single fish, but others surrendered two and sometimes three of their bright denizens. As I worked upward, always moving very cautiously, I found the fish more numerous; perhaps because the country yokels had fished the lower reaches of the creek more steadfastly, or probably because the trout were seeking the cooler water of the upper portions of the stream.

“For some distance the creek made its way through a woodlot where it spread out and trickled over gravel and small stones, utterly without pools or even moderately deep water. Of course I caught nothing there, though now and then I would see a small fish dart like a shadow through the water. Knowing the stream as I did, I took a short cut through the woods to another open pasture with which I was acquainted, located some half a mile or so up the stream. There several small springs gave liberally of their cold water, and there of course I found fish. Profiting by my experience lower down, I approached the water with great caution, cast my kicking grasshoppers from a great distance, and whenever possible swung my fish clear of the water without resorting to my landing net, but several times I hooked fish so large that I was glad to utilize that convenient tool. Because I cast from



“IT WAS THE BEAUTY OF THE STREAM THAT MOST IMPRESSED ME.”

such a distance, and because my rod was such a light affair—weighed only three and one-half ounces—I lost many large fish, but enough were coming my way to keep me in a good humor in spite of losses.

“The heat was terrible and yet the trout rose readily to ‘hoppers. Again and again I rigged up a cast, but no matter what selection of flies I used, the trout would not so much as look at them; they wanted only grasshoppers, and can you much blame me when I tell you that I yielded to their whim? Of course there are anglers who would not have used bait, even grasshoppers, but I am not of that ilk. I use bait when flies fail to attract, though I use the same character of tackle for one as the other. You may be surprised that I found ‘hoppers a successful bait during the heat of a mid-summer day, but often and in various streams have I found it so. Seemingly there is some connection between August heat and their habit of feeding on ‘hoppers.

“The hot hours slipped by, and I, reeking with

perspiration and unmindful alike of time and heat, as well as forgetful of wife and dinner, fished on. My basket was heavy when a line of thunder heads in the west informed me that a storm, long hoped and prayed for, was gathering. Perhaps the approaching storm had something to do with the fishes’ unexpected hunger, for sometimes they feed just before a storm. The clouds gathered fast, and I paused by a spring to dress and prepare my fish, then hurried down through the woods, ran across the lower pasture, sprinted up the road and reached the house just as the storm broke.

“I found the family all assembled on the wide porch, rejoicing over the heavy downpour, my wife somewhat anxious as to my whereabouts; Mr. A. smiling easily with an ‘I told you so’ expression upon his fine old face.

“I called for a dish-pan and dumped out before his astonished gaze thirty-seven as fine brook trout as ever were stolen from a little stream. ‘There, gol darn ye,’ I exclaimed, ‘now eat ‘em.’”

the magazine and saw the general landscape of the story spread out before us, we knew just what was going to happen. It was a ten to one shot that the day would be spent casting ineffectually various flies of impossible sizes and hues, but that a glorious triumph would come as the evening shadows were falling and an enticing bait of some kind was cast deftly into the favorite pool. Always the same old pool, the same old trout, the same old lure. Then, taking up another publication, we started to read of an angler’s paradise, only to curse softly (?) when we discovered that, in this God’s own country for fly-fishing, the expectant trout were lured to their doom by means of spoons and even hand lines.

Fine stuff, that, Mr. Bisbee, “for improving American angling conditions,” eh?

Even nowadays, if we pick up a recent copy of an up-to-date outdoor magazine, we do not have to look far to find a ‘trouting’ story, in which the writer’s choice of lures consists of flies, spoons, worms and minnows. Thank heaven that his space was used up, or something else happened, before he got to the dynamite! For if those fellows who apparently have no choice of lures simply must have a creelful of trout, why should they not use dynamite when all other means of capture have failed?

I am unfortunate, indeed, in not having had the pleasure of seeing Mr. La Branche “gyrate horribly” on the tournament platform, as described by Mr. Bisbee. “Gyrates horribly” has a hideous sound, and as my indigestion has resulted in chronic nervousness, perhaps it is well that I have been spared this sight. But where does Mr. Bisbee find the “hysterical babbling” in Mr. La Branche’s writings? I know this gentleman only by reputation, having crossed his trail once or twice on the streams, but I am convinced that his principal trouble is not hysteria. A friend of his once told me that sometimes when this angler-writer carried his light around with him, he forgot to take along his bushel to hide it under; but that trait is far from hysteria—quite the contrary, as this characteristic often merely spells ice-cold self-assurance. But why should he not have his say about the dry-fly? There is certainly nothing harm-

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Again the Dry Fly.

HOBOKUS, N. J., July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am a cousin of Whirling Dun, who asked a question a few weeks ago about a yellow fly and has had several rises from your correspondents since, showing that it was a pretty good fly whether a caddis or otherwise. My cousin, Whirling, like the rest of our family, has always been most modest and retiring, and I was rather surprised to see him “rush into print” so boldly. The only thing that might be considered ostentatious about us is pride in our family name. It is probably known to all your readers that we come from the old *Ephemerida* family, celebrated as far back as the prehistoric ages.

The one great drawback to my happiness in life has been a bad stomach, for which there seems to be no cure. The result is naturally a somewhat grouchy disposition, which tempts me at times to join in when there are any bricks flying through the air.

Contrary to my usual custom, however, I now take up my pen with pacific intent, and with no other purpose than to speak a word in favor of certain scribes accused recently in your columns by Mr. Bisbee of “hysterical babbling” when writing of the manifold charms of the dry-fly. Can it be that in Mr. Bisbee I recognize a fellow sufferer, whose stomach gives him but little peace and tends to make of him a pessimist?

Fortunately, from my standpoint, I am one of those who were initiated into the mysteries of the dry-fly many years ago, and this lure has become an old story with me. Perhaps it is this fact alone that kept me from “getting a grouch” when, a year or two ago, dry-fly fishing began to receive recognition in our sporting publications. In fact, instead of feeling pain, I said “Bully!”

Let Mr. Bisbee look over his files of the

outdoor publications for the past ten years or more. He will notice a wonderful sameness in the “trout stories.” I do not refer to the writings of our delightful Theodore Gordon, or to tales like the fine yarn written a few months ago by Lou Darling about his first trout caught in the Gunnison River. My arrow is aimed at what might be called the vast output of angling inaninity, always the same thing told over and over again, generally stupid and without point, and often written by those who could by no possible stretch of the imagination be considered expert, up-to-date anglers. For instance, take the old yarn, told a hundred times or more, of the man who, accompanied by wife, son, daughter, maid, puppy dog and pussy cat, starts out in the morning for a fine day on the cunning little trout stream. As soon as we opened up



“CAST DEFTLY INTO THE FAVORITE POOL.”

ful to angling conditions in it. He deprecates the fact that so many of the forests around our trout streams have been cut down, as many have before him. But the story cannot be told too often. Even to tell Americans about "tailing" and "bulging" trout—English copyrighted expressions—is much better than to try to teach a young man to be a "fish hog" in one lesson.

And Mr. Bisbee's "corpulent" Mr. Gill! What has he done that Mr. Bisbee does not like? Certainly he is not built on the "hysterical" plan. What has been more needed by American anglers than his little book, "Practical Dry-Fly Fishing," modest, but full of meat? Many a wet-fly fisherman has been helped by him to understand the methods of the floating fly.

If Mr. Camp really uses his "south paw" in writing, as Mr. Bisbee says he does, this fact explains a lot of things that have puzzled me in the past. For large, juicy words give me the "south paw" hereafter. And he seems to strive to please everybody. Take his recent "dry-fly" article of six pages on the proper kind of a rod to use when slamming the dry-fly through the air. I read it twice. I possess just about two cords of fly-rods of all descriptions. When I had finished mentally chasing Mr. Camp's words around, I made up my mind that each and every one of my numerous rods duplicated in some way Mr. Camp's choice. It was wonderful!

But really, Mr. Bisbee, why let the wet-fly men and the worm and artificial bait fishermen have all the stage to themselves? Learn to use the dry-fly, and I doubt if you will want any other lure. I have a lot of wet flies that began to accumulate when I was fishing with Noah on the ark. They are no longer useful to me, and every one that comes to my home can have all the wet flies he could reasonably ask for. Mark Twain told us about the organist who played under a sign: "Don't shoot the organist; he is doing the best he can." So are the dry-fly writers. Only a few months ago I heard an English dry-fly angler of international reputation praise very highly some of the American dry-fly talks that Mr. Bisbee biffs at. A Halford does not always emerge from the first egg hatched. He must go through the chicken stage before he can grow his long tail feathers.

OLIVE DUN.

Night Fishing at Asbury Park.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The vagaries of fishing is one of the features that add a peculiar charm to fishermen, results oftentimes being in direct opposition to accepted theories, and an odd exemplification of this fact was shown Saturday at Point Pleasant, New Jersey.

The incoming or flood tide is generally credited with being the best fishing tide from the beach, particularly for striped bass, the water rising high, close into the shore, allowing small fish, sea bugs, clams, etc., their natural food, to gather close to the undertow. Another accepted theory is that daylight fishing is preferable to night fishing, as it is assumed that the fish can see the bait better in day time. Both these theories were oddly contradicted by facts on Saturday.

A party of fishermen, of which the writer

was one, arrived there about 3 P. M. in order to take advantage of the incoming tide, it being high water about 6 P. M.

After fishing industriously up to high water with very poor results, they determined to quit and had returned to the pavilion, when Ralph Borden, who manages same, advised them to stay, as he said that he felt satisfied that they would catch striped bass if they did. This being contrary to their accepted theories, the tide falling and darkness approaching, the fishermen decided otherwise and left.

The ensuing result proved that Borden was right in his judgment, as other fishermen remained, and between 10 P. M. and midnight, and at nearly mean low water, they captured eight striped bass, ranging from three to five pounds each, and in addition by 8 o'clock in the morning had over 100 kingfish beside, which proves that flood tide is not always the best fishing tide, and that sometimes night fishing is better than day fishing.

HARTIE I. PHILLIPS.

Illinois Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Although conditions were not so favorable as on the Saturday previous, the contest of the 20th inst. developed a remarkable showing of good scores. Of twenty-one scores cast in the quarter-ounce accuracy bait, eleven were 99 per cent. or better.

The weather conditions were: Sky cloudy, wind south, velocity about twenty miles per hour. The scores follow in the order in which they were cast:

Quarter-ounce accuracy, bait:		
	Score.	Re-entry.
Cook	98.3	96.2
Stanley	99.4	99.3
Linder	99.0	99.2
Hartley	99.1	98.8
Whitby	99.5	99.1
Asper	99.1	98.6
McFarlin	98.2
Amman	99.1
Bauer	99.1	98.2
Spencer	97.8
Heston	98.7
De Garmo	98.0
Wehle	99.2
Tournier	98.3
Salmon fly:		
De Garmo	133	132½
Amman	125	113
Stanley	125

The first of the series of inter-club contests to be played by the four Chicago clubs was held at the pool of the Anglers' Casting Club on the 21st inst. This affair, intended to promote sociability and good fellowship, was in every way a success. The honor of first place in the quarter-ounce accuracy was won by Mr. Perce, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, and in the light tackle dry-fly accuracy the honor went to Mr. Bellows, of the North Shore Casting Club. The veterans will not be denied.

The date set for the national tournament is rapidly approaching. The time left in which to practice is very short. The boys of Illinois will have to put up a harder fight this year than ever in order to secure the national pennant.

Those who cast their scores on days following the regular contest days are urged to be as prompt as possible in order that time for fly events, which have been postponed, may be provided.

Come out and work for the 98 per cent. average button, given by the N. A. S. A. C.

A. F. SWISHER, Sec'y.

Landlocked Salmon Fishing.

TUXEDO PARK, N. Y., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The article in to-day's issue of FOREST AND STREAM by John D. Wish, entitled "Landlocked Salmon in Lake George," is particularly interesting to me, as I am going on a fishing trip up there next week, and intend making a systematic and thorough trial of deep trolling for this specie in those waters.

I have handled this fish continuously for over twelve years at the hatchery here, domesticating it through four generations, and during this time have had an unusually good opportunity of studying its peculiarities of growth, habits and reproduction. Also results of stocking waters with this species from advanced fry, fingerlings and yearlings to those of over two years of age. It is an utter waste of time and money to plant this fish as fry or fingerling in any waters containing bass or pickerel, unless they are held until they are at least ten inches in length before being turned out. To do this at the State or Federal hatcheries is out of the question with their limited amount of room, and the extra amount of expense it would entail, but if a fishing association could be formed, composed of the summer residents, natives, guides, hotel men, railway and steamship companies, and a series of pools built along some spring brook for the purpose of holding the salmon for a year or so after they had been consigned from the State or National hatcheries, there is no doubt but that splendid fishing would result, and instead of some half dozen of these fish being taken in a season, there would be thousands. Such angling would bring in a crowd of early fishermen filling the hotels and boarding houses at a season of the year when they are usually empty of guests.

I am sure both the State and Federal fish commissions would gladly co-operate in such an undertaking, if it was gone about in the right way, for Lake George seems an ideal environment for this, the grandest of all fresh water American game fishes.

W. M. KEIL.

Newark Bait- and Fly-Casting Club.

EAST NEWARK, N. J., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The following scores were recorded at the club contest, held on Saturday afternoon at the club platform at Weequahic Lake:

Half-ounce distance, bait:	
Endersby	69%
Champion	112%
Jacobus	94
Mapes	164%
Neu	135%
Long	70%
Muldoon	138½%
Sands	90%
Doughty	173½%
*Smith	127%
*Marsh	172
Half-ounce accuracy, bait:	
Endersby	96 10-15
Champion	98 5-15
Jacobus	94
Mapes	97 5-15
Neu	97 6-15
Long	88 3-15
Muldoon	97 10-15
Sands	95 8-15
Doughty	96 10-15
*Poor	93 10-15
*Smith	97 1-15
*Marsh	97 9-15
Accuracy fly:	
Enders	98 8-15
Champion	96 13-15
Mapes	98 9-15
Muldoon	98 2-15
Doughty	99 5-15
Frazer	97 11-15
Distance fly:	
Enders	68
Champion	99
Mapes	93
Neu	66
Muldoon	79
Doughty	83
Frazer	96
*Smith	74
*Poor	83

Champion and Frazer used heavy rods; the others 5-ounce rods.
*Guests.

L. L. SANDS, Secretary.



A Bird Refuge.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While down on the Indian River on a recent inspection trip among the motor boats of this district, I took the inclosed photograph which I thought might be of some interest.

It represents a scene on Pelican Island, situated on the east side of the Indian River across from Sebastian, Fla. The island is not very

have nests in the same place, and two broods of young have been hatched from these nests this year, but none of them that I have seen at least has been colored differently from the typical sparrow. The nearest I have been to this white bird is about twenty feet. I could see that its bill and legs were of a pinkish color, and I thought the eyes also were pink, but could not be certain of this. Did not have a glass at the time.

In 1910 I saw a sparrow colored almost ex-



SCENE AT PELICAN ISLAND, INDIAN RIVER, FLA.

large, about two or three acres, and the pelicans have been nesting on it since or before the Civil War, and the island is now under the control of the Secretary of Agriculture, and there is a warden at Sebastian. No one is allowed to land on the island unless the warden accompanies. This picture was taken from a rowboat as we rowed around the island. The birds are all sizes, viz.: from the egg to full grown birds.

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for the past two years and would not be without it.

EDW. R. JOYCE.

Albino Sparrows.

ROCKDALE, Tenn., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your last issue an article in regard to "An Albino Sparrow" by Laurence M. Crosbie, of Exeter, N. H.

There are two albino sparrows at this place, one of which has been noticed around here for the last eight or nine years. This year, and also once in 1911, I have seen the two together, so know that there are at least two of them. These sparrows are all white, the quill feathers seeming to be pure white, and the feathers on the back and breast with a slight tinge of yellow like the fur of a white ferret. One of these sparrows has had a nest this year behind the chimney of a negro cabin near this place, and I see it almost daily. One or two other pairs

actly like the one described by Mr. Crosbie. It was about three miles from here, so probably was not the offspring of one of these albinos.

D. R. GRAY.

YONKERS, N. Y., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have seen white crows and white blackbirds, the latter quite frequently among the immense flocks on Cape Cod, but have never observed an albino sparrow until this season, when I have on several occasions seen a perfectly white cock bird among a flock in the Ludlow section of our city. At first I thought him a different species, but his unmistakable chirp, shape and pugnacious manner proclaimed him a sure enough cock sparrow.

GEORGE S. SNOW.

Night Herons in Illinois.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Isaac E. Hess, the famous ornithologist of Central Illinois, has discovered a colony of fifty pairs of black-crowned night herons in the timber along the Embarras River in Southern Champaign county, Illinois. These birds inhabit the loftiest elm trees of the grove, their nests being seventy-five feet from the ground. Each nest contained from four to five

young, keeping the old birds active in supplying them with food. The adult night heron stands two feet in height. The male is a beautiful bird with three long, white plumes from the back of his head, down his back. His neck and breast are pure white, his back dark green and his eyes a flaming red. The female is without plumes, but is pure white. Subsisting upon insects, small reptiles and various pests of the farmer, the birds are of great value to the agricultural interests of the country, and the real sportsmen will never molest them. The colony discovered was so unusual in this day of growing scarcity of wild life that observers are deeply interested in the discovery of the ornithologist. The herons winter in the South.

E. E. PIERSON.

"Keeping Flies off Cattle."

MORRISTOWN, N. J., June 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am minded to try for the thanks promised in the last paragraph of your editorial, "Keeping Flies Off Cattle" in your paper of June 1. The receipt I give you is by no means original with me, nor is it now published for the first time. It was given me long ago by an old salmon angler, and is also printed by Henry P. Wells in his "American Salmon Fisherman," he having received it, if I mistake not, from the same party. I offer no suggestion at present, taking it for granted that anglers who really "paddle up stream" or land "the biggest fish" know all about them, but I unhesitatingly recommend to anyone who dislikes, as I do, the oil of citronella, the following lotion, easily prepared by any druggist, and if an experience of its virtues, lasting over fifteen years and acquired in the height of fly time in some of the worst fly-infested sections of Maine and Canada, be of any value, I can confidently affirm that he who uses it will have "no flies on him." I suggest it, as it seems to be much less known than its merits warrant. Here it is:

Best olive oil, half pint; creosote, 1 ounce; camphor, 1 ounce; pennyroyal, 1 ounce.

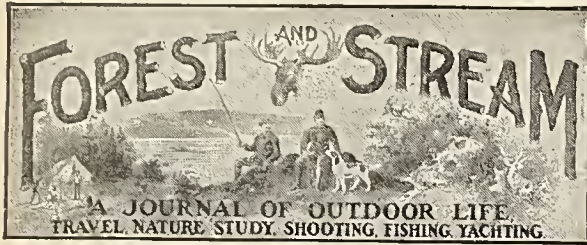
Rub the camphor up in alcohol and mix. I have had the best results from the use of "beechwood" creosote.

H. W. VAN WAGENEN.

Unusual Bird Incidents.

WHITNEYVILLE, Conn., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While reading your most interesting paper this morning I saw the item about "Unusual Bird Incidents." It spoke of the bluejay subsisting on insects only. I think that a mistake, especially in this part of the country, as I have many times seen the bluejay steal the young birds from nests of other birds. In that respect they are as bad as a crow for robbing nests. I do not know if the jay takes the eggs also, as the crow does, but I do know the bluejay will steal the young, and it is as much a lover of young birds for a meal as the crow and hawk are for young chickens. Many times I have seen all sorts of birds fighting a jay to drive it away from a nest of young birds. An incident of this kind happened not long ago in a hemlock tree near a window of our home from which my daughters and I watched the fight and tried to help the birds drive the bluejay away.

MRS. ANNIE M. AVIS.



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ADVERTISEMENTS: Display and classified, 20 cts. per agate line (\$2.80 per inch). There are 14 agate lines to the inch. Covers and special positions extra. Five, ten and twenty per cent. discount for 13, 26 and 52 insertions, respectively, within one year. Forms close Monday in advance of publication date.

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

THE GAME REFUGE BILL.

BIG-GAME hunters and naturalists are watching—not very hopefully—the action of the Agricultural Committee of the House of Representatives on H. R. 23,839, which was printed in FOREST AND STREAM of May 18. The bill's good features have more than once been pointed out, but the measure is so important that it should be again brought to the attention of all who are interested in the preservation of our large game animals, and through them to the notice of their representatives in Congress.

The bill provides that the President of the United States, when requested in writing by the Governor of any State, may set aside as national game refuges areas adapted for the propagation and protection of game or other animals, birds or fish. The area of any one refuge shall not exceed 50,000 acres. Such national game refuges shall be under the charge of the Secretary of Agriculture. When such areas shall have been set aside, the hunting, trapping, killing or capture of animals, birds or fish shall be unlawful, except under regulation prescribed by the Secretary of Agriculture.

The purpose of the bill is to protect game mammals and birds, and not to interfere with the operation of local game laws as affecting private State lands. It is to encourage the re-introduction of elk and other big game in districts where they have become extinct, and to establish game refuges which may serve as breeding grounds, from which adjacent parts of the national forests may be restocked with game.

If Congress felt any special interest in the protection of our large game and the perpetuation of certain species which are now perilously near extinction, so good a bill as this is would not have slumbered in committee for months. Congress does not feel an interest in these matters, and the reason is because Congressmen have

not been made to understand that their constituents do feel interested in these things and want the game perpetuated. Until sportsmen actively bestir themselves in these matters, their representatives will be sluggish, and it will not be difficult to smother good bills in committee, or to kill them on the floor.

Readers of FOREST AND STREAM should demand action on H. R. 23 839.

ADVERTISING.

It isn't considered good form to talk about one's self, but at the risk of being considered "out of order" we think our readers will be interested in the advertising record of FOREST AND STREAM.

New magazines secure advertising on the possibility that such advertising may pay the advertiser. An established periodical secures advertising only because it pays, and has paid, its patrons. FOREST AND STREAM is an established magazine—the oldest outdoor magazine extant. The following comparative statement, compiled by and published in Printers' Ink, the recognized authority upon such matters as pertain to magazines and their advertising, shows FOREST AND STREAM, during the month of June, 1912, to have carried over 2,215 lines (approximately ten standard magazine pages) more than any other outdoor sportsman's publication. The month of June was selected for comparison, because it is considered the biggest month for advertising in outdoor publications:

AGATE LINES OF ADVERTISING.

(Compiled by Printers' Ink.)

Publication.	June, 1912.
Forest and Stream.....	20,023
Outing	17,808
Field and Stream.....	15,624
Outer's Book	12,320
Recreation	10,248

In addition to leading all other outdoor magazines, it is gratifying to find FOREST AND STREAM for June, 1912, showed a gain of 6,339 lines over June, 1911.

But in considering these figures, it should be borne in mind that FOREST AND STREAM, being a weekly, is issued oftener than the magazines with which it is compared, and its figures are derived by totaling the advertising of the weekly issues.

Without the support of our readers, through their patronage of our advertisers during the past year, we could not have shown so handsome an increase this year. FOREST AND STREAM has paid its advertisers handsomely, and indications are that this year will out-distance all previous years. Our editorial improvements are daily bringing encomiums—and new subscribers. FOREST AND STREAM is the most talked of magazine among outdoor men and women. It has been, and is, authority on all matters relative to hunting, fishing, trap, field and big-game shooting, travel, natural history and yachting.

We are proud of our showing as set forth by Printers' Ink, and take this opportunity to thank our readers and advertisers.

ECONOMIC VALUE OF BIRDS.

In a bulletin recently issued by the Department of Agriculture a phase of the work of the Bureau of Biological Survey, as developed under Secretary Wilson, is brought prominently to the

attention of those interested in the economic value of birds. In this bulletin, which is No. 44, of the Biological Survey series, the traits of the family, commonly known as fly-catchers, are shown, and the results of a study of the food of the birds given to the public. The contents of 3,398 stomachs are reported upon, showing an average of 94.99 per cent. of animal food and 5.01 per cent. vegetable, the animal food consisting of insects, almost exclusively of harmful species. Attention is also called to the fact that the fly-catchers, as a rule attack large predaceous birds and are thus a protection for the poultry yard against such winged enemies as hawks and crows. Of the seventeen species reported upon, the habits of each are briefly described, and insects preyed upon, as revealed by the stomach contents, are listed.

PROF. WILLIAM NIVEN'S DISCOVERIES.

It gratifies us not a little to have secured for our readers the heretofore unpublished paper by Prof. William Niven, of Mexico City, relating his discovery of several ruined cities in Mexico.

Beginning more than twenty years ago, Prof. Niven was the first white man to gaze on the greatest of these buried towns, a city fifty miles in length by five miles wide, lying along the bank of one of the lesser rivers in the heart of the wildest part of Guerrero. With the persistence of the Scotchman—for the professor is a son of the Land of Heather—he followed this first discovery with others, laying bare several ruined towns not even named by the Indians, and altogether unknown to men of science of any land. None was so large as the first great city, but from all he has brought thousands of artifacts of the dead race, relics which are totally different from anything left anywhere else in Mexico by the vanished tribes of America's Egypt.

In these explorations, Professor Niven first overcame the objections of the Indians, successfully combatted a small but determined revolution, conquered insects, reptiles, animals and the dread diseases of the wild land, and finally emerged from his last trip, only to prepare for another on which he will leave this fall, commissioned by the Mexican Government to wrest from the earth the secret of the great race which vanished from Guerrero more than 2,000 years ago.

In the article, to appear shortly in FOREST AND STREAM, Professor Niven has told for the first time the story of his trips into unexplored Guerrero, and enumerated his almost unbelievable adventures among men and animals and dead cities there. The account of his years of life in the jungle reads like a piece of fiction, but it is true to the smallest detail, and needs no addition of skilled word-imagery to make it interesting.

STATE FORESTER RANE TO ENGLAND.

F. W. RANE, State Forester of Massachusetts, has been delegated by Governor Foss to represent the Commonwealth of Massachusetts at the Second International Congress of Entomology, which is to be held at Oxford, England, Aug. 5 to 10, 1912. At the termination of the convention Mr. Rane will go on to the Black Forest of Germany to study forestry conditions and the gypsy moth question. He will remain abroad throughout the month of August.



YACHTING



Larchmont Race Week.

Tuesday the 23d was devoted to visiting and social events topped off with swimming races and other "out-of-the-boat" aquatic sports. Wednesday the 24th opened with the big event, a race between the three big schooners over the 30 1/2-mile course. The wind was very light from the southwest, in addition to which it was decidedly fluky. Elena had little difficulty in leading Irolita, crossing the finish line about 15m. in advance, while Enchantress followed in about 7m. later. The 65-foot sloops offered a picturesque race which was won by Istalena by 1m. 54s., Aurora beating Winsome by about 1m. Medora won in Class M, beating Adventuress by 4m. Joyant won the Class P event, while Nepsi took the race for the New York Y. C. 30-footers. In Class S, C. M. Camp's M. & F. II. won handily by over 2m. The summary:

JULY 24.

Schooners, Class B—Start, 12:55—Course, 30 1/2 Miles.
 Elapsed. Elapsed.
 Elena 3 35 16 Enchantress 3 56 59
 Irolita 3 49 49
 Corrected times: Elena, 3.35.16; Irolita, 3.46.55; Enchantress, 3.56.49.
 Mixed Class, Schooner and Sloops—Start, 12:55—Course, 23 Miles.
 Phantom 4 26 58 Rohilla 4 48 26
 Miladi 4 35 55
 Corrected times: Phantom, 4.18.18; Miladi, 4.35.55; Rohilla, 4.38.13.

Sloops, Class K—Start, 1:00—Course, 30 1/2 Miles.
 Istalena 3 56 11
 Aurora 3 58 05 Winsome 3 59 28

Sloops, Class M—Start, 1:05—Course, 23 Miles.
 Medora 3 56 42 Adventuress 4 00 47

Sloops, Mixed Class—Start, 1:05—Course, 23 Miles.
 Avenger 3 38 07 Adventures 4 00 47
 Medora 3 56 42
 Corrected times: Avenger, 3.38.07; Medora, 3.47.05; Adventuress, 3.50.46.

Sloops, Class P—Start, 1:10—Course, 15 1/4 Miles.
 Cara Mia 2 27 11 Joyant 2 25 53
 Corinthian 2 27 55 Windward 2 27 44
 N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 1:15—Course, 15 1/4 Miles.
 Alera 2 39 36 Carlita 2 42 07
 Ibis 2 37 05 Rowdy 2 38 08
 Okee 2 33 53 Banzai 2 32 33
 Juanita 2 38 00 Phryne 2 34 15
 Lena 2 34 53 Caprice 2 32 57
 Nepsi 2 30 41

Buzzard's Bay 30-footers—Start, 1:25—Course, 15 1/4 Miles.
 Gamecock 3 49 11
 Mashnee 3 51 49

Sound Schooners—Start, 1:20—Course, 11 1/2 Miles.
 Rival 2 41 08 Vandalla 2 36 09
 Algol 2 38 26 Daffodil 3 37 20
 Moira 2 39 40 Helen II. 2 39 11
 Alys II. 2 44 01 Alicia 2 38 41

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 1:25—Course, 11 1/2 Miles.
 More Joy 2 27 03 Alice 2 29 44
 Suelew 2 30 35 Edmee 2 36 17

Handicap Class, 1st Div.—Start, 1:30—Course, 15 1/4 Miles.
 Sally IX 2 43 17 Interim 2 44 03
 Dorinda 2 48 29 Sue 2 28 44
 Alert 2 38 19
 Corrected times: Sue, 2.32.24; Alert, 2.38.19; Sally IX, 2.39.20; Interim, 2.43.15; Dorinda, 2.48.29.

Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Start, 1:30—Course, 15 1/4 Miles.
 Amada 2 42 11 Veda 2 49 29
 Mist 2 59 33 Betty 3 07 03
 Red Wing 2 51 51
 Corrected times: Amada, 2.42.11; Veda, 2.42.59; Red Wing, 2.45.26; Mist, 2.48.11; Betty, 2.54.03.

American Y. C. Raceabouts—Start, 1:35—Course, 11 Miles.
 Cliphora 3 08 42 Maryola 3 08 31

Sloops, Class R—Start, 1:55—Course, 11 Miles.
 Virginia 3 41 59 Ogeemah 3 15 34
 Handicap Class, 3d Div.—Start, 1:35—Course, 11 Miles.
 Robin Hood II. 3 17 52 Rascal III. 2 03 28
 Natoma 3 05 18 Amanita IV. 3 11 13
 Corrected times: Natoma, 3.03.27.92; Rascal III., 2.03.28; Robin Hood II., 3.07.47; Amanita IV., 3.09.23.

Handicap Class, 4th Div.—Start, 1:35—Course, 11 Miles.
 Grace II. 3 35 18 Kenosha 3 16 37
 Corrected times: Kenosha, 3.16.37; Grace II., 3.26.27.

Larchmont Interclub Class—Start, 1:45—Course, 11 Miles.
 Le Cygne 3 09 49 Lewanna 3 13 32
 Yukan 3 07 18 Whiff 3 05 44
 Triton 3 03 26 Festina 3 04 49
 Hamburg II. 3 12 56 Bella 3 04 24
 Wild Thyme 3 03 58 Babbette 3 06 08

Sloops, Class S—Start, 1:50—Course, 11 Miles.
 Drena 3 22 30 Snug 3 44 05
 M. and F. II. 3 20 21

Manhasset Class—Start, 1:55—Course, 11 Miles.
 Scylla 3 19 34 Mlle. Boss d. n. f.

Glen Cove S Class—Start, 1:50—Course, 11 Miles.
 Amethyst 3 22 10 Catseye 3 16 32
 Jade 3 18 25 Opal 3 18 40
 Ruby 3 29 43 Turquoise 3 15 29
 Brilliant 3 22 48 Topaz 3 24 14

Bird Class, Start, 1:50—Course, 11 Miles.
 Skylark 3 31 43 Curlew 3 31 06
 Teaser 3 20 39 Plover 3 39 14
 Loon 3 17 18 Dodo 3 44 10

Stamford Class—Start, 1:55—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Finish. Finish.
 Dart 3 59 17 Curlew 3 49 01
 Snapper 3 49 01 Scaup 3 46 29

Star Class—Start, 2:00—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Elapsed. Elapsed.
 Argus 1 56 49 Pegasus 2 03 23
 Vega 2 02 31 Little Dipper 1 56 33
 Cynosure 1 53 48 Snake 2 05 56
 Twinkle 1 52 45 Gemini 1 57 03
 Mercury 1 59 24 Star Faraway 1 58 18
 Comet d. n. f. Solikel 1 55 51

Bay Side Class—Start, 2:05—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Mary Jane 2 04 35 Edna J. 2 03 32

Port Washington Class—Start, 2:05—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Zip 2 07 25

Bug Class—Start, 2:10—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Iney 2 07 17

Dories—Course, 5 1/2 Miles—Start, 2:10.
 Tautog 2 44 05 Alice 2 48 05
 Rocky 2 47 46 Wampus 2 49 04

Gravesend Handicap Class—Start, 1:40—Course, 11 Miles.
 Joy 2 59 18 La Cubana 3 25 17

Corrected times: Joy, 2.59.18; La Cubana, 3.14.32.
 Gravesend Knockabouts—Start, 2:10—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Mouse 1 14 47 Dot 2 16 42

Greenwich Dories—Start, 2:10—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Barnacle 2 30 54 Savana 2 31 23
 In It 2 35 18

JULY 25.

Elena easily beat Irolita to-day, crossing the finish line better than 4 minutes ahead of her and 11 1/2 minutes before Enchantress came over. In the K class Winsome had it all her own way, taking the gun nearly seven minutes before Aurora and Istalena, between which there were only twenty seconds. Rowdy played havoc in the New York Y. C. 30 class, getting in a minute ahead of Alera and nearly twenty minutes before Lena.

Schooners—Class B—Start, 2:25—Course, 15 1/4 Miles.
 Elapsed. Elapsed.
 Elena 2 21 09 Enchantress 2 32 38
 Irolita 2 26 22
 Corrected times: Elena, 2.21.09; Irolita, 2.25.25; Enchantress, 2.32.38

Sloops, Class K—Start, 2:30—Course, 15 1/4 Miles.
 Istalena 2 24 55 Aurora 2 24 35
 Winsome 2 17 13

Sloops, Mixed Class—Start, 2:35—Course, 11 1/2 Miles.
 Avenger 2 10 10 Adventuress 2 22 23
 Medora 2 22 08
 Corrected times: Avenger, 2.10.10; Medora, 2.17.20; Adventuress, 2.17.22.

Schooners and Sloops, Mixed Class—Start, 2:30—Course, 11 1/2 Miles.
 Miladi 2 38 34 Rohilla 2 48 24
 Phantom 2 33 18
 Corrected times: Phantom, 2.31.18; Miladi, 2.38.34; Rohilla, 2.43.18.

Sloops, Class M—Start, 2:35—Course, 11 1/2 Miles.
 Medora 2 22 08 Adventuress 2 23 23

Sloops, Class P—Start, 2:40—Course, 15 1/4 Miles.
 Corinthian 2 44 00 Windward 2 48 45
 Joyant 2 47 11

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start 2:45—Course, 15 1/4 Miles.
 Alera 2 42 26 Nepsi 2 47 53
 Ibis 2 52 43 Carlita 2 48 55
 Okee 2 48 21 Rowdy 2 41 25
 Juanita 2 47 40 Banzai 2 54 15
 Lena 3 01 27 Phryne 2 51 40
 Dahinda 2 46 46 Caprice 2 44 42

Buzzard's Bay 30-footers—Start, 2:55—Course, 15 1/4 Miles.
 Gamecock 2 52 55 Duchess 2 52 12
 Mashnee 2 52 12

Sound Schooners—Start, 2:50—Course, 11 1/2 Miles.
 Rival 2 42 00 Vandalla 2 40 44
 Algol 2 57 00 Daffodil 2 47 36
 Moira 2 51 34 Helen II. 2 50 10
 Alys II. d. n. f. Alicia 2 50 08

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 2:55—Course, 11 1/2 Miles.
 More Joy 2 29 47 Alice 2 33 45
 Suelew 2 32 34 Edmee 2 35 13
 Essex 2 34 09

Handicap Class 1st Div.—Start, 3:00—Course, 15 1/2 Miles.
 Sally IX 2 53 32 Interim 2 49 40
 Dorinda 2 45 49 May Queen 2 49 48
 Alert 2 49 39

Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Start, 3:00—Course, 15 1/2 Miles.
 Amada 3 02 05 Veda 3 02 05
 Red Wing 2 49 15
 Corrected times: Red Wing, 2.41.33; Veda, 2.53.47; Amada, 3.02.05.

American Y. C. Raceabouts—Start, 3:05—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Cliphora 1 41 01 Maryola 1 42 31

Sloops, Class R—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Virginia 1 50 03 Hamburg 1 51 25
 Ogeemah 1 36 13 Snug 1 51 04

Gravesend Bay Handicap Class—Start, 3:00—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Joy 1 36 21 La Cubana 1 47 53
 Corrected times: Joy, 1.36.21; La Cubana, 1.42.04.

Handicap Class, 3d Div.—Start, 3:05—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Natoma 1 36 01 Rascal II. 1 33 39
 Robin Hood II. 1 41 09 Amanita IV. 1 41 54
 Corrected times: Rascal III., 1.33.39; Natoma, 1.35.33; Robin Hood II., 1.35.53; Amanita IV., 1.40.30.

Handicap Class, 4th Div.—Start, 3:05—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Kenosha 1 47 17 Grace II. 1 47 20
 Corrected times: Grace II., 1.36.13; Kenosha, 1.41.17.

Larchmont Interclub Class—Start, 3:15—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Le Cygne 1 45 20 Whiff 1 41 24
 Yukan 1 39 01 Festina 1 39 06
 Triton 1 41 51 Bella 1 38 45
 Hamburg II. 1 43 16 Dagmar 1 39 02
 Wild Thyme 1 43 17 Babbette 1 40 30
 Lewanna 1 39 35

Sloops, Class S—Start, 3:20—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Drena 1 41 47 M. and F. II. 1 42 29
 Manhasset Bay S Class—Start, 3:25—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Scylla 1 41 50 Mlle. Boss 1 39 02

Glen Cove S Class—Start, 3:20—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Amethyst Disqualified. Catseye 1 43 46
 Jade 1 40 58 Topaz 1 44 24
 Brilliant 1 41 26 Turquoise 1 36 37

Bay Side Bird Class—Start, 3:20—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Teaser 1 45 20 Skylark 1 46 06
 Loon 1 43 06 Plover 1 50 14
 Curlew 1 49 10 Dodo 1 45 01

Stamford One-Design Class—Start, 3:25—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Dart 1 47 57 Curlew 1 48 57
 Snapper 1 47 14 Scaup 1 47 00

Star Class—Start, 3:35—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Argus 1 47 41 Comet d. n. f.
 Vega 1 53 11 Little Dipper 1 41 13
 Cynosure 1 43 35 Snake 1 56 29
 Twinkle 1 47 09 Gemini 1 51 21
 Mercury 1 55 06 Solikel 1 51 19

Bay Side Class—Start, 3:35—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Peggy 1 52 42 Edna 1 56 04
 Mary Jane 1 51 27

Port Washington Class—Start, 3:35—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Zip 1 55 05 Trix 1 49 40

New Rochelle Class—Start, 3:40—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Virginia 1 42 41 Echo 1 42 27
 Nereid 1 48 38

Bug Class—Start, 3:40—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 May Fly 1 51 46 Iney 1 49 06

Dories—Start, 3:40—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Tautog 2 10 50 Madeline 2 12 50
 Alice 2 07 57

Sloops, Class X—Start, 3:35—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Mouse 1 37 56

Greenwich Dories—Start, 3:40—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Barnacle 1 57 29 Sarana 1 58 51
 In It 1 59 56

Narragansett Bay Class—Start, 3:10—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Momo 1 44 30 Idler 1 43 25

Manhasset Bay Old Class—Start, 3:25—Course, 5 1/2 Miles.
 Arizona 1 43 50 Chichioker 1 46 41
 Avis 1 46 00 Pixey 1 46 33

JULY 26.

At the Larchmont Y. C. regatta to-day, Momo, W. E. Butler's fast sloop, "came back," defeating A. Manton Chase's Idler in a special 5 1/4-mile race for Narragansett Bay yachts. Races between these boats Wednesday and Thursday resulted in victories for Idler. The elapsed time to-day was: Momo, 1.47.41; Idler, 1.49.49.

Former Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt is now leading for the Wilson Marshall prize in the regatta. In a drifting match of several hours on the Sound off Larchmont, his racing sloop Aurora won the Class K race, beating both Winsome and Istalena. Prior to the contest the three boats had been tied at eight points, after sailing four races. Aurora had not won a contest. She had four seconds to her credit, however, and her victory to-day gave the Vanderbilt craft 11 points. Istalena finished second and now had 10 points.

The racing to-day was the poorest that has been held so far. There was absolutely no wind at the scheduled starting hour, and after a wait of two hours the different divisions were sent away.

Cliphora defeated Maryola by 2m. 5s. in the American raceabout division, and Ogeemah won in the R class. The first of the Bayside Birds

to finish was Dodo, and M. & F. II. again won in the S class. J. S. Morgan's Turquoise took the prize among the Glen Cove Jewel boats, and for the first time in the week C. A. Correy sailed Little Dipper to success in the Star class.

Sloops, Class K—Start, 2:30—Course, 9/4 Miles. Istalena 3 15 26 Winsome 3 23 36 Aurora 3 01 02 Sloops, Classes I and M—Start, 2:35—Course, 9/4 Miles. Avenger 2 50 03 Adventuress 3 10 00 Medora 2 58 46 Sloops and Yawls, Class N—Start, 2:35—Course, 9/4 Miles. Phantom 3 51 23 Rohilla 3 57 27 N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 2:45—Course, 9/4 Miles. Caprice 4 11 57 Rowdy 3 05 19 Alera 4 27 41 Juanita 3 50 58 Phryne 3 31 33 Carlita 3 53 49 Okee 3 10 15 Ibis 4 07 27 Nepse 3 55 51

Sloops, Class P—Start, 2:40—Course, 9/4 Miles. Windward 4 00 16 Corinthian 3 50 48 Joyant 3 58 40 Cara Mia 3 34 33 Sound Schooners—Start, 2:50—Course, 9/4 Miles. Vandalia 4 31 24 Algol 4 20 35 Daffodil 4 07 39 Alys II. 4 24 16 Sloops, Class Q—Start, 2:55—Course, 9/4 Miles. Alice 4 00 23 More Joy 3 56 17 Suelew 3 41 17 Essex 4 20 20 Edmee 3 46 24 Buzzard's Bay Sloops—Start, 2:55—Course, 9/4 Miles. Gamecock 4 15 04 Mashnee 4 02 56 Duchess 4 13 07 Handicap Class, 1st Div.—Start, 3:00—Course, 9/4 Miles. Interim 4 13 56 Sally IX 3 15 29 Alert 3 07 24 Sue 3 12 38 Corrected times: Sally IX., 3.11.03; Alert, 3.07.24; Interim, 4.13.56; Sue, 3.08.02.

Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Start, 3:00—Course, 9/4 Miles. Mist 4 13 30 Amada 4 12 01 Red Wing 3 48 31 Veda 3 31 05 Corrected times: Red Wing, 3.25.48; Mist, 3.57.40; Veda, 3.21.59; Amada, 4.12.01. Gravesend Bay Handicap Class—Start, 3:00—Course, 5/4 Miles. Joy 1 46 05 La Cubana 2 04 04 Corrected times: Joy, 1.46.05; La Cubana, 1.53.42. Handicap Class, 3d Div.—Start, 3:05—Course, 5/4 Miles. Amanita IV. 1 56 37 Natoma 1 49 34 Rascal III. 1 58 57 Robin Hood II. ... 1 57 49 Corrected time: Robin Hood II., 1.51.15; Natoma, 1.48.28; Amanita IV., 1.54.26.

Handicap Class, 4th Div.—Start, 3:05—Course, 5/4 Miles. Kenosha 1 57 39 Grace II. 2 07 18 Corrected times: Kenosha, 1.57.39; Grace II., 2.01.05. Narragansett Bay Sloops—Start, 3:10—Course, 5/4 Miles. Momo 1 47 41 Idler 1 49 49 American Raceabouts—Start, 3:05—Course, 5/4 Miles. Cliphora 1 45 47 Maryola 1 47 52 Larchmont Interclub Class—Start, 3:15—Course, 5/4 Miles. Lewanna 1 41 51 Le Cygne 1 42 50 Whiff 1 45 45 Dagmar 1 47 11 Wild Thyme 1 41 44 Triton 1 41 28 Babette 1 46 38 Yukon 1 40 25 Bella 1 44 37 Hamburg II. 1 44 43

Special R and S Class—Start, 3:25—Course, 5/4 Miles. Snug 1 58 31 Virginia 2 13 45 Sloops, Class R—Start, 3:25—Course, 5/4 Miles. Virginia 2 13 45 Hamburg 2 23 08 Ogeemah 1 23 11 Glen Cove Jewels—Start, 3:20—Course, 5/4 Miles. Jade 1 47 48 Amethyst 1 50 41 Turquoise 1 45 51 Brilliant 1 56 48 Sloops, Class S—Start, 3:20—Course, 5/4 Miles. M. and F. II. 1 42 35 Drena 1 58 19 Bay Side Birds—Start, 3:20—Course, 5/4 Miles. Skylark 2 04 43 Curlew 2 95 14 Teaser 1 53 25 Plover 2 04 27 Loon 1 43 58 Do Do 1 42 27

Manhasset Bay One-Design—Start, 3:25—Course, 5/4 Miles. Scylla 1 46 11 Mlle. Boss 1 44 39 Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Start, 3:25—Course, 5/4 Miles. Arizona 1 42 35 Avis 1 46 59 Pixey 1 46 39 Stamford Class—Start, 3:25—Course, 5/4 Miles. Scaup 2 04 47 Snapper 2 08 30 Dart 2 02 07 Curlew 1 46 06 Star Class—Start, 3:30—Course, 5/4 Miles. Snake 2 17 58 Solikel 2 59 22 Mercury 4 40 22 Gemini 2 01 25 Argus 1 54 23 Little Dipper 1 43 22 Vegas 2 09 41 Cynosure 1 46 34

Port Washington Class—Start, 3:35—Course, 5/4 Miles. Zip 2 37 06 Trix 2 20 52 Bayside Class—Start, 3:35—Course, 5/4 Miles. Mary Jane 3 10 13 Edna 2 12 12 New Rochelle Class—Start, 3:40—Course, 5/4 Miles. La Rochelle 1 55 24 Echo 2 16 01 Virginia 2 00 28 Bug Class—Start, 3:40—Course, 5/4 Miles. Iney 2 50 19 Mayfly 3 08 59 Sailing Dinghies—Start, 3:40—Course, 5/4 Miles. Wasp 4 42 38 Aries 4 29 10 American Dorries—Start, 3:40—Course, 5/4 Miles. Wampus 4 41 08 Tautog 4 37 22 Alice 4 43 12 Knockabout Class—Start, 3:40—Course, 5/4 Miles. Dot 3 03 54

JULY 27.

The last day, July 27, of race week broke all regatta records with thirty-four classes starting 140 yachts. A spanking northwest wind made the time in each event fast. On points made during the week, Elena, Morton F. Plant's schooner, won the Commodore Richards cup, although the good old Irolita won the race today. Winsome won in the big sloop class.

To-day's regatta ended the largest and most successful regatta ever held by the Larchmont Y. C., and with the exception of the Marblehead Corinthian, the entry list was the largest thus far recorded at any regatta. The Marblehead record included many very small classes, so that Larchmont may be taken as a record. Other winners were:

Schooners—Start, 12:40—Course, 30 1/2 Miles. Elapsed. Elapsed. Elena 2 42 51 Enchantress Disabled. Irolita 2 44 19 Corrected time: Irolita, 2.42.25. Mixed Class—Schooners, Sloops and Yawls—Start, 12:40—Course, 23 Miles. Miladi 3 50 46 Albion d. n. f. Phantom 4 02 04 Corrected time: Phantom, 3.53.24.

Sloops—Class K—Start, 12:45—Course, 30 1/2 Miles. Istalena 3 08 39 Aurora 3 11 46 Winsome 3 08 03 Sloops—Classes L and M—Start, 12:50—Course, 23 Miles. Avenger 3 12 10 Adventuress 3 25 01 Medora 3 19 56 Corrected times: Medora, 3.10.19; Adventuress, 3.15.00.

Sloops—Class P—Start, 12:55—Course, 15 1/4 Miles. Windward 2 01 49 Corinthian 2 01 15 Joyant 2 00 48 Cara Mia 2 02 25 Sloops—Class Q—Start, 1:10—Course, 11 1/2 Miles. Alice 2 10 33 More Joy 2 11 09 Suelew 2 11 50 Essex 2 11 37 Edmee 2 11 44

N. Y. Y. C. 30-Footers—Start, 1:00—Course, 15 1/4 Miles. Caprice 2 17 19 Rowdy 2 08 50 Alera 2 16 54 Juanita 2 15 38 Phryne 2 13 47 Banzai 2 16 14 Okee 2 17 05 Carlita 2 17 04 Nepse 2 17 38 Ibis 2 08 52 Lena 2 14 16

Sound Schooners—Start, 1:05—Course, 11 1/2 Miles. Vandalia 2 08 31 Moria 2 15 02 Daffodil 2 16 21 Helen II. 2 09 29 Reval 2 13 56 Alicia 2 16 19 Algol 2 10 48 Alys II., 2 19 48 Buzzard Bay Sloops—Start, 1:10—Course, 15 1/4 Miles. Gamecock 2 14 48 Mashnee 2 16 31 Duchess 2 19 25

Narragansett Bay Sloops—Start, 1:25—Course, 15 1/4 Miles. Momo 2 25 53 Edget d. n. f. Idler 2 24 11 Special Class—Start, 1:25—Course, 15 1/4 Miles. Kishima 2 50 31 Handicap Class—First Div.—Start, 1:15—15 1/4 Miles. May Queen 2 22 31 Sally IX. 2 23 07 Interim 2 35 02 Sue 2 17 39 Alert 2 20 13 Dounda 2 12 00 Corrected times: Dounda, 2.11.20; Sue, 2.14.22; Sally, 2.18.31; May Queen, 2.19.13; Alert, 2.20.13; Interim, 2.33.03.

Handicap Class—Second Div.—Start, 1:15—15 1/4 Miles. Mist 2 30 29 Malolo 2 35 13 Red Wing 2 26 31 Betty 2 35 39 Amada 2 14 09 Veda 2 37 56 Corrected times: Amada, 2.14.19; Mist, 2.20.25; Betty, 2.22.14; Red Wing, 2.23.10; Veda, 2.23.14; Malolo, 2.25.09. Gravesend Bay Handicap Class—Start, 1:15—11 Miles. Joy 2 19 58 La Cubana 2 29 45 Corrected times: Joy, 2.19.58; La Cubana, 2.21.21.

Handicap Class—Third Division—Start, 1:20—11 Miles. Amanita IV. 2 26 23 Natoma 2 25 28 Rascal III. 2 18 35 Robin Hood II. ... 2 30 20 Corrected times: Rascal III., 2.18.36; Robin Hood II., 2.22.01; Amanita IV., 2.23.37; Natoma, 2.24.46. Sailing Dinghies—Start, 1:55—Course, 5 1/2 Miles. Wasp 1 47 29 Aries 1 58 49 Handicap Class—Fourth Div.—Start, 1:20—11 Miles. Grace II. 2 32 59 Anona 2 46 10 Kenosha 2 34 43 Corrected times: Grace II., 2.24.34; Kenosha, 2.34.43; Anona, 2.44.38.

American Raceabouts—Start, 1:20—Course, 11 Miles. Cliphora 2 34 01 Maryola 2 35 27 Larchmont Interclub Class—Start, 1:30—Course, 11 Miles. Le Cygne 2 30 53 Lewanna 2 33 52 Yukon 2 24 48 Whiff 2 21 20 Triton 2 30 55 Bella 2 29 10 Hamburg II. 2 25 15 Dagmar 2 33 00 Wild Thyme 2 24 18 Babette 2 27 50 Glen Cove Jewels—Start, 1:35—Course 11 Miles. Turquoise 2 39 20 Topaz 2 40 39 Catseye 2 41 52 Amethyst 2 58 38 Brilliant 2 41 51 Opal 2 47 38 Jade 2 40 43 Sloops—Class S—Start, 1:35—Course, 11 Miles. M. and F. II. 2 47 35 Drena 2 45 27 Bayside Birds—Start, 1:35—Course, 5 1/2 Miles. Skylark 2 48 25 Curlew 2 48 26 Teaser 2 48 30 Plover 2 46 06 Loon 2 43 58 Do Do 2 43 45 Manhasset Bay Class S—Start, 1:35—Course, 11 Miles. Scylla 2 44 32 Mlle. Boss 2 45 50

Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Start, 1:40—Course, 11 Miles. Chickioker 1 23 34 Pixy 1 26 01 Arizona 1 24 22 Avis 1 28 31 Sloops—Class R—Start, 1:40—Course, 11 Miles. Ogeemah 2 36 32 Hamburg d.n.f. Virginia 2 45 05 Snug 3 01 57

Stamford One-Design—Start, 1:40—Course 5 1/2 Miles. Scaup 1 30 57 Curlew 1 33 26 Dart 1 29 34 Snapper 1 32 44 Bayside Class—Start, 1:50—Course, 11 Miles. Edna 1 39 07 Little Dipper 1 22 52 Mary Jane 1 44 30 Snake 1 23 44 Argus 1 27 23 Gemini 1 25 39 Cynosure 1 33 24 Solikel 1 23 21 Vega 1 31 15 Star Faraway 1 25 25 Mercury 1 41 10 Knot 1 31 44 Comet 1 32 38

Port Washington Class—Start, 1:50—Course, 5 1/2 Miles. Zip 1 44 24 Go Go 1 28 13 Trix 1 41 12 Sloops—Class X—Start, 1:50—Course, 5 1/2 Miles. Mouse 1 23 06 New Rochelle One-Design—Start, 1:15—5 1/2 Miles. Virginia 1 37 50 Echo 1 36 10 La Rochelle 1 40 05

Bug Class—Start, 1:55—Course, 5 1/2 Miles. Iney 1 43 20 Mayfly d.n.f. American Dorries—Start, 1:55—Course, 5 1/2 Miles. Tautog 1 44 14 Rocky 2 04 08 Alice 1 52 24 Faraway d.n.f. Greenwich Dorries—Start, 1:55—Course, 5 1/2 Miles. Barnacle 1 45 48 Sarana 1 49 37 In It 1 51 47 Catboats—Start, 1:55—Course, 5 1/2 Miles. Birch 1 35 57

Colonial Y. C.

NEW YORK CITY, July 27.—Long distance power boat races seem to be getting more popular if the entry list at to-day's Poughkeepsie race may be taken as a criterion, twenty-six power boats taking part to-day. J. L. Luckenbach's Empire reached Poughkeepsie, the end of the first leg, well ahead of the bunch which finished as follows:

Gray Hare 3 16 13 Helen II. 5 20 14 Lottie G. 3 47 50 Marion II. 5 24 28 Idle 3 49 16 Emma B. 5 29 11 Snapshot II. 3 49 16 Alforda 5 30 22 Spindrift 4 00 20 Etta L. 5 45 11 Madeleine II. 4 40 45 Utopia 5 45 53 Yo Ho 4 47 25 Caniste 6 13 40 Respite 4 48 17 Lady Betty 6 17 43 Sterpe 4 48 44 Isis 6 43 45 Virginia 4 49 27 Retta 6 45 12 Marionette 4 51 57

Empire left Poughkeepsie at 9:50 Sunday morning, arriving at the finish with corrected time of 10.36.50 for the whole trip, 104 nautical miles. The second boat in Class B was Retta D., owned by C. Dalton, of the Colonial Y. C. Her corrected time was 12h. 17m. 45s. The third boat was F. B. Freeman's Marionette, 12h. 50m. 17s. In Class A, Spindrift, owned by C. R. Butler, of the Albany Y. C., won; time, 11h. 4m. 22s. The second boat was Idle Time, of the Colonial Y. C.; time, 11h. 25m. 52s. The third boat was Respite, owned by V. C. Peterson, of the Columbia Y. C.; time, 11h. 35m. 25s. Gray Hare, owned by A. Haas, of the Tappan Zee Y. C., won in the open boat class. Her time was 11h. 40s.

Hingham Y. C.

HINGHAM, Mass., July 27.—The one-design 15-footers belonging to the members of the Hingham Y. C., held a race off Crow Point this afternoon. Pirate won handily, and as a result of the day's racing, Usona II. takes the July championship. The summary:

Elapsed. Elapsed. Pirate 2 03 50 Inez 2 16 15 Usona II. 2 08 30 Possum 2 18 57 Polly Wog 2 15 15 Marwidor Withdrew. Puzzle 2 15 30 Mischieff Withdrew.

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Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., July 27.—The club race of the Corinthian Y. C. this afternoon brought out twenty-six starters. The wind was from the northwest and mighty uncertain. In Class P only Timandra showed up at the start, and in Class Q Tabasco III. sailed the course alone. The sonder class brought out seven boats. Ellen and Beatrice sailed a close race, Ellen finally winning by 40s. In the Eastern Y. C. one-design class Lolita won over Scarab by 37s. In the Corinthian Y. C. one-design class, Half Moon won by 5s. Five dories of the Pleon Y. C. entered the race for the first time this season. Snail, sailed by Miss Margaret Wood, daughter of Archer Wood, won by more than 2m. The summary:

Class P.		Elapsed.
Timandra		1 47 33
Class Q.		Elapsed.
Tabasco III.		2 30 16
Sonder Class.		Elapsed.
Ellen		2 20 31
Dorothy		2 24 05
Wolf		2 24 20
Beatrice		2 21 11
Eastern Y. C. One-Design.		Elapsed.
Lolita		2 19 44
Scarab		2 20 21
Daddy B.		2 20 54
Viva		2 21 27
Corinthian Y. C. One-Design.		Elapsed.
Half Moon		1 45 50
Picayune		1 45 55
Pleon Y. C. Class.		Corrected.
Snail		0 56 33
Chid		0 58 15
Petrel		1 00 26

Chesapeake Bay Y. R. A.

THE port to port races of the third annual cruise and regatta of the Chesapeake Bay Yacht Association were ended to-day at Baltimore. The winners were: Chenoden, in Class Y; Eleanor, in Class Q, and Helen, in Class P. Only sailing yachts took part in these races. The power boats joined squadron runs from port to port and raced in the events given at each port. The sail racing was confined to four classes: P for sloops from 25 to 31 feet; Q for sloops 20 to 25 feet; Y for cruising yawls under 60 feet and Z for yawls under 26 feet water line. In the latter class Wye had no opposition and won by sailing over the first course. The port to port races began on July 22, the course being from Annapolis to Cambridge, a distance of 29½ nautical miles. July 24 the races were from Cambridge to Oxford, a distance of about 10 miles. July 26 the races were from Oxford to Annapolis, a distance of 31 miles. To-day's races were from Annapolis to Baltimore, a distance of 24½ miles. In each race the winning boat in each class scored one point for every boat it beat in that class. When these classes of races were finished, the scores were:

Class Y.		
Chenoden, B. Y. C.		15
Nenemoosha, Capt. Y. C.		9
Freya, Capt. Y. C.		5
Serena, Capt. Y. C.		5
Class Q.		
Eleanor, B. Y. C.		5
Vingt Trois, Chesapeake B. Y. C.		2
Class P.		
Helen, Corinthian Y. C.		5
Zillacoa, Cambridge Y. C.		2

Yachting in California.

THE fifth annual race from San Francisco to Santa Cruz, held under the auspices of the Corinthian Y. C., but open to all boats enrolled in any recognized yacht club, was held on July 19 and 20, and proved to be by far the most exciting contest ever sailed over this course. Thirteen boats were entered, but when sailing time arrived, only nine were on hand to start. In former years this race has always started from the Fulton Basin, but this year the starting point was outside the breakwater, owing to the fact that two big dredgers were in the basin filling in low ground on the Panama-Pacific International Exposition site. Special attention was given this year to the

inspection of yachts before granting permission for the race, and one, Folly, entered by the Sausalito Y. C., was denied entry on the ground that she was not deemed seaworthy enough to make the trip, which sometimes is a rather rough one. The United States Government furnished a vessel to accompany the fleet, and thus the danger of accident was greatly minimized. All the yachts were equipped with the necessary instruments for navigation. Those having engines installed had these sealed three hours before the start was made.

The first boat to appear next morning at Santa Cruz Bay was the sloop Nixie, with Capt. A. Hirsch, Jr., at the helm, crossing the finish line at 8:42 o'clock, making the trip down the coast in 12:27:35. Directly behind her came the Yankee, Charles Miller's sloop, and when the time corrections were made, it was found that the former had won by the scant margin of fifteen seconds. The third boat to arrive was Marian, which took first prize in the schooner class, and which might have finished ahead of Nixie, but for the fact that she chose the outside course and was becalmed for an hour. Thistle, the smallest boat in the race, finished fourth and was followed by Fulton G., Sweetheart, Speedwell, Lady Ada and Harpoon. Nixie not only won the prize for the yacht making the best time over the course, but also won the cup offered for the sloops over thirty feet. Thistle was the winner in the class for yachts under thirty feet.

Another recent event of interest was the race for the Hammersmith trophy, held under the auspices of the Corinthian Y. C. This event was sailed over the regular channel course and was the fourth held for the trophy to secure possession of which three wins are necessary. The sloop Meteor, with a handicap of 20m., won by a margin of 7m. 25s., Yankee being second with Kathleen third and Thistle fourth. Both Yankee and Meteor now have two wins each to their credit.

Jamaica Bay Y. R. A.

BEACH channel races for small craft were held under the auspices of the Yacht Racing Association of Jamaica Bay last Saturday. The contests were for the yachts that were too small to take part in the regular ocean regatta of the organization. The open catboat class was the only sailing division to fill and the first prize was won by C. A. Merritt's Siren. Smarty took the open power boat class and Anna Grace again was the winner among the semi-speed boats. The summary:

Open Catboats—Start, 12:05—Course, 10 Miles.	
Siren	2 51 10
Smarty	1 37 42
Ella and Elsie.....	1 43 30
Semi-Speed Power Boats—Start, 12:20—Course, 10 Miles.	
Anna Grace	1 30 08
Zoe	d. n. f.
Thistle	1 44 14
So Long	1 31 10

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, Mass., July 27.—The Duxbury Y. C. sailed a race to-day. In the 18-foot class Again won. In the 15-foot class Curlew won by 13s. The summary:

18-Foot Class.	
Again	1 45 11
Osprey	1 51 11
15-Foot Class.	
Curlew	1 53 45
Elizabeth	1 53 58
Petrel	1 54 58
Gretchen	1 55 59
Merlin	1 56 31
Sailing Dories—W. Snow, first; Miss Margaret Benedict, second; W. Kennard, third.	

Red Bank Y. C.

RED BANK, N. J., July 27.—J. G. Gillig's Papoose won the five boat race here to-day by nearly 4m. The summary:

Papoose	1 21 06	Dolphin	1 26 40
Imp	1 24 38	Maywin	1 28 55
Widow	1 25 18		

Portland and Boston Y. C. Cruise.

PORTLAND, Me., July 27.—The combined cruise of the Portland and Boston yacht clubs was ended at Peaks Island in Portland Harbor to-night. In all the events for the day, Harbor won. In the Class A race, A. M. Moody's Al Kyris was the victor by better than 10s., while in Class C Goldenrod had no competitors. The summary:

Class B.		Corrected.
Al Kyris		6 37 03
Tunipoo II.		6 47 25
Class C.		Corrected.
Goldenrod		6 44 44

POWER BOATS.

Trophy offered by Rear-Commodore Upton. Owners estimated time to make run from Boothbay to Portland. Actual time taken and percentage in correctness determined the winner: Minna started at 9:30 and finished at 1:11:14; elapsed time, 3:21:14; owner's estimate for the 30½ miles, 3:37:00. Minna was therefore penalized 10.37 points, making the corrected time 3:31.51, or 94.2 per cent. Minna is owned by F. F. Dickerman. Coaster, owned by William Brown, started at 9:50 and finished at 1:43:31; elapsed time, 3:53:31; owner's estimate for 30½ miles, 3:38.08; per cent. 93. Idlewild, owned by John Oakes Burke, started at 9:50, finished at 2:00; elapsed time, 4:10.00; owner's estimate, 4:05.00, giving him 81 per cent.

Class B—Race for Portland Y. C. Trophies—Herreshoff Method of Handicapping.		Corrected.
Al Kyris		6 36 50
Tunipoo		7 31 15
Class C.		Corrected.
Goldenrod		6 44 44

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, Mass., July 27.—The handicap power boat and yacht races, held under the auspices of the Winthrop Y. C. this afternoon, were exciting. Elmer King's Pete won in Class I, over W. E. Traiser's Frisky with an 18m. handicap. The summary:

Class 1—Power Boats.		Corrected.
Pete		0 48 07
Frisky		0 48 12
Florence		0 50 11
Class 2—Power Boats.		Corrected.
Dorothy		0 37 57
Hello Bill		0 38 29
Annabel		0 39 04
Yachts, 25-footers.		Corrected.
Marion III.		0 58 25
Virginia		0 59 41

New York Y. C. Instructions.

SAILING instructions for the New York Y. C. cruise on Aug. 7, off station No. 10 at Glen Cove, L. I., announce the following prizes for the various port to port runs:

For the squadron run from Glen Cove to Smithtown Bay, the Navy challenge cups; the run from Smithtown Bay to New London for the Alumni Association of the U. S. N. Corps; the run from New London to Newport for the Reare Commodore's cups; from Newport to Vineyard Haven to Newport for the Vice-Commodore's cups.

When sailing for the flag officers' cups, open only to yachts enrolled in the club, the fleet will be divided into the following divisions:

Schooners—First division, Classes A, B and C; second division, Classes D, E and F. Sloops and Yawls—First division, Classes G, H, K and L; second division, Classes M, N, P and New York Y. C. thirties.

Michigan will Race for Trophy.

MICHIGAN won three out of four elimination races against Mavourneen, thus entitling her to the right to sail against Patricia, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., for the international trophy goffered by Commodore Richardson. She will be sailed by Ogden McClurg. The international races will take place during the great regatta week of Aug. 10-17.



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

- Aug. 7.—Wellington, Mass.—All day shoot of Palefaces. Charles F. Mardin, Sec'y-Treas.
- Aug. 13-14.—Portland (Me.) G. C. Individual Championship on second day. S. Dimick, Sec'y.
- Sept. 4-5.—Wellington Mass.—Paleface G. C. merchandise shoot. Charles F. Mardin, Sec'y-Treas.
- Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. Arthur Gambell, Supt.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

- Aug. 3.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—S. S. White G. C. W. E. Robinson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 3.—Pikeral Lake, S. D.—Sisseton G. C. Maurice Schindler, Sec'y.
- Aug. 3-4.—Green Bay, Wis.—Wisconsin State tournament, under the auspices of the Green Bay Game and Gun Club. R. E. St. John, Sec'y.
- Aug. 6.—Belle Vernon, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Belle Vernon G. C. B. F. Daugherty, Sec'y.
- Aug. 6.—Durant (Ia.) G. C. Hugo Boldt, Sec'y.
- Aug. 6-7.—Dallas (Tex.) G. C. H. R. Basley, Mgr.
- Aug. 6-7.—Mitchell (S. D.) G. C. C. A. Ferguson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 6-7.—Alabama State tournament, under auspices of Birmingham (Ala.) G. C. O. L. Garl, Sec'y.
- Aug. 6-7.—Wilson (N. C.) G. C. Jas. D. Barnes, Sec'y.
- Aug. 6-7.—Lock Haven (Pa.) G. C. C. A. Johnson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 7.—Madrid (N. Y.) G. C. J. E. Thompson, Pres.
- Aug. 7-8.—Springfield, Ill.—Illinois G. C. J. R. Leib, Sec.
- Aug. 7-8.—Concordia, Kans.—Blue Ribbon Gun Club. J. F. Caldwell, Sec'y.
- Aug. 7-8.—Princeton (Mo.) G. C. E. W. Stacy, Sec'y.
- Aug. 8.—Livermore (Ia.) G. C. J. H. Zigrang, Sec'y.
- Aug. 8.—Berwick (Pa.) R. & G. C. W. I. Shrader, Sec'y.
- Aug. 8-9.—Lindsay (Okla.) G. C. Robt. May, Sec'y.
- Aug. 10.—Temple, Pa.—Hercules G. C. A. K. Ludwig, Sec'y.
- Aug. 10.—Waterbury, Conn.—Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of Mattatuck R. and G. C. David R. Walker, Sec'y.
- Aug. 10-11.—Chicago (Ill.) G. C. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
- Aug. 13-14.—Abilene (Tex.) G. C. C. D. Paxton, Sec'y.
- Aug. 14.—Lancaster (Pa.) G. C. W. T. Krick, Sec'y.
- Aug. 14.—Batavia, N. Y.—Holland G. C. Chas. W. Gardner, Sec'y.
- Aug. 14-15.—Montgomery, Ala.—Capital City G. C. M. Moore, Pres.
- Aug. 14-16.—Kansas City, Mo.—Interstate Association's Seventh Western Handicap tournament, under auspices of Kansas City G. C.; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in Western Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Aug. 15.—Rio (Wis.) G. C. Bert Thompson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 15-16.—Dayton, Ky.—Northern Kentucky G. C. Geo. W. Dameron, Sec'y.
- Aug. 20.—Marthasville, Mo.—Daniel Boone G. C. J. O. Wilson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 20.—Canonsburg (Pa.) G. C. A. S. Anthony, Sec'y.
- Aug. 20-21.—Sioux Falls (S. D.) G. C. A. Olson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 20-23.—Montreal, Canada.—Dominion of Canada T. S. A. T. Claude Cooke, Sec'y.
- Aug. 21-22.—Garrison, N. Y.—Garrison-Highland R. and G. C. F. N. Limdebjerg, Sec'y.
- Aug. 22.—Ebensburg, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Ebensburg G. C. W. R. Thompson, Sec'y, Ebensburg, Pa.
- Aug. 23.—Gouverneur (N. Y.) R. and G. C. W. R. Patrick, Sec'y.
- Aug. 24.—La Crosse (Wis.) G. C. J. V. Winter, Sec'y.
- Aug. 27-29.—Cedar Point, O.—Indians. C. W. Budd, Sec.
- Aug. 27-29.—Portland, Ore.—The Interstate Association's Seventh Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under auspices of the Portland G. C.; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in the Pacific Coast Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Aug. 28-29.—Fulda (Minn.) G. C. H. W. Converse, Sec'y.
- Aug. 28-29.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland S. S. A. State tournament. Geo. P. Mordecai, Sec'y, 215 American Building, Baltimore, Md.
- Aug. 29.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Big Game, Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. H. G. Fredericks, Sec'y.
- Aug. 29-30.—Sedalia (Mo.) G. C. John McGrath, Sec'y.
- Aug. 30.—Sandusky, O.—Ye Oak Meadow G. C. Ira C. Krupp, Sec'y.
- Aug. 31.—Menominee Falls (Wis.) G. C. Jas. A. Pike, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2.—Hammond (Ind.) G. C. J. C. Becker, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2.—Ft. Collins (Colo.) Shooting Club. Jos. Garst, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2.—Tower City, Pa.—Sheridan G. C. W. E. Daub, Mgr.
- Sept. 2.—Ogdensburg (N. Y.) S. A. J. M. Morley, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Western Connecticut T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Sea Side G. C. Earl R. Lewis, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2.—Lima (O.) G. C. A. W. Fisk, Pres.
- Sept. 2-3.—Fayette, Mo.—Afro-American Trapshooters' League Grand Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cobron, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2-3.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia State tournament, under auspices of Lynchburg G. C. W. R. Winfree, Sec'y, 1008 Main St., Lynchburg, Va.
- Sept. 2-3.—Paducah (Ky.) Target Club. C. E. Pursell, Sec'y.
- Sept. 3.—Celina (O.) G. C. Geo. Kistler, Sec'y.

- Sept. 3.—Bucklin (Mo.) G. C. Ed. Herriman, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—Holdredge (Neb.) G. C. Thos. Hufford, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—Cumberland (Md.) G. C. F. Billmeyer, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—London (O.) G. C. H. L. Hildinger, Sec'y.
- Sept. 6.—Mechanicsburg (O.) G. C. tournament.
- Sept. 10.—McKeesport, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Youghiogheny Country Club. R. J. Caughey, Sec'y.
- Sept. 10-11.—Caro (Mich.) S. A. F. W. Bowles, Sec'y.
- Sept. 10-13.—Denver, Colo.—Rocky Mountain Interstate Sportsmen's Association; \$5,000 added money. Ambrose E. McKenzie, Mgr.
- Sept. 11.—Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club. Jay Clark, Jr., Sec'y.
- Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. A. B. Heyl, Pres.
- Sept. 13-14.—Beverly, Mass.—Massachusetts State tournament, under auspices of Massachusetts State T. S. A. F. E. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.
- Sept. 16-17.—Evansville, Ind.—Indiana State tournament, under the auspices of the Recreation G. C. Geo. A. Beard, Cor. Sec'y.
- Sept. 17.—Huntingdon, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Alexandria G. C. L. M. Hagerty, Sec'y, Alexandria, Pa.
- Sept. 17-18.—Brookfield, Mo.—Linn County G. C. Ed. Barton, Sec'y.
- Sept. 17-20.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Westy Hogans of America tournament. Bernard Elsser, Sec'y.
- Sept. 18-19.—Bloomington, Ill.—McLean County G. C. C. A. McDermand, Pres.
- Sept. 19.—Springfield (O.) G. C. Harry C. Downey, Sec.
- Sept. 20.—Sangerfield (N. Y.) Country Club. R. H. Terry, Sec'y.
- Sept. 23-24.—Lewiston (Idaho) G. C. P. T. Lomax, Sec'y.
- Sept. 26-27.—Baltimore, Md.—West Forest Park G. C. Richard L. Collins, Sec'y.
- Sept. 26-27.—Capron (Ill.) G. C. Alex. Vance, Sec'y.
- Sept. 27.—Saginaw (Mich.) Canoe Club. T. A. Saylor, Sec'y.
- Oct. 1-2.—Omaha (Neb.) G. C. F. T. Lovering, Sec'y.
- Oct. 2.—Piedmont (W. Va.) G. C. G. N. Hoover, Sec.
- Oct. 3.—Wapakoneta (O.) G. C. Chas. E. Zint, Sec'y.
- Oct. 3.—Elkton (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worington, Mgr.
- Oct. 5.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Meadow Spring G. C. Wm. F. Letford, Sec'y.
- Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. Geo. Alig, Jr., Sec'y.
- Oct. 15-18.—Cincinnati, O.—The Interstate Association's Post-Season tournament, on the grounds of the Cincinnati G. C.; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Oct. 16.—Rising Sun (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Vice-Pres.
- Oct. 16-17.—Tarboro (N. C.) G. C. R. E. L. Cook, Mgr.
- Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
- Oct. 22-23.—Scammon (Kans.) G. C. C. R. Quarton, Sec'y.
- Oct. 30.—Medford (Okla.) G. C. Dr. I. V. Hardy, Sec'y.

1913.

Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Cleveland Gun Club will hold a Labor Day tournament on Sept. 2.

The Seventh Pacific Coast Handicap will be held at Portland, Ore., Aug. 27, 28, and 29.

Tenth annual shoot of Charlottesville and University Gun Club will be held at Charlottesville, Va., Aug. 7. There will be ten events of 20 targets each, all merchandise and cash.

The Interstate Association's seventh Pacific Coast Handicap tournament will be held Aug. 27, 28 and 29, at Portland, Ore., under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club; \$1,000 or more added by the Interstate Association and the Portland Gun Club.

Gouverneur (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club will hold its first annual registered tournament Aug. 23. The officers, from whom programs may be obtained, are: A. M. Jepson, President; E. R. Fredenburg, Vice-President; W. R. Patrick, Secretary; H. D. Holes, Treasurer; W. H. Corbin, Field Captain.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner notifies us of the following changes in our list of registered tournaments: Ye Oak Meadow Gun Club's tournament, scheduled for Sandusky, Ohio, Aug. 23, has been postponed to Aug. 30; Mechanicsburg Gun Club's tournament, scheduled for Mechanicsburg, O., postponed from Aug. 27 to Sept. 6; and the dates for the Recreation Gun Club's tournament, at Evansville, Ind., have been changed from Sept. 9 and 10 to Sept. 16 and 17.

Paleface Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot at Wellington, Mass., on Aug. 7; and on Sept. 4 and 5 will hold a two-day merchandise shoot. Chas. F. Marden is the Secretary.

Sea Girt, N. J., interstate shooting tournament will be held Aug. 24 to Sept. 7, at Sea Girt, N. J. It will come under the auspices of the New Jersey State Rifle Association. Gov. Woodrow Wilson is president of the Association. Trapshooting is the added attraction this year. Programs may be had from National Rifle Association of America, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C. W. G. BEECROFT.

Bellingham Gun Club.

BELLINGHAM, Wis., July 22.—No high scores were made here during our two-day shoot, but we had a good attendance and felt certain every one went away happy. W. R. Thomas copped the kale with 278, seconded by Spratley and Ford, each of whom made one less. L. R. Barkley took pro. honors with 290, F. C. Riehl getting place two with 289, and only one up on F. Willett, whose sheet showed 288.

	1st Day.	2d Day.		1st Day.	2d Day.
W R Thomas	138	140	F White	118	128
H W Spratley	143	134	O H Joy	119	122
O N Ford	137	140	J Kienast	109	125
R H Miller	136	140	B F Reno	116	113
F M Troeh	133	142	T York	116	111
G N Miller	136	135	Geo Clark	101	110
Del Cooper	129	142	H A Howe	84	70
Ed Brackney	143	127	W Copeland	60	84
J Cooper	131	137	T Swift	52	90
D Reed	130	136	J C Inks	132	...
P P Nelson	130	128	T M McCue	118	...
J C Jensen	131	134	Geo Climie	129	...
H Fleming	130	132	R Baker	126	...
V H Francis	135	126	J T Hillis	126	...
E W Cooper	128	133	C A Porter	119	...
J A Dague	124	133	H Junker	...	117
J Rice	124	131	C A Cowell	103	...
T Shortreet	123	127			
Professionals:					
L R Barkley	143	147	H E Poston	136	140
F C Rishel	148	141	G H Garrison	137	132
F Willet	145	143	P J Holohan	136	133
L H Reid	141	146	G Hambright	115	123
I M Fisher	141	135			

C. F. STADFIELD, Cashier.

Marion (Ohio) Gun Club.

MARION, O., July 26.—Following are the scores of our registered tournament, held July 23. The shoot was a success in every way and the weather ideal. After the regular program had been shot through, Mr. J. S. Day shot at 15 pairs of doubles and succeeded in breaking every bird.

C T Stevens	113	W D Wagner	124
J A Penn	121	C O Centus	132
S A Dennis	127	A Ritzler, Jr.	126
J Ed Cain	127	C H Wagner	118
R Whitney	133	F G Yake	..(75 tgts.) 50
C L Culbertson	120	J E Diesem	118
B Bartholomew	116	Alf Hill	129
H D Smart	121	C C Lane	121
H Hirth	132	E G Long	124
R R Shull	117	L E Martin	104
W H Bessinger	130	F W Croncis	120
H H Freese	121	G A Barton	125
Geo Volk	144	A G Steltz	125
P G McCarthy	127	A B Jones	131
F W Markman	131	G A Smith	..(75 tgts) 44
H H May	104	W H Archer	126
H Feidner	126	C B Haycox	127
F M Edwards	147	C E Doolittle	138
Wm Webster	134	H C Rockwell	104
Ray Campbell	131	M D Stepp	105
K P Johnson	121	S I Darling	..(60 tgts) 50
Professionals:			
J S Day	143	J H Mason	121
R O Heikes	139	J R Taylor	141
		DAY A. ORR, Sec'y-Treas.	

Crookston Gun Club.

CROOKSTON, Minn., July 23.—William Ridley shot at pair of good days at our tournament just ended. He took the big end of the shoot with 293 out of 300. This year Ridley put What Cheer, Ia., on the map. M. A. Nashold wasn't so bad with his 277, which took him up to second place. The best Fred Bills, for one of the for-targets-only shooters, could do was to tie with J. H. Stair on 280, just 2 shy of enough to take first place from R. R. Barber, who stored up 281.

	1st Day.	2d Day.		1st Day.	2d Day.
H Chesterman	121	132	B F Veach	128	137
W E Rowe	126	136	A R Chezik	128	136
R D Miller	122	102	D Farrell	114	123
Wm Ridley	144	149	N Ludrighsen	125	125
J P White	137	137	Ed Moussefin	111	122
S A Huntley	130	135	G W Johnson	122	108
A C White	132	139	H J Erickson	109	107
G Trent, Jr.	124	133	T Morris	115	107
C A Hale	126	142	H Hurley	110	110
M A Nashold	139	138	H E Peck	...	137
Professionals:					
F G Bills	136	144	C G Dockendorf	121	124
J H Stair	135	145	H G Taylor	136	140
R R Barber	142	139			

Cerro Gordo Gun Club.

MASON CITY, Ia., July 25.—A good shooting crowd spent two days here, breaking rocks, and one or two good loads of small rock resulted. Billy Hoon broke just enough birds to win high gun, getting 287. He toppled over on second day, but saved himself by breaking last 15 straight. On day one he broke ten events straight, missing one in each of the others. Frank Campbell shot consistently each day, getting 143. His serious lapse from truthness came in events 6 to 9 on day one, and 9 on day two. His total was 286. Third man, H. W. Converse, made only 273, each day tallying him 139. His shooting was most erratic. Bill Crosby did bully shooting, getting 147 day one, 148 day two, for a total of 295. He made nine straights the second day, losing two in his last frame. None of the other pros. shot well enough to push him.

	First Day.		Second Day.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Bert Anderson	150	113	150	129
R Appelman	150	132	150	135
Chas Adler	150	130	150	138
W A Brown	150	136	150	133
E H Beadle	150	127	150	131
H W Converse	150	139	150	139
F Campbell	150	143	150	143
J W Dobbins	150	122	150	121
H W Emerson	150	131	150	124
C F Foster	150	123	150	116
S S Foster	150	127	150	114
G F Flaherty	150	107	150	122
G H Ford	150	100	150	88
D Glanville	150	122	150	108
J E Harker	150	135	150	138
W S Hoon	150	148	150	139
W E Harris	150	131	150	126
E A Henry	60	50
A F Johnson	150	133	150	136
Joe Kantzky	150	139	150	135
Geo Konvalinka	150	136	150	129
Glenn Konvalinka	150	122	150	120
G H Lauffie	150	89	150	95
H B Madsen	150	128	150	115
W J McGowan	150	123	150	110
C McBride	150	131	150	131
J Maland	150	137	150	129
J J Schell	150	118	150	126
Walt Thompson	150	117	150	113
A F Wilcox	150	119	150	120
O N Williams	150	140	150	126
A L Yearous	150	142	150	135
R P Monplasure	150	124
C Mossman	30	18
W C Peterson	60	45
A L Smith	60	52
F V Willard	60	40
C W Livergood	30	19
Professionals:				
W R Crosby	150	147	150	148
L H Fitzsimmons	150	140	150	133
W T Garrett	150	126	150	133
I N Price	150	129	150	136
H W Vietmeyer	150	127	150	130

Huntington Gun Club.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., July 26.—Two scores of 141 divided high amateur gun honors to-day. T. R. Shepherd and William Shattuck were behind 'em; 140 went to two shooters for place, R. Gerstell and J. B. Knapp doing it. J. S. Day took pro. "envious position" with 145, beating Luther Squier by one, who in turn was credited with only one more than R. O. Heikes.

	Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke		
	J A de Gruyter	150	120	W L Robinson	150
G Nicholson	150	125	Chas Riffe	150	131
J W Crider	150	127	A La Follette	150	129
H Stanbery	150	112	H C Worth	150	81
L G Gribble	150	125	C F Wilcoxon	150	90
G W Dameron	150	134	J W Taylor	150	109
J A Penn	150	121	R E Vickers	30	22
E B Epple	150	125	M Kerr	60	42
C J Nass	150	136	M M Wentz	75	50
E F Douthit	150	136	W Melrose	75	60
J B Knapp	150	140	O A Kent	15	11
T R Shepherd	150	141	C M Coffman	60	42
G Steinbauer	150	124	F H Merrick	45	38
W A Crawford	150	129	A R Shepherd	30	16
J Lallance, Jr.	150	120	W E Beardslee	30	22
Wm Shattuck	150	141	I Motteshead	30	21
R Gerstell	150	140	W S Vincen	30	19
Professionals:					
C W Phellis	150	139	W Chamberlain	150	141
L J Squier	150	144	J W Hawkins, Jr	150	138
J S Day	150	145	H M Shaul	150	120
R O Heikes	150	143			

Chicago Gun Club.

THERE will be held a two-day registered tournament on grounds at 123d street and Michigan avenue, on Aug. 10 and 11; \$100 added money. Squier money-back system. This is a registered tournament, to which the Interstate Association has contributed \$100 as a part of the Squier money-back special fund. The second annual Middle West Championship will be held some time in October. This is one of the most interesting contests ever held in the West. Watch for announcement. Program each day, ten events of 15 targets each. Rose system money division. There will be three special events (not part of the regular program), two at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance each, and one at 20 targets, \$2.00 entrance. Money divided percentage system, class shooting, 25, 25, 25 and 25 per cent. Targets deducted at 2 cents.



ARMS AND AMMUNITION WIN Big Shooting Events of the World

Grand American Handicap

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Olympic Games

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

On one continent a competition within "a nation of crack shots," on the other a contest between shooting experts of all nations—both

Positive proof of the dependable "Speed plus Pattern" of Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination

Iowa State Tournament another Link in Chain of Victories

High Amateur Average:

Won by Frank Campbell, shooting *Remington-UMC* Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells, 435 ex 450.

High Professional:

Won by Tom Marshall, shooting *Remington-UMC* Arrow Steel Lined Shells, 414 ex 450.

Long Run:

Won by J. P. White, shooting Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells. Mr. White also won third Amateur Average, shooting same ammunition, 431 ex 450.

Smith Cup Competition

Prof. L. Hazelwood tied, shooting Arrow Steel Lined Shells, 25 straight.

Eastern Handicap yields High Honors to Remington-UMC

High Professional Average:

Won by George Maxwell, shooting *Remington-UMC* Pump Gun and Arrow Steel Lined Shells, 392 ex 400.

High Amateur Average:

Won by George Volk, shooting *Remington-UMC* Pump Gun and Arrow Steel Lined Shells (used one box only of another make), 388 ex 400.

FOR TRAPS OR THE HUNT
Remington-UMC Arrow and Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells

Winners at Olympic Games, Winners at 1912 Grand American Handicap, Winners at 15 out of 18 Big National Handicaps in three years

STILL WINNING

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299-301 Broadway - - - - - New York, N. Y.

Shamokin Gun Club.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., July 26.—S. C. Yocum and W. H. Stroh tied for high gun in the registered tournament here to-day, each cracking 141 out of 150. D. A. Herrold and W. E. Daub tied for place at 140. Will Hawkins was upper tier pro. with 143. Neaf Apgar broke 139, and Sked, 2 less.

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke			
S C Yocum	150	141	C Foster	150	130
W H Stroh	150	141	J G Martin	150	130
D A Herrold	150	140	Robt Haupt	150	127
Wm E Daub	150	140	W D Rupp	150	116
B Teats	150	136	C R Reubendall	150	110
C A Hartman	150	134	H H Kaseman	150	110
D R Rishel	150	134	C Mariano	150	109
W Behm	150	134	Geo Haines	150	103
J N Schoffstal	150	133	G E Crone	120	83
Jas Patten	150	133	Thos Brennan	30	17
Jos Rebeck	150	133	H Burns	30	20
A H Siegfried	150	131	H C Moyer	45	26
R J Budd	150	131	E E Roush	60	29

Professionals:					
Hawkins	150	143	Hassam	150	129
Apgar	150	139	Lewis	150	128
Sked	150	137	Klotz	150	116

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 23.—Shooting over No. 2 set of traps W. R. Winfree again took the medals for high average, straight score, long run, 29. No. 1 was club event at 50 targets; No. 2, an extra event at 50 targets.

Events:		Events:			
Moorman	36	42	Fox	42	45
Single	43	39	Watson	38	47
J Fisher	32	..	Stockley	35	40
*Coffin	32	28	Kent	31	..
O Fisher	43	47	Anderson	45	39
J D Owen	39	..	Gannaway	30	28
W R Winfree	47	47	Smith	20	..

*Professionals.

Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League

DANBURY, Conn., July 20.—With even more than the usual amount of success the fourth registered tournament of the Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League was shot at Tamarack range, under the auspices of the Pahquioque Rod and Gun Club, of Danbury, Conn., today. A little touch of color and romance was added to the competition throughout the entire program by three young women shooters. Miss Thorpe, of Danbury, a young lady of fourteen, shot remarkably well, making a score of 77 out of 150, breaking 13 out of her last string of 15. Miss Hyland, of White Plains, was the high feminine, her score being 101 out of 150. There were thirty men in the tournament who made less than this breakage. Miss Bolles, of Greenwich, removed from further competition 80 aerosaucers out of her allotment of 150. The ladies attracted considerable attention, and will, we hope, through their exhibition of grace and aptitude, attract many of the numerous women present to the gentle art of trapshooting.

The winner of the tournament was L. H. Bradley, of Hartford, with a score of 137 out of the entire program of 150. W. A. Grady, of the Pahquioque Club, was second with 135; E. W. Mulford, of Hartford, was third with 134.

The race was exciting from start to finish. C. H. Daley, of Danbury, won the Connecticut State championship, with 93 out of 100. The Pahquioque Rod and Gun Club won the five-man team event with 440 out of 500. Bridgeport No. 1 was second with 434; Hartford was third, making 431. L. C. Wilson, of Bridgeport, made a run of 66, the highest of the tournament, for which he was awarded a gold watch. The cup (Connecticut trophy)—that is, one limb of it, went to L. H. Bradley.

The shooting of L. C. Chamberlain, of New Haven, put him up to 553 out of 600, high gun for the league trophy. A. O. Storer broke 98 out of 150, securing a nether limb of the Pahquioque Gun Club trophy.

In the special distance handicap merchandise event, D. H. Hall, of Bridgeport, topped the list with 24 out of 25.

The shoot was the largest ever held in the State of Connecticut, which incidentally means New England, and was, as usual, errorlessly managed, Edward H. Bailey being chief helmsman, ably assisted by W. S. Thompson, prize committeeman, and George Ginn, of the Winchester Arms Co., who cashiered the event.

Eighteen thousand five hundred targets were thrown and from the first call of "Pull" until the last pigeon had been trapped, there was intense enthusiasm among contestants and spectators. Lester German was high professional gun with 146 smashes, while Harry Stevens smashed up 138 dried muds. Neaf Appgar refused to trail, so broke the same number. Scores:

Following are the totals of each shooter at 150 targets:

L H Bradley..... 137	W Huff..... 117
W Gregory..... 135	W B Leigh..... 117
C H Daley..... 134	Dr Sunderland..... 115
E W Mumford..... 134	W Alcorn..... 115
A C Chamberlain..... 133	C Banks..... 114
M Hepburn..... 133	C Traver..... 113
W G Olmstead..... 132	C Bailey..... 112
W Newsome..... 132	H C Judd..... 112
C Van Stone..... 132	A Nathan..... 111
I Williams..... 132	A Brush..... 110

R D. Cate..... 129	E W Dann..... 110
F Clark..... 131	E Stultz..... 109
W W Rice..... 131	Dr Elligett..... 110
E Kelly..... 131	S Kellogg..... 108
L C Wilson..... 129	L Norton..... 108
C Fox..... 129	W Thorpe..... 107
R Hollister..... 128	A Woolfnger..... 107
R McFettridge..... 128	W Smith..... 107
C B Cutler..... 128	E Vesey..... 105
P Raymond..... 128	W Thompson..... 101
A Betti..... 128	Miss M Hyland..... 101
H Barstow..... 127	H Ridge..... 100
H Sherman..... 126	F Smith..... 99
L Ferris..... 126	C D Sutton..... 99
E Ward..... 126	A O Storer..... 98
E Hull..... 126	J Miller..... 96
C W Stevens..... 125	W H Conklin..... 94
W E Day..... 125	K Plancon..... 93
C Sherwood..... 125	J Finch..... 92
E G Southey..... 125	W Judd..... 91
H Metcalf..... 124	A Bierce..... 90
W J Conover..... 124	H Meeker..... 88
H M Judd..... 124	S Fanton..... 88
W W Gale..... 124	E Miller..... 88
J Kyle..... 123	E Dann..... 85
D Hall..... 123	J Harkness..... 83
R Smith..... 122	N Abrams..... 83
F Metcalf..... 122	A McCall..... 82
J Drahr..... 122	E A Carrington..... 80
G Alling..... 122	J Richardson..... 81
G Lyon..... 122	C Bennett..... 80
Dr Bishop..... 120	Miss Bolles..... 80
B Crane..... 120	Miss Thorpe..... 77
C Osborn, Jr..... 119	G Derrick..... 72
W Ganung..... 118	F Cocker..... 72
R Bennett..... 118	W W Banks..... 81
J B Robinson..... 118	M Cushman..... 64
J Finch..... 118	E Bouton..... 63
R Lewis..... 117	J Durkin..... 62
C Hall..... 117	H Billings..... 80
L C Remsey..... 117	F Banks..... 60

Professionals:

L German..... 146	A Sibley..... 134
H H Stevens..... 138	J T Skelly..... 129
N Appgar..... 138	Gil Wheeler..... 129
Geo Chapin..... 136	J Fanning..... 121

Those who shot at but 60 targets scored as follows:

R Bailey..... 35	P Barton..... 32
M P Bigelow..... 37	M Meyers..... 40
C Miller..... 34	C S Nash..... 37
J C Osborn..... 39	S C Snell..... 39
F Lawrence..... 36	F Hoagland..... 52

Five-man team race:

Danbury No. 1.	Bridgeport No. 2.
C H Daley..... 93	J Williams..... 87
W G Olmstead..... 90	C Fox..... 85
W A Gregory..... 89	E G Southey..... 80
F Clark..... 89	R A Lewis..... 80
C Stevens..... 79-440	W Lyon..... 78-410
Bridgeport No. 1.	Bethel.
C Van Stone..... 90	H Judd..... 84
L C Wilson..... 88	J Kyle..... 84
R Cate..... 87	R H Bennett..... 77
D Hall..... 81	C K Bailey..... 75
C Sherwood..... 88-434	W B Judd..... 68-388



L. H. BRADLEY,
Winner of Western Connecticut T. S. L. Tournament.

Hartford.	New Haven No. 2.
L R Bradley..... 91	R H Smith..... 85
E Mumford..... 91	G Alling..... 82
R Hollister..... 85	W Alcorn..... 81
R McFettridge..... 85	E W Dann..... 77
H Metcalf..... 79-431	W W Gale..... 80-405
New Haven No. 1.	Danbury No. 2.
L C Chamberlain..... 88	W E Day..... 84
E Kelly..... 87	W Ganung..... 77
M Hepburn..... 87	Dr Sunderland..... 78
W W Rice..... 83	B Crane..... 75
Dr Bishop..... 82-427	E Vesey..... 72-386
Mt. Kisco.	Long Hill.
A Betti..... 90	L Ferris..... 83
E Ward..... 86	C H Cutler..... 85
L C Remsey..... 85	H Sherman..... 81
W Huff..... 83	C Osborn, Jr..... 77
C Banks..... 80-424	J W Billings..... 51-377

Richmond Gun Club.

RICHMOND, Va., July 20.—Parker was high gun today with 48 out of 50, being within one bird of equaling the high score of the season. Hammond was second with 47.

After the shoot the club held a meeting and voted to make the price of targets 1 cent instead of 2 cents as heretofore. This should be an inducement for visitors to come out and shoot with the club.

The program for next Saturday will be very interesting, as several experts are expected. There will also be a race between two teams, to be selected on the grounds. Scores:

Events:	1 2 3	Events:	1 2 3
Parker.....	24 48 96	Cooke.....	18 36 72
Hammond.....	24 47 94	Eanes.....	18 33 66
Flautt.....	24 46 92	Sinton.....	18 33 66
Moss.....	23 45 90	Tritton.....	16 29 58
Brown.....	21 43 86	Williams.....	14 27 54
Housman.....	21 41 82	Higgerson.....	14 26 52
Goodloe.....	23 40 80	Wm Pugh.....	21 .. 54
Tignor.....	21 40 80		

North Side Gun Club.

MILWAUKEE, Wis, July 22.—In spite of the rain of Saturday, quite a number of shooters turned out at the weekly shoot of the North Side Gun Club Sunday. Owing to a heavy wind, the scores do not represent the ability of the various marksmen. A. E. Gies carried off high honors with 84 per cent. The scores:

Shot at. Brk.	Shot at. Brk.
Wm Birnschein..... 100 71	H Buehmann..... 75 53
J Mierswa..... 100 74	F Bark..... 50 31
John Dirk..... 100 53	C Groffy..... 75 61
A Splitt..... 50 22	E Reichel..... 75 52
John Regner..... 50 31	G Himmelstein..... 75 60
Wm Radue..... 50 29	Geo Sell..... 75 57
A E Gies..... 50 42	Wm Lehnhoff..... 50 35
R G Hohnbach..... 100 68	G Wellach..... 50 35
E C Bruhy..... 75 52	Geo Lade..... 50 39

GEO. HIMMELSTEIN, Sec'y.



Miss Bolles. Miss Thorpe. Miss Hyland.
WESTERN CONNECTICUT TRAPSHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Paragould Gun Club.

PARAGOULD, Ark., July 24.—H. B. Pattinger was leading man in the two-days' successful registered tournament ended here to-day. He eyed 'em up to 284. James A. Hays followed not too close with 277, with E. S. Liming afar off with 270. Billy Henderson topped the professional list with 289. The scores:

	First Day.		Second Day.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
W C Roland	150	135	150	131
H B Pattinger	150	144	150	140
Ed Massengill	150	127	150	131
J P Glimpse	150	129	150	129
J W Myar	150	129	150	138
O C Handly	150	135	150	132
J C Wright	150	132	150	137
A L Morgan	150	125	150	134
Ed Kalle	150	129	150	139
W F Lana	150	132	150	136
E S Liming	150	131	150	139
W J Hux	150	106	150	102
H Neely	150	127	150	104
E Newsom	150	122	150	129
J R Tonsil	150	133	150	138
H B Isler	150	60	150	87
H W Brown	105	43
J L Biddick	45	31	135	128
J L Biddick	45	31	135	108
D G Beachcamp	150	121
J A Hays	150	106	150	141
J E Christen	150	120	150	129
J D Ruoes	150	130	150	129
H J Meyer	150	118	150	109
F L Grinson	150	99	150	100
D Thompson	150	130	150	127
F A Bill	45	24
Polk Mabley	150	114
Professionals:				
J R Hinkle	150	135	150	135
Alex Mermod	150	124	150	133
W Henderson	150	142	150	147
H J Donnelly	150	124	150	143
J H Lewis	150	132	150	136

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 28.—The Analostan Gun Club of this city, held its first registered shoot yesterday. The weather was perfect, barring a strong wind, which blew directly in the faces of the shooters and made targets fly badly. Forty-one shooters were on the firing line, of whom thirty-three shot through the entire program of 150 targets. Five of these were professionals. H. Linn Worthington won high professional average, 143 out of 150; Homer Clark was second with 124; E. H. Storr third with 133.

S. P. Silling, of Staunton, Va., won high amateur average, tying Worthington with 143. He also won the gun event from 20yds., tying with Hogan and Leight and winning on the shoot-off with a 10 straight. E. W. Ford, of the home club, was second, making 139. Dr. B. L. Taylor was only 3 behind Ford, scoring 136. E. R. M. Purdum, secretary of the gun club at Gaithersburg, Md., landed all alone in fourth place. Following are the scores:

Shot at.		Brk.	Shot at.		Brk.
W W Barnes	150	122	W D Runnells	150	122
Wm Wagner	150	125	H Middlekauff	150	104
*M D Hogan	150	116	G W Peck, Jr.	150	132
C S Wilson	150	98	A V Parsons	150	120
R M Purdum	150	133	E W Ford	150	139
*E H Storr	150	139	Frank Huseman	150	113
*L Worthington	150	143	C B Wise	150	132
*J A Anderson	150	114	S A Luttrell	150	128
*H E Clark	150	142	R H Leight	150	116
E M Daniel	150	131	B L Taylor	150	136
E Eyer	150	125	W Holland	150	132
*L R Lewis	150	131	Geo Talbott	150	71
W Whiteford	150	131	Wm Holmead	30	21
E Etchison	150	116	*Geo A Emmons	105	60
W D Monroe	150	114	W W Sverales	30	25
J A Brown	150	123	G W Brooke, Jr.	30	13
M E Harrison	150	121	R T Bray	90	64
Phil Steubener	150	124	W C Barr	75	68
A B Stine	150	126	R H Livesey	45	26
Miles Taylor	150	122	Z D Blackstone	45	29
S P Sillings	150	143			

*Professionals.

Westy Hogans.

THE programe for the sixth annual target shoot of the Westy Hogans is in the hands of the printer. This year's shoot will be held at Venice Park, Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21. When Young's Pier was destroyed by fire, the Hogans, it might be said, were without a home, and it became necessary for them to find a suitable place in Atlantic City where they could hold their annual tournament. Venice Park should meet with the general endorsement of all intending contestants. It is easy of access, from all hotels in Atlantic City and an ideal place to hold a tournament. The background is perfect and there is a club house ample in size to accommodate any number of contestants.

The program of this year's tournament is not materially different from that of last year. The "Westy Hogan Special," which was arranged last year for amateurs who could not average better than 88 per cent., proved one of the big events and is continued. The addition of "Venice Park Special," open to amateurs only, will determine the question of individual excellence under scratch conditions.

The Squier money-back system with the Rose system governing the regular events, and the percentage system and high gun system governing the optional sweeps.

From 1907, when the first Westy Hogan tournament was held, until the present time, the Hogans have spared

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shells

Won The Eastern Handicap

C. D. Henline, F. Korner and W. Wallis, all shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells, tied on 96 ex 100. Mr. Henline won the shoot-off, scoring 19 ex 20 from 20 yd. mark.

HIGH AVERAGE OVER ALL

Amateur and Professional

Lester German and an Illinois amateur won respectively Professional and Amateur Averages for all targets trapped, both shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

DOUBLE TARGET AVERAGE

Amateur and Professional

Allen Heil won Amateur Average on "doubles", scoring 90 x 100. Lester German won Professional Average on "doubles", scoring 93 x 100. Both shot Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF NORTH CAROLINA

John E. Taylor, of Wilmington, won this hotly contested event with "Leader" Loaded Shells, scoring 93 ex 100 and 25 straight. High Amateur Average was won by J. B. Pennington, of Tarboro, who also shot "Leader" Loaded Shells

Winchester Loaded Shells with Patent Corrugated Head Always Shoot in a Winning Way

no pains to arrange all the details of this great annual event. A program will be mailed any shooter in the country if he will address Bernard Elsesser, Secretary Westy Hogans, York, Pa.

Norfolk-Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., July 26.—The attendance was good, and some excellent scores were made at the weekly shoot of the Norfolk-Portsmouth Gun Club yesterday afternoon. Dr. Byrd was high amateur with 94 out of 100. The conditions were fine, and several straights of 25 were made. In the club shoot Richardson and Dr. Byrd tied with 48 out of 50. The scores of the club shoot follow:

Shot at.		Brk.	Shot at.		Brk.
*Clark	100	98	Winchester	50	43
*Ward	75	65	Edmonds	50	39
Dr Byrd	50	48	Davis	50	35
Richardson	50	48	Talbot	50	35
Gallagher	50	47	Ballance	50	30
Lawrence	50	41	Thompson	25	20
Borrowdale	50	44	Parker	25	15
Boyd	50	43			

*Professionals.

Sheridan Gun Club.

SHERIDAN, Wyo., July 22.—There weren't many guns at our tournament, but those who did play in our yard surely will come back. J. W. Stevenson shot particularly well to-day, cracking 141 mud disks, beating Bob Brown, his nearest competitor by 5 aerosaucers. Third rater was A. W. Stevens with 134. Rush Razez slipped into upper berth in the pro. car with 141, while Bill Bowman was put into second seat with 138. L. C. Booth was helped into the lower berth, his total effort being only 130. Scores:

Dr J H Bradfield	120	C A Williams	79
A W Stevens	134	L R Van Houten	122
B C Lee, DD.S.	123	J McMahon	103
F W Oswell	130	R Lamb	73
W R Terrent	133	W Fane (30 tgts.)	15
R Brown	136	A Heumann	125
J W Stevenson	141	Dr E H Smith	110
F A Senff	110		
Professionals:			
Wm Bowman	138	R Razez	141
L C Booth	130		

FOUR MORE TOURNAMENTS

were added during the past week to the long list of averages won during 1912 with

Peters "steel where steel belongs" SHELLS

PARAGOULD, ARK.
 July 23-24
 HIGH GENERAL AVE., 289 ex 300
 by Woolfolk Henderson
 who also scored 179 straight, and
 99 ex 100 in extra events.

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.
 July 26
 HIGH GENERAL AVE., 145 ex 150
 by J. S. Day
 HIGH AMATEUR AVE., 141 ex 150
 by T. R. Shepherd (tie)

MILTON, PA.
 July 22
 HIGH GENERAL AVERAGE
 132 ex 135
 by Neaf Apgar

MASON CITY, IOWA
 July 24-25
 HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE
 287 ex 300
 by W. S. Hoon

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP
 Springfield, Ill., June 18-21

PETERS SHELLS WON

- 1st in Preliminary Handicap
- 1st in Amateur Championship
- 1st in Professional Doubles Championship
- High Professional in Grand American Handicap
- High Amateur Average

Use the **P** Shells, the kind that are **made right** and have won more trap shooting honors this year than any other brand.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO
 NEW YORK: 98 Chambers St., T. H. Keller, Manager. SAN FRANCISCO: 608-612 Howard St., J. S. French, Manager.
 NEW ORLEANS: 321 Magazine St., Lee Omohundro, Manager.

Watts L. Richmond Trophy.

THE Watts L. Richmond trophy is sanctioned by the New York State Sportsmen's Association as the western New York amateur championship at inanimate targets. In a special match on Sept. 12, 1911, between Messrs. Edward Cox, A. E. Conley, F. S. Wright and Jay D. Green, the first cup became the permanent property of



this a permanent event, and that same shall always be known as the Watts L. Richmond trophy.

This event shall always be open to recognized amateurs residing within Cayuga, Tompkins and Tioga counties, and counties in New York State west of these, which is hereby considered as western New York. This will be a 50-bird event. Ties shot off in strings of 25 targets. The entrance in an event for this cup shall be \$1, plus the targets at the price prevailing at the tournament. The Holland Gun Club or the donor, reserves the right to challenge the eligibility of any shooter.

The winner of the cup at the first tournament will receive the cup upon giving satisfactory bond for its return two weeks previous to the next following annual tournament of the above club or its successors. On return of this cup, as stated, at the next annual tournament, the holder will be entitled to 50 per cent. of the entrance, likewise the winner at the second annual tournament, upon returning the cup two weeks previous to the third tournament, shall receive 50 per cent. of the entrance at the third annual tournament, and so on. The winner at the previous tournament receiving the cash percentage on the next ensuing tournament. Mr. Green will receive 50 per cent. of 1912 entrance. All contestants in this event will shoot from one mark, regulation distance from the trap. The Interstate Association rules to govern, 50 targets, entrance \$2, targets included.

Roanoke Gun Club.

THERE was a large and enthusiastic attendance at the traps on the grounds of the Roanoke Gun Club, July 27, and some good scores were made. Guy Ward and Ed. Lec, trade representatives, were among the visitors and shot well. A number of ladies surprised the members by serving ice cream, cake and lemonade, which was thoroughly enjoyed. The weekly medals were won by the following members:

- Scratch—First, Watson; second, Scholl.
- Class A—First, Jones and Wilkinson tie; second, E. W. Poindexter.
- Class B—First, Ferguson; second, G. C. Cumbie.
- Class C—First, Berkeley; second, Bringman.

The scores follow, 50 targets:

	Per Broke.	Per Cent.		Per Broke.	Per Cent.
Blankenship	26	52	Price	45	90
Dann	30	60	Atkinson	39	78
E Poindexter	39	78	Wilkinson	42	84
T Poindexter	36	72	Elliott	36	72
Wade	34	68	Battle	46	92
Boyd	35	70	Jones	45	90
*Ward (100)	97	97	Berkeley	32	64
*Lee	38	76	Hunt	42	84
C C Richards	41	82	G C Cumbie	36	72
Scholl	48	96	Ferguson	40	80
Shepherd	47	94	Jennings	33	66
Bloxton	43	86	Tucker	30	60
Jamison	45	90	Robinson	40	80
Howard	36	72	Fishburne	36	72
Hooper	42	84	Moore	35	70
Watson	49	98	Dyer	34	68
L G Richards	47	94	Bringman	44	88
			H. F. WILKINSON, Sec'y.		

Mr. Green. The cup has been replaced with a larger and better one, and the first shoot for this cup will be held on the grounds of the Holland Gun Club at Batavia, N. Y., Aug. 14, 1912, and will be regularly shot for at the annual tournament of this club or its successors. Any shooter winning this cup three times entitles him to permanent ownership, and the Holland Gun Club agrees to replace the cup, thereby making

Milton Rod and Gun Club.

MILTON, Pa., July 24.—It wasn't the most enthusiastic bunch here to-day. Our program was ten events of 15 targets, but only nine events were shot. Thirty-seven gunners turned out. Rishel was high gun with 128; Curtis second with 127, and Leats third with 124. High pro was twins—Neaf Apgar and Harry Stevens—breaking even on 132.

	Shot at.	Broke		Shot at.	Broke
F Godcharles	135	115	Stroh	135	121
Clinger	135	111	Herrold	135	114
Hurtman	135	116	Myers	135	98
Redcay	135	111	Rubendale	135	105
Byers	135	109	Keft	150	118
Beachman	135	99	Davison	135	109
Rishel	135	128	Shearer	135	101
J G Martin	135	120	Tritt	135	98
Worden	135	124	Porter	135	110
Brewster	135	119	Hanley	135	89
Wilson	135	107	F Martin	135	92
Curtis	135	127	Budd	135	113
Schoffstall	135	113	D W Hoy	75	62
Teats	135	124	Schmidt	45	23
Bressler	135	107	J Hoy	30	25
Depew	135	100	Benner	30	19
Howell	135	96			
Professionals:					
Apgar	135	132	Stevens	135	132
Lewis	135	117	Klotz	135	101
Hassam	135	121			

Marion (Iowa) Gun Club.

MARION, Ia., July 23.—Following are the scores of our last two shoots. All shot at 50 clay birds:

Shoot of July 18:			
L D Dennis	47	E J Blazek	36
J Booth	44	Pierce	36
Hollingsworth	42	D W Pingrey	33
F Schwartz	42	I B Cutter	32
C E Gordon	39	A C Maxwell	32
C A Pyle	40	J E Cook	31
Shoot of July 11:			
L D Dennis	47	W Kessler	42
S O'Brien	46	F Schwartz	39
C Booth	46	D W Pingrey	36
I B Cutter	45	A C Maxwell	36
C Hollingsworth	43	Mathews	34
C E Gordon	42	C A Pyle	24
		A. C. MAXWELL, Sec'y.	

New Hanover Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, N. C., July 26.—Scores of the regular weekly shoot of New Hanover Gun Club:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
J E Taylor	100	79	L B Pearce	75	46
S R Coley	10	87	Geo S Boylan	50	46
T Cooper	100	56	G W Penny	50	36
J H Dreher	75	69	H E Miller	50	32
L C Grant	75	56	C B Cooper	25	15
			J. H. DREHER, Sec'y.		

Northern Kentucky Gun Club.

JULY 28 was not an ideal day for trapshooting, the sky was covered with heavy clouds most of the time, causing a very poor light, and drifting smoke made a background against which it was extremely difficult to see the targets; then, too, there was a strong wind blowing across the traps which made the targets do all sorts of unexpected stunts which kept the shooters guessing. The shoot was the best attended of this season's series of monthly money-back tournaments, over twenty men facing the traps during the shoot. Among the out-of-town shooters present were: A. C. Blair and H. Humston, of Xenia, Ohio; F. Fuchs and G. A. Beard, of Evansville, Ind.; W. Green and W. H. Hall, Maysville, Ky.; Ed Cain and Ike Brandenburg, of Dayton, Ohio; L. Bittner, H. Hessler and C. Davis, of Mt. Healthy, Ohio, and Stickles, of Hamilton, Ohio. The office work was in charge of Mr. Lamb, and John Braunagle acted as referee and scorer. Shooting began about 11 o'clock, and was continued until after five, a couple of special events being shot after the regular program was finished.

The program consisted of ten 15-target events, money divided 4, 3, 2, 1, Rose system in the first five and percentage, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent in the last five. The moneyback purse amounted to \$39.50, and there were ten shooters with total losses of \$44.95, in sums ranging from 31 cents to \$9.52. All losses were guaranteed by the club, so that no one was out anything.

High score was made by Stickles, 143; second high amateur was W. Green with 140, and Hammerschmidt got in third place with 137. C. O. Le Compte, professional, was second high man for the day with 141. The special handicap event was won by L. Bittner from 17yds., with only one miss; Capt. G. Dameron came second, one target behind him, and Green and Hammerschmidt tied for third place.

The last event of the afternoon was at 50 pairs of doubles, with four entries. W. R. Chamberlain, of Columbus, did very nice work, breaking 84, a remarkable score under the hard conditions prevailing when this event was shot. His nearest competitor was J. S. Day, with 81; Le Compte broke 76, and G. A. Beard, 60. Day is getting into trim for his match with Freeman for the E. C. cup on Aug. 24, and will put up a good race.

Programs for the club's registered shoot, to be held on Aug. 15 and 16, are in the mails. There will be ten 15-target events each day, with a special at 25 targets. A large crowd is expected, as many of the shooters in this section are working hard to qualify for the Pot Season shoot next October. The scores follow:

*C O Le Compte..... 141	H Hessler	131
F Fuchs	L Bittner	125
G A Beard	Johnson	103
W Green	Stickles	143
W H Hall	Dameron	136
A C Blair	Richards	125
H Humston	Frohliker	119
I Brandenburg	*Holaday	136
Cain	Hammerschmidt	137
Black	C Davis	134

*Professionals.

Special event, 25 targets, entrance \$1.25, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., handicap yards:

Green, 20	21	L Bittner, 17.....	24
Stickles, 20	19	Beard, 16	19
Dameron, 19	23	Dr Gould, 17	14
Hammerschmidt, 19	21	Richards, 17	2)
Blair, 18	20	Fuchs, 16	20
Hessler, 18	19	Humston, 16	15
Hall, 18	20		

Hudson Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 28.—Appended are the scores of the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, held to-day. The day was cool and pleasant for the game, with a stiff wind blowing across the traps, making the targets a little hard to get. J. E. Smith was high gun with an average of 91 per cent., having a straight run of 44, and being the best performance at our grounds for some time past. M. Wynne was the runner-up with an average of 89, and W. Roach finished in third place with 83.

Our next shooting date will be on Aug. 11, and everybody is welcome to come out and use our traps. A full line of the standard trap loads are for sale at the grounds at popular prices.

Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
J Williams	19	20	19	19	24
W Hutchings	18	20	18	19	21
R Perry	11	11	14	18	
C von Lengerke	19	18	19	18	18
W Buckman	19	13	16	17	
Dr O'Brien	16	21	22	17	15
W Raymond	18	14	21	18	19
W Roach	19	21	20	23	19
M Wynne	23	18	22	22	22
T Kelley	18	20	21	18	19
J E Smith	22	23	22	24	
J Whitley	18	15	18	14	12

T. H. K.

Capt. Bogardus Retires.

CAPT. ANDREW H. BOGARDUS, famed for forty years as the champion all-around gun shot of the world, announced his retirement this week, and will handle a gun no more. He is now in his eightieth year, and has been a prominent figure before the public since 1868, when he first began to attract attention by his wonderful dexterity with a rifle. Capt. Bogardus was born in New York city, and commenced to shoot at the age of fifteen. He came to Illinois in 1856, and settled near Petersburg. He found ideal hunting conditions in the timber land of that district and this gave him ample opportunity to develop his talent with a gun. His first public appearance was in 1863, in St. Louis, when he entered a pigeon

The Result of Over a Century's Experience



Perfection in powder-making is only achieved by exercising the most scrupulous care in the selection and preparation of raw materials, employing skilled workmen exclusively, and using only the most improved modern mechanical equipment.

This is the Du Pont method and accounts for the unequalled reputation among sportsmen enjoyed by the Du Pont brands of Smokeless Shotgun Powders. One of these brands that retains its popularity year after year is "The Old Reliable"



Bulk

High Velocity without sacrifice of regularity of pattern and pressure and without increase of residue. Burns clean—no "blow back." DU PONT SMOKELESS SHOT-GUN POWDER positively will not pit the gun barrels.

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See that your shells are loaded with **DU PONT**

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E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER COMPANY

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ESTABLISHED 1802



Wilmington, Del.

shooting contest. Although this was the first trapshooting in his experience, his skill won him first money. He was immediately matched with George Stanton, of Detroit, for \$200 each, 50 birds to be killed by each. Capt. Bogardus, shot 46 and his opponent but 40. This match was followed by hundreds of others, the Central Illinoisan meeting all of the crack shots of the world, soon earning and holding the title of champion of the world. A large box is required to hold the badges, trophies and prizes of various kinds won. This collection is one of the most remarkable of the kind in the world. During the visit of the late of King of England to the United States in the early 70s, Capt. Bogardus piloted him to the hunting grounds of Livingston county and other places, where the royal sportsman sought game and was his host on many fields. Capt. Bogardus also traveled for many years with the leading circuses of the country, giving a daily exhibition of his skill with the rifle. Of late years he was with Buffalo Bill. He was accompanied for a time by his sons, who have also attained fame as marksmen. For the past few years, Capt. Bogardus has operated shooting galleries in his home city of Lincoln and various public parks of central Illinois. Ill-health decided him to retire. His decision will be learned with regret by friends all over the world.

Canandaigua Sportsmen's Club.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 26.—An even dozen marksmen faced the traps at Lakeside Park to-day at the weekly shoot of Canandaigua Sportsman's Club. One event, styled a "Jack Rabbit," or a near approach to actual hunting conditions, created much amusement, and several shooters "grassed" their birds with regularity with the first or second barrel. Van Wormer was high gun for the silver spoon; Stoddard second, a cut-glass dish, and Eiseline third.

The club will send a squad to the Rochester Gun Club's tournament, and also to the Holland Gun Club's tournament at Batavia next month, when extra merchandise and trophy cup events will be competed. The Watts L. Richmond trophy, sanctioned by the New York State Sportsman's Association as the western New York championship at inanimate targets, will be contested for at Batavia on Aug. 14.

Scores of to-day follow: Van Wormer (15) 49, Stoddard (6) 47, Eiseline (13) 43, Kibbe (13) 41, Barringer (15) 38, Mason (0) 37; Stoddard 39, Mason 38, Richie 34, Cayward 33, Potter 27, Chesebro 16, Mason 14, Elliott 9, Van Wormer 7, Eiseline 6, Lacy 5. W. J. KIBBE.



I cheer-fully recommend Robin Hood Ammunition. It got 36 partridges in 36 shots in ten hours. The proof is in the picture. George C. Prince Powers Mich.

He Shoots R.H. - Why Don't You?

Be an R. H. Sharpshooter! If your scores are less than perfect, Robin Hood can help you make them better. Try it. Buy a box from your dealer, take it out and put it on trial. Note the absence of recoil; note the velocity, the accuracy, the perfect pattern.

ROBIN HOOD NOT MADE BY A TRUST AMMUNITION

is loaded with our own smokeless powders, made after a special formula that eliminates the "kick" and uses all the force to propel the shot. Naturally, R. H. drives faster, shoots straighter and kills further than others.

Free Booklet

Every man who carries a gun ought to have our booklet, "Facts About Our Shell Game." It tells why R. H. progressive-burning powder means great muzzle velocity and a full game bag.

ROBIN HOOD AMMUNITION CO., O STREET, SWANTON, VT.

looked very small to him; but Fred says that they will look larger from day to day, as he gets into the game again. We hope so, and it would be pleasing to see some of the other old stand-bys get into the game again.

The club shoot on Aug. 3 will be known as Freeman day; the contest will be in charge of Capt. Geo. P. Freeman, and George is going to see that everything is dished out as fine as silk, and if the boys will only come, they will get a day that they can put in a frame—something to look at—as George knows how to do it. Shoots of this kind are to be held each Saturday. Some member of the club will be honored by having a day named after him, and it will be up to him to see how many of his friends he can get out; so, boys, get on your thinking caps and see how many friends you have got that can break targets. Judge Ong is home. From a letter received from him by the manager he says some dub has been using his name, making 28 or 30 out of 50. The Judge wants it understood that he has not shot a target in a year, and he don't like to have a man by the name of Ong without he can break a 90 per cent. clip.

Event No. 1, monthly trophy, 50 targets, 16yds.: Jones 48, Brown 46, Dibble 45, Stepp 45, Freeman 42, Rockwell 42, Judd 42, Haycox 40, Hopkins 37, Wall 37, Thorp 35, Beckley 35, Beal 33, W. Green 33, C. B. Green 37.

Event No. 2, annual trophy, 50 targets, 16yds.: Brown 47, Freeman 44, Jones 44, Rockwell 43, Judd 43, Wall 40, Stepp 40, Beal 40, Hopkins 39, Mist 39, Green 37, Right 37, Thorp 35, W. Green 33, Douglass 31.

Blue Ribbon No. 1, 25 targets per man, added targets handicap: Stepp (4) 25, Jones (1) 24, Brown (0) 23, Beal (2) 23, Hopkins (8) 23, Freeman (6) 22, Judd (1) 22, Green (5) 22, Haycox (2) 21, Beaumont (10) 20, Douglass (8) 19, Right (4) 18.

Blue Ribbon No. 2, 25 targets per man, added targets handicaps: Judd (2) 25, Jones (2) 25, Green (5) 25, Brown (0) 24, Beaumont (10) 23, Stepp (0) 20, Beal (2) 20, Right (4) 20, Douglass (8) 19, W. Green (6) 17.

F. H. WALLACE, Mgr.

Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., July 27.—In a team race at West Chester today between teams representing the Du Pont Gun Club and the West Chester Gun Club, the local marksmen won by the score of 452 to 424.

The conditions of the race were that the ten high scores were to count, and prizes of silver spoons were awarded to the high man of each team.

J. B. McHugh made the high score of the team representing the Du Pont Gun Club, breaking 48 out of a possible 50. C. E. Barnes was high man for West Chester, with a score of 47 out of a possible 50.

The showing made by the local gunners was excellent, and they shot against the cream of Chester county. The scores:

Du Pont Gun Club.		West Chester.	
H W Bush	38	D H Hunt	33
Dr S Steel	42	F V Mace	44
Clyde Leedom	42	H H Solan	45
W S Colfax, Jr.	44	C H Harvey	40
Dr H Betts	20	C B Mardin	34
Eugene du Pont	46	E E Farr	32
J B McHugh	48	C R Poinsett	27
C T Martin	39	William Mayer	37
L C Lyon	42	E J Happersett	37
W M Hammond	42	E K Smith	36
David Lindsay	40	T Ferguson	33
H Winchester	46	C E Barnes	47
T B Rogers	33	P W Eagan	30
S J Newman	42	R Temple	37
W Edmanson	42	C W Martin	31
J A Campbell	35	C John	44
H C McClane	28	Benn	37
T W Mathewson	33	D Grooms	28
W G Wood	46	L D Schoth	27
W Tomlinson	42	J D Donnelly	18
Dr E O Bullock	39	N G Pyle	34
R S Robinson	30	W F Comfort	36
Gregg Godwin	38	G M Hillpot	37
H P Carlon	45	F Jackson	33
L L Jarrell	37	J Coyle	46
J W Anderson, Jr.	37	W H Soley	36
C H Simon	40	T Kirsch	41
A Richards	32	Z Reed	35
W A Joslyn	46	H Minker	42
W B Smith, Jr.	40	D W Irwin	37
Dr A Patterson	40	H D Martin	27
J H Minnick	45	H H Davis	20
S Tuchten	39		
R F Willis	45		
E P Ewing	27		
W M Armstead	45		

Fulton Gun Club.

FULTON, Mo., July 26.—We held our regular weekly shoot yesterday, and had with us three expert shots—C. G. Spencer, Jim Barr and Arthur Killam—and a large attendance of members and visitors, among the latter several ladies. The weather conditions were fine. Scores:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
*C G Spencer	100 97	E E Hape	50 32
*Jim Barr	100 95	W B Everheart	25 15
*Arthur Killam	100 89	Bob Dorsey	25 15
R A Moore	75 62	Art Bright	60 31
G T Yancy	50 41	Bob Gregor	35 18
F A Gengrich	60 48	Jack Brooks	25 11
John Kester	25 19	M T Baysinger	25 10
L Frank	70 52	Vic Lyons	40 8
Chip Doerreis	50 34	Bob McVeigh	10 2

*Professionals.

Through your paper our club wishes to thank these distinguished shooters for visiting our club, and invite them and all other visitors to join us whenever in our city.
FRED. C. WELLS, Sec'y-Treas.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Cleveland Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O., July 20.—The weekly shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club was held to-day at Shooting Park Stop 16A, Mayfield road. The shoot was well attended, but no record-breaking scores were made. The weather conditions were not of the best. The shoot had to be shot under the covered booths, as it rained most of the time, but the game moved just the same, as the Cleveland grounds are equipped for all kinds of weather conditions.

At our next shoot a novel event will be held. A number of pictures have been secured of some of our good shots in days gone by and who are leaning on past records. These pictures will be used as a proxy and will be placed at the score and somebody will do the shooting, and the scorer will be placed on record in the name that the picture represent, as we do not want to see the names of Ong, Blakeslee, Burns, Eady, Telling, Docomun, Genner, Ambler, Rowley, King, Hopkins and others go out of existence. Of course, we cannot always use a proxy that will make the score of these gentlemen, but we wish to keep their names before the public as great shots.

The following are the scores of to-day:

Event No. 1, monthly trophy, 50 targets, handicap 16yds.: Judd 46, Stepp 45, Brown 44, Jones 43, Dibble 43, Rockwell 43, Doolittle 42, Freeman 40, Wallace 40, Beckley 38, Thorp 38, Stevens 38, Weeden 38, Sherman 37, Mack 36, Sharp 35, Douglass 35, Schultus 33.

Event No. 2, annual trophy, 50 targets, handicap 16yds.: Brown 46, Dibble 45, Doolittle 45, Jones 42, Wallace 40, Stepp 40, Freeman 40, Thorp 38, Rockwell 41, Judd 37, Beckley 36, King 36, Stevens 36, Weeden 36, Schultus 35, Douglass 34, Sharp, 32, Sherman 32, Wakeman 30.

Event No. 3, blue ribbon contest, 25 targets: Brown 25, Doolittle 22, Jones 22, Judd 22, Thorp 21, Stepp 19, Beckley 19, Rock 19, Freeman 19, Stevens 19, Sherman 18, Douglass 17.

Event No. 4, blue ribbon contest, 25 targets: Brown 24, Doolittle 24, Stepp 23, Jones 21, Judd 21, Freeman 20, Rock 20, King 19, Beckley 17, Thorp 17, Stevens 17, Sherman 15.

July 28.—Fifteen shooters took part in the weekly club shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club, held yesterday. High guns for the day were: Dr. A. I. Brown with 93 out of 100; A. B. Jones, second with 92; Fred Beaumont, once a regular Saturday shooter, put in his first appearance at a club shoot for 1912. He said the targets

Smith Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., July 27.—Good scores were made today at the Smith Gun Club traps. Sweepstakes were popular. Four interesting 25-bird matches were shot between Dr. C. Moeller and G. W. Naugle. In the first the men tied, each breaking 20 birds. The second match also came out a tie, each man breaking 22. Dr. Moeller took the lead in the third by smashing 22 against 18 by his opponent. The fourth match was also won by Dr. Moeller by the score of 21 to 20, giving him a decisive victory in the series.

Considerable interest was also aroused over a match between J. W. Riley and E. Leslie, which was won by the former by the score of 20 against 11, out of the possible 25.

The following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Dr C Moeller...	20	22	22	21	H Higgs	19	20	20	..
G W Naugle ...	20	22	18	20	F Hagle	17	18	18	..
J W Riley ...	20	21	19	..	C Young.....	18	16	16	15
E Leslie	11	8	E Lindell	17	21	20	20

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 27.—Parry led the target shooters at the weekly practice of the gun club to-day, breaking 165 out of 175 and posting a run of 62. Edmonson was second and Britton third.

The statement made last week that Edmonson's 99 out of 100 was the best local performance applied only to our weekly practice. It has been beaten by Britton, Wise and J. W. Bell in the tournament shooting.

	Shot		Shot		
	at.	Brk.	at.	Brk.	
Parry	175	165	Wilson	100	84
Edmonson	175	163	Moller	200	166
Britton	175	161	Alig	100	81
Dixon	175	154	Stitle	100	72
Lewis	150	126	Neighbors	125	90
				R.	R.

Rod and Gun Club of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 27.—Our practice shoot today brought out an interesting 5-target, 5-event match. H. N. Williams broke his 25 straight, taking high gun honors for the day. Gross broke 23 for second, and Turner 20 for third. Other scores were: Dr. Baker 19, Butler 19, Rielly 19, Bowers 16, White 15, Dolman 11.

William Murray is secretary and Wm. A. White field captain. Visitors always are welcome.

YACHTING NOTES.

Beverly Y. C.

BOSTON, Mass., July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you with this the reports of our races this year, commencing with the four hundred and sixty-ninth regatta on the 15th of June up to and including the four hundred and seventy-sixth regatta on the 20th of July.

It is a pleasure to note that the events have been well attended, and that the racing is excellent. The new class of 15-footers has been well represented each day since their arrival in the bay. The boats have demonstrated themselves to be slightly better than the old Herreshoff boats, particularly off the wind. They were built in Boston by George Lawley & Sons Corporation, and towed around the Cape.

F. A. EUSTIS, Sec'y.

Four hundred and sixty-ninth regatta, first club race, club house, June 15. Judge, David Rice. Wind S. E., whole sail.

21-Footers—Course, No. 9, 13½ Miles.

	Elapsed.
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.....	1 50 31
Selwonk, L. J. Knowles	1 51 48
Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore.....	1 52 01
Polliwog, Frederic C. Hood	1 52 30
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	1 52 55
Terrapin, F. L. and G. B. Dabney.....	1 53 31
Phantom, F. W. Sargent	1 55 19
Makabaro, Galen L. Stone.....	1 56 45

Sonder Class—Course No. 9, 13½ Miles.

Seacoon, J. L. Stackpole	1 54 00
Sally VIII., C. E. Hellier	1 54 42
Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr.	1 58 02
Sally VIII. protests Seacoon.	

15-Footers—Course No. 15, 8¾ Miles.

Vim, W. O. Taylor	1 49 32
Pronto, Sidney Hosmer	1 50 01
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske.....	1 52 28
Pronto protests Seacoon.	

Four hundred and seventieth regatta, second club race, club house, June 17. Judge, Chas. Whittemore. Wind S. W., whole sail.

21-Footers—Course No. 11, 11¼ Miles.

Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore	1 53 15
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	1 53 40
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	1 54 43
Polliwog, Frederic C. Hood	2 01 03
Phantom, F. W. Sargent	2 02 05

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Wear well because they are made of the best material by the most skillful craftsmen.

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Handle well because the greatest attention has always been paid to the distribution of wood and metal, to insure perfect balance and the most symmetrical outline.

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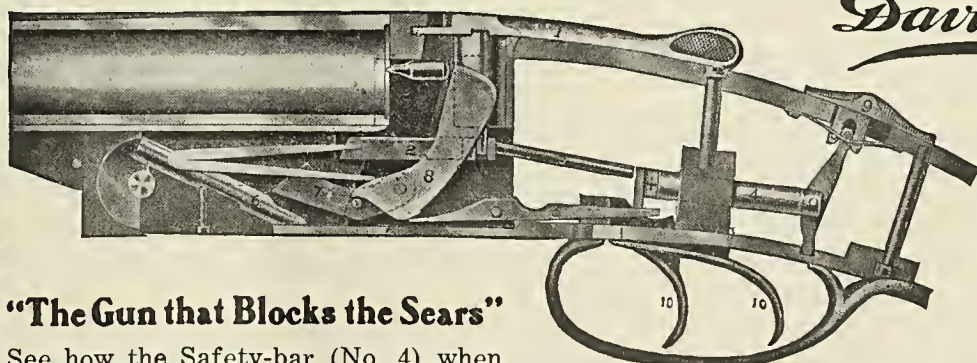
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Nine Grades

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See how the Safety-bar (No. 4) when pushed back over the L-shaped ends of the Sears (No. 5) completely blocks them, making accidental discharge absolutely impossible. Every Davis Hammerless Gun has the Safety that "Blocks the Sears". It is a *Safe* "Safety".

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After that your confidence is gone. The six Hunter brothers have kept on the trail of shotgun shortcomings with invention, workmanship and Purpose, for 22 years.

The result is the Smith Gun, the gun without a single shortcoming to mar the pleasure of the

hunting trip or cheat the game bag of a single bird.

Purpose got rid of "shooting loose" by producing the Smith bolt, which double-wedges through extension rib and grips tight with a double rotary grip.

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\$102.50 grade. Net price, with ejector, only \$75; with Hunter One-Trigger, \$100 net.

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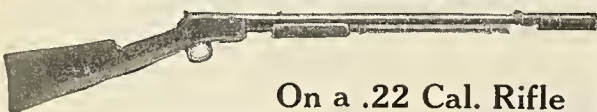
If you haven't time to cast bullets, we furnish hand made bullets for any caliber at low prices. You then merely decap and re-cap shell, insert powder and crimp shell on to bullet.

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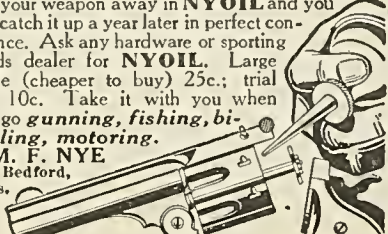
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Foraminifer was protested by D. L. W. and Skate was protested by W. E. C. E. Commodore E. states Mr. Hood says Saracen did not go around buoy.

Sonder Class—Course No. 11, 11 3/4 Miles.

Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr.	2 00 15
Herreshoff 15-footers—Course No. 15, 8 3/4 Miles.	
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	1 31 25
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske	1 32 37
Pronto, Sidney Hosmer	1 32 40
Vim, W. O. Taylor	1 33 05

Crane 15-footers—Course No. 15, 8 3/4 Miles.

Lestris, Joshua Crane	1 25 30
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Four hundred and seventy-first regatta, third club race, club house, June 22. Judge, Chas. Whittemore. Wind N. E. light, shifting to S. W.

21-Footers—Course No. 11, 11 3/4 Miles.

Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore	3 01 45
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	3 01 47
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	3 02 15
Selwonk, L. J. Knowles	3 02 16
Terrapin, F. L. and G. B. Dabney	3 02 33
Polliwog, Frederic C. Hood	3 03 10

Sonder Class—Course No. 11, 11 3/4 Miles.

Joyette, J. C. Edwards	2 57 33
Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr.	2 57 44
Seacoon, J. L. Stackpole	3 00 20
Sally VIII, C. E. Hellier	3 01 20

Crane 15-footers—Course No. 15, 8 3/4 Miles.

Gifted, George U. Crocker	2 40 02
Pioneer, Francis B. Austin	2 42 14
Nahma, Henry E. Warner	2 43 03
Charmion, Joshua Crane	2 43 10
Lestris, Joshua Crane	2 43 14
No Name, Ann Shepley Lionberger	2 43 22
Nabob, E. H. Bright	2 43 30

Four hundred and seventy-second regatta, fourth club race, club house, June 29. Judges, David Rice and Sidney Hosmer. Winds W.N.W.

21-Footers—Course No. 6, 14 Miles.

Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore	2 02 30
Terrapin, F. L. and G. B. Dabney	2 05 13
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	2 08 40
Scallop, W. E. C. Eustis	2 14 47
Phantom, F. W. Sargent	2 15 00
Selwonk, L. J. Knowles	2 16 08
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	2 18 45
Polliwog, Frederic C. Hood	2 19 10

Sonder Class—Course No. 6, 14 Miles.

Seacoon, J. L. Stackpole	2 13 15
Sally VIII, C. E. Hellier	2 13 35
Joyette, J. C. Edwards	2 14 05
Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr.	2 14 40

Herreshoff 15-footers—Course No. 18, 5 3/4 Miles.

Vim, W. O. Taylor	1 20 19
-------------------	---------

Pronto, Sidney Hosmer	1 22 22
Pheasant, Alex. Winsor	1 22 50
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske	1 24 21
Tinker, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d.	1 24 22
Fly, W. H. Slocum	1 26 11
Jack, R. F. Herrick, Jr.	1 27 42

Crane 15-footers—Course No. 18, 5 3/4 Miles.

Niobe, Moseley Taylor	1 17 09
Pioneer, Francis B. Austin	1 17 51
Water Witch, C. A. Coolidge	1 19 23
Lestris, Joshua Crane	1 19 41
Charmion, Joshua Crane	1 19 51
No Name, Ann Shepley Lionberger	1 19 57
Gifted, George U. Crocker	1 21 06
Nabob, E. H. Bright	1 22 07
Nahma, Henry E. Warner	1 24 01
T. D., Philip Y. De Normandie	1 25 01

Four hundred and seventy-third regatta, open sweepstakes, club house, July 4. Judge, David Rice. Wind south.

21-Footers—Course No. 9, 13 3/4 Miles.

Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore	1 46 14
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	1 47 21
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	1 48 14
Selwonk, L. J. Knowles	1 50 14
Terrapin, F. L. and G. B. Dabney	1 54 42

Sonder Class—Course No. 11, 11 3/4 Miles.

Seacoon, J. L. Stackpole	1 53 36
Sally VIII, C. E. Hellier	1 53 44
Peg, Galen L. Stone	1 54 17
Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr.	1 56 02
Joyette, J. C. Edwards	2 10 26

Herreshoff 15-footers—Course A.

Uarda, John Parkinson, Jr.	1 12 44
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske	1 13 15
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	1 14 08
Polly, Donald T. Hood	1 14 09
Pheasant, Alex. Winsor	1 16 16
Fly, W. H. Slocum	1 20 15

Vim, W. O. Taylor, broke stay and withdrew; Whitecap, Dr. C. R. Holmes, withdrew; Pronto, Sidney Hosmer, tore sail and withdrew.

Crane 15-footers—Course A.

Lestris, Joshua Crane	1 10 00
Nahma, Henry E. Warner	1 10 43
Water Witch, C. A. Coolidge	1 11 41
No Name, Ann Shepley Lionberger	1 12 16
Pioneer, Francis B. Austin	1 12 16
Nabob, E. H. Bright	1 22 22
Gifted, George U. Crocker	1 17 22
Niobe, Moseley Taylor	Disqualified.
Charmion, Joshua Crane, Jr.	Withdraw.

Auxiliary Cats—Course No. 9, 13 3/4 Miles.

Seavey, Harold Perry	1 54 20
Helena, W. W. Phinney	1 55 15
Fordyce, Frank Barlow	d. n. f.

Four hundred and seventy-fourth regatta, fifth club race (15-footers' special), club house, July 6. Judges, Chas. Whittemore and Sidney Hosmer. Wind S. W., single reef.

21-Footers—Course No. 11, 11 3/4 Miles.

Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore	1 53 40
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	1 54 40
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	1 54 50
Terrapin, F. L. and G. B. Dabney	1 54 52
Selwonk, L. J. Knowles	1 55 05
Polliwog, Frederic C. Hood	1 56 15
Phantom, F. W. Sargent	1 57 18

Sonder Class—Course, No. 11, 11 3/4 Miles.

Peg, Galen L. Stone	1 57 45
Joyette, J. C. Edwards	1 59 35
Sally VIII, C. E. Hellier	1 59 36
Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr.	2 00 06
Seacoon, J. L. Stackpole	2 00 50

Crane 15-footers—Course A.

Lestris, Joshua Crane	1 07 45
Pioneer, Francis B. Austin	1 08 55
No Name, Ann Shepley Lionberger	1 09 00
Charmion, Joshua Crane	1 09 12
Nabob, E. H. Bright	1 09 40
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske	1 12 50
Water Witch, C. A. Coolidge	1 13 15
Fly, W. H. Slocum	1 14 55
Pronto, Sidney Hosmer	1 15 53
Vim, W. O. Taylor	1 16 15

Four hundred and seventy-fifth regatta, sixth club race, club house, July 13. Judge, David Rice. Wind S. W.

21-Footers—Course No. 11, 11 3/4 Miles.

Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore	1 37 30
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	1 38 15
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	1 38 17
Selwonk, L. J. Knowles	1 38 33
Polliwog, Frederic C. Hood	1 40 32
Makabaro, Galen L. Stone	1 41 48
Phantom, F. W. Sargent	1 44 02
Terrapin, F. L. and G. B. Dabney	1 46 09

Sonder Class—Course No. 11, 11 3/4 Miles.

Seacoon, J. L. Stackpole	1 40 21
Sally VIII, C. E. Hellier	1 40 23
Peg, Galen L. Stone	1 40 28
Joyette, J. C. Edwards	1 40 55
Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr.	1 47 55

Herreshoff 15-footers—Course A.

Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	1 16 41
Tinker, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d.	1 16 42
Vim, W. O. Taylor	1 17 51
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske	1 18 55
Pronto, Sidney Hosmer	1 19 00
Fly, W. H. Slocum	1 19 06

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Crane 15-footers—Course A.

Pioneer, Francis B. Austin	1 12 21
Lestris, Joshua Crane	1 13 17
Nabob, E. H. Bright	1 13 19
Charmion, Joshua Crane	1 14 41
Niobe, Moseley Taylor	1 14 55
Gifted, George U. Crocker	1 15 00
Water Witch, C. A. Coolidge	1 16 07
Nahma, Henry E. Warner	1 16 09
No Name, Ann Shepley Lionberger	1 16 31

Four hundred and seventy-sixth regatta, seventh club race, club house, July 20. Judge, Chas. Whittemore. Wind southwest, single reef.

21-Footers—Course No. 11, 11¼ Miles.

Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	1 55 30
Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore	1 56 43
Polliwog, Frederic C. Hood	1 57 40
Phantom, F. W. Sargent	2 06 10
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	2 15 30
Saracen broken down.	
Sonder Class—Course No. 11, 11¼ Miles.	
Sally VIII., C. E. Hellier	2 00 27
Seacoon, J. L. Stackpole	2 03 42

Peg, Galen L. Stone	2 05 48
Joyette, J. C. Edwards	2 07 08
Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr.	2 08 08
Herreshoff 15-footers—Course No. 15—8¾ Miles.	
Pronto, Sidney	1 36 40
Uarda, John Parkinson, Jr.	1 38 00
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	1 38 38
Vim, W. O. Taylor	1 42 05
Fly, W. H. Stocum	1 42 06
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske	1 42 12
Vim protested by Endeavor for fouling at start.	
Crane 15-footers—Course No. 4, 18¼ Miles.	
Water Witch, C. A. Coolidge	1 14 20
No Name, Ann Shepley Lionberger	1 15 20
Charmion, Joshua Crane	1 15 40
Lestris, Joshua Crane	1 17 40
Gifted, George U. Crocker	1 17 47
Pioneer, Francis B. Austin	1 18 17
Nabob, E. H. Bright	1 19 45

BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., July 27.—The eighth club race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed here to-day. At the start the wind was very light from the southwest, and the first three classes were just about able to get away from the mark comfortably. In the 21-foot class F. W. Sargent's Phantom won by nearly 3½m. over Foraminifer. Saracen got the start with Polliwog and Skate following, kept it until the outer mark was rounded, when the wind shifted. Phantom way astern got it first, rounding the outer marks in the lead, and kept it to the end. The sonder race proved a walkover for Galen L. Stone's Peg by nearly 13m. Seacoon finished second and Fin third. Lestris scored another win in the Crane one-design class, Miss Priscilla Crane bringing the boat home about half a minute ahead of her brother, Joshua Crane, Jr., in Charmion. In the Herreshoff 15-foot class, Miss Eunice Taylor's Vim finished first. The summary:

21-Foot Class.	
Phantom	2 17 43
Foraminifer	2 21 07
Terrapin	2 21 17
Sonder Class.	
Peg	1 54 30
Seacoon	2 07 17
Fin	2 10 03
Crane Class—One-Design.	
Lestris	2 03 33
Charmion	2 04 09
Pioneer	2 04 47
Water Witch	2 05 28
Herreshoff 15-foot Class.	
Vim	1 42 45
Pronto	1 42 58
21-Foot Class.	
Saracen	2 23 14
Polliwog	2 25 02
Skate	2 21 32
Sonder Class.	
Joyette	2 10 15
Sally VIII.	2 10 39
Crane Class—One-Design.	
Nabob	2 06 20
Gifted	2 06 31
Niobe	2 09 25
No Name	2 09 30
Herreshoff 15-foot Class.	
Endeavor	1 44 00
Fly	1 45 40

Ticks from the Ship's Clock.

C. M. Camp, commodore of the Marine and Field Club, has offered a cup for the S class, open to all divisions. The cup must be won twice by the same owner, though he may win in any other boat in the class. In other words, the cup is for skippers' expertness, and not for architects' lines. The first race will be sailed to-day, and the second the last day of the Atlantic Y. C. race week.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., July 27.—Five knockabouts entered to-day's race on the Shrewsbury River. Elf, owned and sailed by William Potts, won over Seymour Houghton's Elseadore by a close margin.

Harold Buch's Kelpie won again last Saturday in the Stamford Y. C.'s one-design class. Bartholomew Jacob's Killie finished second on 35s. behind.

It was lady skippers' day last Saturday at the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. at Oyster Bay. Miss Nichols, a cool, clever yachtswoman, took Hen across the line a winner, beating Chipmunk, sailed by Miss Young, nearly four minutes. Mrs. C. Mackenzie crossed third in Thelma, exactly two minutes later. Miss Roosevelt's Grilse and Miss Landon's Imp also sailed.

An effort is being made by yachtsmen to induce Alexander S. Cochran, of Yonkers, N. Y., to fit out the crack racing schooner Westward and place her in commission for racing in the New York Y. C. squadron runs next month and other racing events planned under the auspices of this club for the fall. Up to the present time nothing has been accomplished, owing partly to the change of sail area, which the Plant schooner Elena underwent at Bristol several weeks ago.

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No Decision in Momo—Idler Race.

THE 118-mile race between the Class P sloop Momo, owned by W. E. Butler, and the Class Q sloop Idler, owned by A. Manton Chace, from Newport to Larchmont, ended in a dispute and resulted in an equal division of the prizes. Momo gave her time as 11:45 and Idler announced her arrival at 12 P. M.

The captain of Momo claimed that Idler did not finish until 12:45 P. M., and as there was no committee boat at the finish, it was impossible to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, the result being the division of the trophies. The starting gun was fired at the committee boat moored in Newport Harbor at 12 sharp. Momo crossed to leeward at 12:17 and Idler to windward at 12:23.

Cadilloqua Regatta.

DETROIT, Mich., July 27.—Kittyhawk II. won the Clement Studebaker, Jr., trophy for the fastest trip over the Studebaker mile in the regatta ending here to-day. She did the measured mile in 1m. 11 2/5s., the fastest mile ever made on the Great Lakes. This is at the rate of 50.42 miles an hour. Previously Kitty Hawk II. won the forty-mile Cadilloqua free-for-all motor boat championship. The Clement Studebaker, Jr., trophy is one of the handsomest ever offered for a motor boat event and was a tremendous in-

centive to the motor speed boats. Competitors for the trophy included the fastest motor boats in America at the present time.

Manchester Y. C.

MANCHESTER, Mass., July 27.—Thirty boats were entered to-day in the invitation race of the Manchester Y. C. Onda II., owned by John Greenough, was the winner in Class P. Time, 53m. 48s. The other winners were: Sonder class, Ellen, owned by Charles Curtis; Class I, 18-footers, Louise, A. E. Whittemore; Marblehead one-design, Lolita, C. H. W. Foster; Manchester one-design, Ketchup, George and Everett Fabyan; Corinthian one-design, all withdrew.

Motor Boating

Bermuda Power Boat Race.

So little interest was taken in the ocean race to Bermuda, starting from Philadelphia on last Saturday, that only two boats started. Kathemma was piloted by Dr. C. S. Street and is owned by Commodore W. C. Smith, of the Ocean Gate Y. C., and Dream, owned and handled by Chas. L. Logan, of the Yachtsmen's Club.

The yachts were not measured until morning of the starting day and the handicap allowance computed. Dream, 3/8 of an inch longer than the minimum of 40 feet, receives a time allowance over Kathemma, 51 feet long, of 14h. 14m. 21s. This has made Dream a favorite among the yachtsmen here. She was built especially for the race.

The final inspection by the committee of the Yachtsmen's Club was made before noon, and at 12 o'clock the warning signal was sounded. Five minutes later the preparatory signal was given, and the boats started across the line, Dream leading at 11m. 10s. after 12, and Kathemma following 31s. later.

Lake Hopatcong Y. C.

LAKE HOPATCONG, N. J., July 27.—The second annual motor boat meet of the series under the auspices of the Lake Hopatcong Y. C. was held to-day. Summary:

Class A—Won by Dixie, Jr., owned by R. H. Lock; San Toy, owned by W. H. Barron, second; Gopher, owned by E. C. Sargeant, third. Time, 48m. 36s.

Class B—Won by Pegasus, B. C. Tefft; Kalitan, Raymond Brown, second; Chum, J. G. Clark, third. Time, 28m. 19s.

Class C—Won by Neptune, A. F. Roberts; Nixie, C. R. Kingsley, second; Dollie, K. S. Evans, third. Time, 1h. 3m. 53s.

Canoeing

Yapewi Aquatic Club.

THE Yapewi Aquatic Club held a most enjoyable regatta on Saturday afternoon, July 27, off their club house at Bordentown, N. J. A large crowd witnessed the contests, and in some events the finish was very exciting. All events were open only to members of clubs belonging to the Associated Canoe Clubs of the Delaware. This association has an annual trophy which is awarded to the club having the greatest number of points to its credit at the conclusion of the season's racing programs.

After the races a supper was served in the club house, following which an informal dance was held. The afternoon and evening entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, and much praise was given the committee on their

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successful arrangement of the program. A summary of the races is as follows:

Club Fours, Double Blades.—First, Lakanoo B. C., J. S. Page, F. Gauntt, B. A. Sleeper, C. E. Sholl; second, Chippewa C. C., B. H. Margerum, R. Black, F. L. Muschert, Wm. Kemble; third, Yapewi A. C., L. Cox, F. Koenig, H. Reeder, Wm. Conard.

Tandem Single Blades.—First, Black and Fine, Chippewa C. C.; second, Page and Sleeper, Lakanoo B. C.; third, Reeder and Reeder, Yapewi A. C.

Tail End, Single Blade.—First, Sholl, Lakanoo B. C.; second, Sleeper, Lakanoo B. C.; third, Bowker, Yapewi A. C.

One Man, Double Blades.—First, Conard, Yapewi A. C.; second, Koenig, Yapewi A. C.; third, Sholl, Lakanoo B. C.

Tandem Overboard.—First, Page and Sleeper, Lakanoo B. C.; second, Reeder and Reeder, Yapewi A. C.; third, Waite and Jordy, Mohawk C. C.

One Man, Single Blade.—First, Sleeper, Lakanoo B. C.; second, Reeder, Yapewi A. C.; third, Black, Chippewa C. C.

Tandem Double Blades.—First, Conard and Reeder, Yapewi A. C.; second, Page and Sleeper, Lakanoo B. C.; third, Sholl and Gauntt, Lakanoo B. C.

Club Fours, Single Blades.—First, Lakanoo B. C., Sleeper, Gauntt, Page, Sholl; second, Chippewa C. C., Fine, Margerum, Black, Kemble; third, Mohawk C. C., Waite, Lloyd, Hendrickson, Jordy.

The Yapewi Aquatic Club crew disqualified on account of finishing with but three men in the boat after crossing the finish line in second place.

The points scored by each club for A. C. C. D. trophy are as follows: Lakanoo B. C., 28; Yapewi A. C., 21; Chippewa C. C., 12; Mohawk C. C., 2.

Judges: Henry B. Fort, Chas. S. Osmond and John V. Mulcahy. Starter: Harry J. Burns. Clerk: Enoch F. Bills. Regatta Committee: Elmer B. Ayres, Chairman; Carl F. Koenig, Sr., Louis W. H. Wiese.

Western Division, A. C. A.

THE American Canoe Association of the Western Division held its summer meet at Kenilworth, Ill., July 3 to July 8, inclusive. The officers elected July 6, 1912, to serve Oct. 1, 1912, to Oct. 1, 1913, were: Vice-Commodore, H. C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.; Rear-Commodore, R. E. Penfield, Rockford, Ill.; Purser, Hugh P. Miller, Peoria, Ill.; Executive Committee, W. W. Hinkley, Chicago, Ill., and H. L. Boynton, Dundee, Ill.; Board of Governors, F. B. Huntington, Chicago, Ill.; Racing Board, J. W. Barker, Rockford, Ill.

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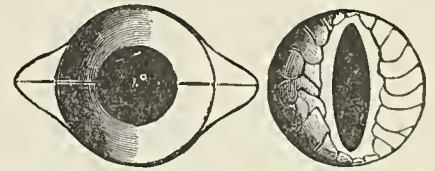
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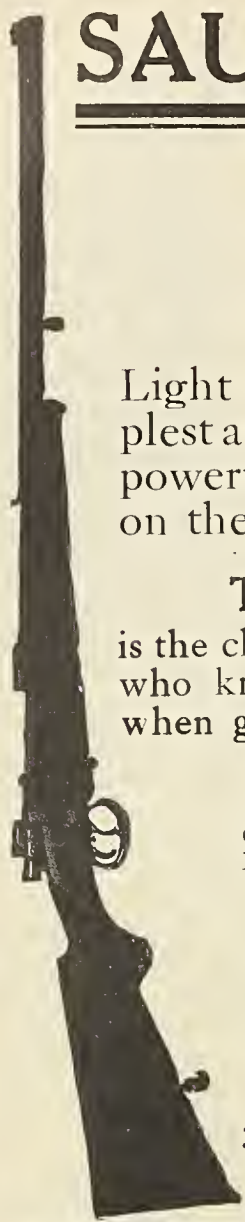
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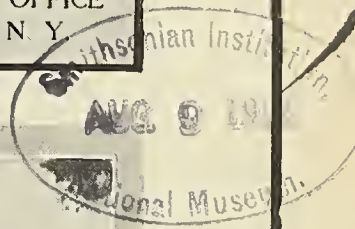
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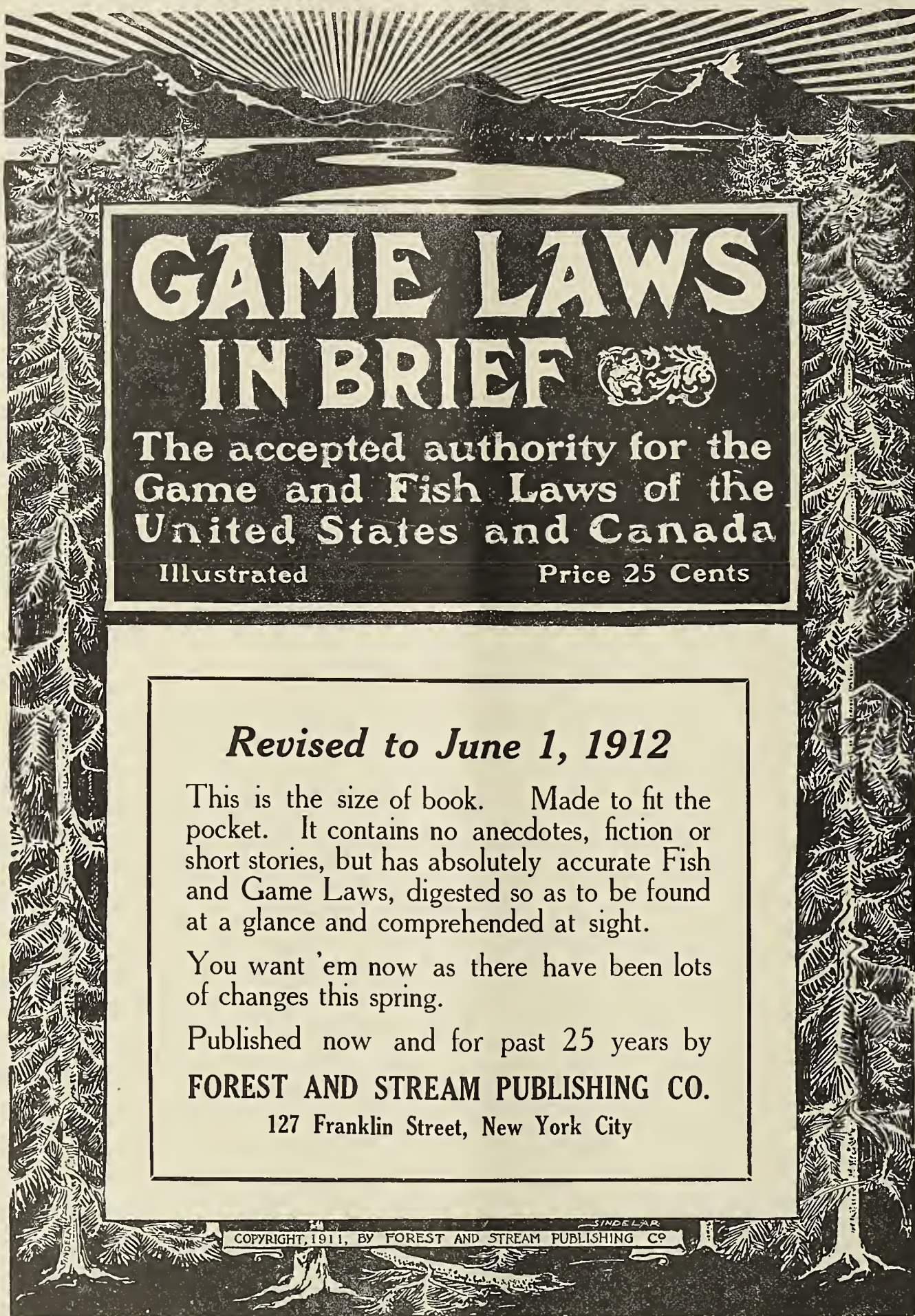
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DURATION OF LIFE.

It has been estimated by Prof. Weisman in his work, "The Duration of Life," that the day-fly lives twenty-four hours, the Mayfly one day, the butterfly two months, as also does the flea; the fly three to four months, the ant, the cricket and the bee one year each, the hare and sheep six to ten years each, the nightingale twelve years, the wolf twelve to fifteen years, the canary bird fifteen to twenty years, the dog fifteen to twenty-five years, cattle twenty-five years, the stag thirty-five to forty years, the heron and bear fifty years each, the turtle and parrot 100 years each. The ivy outlives 200 years, the elm 300 to 350 years, the linden 500 to 1,000 years, the locust tree and the oak 400 years, the fir 700 to 1,200 years, and palm trees 3,000 to 5,000 years. The mouse lives six years, the squirrel six years, small singing birds eight to eighteen years, the pigeon ten years, fowls (domestic) ten to twenty years, the fox fourteen years, sheep fifteen years, golden pheasant fifteen years, the turkey sixteen years, crayfish twenty years, the magpie twenty years in captivity, well over twenty years in natural state; the pig twenty years, the wild boar twenty-five years, the sea-snail thirty years, the cuckoo (single instance) thirty-two years, the lion thirty-five years, the toad, cat and horse forty years, corals fifty years, sea anemones fifty to sixty years, the raven and eider duck 100 years, the wild goose 100 years (?), eagles and falcons 100 years, the golden eagle 104 years and upward, the white-headed vulture 118 years, falcon (species not mentioned) 162 years, the elephant 200 years, the pike 200 years, the carp 200 years and the swan 300 years (?).

REARING DEER IN SCOTLAND.

THE intelligence that, with the view of bringing fresh blood into his forests, Sir Charles Ross, of Balnagown, is rearing from sixty to a hundred deer calves secured from all the leading preserves in the North of Scotland, serves to remind us that parts of the Balnagown estate have for centuries carried a superior head of deer, says the Shooting Times. The grounds have always been regarded as among the finest in the Highlands, and have, according to tradition, harbored some splendid stags. It is on record that, about seventy years ago, they yielded on more than one occasion heads displaying no fewer than twenty-two tines. The general consensus of opinion is that the finest head obtained in the Highlands within recent times belonged to a stag killed in 1843 by a poacher in the forest of Deanich, Balnagown. The trophy, which was latterly the property of the late Lord Powerscourt, was embellished with eighteen tines of marvelous beauty and symmetry. It had a span of forty inches, the horns measuring seven inches round the base. The brow antlers were pre-eminently elegant and well developed, and measured not less than eighteen inches in length. This matchless head was bought from the poacher for £3 by Hay Mackenzie, of Rhidoroch. We are not aware whether this is the trophy referred to by Evan G. Mackenzie as having passed into the possession of a Duchess of Sutherland, who left it at her death to Lord Talbot. "Since then," continues Mr. Mackenzie, "all traces of it have been lost." It is evident that Sir Charles Ross intends to maintain the high prestige of his excellent preserves.

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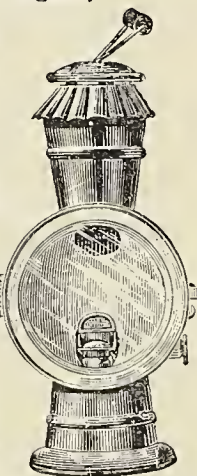
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VOL. LXXIX.—No. 6.
127 Franklin St., New York.

Through Unexplored Guerrero

By PROF. WILLIAM NIVEN

Chapter I.—Into the Wilderness

[THE Mexico of to-day, a land covering an area of more than 800,000 square miles, is fairly well known to civilized man as far south as Mexico City, the capital of the republic, built on the ruins of the ancient Tenochtitlan, capital of the Aztec Empire. But if one draws a line from east to west, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, through this capital, he will find lying to the south clear to the Guatemala line, a stretch of wilderness less known than the pine barrens of Canada and more thinly inhabited than the eastern slope of the Andes.

Here rises mountain range on mountain range; here flow numberless small rivers into greater streams, abundantly watering great uncultivated gorges, and eventually emptying crystal tides into two oceans; here lie mile on mile of buried cities, centers of population which were crumbling ruins when thunder and lightning played 'round Calvary; here dwell great snakes ready to crush the wanderer in their powerful coils, and here roams the largest of the cats of the New World, the spotted jaguar, undisputed king of the mountain and the valley, the forest and the level river bank. Even to scientists the scattered wild tribes which make their homes in this southern half of Mexico are unknown, creatures almost as wild as the animals which dwell in their forests, and yet no kin to the city-builders who lived and worked and died in this region long before the Aztecs came to the Vale of Anahuac.

Wildest of all this large area, which comprises at least half of all Mexico, is the State of Guerrero lying more than one hundred miles south and west of Mexico City. It is a State of mountains, dry, save where large streams flow through precipitous cañons yet filled with gold, and with ruined cities now buried beneath many feet of earth and vegetation. Thence came the greater part of the gold which Cortez sent to Spain and Mexico; thence, likewise, came the treasure of the Montezumas, yet the State has been scarcely scratched in a mining way.—EDITOR.]

MY first glimpse of the prehistoric riches of the Mexican State of Guerrero was obtained in 1889, when I visited Chilpancingo, the capital of the State, on a mission not connected with archeological or ethnological work. While in Chilpancingo, I had the pleasure to be the guest of the Governor, Gen. F. O. Arce, an able executive and a deep student of the country and the people he ruled.

The Governor had a large collection of antiques, and among them I noticed a number of idols, ornaments, and one or two clay pots, of a design altogether different from anything I ever before had seen. These, Gen. Arce informed me, came from the ruins of an extensive city a few miles from the village of Xochipala. He added the still more interesting news that, to his own knowledge, no foreigner had ever seen these ruins, much less tried to wrest from them their secrets of the dim past.

With the aid of Governor Arce, I selected four trustworthy natives, armed and provided them with horses and blankets, and, one bright morning in December, set out for the River of Mystery—the Rio Balsas, along whose shores the tribes of other days planted their massive stone cities.

The Balsas River, numbered among the few great streams of Mexico, rises in the State of Tlaxcala, and flows southward and westward into the Pacific Ocean near the village of Zacatula. Terrific rapids make it almost unnavigable, while high mountain walls shut out its narrow valley from the world. As a consequence, both the modern and the ancient tribes along its shore are practically unknown, and it was with some misgivings that I set out, surrounded by my little bodyguard and provided with letters from Governor Arce to the various chiefs, on my journey into the burial ground of a great race.

Out from Chilpancingo the trail, narrow, twisted, and, in many places, cut from the solid rock of the hills, rises first to the divide. About an hour's ride from Chilpancingo we came to the village of Zumpango del Rio. The name of this town is a peculiar combination of the Nahuatl Indian word Zumpango, meaning "ancient skulls," and the two Spanish words,

del Rio, meaning "of the river," or "beside the river," probably so qualified to distinguish it from some other Zumpango of olden days.

A description of Zumpango del Rio is a description of each and every other Indian village of this section. About two hundred houses, built of huge adobe bricks, with thatched or tiled roofs, clustered about a plaza



MAP OF STATE OF GUERRERO, MEXICO. BLACK SPACE SHOWS AREA OF RUINS DISCOVERED BY PROF. NIVEN. EACH SMALL WHITE MARK IS A SEPARATE RUIN.



STREET "CARNICERIA" OR MEAT MARKET, IN CHILPANCINGO.

and a church, the former filled with trees and flowers and the latter with ancient paintings and images of the saints, constitutes the town. One thousand persons, mostly Indians, engaged in agriculture and the raising of goats, make up the population.

These Nahuatl tribesmen are practically pure descendants of the Aztecs, and are scattered from Mexico City to the Pacific through the States of Mexico, Morelos and Guerrero, south from the Balsas River to the Rio Papagallo, and west to the divide of the Sierra Madre del Sur mountains. Few of these Indians speak Spanish, but still use the old tongue of the Montezumas, the dominant language of the country when Cortez entered it. Names of all the towns in this area south of the Rio Balsas are in the Nahuatl language, while to the north of that stream, they are in the Tarascan. South, in the Nahuatl district, not a town has a name containing the letter "r", while to the north, the harsh Tarascan tongue has plentifully sprinkled the map with guttural "r's".

Here in this town the streets follow the winding trails of the ancient Indian village, which was here years ago, how many the natives themselves do not know. Flat-faced, with high cheek bones, broad, flat noses, these Nahuatls, usually short of stature, force the student of humanity into a strong belief in their Oriental origin. Carvings on their ruins lead one to believe this even more strongly, and their black, straight hair adds to the conception of the transplanting.

Zumpango del Rio stands on one bank of a deep barranca or gully, and, as I stood on the side of this barranca, gazing across at the brown clay wall one hundred feet away, I realized why the superstitious Nahuatls had named the town "Ancient Skulls." There, staring me in the face was a layer of white bones, a foot thick, a thousand feet long and

buried eight feet from the surface. It appeared at first to be merely a stratum of limestone, but when I had obtained permission from the Indian owner of the land, and put my men at work with rude hoes and shovels, I uncovered a genuine vein of death, a burial place, in which, as the result of some cataclysm of nature, thousands of human beings had been buried, quite probably, alive.

Throughout this part of Guerrero the Indians have stories of mysterious lights, playing along the edge of this barranca, luminous bodies of various shapes which, they believe, point to buried treasure. I had often puzzled over these stories as they had been told to me by Mexicans from this section, but one glance at this layer of bones, and the puzzle existed no longer. The lights came from the phosphorus in the bones, brought into action by the dampness of the rainy season, just as the waters of the marsh bring forth will-o'-the-wisps and similar perfectly simple phenomena.

Like a miner following a vein to the mother lode, I followed this vein of bones for half a kilometer up the barranca, I came upon traces of a prehistoric ruin. On and on I went, until I had covered nearly a league more, when the site of what had once been a city of fifty thousand inhabitants appeared. Leveled to the ground by the hand of nature, nothing remained but the foundations of many laid stone houses, with regular streets, the ruins of a temple, a large square which had been a pyramid, and innumerable artifacts of the forgotten race which had built it. Here, then, was the source of the bones, washed down to the mesa below by the giant cloudburst which overwhelmed city and people probably centuries before Zumpango del Rio had been thought of as a village site.

Much as I would have liked to have gone into this ruin, which has never been explored by modern scientist, time was too pressing

and we moved on four hours' steady ride to the puebla of Chalchiutepetl—a Nahuatl word meaning "Hill of Jade." Here the people, who speak only the Nahuatl dialect, told me that two kilometers further northwest were ruins. Thither I went, and found two pyramids, each forty feet high, and about three hundred feet in diameter. These had been originally small hills, which had been smoothed down and then covered with laid stone, apparently with flat spaces at the tops, whereon had stood temples.

An old Indian, who acted as my guide, seemed incredulous, when I investigated and told him that the pyramids were solid, that they contained no tombs, and had been erected merely as bases for altars and temples. He told me in strict confidence, and with a mysterious air, that he had seen a fire burning on top of one of the pyramids several months before. He solemnly assured me that there were spirits guarding an immense treasure which lay hidden in the heart of the pyramid.

The next day, on exploring the top of this pyramid, I found at the foot of a crowning pile of stones, which had apparently been an altar, an earthen jar or olla, containing rosin and charcoal, which bore evidence of having been on fire quite recently. This doubtless explained the Indian's story, as I learned afterward that these Nahuatls of Chalchiutepetl still adhere to many of their ancient beliefs, and, for one, make fire offerings to the deities of their ancestors, also propitiating them with fruits and flowers. Thus does pagan Aztec Mexico still persist in the midst of the Catholic and supposedly Christian republic.

Here I found more jade beads and ornaments than I have ever found in all my travels in twenty-five years of life in Mexico—but where this ancient, valuable green stone, prized so highly by the builders of these olden times, came from is a mystery to this day. Like the grave of Moses, the jade mines of the prehistoric tribes of Mexico are lost, apparently forever. The jade of Australia and South America does not resemble the jade found in Mexican ruins, although that of China does resemble the jade in my collection to some extent, and this resemblance has given rise to the oft-repeated question: Did the people who built the ruined cities of Mexico originate in China? This no man can answer and prove his reply. From my explorations, it appears that ten to fifteen million people once inhabited the mountain ranges of Guerrero, where to-day a man may ride mile on mile, day on day, without seeing a human being. The chances of jade being found to-day, therefore, are much less than in the days when this section supported a large population among whom jade was a highly prized jewel.

From Chalchiutepetl, we crossed the great barranca and rode west one whole day through the mountains, crossing the great cañon of Zopilote (the buzzard) until we came to Cuadrilla de Xochicoltzin. This is a small village of possibly one hundred Indians, and here we saw for the first time the Pintos in their homes. These Pintos are not a tribe, but are members of many tribes, afflicted with a horrible disease, known as "pinto," from which they take their name. Either parasitical or the result of the work of a microbe, this disease manifests itself

first in the form of red or black or blue blotches, usually on exposed portions of the body, which spread until they cover large areas, gradually turning white with the death of the skin, until the disease runs its course. Then the victim is left, often to live to a ripe old age, possessing all his faculties, as active and eager to work or play as ever, but marred with great white blotches scattered all over his body.

Doctors agree that the original cause of the disease was filth, and that, while not leprosy, it is a leprotic disease, and is highly contagious. White men have been known to get the disease, largely through life with Pinto women, or through degeneration into the life of the Indians of this part of the country, just as the beachcomber of the Orient descends to the level of his native fellows.

On the other hand, the Pintos themselves have a legend that the dread disease originated from the mating of a man with a female alligator, who fell in love with him amid the reeds of the Balsas River. They claim the disease is only about 150 years old, and that it was unknown to their remote ancestors. Everything possible has been done to stamp out the pinto by the Mexican Government, but all to no avail, and fully fifty per cent. of the people of the Balsas River Valley are afflicted with it, while to a lesser degree, it is found throughout the southwestern part of Mexico, from Guernavaca to the sea at Acapulco.

Here we found a great gray diorite idol six feet in length and two feet square. This idol was cut in outline on a natural slab of the stone. It is impossible to decipher the meaning, or even the name of this image, but from the reverence with which present-day Indians regard it, and from the legends with which it is surrounded, it must have been a god of considerable importance.

Remains of building foundations about half a meter high and covering several square miles, appeared on the rolling mesa at this point, at the foot of a spur of the Sierra Madre. Apparently some seismic disturbance wiped this city from the earth, as the walls are all fallen, literally wrenched to fragments and now half-buried between the broken foundation walls. The earth itself is filled with skeletons and broken pottery; evidently practically all the inhabitants were killed by the disaster which overwhelmed their town.

Xochocoltzin—the name of the small and miserable village which now straggles along the boundary of the ruined city—is the same as the name of the great ruin, and means, "Place of the Yellow King"—quite possibly a Chinese king. Who shall say?

Here we were entertained by the Pintos with the greatest hospitality. They had no chairs and few beds, but what they had was ours, even to the clothes on their backs, had we wished them. The best of the poor food they possessed was set out for us, and we were informed by the few who could speak Spanish, that the village was ours, to keep as long as we wished. The most touching part of all this was, that the natives meant exactly what they said, and, though many of them had never before seen a white man, I was accorded better treatment among them than I have received at times from my own countrymen.

Rising early the next morning, we struck



GREEN DIORITE DYKE ON THE BALSAS RIVER.

out north, after bidding farewell to the entire village, all of whose inhabitants came out to see us on our way. Dropping down into the bottom of the Xochipala barranca, a branch of the Zopilote gorge, we arrived in the town of Xochipala, after an all-day's ride which was without incident worth recording.

Like Xochocoltzin, Xochipala is an Indian town, of about 800 inhabitants, the streets are paved by nature with limestone, hard and durable, but into which on the shady side the feet of passing generations have worn ruts. It was the day of the festival of San Pedro, and buildings, fences and trees in the plaza were hung with paper bunting in the Mexican colors and with paper imitations of the images in the church. Here and there was a large image of St. Peter—the San Pedro of the Spanish language—while every inhabitant was dressed in his or her best, celebrating one of the three hundred or more festival days in every year.

On our arrival at the town we were received very kindly by the chief, Francisco Gomez, who, on seeing our letters of introduction from Governor Arce, put himself out to do everything possible for our comfort. He gave us the choice between the church and the courthouse as places to sleep, but, as the courthouse seemed to have the better roof, we chose that building. Our room was separated from the prison only by a partition which did not quite reach the ceiling, and we could plainly hear the prisoners talking. It was a queer situation, and I lay awake for some time that night listening to the odd comments of the men imprisoned so near me, and thinking of the mysterious city which all the Indians had told me I should find a few miles from Xochipala.

The chief provided us with a guide, who, he said knew the tortuous trail over the mountains to the ruined city, which the Indians of Xochipala called Yerbabuena, the name of a plant which grows thickly in this part of

Mexico. Accordingly we set out, about day-break, on the last stage of the quest on which I had come more than two hundred miles—to find the center of the wonderful dead civilization of Guerrero.

Up one mountain spur and down into a deep gorge; thence out and up another mountain, only to drop again into a barranca was the history of the first six hours' ride. Then came a broken mesa, cut with gullies wherein rushing torrents from the high mountains had done their work; and here we came on the first ruins, foundations of houses in regular streets, broken into squares by cross streets, and dotted here and there with circular and square open places, evidently once plazas or temple sites.

Through these we rode for ten miles, and, just as the sun stood at the zenith, there appeared, a mile or two distant, the standing walls of a huge temple. Below this temple stretched away mile on mile of ridges, scarred with the white limestone walls of other ruins, until the eye wearied with gazing, and hills, ruins and sky seemed to melt into one indistinct horizon line.

Here the guide stopped, planted his horse firmly in the trail and said:

"I go no further. Beyond, on every ridge are ruins for fifty miles, all a part of one great City of the Dead. This is Yerbabuena, and there is the haunted temple, but the Gods will permit no man to go further, and from here I return."

I wasted no time in argument, but, drawing my revolver and leveling it at his head, I answered in the same mingled Indian and Spanish patois:

"Beneath and beyond your horse's feet lies the trail. Follow it if you wish to return to your home and family. Here in my hand is the real ghost of Yerbabuena, the real god of the ruins. Will you obey him or must he speak?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Rough Shooting in Ireland

By W. R. GILBERT

WHEN we landed at Greenore, the Mourne Mountains near Newey were clad in snow, but only very little had settled on the hills around Newtown Stewart. Here I found an old friend waiting to take me to Plumbridge which I had selected as headquarters for my shooting. Six years had elapsed, spent in India and the South Sea Islands, since my last visit, but I still met some well-known faces. A young man, a bit of a gossoon when I had seen him last, called round on the first evening to report on the prospects of sport on the morrow. Upon his advice, we started at 5 A. M., drove eight miles and had a day's rabbiting with ferrets on the grounds of Clougherney Rectory, once a fine old country mansion, where the former rectors kept hospitable house, but now bereft of timber and crumbling in ruins, as a result of the disestablishment of the Irish Church by Mr. Gladstone, the rabbits now burrowing unmolested under the floors and outhouses.

The first day turned out so well that we decided to spend another in the same place, and we camped in one of the stables, sleeping in the hay and cooking our food over a huge wood fire with such articles as we could borrow in the neighborhood. We totaled up our bag after the second day, and found that we had accounted for 31½ couple of rabbits, four pigeons, one snipe, and, strange to say, a Solon goose, which was flying up the river some miles from the sea, and evidently out of its usual haunts.

After a rest of two days, we started after snipe. The weather had now turned frosty, and an old pointer we had, made a sad mess of it flushing snipe. He came back to apologize, as it were, after each failure, but we gave up in disgust and requisitioned a Gordon setter in the afternoon, who turned out worse still. There was evidently something wrong in the training. A storm of sleet and snow then came

on, and when it had cleared away, we tried the old pointer again, and he made ample amends for his morning blunders, standing as steady as a rock, giving us some fine sport, eventually bringing to bag twenty-eight birds.

By way of a change, a day's coursing was proposed. I borrowed a greyhound, and, with two young farmers of the district, set out for a mountain at daybreak. No hares were found until near the summit, about 1,200 feet. There they were too plentiful, and besides the ground was very rocky. Ten or twelve courses were run, but it was impossible to get the dogs back, as fresh hares were continually getting up. Then a thick fog came on, and I lost both my companions and my dog. I was in rather an unenviable position, for I did not know the locality, and after waiting half an hour and shouting and getting no answer, I determined to follow a little stream running down the mountainside. This led me into a burn, and I followed its course for what seemed miles and miles. The walking was very rough, and sometimes through water up to the knees. At last I heard voices, and trying to find out whence they came, was pleased to see the figure of a man approaching. He led me down to a lane, which eventually took me to the main road. I told him I was uneasy about my companions. "You needn't trouble about them," he replied, "they know every foot of the mountain, fog or no fog; but you might have fared badly if you hadn't followed the burn." My companions turned up three hours later and reported they had only killed two hares. This ended a miserable day's sport, and we welcomed the sight of the village inn.

The remainder of my time was spent either in snipe shooting, or in ferreting rabbits. By way of digression I may mention a rather curious occurrence illustrative of the vagaries

of shot. I place a small boy in a fixed position behind a ledge, where he was to keep his eye on any ferrets which might come out on his side. The hedge was high and evidently grown up through what was once a stone fence. After a short time a rabbit ran across the field and was killed at about forty yards distance from where I stood. About a minute elapsed and another rabbit bolted nearly opposite me and ran up the side of the hedge, but in the field also. I fired and killed it at about thirty yards distance, but was horrified to hear a scream from the opposite side, and the words, "I'm shot." I made my way quickly through the fence, and found the lad I had placed some thirty yards behind me on the other side of the hedge engaged in pulling off his clothes. He was bleeding from the stomach. I examined him and cleaned off the blood, but there was no trace of shot nor of any other foreign substance in the wound. I then examined the stone where the dead rabbit lay and looked at the angle where the boy had been hit and could not account for shot taking a course slightly slanting backward from a right angle. I surmised it must have been a splinter from the stone, which had glanced from one of the branches, but that is mere supposition. The lad having got excited, left his position on hearing the first shot and paid the penalty accordingly. It taught him a wholesome lesson, but it might have been worse.

The total bag for the visit—twelve days—consisted of two hundred and eight rabbits, four woodcock, eight pigeons, twenty-five hares, one hundred and five snipe, four wild duck, twenty-eight golden plover and fifteen sundries. Mighty good sport, too, for rough shooting—all the more enjoyable to one who, blasé with shooting in India, attended by shikaries and coolies, now had to do chores himself.

To-morrow and the Day After

By O. W. SMITH

Photographs by the Author.

IF you will take a good map of Wisconsin and place your finger upon the square designated as Waupaca county, then look in the southwestern portion of the square, you will discover a small stream bearing the same name as the county—Waupaca. You will also discover that the river forks at the city of Waupaca. (By this time you must think that "Waupaca" is the hub of the Badger State, and there are those who think so.) Now follow the north fork or branch of the river up into Portage county. Note that the stream crosses the Soo Line near a little station named Amherst Junction. Amherst Junction and not Waupaca is the hub of things. Now stick a pin in the black spot named

Amherst Junction and settle back in your chair while I spin my yarn.

A rumor of the good fishing to be found in a river called "To-morrow" had reached me, and be it said that name was new to me. When I asked my wife if she had ever heard of a stream with such an uncertain sounding name, she quoted, "To-morrow never comes." But still accounts continued to reach me of large catches taken from the To-morrow River, both rainbow and speckled trout, yet the stream itself remained unlocated. You know how such stories filter through to a fellow: Tom tells Dick, and Dick tells Harry, and Harry, Dick and Tom see to it that the story does not suffer in their

hands, so if you happen to be John Smith, by the time the story reaches you it is large enough to cause you to sit up and take notice. I had heard so much about the stream that it was impossible to content myself to be happy until I had wet a fly in the new water. Then just as I had about despaired of learning where and what the To-morrow River was, came a letter asking for certain information concerning tackle, the writer adding as an after thought: "I took a fine catch of trout from the To-morrow River yesterday and inclose picture which may interest you." At last something tangible. By return mail sped a letter asking for information. That angler was a lineal descendant of Father Izaak

all right, for back came a prompt reply: "To-morrow is the English translation of the Indian word Waupaca, and around here is always applied to the Waupaca River." Then I kicked myself.

It seems, that is if one is to believe a current legend, in an early day, when the Indians traveling down the Wisconsin River on their way to Green Bay reached the spot now occupied by the city of Steven's Point, would make a portage from that point to what is now called the Waupaca River, a distance of some fourteen miles, thence down the Waupaca, Wolf and Fox to Green Bay. When met by traders on the portage, to the natural question of the white men, "How far are you going?" the Indians would reply, "Waupaca" (to-morrow) meaning that on the next day they would have their canoes in water once more. So the stream became known as the Waupaca, though to-day the north branch of the river is locally called To-morrow almost exclusively.

I think it true that if one desires anything with sufficient longing, in time it comes to him. At any rate, there came a day recently when I found that I could spend a few hours on the To-morrow, a privilege of which I was quickly to avail myself. So, late one evening, I got down from a Green Bay & Western train, for Amherst Junction is where that road crosses the Soo Line, the old Wisconsin Central. I found the people of the Junction, as it is locally called to differentiate it from Amherst proper, a town some two miles south on the Soo, very friendly and free with information, something not always true in a good fishing locality. I was informed that the best fishing was to be secured at Nelsonville, a town six or seven miles distant, but as my time was limited, I decided to stay at Amherst Junction, leaving Nelsonville for another day.

The next day I was astir betimes, and with an old acquaintance whom I found living on a farm not a great ways from the river, was whipping the stream before the sun smiled down upon us. Early spring in Wisconsin was exceptionally rainy, and while the To-morrow was not much affected by the superabundance of water, a peculiarity of the stream, I was informed, the fish were not rising. The lower reaches of the To-morrow, that is from Nelsonville to near the city of Waupaca, is rainbow water, more of those fish being caught than native trout, though now and then a monster speckled beauty rises to the fly. The stream is an ideal one for the fly-fisherman, being broad with many deep pools. While in places it finds its way through woodland, for the most part it is a meadow stream, so that the back cast is seldom a matter of anxiety. I should imagine that one could wade the stream, the upper reaches at any rate, but as I was unprovided with waders I followed the bank. The boulders which lifted their shiny heads above the many rapids, invited the fly, but from the shore reaching the ideal spots was often an impossibility. Yes, to fish the stream right the angler should wear waders.

But it was the beauty of the stream that most impressed me. In the woods, where one could see but the narrow streak of twinkling, tinkling silver, the tall trees reaching up and up upon either side, all but shutting out a view of "that inverted bowl we call sky," and shutting in the fisherman with himself, the birds and

the companionable water. Out in the open, when the stream made its way through green pasture lands where meek-eyed cattle stood knee deep in the cool water, or when flowing through meadows where the uncut grass stood knee high, the stream was always beautiful. Always it seemed to me great red boulders were to be seen in mid stream, or piled up in fantastic heaps along the shore. Of course there were places where these boulders caused the current to fret and foam, but often there would be a single great rock around which the stream would slip with scarcely a perceptible ripple. The trout fisher does not need to be told what lay below those boulders. I found myself at a loss to account for the presence of so much volcanic rock, and some day I hope to have a learned

man read me the geologic history of the To-morrow. Until I possess the true scientific history I am going to believe that there was a day, long since passed of course, when Titans played at football in the valley of the To-morrow. If there were no trout in the stream the superlative beauty of the place would amply repay one for a visit.

Perhaps some impatient reader is saying: "But what about the fishing; how many fish did you catch?" Peace, my dear fellow, peace! Still the question is a fair one and deserves an answer, so I will tell the honest truth—not one. Rainbow I saw in plenty, but they rose "short." Perhaps it was an off day, perhaps I lacked requisite skill, perhaps whatever you please, not a fish did I hook. Still I was not dissatisfied with my between train trip. I had seen the To-morrow, had secured some fair pictures, and knew where to hit the water "next time." Is there a more talismanic word in the lexicon than "next time"?

The days and weeks sped by, as weeks and days have a habit of doing, when I found myself getting down from an early morning Soo train. Just how it came about I am not altogether clear, but "where there's a will there's a way" you know they say, and the fact that I found an afternoon for the To-morrow proves the truthfulness of the saying. Quickly I secured a team and in due course of time found myself on the banks of the To-

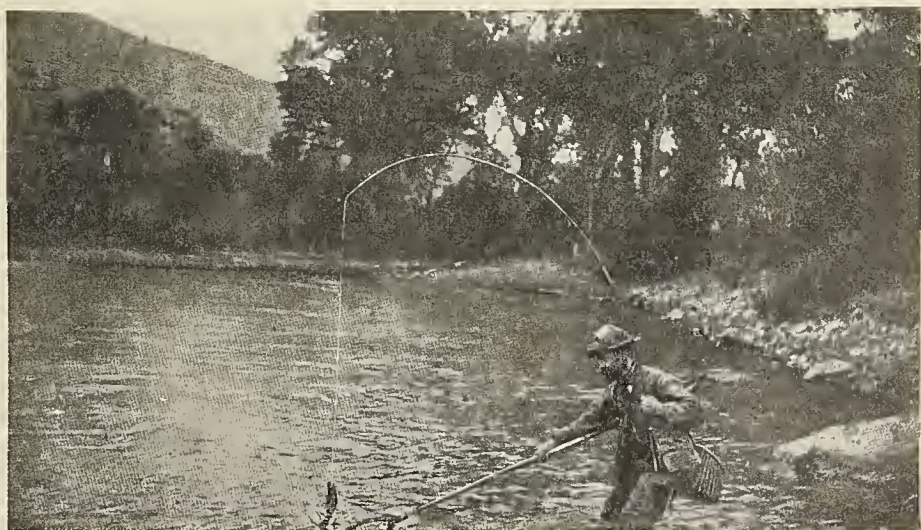
morrow just below the Forks, or near Nelsonville. History did not repeat itself. The trout were willing to rise to anything almost and kept me busy. The fish were of average size and numerous, while now and then a large two-pound or so rainbow would make trouble, the sort of trouble a fellow likes to overtake. I



"RAINBOW APLENTY HERE."

prefer our native trout to the rainbow as a pan fish and as a creek fish, but when the stream is large, forever commend me to the acrobatic Westerner; he knows how to fight.

Just below a large rock, about which the water curled with a hint of depth, I hooked my largest fish. That I was going to hook a fish I was positive even before I drew back my fly for the cast. You know the feeling, seventh sense or whatever it is. I dropped my fly above the rock first, for sometimes a rainbow will be found on the upper side of a stone, something never true of the brook trout. Not securing a fish there, I cast again, letting my fly whirl around the rock with the current. There was a flash in the water and a slight twitch upon the line. The fish had missed or I had failed to turn my wrist at the psychological moment. Reeling in my line I stood perfectly still for two or three minutes, admiring the view down stream. (In rapid water I fish with the current.) Then I cast to right and left until I had out the requisite amount of line, and my fly slid



CAUGHT IN THE EVENING.

around the red boulder for the second time. His troutship was waiting and so was I. Well hooked, instantly he went into the air, shaking himself as does a small-mouth black bass in a vain effort to be rid of the hook. Then straight across the river he dashed, the line ripping through the water, throwing up a thin foam against which the sun built fairy castles, destroying them instantly. The line sang, but not so loud as to still the beating of my heart. The battle lasted for fifteen minutes or so, then suddenly came the end, and the rainbow was struggling in my landing net and I towed him ashore. Did you ever think of it, when you play a large fish to the finish, the finish comes suddenly? All at once, after fighting strenuously for half an hour perhaps, the fish comes to the conclusion that the game is not worth the candle and gives up; at least that has been my usual experience. The fish was not over large; weighed two and a half pounds when hooked on the pocket scales. In the stream he was a five-pound fish, and had he escaped would have gone down in memory as such. You can draw your own conclusions from that statement concerning my large fish that "get away."

At 2 o'clock I was compelled to leave the stream in order to catch my train, but when I did so my basket contained sixteen good fish; rainbow and trout beside the large one, and I was satisfied. When my driver asked: "How is To-morrow to-day?" I replied: "To-morrow to-day is more satisfactory than To-morrow was yesterday." (Honestly, I do not see how the natives stand it, for every visitor must try his hand at playing on the name of the stream, and the concoctions of "to-day" and "to-morrow" equals Washington cocktail.)

The To-morrow River is not as well known as it should be, though there are a few Chicago and Milwaukee anglers who visit it regularly. Perhaps it is best early in the season if one can hit the right combination of weather, though I hope to speak from personal experience concerning August fishing when this season closes. The stream can be conveniently reached from the Windy City. A night train will land a man in Waupaca, Amherst or Amherst Junction at such an hour that a day's fishing can be enjoyed and the return made again at night. The hotel accommodations are good, or one can put up with a farmer who lives right on the stream, which to my mind is much the best plan and saves the drive to and from town. The Green Bay and Western road runs trains most conveniently for those who can reach it. Go to the To-morrow and put up at a little red farmhouse for a week and see if you do not fall in love with the stream as I have done.

Wild Ducks Brooding in New Jersey.

CHATHAM, N. J., July 31.—For the first time in twenty years wild ducks are brooding in the meadows of the Passaic known as Big Piece, Little Piece, Swinefield, Troy, Black and Great meadows between Two Bridges and Hanover.

Farmers cutting meadow grass report seeing broods of woodduck, teal, beach duck, mallards and spoonbills.

The cold and wet spring and the law against shooting wildfowl at that season are assigned as the causes of the ducks staying there to brood.—N. Y. Sun.

The Duties of Game Protectors

By T. S. PALMER, Assistant Chief, U. S. Biological Survey

Read at Annual Convention of Game Protectors of New York State.

TWO years ago when I had the pleasure of addressing the convention of New York game protectors, I endeavored to show that the work of the game protector or warden should be regarded as a profession rather than a temporary job, and in order to succeed, the officer must do much more than perform, in a perfunctory way, ordinary police duties. The subject assigned to me is along the same general line, probably for the reason that on the protector's efficiency depends very largely the success of the work of game protection. It is natural that the protector and his work should receive careful consideration, not only by the Conservation Commission, but by the general public, when it is recalled that one of the largest expenditures for game protection is the outlay for salaries, fees and traveling expenses of wardens. The results obtained by these expenditures are usually the main return which the general public receives for the special tax or license fee which it cheerfully pays to carry on the work of protecting the game.

The warden service of the United States is different from that of other countries. In England, Scotland and Ireland the protection of game is chiefly entrusted to gamekeepers employed by private individuals, supplemented, of course, as with us, by the work of local police officers. In Germany the work is performed by forest officers, who may be either State or municipal officials, or employed by private individuals, but game protection forms only a small part of their duties. In the British colonies of East and South Africa officials are provided to look after the game, but under very different organization and conditions from those which obtain in this country. In New Zealand, under the act of 1884, rangers were authorized to exercise the powers of constables in the performance of their duties in connection with game. In Canada, the wardens, commonly known as game guardians, will be found more nearly like our own, but in number, powers and organization, considerable differences will be noticed. In 1910, the last year for which statistics have been published, the game warden force of the United States numbered about 9,354 officers and deputies, distributed among forty States. Of these, 748 received regular salaries; 1,167 a per diem, and 7,439 worked without regular salary, or received as compensation fees or part of the fines imposed for violations of the game laws. The salaried warden force, aggregating about 750 men, was distributed among twenty-nine States. Of these twelve States had twenty-five or more each and six had fifty or more, namely: New Jersey, 25; Massachusetts, 30; Indiana, 33; Utah, 34; Maine, 40; Minnesota, 44; Oregon, 52; South Dakota, 58; Wisconsin, 60; California, 73; Louisiana, 74, and New York, 90.* Even this force in the States which had the largest number of wardens was entirely inadequate, though it be urged that these men are employed largely in a supervisory capacity, and form as it were the skeleton of the

warden service. The result is not reassuring, whether measured by area or population. For example, theoretically in New Jersey, with its area of 7,815 square miles and population of 2,537,167, each protector was responsible for 312 square miles, or 101,486 people, while in New York with its 49,170 square miles of territory and 9,113,279 people, each protector was supposed to cover 546 square miles, or watch for the violations of about 101,250 persons. Of course these figures, while convenient for comparison, are of relative value only, and do not represent actual conditions, since the protectors are not evenly distributed.

Turning for a moment to the origin of our warden system it will be interesting to see how this specialized body of men came into existence, and what progress has been made in its organization. The officer in charge of game is commonly known as a game warden; in New Jersey and New York, as a game protector; and in several of the Provinces of Canada as a game guardian. In all cases the position is practically identical, and the title differs only in designation and not in meaning. The first officials charged with the protection of game were apparently those appointed in Massachusetts in 1739 to enforce the deer laws and were designated in 1764 as "deer reeves." This title is interesting from a historical standpoint, as the corresponding title is still preserved in the case of one of our county officers. In former times the warden, protector, or guardian of deer was known as the "deer reeve" and the guardian, protector or warden of the county or shire, was called the "shire reeve." The latter term exists to-day in the form of "sheriff," but the title "deer reeve" has been lost and almost forgotten.

It was not until nearly a century after Massachusetts had provided special game officials that the example was followed in other States by the appointment of local moose wardens in Maine in 1852. For many years these officers were paid by fines or on the moiety plan and worked more or less independently. In 1878 California and New Hampshire made provision for general officers in charge of the work under their State fish and game commissions. Another decade passed before the next important step was taken. Apparently it was not until 1887 that the office of game warden was considered of sufficient importance and dignity to be worthy of a regular salary. In the last quarter of a century progress in the organization of the service has been rapid. Nearly two-thirds of the States now have commissions or State officers in charge of game. New duties and responsibilities have been added, a higher standard of work is required, more care is exercised in making appointments, five States have applied the merit system or civil service methods to selection of wardens, and a serious effort is being made to remove the service from politics. In many cases the compensation has increased so that to-day the salaries of deputies or privates range from \$600 to \$1,500 per annum, while those of wardens, commissioners or heads of departments range from \$1,000 to \$10,000 per annum. It is

*Under Chap. 318 of the Laws of 1912, this number has now been increased to 125, thus giving New York the largest salaried warden force in the United States.

with the ability of the protector to earn his salary that the public is chiefly concerned, and in discussing his duties the subject may be conveniently considered under three heads: (1) The duty of the protector to the commission; (2) the duty of the protector to the State; and (3) the duty of the protector to himself.

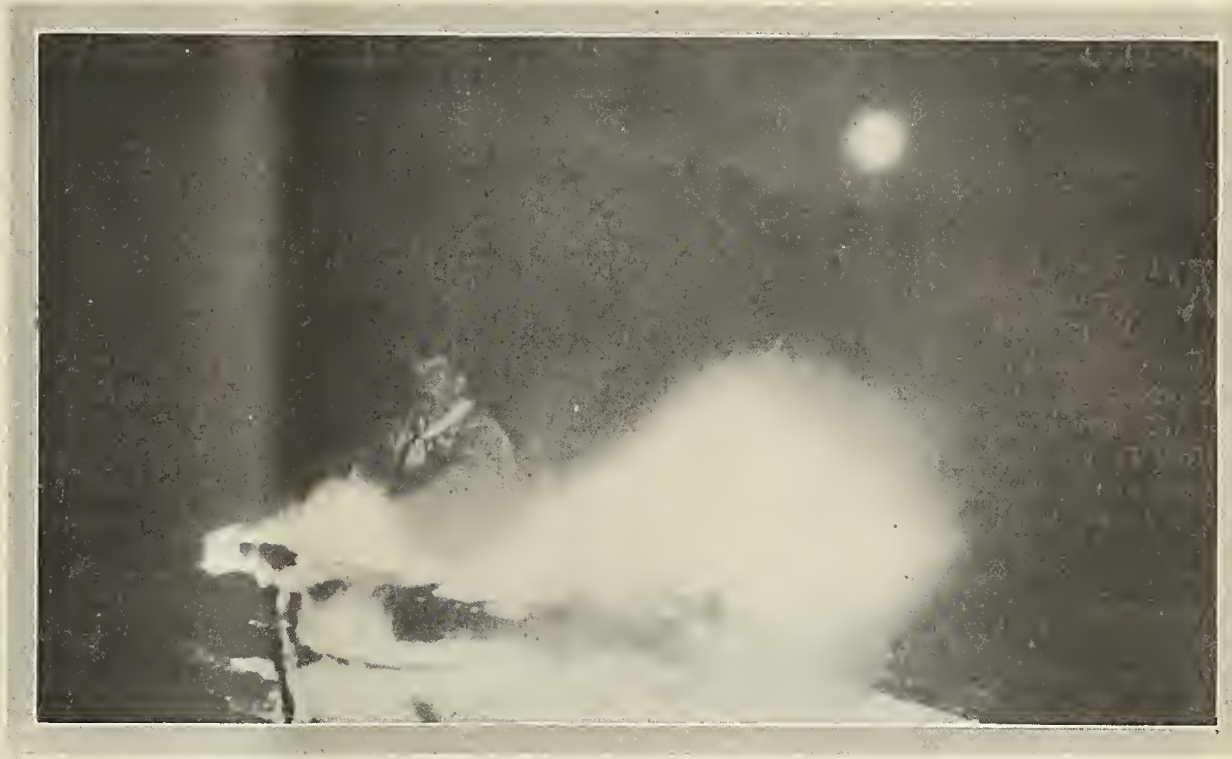
DUTY OF THE PROTECTOR TO THE COMMISSION.

Under the act to amend the conservation law in relation to fish and game, which went into effect April 15, 1912, the duties of protectors are briefly set forth somewhat as follows: Game protectors and fishery protectors are required to enforce all laws relating to fish, birds and quadrupeds, and all laws of boards of supervisors relating to the same subject. Each protector shall keep a daily record of his official acts and report the same at the close of each week to the division chief of his division, and at the end of each month to the chief game protector. He cannot draw his salary or traveling expenses until he has filed his reports, and he is forbidden under any circumstances to compromise or settle any violation of the game or fish laws out of court without an order of the commission.

It goes without saying that the warden is expected to perform his duties with reasonable activity, diligence and intelligence and with due loyalty to the commission. The act provides certain powers in relation to search, seizure and making arrests to facilitate his work, offers as inducement for faithful service an increase in salary under certain conditions, but is silent on precisely how the officer is to perform the most important of all his duties, namely to enforce all laws relating to fish and game. To the ingenuity of the warden and the discipline maintained by the commission is left this most important factor of carrying out the intent of the law. A high degree of intelligence, efficiency and team work are necessary to perform properly the duty briefly outlined in the above clause.

The native fauna of New York includes 411 species of birds, 81 species of mammals, 375 species of fish and frogs, many species of turtles and shellfish. Most of these are protected by some provision of the conservation law. This act also fixes seasons for hunting, trapping and fishing, requires licenses for enjoyment of these privileges, limits the amount of fish or game that may be caught or killed, regulates methods of hunting and fishing, places restrictions on shipment and sale, requires all game sold in the State to be properly tagged, provides for public and private hatcheries, for posting lands and for a number of other matters of greater or less importance. Some familiarity with the common and conspicuous mammals, birds and fish and their habits is absolutely essential; knowledge of the more important provisions of the law is equally essential and perhaps more easily acquired. It is also necessary that the warden should know something of procedure under the game law, the kind of evidence required for successful prosecution of his cases and a few of the decisions of the courts on important points. Obviously, no man can be expected to know all these things before he enters the service, but without such knowledge he cannot properly perform his duties.

As a matter of fact, very few zoologists know all of the 860 species of mammals, birds and fish which have been recorded from New York. An ordinary man does well if he knows



IN THE HEART OF THE WILDERNESS.

An actual moonlight photograph.

even ten per cent. of them. It is less important to know many of them than it is to know how to find the name or the life history of the particular species which may be of special interest, but which happens to be unfamiliar, and what museum books of reference or authorities on each special subject to consult. Very few lawyers, unless they are also sportsmen and have given special attention to the game law, make any pretense of knowing either the details of its provisions or of the decisions which the courts have rendered, but they do know where and how to look them up when necessary. Similarly the protector's first concern should be to ascertain how and where he can obtain competent legal advice when he needs it.

But it is not sufficient for him to be familiar with the local game law or local officials. He should also be familiar, especially if he is located in any of the border counties, with the more important provisions of the laws of adjoining States and the addresses of the principal game officials, so that at a moment's notice he can render effective co-operation to them or secure similar courtesies in return. The law of any State is made up of the best provisions of the laws of other States, and provisions now in force in other States will probably be adopted here in a few years. The resident license law which has proved so successful in this State had been in force ten years in the Northwest before it was adopted in New York. The non-resident license had been in effect twenty years in Nova Scotia before it was generally adopted in the United States. It is one of the special functions of the Biological Survey of the U. S. Department of Agriculture to collect and summarize information regarding the various methods of game protection which have been proposed, and to place it before the people in all the States. Upon application to the Department such information as is available may be had concerning conditions. Enough has been said to show the necessity to the protector of keeping up with the times.

THE DUTY OF THE PROTECTOR TO THE PEOPLE.

Beside his duty to the commission or department, the protector owes a duty to the people

which is none the less real or important because it is not defined by statute. The Conservation Commission is the creature of the Legislature and its employes are the servants of the people. In making its reports to the Legislature, accounting for funds received and expended and work accomplished under its direction, the commission performs a public duty, but the people who elect the Legislature come into direct contact with the employes of the commission and expect practical and substantial results from the work intrusted to the game protectors. The public is apt to be ill informed as to the limitations under which the protector labors, highly critical of methods, impatient for results, and frequently openly hostile to certain provisions of the law. It looks only to the gratification of its desire for the maximum amount of fish or game with the minimum of restriction. It chafes under the restrictions regarding hunting, fishing, trapping, shipment, sale or possession. It is inclined to place personal interest above public good, to demand greater protection for the hunter than the game, and then to condemn the system which fails to perform a miracle in producing an abundance of birds or fish amid a hundred means of destruction.

Under such obstacles is the protector compelled to work and to account to a master usually unreasoning and frequently unreasonable to avoid pitfalls, overcome opposition, and not only secure strict enforcement of the law, but to mould public opinion in favor of more effective conservation. Is it any wonder that under these circumstances he needs the skill of a lawyer, the tact of a diplomat, and the patience of Job? Ignorance of the law excuses no man, but the warden who follows this adage too closely and confines his attention to applying it literally, seeking only to arrest those who are ignorant or negligent, not only falls far short of his full duty to the public, but is laying up trouble for the future. Sooner or later his master, the people, will bring about his retirement "for cause," inefficiency, or the "good of the service."

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.]

Canoeing Down the Ramapo River

By JOHN F. AHRENS, JR. (A. C. A. No. 5724)

Photographs by D. J. Finn

WITH a loud shout of "Whoop-e-e" forty-five members of the Atlantic Division of the American Canoe Association celebrated their arrival at Suffern, N. Y., the rendezvous for their annual cruise.

We were directed to the freight house by Alfred D. Berning, or "Hike," as he is better known to us, where we found our canoes and duffle in good order. After substituting our

turned out to be the only place in the river to admit of passage, and all canoes maneuvered safely through, but one, which had aboard three members and their outfit. They were suddenly swept broadside against a tree and capsized with the result that their entire duffle, including some loosely packed clothing, a camera and various other articles that were lying in the boat, floated down stream. Instantly all was excitement and



READY FOR THE START.

"glad rags" for the "ole clo," we portaged the canoes and outfits to the Ramapo River, which at this point is about twelve feet wide and has a slow current. With the purchasing of "grub," everything was ready, and in a few minutes we were away.

Shortly after the start a canoe containing three members and their outfit came to grief while running a rapid, causing a series of rips in the canvas for about six feet. To save the outfit all three jumped into the water and succeeded in dragging the canoe ashore. Luckily they were able to procure a strip of canvas, and with the aid of some glue, patched the boat and then proceeded on their way. With the exception of a few slight scrapes from rocks all went well, until we had about reached our stopping place for the night, where a shallow rapid left several of the canoes hard aground in mid-stream, which necessitated wading.

Having made camp and eaten our fill, we gathered around the camp-fire, singing songs and telling stories until half-past 10 o'clock, when we "turned in" with the prospects of a long day's run ahead of us.

We were awakened at daybreak by the quacking of ducks in a pond a short distance away. A shower during the night made the ground wet and soggy. With breakfast over we launched our canoes, and once more were afloat.

We soon reached the first carry, in reality only a "lift," around a small dam. Here two canoeists were drenched, and their boat partly filled with water in attempting to run up close to the dam. Shouts of glee from their companions showed how sincerely their predicament was appreciated.

With "plain sailing ahead" we steadied down to our usual cruising pace, when the first canoe was seen to swerve to the left bank and shoot through a space about six feet wide. This

the hills echoed with the pleadings of the unfortunates to salvage this or that part of their outfit. This accident caused a delay of twenty minutes to enable the "early morning bathers" to don dry apparel, after which we were off and continued for quite some time, when another "lift" around a dam was necessary before we were able to make further progress. After this the river gave us splendid uninterrupted enjoyment in the way of rifts and fast water,

through to Pompton Lakes, where arrangements had been made for an unusually fine dinner to be served.

After dinner a group photograph was taken, and the spirit that prevailed is best shown by the illustration herewith. Proceeding to the river, almost everyone took two or more trips through the rapids below the Pompton Lakes Dam, the more expert ones doing such stunts as standing on their heads and on the gunwales. Some of the members, captivated by the excitement attending their experiences, became careless and three upsets occurred almost simultaneously.

Within half an hour we arrived at a falls about five feet in height, and for some time we centered our efforts at this place, shooting the drop again and again. After all had obtained their fill of excitement, the number of upsets reached the grand total of fourteen, while one canoe recorded damages to the extent of twelve broken ribs and four split planks.

With the exciting part of our trip over, we "laid to" the blades with increased effort, so as to reach Mountain View, the end of our journey, before dark. The clouds, which had been threatening during the greater part of the day, now began to shower water upon us in torrents and continued for almost an hour, making it necessary for some canoes to be beached and emptied of their accumulating load. Of course everyone who had not taken the precaution to equip himself with a raincoat or poncho was thoroughly soaked.

At the bridge crossing near Mountain View we were all glad to see George P. Douglass, an old member and enthusiastic participant in the doings of the American Canoe Association.

We portaged our canoes and duffle a short distance and loaded them aboard a freight car for shipment home, after which Theodore Quasebart invited us to his summer bungalow, where a most delightful luncheon was served and an enjoyable time was had by all.



"AMONG THOSE PRESENT."



The Florida Situation

By JOHN H. WALLACE, JR., Commissioner Dept. of Game and Fish, Alabama

THE enactment of a model and modern game law for the State of Florida is absolutely imperative in order to save many of the most valuable species of birds and game of that State from certain depletion and threatened extinction. The question of the protection of the birds and game in Florida is not a local one, but is national in its scope. Birds know no State lines, and while practically all the States lying to the north of Florida protect migratory birds and waterfowl, yet these are recklessly slaughtered in that State to such an extent as to be appalling to all sportsmen and bird lovers.

Birds and game are not the property of the people of any particular section, but belong to the race. They are ours to use, and in doing so to take no more than our needs require in order that future generations may have transmitted to them the same blessings we are permitted to enjoy as their rightful heritage and legitimate benefaction.

The worst enemy of wild life is the pot-hunter and game hog. These wholesale slaughterers of game resort to any device and practice, matter not how murderous, to accomplish the pernicious ends of their nefarious campaign of relentless extermination of fur and feather. They cannot be controlled by local laws, for these after having been tried for several generations have proven consummate failures for the reason that local authorities will not enforce the provisions of game and bird protective statutes.

Experience has demonstrated the fact that no one desires to inform voluntarily on his neighbors, and since breaking the game law is not construed to involve moral turpitude, even to any infinitesimal degree, by many of our citizens, the plunderers of nature's storehouse thus go free, matter not how great the damage done to the people as a whole.

No game law can be a success that is not State-wide in its operation. In order to secure the best results, a plan should be adopted by Florida similar to that in force in practically all of the other States, viz.:

First—The creation of a department of game and fish presided over by a State game and fish commissioner.

Second—A game and fish warden for every county, to be appointed by the State game and fish commissioner, and subject to removal for cause or non-performance of duty by the commissioner appointing said warden.

Third—A hunters' license tax as follows: Non-resident, \$15; those who hunt outside of the voting beat or precinct of residence and on lands other than they own or rent, \$1; those who hunt outside of the county of residence and hunt on lands other than they own or rent, \$3; the said money to be covered into a game and fish protection fund to be used for defraying the expenses incident to enforcing the provisions of the game and fish laws.

Fourth—A closed season on all game birds and animals. The killing of wild turkey hens and doe (female deer) should at all times be prohibited.

Fifth—It should be unlawful to use any pit-fall, deadfall, scaffold, cage, snare, trap, net, salt lick, baited hook or baited field, or any other similar device or any drug, poisonous chemical or explosive for the purpose of injuring, capturing or killing any protected birds or animals.

Sixth—A reasonable bag limit for each day and season should be prescribed. The sale of game should be prohibited. The shipping or carrying of game, except openly and in the possession of those who have hunters' licenses as required by law, should be prohibited.

Seventh—Judges charging grand juries should be required to give especially in charge the provisions of the game and fish laws, and urge diligent inquiry into infractions thereof.

Under the scheme above outlined, the burden of supporting the department of game and fish will fall exclusively upon the hunters, and if the Florida sportsmen are like their brothers in other portions of the nation, they will gladly contribute toward the maintenance of a system that will in reality and not in name merely protect the wild life of their State.

The farming class, those who reside in rural districts, will not be called upon to pay a hunters' license tax unless they hunt outside of the limits of their voting precinct, which is rarely the case. The hunters residing in towns and cities, who own no land, who do not furnish the hunting domain over which game is pursued, who do not supply the provender for the subsistence of game, must in the very nature of things secure a hunters' license before they can legally participate in the sport they enjoy.

The vast and economic value of birds, game and fish to the people is incalculable. Not only is sport and recreation furnished by them, but they are esteemed everywhere as an elegant article of food. So alarming has become the decrease of the birds and game of Florida that unless a halt is called on the campaign of reckless annihilation that has been ceaselessly waged in that State, the sport and recreation enjoyed by primeval nimrods will linger only in history and tradition.

It is the sincerest hope of all lovers of wild life of the American continent that a strong and invincible sentiment, relative to the imperative necessity of real conservation legislation, be crystallized in the minds of the members elect of the Florida Legislature, to the end that the next Legislature will spread upon the statute books of the State of Florida a model and modern law for the preservation and protection of the birds and game of that State, which when put into practical operation will elicit the thanks of all good citizens, and likewise the gratitude of future generations.

Two Hours' Quail Shooting.

BY JOHN SANDERS.

ON the second day of November, 1909, I got the shooting fever so strong that I was compelled to leave until to-morrow something that should have been done to-day, get my pup and gun and go out and reduce my temperature.

Tom, as I named him, was only six months old when I introduced him to the field and he had the misfortune, when four months old, to jump into the blades of a mowing machine and have his right front foot nearly cut off. Consequently he was entirely unbroken when he went afield and that on three legs.

It was 3 P. M. when I left the house and started to a point on the river where a covey of quail could always be found. Sure enough they were right there. The pup made his first stand splendidly. I flushed them myself, as I always do, and held my fire, as I did not wish to excite the dog. They pitched beautifully in a narrow strip of sedge on the shore. I patted the pup and he thought he was some dog. He started in an almost opposite direction, for a short distance, before swinging toward the covey. I do not like dogs to go directly after birds in their training, as they will sometimes chase, if allowed to do so. What was my surprise, when I stepped almost into the middle of another large covey which flushed and went among first covey, making about thirty birds in the most ideal ground. I waited a few moments longer to allow them to settle and then went carefully to where I had marked the first birds down. Pup stood like a thing of steel, rigid, intent and at the same time perfectly steady.

The next stand was a pair; both flushed at once. Well, to make a long story short, when I got to the end of the line I had sixteen fine birds out of seventeen shots. My ninth bird was a cripple, requiring the second barrel to down him. Two hours from the time I left the house I was back with as many birds as we could use and a memory that will never die. I have killed many more birds than that in a day's hunt, to my shame, but have never enjoyed a day as much as I enjoyed those two hours.

National Sportsmen's Show, Kansas City

KANSAS CITY has been selected for the second National Sportsmen's Show, to be held during 1912, the first having been held in Madison Square Garden, New York city.

The Kansas City Show is scheduled for Sept. 23 to 29 and the indications are that the exhibition will equal any show of this kind ever held in the United States.

Kansas City enjoys the reputation of being one of the best show towns in the United States, which is ascribed to its central geographical location, its large floating population and the enthusiasm of its citizens in supporting any enterprise the success of which will redound to the credit of Kansas City. The show will be held in Convention Hall.

Entries for exhibits are scheduled to close Aug. 25, at which time the program of special events and features will be made public.

All communications or requests for information should be addressed to Secretary National Sportsmen's Show, 514 East Fifteenth street, Kansas City, Mo.

Why, Mr. Burnham, Why?

HUDSON, N. Y., July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From what your paper has said, as well as from what I saw at the committee hearing, Mr. John B. Burnham, formerly chief game protector of this State, and now the responsible head of a society for game protection, was the expert on the committee that produced the new uniform fish and game law. This being so, it is up to Mr. Burnham to enlighten the great republic of sport fishermen on at least two little matters:

Why was the legal length of trout, that stood at seven inches in one of the original drafts of the bill, changed back to six inches? Who asked for the change and what influenced the committee to go back on its original judgment?

Why was there cut out of the bill just before its final passage these words referring to the brook trout: "They may be taken from streams only between the hours of 4 o'clock in the morning and 9 o'clock in the evening." Why was this paragraph added anyway, and who asked to have it stricken out?

An explanation might be illuminating as indicating just how a fishing law is made.

T. URTELLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am very glad to furnish the information requested by your correspondent relative to the changes made in the brook trout section, as prepared by the game law revision committee last winter.

Your correspondent asks what influenced the committee to go back on its original judgment that seven inches is a more suitable minimum length for trout than six inches. As one of the committee I would say that the judgment of the committee has not changed, and that we still believe that seven inches is the proper minimum limit for taking brook trout. Unfortunately, the revision committee did not have its way in this matter.

The bill, after introduction in the State Legislature in the usual course of affairs, went to the forest, fish and game committee of the Senate and the forestry, fisheries and game committee of the Assembly, and was there amended both with respect to the seven inch limit and also by striking out the sentence prohibiting night fishing between the hours of 9 in the evening and 4 in the morning. The revision committee was aware of both of these amendments, but the power to make them lay in the Legislature and our argument did not prevail.

The reason why the sentence prohibiting night fishing was put in our revision was to make the game law more easy of enforcement against violators who are more apt to carry on their illegal practices on trout brooks under cover of darkness than in daylight.

JOHN B. BURNHAM,
President American Game Protective and
Propagation Association.

Hunting in California.

BY GOLDEN GATE.

THE Porterville Fish and Game Protective Association is erecting a large club house on the Tule Indian Reservation, where a site was given them by the Government. This association has appointed C. A. Buswell, J. E. Frame and

W. F. Harvey to choose dates and make arrangements for a series of mass meetings to be held in Tulare county to discuss the game protection question. D. H. Hoen, the county game warden and A. D. Ferguson, the district deputy, will assist in this work. It is realized that changes in the game laws are badly needed, and through these meetings it is hoped that the opinions of the people interested can be secured.

Most of the bucks now being killed in the game districts of the State where deer hunting is in order are still in the velvet, and many sportsmen are waiting until later in the season

before going on their annual hunting trip. The slaughter this year has been very heavy and deer are reported to be plentiful in almost all of the mountain sections. L. Bowes and Al Korn have returned from a trip thirty miles east of Willetts where the limit was secured in a couple of days. This section is seldom visited and is a veritable hunters' paradise. In addition to deer, bear and mountain lions are to be found in numbers. During the stay of these hunters in this section they found eleven carcasses of deer, mute evidence of the heavy destruction of game by predatory animals.



The Dry-Fly Exponents.

NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the early days of the eighteenth century, Pope wrote his "Essay on Criticism," from which poem is taken a stanza to emphasize that which is to follow:

"By false learning is good sense disgraced
Some are blinded by the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant for fools;
In search of wit they lost their common sense,
And then turned critics in their self-defense."

During the interval of more than two hundred years man has not altered in characteristics, and this retentive feature is often displayed in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and other papers that tolerate free writers.

The time never was when that American principle—free speech, free press and free men—has been more thoroughly exemplified than during recent years. Banks of type and columns of space are at the service of him whom it may concern to write—subject not dictated—provided the editor of his paper is not committed, and there are writers without number who think they are inspired to impart knowledge and instruct their neighbors, and they go at it like a woman chopping wood—with more effect than capability or tact.

It is also true that a percentage of sportsmen do not read FOREST AND STREAM, nor any other paper, to their edification, only retaining that which is meat to their individuality, omitting thought of the vital need of sportsmanship. Any scheme that promises change, regardless of work or quality, will win advocates.

To the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, there is import in the agitation of the use of the dry-fly, fittingly introduced in England over fifty years ago, and encouraged in America by many of our well known anglers, chief among whom stands that graceful and successful writer and sportsman, Mr. George M. L. La Branche.

Please permit me to infringe on your space to quote from Mr. Bisbee's letter of July 20, in which he writes:

"As you suggest what we need in this country is a fly-tier or two who can exactly or approximately imitate the actual flies found upon our waters upon which trout habitually feed. That man may justly be termed the Amer-

ican Halford and save us from a great deal more of the hysterical babbling that is the present mode about the dry-fly in America—'practical' or otherwise. Mr. La Branche, a most graceful fashioned person, gyrates horribly upon the tournament platform."

Now, why these pyrotechnic tactics so flamingly announced by Mr. Bisbee? To use his statement in opening his article, written to FOREST AND STREAM from Ripogenus Lake, "in the interest of a little accuracy," why not apply this to the above quotation?

Truth comes by insinuation, impression and enlightenment, not by gyroidal force. Does Mr. Bisbee suppose his mere assertion must be truth, or are we to take his statement a "little accuracy" literally? Does he believe that the sportsmen of America have been in a daze or whipping the streams of dreamland to bite at such gyratic bait?

The writer of this letter bears no malice toward Ralph Bisbee, nor would he malign anyone. If Mr. Bisbee had any acquaintance with America's most noted and recognized angler, he would never have made such an assertion. His conscience—that faculty that distinguishes between right and wrong and directs the sagacity of man along channels for the production of "the greatest good to the greatest number"—would forbid it.

Now to conclude in the interest of a "little accuracy." Is the photograph of the "corpulent gentleman" shown with the article, a proper representation of the outfit required by a real dry-fly angler? Please note the fly rod with a multiplying reel—with creel and net strapped to him, alongside a canoe facing a lake—is this not an incongruous bait-fishing outfit?

G. A.

NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What might "Olive Dun" not have said had he thought I was coward enough—notwithstanding the "ice cold assurance" he endows me with—to take refuge behind a group of my friends in the face of an attack? If this gentleman considers my "babbling" offensive to him, let him vent his spleen upon these gentlemen who are responsible for it—misguided anglers who thought I knew something of the art of dry-fly fishing, and who insisted that my knowledge would be of value to others. What little I think I know really might be of value if I were pos-

sessed of Mr. "Olive Dun's" virile, sword-like pen; yet, did I possess it, even then, those same credulous friends would be entitled to all the credit; I never have claimed it for myself. Mr. "Olive Dun" has been imposed upon by some individual who does not realize, or who does not know, the meaning of the word "friend." I do not believe that he learned of my little failing which he characterizes as "the light under the bushel" from one of mine.

Mr. "Olive Dun" hints at plagiarism when he speaks of the use of the terms "taling" and "bulging." He evidently overlooked, when he read the article on this subject, the statement made regarding these terms. Certainly no amount of "ice cold assurance" would permit one to coin words to take the place of those familiar to all anglers for the sake of being thought the originator thereof. One might as justly be taken to task for using the phrase "dry-fly." There are those who believe that anything that is not copyrighted is, of course, the property of him who steals it first, and it is balm to the hearts of all sportsmen to know that "Olive Dun" detests dishonesty.

Writing upon the subject of dry-fly fishing may simmer down in the end—in this country, at least—to a single individual who will not be denied. But even though this great and only be aborted in the embryo—even then, the cult of dry-fly fishermen will grow, and the sport will flourish without his aid as it did before he knew what the dry-fly was.

Fly-fishermen should hail with delight the prospect of some increased and valuable entomological knowledge in this country. We have learned already that "Whirling" and "Olive Dun" are cousins, and that "Olive," besides exhibiting a heretofore unknown characteristic that surely connects him with the family *Simuliidae*—which may be, however, developed only in the *Hohokus* variety—is subject to attacks of indigestion, which infirmity may account for his non-appearance upon the stream at times when he would be heartily welcomed by both angler and trout—sour stomach, nervousness, sting and all. I am inclined to think from the similarity of thought expressed by these two insects that they are even more closely related than "Olive" has claimed, and also that their surname is "Did" and not "Dun," and that their combined Christian name is "Katy." Naturally, it would be useless to hope to have the writer who hides behind the *nom de plume* of "Olive Dun" reveal his identity. Yet I should like to know the man who is able to ferret out such a fund of information regarding another whom he has never met. He shows quality enough to be a member of the "plain clothes" squad, and with a little training would make someone a valuable press agent.

GEORGE M. L. LABRANCHE.

North Shore Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* That quarter-ounce bait is a sticker without a doubt. However, we can do much better work if we practice some every day, and to those who do not know it I wish to state we are having splendid practice every evening until it is so dark that we are afraid to go home. In that case the timorous ones take dinner at the refectory and enjoy it very much.

Many of the members are working hard to get into trim for the national tournament, so that

they may uphold the N. S. C. C. and bring home the honors to it.

Are you one of the workers? If not, get busy. Work, work work. I am in receipt of a communication from L. E. DeGarmo, in which he states that he has the official scales, which will be used to weigh all rods. If you are not sure that yours is eligible, you are welcome to call at his office, 215 South Market street, and he will weigh them for you.

The club is in receipt of an acknowledgment of a letter of condolence sent to Mrs. A. L. Springer by the secretary at the direction of the president.

Events held July 27 had scores as follows:

Quarter-ounce, accuracy bait:	
I. H. Bellows 98.8	L. Goodwin 97.4
T. A. Forsyth 97.9	A. B. Paulson 97.7
G. A. Hinterleitner... 93.7	Wm. Liddell 97.5
Dr. Dorchester 97.8	C. M. Ercanbrock ... 97.2
Dr. Waters 96.4	E. E. Martin 95.5
W. I. Marshall 98.8	E. Lambert 97.4
Re-entries:	
E. E. Martin 95.5	A. B. Paulson 97.6
Dr. Dorchester 98.5	L. Goodwin 96.8
W. I. Marshall 98.7	T. A. Forsyth 98.7
Quarter-ounce, distance bait—longest cast:	
I. H. Bellows 130	Wm. Liddell 113
Dr. Dorchester 120	C. M. Ercanbrock ... 128
Dr. Waters 95	E. E. Martin 102
W. I. Marshall 122	H. D. Ellsworth 132
A. B. Paulson 102	
Quarter-ounce, distance bait—accuracy:	
I. H. Bellows 114	Wm. Liddell 102
Dr. Dorchester 96	C. M. Ercanbrock ... 105
Dr. Waters 73	E. E. Martin 86
W. I. Marshall 111	H. D. Ellsworth 110
A. B. Paulson 94	
Light tackle, distance feet:	
I. H. Bellows 99	Dr. Dorchester 92
T. A. Forsyth 87	
Light tackle, distance feet, average:	
I. H. Bellows 99 2-15	Wm. Liddell 99 3-15
T. A. Forsyth ... 98 7-15	C. M. Ercanbrock 96 10-15
G. A. Hinterleitner 97 7-15	E. Lambert 99
Dr. Dorchester ... 98 2-15	

C. O. DORCHESTER, M.D., Sec'y-Trcas.

Aransas Pass Tarpon Club.

PORT ARANSAS, Tex., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to your letter of the 18th, asking for this season's catch, I take pleasure in giving you the following catch so far this season. This record is all on light tackle:

R. D. Powers, New York city.....	Total.	9
H. C. Carter, Boston, Mass.....		1
W. E. Jones, Houston, Texas.....		1
A. Hewitt, Wisconsin.....		2
W. B. Taylor, Chicago, Ill.		3
O. L. Oldham, Dallas, Texas		3
Dr. H. E. Mock, Chicago, Ill.		2
A. W. Hooper, Boston, Mass.....		35
L. A. Rone, Torreon, Mex.		14
J. E. Cotter, Port Aransas, Texas.....		10
L. Hirsch, San Antonio, Texas		5
J. E. Campbell, Nowata, Okla.		5
Mr. Lawson, Nowata, Okla.		7
Mr. Keller		2
L. Allan, El Oro, Mex.		3
R. M. Thompson, Washington, D. C.		1
H. F. Johnson, Racine, Wis.		4
E. J. Dunlap, Victoria, Texas.		5
L. E. Olwell, Dayton, Ohio.		2
Jack Locke, San Antonio, Tex.....		7
H. W. Brannock, St. Louis, Mo.....		6
J. M. Seifert, Houston, Texas.....		9
L. G. Murphy, Converse, Ind.		16
J. N. Brannock, St. Louis, Mo.....		9
Dr. A. Garwood, New Braunfels, Texas.....		1
W. C. Boschen, New York city.....		3
Henry Wilcox, Denver, Colo.		2
L. S. Clarke, New Orleans, La.		5
A. G. Weakley, San Antonio, Texas.....		4
Chas. Schriener, Jr., San Antonio, Texas.....		6
H. P. Goodman, San Antonio, Texas.....		3
S. B. Weller, San Antonio, Texas		2
W. W. Searcey, San Antonio, Texas.....		3
S. S. Searcey, San Antonio, Texas.....		2
H. T. Coulter, Rockdale, Texas		2
J. N. Murphy, Pittsburgh, Pa.....		1
Total		185

This total is to date, July 21. The largest tarpon to date was caught by A. W. Hooper, 6 feet 5 inches. The smallest tarpon to date was caught by S. S. Searcey, 34 inches.

J. E. COTTER,

Secretary Aransas Pass Tarpon Club.

Fishing in California.

BY GOLDEN GATE.

STEELHEADS have commenced to run in the Eel River, and from now on some splendid sport is anticipated on this stream. The first big catch of the present season was made a short time ago by C. J. Craddock, of Eureka, who landed four splendid fish at the famous Weymouth pool using a spinner. The first fish taken weighed eight pounds and one of the others tipped the scales at eleven pounds. The fish are full of fight, being in fresh from the ocean, and as soon as the run is general, many anglers from San Francisco will make the trip there. The water in Eel River is quite high for this time of the year. The first fish usually do not pay much attention to flies, but about the middle of August they should be taking these as well as spinners.

Since the opening of the fishing season in the Yosemite National Park many splendid catches have been made within the reservation limits, and some very large fish have been taken. Several trout over two feet in length have been landed, and no difficulty is experienced in securing the basket limit of twenty. No fishing has been allowed there for several years, and not only are the trout averaging large in size, but are easily taken.

The Truckee River is lower at Reno than has ever before been known, and hundreds of trout have been stranded and are being taken with bare hands in pools within the city limits, some of these being twenty-six inches in length.

The California Fish and Game Commission is planning to construct a large spawning station in Southern California, so that trout fry and other fish may be distributed at less expense in the streams in that section. The proposition of taking over the county hatchery at Santa Cruz is also being discussed, and this move will probably be consummated soon. The growth of the fishing industry on Montrey Bay has been such of late that a more efficient patrol of those waters will be made in the future.

National Ass'n of Scientific Angling Clubs

CHICAGO, Ill., July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs will hold its annual tournament for 1912 on Aug. 15, 16 and 17, on the grounds of the Illinois Casting Club, Washington Park, Chicago:

Aug. 15.—Light tackle dry-fly accuracy, light tackle distance fly, accuracy fly and distance fly.

Aug. 16.—Accuracy bait, quarter-ounce; distance bait, quarter-ounce, and salmon fly.

Aug. 17.—Accuracy bait, half-ounce, and distance bait, half-ounce.

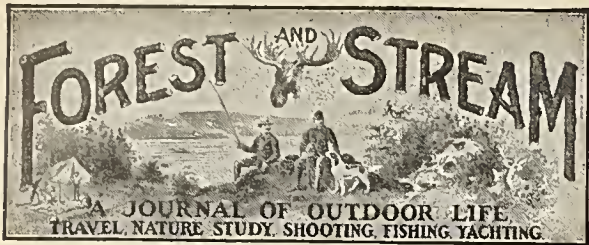
There will be ten trophies for each fly and twelve for each bait event.

J. M. SMITH, Sec'y.

Newfoundland Fishing.

SPRUCE BROOK, N. F., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The year has been an exceptionally good fishing year, especially on our river, Harry's Brook. I myself caught in one day's fishing in two pools twelve salmon weighing 149¾ pounds and fourteen grilse 62½ pounds. Not bad, eh?

JOHN J. O'NEIL POWER.



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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

THE HIGH COST OF MEAT.

THE Farmers' Bulletin, just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, covers a subject that ultimately will have a direct bearing on the reduction in cost of living. It tells the farmer how to exterminate the Texas fever tick, so destructive to cattle. Another cause of the raise in price of beef is brought to light in the taking up of the Western cattle ranges by homesteaders, resulting in a shortage in the supply of beef cattle for consumption by the millions of people largely dependent upon cattle grown in that region, causing a rise in price of steers at the great abattoirs of the country, and a decided increase of cost of meat to the consumer in cities.

Naturally, also, it has caused both the growers and buyers to look about for fresh pastures for the herds upon which their prosperity and business depends.

The Secretary of Agriculture years ago saw the inevitable crisis and turned his attention to providing ample sustenance for the stock needed to supply the market, and which could no longer be furnished by the West.

The locality was found in the South and Southwest, but that country was infested with an insect that made cattle raising unprofitable, if not impossible. So, for the past six years, the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington has been conducting tick eradication work in all but one of the States of the infested region in co-operation with the State authorities, and has freed 162,648 square miles of the Texas fever tick and relieved that area of the restrictions placed by national quarantine on the shipment of cattle to other sections.

In a considerable additional area the work of eradication is well under way, but the territory already freed exceeds the combined areas of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. The eradication of the cattle tick is of prime importance to

the agricultural interests of the infested section, but the benefits resulting therefrom would not be confined to them; in fact, it would be enjoyed to a great extent by the rest of the country.

The progress so far made in the co-operative campaign by the Department and the State authorities demonstrates that it is entirely possible to accomplish the complete elimination of the cattle tick, although a number of years of hard work will be required to free the entire country of this pest.

It is of great importance that the efforts of the officials should be supplemented by the farmers, and to this end this Farmers' Bulletin was issued, giving "Methods of Exterminating the Texas Fever Tick" in a practical manner that can be utilized by the farmer or stockman who has already begun or who contemplates undertaking the complete extermination of this pest from his farm.

These methods may be improved upon as new facts become available, but they have already reached such a degree of perfection and have been given such wide practical tests that the main part of the task is to enlist a hearty, vigorous and conscientious co-operation on the part of the people—in other words, the work will progress from now on just as rapidly as the people desire it should and no faster.

SILVER OR WHITE BASS.

THE return of silver bass in waters where they have not been captured in many years is the subject of jubilant articles in various newspapers of New York State. Enthusiasts of the rod and gun may well hail this intelligence with delight, because the silver bass, or white bass, affords the sportsman much pleasure, and is a toothsome dish. The Conservation Commission of New York State proposes to give this gleaming member of the bass family more attention than this worthy fish has received at the hands of the State authorities heretofore. The commission hopes soon to propagate this valuable species in large numbers when the proper pond facilities are available. State Fish Culturist Bean says of the silver bass:

"The fish is more generally known as white bass, and it is a near relative of the celebrated striped bass of our sea coasts. It may be readily distinguished by its lengthwise blackish streaks on the side, which are eight or more in number. The body is deeper than in the striped bass. The general color is silvery tinged with gold on the sides.

"The white bass abounds in the region of the Great Lakes. In Oneida Lake the Conservation Commission collected more than 700 of the fish recently in gathering black bass for its breeding ponds at Constantia. The fish has been introduced into many lakes in which it was not native. The white bass prefers the deeper parts of rivers, and is also well adapted for lakes and ponds. It is said to be a good fish for artificial pond culture. It spawns in April and May near the shore or in the river mouths.

"This bass swims in schools while feeding or migrating and thus becomes a ready prey to the angler. It is caught with the fly or with a minnow, and it will bite freely in the night. It is not unusual to score a hundred white bass in a few hours. It feeds naturally upon minnows, crayfish and other fresh water crustacea, small

mollusks and the young of fishes. A white bass one foot long will weigh about one pound. In the Ouachita River, Arkansas, it is said to reach the weight of five pounds. It is one of the best of food and game fishes."

A HOBBY.

How fortunate it is to have a hobby, and how unfortunate is a man or woman without one. Whether the hobby be gardening, carpentering, shooting, golf, fishing, music, painting, boating, or what not, the effect is much the same—the mind is concentrated upon a subject foreign to the day's work and the evening's worries. Of course an outdoor hobby is more healthful, though it may not offer more happiness, for it tones the system while resting the mind. Did you ever stop to think how many men, though diversified in professions, are unanimous in recreation? This fact was brought forcefully to our mind in glancing through the subscriptions to FOREST AND STREAM received in a week's mail. They came from a captain in the British Army in Upper Burmah, India; a guide in British Columbia; an Episcopal clergyman in London, England; a Presbyterian minister in Philadelphia, Pa.; a doctor in Arlington, Vt.; a lawyer in Chicago, Ill.; a bank director in Panama City, Fla.; a hotel owner in Cochrane, Alberta, Canada; a gentleman farmer in Round Hill, Va.; Superintendent of American School Association of the City of Mexico; a ranch owner in Cody, Wyo.; and men prominent in all lines of commerce in Nova Scotia, Ontario, Quebec, Maine, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Tennessee, Indiana, Ohio, Maryland, Texas, California, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana, Delaware, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Montana, Washington, Arkansas, Idaho, Minnesota, Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska. Men miles apart geographically, religiously and politically, but close together in their hobby, the life out of doors.

TEA À LA CANINE.

AN American woman, Mrs. A. L. Holland, innocently and with a desire to break the monotony of social summer doldrums, established a most disgusting precedent. This spring she gave a "luncheon" for her tiny Pekingese, Vin Sin, by name. The guests were several pekes, whose long nails showed they belong not to the useful class of canine. Each dog was chaperoned by its mistress and the affair was duly press-agented in the daily papers as a "tremendous success"—Brooklyn ministers to the contrary notwithstanding. An English society woman, Mrs. Pinto Leite, was inoculated with the idea, and its publicity possibilities. Recently she gave a "Billikin tea" for her peke pup, at which "cups of tea repeatedly were drunk to his health." In Latin we have Stabulum—a place of abode for animals and men of poorer classes. What shall we say in English for luncheon places for dogs and wealthy women?

STATE TO FEED DEER IN WINTER.

PROVISION to have the wild deer in the Adirondacks fed is being made by the New York State Conservation Commission. Directions have been sent to the protectors to have hay cut on the Beaver meadows at once. Two hundred dollars is available to each division in the deer country for the purpose.

YACHTING

Ticks from the Ship's Clock.

A special chart of the course for races for the British international trophy at Huntington Harbor is to be published, and the committee will assign anchorages for yachtsmen who wish to watch the races from their own yachts. Positions will be assigned in order of application, and as a very large fleet will be at Huntington, yacht owners will do well to apply early.

G. E. Roosevelt, chairman of the race committee of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., has sent the following notice to the members of the club:

"The attention of this committee has been called to the fact that carelessness on the part of yacht owners, in allowing their vessels to be placed in position where they have interfered with racing yachts, has recently caused considerable inconvenience to racing men.

"Sailing masters of all yachts should be cautioned by their owners against allowing their vessels to approach a racing boat in such a way that any claim of interference could possibly be made.

"It is hoped that all members of this club will instruct their sailing masters in this regard and do everything in their power to give racing boats a fair chance in the interest of the sport."

It would be a mighty good scheme if members of other clubs would take Chairman Roosevelt's suggestion unto themselves.

Patricia, the Canadian yacht, which will meet the syndicate boat Michigan for international honors, arrived in Chicago on schedule Aug. 1, flying the British flag and the burgee of the Royal Canadian Y. C. Commodore Norman Gooderham, owner and skipper, accompanied by his crew, also reached the scene of action. Those who will assist in handling Patricia are Roger Clarkson, Harry J. McAdie, F. S. Hobbs and J. L. Bartlett.

The Motor Boat Club of America has sent out invitations to 150 yacht clubs in the United States and Canada to co-operate in the defense of the British international trophy for power boats on Huntington Bay, L. I., Aug. 31 and Labor Day. The speediest boats of the world will be on hand. Elimination races to select the three American defenders will be held on Aug. 26, 27 and 28.

The racing machine Massachusetts, of the Manchester Y. C., which successfully defended the Seawanhaka cup in 1910 against the Canadian challenger St. Lawrence, has been sold to J. M. Kinnabrew, of New Orleans, representing a syndicate. Massachusetts will be used in an effort to down Seawanhaka, formerly Manchester, which was brought South and cleaned things up pretty well in those waters. Massachusetts was designed by E. A. Boardman and built at Manchester. She is a racing machine pure and simple, measures 25 feet on the line, 42 feet over all, 8 feet 6 inches beam and draws officially 6 inches.

The annual election of the Unqua Corinthian Y. C. of Amityville, L. I., held on July 27, brought success to the following: Commodore, Fred B. Dalzell; Vice-Commodore, Edgar P. Foster; Rear-Commodore, William T. Loudon; Treasurer, Marshall A. Woodman; Secretary, Clark B. Davis; Governors, Rufus J. Ireland, Francis A. Williams, George S. Thompson, George Schard, Jr., Charles R. Duryea, Erastus E. Hoff. In the re-election of Commodore Dalzell he breaks a precedent of long standing. It is an almost inviolable rule that officers shall serve not

more than two years. The members could not resist the desire for continued prosperity, so Mr. Dalzell was ordered back to the chair.

New King's Cup.

THE new trophy to take the place of the King's cup, raced for the past several seasons, is to be given by King George V., and probably will be competed for next year if not this season. The original King's cup was presented to the New York Y. C. by the late King Edward VII. in 1905, and has been raced for each season.

The names of six yachts inscribed on the outer surface of the trophy, together with the names of the respective yacht owners, takes up so much space that no room remained for the next winner. The change to a new cup adjusts matters in that respect so nicely that pleasure is expressed generally in yacht racing circles.

The conditions embodied in the deed of gift of the King's cup are that it shall be raced for each year at the end of the annual squadron run of the New York Y. C. off Newport. The winners of the event cannot retain the trophy, according to the deed of gift, and the club is responsible for its safety.

As the old cup will be now held as a memorial by the New York Y. C., the King George cup is to take its place under much the same conditions. Interest will be as great for years to come as it has been since the trophy first came into existence.

Not all yachts can race for the big piece of silver and gold, for it is specially stipulated that a sloop or single-masted yacht must measure 50 feet on the waterline and a schooner at least 60 feet on the waterline before they can enter for such a race. Otherwise, any yacht belonging to any yacht club in good standing in the United States may race for the trophy. There may be changes from these conditions, whenever the flag officers of the New York Y. C. determine upon such a course taken ten months prior to the race to which such alteration is applicable.

The rules stipulate also that the races for the cup shall be sailed without time limit. There is never any lack of interest in these races off Newport and in fact they are among the most noted events of the New York Y. C.

Yachts have been built specially of the highest speed and power to capture the right to have the yacht's and the owner's name inscribed on the cup. It is well remembered by most men interested in large yachts that the famous schooner Queen, now the Irolita, was built at Herreshoff's, in Bristol, for J. Rogers Maxwell to capture the inscription on the trophy.

It proved otherwise though when the first race was sailed for the cup off the Brenton Reef course in 1905. A smaller racer than Queen, and a sloop at that, won the right to have her name engraved that year. It was the Gielow designed sloop Effort, owned by F. M. Smith, of New York, that craft winning the race in a high easterly wind on time allowance on the small margin of nine seconds.

It was depressing to Mr. Maxwell to bring his new schooner Queen to the finish far in the lead of the whole fleet that day and then stand by back of the line counting the minutes and seconds it took Effort to complete the course and smash the feat of Queen, which was nearly twenty minutes in the lead.

Queen won the cup the next year, however, and then it went to the sloop Istalena of the 60-foot class of sloops; to Avenger, a smaller boat of that class of flyers in turn, and then to the big racing schooner Enchantress, owned by William Iselin, in 1911.

Red Bank Y. C.

RED BANK, N. J., Aug. 3.—The week-end regatta to-day brought out five yachts of the Red Bank Y. C. Maywin took the lead across the line, but Papoose soon passed her to windward. Maywin again took the lead after a short sprint and held it until the finish. Papoose won the race on time allowance. The summary:

	Corrected.		Corrected.
Papoose	1 21 56	Emily	1 31 42
Maywin	1 31 05	Florence	Withdraw.
Widow	1 31 53		

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., Aug. 3.—Six one-design boats of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. sailed the fourth race of the second series to-day, and it was the best race of the season. The winner was Clinton Mackenzie's Thelema by 2m. 30s. The summary:

Sloops, Class S—Start, 3:10—Inside Course.			
	Elapsed.		Elapsed.
Thelema	1 25 50	Sabrina	1 31 10
Bat	1 30 00	Hen	1 31 50
Iris	1 30 15	Imp	1 32 30



EMBRYO YACHTSMEN.

Southern Y. C.

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* FOREST AND STREAM for many years has been regarded as the authority of sports both aquatic and afield, and has been accepted as most reliable in its articles and chronicles. However, in its issue of June 8, 1912, appears a paragraph under the caption, "New Orleans Regatta," which contains a series of statements relative to the sixty-third annual regatta of the Southern Y. C. at variance with the truth.

The facts are: The interest in this regatta was greater than has existed in many years. More yachts (both sail and motor) than had been known since the days of the "Sand-Bagger" participated in the races. The public to the extent of 3,000 enthusiastic visitors witnessed the regatta from the club house, while fully 500 people occupied positions of vantage on wharves and revetment.

The great interest taken in this regatta of the second oldest yacht club in America was primarily due to the advent of two new racing open sloops brought here this spring to attempt the defeat of the champion Seawanhaka. One of the boats, Stranger, having been designed and built for that purpose, and the other Senorita, a last year's craft of reputation.

Without elaborating upon the conditions under which the success of the regatta was achieved, it is pertinent to state that the membership of the Southern Y. C. has steadily grown during the past few months, and now numbers nearly 550.

In justice to the Southern Y. C. and to yourself we ask that a correction be made in your paper.

HOLMES HARRISON,
Chairman Regatta Committee.

Horseshoe Harbor Y. C.

LARCHMONT, N. Y., Aug. 3.—There were seventy-one starters in the regatta held at the Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. to-day. A whole-sail west-northwesterly breeze prevailed, but it was uncertain. The winners were: Joyant in Class P, by 53s.; Alert, in the New York Y. C. thirties class, with Ibis, Okee and Juanita crossing the finish line as mentioned. Vandalia, More Joy, Dorinda, Amada, Rascal III, Rascal, Whiff, Little Dipper, Sapphire, Drena, Arizona, Mlle. Boss, Kazaza, Petrel, Iney, Tautog and Alpha were the winners in other classes. The regatta committee consisted of Messrs. Kenneth M. Spence, R. C. Heather and Commodore H. C. Southwick acting in place of Butler Whiting, who sailed Babette. The summary:

Sloops, Class P—Start, 1:10—Course, 15 Miles.
Elapsed. Elapsed.
Joyant 1 52 12 Windward 1 53 05

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 1:15—Course, 15 Miles.
Alera 2 02 19 Juanita 2 04 11
Ibis 2 02 32 Rowdy 2 07 57
Okee 2 03 15

Sound Schooners—Start, 1:20—Course, 15 Miles.
Vandalia 2 07 04 Moira 2 09 14
Rival 2 08 14 Alicia 2 11 38

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 1:25—Course, 10 Miles.
More Joy 1 24 30 Edmee 1 25 51

Handicap Class, 1st Div.—Start, 1:30—Course, 10 Miles.
Dorinda 1 19 36 Sue 1 26 58
Alert 1 23 55 May Queen 1 28 41
Interim 1 25 38

Corrected times—Dorinda, 1.19.30; Interim, 1.23.15; Alert, 1.23.55; Sue, 1.26.34; May Queen, 1.26.42.

Handicap Class, 2d. Div.—Start, 1:30—Course, 10 Miles.
Amada 1 24 19 Mist 1 35 38
Red Wing 1 33 03

Corrected time—Amada, 1.24.19; Mist, 1.28.01; Red Wing, 1.20.16.

Handicap Class, 3d Div.—Start, 1:35—Course, 10 Miles.
Rascal III. 1 25 48 Amanita IV. 1 33 14
Circe 1 31 44

Corrected time—Rascal III., 1.25.48; Amanita IV., 1.30.40; Circe, 1.30.53.

American Y. C. Raceabouts—Start, 1:35—Course, 10 Miles.
Rascal 1 29 32 Maryola 1 30 22
Cliphora 1 31 07

Sloops, Special Class—Start, 1:35—Course, 10 Miles.
Crescent 1 25 16 Amenita IV. 1 33 14

Corrected time—Amanita IV., 1.25.14; Crescent, 1.25.16.

Larchmont Interclub Class—Start, 1:40—Course 10 Miles.
Whiff 1 28 04 Lewanna 1 32 39
Bella 1 29 40 Wild Thyme 1 33 00
Hamburgh II. 1 30 53 Dagmar 1 34 53
Yucan 1 31 48 Le Cygne 1 34 02
Babette 1 32 08

Star Class—Start, 1:55—Course, 5 Miles.
Little Dipper 0 51 50 Star Faraway 0 53 31
Gemini 0 52 30 Solikel 0 54 32
Twinkle 0 52 40 Snake 0 56 04
Vega 0 53 04

Glen Cove S Class—Start, 1:45—Course, 10 Miles.
Sapphire 1 39 06 Emerald 1 40 33
Topaz 1 40 30 Catseye 1 41 33
Jade 1 40 31

Sloops, Classes R and S—Start, 1:50—Course, 10 Miles.
Drena 1 37 59 Hamburgh 2 00 30
Virginia 1 42 18

Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Start, 1:50—Course, 10 Miles.
Arizona 1 43 51 Imp 1 51 25
Chickioker 1 45 21 Pixie 2 00 02

Manhasset S Class—Start, 1:50—Course, 10 Miles.
Mlle Boss 1 42 00 Scylla 1 43 35

Catboat Class—Start, 2:05—Course, 5 Miles.
Kazaza 0 54 04 Au Chat Noir 1 03 37

Special Sloop Class—Start, 2:05—Course, 5 Miles.
Petrel 1 04 39 Puffin 1 16 23
Indra 1 05 18

Sailing Canoes—Start, 2:05—Course, 2 Miles.
Alpha 0 33 08 Gamma 0 34 00
Beta 0 37 03

Bug Class—Start, 3:10—Course, 5 Miles.
Iney 1 02 00

Dories—Start, 2:10—Course, 5 Miles.
Tautog 1 10 29 Alice 1 11 53
Rockey 1 16 31

Bergen Beach Y. C.

THE invitation regatta of the Bergen Beach Y. C. last Saturday brought the biggest entry ever recorded at the club. Thirty-seven sail and power craft crossed the starting line. Marion was the winner among the cabin sloops and Elvira won the cabin catboat class. Selfish beat Siren in the open cat class. Tanna took first among the hunting cabin launches and Brisk won the standing cabin launch event. On corrected time Vixen won the open launch cup, and the semi-speed division went to Valiant II. on corrected time. Alert took the sharpies prize. The summary:

Cabin Sloops—Start, 11:00—Course, 10 Miles.
Corrected Corrected.
Marion 2 33 31 Elizabeth I. 2 42 17
Baby 2 38 03

Cabin Catboats—Start, 11:05—Course, 10 Miles.
Elvira 1 29 05 Diana 1 47 08
Virginia 1 40 38 Clara May d. n. f.

Open Catboats—Start, 11:10—Course, 10 Miles.
Selfish 2 25 47 Zoe 2 37 22
Siren 2 26 21

Hunting Cabin Launches—Start, 11:20—Course, 10 Miles.
Tanna 1 06 21 Shines d. n. f.
Siren 1 27 38 Frances Disqualified.

Standing Cabin Launches—Start, 11:25—Course, 10 Miles.
Brisk 1 14 23 Margaret 1 27 24
Josephine H. 1 15 10 Gracie 1 27 56
Hilde 1 22 48 Faun 1 32 56
Mizpah 1 23 20

Open Launches—Start, 11:30—Course, 10 Miles.
Vixen 1 10 22 Bill Morrison 1 26 17
Thistle 1 16 05 Smarty 1 27 43
Margaret F. 1 25 52 Paul Jones 1 35 21

Semi-Speed Launches—Start, 11:35—Course, 10 Miles.
Valiant I. 1 15 08 Anna Garce 1 25 00
So Long 1 20 54 Ray 1 33 45

Sharpies—Start, 11:15—Course, 10 Miles.
Alert 2 43 34 Turtle 3 00 47
Clara 2 58 35 Nameless 3 01 15
Rover 3 00 30 Bull Pup d. n. f.

Marine and Field Club.

THE race for the championship of the lower bay was held by the Marine and Field Club last Saturday. Grayjacket won from Spider by 2m. 1s. Mouse won the knockabout event. Cyric trimmed M. & F. II. in the S class and Blue Bill was the only handicap boat to finish. The summary:

Sloops, Class O—Start, 3:00—Course, 12 Miles.
Elapsed. Elapsed.
Grayjacket 1 51 14 Alice 1 54 22
Spider 1 53 05 Florence 1 55 25
Soya 1 54 05 Suelew 1 57 08

Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Start, 3:05—Course, 12 Miles.
Blue Bill 2 13 41 Gunda d. n. f.
Careless Disabled.

Sloops, Class S—Start, 3:10—Course, 12 Miles.
Cyric 2 04 45 M. and F. II. 2 06 45

Gravesend Bay Knockabouts—Start, 3:15—Course, 8 Miles.
Mouse 1 22 13 Slow Poke 1 31 17
Suffragette 1 31 07

Boston Y. C.

HULL, Mass., Aug. 3.—Seventy-one boats raced in the closing regatta of the Boston Y. C. mid-summer series to-day. The winners were: Class A, Nutmeg, A. C. Jones; Class B, Barracouta; Class C, Eleanor; Class D, Clara; Class H, Sinbad; Class I, Scaler; Class P. Sayonara; Class S, Wawenock; Class X, Terror II.; Sonder class, Harpoon; first special rating class, Norma II.; second special rating class, Witch; Hingham one-design class, Pirate; Hull one-design class, Toogles. The summary:

Class A, Interclub.
Corrected. Corrected.
Nutmeg 1 02 06 Virginia 1 06 19
Clorinda 1 03 53 Mignon 1 09 28
Meemer 1 04 07 Wanderer IV. Withdrew.
Chewink 1 05 11 Flirt d. n. f.

Class B, Interclub.
*Baracouta 1 02 48 Sintram 1 08 24
*Lethe 1 04 50 Winona 1 08 42
Quakeress 1 04 54 Pirate 1 08 55

*Counter protests from the Lethe and Barracouta for fouling, not decided.

Class C, Interclub.
Eleanor 1 03 38 Violet 1 13 00
*H. Lindsey 1 05 43

*Protest for fouling from Clorinda.

Class S, Interclub.
Wawenock 1 15 05 Maritza I. Not timed.

Class H, Interclub.
Sinbad 1 27 36 Thordis 1 34 20
Marion III. 1 27 54 Dorsyl Not timed.

First Special Rating Class.
Norma II. 1 46 55

Second Special Rating Class.
Witch 1 40 01 Idol Disabled.
Chevy Chase 1 42 38

Class D, Catboats.
Clara 1 35 48 Mudjkeewis 1 41 42
Dartwell 1 35 51 Busy Bee 1 45 57
Iris 1 36 55 Hush 1 46 57

Class L, 18-foot Knockabouts.
Elapsed. Elapsed.
Scaler 0 59 23 Aurora 1 01 57
Bonitwo 1 00 15 Dorchen II. 1 02 28
Moslem II. 1 00 28 Reina 1 04 00
Cheroot 1 01 16 Arrow 1 05 59

Class P, 31-Raters.
Sayonara 1 22 46 Italia 1 24 00
Amoret 1 23 22 Timandra Disqualified.

Sonder Class.
Harpoon 1 29 22 Wolf 1 33 09
Ellen 1 30 46 Miave II. 1 34 37
Beatrice 1 31 10

Hingham One-Design Class.
Pirate 1 09 24 Possum 1 13 41
Usona 1 12 10 Too Who 1 14 30
Pollywog 1 12 44 Hanky Pank 1 21 45
Mischief 1 13 40 Marwinder 1 14 00

Hull One-Design Class.
Toogles 1 03 19 Nick Nack 1 06 48
Beta 1 03 44 Bonifor 1 07 44
Wa Wah 1 06 48 Kid 1 27 38

Class X, Dories.
Terror II. 1 00 20 Sunny Jim 1 11 50
Barbara 1 02 51 Pioneer d. n. f.
Pointer III. 1 03 16 Bessie A. III. ... Capsized.
Elizabeth F. 1 03 24

Annisquam Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Aug. 3.—Only thirty-three seconds separated the first and last yachts in to-day's regatta. The race was won by Tabasco. The summary:

Elapsed. Elapsed.
Tabasco II. 1 18 11 Nisan 2d 1 18 44
Swallow 1 18 20 Princess Disabled.
Snipe 1 18 42

Bayside Y. C.

SKYLARK, owned by James A. Dayton, won in the Bird class at the Bayside Y. C. last Saturday. Teaser was second and Loon third. In the one-design class Rowdy, owned by Charles Medicus, won; Beattie was second, Edna J. third.

ARTHUR BINNEY

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Van Rensselaer Cup Regatta.

MARION, Mass., Aug. 3.—The contestants for the Van Rensselaer cup had an exciting time in a heavy blow this afternoon in the annual race off Ruggles Point. Seven 21-footers, four sonders and two of this year's Crane design boats started, the 21-footers having 1m. 42s. time allowance and the Crane boats 10m. allowance. Commodore W. E. C. Eustis' Skate under full sail won by more than 4m. The time allowance enabled Peg and Sea Coon, sonder boats, credit for second and third places. Wind caused trouble for the little Herreshoff 15-footers. Miss Margaret Codman's Yalu took the lead early, but on the second time around broke her mast and had to withdraw. Polly won in this class. Pronto, owned and sailed by Miss Esther Hosmer, protested that the course was not understood by the crew and withdrew. Vim protested Folly for fouling one of the buoys, thus leaving the actual winner in doubt till the regatta committee passes on the protests. The summary:

Van Rensselaer Cup Race.			
Corrected.		Corrected.	
Skate	1 49 01	Lestris	1 58 46
Peg	1 53 20	Joyette	2 00 57
Sea Coon	1 53 40	Selwonk	2 01 40
Pollywog	1 53 49	Makabaro	2 02 13
Foraminifer	1 53 48	Phantom	d. n. f.
Gifted	1 57 26	Saracen	d. n. f.
Fin	1 57 58		

Crane One-Design Class.			
Elapsed.		Elapsed.	
Pioneer	1 30 10	Nabob	1 34 09
No Name	1 31 40	Water Witch	1 34 25
Charmion	1 33 05		

Herreshoff 15-foot Class.			
Polly	2 08 02	Yalu	Broke mast.
Endeavor	2 13 58	Fly	d. n. f.
Vim	2 14 45	Pronto	Withdrew.

Gloucester Y. C.

In the Gloucester Y. C. races to-day Onda was beaten by 18s. by Nereid on actual time. In Class 3 Amoral finished first with three-quarters of a minute to spare. In the 18-foot class Tid got the best of the start with Jane second. Oleta as usual was the winner in the 15-foot class. The summary:

Class I.			
Corrected.		Corrected.	
Edjacko	2 14 43	Nereid	2 17 13
Onda	2 22 48		

Class III.			
Amoral	2 32 10	Weasel	2 33 57
Sumarki	2 32 58		

Class II.			
Elizabeth			2 24 45

18 Foot Class.			
Elapsed.		Elapsed.	
Tid II.	2 32 32	Petrel	2 42 52
Jane	2 35 00		

15 Foot Class.			
Olcta	2 21 51	Tew Lom	2 30 10
Meave	2 24 49		

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, Mass., Aug. 3.—In the 18-foot class to-day there was a close race between Osprey and Aspinquid. Osprey got in first. In the 15-footers Kit won by nearly 2m. The summary:

18-Foot Class.			
Elapsed.		Elapsed.	
Osprey	1 43 22	Again	Disabled.
Aspinquid	1 43 33	Croatian	Withdrew
Answer	1 44 30		

15-Foot Class.			
Kit	1 44 11	Merlin	1 52 00
Gretchen	1 46 19	Petrel	1 53 32
Elizabeth	1 49 57	Thistle	1 56 07
Wilhelmina	1 51 23	Curlew	1 57 58

Beverly Y. C.

BEVERLY, Mass., Aug. 3.—J. J. Brotchie won the United Shoe Cup and C. E. Webber the County Commissioner Moody Kimball Cup in the Jubilee-Shoe Y. C. races this afternoon. The summary:

Corrected.		Corrected.	
*H W Benton ..	0 46 30	G. J. Julian	0 53 05
J. J. Brotchie ..	0 49 20	J. Bannock	0 54 02
C. E. Webber	0 49 26	A. Gustafson	0 57 00
A. St. Clair	0 50 55	C. Home	0 58 00
C. B. Clark	0 51 48	A. S. Cooper	d. n. f.
E. A. Whitney ..	0 52 30		

*Disqualified.



"PREPARING TO RIDE THE BREAKERS."
Photograph by Nathaniel R. Hopkins at Craigville, Mass.

Red Raven First Home.

BRISTOL, R. I., Aug. 3.—Red Raven, owned by William G. Thurber, won in a fleet of ten Warwick Neck one-design class by 45s. The summary:

Corrected.		Corrected.	
Red Raven	1 11 25	Zaza	1 14 19
Zest	1 11 25	Brownie	1 15 38
Foxuma	1 12 53	Elf	1 15 41
Zip	1 13 16	Ace	1 15 44
Zuzu	1 14 10	Orneon	1 16 19

Unqua-Corinthian Y. C.

THE one-design class of the Unqua-Corinthian Y. C. had an interesting regatta last Saturday on Great South Bay. The winner was White Hope. The summary:

Sloops, One-Design Class—Start, 3:45—Course, 9 Miles.			
Elapsed.		Elapsed.	
White Hope	1 42 42	Margaret	1 47 15
Utah	1 42 05	Lizette	d. n. f.

Riverside Y. C.

A RACE for the Sound Beach and Riverside one-design boats was sailed last Saturday at the Riverside Y. C. Barnacle, owned by W. L. Marston, won by 17s. The summary:

Start, 4:00 P. M.			
Elapsed.		Elapsed.	
Barnacle	1 03 05	Serena	1 04 12
Scalpa III.	1 04 27	Kismet	1 03 45
In It	1 09 46	No Name	1 03 22

Manchester Y. C.

MANCHESTER, Mass., Aug. 3.—The one-design boats of the Manchester Y. C. had eight entries to-day. Clarise won by 10s. The summary:

Elapsed.		Elapsed.	
Clarise	1 41 00	Teal	1 42 20
Bluegrass	1 41 10	Ketchup	1 42 50
Gnat	1 42 00	Kiowa 2d	1 44 45
Minx	1 42 10	Shad	1 44 30

Belle Harbor Y. C.

TWELVE boats started in the open regatta of the Belle Harbor Y. C. on Jamaica Bay last Saturday. La Petite won among sloops and Ariel in the catboats. Among the power boats Anna F. was the first of the M boats to finish. Sylvia led in the N craft. Among the cabin cruisers the winner was Carrie III. The summary:

Sloops—Start, 4:05—Course, 2 Miles.			
Corrected.			
La Petite	0 31 16	Elsie	0 37 54

Catboats—Start, 4:10—Course, 2 Miles.			
Ariel	0 29 40	Netta	0 31 01
Power Boats—Class M—Start, 4:10—Course, 4 Miles.			
Anna F.	0 47 15	Arion I.	0 47 21
Power Boats, Class N—Start, 4:10—Course, 4 Miles.			
Sylvia	0 44 14	Ester	d. n. f.
Demi Tasse	0 48 26		
Cruising Power Boats—Start, 4:20—Course, 4 Miles.			
Ours	0 36 37	Argo	0 36 06
Carrie III.	0 37 20		

Nahant Dory Club.

NAHANT, Mass., Aug. 3.—Bambino, owned by J. S. Lovering, won the leg in the race of the bug boats in the Nahant Dory Club cup race this afternoon. The summary:

Elapsed.		Elapsed.	
Bambino	1 18 51	Weivel	1 24 02
Humbug	1 19 38	Midge	1 25 43
Grayling	1 20 18	Brownie III.	1 32 00
Bugaboo	1 23 56		

Motor Boating

Excelsior Y. C.

EMPIRE, owned by J. Lewis Luckenbach. Atlantic Y. C., won the long distance power boat race last Saturday. The course was forty-five nautical miles. Each yacht was started on its handicap. Ola hit a submerged something and was disabled. The summary:

Motor Boats, all Classes—Actual Starts—Course, 45 Miles.			
	Start.	Finish.	
Empire, J. Lewis Luckenbach.....	10 46 35		3 32 30
Fabian, W. E. Thomas	10 58 57		3 36 34
Narcissus, G. Moore	9 37 15		4 28 15
Hedvig II., A. W. Stott	9 37 15		4 29 44
Mistake, H. Gillis			Did not finish.
Ola, N. N. Krarup			Disabled.
Surprise, F. D. Cadmus			Did not finish.

Wessagussett Y. C.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, Mass., Aug. 3.—The Wessagussett Y. C. held a power boat race this afternoon. The boats finished in the following order: Wizard, Capt. Frank Cushing; Miriam D., Capt. C. F. Day; Reba, Capt. W. H. Weston; Eleanor D., Capt. S. A. Walker; High Son, Capt. William Height; Aloha, Capt. Frank Fullerton; Florence, Capt. E. T. Marshall; Myra, Capt. Alfred Eppler; Adelaide, Capt. A. E. Rhodes. Wizard's time was 1h. 15m. and she got a silver cup. Miriam's time was 1h. 19m. for second place. Reba took third in 1h. 26m.

(Yachting Notes continued on page 185.)



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 13-14.—Portland (Me.) G. C. Individual Championship on second day. S. Dimick, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-5.—Wellington Mass.—Palface, G. C. merchandise shoot. Charles F. Mardin, Sec'y-Treas.
Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. Arthur Gambell, Supt.
Sept. 14.—Greenwich Gun Club fall tournament. J. H. Finch, Capt.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

Aug. 10.—Temple, Pa.—Hercules G. C. A. K. Ludwig, Sec'y.
Aug. 10.—Waterbury, Conn.—Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League tournament, under the auspices of Mattatuck R. and G. C. David R. Walker, Sec'y.
Aug. 10-11.—Chicago (Ill.) G. C. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
Aug. 13-14.—Abilene (Tex.) G. C. C. D. Paxton, Sec'y.
Aug. 14.—Lancaster (Pa.) G. C. W. T. Krick, Sec'y.
Aug. 14.—Batavia, N. Y.—Holland G. C. Chas. W. Gardner, Sec'y.
Aug. 14-15.—Montgomery, Ala.—Capital City G. C. M. Moore, Pres.
Aug. 14-16.—Kansas City, Mo.—Interstate Association's Seventh Western Handicap tournament, under auspices of Kansas City G. C.; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in Western Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Aug. 15.—Rio (Wis.) G. C. Bert Thompson, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-16.—Dayton, Ky.—Northern Kentucky G. C. Geo. W. Dameron, Sec'y.
Aug. 20.—Marthasville, Mo.—Daniel Boone G. C. J. O. Wilson, Sec'y.
Aug. 20.—Canonsburg (Pa.) G. C. A. S. Anthony, Sec'y.
Aug. 20-21.—Sioux Falls (S. D.) G. C. A. Olson, Sec'y.
Aug. 20-23.—Montreal, Canada.—Dominion of Canada T. S. A. T. Claude Cooke, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-22.—Garrison, N. Y.—Garrison-Highland R. and G. C. F. N. Limdebjerg, Sec'y.
Aug. 22.—Ebensburg, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Ebensburg G. C. W. R. Thompson, Sec'y, Ebensburg, Pa.
Aug. 23.—Gouverneur (N. Y.) R. and G. C. W. R. Patrick, Sec'y.
Aug. 24.—La Crosse (Wis.) G. C. J. V. Winter, Sec'y.
Aug. 27-29.—Cedar Point, O.—Indians. C. W. Budd, Sec.
Aug. 27-29.—Portland, Ore.—The Interstate Association's Seventh Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under auspices of the Portland G. C.; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in the Pacific Coast Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Aug. 28-29.—Fulda (Minn.) G. C. H. W. Converse, Sec'y.
Aug. 28-29.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland S. S. A. State tournament. Geo. P. Mordecai, Sec'y, 215 American Building, Baltimore, Md.
Aug. 29.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Big Game, Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. H. G. Frederichs, Sec'y.
Aug. 29-30.—Sedalia (Mo.) G. C. John McGrath, Sec'y.
Aug. 30.—Sandusky, O.—Ye Oak Meadow G. C. Ira C. Krupp, Sec'y.
Aug. 31.—Menominee Falls (Wis.) G. C. Jas. A. Pike, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Hammond (Ind.) G. C. J. C. Becker, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Ft. Collins (Colo.) Shooting Club. Jos. Garst, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Tower City, Pa.—Sheridan G. C. W. E. Daub, Mgr.
Sept. 2.—Ogdensburg (N. Y.) S. A. J. M. Morley, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Western Connecticut T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Sea Side G. C. Earl R. Lewis, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Lima (O.) G. C. A. W. Fisk, Pres.
Sept. 2-3.—Fayette, Mo.—Afro-American Trapshooters' League Grand Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cochran, Sec'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia State tournament, under auspices of Lynchburg G. C. W. R. Winfree, Sec'y, 1008 Main St., Lynchburg, Va.
Sept. 2-3.—Paducah (Ky.) Target Club. C. E. Pursell, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Celina (O.) G. C. Geo. Kistler, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Bucklin (Mo.) G. C. Ed. Herriman, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Holdredge (Neb.) G. C. Thos. Hufford, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Cumberland (Md.) G. C. F. Billmeyer, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—London (O.) G. C. H. L. Hildinger, Sec'y.
Sept. 6.—Mechanicsburg (O.) G. C. tournament.
Sept. 10.—McKeesport, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Youghiogheny Country Club. R. J. Caughey, Sec'y.
Sept. 10-11.—Caro (Mich.) S. A. F. W. Bowles, Sec'y.
Sept. 10-13.—Denver, Colo.—Rocky Mountain Interstate Sportsmen's Association; \$5,000 added money. Ambrose E. McKenzie, Mgr.
Sept. 11.—Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club. Jay Clark, Jr., Sec'y.
Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. A. B. Heyl, Pres.
Sept. 13-14.—Beverly, Mass.—Massachusetts State tournament, under auspices of Massachusetts State T. S. A. F. E. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.
Sept. 16-17.—Evansville, Ind.—Indiana State tournament, under the auspices of the Recreation G. C. Geo. A. Beard, Cor. Sec'y.
Sept. 17.—Huntingdon, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Alexandria G. C. L. M. Hagerty, Sec'y, Alexandria, Pa.
Sept. 17-18.—Brookfield, Mo.—Linn County G. C. Ed. Barton, Sec'y.

Sept. 17-20.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Westy Hogans of America tournament. Bernard Elssesser, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-19.—Bloomington, Ill.—McLean County G. C. C. A. McDermand, Pres.
Sept. 19.—Springfield (O.) G. C. Harry C. Downey, Sec.
Sept. 20.—Sangerfield (N. Y.) Country Club. R. H. Terry, Sec'y.
Sept. 23-24.—Lewiston (Idaho) G. C. P. T. Lomax, Sec'y.
Sept. 26-27.—Baltimore, Md.—West Forest Park G. C. Richard L. Collins, Sec'y.
Sept. 26-27.—Capron (Ill.) G. C. Alex. Vance, Sec'y.
Sept. 27.—Saginaw (Mich.) Canoe Club. T. A. Saylor, Sec'y.
Oct. 1-2.—Omaha (Neb.) G. C. F. T. Lovering, Sec'y.
Oct. 2.—Piedmont (W. Va.) G. C. G. N. Hoover, Sec.
Oct. 3.—Wapakoneta (O.) G. C. Chas. E. Zint, Sec'y.
Oct. 3.—Elkton (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worington, Mgr.
Oct. 5.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Meadow Spring G. C. Wm. F. Letford, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. Geo. Alig, Jr., Sec'y.
Oct. 15-18.—Cincinnati, O.—The Interstate Association's Post-Season tournament, on the grounds of the Cincinnati G. C.; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Oct. 16.—Rising Sun (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Vice-Pres.
Oct. 16-17.—Tarboro (N. C.) G. C. R. E. L. Cook, Mgr.
Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
Oct. 22-23.—Scammon (Kans.) G. C. C. R. Quarton, Sec'y.
Oct. 22-23.—Demopolis, Ala.—Demopolis Gun Club. W. C. Du Fue, Sec'y.
Oct. 30.—Medford (Okla.) G. C. Dr. I. V. Hardy, Sec'y.
1913.
Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

One of the most popular ammunition demonstrators, Otto Feudner, has taken up the Pacific Coast territory for Peters Cartridge Co.

The second annual tournament of the Maryland State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Prospect Park, Baltimore, Md., on Aug. 27, 28 and 29.

Elmer E. Shaner telegraphs that "the Portland Gun Club will add an additional \$500 to the regular program events at the Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, Portland, Ore., Aug. 27, 28 and 29, making a total of \$1,500 added money at said tournament."

Do not overlook the seventh Western Handicap, Aug. 14, 15, 16, at Kansas City. There will be \$1,000 or more added money, made up as follows: Added to the Western Handicap, \$200; trophy for the winner of the Western Handicap, \$100; added to the Squier money-back special fund, \$200; one cent (1c.) for each target trapped added to the Squier money-back special fund, \$500 or more—making a total of \$1,000 or more. If 50,000 targets are not trapped in the regular program events, the difference will be made good by the Interstate Association and the Kansas City Gun Club.

W. G. BEECROFT.

Buffalo Audubon Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 3.—Only seventeen members attended the first regular shoot for August, and our old friend, F. D. Kelsey, was easily the star of the day with a good 90 out of his century. He only got 14 out of the last event from the 19yds. mark, or he would have done much better. Kelsey, Imhoff and Blackmer were winners in the badge event, while Kelsey, Suckow and Blackmer won spoons and Rogers, Barger and Blackmer won legs in the Smith trophy event. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20
Imhoff	16	18	16	13	16
Wacker	17	16	14	16	14
Ebberts	11	14	14	12	11
Burgwardt	16	12	13	13	10
Glover	19	18
Rogers	16	18	15	13	19
Kelsey	17	20	20	19	14
Blackmer	15	15	10	17	15
Suckow	18	16	18	17	14
Ward	18	17	16	17	10
Immel	10	16	14	17	12
Seymour	14	..	16	14	..
Haupt	12	10	6	8	11
Smith, Sr.	16	16	15	16	13
Smith, Jr.	7	12	10	12	12
Barger	17	16	..	15	16

Event No. 2 was the badge shoot; No. 4, spoon shoot; No. 5, Smith trophy.

Island Beach Events.

ISLAND BEACH, Conn., July 27.—In event No. 4, which was for the second leg on the DuPont trophy, Rogers, Purdy and Luke, with their handicaps, made clean scores. No. 5, which was the shoot-off, was won by G. Luke. These Saturday afternoon shoots at Island Beach are becoming very popular, and are much enjoyed by the contestants, particularly on account of the splendid background and location. It surely makes an ideal outing for anyone enjoying trapshooting.

The scores of to-day are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	20	25	25
A E Rooney	14	15	18	23	23
J D Chapman	11	12	17	15	..
F F Rogers	12	11	16	18	21
W D Finch	7	11	10	14	..
L Brush	12	11	17	16	20
C S Purdy	13	9	17	21	20
J S Conover	13	13	16	20	..
S G Chard	12	13	19	21	..
E White	4	6	8	9	..
T W Hoyt	10	10	15	18	..
G Luke	12	13	16	20	23
J H Finch	12	13	16	20	..
Miss L M Boles	8	10	15	13	..
W E Smith	1	4	5	8	..

The following scores were made at the shoot on Aug. 13:

Shot at Brk.	Shot at Brk.	
A E Ranney ... 150 129	G F Headrie 150 113	
R J Held 150 135	A Betti 150 124	
F F Rogers 150 101	C H Banks 150 93	
H O Allyn 200 147	H B Smith 150 103	
*J S Fanning ... 150 122	C S Purdy 90 63	
Z C Offutt 150 96	G L Yates 90 67	
G A Wylie 150 105	J S Conover ... 140 108	
P A Raymond .. 150 134	G B Bliss 90 62	
*T A Davis 150 111	J D Chapman ... 70 52	
Miss L M Boles. 150 86	E L Hatch 70 59	
L Brush 175 100	H A Bell 70 48	
G Luke 150 99	O Tuhill 95 71	
J H Finch 175 136	J Garrecht 70 47	
C S Medler 150 132	R A Gillespie ... 70 58	
S G Chord 200 152		

Two-men team race cup, 50 birds, was won by P. A. Raymond and J. H. Finch. The five-men team race cup, 50 birds, was won by Greenwich Gun Club team. High amateur medal was won by R. J. Held with 135 out of 150. High amateur run medal was won by A. E. Ranney on 42.

Winners of medal prizes were: Class A: Held, first; Raymond, second; Medler, third; Ranney, fourth; Betti, fifth; Finch, sixth. Class B: Hendrie, first; Chord, second; Allyn, third; Wylie, fourth; Smith, fifth. Class C: Rogers, first; Luke, second; Offatt, third; Banks, fourth; Miss Boles, fifth.

The high wind made targets extremely difficult and high scores impossible. The day was beautiful, the shoot well handled and enjoyed by all.

Program shoots are held every Saturday and also on Labor Day.

J. H. FINCH.

Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, O., July 31.—Good scores were the rule here yesterday and to-day. High gun went to R. H. Bruns with 287. Second to Wm. Shattuck and Wm. Spangler, with 3 less on a tie. R. O. Heikes, from the pink sheet, showed what a pro. could do by doing way with 292. J. R. Taylor tagged on with 290.

	First Day.		Second Day.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Wm Shattuck.....	150	142	150	142
J E Nutt.....	150	125	150	118
R H Bruns.....	150	143	150	144
J B Knapp.....	150	137	150	128
J B Lallonce, Jr.....	150	130	150	117
C D Coburn.....	150	128	150	137
Wm Spangler	150	140	150	144
J S Ritt.....	150	125	150	131
E M Stout.....	150	138	150	137
Chas Ward	150	120
C T Riffe.....	150	114	150	135
W N Camp.....	150	118	150	124
P Esselborn	150	101
T J Donald.....	150	133	150	132
T E Donald.....	150	137	150	145
Frank Eakin	90	59
C J Daniels.....	45	31

Professionals:

J S Day.....	150	142	150	143
L J Squier.....	150	134	150	137
R O Heikes.....	150	147	150	145
O H Nutt.....	150	143	150	137
W B Darton	150	142	150	139
J R Taylor	150	145	150	145

South Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 30.—Our next regular shoot will be Sunday, Aug. 11, and every second Sunday thereafter. South Chicago Gun Club will change dates with Arlington Heights Club in Chicago Interurban League. South Chicago Gun Club will have the Aug. 18 date. The race is getting warm, only five points separating the first four clubs.

Chicago Gun Club and Long Lake are tied with 24 points each, National 20 points and South Chicago with 19. The boys from South Chicago expect to make the other teams go some at the next shoot.

CHAS. H. RAMBO, Sec'y.

Chicago Interurban League.

THE fourth shoot of the Chicago Interurban League of Gun Clubs took place on the grounds of the National Gun Club at Riverside, July 28. The attendance was very good, eighty-six shooters in all. If it were not for the threatening weather early in the morning, the attendance might have been larger. The day turned out beautiful; the wind was high from the west, which probably prevented real high scores, such as are most always made on the Riverside grounds.

Chicago Gun Club again won first place, with the Long Lake Club second. This puts these two clubs now in a tie for first, each having 24 points. Joe Barto, of the Chicago Gun Club, and J. L. Humpick, of Hammond, each got high score with 47.

This was Jay R. Graham's first appearance since his return from Stockholm, where he won the world's honors, and he was given a hearty reception by the shooting contingent present.

Doc May and his crew did their utmost to make this shoot a success, and every little detail was looked after, and the shoot consequently ran off very smoothly.

The standing of the League at this time is as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Club Name, Points, and another column. Includes Long Lake, Chicago, National, South Chicago, South Shore, Hammond, and Arlington Heights.

The scores follow:

Table with 2 columns: Club Name and Shooter Name with scores. Includes Chicago Gun Club and South Shore Gun Club.

Long Lake Gun Club.

Table with 2 columns: Shooter Name and Score. Includes Jay Graham, Tom Graham, McDermott, Ray Loring, and F Stanton.

National Gun Club.

Table with 2 columns: Shooter Name and Score. Includes A F MacLachlan, Dr Conk, W C Brown, C W May, and O P Goode.

South Chicago Gun Club.

Table with 2 columns: Shooter Name and Score. Includes C Emery, Chas Rambo, C Hausler, S Johnson, and F Olson.

Those who shot, but who did not qualify for their respective teams follow:

Chicago Gun Club—W. F. Riley 40, W. A. Davis 41, C. E. Shaw 41, Gulder 40, Oscar Kausche 41, Wm. Holtz 42, J. A. Taggart 35, J. H. May 40, Phil Miller 34, J. Panesi 40, C. R. Seelig 42, C. F. Seelig 42, J. Eck 31, T. P. Bue 43, J. W. Keller 33, Leo Stockley 43, Dr. Shaw 35.

Long Lake Gun Club—W. Jackson 42, L. M. Fetherstone 42, R. Kuss 42, P. J. Graham 38, Hutton 33, Cliff 33.

National Gun Club—W. E. Einfeldt 41, B. L. Kammerer 41, J. A. Schultz 38, Kuhlman 40, A. Johnson 33, E. J. Kearns 39, M. George 39, Kunzer 39, Rizzig 32, Fredericks 39, Houseman 36, Eckert 35.

South Chicago Gun Club—W. Reed 35, H. Reed 34, W. Hausler 28, E. Hausler 41, Nitshe 39, Fred Pernod 29, Dr. Stanton 40.

South Shore Gun Club—J. Birkland 35.

Hammond Gun Club—F. M. Warnimont 22.

Arlington Heights Gun Club—Edw. Schulenberg 32, E. B. SHOGREN, Sec'y-Treas.

Oregon Gun Club.

OREGON, Wis., July 30.—J. S. Young easily was high gun here to-day, shooting a classy and consistent score up to the tenth event, when he fell down from form with a thud that lost him 3 out of his 15. Finally he totalled 144, this being 4 better than C. P. Shumway and Paul Kimball, each of whom broke badly in several frames. However, all three top amateurs shot in a class with the two upper "no cash" shooters, E. Graham making 143 and W. D. Stannard 141.

Table with 2 columns: Shooter Name and Score. Includes L Nickerson, J Heimer, L Nelson, P H Cusick, C E Parkin, W E Lawyer, H McNamara, E P Drake, Dr Gibson, C E Snider, J D Pollard, E L Wiswall, H H Gay, A Vance, W H Dreher, J S Young, O P Goode, C P Shumway, Capt Jack, H G Waterman, A E Hanneman, N Miller, Jas Christianson, P Erickson, P Christianson, L S Dell, L Fauerbach, W E Miller, W E Riley, A A Mayer, C F Ford, W H Skolas, J L Meloy, E L Sholts, L C Angrick, J B Pierce, E E Austin, G Sholts, A L Hauson, H W Turner, C M Clark, Paul Kimball, F G Fuller, J Raup, D A Hutton, Dr P C Regan, Chas F Schneider, W O Stannard, C E Robbins, H. R. PATTERSON, Sec'y.



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Falling in with the triumphal line of Remington-UMC victories at the recent Olympic Games, Grand American Handicap and at 15 of 18 Big National Handicaps in three years, come

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Montana Contributes Seven of Ten Cups and Medals Remington-UMC guns and speed shells won seven of the ten cups and medals offered at the Montana State Shoot, besides winning all averages, both professional and amateur.

North Carolina Championship Goes to Remington-UMC

J. E. Taylor wins North Carolina Championship in State Shoot, 93 ex 100 and 25 straight in shoot-off, shooting Remington-UMC Arrow Steel Lined Shells. J. M. Barrett, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun and Arrow Steel Lined Shells, scored 95 ex 100, but was disqualified, not being a native of the State.

J. B. Pennington won first amateur average, 284 ex 300, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun.

Arkansas Yields All Prizes to World Beaters

Every prize event at the Arkansas State Shoot, from State Championship, J. P. Wright, 47 ex 50, through all of the contests, was won with Remington-UMC Arrow Steel Lined Shells. 50 per cent. of the winners used Remington-UMC guns.

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Thornburg Gun Club.

THE Thornburg Gun Club held a very successful shoot at their traps, Thornburg, Pa., Saturday, July 27. Neb Painter was high amateur with 98 out of 100, and Jimmy Lewis, the popular Winchester pro., tied him with a loss of only 2 out of his 100 targets. The following are some of the scores:

Table with 2 columns: Shooter Name and Score. Includes G E Painter, G H Cochran, A C Wooster, M D Ullery, A S Bishop, J M Kable, J Bruff, A N Baker, J Lewis, A W Patton, Wm A Stavings, Harrington, Fetzter, PAUL T. EVANS, Sec'y.

Baudette Gun Club.

BAUDETTE, Minn., July 29.—Thirty-seven enthusiasts, including six upper-class men from "targets only" college, shot in our registered tournament here to-day. Amateur J. P. White won high gun honors in the money class, breaking even on 146 out of 150, with R. R. Barber top pro. Bill Ridley's pump hand suffered some

lost motion, resulting in a bad day for him, with 142, 2 less than Fred Bills from prodrom cracked. C. A. Hale was third amateur, tying up at 139 with J. H. Stair and "Snuff" Taylor from the "pink sheet."

Table with 2 columns: Shooter Name and Score. Includes W Ridley, J P White, M A Nashold, C A Hale, Dr Jones, J E Wahlberg, E Esenrich, P Aldrin, Mrs Nashold, P Cowan, W Young, M S Weeks, O Flatner, F E Johnson, Max Stein, R R Barber, F G Bills, J H Stair, Mrs R R Barber, D Farrel, Bert Ayers, J Perkins, C E Wubbens, J W Jowett, E Moorhead, T Hoover, J F Peterson, T Gerrie, W E Carr, E Riley, L Matthews, D F Miller, F Smestek, H G Taylor, C G Dockendorf, F R Gilman, A. M. HOOPER, Sec'y.

The Pacific Coast Handicap.

THE Interstate Association's seventh Pacific Coast handicap tournament will be held at Portland, Ore., Aug. 27, 28 and 29, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

Portland, Ore., where roses bloom nearly the year round, is known as the "Rose City," and it is well deserving of the name. Nearly every inhabitant has his favorite variety, and in every yard they are to be seen blooming in great profusion during the summer.

Portland is neither level nor extremely hilly, but is surrounded by high hills. As a residential city it is delightful. For the tourist who finds pleasure in majestic, impressive mountain scenery, it has much to offer. The scenery along the Columbia River is said to excel in attractiveness that of the Hudson or Rhine. From Council Crest, an elevation near the city and easily reached by street cars, one can see the glistening peaks of Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson, Mount Adams, Mount St. Helens and Mount Rainier. Mount Hood commands the center of this fascinating picture. There are many little trips than can be made by steamer or by rail, each of which has its own distinctive charm.

Portland's buildings, traction lines and water system are those of a splendid modern city. Beautiful homes surrounded by green lawns and handsome shrubbery, with a wealth of roses, even in the poorest yards, makes this a peculiarly attractive home city. The streets are shaded by beautiful trees, and many well kept parks are so situated as to give the people of the city ready access to them.

Portland's location is not only picturesque, but practical. The same river—the Willamette—which flows past Portland from the south, adding to the city's charm, furnishes water-power, makes Portland's harbor, and drains the productive Willamette Valley. The city is connected by rail and water with the Inland Empire, has rail connections with Central Oregon, and is connected by steam, electric lines, or both, West, North, South and East, and by fresh water with the Pacific. Portland is an ocean port—a world's port—with a down-grade haul from 250,000 square miles of fertile territory.

The Portland Gun Club is of the hustling variety, and its members are heartily interested in everything pertaining to trapshooting. They are also interested in game protectory and the enforcement of the laws pertaining to same, and are at all times ready to give information to visiting sportsmen regarding the best and most convenient game shooting grounds and fishing waters. Although young in years, the Portland Gun Club has gained the reputation of being composed of one of the most congenial lot of sportsmen as ever formed a trapshooting organization, and it is safe to say that they will not allow a single contestant at this tournament to leave feeling dissatisfied.

The committee having the immediate management of the tournament is fully capable of handling it, and as the tournaments given in Portland in the past have always been well attended and greatly enjoyed, and as the interest in trapshooting throughout the Northwest was never greater than this year, it is confidently expected that this will be one of the best tournaments ever given on the West Coast.

Roanoke Gun Club.

ROANOKE, Va., Aug. 3.—The threatening weather kept away some of the enthusiasts this afternoon, but there were twenty-six to shoot over the traps of the Roanoke Gun Club, including S. P. Goodloe, the popular representative of the Winchester Arms Company. The weekly medals were won by the following members: Scratch—First, tie, Bloxton and Shepherd; second, tie, Battle and Atkinson. Class A—First, Elliott; second, Wilkinson. Class B—First, Ferguson; second, Fisher. Class C—First Holland; second, Berkley.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Lists scores for various members like Berkeley, Holland, Dyer, Ferguson, etc.

H. F. WILKINSON, Sec'y.

Charleston Gun Club.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Aug. 3.—Good scores were the rule here to-day.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Shot at Brk., Score, and another Name/Score. Lists members like D W Goshen, De Gruyter, etc.

DR. G. NICHOLSON, Sec'y.

Holland Gun Club.

GROUNDS located on Law street, near the Erie track. Carriages via Walnut or Chestnut streets. It is only five minutes' walk from the New York Central station via Mill street and the Erie Railroad track. Shooting will begin promptly at 9 A. M. on Aug. 14—one hour earlier than last year. Guns, ammunition, etc., care Jay L. Robson, Batavia, N. Y., express prepaid, will be delivered to the grounds free of charge. Interstate rules to govern all points not otherwise provided for. All paid representatives to shoot for targets only. Targets two

cents each included in entrance. Rose system, four moneys, 5, 3, 2, 1. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Three automatic traps.

Shells—Walbridge & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., will have on sale a full line of U. M. C., Winchester and U. S. shells in popular loads. If you want a special load send your order to Walbridge & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Added Money Cash—Interstate Association, \$50 to apply to the Squier money-back system of the regular program. Cut glass merchandise, \$100. Richmond trophy, this year's winner getting 50 per cent of next year's entry.

The officers are: J. B. Knickerbocker, President; E. S. Watson, Vice-President and Treasurer; Watts L. Richmond, Second Vice-President; Chas. W. Gardner, Secretary; D. W. Tomlinson, Jr., Captain.

Warroad Gun Club.

WARROAD, Minn., July 28.—The State tournament held yesterday and to-day by the Minnesota Sportsmen's Association drew a big entry, there being sixty-two gunners present. The program consisted of 150 targets each day. Scores follow:

Table with 4 columns: Name, 1st Day, 2d Day, Total. Lists members like Christeman, W E Rowe, etc.

Gouverneur Rod and Gun Club.

THE first annual tournament will be held on Aug. 23 at Gouverneur, N. Y. To reach the traps ten minutes' walk up William street. Guns, ammunition, etc., may be forwarded to W. R. Patriek, Secretary, Gouverneur, N. Y., express prepaid, and the same will be delivered on the grounds. All prizes in merchandise event are listed at actual retail price. Manufacturer's agents and professionals shoot for targets only. Interstate Association rules will govern all points. Every shooter must, upon making his entry, register his correct name and address and the name of the club he represents, with the secretary.

Events Nos. 11 and 12 will be special events at 10 pairs, entrance \$2 and \$1 respectively. Targets reduced to 2 cents each. Money divided 5, 3, 2, 1.

Event No. 13 will be the team event, five men from any recognized gun club in Canada or the United States, 25 targets, team entrance \$7.50. Money divided 50, 30, 20 per cent., less price of targets.

Event No. 14 will be the merchandise event, 25 targets, entrance \$1.50. Subsequent entries 75 cents. High gun ties will be shot off at 10 targets.

Spoooner Gun Club.

SPOONER, Minn., July 30.—Scores in the distance handicap here to-day were unusually low for the class of shooters entered. High gun was Bert Ayers, who from 16yds., cracked only 137 out of 150, with C. A. Hale second on 135, while William Ridley marred the landscape with dust of only 124. High pro. didn't do much better, R. R. Barber getting on 139 for 20yds.:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Yds., T'l., Score. Lists members like Wm Ridley, C A Hale, etc.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 3.—There were so many specialties on the card to-day at the grounds of the Du Pont Gun Club that it was hard to keep track of the winners in the different events. Over forty shooters put in an appearance during the afternoon, and tried out their skill against the targets thrown in the F. L. Connable trophy race. Of that number Alden B. Richardson, of Dover, and Dave Lindsay, of this city, tied on 23 out of 25. Richardson shot from 22yds. as against 20yds. for his opponent.

The main feature of the day's shoot was the match between A. B. Richardson, holder, and E. A. Everitt, challenger, for the State championship. While this had been looked upon as a somewhat easy match for the title holder, the first quarter of the race did not promise an easy thing for the man from Dover. The score stood 24 to 22 in Everitt's favor when the first 25 had been shot, but after that it was almost a procession. The totals for each succeeding 25 were: Richardson 25, Everitt 19; Richardson 24, Everitt 18; and Richardson 22, Everitt 24. The total was 93 for Richardson and 85 for Everitt.

A special event during the afternoon was the final shoot-off for the 1911 class A cup. Ten men had qualified for this trophy. Of this number only J. H. Minnick and H. H. Lukens were absent. Mr. Lukens is now in South America and Mr. Minnick was engaged in defending the honor of the Du Pont Gun Club at the grounds of the S. S. White Gun Club in Philadelphia.

When the scores for the 1911 class A trophy were counted up, it was found that Eugene du Pont had won the shoot-off for final ownership by the satisfactory margin of two targets. His score of 48 was two targets better than that of 46 made by J. B. McHugh earlier in the afternoon. The scores made in this race, and the handicap apportioned each competitor were: Eugene du Pont (20) 48; J. B. McHugh (20) 46; Edward Banks (22) 45; A. B. Richardson (22) 44; J. T. Skelly (22) 43; E. du Pont (20) 43; W. S. Cofax, Jr. (22) 40; and E. A. W. Everitt (21) 38. Thus Mr. Eugene du Pont won the coveted class A 1911 trophy.

In the challenge contest for the class B cup (1912 issue), Clyde Leedom shot away ahead of the class he is supposed to belong to, and scored 47 to the 35 recorded for the holder of the cup, D. Lindsay.

J. A. McMullen, the challenger for the 1911 class D trophy, showed that he had a perfect right to challenge for the trophy by defeating the holder, Dr. E. Q. Bullock, with a score of 37 to 30 out of 50.

The scores in the F. L. Connable cup race were as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Lists members like W Worthington, Ed Banks, etc.

*Not eligible to win the trophy. A. B. Richardson and D. Lindsay are tied for the cup. The tie will be shot off at the earliest opportunity.

Tyndall Gun Club.

TYNDALL, S. D., July 30.—Ideal weather greeted the shooters at the registered tournament of the Tyndall Gun Club. H. K. Stilwell, of Tyndall, was high amateur, and also made long run, 58. G. A. Olson made long run for professionals, 87. Owing to very muddy and bad roads, at least ten shooters were unable to attend.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Lists members like F F Clark, H K Stilwell, etc.

Professionals: George Kregger..... 146 F K Eastman..... 112 G A Olson..... 145 A J French..... 141

Fulton Gun Club.

HEREWITH are the results of our weekly shoot, which, you will note, is very light in attendance, owing to this shoot falling on the first of the month, when many members were busy collecting their monthly bills. We had with us Mr. J. E. Fulford, who did nice work, but was unfortunate in the last squad up in getting some bad targets. We hope he will come again, as well as any other firm representatives or visitors. The scores follow:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Shot at Brk., Score, and another Name/Score. Lists members like J E Buford, F A Gengrich, etc.

FRED C. WELLS, Sec'y.

Frontier Rod and Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 27.—The attendance was small to-day, but its lack was offset by enthusiasm. Eichberg and Wakefield shot off for Class A point. Harry Thompkins won Class B point as well as the handicap and a spoon for perfect score. Lawson and Broderick, of Niagara Falls, were visitors.

Fred Wakefield, now of Alden, offers a spoon to any member making a straight score in the handicap race.

The next event will be a black-bass fishing party on Aug. 18. The scores:

Targets:	10	15	25	25	25
Wakefield	21	23	..
C McKenna	14
Thompkins	10	17	25	..
Eichberg	8	10	21	22	19
Dewald	7	19	18	22	16
Faber	3	4	11	17	..
Lawson	5	12	22	19	20
G McKenna	16	20	..
Mehen	7	..	12	17	..
Utz	17	13	..
Broderick	21	20

Point winners: Event 3, cup race—Class A, Wakefield, 21; Class B, H. Utz, 17; Class C, Thompkins 17. Event 4, handicap: H. Thompkins 25.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE registered shoot of the Cincinnati Gun Club will be held on Sept. 12 and 13. There will be \$100 added by the Interstate Association. Squier money-back system. Programs will be mailed later. Don't forget, this shoot will be held on the same grounds and over the same traps to be used for the Post Season Tournament, affording a good opportunity to get some practice for the big event. All amateurs who have, on Oct. 1, made an average of not less than 88 per cent. on 1,200 or more single targets shot from the 16yds. mark at registered tournaments held in 1912, will be eligible to take part in the Post Season Tournament, \$1,000 added money, on Oct. 15, 16, 17 and 18.

The E. C. cup contest will be held Aug. 24, H. D. Freeman, holder, and J. S. Day, challenger.

For further information or details write to Arthur Gambell, Superintendent, 615 Madison avenue, Covington, Ky., or R. F. Davies, Secretary, 2414 Copeland street, Cincinnati, O.

The grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club are open every day in the year. Take Rosedale car at Fountain square.

N. J. S. R. A. at the Traps.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made that a new feature of the "sports" of the New Jersey State Rifle Association this season is trapshooting. A gun club within the association has been organized, and a lay-out for trapshooting of the most recent model and the Ideal Leggett automatic traps have been installed on the ground adjacent to the club house, Sea Girt N. J., overlooking the beautiful Stockton Lake; an ideal location, where the club members, together with their guests and lady friends will be heartily welcomed, in fact, anybody will be welcome who enjoys the sport.

Trapshooting for beginners and others who wish to indulge in trapshooting practice at the clay birds will be provided from day to day during the rifle tournament, Aug. 29 to Sept. 7, 1912, at such hours as may be designated by the executive officer.

Tickets for "targets" will be on sale at the range office at two (2) cents each. Targets, to club members only, one and one-half (1½) cents each. A full line of factory loaded shells will also be on sale. Applicants will be sold any quantity desired.

Programs upon request to the committee.

Norfolk-Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., Aug. 2.—Ideal shooting conditions yesterday afternoon brought out a good number of shooters for the weekly shoot of the Norfolk-Portsmouth Gun Club. Mr. E. C. Gunther did the best work of the afternoon, breaking 191 out of 200 targets, with a run of 60 straight. Mr. Storr, of Peters Cartridge Co. was second high man with 95 out of 100. Gallagher and Gunther tied on 45 out of 50 in the club shoot. Following are the scores:

Shot at. Brk.	Shot at. Brk.
Gunther 200 191	Edwards 75 63
*Storr 100 95	Boyd 50 41
*Anderson 100 87	Thompson 50 41
Dr Byrd 100 87	Talbot 100 75
Richardson 100 87	Gallagher 50 45
Borrowdale 75 63	Ballance 50 38

*Professionals.

W. T. E., Sec'y.

Wilmington Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Aug. 2.—The following scores were made on the above date at our regular shoot:

Shot at. Brk.	Shot at. Brk.
S R Coley 100 90	C Cooper 75 27
J H Dreher 100 78	Christian 50 38
L B Pearce 100 54	E L Holloway .. 50 36
F L Robbins 75 65	Underwood 50 28

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

WINCHESTER



Self Loading Shotgun MODEL 1911

A comparison between the Winchester Self-Loading shotgun and other makes is all that is necessary to convince anyone of the great superiority of the Winchester Self-Loader. Note the absence of unsightly screws and pins and of dangerous projecting parts. Note the neat little trigger lock, which operates cross-wise and cannot be jarred out of place. Take the gun down and note how easily it separates into only two parts, without releasing small parts. Note how simple is the action, and that the springs are of coiled wire, the most durable kind. Then note the general finished appearance of the whole gun; and remember that all metal parts are made of nickel steel—about twice as strong as that used in repeating guns of other makes. The barrel has to be pulled back only when starting to shoot, as the recoil does the reloading afterwards. The gun is readily used as a single loader. No adjustment is required to shoot different loads; and no unpleasant effect is felt from the recoil, as it is divided in the gun. Made in 12 gauge only, and a much better shooter than the ordinary gun. Examine one at your dealer's.

A Gun That Is Unexcelled For Duck Shooting :: ::

Chesapeake City Gun Club.

CHESAPEAKE CITY, Md., Aug. 3.—Seventeen gunners took part in the events decided to-day on the grounds of the Chesapeake City Gun Club. The shoot was not as well attended as we would like to see, but those who did attend, put in the afternoon doing some good shooting, considering the wind. One novelty was introduced during the sport, which was quail shooting, and N. Bouchelle, W. Anants and R. Reese showed their skill at this style by breaking straight in the trophy shoot, this being the first leg of four. Mr. Chas. Stevens broke 25 straight. By doing this he adds another spoon to his list. Six of the gunners tied for the dessert spoon. N. Bouchelle won by breaking 10 straight. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	25	10	5	5
Chas Stevens	10	10	25	9
R Reese	8	7	17	6	5	4
Wm Anants	8	6	20	8	5	..
Wm A Brown	7	9	20	10
A Pyle	7	8	20	..	3	..
W Stevens	9	8	19	6	3	5
H Pyle	18	8	2	..

H Everett	9	..	15	..	5	..
N Bouchelle	10	23	9	5	7
G Bakeoven	14	7	4	..
H Kibler	15	6
H Howard	8	8	13	5	2	..
G Bennett	6	..	13	7
J Bouchelle	7	3	13	5	3	..
H Hazel	7	..	22	7
J Harris	18	7	4	..
S Toy	5	21	6	3

Event No. 5 was at quail; event No. 6 at 5 pairs.
J. C. LUPFER, Sec'y-Treas.

Next Match for the E. C. Cup.

WHEN H. D. Freeman, of Atlanta, Ga., defeated C. A. Young, of Springfield, Ohio, for the E. C. cup on July 4, at the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club, it was but a very short time before Mr. Freeman received a challenge from J. S. Day, of Midland, Texas. The challenge was duly accepted, and Mr. Freeman has set Aug. 24 next and the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club as the date and place for this match, which is the twenty-first contest for the E. C. cup, representing the inanimate target championship of the world.

"Steel where steel belongs" Superiority

is being demonstrated day after day at tournaments large and small, in every section of the United States. **Peters Shells** are the only ones having steel of proper kind in the head and rim, and the only ones in which the correct method of construction is used. Their unequalled shooting quality contributed to the following victories at the traps:

Marion, Ohio,	July 23,	High Prof.	Average,	143 ex 150,	won by J. S. Day
Bradford, Ill.,	" 25-26,	High Gen.	"	285 ex 300,	" Bart Lewis
Manning, Ia.,	" 26,	High Gen.	"	193 ex 200,	" W. S. Hoon
Warroad, Minn.,	" 26-27,	High Gen.	"	273 ex 300,	" R. R. Barber
La Salle, Ill.,	" 28,	High Gen.	"	144 ex 150,	" H. W. Cadwallader
Dayton, Ky.,	" 28,	High Prof.	"	141 ex 150,	" C. O. Le Compte
Marion, Ia.,	" 31,	High Gen.	"	145 ex 150,	" W. S. Hoon



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Cleveland Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 3.—The Cleveland Gun Club weekly shoot held to-day at Shooting Park was known as Freeman Day, in honor of Captain Geo. P. Freeman. The regulars turned out in good number, and George was on the job.

The next shoot, Saturday, Aug. 10, will be Rockwell Day. Mr. C. H. Rockwell, the club secretary, will be in charge of this contest and will do the thing right, as he is quite a boy at the game.

Mrs. Freeman assisted the Captain in making the day one to be remembered. Mr. C. E. Doolittle put up one of his fine scores, 96 out of 100, which is going some for a boy. Charley can do it and is doing it a number of times this year. Dr. Brown was not to be overlooked, as he was taking his time and turned in 94 out of 100. The scores follow:

Event No. 1, monthly trophy, 50 targets, handicap added targets:

H. T.	H. T.
Doolittle 2 50	Smith 9 44
Haycox 5 50	Stapp 1 42
Ledgett 2 50	Burns 3 42
Thorp 16 50	Beal 4 42
Freeman 4 48	Genner 4 42
Judd 4 48	Archer 0 42
Brown 0 47	Beckley 16 41
Wall 9 46	Brainard 0 37
Gould 16 46	Taylor 0 35
Rockwell 4 44	

Event No. 2, annual trophy, 50 targets, handicap 16yds.:

H. T.	H. T.
Doolittle 48	Burns 40
Stapp 48	Thorp 38
Brown 47	Judd 37
Ledgett 47	Wall 37
Archer 47	Smith 36
Haycox 43	Beckley 36
Rockwell 43	Gould 35
Brainard 42	Beaumont 33
Arther 42	Taylor 31
Freeman 41	Turner 31

Event No. 3, blue ribbon, 25 targets, handicap added targets:

H. T.	H. T.
Haycox 4 25	Brown 0 22
Freeman 7 25	Smith 5 22
Archer 2 25	Beckley 5 21
Doolittle 1 24	Taylor 2 21
Jones 0 23	Wall 2 21
Stapp 1 23	Beaumont 5 20
Burns 2 23	Gould 5 18

Event No. 4, 25 targets, handicap added targets:

H. T.	H. T.
Jones 2 25	Brown 0 21
Archer 0 24	Wall 2 21
Doolittle 0 23	Taylor 0 20
Freeman 3 23	Tamblyn 2 20
Smith 4 22	Beaumont 5 19
Stapp 1 21	Gould 5 17
Haycox 0 22	Beckley 5 18

F. H. WALLACE, Mgr.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 3.—Strife for first place, in the practice shooting, was again between Edmonson and Parry, the former winning by one point. A high wind operated to keep all scores below the usual average. The scores:

Shot at.	Brk.	Shot at.	Brk.
Edmonson 160	147	Barr 100	93
Parry 160	146	Britton 100	91
Dixon 160	130	Lewis 100	81
Moller 160	127	Fuller 100	78
Alig 140	112	Golden 75	40
Neighbors 120	86		

R. R.

Northern Kentucky Gun Club.

ONLY four men were on hand for the weekly shoot on Aug. 4. Several of the regulars are out of town, and others had their fill of shooting last week, but will be on hand Aug. 11 to brush up for the tournament to be held on the 15th and 16th. Wuerdeman was high man, and Walker was second.

The club is preparing for a big crowd next week, Thursday and Friday. Two sets of traps will be used and special events provided in addition to the regular registered tournament program of ten 15-target events each day. The scores of Aug. 4 were as follows: Wuerdeman 35, Walker 34, D. K. 32, C. T. 31.

Newton Gun Club.

NEWTON, N. J., Aug. 5.—Ladies' day at the Newton Gun Club was a success, 125 ladies attending this shoot. The main attraction of the day was the team race between the Keller and Von Lengerke combination vs. the Newton Gun Club. The following are the scores:

Keller-VonLengerke.	Newton Gun Club.
T H Keller, Sr. 21	G Welsh 21
Haze Keller 21	A B Brickner 23
Harold Keller 17	E J Cahrs 22
T C Keller 20	A P Kinney 18
J Von Lengerke... 21	C B Brickner 18
E Von Lengerke . 22	W Howell 20
J Von Lengerke Jr 19-141	L M Morford 21-143
	A. B. BRICKNER, Sec'y.

Rod and Gun Club of Baltimore.

THE above named club's shoot, Saturday, Aug. 3, was held at their grounds, Highland Electric Park. The wind was very strong. The following are the scores made in a 25-bird race: H. N. Williams 20, Augustus Gross 17, R. H. Butler 18, Wm. Turner 14, Wm. A. White 14, Wm. A. Bowers 15, Wm. Murray 13, Basil Hall 12.

IVORY MADE FROM MILK.

ONE of the latest discoveries of the synthetic chemists is how to make ivory out of nothing more wonderful than cow's milk—and very good ivory at that, according to all accounts. The original idea was to use the new "ivory" for piano and organ keys because it preserves its original color indefinitely, whereas the genuine article turns yellow after a time.

But it has been found that the new product is not only an efficient substitute for ivory, but can easily be prepared so as to take the place of amber, horn, coral, celluloid and such like products, and, it is claimed, can hardly be distinguished from them.

It is in its position as a substitute for ivory that the new material has caused most surprise, however, because it has the appearance of being another instance of improving upon nature. The new ivory takes a very high and lasting polish, and probably will not lack a commercial field for itself, as natural ivory continues to grow scarcer and dearer year by year.—Allaha-bad Pioneer.

MAKE HATS FROM SOAP WEED.

MRS. AKERS, wife of a farmer in Stevens county, Kansas, is making hats from the tops of the soap weed, or yucca plant. By a process of stripping the blades of the soap weed, plaiting them together, she secures a braid as light and pliable as straw and far more durable. These braids she sews together and moulds them into hats of different sizes and shapes. Mrs. Akers has placed a number of these hats on sale with the local merchants and they have sold well.

The soap weed, which has so long been considered worthless by the farmers of the great Southwest, is rapidly coming into prominence as a valuable plant. Old and New Mexico are shipping the soap weed tops by the carload to be made into rope, and when you consider that you can cut off the tops of a soap weed every year for eighteen years without replanting, you can get some idea of the value of a soap weed farm.—Hugoton Hermes.

YACHTING NOTES.

Gold Challenge Cup.

ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y., Aug. 2.—Commodore Blackton's Baby Reliance, representing the Motor Boat Club of America, took the second race for the Gold Challenge cup to-day. A. Graham Miles' P. D. Q. 2d, winner of yesterday's race, finished second. P. D. Q. 2d represents the Thousand Islands Y. C. and is the defender of the trophy. John J. Ryan was at the wheel of Baby Reliance, and at the end of the first round was in the lead, P. D. Q. 2d being second.

At end of the second round, Baby Reliance and P. D. Q. 2d held the same positions, with Guess Not third. On the last lap P. D. Q. 2d gained 7s. on Baby Reliance, losing by only 20s. Baby Reliance's time for the 32 miles was 53m. 1s., almost one minute slower than the time of P. D. Q. 2d in the first race. Guess Not, owned by Harry Denny, of Watertown, was third and William Toucey's Wasp was fourth.

P. D. Q. 2d led in points with 15; Guess Not and Baby Reliance tied for second with 13 points each.

The final race to decide ownership of the gold challenge cup was won by Baby Reliance, with P. D. Q. II. second. On points this gives the cup to P. D. Q. II. by a margin of one. The handsome cup will remain the property of the Thousand Island Y. C. for whom P. D. Q. II. defended it. The summary:

	Finish.	Points.
Baby Reliance	51 55	21
P. D. Q. II.	53 34	22
Wasp	54 20	17
Guess Not	57 12	18
Mit II.	62 25	12

Philadelphia-Bermuda Race.

THAT the race is not always to the swift once more is exemplified, this time the setting being motor boats instead of turtles et al. Navigation was responsible for the less speedy finishing first in this race. Dream, smaller by ten feet, in round numbers, and receiving a time allowance of 14.14.21, finished more than 21 hours ahead of Kathemma, the bigger boat. Undoubtedly, as each boat encountered identical weather, superior navigating was responsible for the winning of Dream. The story of the race reads like a trip around the horn.

The weather was fine on the first day out, but the next morning a southwesterly gale blew up and Dream was hove to, with sea anchor and oil bag, driving into the storm all Sunday night. Three times the course was altered, Dream finally running before the storm when it let up sufficiently.

Cooking on board was impossible on Monday. No sights were taken during the day on Tuesday, but that night lunar and summer observations were obtained. On the following morning one of the logs broke and the other was lost overboard. Everything in the cabin was awash.

On Tuesday night a hurricane kept the wind to the starboard quarter and the little cruiser kept clear. The crew came near throwing the lifeboats over and two men were lashed to the wheel for sixty hours, the hatches being closed down.

Walter Bieling, one of the crew, who has been in all the previous Bermuda races, said he had never seen a crew like that of Dream. For forty-eight hours they had no food and the bilge was full of water.

Wednesday the navigators were able to find their position and headed again on the course for St. David's Head. Dream anchored outside during the night and came into harbor Thursday morning, Aug. 1. The members of the crew were tired out, but they were delighted that they had won.


Kathemma crossed the finishing line at 6:20 o'clock Aug. 1. Dr. Street says the yacht had the worst weather he ever experienced and it was impossible to get observations until Wednesday, when they were seventy miles to the

THE E. C. CUP

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Has never been won by a shooter who did not use a **DU PONT** Powder



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Fred Gilbert, May 5-8, 1896, Weehawken, N.J.
 R. O. Heikes, Aug. 20, 1896, Chicago, Ill.
 Fred Gilbert, July 31, 1897, Dayton, Ohio.
 R. O. Heikes, Aug. 13, 1898, Chicago, Ill.
 R. O. Heikes, Oct. 11-13, 1898, Dayton, Ohio.
 R. O. Heikes, Jan. 21, 1899, Philadelphia, Pa.
 W. R. Crosby, May 16-22, 1899, St. Louis, Mo.
 W. R. Crosby, June 25, 1899, Batavia, N. Y.
 J. A. R. Elliott, July 24, 1899, Batavia, N. Y.
 W. R. Crosby, Aug. 23, 1899, Atlantic City, N. J.
 W. R. Crosby, Oct. 13, 1899, Batavia, N. Y.
 Fred Gilbert, Nov. 4, 1899, Batavia, N. Y.
 Fred Gilbert, Feb. 19, 1900, Hot Springs, Ark.
 Fred Gilbert, Sept. 8, 1900, Arnold Park, Ia.
 W. R. Crosby, Oct. 13, 1900, Chicago, Ill.
 W. R. Crosby, Jan. 14, 1911, Chicago, Ill.
 George Lyon, Sept. 23, 1911, Atlantic City, N. J.
 George Lyon, May 4, 1912, Wilmington, Del.
 C. A. Young, May 14, 1912, Fairmont, W. Va.
 H. D. Freeman, July 4, 1912, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Everyone of the above gentlemen used a **DU PONT** Powder

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DU PONT SMOKELESS SPORTING POWDERS

are the result of over 110 years of experience in powder making

Their Specialties are

REGULARITY - RELIABILITY - QUICKNESS - CLEANLINESS - EVEN PATTERNS

Properties That Make Perfect Powders

Next match for the E. C. Cup:—H. D. Freeman, holder, versus J. S. Day, challenger, Cincinnati, O., Aug. 24th next

west of the islands. No one was able to remain in the cabin. The seas washed through the engine room and broke the gasoline connections. For nineteen hours the yacht was hove to with a sea anchor and oil bag out.

The race was 719 miles for Bermuda challenge trophy, which has to be won three times by the same owner to become his individual property. This is the fourth race, others having started from New York. The first race was in 1903, won by Ailsa Craig, of the Motor Boat Club of America. In 1909, Heather, of the Shelter Island Y. C., was winner, and in 1910, Eroncl, of Bensonhurst Y. C., won it. There was no race in 1911.

On Kathemma were her owner, Commodore William C. Smith, of the Ocean Gate Y. C.; Dr. C. S. Street, Dr. Eugene Swayne, R. L. Young, A. T. Rowland, Jacob Smythe, Harold

Renner, Dr. B. Christine, Frank Frankenfield, George Trembley and C. Kullum. The crew of Dream consisted of C. L. Lagen, owner; Walter M. Bieling, George E. Goldbeck, Fred D. Biddle, John J. Sproul and Thomas Larsen.

Trophies for Chicago Carnival.

A TOTAL of \$50,000 for cups and prizes alone is a single item of expense in the preparations for the great water carnival and naval display which will be held outside the port of Chicago from Aug. 10 to 17. This event, the most wonderful of its kind in the history of the Great Lakes, is being arranged under the auspices of the Associated Yacht and Power Boat Clubs of America, with the aid of the national, State and city governments. The William Wrigley, Jr., trophy, to be contested for by

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high-speed power boats, is the most costly ever offered in any branch of sport. It is valued at \$22,500. It is a reproduction in silver of the famous "Flying Mercury," modeled by Giovanni da Balogna. The trophy stands five feet five inches high and the base is 47 inches in diameter. Other valuable prizes to be striven for at the carnival are the \$5,000 cup presented by Commodore S. O. Richardson, Jr., for the International Yacht Race, and the \$4,000 cup offered by Sir Thomas Lipton for the winner of the Columbia Y. C.'s race.

Canoeing

Atlantic Division Meet.

THE annual meet of the Atlantic Division was held on the grounds of the Philadelphia Canoe Club, Wissahickon, Pa., from July 3 to 7, inclusive. Although within the limits of picturesque Fairmount Park, the camp could not have been more exclusive had it been situated miles from any habitation. Wednesday afternoon found several tents pitched, and in the evening several more camps arrived, including Miss Mae Zuk and Fred Bloempot, via automobile from New York. Thursday morning all the energetic ones were mustered together for a forty mile trip up the Schuylkill River to historical Valley Forge and return in canoes and motor boats. Despite a very hot day, everyone thoroughly enjoyed the trip. In the evening an informal dance was held in the club house. The cruise up the Wissahickon Creek scheduled for Friday had to be abandoned owing to low water. Friday night was ladies' night, with another informal dance, which was well attended and enjoyed by all. Saturday morning found the camp very much astir, getting ready for the regatta. Members and visitors arrived every hour, and by the time the races were started, the club house veranda and grounds were crowded. The results of the races were as follows:

Club Fours, Double Blades.—First, Lakanoo B. C., Page, Sleeper, Gauntt, Sholl; second, Fort Washington C. C., VonDohln, Erlandsen, Molnar, Zuk. Time, 3.01.

Tandem, Single Blades.—First, Finn and Marshall, Inwood C. C.; second, Kelly and Molnar, Fort Washington C. C. Time, 4.03 2/5.

Maclister Trophy, One Man Double Blades.—First, Kelly, Fort Washington C. C.; second, Marshall, Inwood C. C. Time, 4.01.

Tail End.—First, J. R. Reeder, Yapewi A. C.; second, Sholl, Lakanoo B. C.

One Man, Single Blade.—First, Kelly, Fort Washington C. C.; second, Sleeper, Lakanoo B. C. Time, 4.01 3/5.

Tandem, Double Blades.—First, Zuk and VonDohln, Fort Washington C. C.; second, Marshall and Finn, Inwood C. C. Time, 3.30 2/5.

Club Fours, Single Blades.—First, Fort Washington C. C., Molnar, Zuk, Erlandsen, Kelly; second, Inwood C. C., Marshall, Esselborn, Berning, Finn. Time, 3.00 1/5.

The nominating committee met in the club house at 8 p. m. on Saturday, the following clubs being represented: Chippewa C. C., by Muschert; Fort Washington C. C., by Kelly and Zuk; Inwood C. C., by Marshall and Finn; Lakanoo B. C., by H. H. Baylie and E. D. Baylie; Mohawk C. C., by D. S. Hill; Philadelphia C. C., by Boon and Richards; Red Dragon C. C., by Logan and Wilson; Yapewi A. C., by Thompson and Southard. The meeting was called to order and the vice-commodore elected chairman. The following were elected: Vice-Commodore, Albert D. Berning, Inwood C. C.; Rear-Commodore, Elmer B. Ayres, Yapewi A. C.; Purser, Francis C. Buckenberger, Fort Washington C. C.; Executive Committee, Henry B. Fort, Lakanoo B. C.; Fred Smith, Knickerbocker C. C.; Frank T. Wilson, Red Dragon C. C.; Eugene C. Kelly, Fort Washington C. C.; G. Gardner Richards, Philadelphia C. C.; Member of Racing Board for three years, George P. Douglass, Knickerbocker C. C.

The camp was well attended and the following members registered: Henry B. Fort, A. D. Berning, M. E. Southard, F. T. Wilson, R. F. Tims, E. R. Coleman, V. D. Able, F. E. Altemus, H. H. Baylie, J. L. Jones, E. D. Baylie, H. L. Walker, H. L. Pollard, T. Zuk, J. Marshall, Dr. D. J. Boon, A. E. Svenson, C. M. Swart, J. W. Broomhead, T. G. Alteneder, J. A. Edgar, T. W. Cook, H. M. Hager, J. E. Thompson, E. Kerber, G. A. Barker, W. C. D. Gauntt, F. N. Thompson, F. C. Buckenberger, D. J. Finn, F. L. Muschert, E. B. Hand, E. C. Kelly, F. W.

Molnar, J. Erlandsen, A. VonDohln, H. J. Burns, F. Bloempot, F. Andreas, B. A. Sleeper, J. S. Page, R. E. Margerum, G. Esselborn, C. E. Sholl, J. H. Reeder, J. R. Reeder, C. F. Koenig, Jr., L. H. Cox, R. F. Black, W. A. Kemble, L. S. Fine, I. C. Hendrickson, W. M. Johnson, F. Gauntt, A. C. Biles, R. P. Stout, W. H. Logan, Jr., D. S. Hill, B. Margerum, Jr., W. H. Prentzel, W. A. Furman, S. L. Woodhouse, D. C. Wells, Jr.

Among the visitors registered were: Mrs. H. B. Fort, Miss Gertrude M. Fort, Mrs. J. W. Broomhead, Mrs. Wm. Walter, Miss Mae Zuk, Miss Florence Dreesbach, Miss Florence M. Henn, Mrs. J. A. Edgar, Mrs. W. J. Bachman, Miss Mildred M. Bachman, Miss L. I. Bachman, Master Osmond Broomhead, Wm. Walter, Jr., E. H. Groll, J. A. Hamilton, W. J. Bachman, W. E. Mueller. M. E. SOUTHARD, Purser.

Central Division Annual Meet.

IDEAL weather conditions greeted the loyal members of the American Canoe Association who attended the annual meet of the Central Division, held on the Allegheny River, at Verona, Pa.

The meet opened on the morning of Independence Day, July 4, and the breeze was fulsome enough to allow of a fairly good sailing race, a rather unusual condition for inland waters.

In the afternoon the program of races was carried through, a synopsis of the result being appended herewith.

Other events were pulled off during the week and a general open house for all the clubs along the river was held Saturday night closing the meet.

The annual meeting of the Central Division, A. C. A., was held at the Duquesne Canoe Club Saturday, July 6. The following were elected to be the officers of the A. C. A. Central Division for 1913:

Vice-Commodore, C. A. Spaulding, Buffalo C. C.; Rear-Commodore, Frank Graf, Algonquin C. C.; Purser, John H. Teach, Buffalo C. C.

Executive Committee.—E. H. Demmler, Duquesne C. C.; J. P. Rigsby, Sylvan C. C.; C. F. Walters, Rochester C. C.; C. H. Smith, Crescent C. C.

Racing Board.—Henry D. James, Sylvan C. C.; Lyman T. Coppins, Buffalo C. C.

Report of Regatta Committee of the Central Division of the American Canoe Association:

Committee.—Allen D. Kirk, John M. C. Price, Edw. H. Stoner, Frank Graf, Frank C. Demmler, Chairman.

Regatta held at Verona, Pa., July 4 and 6, 1912.

Central Division Trophy Sailing Race.—First, Harry D. James, Sylvan C. C.; second, R. W. Copeland, Algonquin C. C.; third, F. C. Hanker, Algonquin C. C.

Event No. 1, One-Man Single Blade Cruising Class, Quarter-Mile.—First, Earl W. Gardner, Aspinwall C. C.; second, W. H. Valiant, Algonquin C. C.; third, W. O. Amsler, Duquesne C. C.

Event No. 2, Gunwale, One-Man Single Blade Cruising.—First, Earl W. Gardner, Aspinwall C. C.; second, Alex. H. Bovard, Crescent C. C.; third, Frank Graf, Algonquin C. C.

Event No. 3, Mixed Tandem, Single Blade, Cruising Class.—First, W. O. Amsler and Mrs. Kingsland, Duquesne C. C.; second, A. Graf and Miss Parker, Algonquin C. C.

Event No. 4, Quad, Single Blade, Racing Class, Half-Mile.—First, A. Graf, F. Graf, J. G. Bunker and W. F. Hoffman, all of Algonquin C. C.; second, H. H. Martindale, Jay Moore, T. E. Simpser and A. D. Kirk, all of Sylvan C. C.; third, George Rector, E. H. Stoner, D. H. Boyd and F. C. Demmler, all of Duquesne C. C.

Event No. 5, Handle Paddle Tandem, Cruising Class, 150 Yards.—First, F. D. Newbury and J. M. Summers, Sylvan C. C.; second, J. H. McCrady and A. H. Bovard, Crescent

C. C.; third, E. H. Demmler and W. O. Amsler, Duquesne C. C.

Event No. 6, Tandem, Double Blade, Cruising Class, Half-Mile.—First, W. H. Valient and R. W. Copeland, Algonquin C. C.; second, N. B. Gardner and W. S. Sprague, Algonquin C. C.

Event No. 7, One-Man, Double Blade, Racing Class, Half-Mile.—First, W. F. Hoffman, Algonquin C. C.; second, Sidney R. Gittens, Crescent C. C.; third, F. A. Bumpers, Sylvan C. C.

Event No. 8.—Overboard, One-Man, Single Blade, 150 Yards.—First, Earl W. Gardner, Aspinwall C. C.; second, Alex. H. Bovard, Crescent C. C.

Event No. 9, Tandem, Double Blade, Racing Class, Half-Mile.—First, J. G. Bunker and Frank Graf, Algonquin C. C.; second, R. F. Gettinger and T. E. Simpser, Sylvan C. C.

Event No. 10, Tandem, Single Blade, Cruising Class, Half-Mile.—First, D. G. Fullman and C. B. Cooke, Sylvan C. C.; second, W. F. Fowler and J. M. Frazier, Sylvan C. C.; third, R. W. Copeland and W. H. Valient, Algonquin C. C.

Event No. 11, One-Man, Single Blade, Racing Class, Half-Mile.—First, E. L. Morris, Crescent C. C.; second, Frank Graf, Algonquin C. C.

Event No. 12, Tail End, One-Man, Single Blade, 150 Yards.—First, H. H. Martindale, C. C.; second, J. E. Clune, Tippy C. C.; third, J. G. Bunker, Algonquin C. C.

Event No. 13.—One-Man, Double Blade Cruising Class, Half-Mile.—First, C. C. Edmund, Duquesne C. C.; second, J. P. Riggsby, Sylvan C. C.; third, W. E. Fowler, Sylvan C. C.

Event No. 14, Tandem, Single Blade Racing Club, Half-Mile.—First, W. F. Hoffman and Arthur Graf, Algonquin C. C.; second, L. L. Wright and A. D. Kirk, Sylvan C. C.; third, E. L. Morris and A. H. Bovard, Crescent C. C.

Event No. 15, Hurry Scurry, One-Man, Single Blade, Cruising Class.—First, E. L. Morris, Crescent C. C.; second, H. H. Martindale, Sylvan C. C.; third, J. G. Bunker, Algonquin C. C.

Event No. 16, Tilting.—First, L. L. Wright and J. H. Caldwell, Sylvan C. C.; second, E. L. Morris and A. H. Bovard, Crescent.

Wants to Build a Canoe.

NEWARK, N. J., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A young man, whose annual attack of "canoesia" is of much greater severity this season than usual, would like to hear from you or any of your readers as to the advisability of undertaking to build a sailing canoe such as described by Mr. Stephens, in his book on canoe and boat building.

Not being an experienced wood worker, we wonder whether an amateur could make a presentable job at laying the strakes and such details. As we would rather not tackle the job than to make a half way apology for a canoe, we would indeed appreciate any information you would care to favor us with.

I would also like to get an approximate cost of the material for a boat, say, 14 feet by 30 inches (decked).

BLESSEY JUE.

Maryland C. C.

THE Maryland Canoe Club held its third annual regatta and carnival on the Patapsco River, opposite its new club house on the Cromwell estate near Brooklyn, Md., last Saturday. Single, double and quadruple races were held in the afternoon. The winners of the various contests were:

Single Straightaway Race—First, C. C. Krouse; second, J. L. Botts.

Double Straightaway Race—First, Charles Winters and Lawrence Ogle; second, Leo Battes and George Parr.

Canoe Battle—Paddles of winning canoe, George Parr and Alfred Black.

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Atlantic Division.—J. Wilbur Hendrickson, 321 Spring street, Trenton, N. J., by Elwood B. Jordy.

Central Division.—Robert Livingston Allen, care of Archbald-Brady Co., Syracuse, N. Y., by C. H. Mattison.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—6506, Charles W. Ferguson, 9½ Agate avenue, Ossining, N. Y.; 6510, Paul Henry McBride, 968 Anderson avenue, New York city; 6511, Charles Henry Wright, 4180 Broadway, New York city.

Central Division.—6505, Charles H. Rice, 285 Richmond avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.; 6507, Frank J. Geiger, 441 North Salina street, Syracuse, N. Y.; 6508, Albert V. Geiger, 441 North Salina street, Syracuse, N. Y.; 6509, William D. Bowers, Wilmerding, Pa.

TO KILL FLIES.

To clear a room of flies, pepper and sugar may be used in this way: Heat a shovel or any similar article and drop thereon pepper and white sugar, letting it dissolve. The fumes circulating through the room will kill the flies.

A cheap and perfectly reliable fly poison, one which is not dangerous to human life, is bichromate of potash in solution. Dissolve one dram, which can be bought at any drug store, in two ounces of water, and add a little sugar. Put some of this solution in shallow dishes and distribute them about the house.

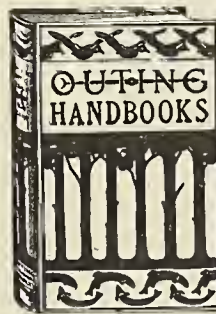
Sticky fly paper and liquid poisons are among the things to use in killing flies, but the latest, cheapest and best is a solution of formalin or formaldehyde in water. A spoonful of this liquid put into a quarter of a pint of water and exposed in the room will be enough to kill all the flies.

To quickly clear the room where there are many flies, burn pyrethrum powder in the room. This stupefies the flies, when they may be swept up and burned.

"RINGERS" IN THE WEEVIL MARKET.

THE market for live boll weevils closed at Natchez recently with a total of 47,600 bought June 29, July 6 and 13, at fifty cents a hundred. These prices were paid at the Natchez cotton oil mill for weevils caught in Adams county. The oil mill, local wholesale merchants and banks, contributed the money for the purpose. It was reported that most of the insects purchased were not the genuine article, many of them having been taken from cockleburrs.—New Orleans Picayune.

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DO FLYING-FISH FLY?

THIS much-mooted question is discussed by William Allingham, in the Nautical Magazine. The orthodox scientific opinion is that the "wings" of the flying-fish merely serve as a parachute to sustain the fish for a brief period in the air, after he has launched himself out of the water by a powerful screw-like movement of his tail. According to this view the fish has no power of directing his flight after he has left the water. However, Mr. Allingham, who is a nautical expert attached to the British Meteorological Office and is in constant intercourse with seamen, reports many observations that tend to controvert this opinion. Certain observers claim that the wing-fins are in constant rapid vibration and seem actually to serve the purpose of flight. One vessel master watched a fish that had attained an altitude of twenty feet above the water, and was flying toward the mizzen rigging of his ship when, apparently noticing the obstruction, it changed its course about 60 degrees, crossing the vessel's stern to regain the water. Many other similar observations are mentioned. A series of cinematograph pictures might solve this question once and for all.—Scientific American.

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RODMAKING FOR BEGINNERS

By Perry D. Frazer

Every practical angler has some room, or corner of a room, that he calls his workshop, and he obtains almost as much pleasure in working in it during the winter as he derives from his summer's fishing. He may not make rods, but he likes to "fuss over them," altering them to suit his pet ideas, making necessary repairs or renewing frayed windings. Others, who have a few suitable tools—and very few are needed—make excellent fishing rods. It is really surprising how many such rods have been produced in this way since Mr. Frazer's book has been on the market.

"Rodmaking for Beginners" was not "written over the heads" of beginners. Anybody who knows how to manipulate a plane can follow the instructions, and every old angler finds useful hints in it.

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IN SEARCH OF WOODCOCK IN CHINA.

LOOKING west from the town of Dalny, should the dust of September not shut out the view, you will descry, some four miles away, a bare hill standing apart from many other bare hills that flank the port. The Chinese call it Ta-shan (the great hill); but to the exiled Japanese, who see in its outline a resemblance to the great and sacred mountain of their own native land, it is known as the Dairen Fuji. Nobody climbs it, for a reason presently to be explained. Below it, in the valley, is a long and wide river-bed, stones only at the upper end, but near the sea mud. A miserable watercourse meanders down its length, having for tributaries one or two muddy rivulets fringed with bent grass, and in one corner of the valley is a tiny marsh. Here, in their season, you may find a few snipe, and, perhaps, an occasional duck or teal. This inviting spot I arranged to visit with a companion, L., taking with us our guns and cartridges. In the street hard by stood a "droshky," one of the many that had in palmier days belonged to Russians, but which have since, by ways devious and obscure, come into the hands of the original owners of the soil. To describe these conveyances is difficult, but their qualities may be summed up in the one adjective "negative." Once they had springs, but springs are painfully lacking now. Once they were clean; that was "lang syne," for hordes of Shantung coolies have driven and roosted in them since. Once they were drawn by well-fed, well-groomed horses; now sorry jades, fed on "kaoliang" stalks and bad straw, drag them wearily along.

There, then, the carriage stood, and, preferring the evils we knew not to those we knew, in other words, a doubtful drive to a certainly dusty tramp, into it we jumped without delay, and by its aid eventually we reached our destination. The drive was long and bone-breaking. The road, if, indeed, it was a road, ran up hill and down like a switchback railway, a switchback punctured at irregular intervals with sharp and sudden drops of alarming depth. This was where the lumbering country carts had worn the thin upper stratum of soil down to the bed rock. The shock of the drops was broken somewhat owing to the fact that invariably there lay below a deep pocket of dust. Into this we fell, and immediately, as though a shell had burst, a dense cloud rose, engulfing carriage, horses, and all. Along the level stretches of the road things were little better, for the dust lay inches deep everywhere, and our sorry nags, too tired and ill-fed to lift their feet, simply ploughed through it. Through the veil we caught occasional glimpses of the landscape—Chinese mud hovels, mangy dogs, unwashed, half naked children, and gaunt black pigs wallowing in mud, or scampering with the speed of deer across the brown stubbles. It was, indeed a long ride to Ta-shan, and joy and relief were ours when at last we emerged on the river bed itself, stony, but at least free of dust.

With a shout our driver reined up. We alighted, and picked up our guns, then, bidding him await our return, walked in the direction of a little marsh, which lay invitingly a few hundred yards further on. Very pleasant it looked in the still afternoon, with the sun shining on the pools and the lush green grass. With feelings of pleasurable anticipation, we thought of the toll levied from it on previous occasions; we reckoned on finding among its tussocks from eight to a dozen snipe, with luck perhaps even more. Alas for the vanity of human hopes! Only four birds were there, and in ten minutes all four were hanging from the game carrier. Not merely was it a poor beginning, it was likewise an evil omen for our prospects elsewhere, since experience had taught us that this was the only snipe ground in the district, and that from the tiny streams crawling through the mud and the bent grass we could hope, even with good luck, to glean no more than three or four birds. With disappointment, therefore, we turned our backs on what had been our chief hope, and plowed off slowly through the mud. Our fears were not vain. An hour's toil brought for sole reward

two snipe. There were no more. Six birds to two guns for an afternoon's shooting! It was disgusting. And the pity of it was that no other place offered in which we might retrieve our fortunes. Laothotan, another favorite resort, was at least five miles away; the upper part of the Ta-shan River bed contained only stones. It was hopeless; there was nothing for it but to go home. Thus, we grumbled as we cast our eyes around. Suddenly and simultaneously they fell on the hill of Ta-shan opposite. Its top was bare as a billiard ball; nothing was to be gained by climbing up there. But about the base were several deep gullies thickly covered with trees, the only semblance of a wood for miles around. If there were pigeons in the neighborhood we should certainly find them there. We might even put up a stray woodcock, though this was doubtful, because Dalny, with its myriad sportsmen, was too close at hand. In any case, the wood was worth exploring, and forthwith we started to explore it. Entering the first gully, we passed immediately out of the hot sunlight into the dark, cool shadow of a grove of small firs, and simultaneously there was a wild flutter of wings, and away into the gloom scurried a bird. Bang! went a gun, and down came a small brown object. We both rushed forward to pick it up. It was a little owl. We looked sheepishly at one another, then burst out laughing. There was really some excuse in the half-light for mistaking an owl for a woodcock. On we went again, owl after owl fluttering ahead of us, but never a woodcock. The gully was rapidly becoming steeper; it was hot work toiling through the undergrowth. At last, perspiring and breathless, we reached the top and open ground. A hundred and fifty yards higher up the hillside stood five or six tall firs; above them the bare rock soared into the sky. We sat on the grass to bemoan our evil fortune, and three pigeons at the same moment floated into sight and settled among those trees. My companion looked at them and sighed. "A stern chase is a long chase, particularly after a pigeon," quoth he, as I snatched up my gun and hurried off. He was right. The pigeon is a bird gifted with disagreeably acute powers of vision; it is likewise of an eminently suspicious disposition. These were no exception to the rule. They rose before I had gone 30 yards, and drifted higher up the hill, alighting finally on a bare rock, where they could easily be seen by their enemy, and, unfortunately, could equally easily see him. Nevertheless, a mean bag being an excellent incentive to effort, I panted after them, hoping against the hopeless that they might be foolish enough to allow me to come within range. With eyes glued on the birds, I pressed forward, when b-r-r-r-t, right under my feet, rose a brown bird. "Another owl!" thought I, and would not be drawn. But in the nick of time I discovered my mistake. This was no owl, but a woodcock very much alive. He was lifting to drop over a dip in the hill when I discovered my mistake. Hurriedly raising the gun to my shoulder, I fired, and, as the faint puff of smoke drifted away, an instantaneous impression was photographed on my brain of a bird disappearing at an extraordinary acute angle. I could not say he was hit, yet the final angle of his drop was so different from the initial that I felt certain I had not missed. In the meanwhile L. came hurrying up; he, too, had noticed the strange way in which the bird had dropped out of sight, and agreed with me that it must certainly be hit. Away we ran to the spot where it had vanished. Nothing was to be seen, though we searched high and low among the grass and bushes. A quarter of an hour passed in a fruitless hunt. Then, a few yards ahead of us, a cock rose without warning sound, and with a dip of a wing was out of sight behind a tree. "That," exclaimed L., "must be your bird!" Hardly had he said this when he stooped down and picked out of a tuft of grass my woodcock. Our drooping spirits thus raised, we pressed on after the second bird, hoping to put him up again; but that afternoon we were not fated to succeed, for, shout and beat the bushes as we would, he refused to be dislodged. Reluctantly we at last

abandoned the quest, and, returning to the river bed, worked the banks of a little pool we had left untouched earlier in the afternoon. Here Fortune again smiled, and a snipe and a teal were added to the bag. It was not one to boast of; but at all events we had worked hard for it, and it was better than nothing at all. The sun was now setting; it was time to think of home, so returning to our "droshky," we jogged back in the twilight to Dalny, promising each other that ere long we would without fail look again for that second woodcock.

On the following Saturday afternoon we once again found ourselves in the Ta-shan River bed. The little marsh and the streams were this time an utter failure. Only one snipe was found, but as we approached the first gully of the hill a fat woodcock flapped out into the sunlight, drifted in leisurely manner round a bend, and vanished in the covert. This was a promising augury, and in the best of spirits we set to work. It is true we had no dogs, which was a great drawback. At the same time, the area covered by the five gullies was not great, though their slopes were long and steep enough to make the quest for the birds an arduous undertaking. Among the short firs the little owls of the previous week were still present in numbers; but, taught by experience, we left them alone. Just outside their sanctuary a woodcock rose hurriedly from some long grass, and, in spite of four barrels, sailed away unhurt. We marked his line, and followed hard after him. The way led over the ridge of a gully and into a little shallow cup-like inclosure on the further side. Thick grass grew everywhere, dotted at intervals with dwarf firs or oaks, and bright sunlight filled the quiet place, making it an ideal refuge for the long-billed birds. As we looked down into it from the ridge we felt certain something would be found there. Nor were we mistaken. A big woodcock, roused from his musings by the sound of our footsteps as we brushed through the undergrowth, rose lazily in front of us, and fell an easy victim to a single barrel. Lower down were some thin, straggling bushes fringing a tiny rivulet, and there another bird was put up, and in due course shot; but a fourth, flushed among some big fir trees in the next gully, was badly missed. So we went on, toiling up and down those gullies, backwards and forward across them. We were breathless and bathed in perspiration, but the birds were there, and all the ills of the flesh were in consequence forgotten. Of the cartridges expended we carefully kept no count; but I know that one bird, which we chased from end to end of the covert, and eventually shot far away on the open hillside, must have been saluted with a dozen barrels at least. By four in the afternoon we had five birds to our credit, and were high up the steepest gully chasing the sixth, which we firmly believed to be the last the covert held, when I heard a faint shout far below. Tall trees were around us, and we could see nothing; moreover, we were too busy with our own affairs to heed extraneous matters. The shouting went on; it seemed to move from place to place; it gradually increased in volume; finally it concentrated in the very gully in which we ourselves were. At this moment we emerged from the trees, and simultaneously far down I caught the flash of steel. That could only mean one of three things—soldiers, gendarmes, or police—all three equally unwelcome. In some trepidation I wondered what it might forbode. The explanation was soon forthcoming. A figure appeared in the open; it was a policeman. He was shouting frantically and waving his arms at us. What he said could not at that distance be heard, but its purport was unmistakable. He wished us to come down at once, and, being not without experience, we thought it advisable to comply with his request. So down we scrambled. Like ourselves, he was hot and panting, but courteous and bland, which, under the circumstances, I afterward thought a matter of wonder. With ceremonious formalities he proceeded to explain that he was the police officer in charge of a large Chinese village hard by, and that, hearing the noise of much firing on this hill, he had come to see

(Continued on page 190.)

Kennel Department

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 28.—Southern Ohio Field Trial Association's second annual field trials. G. R. Harris, Sec'y, 15 West Sixth St., Cincinnati, O.

Regulating the Size of Dogs.

DR. JOHN E. MURPHY, of Chicago, one of the foremost surgeons of America, who with thirty-three members of the American Clinical and Surgical Association has been getting some new ideas on surgery in the hospitals of Germany and Austria, has this to say on the latest work in surgery as applied to regulating the size of dogs of any breed:

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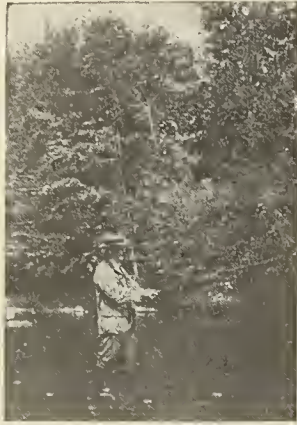
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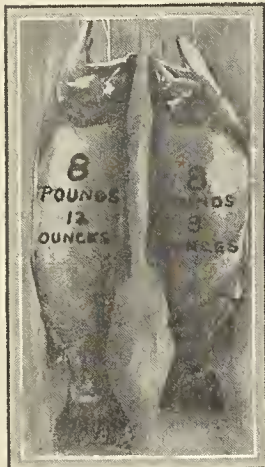
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IN SEARCH OF WOODCOCK IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 189.)

what it all meant. The following colloquy then took place:

"What are you doing here?" inquired the minister of the law.

"Shooting!" replied we.

"Shooting what?" he asked.

"Woodcock." And we held up, somewhat rashly, our victims.

"Do you not know that this is a strategic zone, and that not only is shooting forbidden here, but you are even prohibited from putting foot on this hill?"

"No, certainly not!" I replied.

"But," said he, "there is a notice yonder to that effect. And he pointed to a small white stone mark some distance away.

"There is nothing on that stone but paint," I answered.

"That is true," he retorted, "but on the other side is a small wooden post, and it is on that the notice is written."

"We have not seen it," I protested.

The policeman smiled sceptically. "Are you quite sure?" he asked. Of course we were, and, indeed, it was not till afterward that we found the post in question, a small block of square hewn wood scarcely 18 inches high and covered with Chinese characters.

"Where do you come from?" he went on.

The answer was obvious. We gave him our names, nationality, and addresses. He pricked up his ears when he heard them, reflected for a few moments, and then said:

"I am glad you are not—" and he mentioned a nationality not at that moment very amicably disposed toward his own, "for then I should have been under the painful necessity of referring your case to a higher authority. But since you are — and therefore, good friends, I will take upon myself the responsibility of letting you go without further question. But, please, don't come here again."

"Strategic zones" are not things to be lightly tampered with, and glad, therefore, were we to get off thus easily. With mutual expressions of esteem we parted, and then I understood why no one ever climbs the Dairen Fuji, and also why it holds woodcock when a town bristling with sporting guns is so near at hand.—*Karigané in the Field.*

EMERGENCY RATIONS.

"So vital is food to the existence of an army, and so closely is its activity restricted by this necessity, that any extra weight that may be left out without impairing the value of the diet is of moment," says a writer in the *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*. "Many years ago the English army authorities sought to solve the problem.

"At first sight it seems easy, for of the ordinary articles constituting the soldier's ration a large proportion consists of water. Much more is made up of non-nutritious substances, cellulose, etc., if these were excluded material saving in weight would be effected.

"Accordingly, the ration was, so far as could be done at that time, deprived of the non-essential elements and reduced to a cake one-eighth the bulk and weight. It was calculated that the soldier could then carry a week's rations in the same bulk as had been occupied by the allowance for a single day, and his mobility correspondingly increased.

"The trials did not result favorably, for the men looked with suspicion on the little cakes, and consumed the same bulk as that to which they had been accustomed, eating a week's rations in a single day. They asserted that they were not satisfied with the portion intended, but demanded that the stomach should be filled, as it had been by the big rations. Whether this was a truly 'physiologic need or merely a psychic one was not ascertained at the time, and the experiments seem to have stopped there.

"Some time ago an old shipmate, now on the retired list, called my attention to an 'emergency ration' prepared at the instance of

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the United States army authorities. This was based on the present United States army ration formula. One day's ration comes in the shape of three cakes, weighing, together, eight ounces net.

"Its components are chocolate, nucleocasein, malted milk, desiccated eggs, sugar and cocoa butter. It is put up in a tin case that may be opened without the use of an instrument, simply by pulling off a strip of tin. The label states that the contents will sustain a person (adult man, presumably) for twenty-four hours. The number of calories is in decided excess of what the average diet for a workingman requires.

"My habits being unusually sedentary I waited until I could get off to the country for a week. During this week I gave my eyes a rest, and spent the time sawing and chopping wood and similar bodily exercises, as severe and prolonged as my strength permitted. This, however, was far short of what would be demanded of a soldier on a raid, but it was the best test that offered.

"I tried living exclusively upon the emergency rations, taking each cake in a pint and a half of hot water to add the bulk, a precaution that was neglected in the experiments described by Parkes. Before the end of the week I suffered a smart attack of indigestion, evidently due to overfeeding. The ration contained more food than I could dispose of, even with the hard work.

"The cakes look and taste like the ordinary sweet chocolate of the shops. The sweetness made it rather cloying after a time; otherwise it was pleasant enough. One such experiment goes for little, but that little shows that the rations contain at least enough food value for its purpose; it surely will sustain a soldier for the period given, twenty-four hours.

"The army authorities seem to be sensitive to hostile criticism, and are careful to explain that they are not recommending these as aught but emergency rations, and by no means as a substitute for the regular food supply. They conservatively suggest that these emergency rations should be better in emergencies than no rations at all; and they are fully justified in this.

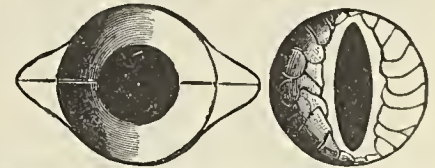
"They might go much further, and assert that when a raiding column is sent out each soldier could easily carry eight of these packets about his person without seriously adding to the burden of his equipment, and that this would enable him to keep constantly on the route without stopping to forage, or even to prepare food, as the cakes could be nibbled dry while marching.

"Of similar importance is this matter to the hunter, trapper or traveller in the frozen North, or in any part of the world, where it is necessary to carry food along, and where every useless ounce must be eliminated from the equipment. The reduction of a week's rations, full food value, to three and a half pounds would simplify many a contemplated exploration. The bulk needed to distend the stomach may be supplied by water or by chewing any non-medicinal leaves accessible.

"I understand that there has been a disposition to criticise the army people in this matter, and to charge them with an attempt to scientifically starve the soldier. That such a charge should be made by any person worthy of a hearing, or by anybody else than one who is looking for a plausible chance to find fault, seems impossible. Anyhow, war is not a matter of sentiment or of prejudice, but of cold fact; and modern war cannot afford to forego any advantage, even if slight."

SHIPMENTS FROM THE UNITED STATES

AMERICAN exports of oysters have averaged \$600,000 in value for a number of years, the amount in the fiscal year 1911 reaching \$690,268. There were increased sales of about \$100,000 to Canada, which purchased \$378,355 worth, while England took \$163,100 worth. The remainder of the exports were in small amounts to various countries throughout the world, evidently all canned oysters.

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Not only Americans, but anglers of Great Britain and nearly every European State, South Africa, Australia, Canada, are making their fishing rods under the simple instructions laid down by the author in this useful little manual. A Japanese, after reading the book took up rod repairing for his fellow countrymen as a business. An Englishman followed it in making several of the sixty-five rods that he has in his collection. A Russian appreciated the book so much that he suggested a Russian translation. The British sportsmen's papers have quoted from it time and time again. In that country it has helped bring about a great change in rod types, and to attract attention to the excellence of American fishing rods. In fact "Rodmaking for Beginners" has become the standard manual wherever fishing with rod and reel is practiced.

The reason is obvious. The book is written in plain English, and all the details are set down so simply that a boy can follow them. All of the types of rods used on fresh and salt water are described and specifications given. Separate chapters cover all details, and the one on split cane rodmaking is the only comprehensive treatise on that subject ever published.

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AFRICAN WILD DOGS.

THERE is no wild animal in Africa which deals out such wholesale destruction to certain kinds of game as the hunting dog. Leopards have been known to be chased up trees; hyenas have been found in process of being mobbed to death; the lion himself, when found solitary, is sometimes pursued by a pack.

Bush pirate and Ishmael, as he is, strangely enough toward man, the hunting dog seems to betray little or no aggressive tendency.

Wandering about in bands over huge areas of wild country, and seldom remaining more than a few days in any one locality, the hunting dog is probably less frequently encountered than any other kind of carnivore, and therefore in less degree than any other has he experience of man and his ways. There is at least no doubt that when this experience has been acquired, few creatures show more haste in escaping from man's presence or display more intelligence in doing so. But if there is little ground of complaint against him as regards man personally, it is a very different matter where the latter's flocks and herds are concerned.

When the farmer first begins to graze his sheep in a wild country, one of the chief, if not the most dangerous, of his enemies is the hunting dog. Sweeping down upon a flock, a pack of these animals will in a very few minutes entirely annihilate it, killing and rending apparently for the mere pleasure of doing so, and then, having completed the slaughter, will probably be miles away, wreaking the same destruction elsewhere, ere the irate owner and his friends have time to arrive upon the scene.

A long crusade against them in Cape Colony resulted at length in their virtual extinction in the settled parts, but in all the wilder corners of South Africa the same thing still goes on, and raids upon small herds of native goats and sheep are everywhere, where these pests exist, of constant occurrence.—Blackwood's Magazine.

RESTRICTIONS ON IMPORTED GOOSE-BERRIES.

VICE-CONSUL JAMES FISHER, of Hull, says: "In order to prevent the spread of American gooseberry mildew, the Board of Agriculture has issued an order containing the following provisions: The landing in England or Wales of any gooseberries brought from any place outside Great Britain (except the Channel Islands) is prohibited, except where there is attached to the package in which the fruit is imported a label bearing the words 'Imported gooseberries,' and stating the name of the consignor and the country and district in which the fruit was produced. The label must not be erased or obliterated, or detached from the package so long as any of the imported gooseberries remain therein."

FOOD VALUE OF COTTON SEED.

It is interesting to recall in the light of what has since been done that it is less than thirty years ago that a M. Sace read a paper before the Academy of Sciences in Paris, having for its subject the food value of cotton seed.

He claimed as a new discovery that this seed was the richest in nitrogenous substances of any grain and claimed to have produced from it by milling 56½ per cent. of yellow meal, 40½ per cent. of bran and 3 per cent. only of waste. His prophecy was that cotton seed flour would become a staple in the world's food supply.

DOMESTICATED ELEPHANTS IN SIAM.

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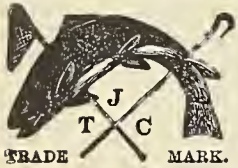
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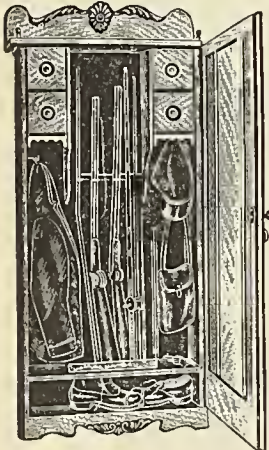
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Through Unexplored Guerrero

By PROF. WILLIAM NIVEN

Chapter II.—The City of the Dead

HAVING located the largest ruin, in point of area, at least, in the New World, on my first trip, I must now beg the reader's permission to carry him with me on the third trip into Guerrero. On the first trip I had not the time to make thorough explorations of the great discovery. On my second trip I went as a mining expert and paid little or no attention to archaeology; in fact, my business on this occasion did not lead me in the direction of the ruined city.

But on my third trip into the land of mystery I started from New York as the representative of Morris K. Jesup, now dead, who was at that time president of the American Museum of Natural History. To-day, the most valuable of my finds are in the Jesup collection of Mexican antiquities in that museum, together with a large number in the Peabody Museum at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Others are in the Archaeological Museum of the Canadian Institute, Toronto.

Hastening to Mexico from New York, I secured a concession to explore 7,000 square miles of the State of Guerrero for archaeological and ethnological remains. Thus prepared and provided with a first-class camping outfit, as well as cameras and 500 photographic plates—from which most of the photographs illustrating this article were made—I again entered Guerrero, bound for Yerbabuena, ghost-haunted and filled with evil spirits if the natives of the surrounding region were to be believed.

July 29, 1893, I began the journey which lasted four months, and which resulted in what I believe to have been the greatest and most important archaeological discoveries since white men for the first time gazed on Mitla and Palenque. We—myself, a faithful Indian servant, who had been in my employ for five years, and a muleteer, mounted on three good mules and with four pack animals, made the start from Cuautla, in the State of Morelos, arriving in Iguala the second day and reaching Tepecoacuilco as our next stop. This town lies in a rich sugar district and has a population of about 2,000 souls. The famous patriot and priest, Morelos, was imprisoned here just before his execution. The town boasts of an imposing church, a relic of its one-time grandeur, for Tepecoacuilco was a thriving city 200 years ago.

Two days' ride further brought us to the town of Oapan, where we crossed the swiftly-flowing Balsas River on balsas, or rafts. These fragile looking craft are made of flat floors of

cane or bamboo, lashed to hollow, sealed calabashes. After the pack has been deposited in the center of the raft, and the whole affair balanced in the water, the passenger takes his seat, finding that the water reaches to within an inch of himself and his pack. The place for crossing is chosen near a bend in the river, and when clear of the current, the Indian ferrymen swim behind and push the raft with its load across the stream. The mules are forced to swim, each being guided by an Indian, who sometimes rides the swimming animal and sometimes swims beside it. If the river is not in flood, and no driftwood is passing, there is little if any danger, but if a log strikes the frail raft, the pack is almost certain to be lost, and the passenger is lucky if he escapes without a good wetting at least.

Our next camp was at Ahuehuepan, and the reader who follows us on the map of Guerrero must by this time have noticed that on this third trip I went into the ruins from a different direction from that followed on the first trip. Ahuehuepan is a small town, situated near the summit

of a rugged hill of considerable size. We pitched our tent near the plaza, and at night the Indian natives, men, women and children, to the number of about 200 formed in one of the strangest processions I ever gazed upon. Each carried a lighted candle and the procession was led by eight stalwart peons bearing shoulder high a life-size figure of the Virgin Mary. Round and round the plaza they marched, until nearly midnight, singing and shouting out their prayers, wildly imploring the One God, and whatever other gods may have been left in their imagination, to save their famishing crops by sending rain. The clanging of bells, beating of drums, shrieks of the marchers and the repeated firing of guns and glare of rockets combined to make a scene of excitement and pandemonium for which it would be difficult to find a fitting simile.

On the following morning I learned from my servant that our visit had not been regarded favorably by the chief of the village. This worthy had declared that the idols and other



FIRST TRACE OF RUINS WHICH LED TO DISCOVERY OF THE BURIED CITIES OF GUERRERO.

objects, of which we had come in search, were highly treasured by the Indians who believed, as did their fathers, that they were the images of the gods of the air. The chief commanded all his Indians to refuse to lend us any assistance in digging into the mounds or other prehistoric remains scattered thickly about this village. He also hinted that we were spies, and would report the procession of the night before, which had been held contrary to law, to the authorities in Mexico City.

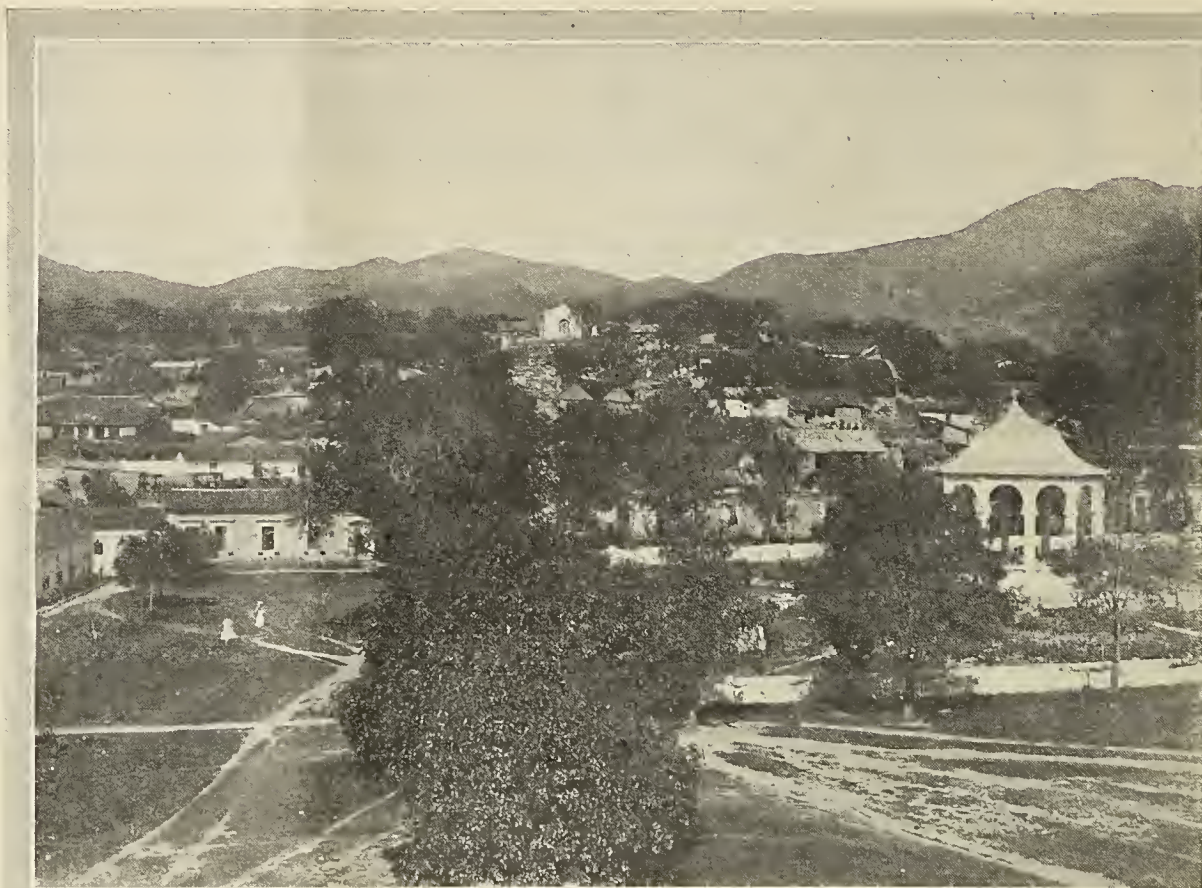
We replied to the chief, at a formal meeting with him, exhibiting my concession and otherwise showing evidences of our exact intentions, but he professed not to believe us, and even went so far as to order his townspeople to sell us no corn, and if possible to avoid it, not even to let us have water for ourselves or for our animals. I left the inhospitable village, therefore, and after a day's steady riding across hills and barrancas, arrived again at Xochipala, the town from which I had started on the memorable trip four years before, the trip on which I had found the vast ruins of Yerbabuena. Here we were received like long lost brothers by the chief, who immediately provided us with the same guide I had had on the previous journey, and who promised to go through the entire length and breadth of the ruins, ghosts or no ghosts.

When we arrived at Xochipala, a monster dance, in which practically every inhabitant of the village was taking part, was in full swing. Some clad fantastically in the skins of animals and some in tight-fitting trousers or loose-flowing skirts, according to their sex, they moved first in great slow circles about the plaza, chanting an Indian song handed down to them from generations of dancers long since dead. My servant, who was a native of Guerrero, and who spoke the Indian language fluently, informed me that the ceremony was in honor of a princess who had died, and whose body had disappeared mysteriously a short time after death. I speak of chiefs and princesses in this Republic of Mexico, but it must be remembered that these tribes of Indians scattered through the heart of wild Guerrero know no law but the word of their chief, having no knowledge of and caring less for the Government in Mexico City than an American does for the laws of the Chinese Empire.

As a feature of the finale, a comely Indian girl, resplendent in colored paper ribbons, rushed about among the dancers, touching here one and there one, apparently conferring some honor, for each of these so touched immediately went forward and prostrated himself or herself before the chief, who sat on a raised seat above the dancers. Then there was more dancing, but of a less formal nature, and about midnight the church bells rang out, there was a great beating of drums, blowing of horns and firing of rockets and everybody went home.

Again we slept in the court house or jail of Xochipala, and early in the morning found our old guide waiting for us. Almost with the sun we were off in the direction of the ruins, and after half a day's easy riding, arrived at the edge of what must have been a series of connected towns, all of one nation, all prepared for defense against some hostile foe, and once embracing, at a conservative estimate, at least one million human beings.

Broken walls, ruined buildings, huge in size beyond comprehension, unless actually seen by



CITY OF TIXTLA, GUERRERO, ANCIENT CAPITAL OF STATE.

the reader, marked the slopes as far as the eye could reach. Once this was a rolling plateau, dropping gently away from the mountain wall, but now it is cut into giant ridges by gorges from 200 to 1000 feet deep—gorges whose sides are scarred with broken buildings, ridges covered with ruins of great houses, some of them larger than those of Mitla, and many grander in size than any now standing in Mexico City.

Our journey was a rough one, but eventually we found the old trail I had followed four years before, and once on that we found the way becoming easier on both mules and men. Presently as we began to draw near the great mass of decaying grandeur that once formed the ancient metropolis itself, I for the second time got a good view of the ruins. They seemed to me even more wonderful than before. It must have been an immense nation that once dwelt here, and this city, or chain of cities, or district, or feudal estate, as you may wish to call it, must have been fully as large as Babylon, or Thebes, or Memphis, or other famous cities of remote antiquity. Its buildings, save those that had been erected on the tops of huge pyramidal bases, were of rather low construction, but so massive as to give the idea of fortresses rather than homes.

As we journeyed along through the tangled underbrush we could see the faint outlines of a great mass of ruins that slept majestically in its age-old bed on the plain some distance ahead of us. This I afterward learned was an enormous arched door or gateway, and it seems probable that at one time it was one of the main entrances, possibly the main entrance to the city. It is made of great, unhewn stones, piled closely and held in place by a white cement. I noted particularly that this binding material, this primitive concrete, was white, for the ruins at Mitla, Palenque and San Juan de Teotihuacan show only black cement. This to me seems to be one of the little signboards to the great fact that the

civilization of the builders of Yerbabuena was greater than that of any other prehistoric tribe of Mexico, not even excluding the Aztecs.

A few minutes before the sun sank behind the serrated crest of the mountain wall, we reached the first of the crumbling structures, clambered over masses of fallen stone, mounted a little hill, and looked out over the remains of a fallen nation whose grandeur probably was to the New World what Rome was to the Old.

After viewing the mile on mile of shattered buildings, the remnants of palaces and temples and fortresses and homes, I descended to the ruins of a temple fully 600 feet long by 200 feet wide, and ordered the making of a permanent camp. There the tent was pitched, and there, after a supper of tortillas and cold beans, and fresh fried deer meat, cut from a haunch of venison supplied us by the chief ere we left Xochipala, I rolled in my blankets, never to wake until the sun was turning the white walls of the temple a rosy pink next morning.

Then I began explorations in earnest. With my men I came on ruined walls, foundations of huge buildings fast crumbling to decay, all of which I believe will be mere piles of dust within the next century. We found walls twenty and thirty feet high which had sunk straight down into the earth until only two or three feet remained above the surface of the ground. Many of the houses of which these walls had once been parts were forty to fifty feet wide and one hundred feet long, facing on streets which had once been well paved, all laid out in regular rows across the rolling plateau whereon the primitive architects of the long ago had built the homes of their nation.

We made a general survey of the place, seeking the best and most promising location to begin operations, finally choosing the interior of another large temple which measured 300 by 200 feet, inside measurement. In the center of this



LAI-D-STONE ALTAR INSIDE RUINED TEMPLE, AT YERBABUENA, PROBABLY USED FOR FIRE OFFERINGS.

we found a huge altar of solid masonry fifteen feet square by twenty feet high, and in a remarkably good state of preservation. Later we found many such altars scattered through the fifty miles or more of ruins. They appear to have been used for sacrificial purposes, and some of them are built upon the very apex of huge pyramidal sites, evidently constructed solely for their foundation.

At each corner of the foundations of the large building just mentioned we found circular towers six feet in thickness and most remarkably designed. We endeavored to take photographs of them, but owing to the great number of trees and the heavy tropical underbrush growing all over the ruins, we found it impossible to show them as they really appeared. Forty miles in front of us, along the mountain slope, extended the ruined city, while its buildings ran in solid mass of six miles on either side. I estimated there were three hundred square miles of ruins in the heart of this tract, with another hundred and fifty or two hundred square miles of buildings which had once stood on the present sites of the great gorges. Undoubtedly this is the ruin of the largest, most civilized and most important of all the prehistoric tribes that peopled Mexico's populous past.

Temples were thickly scattered through this ruined city, all built on more or less the same plan, and all showing evidences of massive construction. I chose the best preserved of these and ordered my men to dig a trench around the base of the large altar which stood in the center. On the old limestone floor at the base of the altar, several feet beneath the present surface of the ground, we found the trench leading from the altar, about three inches deep and five or six inches wide, stained a deep red by the blood of countless victims which had flowed down it. Whether these sacrificial victims were human or animal it was impossible to learn, and I doubt

if even analysis of the blood would have showed to a certainty, so old were the stains.

Gathered in the trench and in little depressions in the floor about the altar, we found wonderfully carved jade beads. We also found two diorite chisels. This stone is often confused with jade, but is not the original translucent jade which has been found so far in Mexico only in the forms of artifacts left by the vanished races.

Some distance beyond this we came on an immense wall, rising thirty feet into the air, and evidently part of an enormous palace or temple. Remains of this wall still endured for more than 200 feet, and digging under one side we were fortunate enough, after a day's hard labor, to come on a large underground chamber, probably the most important find of the entire visit. Stone in the wall of this building was cut in blocks twelve by eighteen inches, and laid in even lines in the same white cement which I had noted in other parts of the ruins.

After effecting an opening, we found ourselves in an immense circular chamber, the walls of which were well plastered with a white cement which had been painted red, still retaining its color in almost pristine brightness. A number of fragments of timber, now turned to tinder, were lying on the floor, while under the dust of centuries were numbers of beads, stone knives, small idols and fragments of greater images. The roof, without arch or other support, remained standing firm as ever, while in the center was a long, carved altar of green diorite, a priceless thing, the weight of which we could only estimate at several tons. All along its sides, ends and on the top were carvings, depicting scenes in the religious life of the people and in the daily exercises of the priests. To me, looking back at this great monolith, which still sleeps in the subterranean chamber, it appears comparable with the great calendar stone of the

Aztecs, and is possibly of greater import, if its hieroglyphics only could be translated into some modern tongue.

From this chamber we passed to another and smaller one, less well kept, but apparently once the burial place of the priests. Here we found innumerable skeletons, all unadorned with beads or other ornaments, giving rise to the idea that they had been priests in life. Had they been warriors, or even common people of the city, they must have worn ornaments of some kind, and these would have been buried with them. No idols were found in this room, but returning to the other and larger chamber we took out more than seventy images, masks and idols in perfect condition.

All made of diorite, some green, some gray, these idols are of various shapes and sizes, but all, no matter how weirdly shaped, show strivings after the human form. Some are fairly well proportioned, while others are of the most hideous conception, with huge heads and abnormally long faces. Others again have small bodies and exceedingly large legs, each leg being almost as large as the trunk of the body. Then there are still others with small heads, small legs and great, wide bodies; yet others, evidently patterned after the human form, bear not the slightest resemblance to any races of men known to-day. Some are hunchbacks and others are grotesques, cartoons in stone from the hand of some humorous Phidias of a bygone day.

About a mile south from this chamber, passing over myriads of ruined homes of the people of this nation, is an immense mound which rises abruptly from the valley and is one of the most noticeable of the ruined piles. This contains dozens of chambers, and was evidently the home of the priests, a sort of community house. Into a few of these we entered and found in the smallest a number of jade and serpentine beads. Possibly they were from rosaries, or some similar instrument for worship, though of course these people knew nothing of Catholic ceremonies. The beads are genuine Chinese jade, altogether different from the jade of Mexico, and seem to prove that at some time or other the people of this city and nation had some sort of connection with the natives of the far western rim of the Pacific ocean.

Some little distance southeast of this ruined building are two interesting pyramids, each more than sixty feet in height and covering nearly equal areas, about 150 by 250 feet, I should say, from hurried measurements. These pyramids are rich in treasure in the shape of personal ornaments of stone, diorite, serpentine and terra cotta as well as clay which has metamorphosed to stone in the centuries which have passed.

I believe these pyramids were burial places, as we found passageways to the interior and large chambers inside, filled with dust and crumbling bones amid which were countless ornaments; so many of them that we tired of the search and returned to the outer air for lunch on the day which we had devoted to the pyramids. Just as we stepped out we were startled by a series of grunts and squeals, and there, not fifty feet away, was a drove of wild pigs, the peccaries of South American forests, here known as javelins, pronounced "hah-vey-leen." They did not run, but fully one hundred strong stood their ground, their thin lips drawn back over long yellow teeth

(Continued on page 221.)

Camping in the Blue Ridge Mountains

By FRANK W. BICKNELL

Photographs by the Author.

YES, we've succumbed to the wiles of your letters and pictures," wrote my friend the lawyer, "and the Squaw and I will meet you as directed at Linville Falls Station Aug. 3, and we don't really have to get back to this infernal grind before the first week in September. Have everything ready for the camp—I'm bringing an amazing stock of tackle and little comforts. You just lead the way, give us a few days to get in form, and we'll be game



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for all the mountain climbing and gorge traveling you can show us."

Four congenial spirits, tried by several camping trips together, two couples whom six weeks on the tented trail still left good friends, we met for this Blue Ridge Mountain tour prepared to absorb all its beauty and partake of its "classy" sport to the utmost.

Leaving New York at 4 P. M., Linville Falls Station is reached at 3 P. M. next day. This new crossing of the Blue Ridge, built primarily as a coal carrier from the Virginia fields, has brought this glorious region, so aptly characterized as a human repair shop, closer to the outside world, from which it has been hidden away in undeveloped isolation. Incidentally it has opened to the view of the traveler the grandest mountain views east of the Rockies, including Mt. Mitchell (altitude 6711 feet), highest of peaks in Eastern America, and hundreds of other high mountains in all directions. The railway crosses the Blue Ridge in nineteen tunnels and several loops. It is

now building across the Cumberland Mountains to connect with the railroad at Elkhorn City, Ky., when it will offer the Northern visitor to Southern climes more mountain scenery than he can see on any other route.

The ascent to Linville Falls village is most comfortably made on muleback, while a wagon hauls the camp equipment up the mountain. This six-mile ride up the picturesque cañon of the North Fork of the Catawba, between Linville and Humpback mountains, was an appetizing introduction to the rich flora, the rugged scenery, the pure water and invigorating atmosphere of the Western North Carolina mountains. Springs on one side of the road and the rushing, tumbling stream on the other gave us refreshment and the wild music we came to hear. Climbing from the station 1,800 feet of altitude to the top of Linville (3,300 feet), we felt that we had made no mistake in doing that which the unknowing had thought so queer, "going south for the summer." The fresh, cool air was equal in all the qualities sought by the city sufferer from heat and vitiated lung food to the Rocky Mountain article that is found only above 6,000 or 7,000 feet. These high altitudes had proved too great a stimulant for one of us, who was delighted to find here in the Blue Ridge all the benefits and none of the ills of the higher Rockies.

Experience had taught us that a leisurely made camp is more popular with its inhabitants than the makeshift flung together in the dark, so the first night we enjoyed the hospitality of one of the mountain boarding houses, where we learned much to our advantage. Except to say that we went in for simplicity and that we found the essentials of wood and water easy to secure, I need not go into the details of our camp. We "lived off the country" and its delicious fresh fruits, vegetables and trout, bringing only a few condensed foods and relying on the village store for most of our staples.

Making the acquaintance of our guide, getting a glimpse of the falls and a peep down into the deep Linville River gorge, planning the best use of the two weeks we had allotted to this place, and our first day was gone. It was big with promise of things worth seeing and doing. First we were to take a preliminary survey, get the "lay of the land," take in some of the best views from the rim of the cañon (summit of Linville Mountain) and harden our muscles for climbing. At frequent points for fifteen miles along the top of Linville one looks down into the deep, rocky gorge of Linville River, 1,000 to 2,000 feet below, across to Gingercake, Hawksbill, Table Rock, Chimney and Short-off mountains. The stream seems very small from these heights and the huge rocks that block its way mere stepping-stones, but a closer acquaintance increased our respect for them. The high cliffs that have contributed the rocks that turn the river this way and that, have eroded and formed soil,

fertilized by humus, till the steep, often precipitous sides of the cañon are covered with a dense growth of kalmia, rhododendrons, hemlocks and pines, besides a bewildering variety of deciduous trees and shrubs. This is a botanist's paradise, for more different trees, shrubs and plants may be found here than in any other area of equal size in North America. Underneath, overhead, far away and all about us we found the works of nature worth the attention and admiration of seasoned travelers. Clouds



ENTERING BABEL TOWER GORGE.

from the ocean bumped against the cool air of the mountains, and spilled their contents in half an hour to clear the atmosphere and reveal distant mountains. A few days of this climbing prepared us for the serious business of going into the gorge and following the river in its tortuous way between the mountains. We wanted some of the rainbow trout and the sport of taking them, but most of all we wanted to see the river, said by the United States Geological Survey explorers to be "the wildest and most picturesque in the Appalachians."

The mountain people looked with skeptical astonishment upon our proposition to take "the squaws" along, but these "squaws" said they could do it if their fat old "bucks" could. Charley, our clever guide, reckoned he could get us all through if we would do as he said and give him time. The first three miles of the river below the falls gave us practice and encouragement, for though it seemed hard enough for us at first, Charley assured us that it didn't compare in beauty with the lower

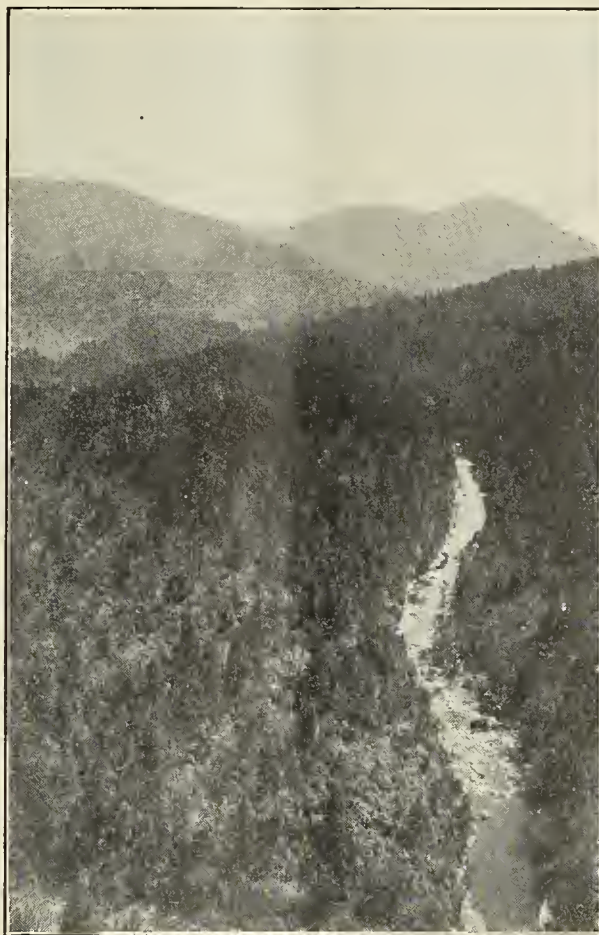
gorge, and that we did not begin to see any roughness till we got down below "this easy part." Three days we explored, fished and photographed this section of the river and were able to climb out each night to our comfortable camp. Wading, climbing rocks and cliffs to avoid deep holes, passing many beautiful little cascades, we found the trout below. We soon learned that he who has been successful with brook trout has to learn his art all over again when he matches it against the rainbow, but with Charley's help we tuned our song to the undoing of all the fish we could eat.

A day's rest and we were ready for the really big undertaking, the camp in the lower gorge, the farewell to all but stern necessities, for the load must be packed four miles out on the mountain and thence a mile and a half down a steep trail to the river. Here a headquarters camp was made, a bed of leaves and hemlock boughs, with great hemlocks overhead. We might have had a small army of men carry tents and beds and other comforts in, but we were out to rough it, so held ourselves down to the lightest load we dared. With camera and plates this gave three men all they could "tote." Near by was a "rock house," that is a cave, for shelter if we needed it, but we did not. Now we began to see the real wild beauty that had been promised us, where we were assured no woman had ever traveled before. For the sake of the "squaws" Charley built bridges of driftwood over some of the worst crossings.

Starting at six or seven in the morning, in the shade of the cliffs, we explored the river up and down for four days. The fish were larger than they were above, and light tackle went away with some of them. Here we enjoyed to the full that choicest of piscatorial delicacies, a perfectly fresh fish roasted on a forked stick over hardwood coals. No restaurant can equal it, nor does the high-salaried chef have the compliment of such appetites as surrounded the camp-fire. Over, under and around gigantic rocks hurled down from cliffs above, often scaling a cliff to get around an unsounded pool with perpendicular sides, taking long detours to portage a cascade, often the water, cool and refreshing, was the easiest place to travel. Choked in narrow chasms, swift and terrible to cross, the river invited us to match our strength against its force, for occasionally it was either that or a long, hot climb. Above us on both sides rose the great ragged walls of the gorge, sometimes 800 feet without a foothold, thence by easy stages a mile, perhaps a mile and a half, to the rim of the cañon. Everywhere cascades and rapids, now and then a still, long pool, inviting the swimmer and the angler. Charley knew the best of these, and after we recognized the strength of the gamey, flashing beauties we were dealing with, we brought a few to net. In one such hole, small but very deep, and sheltered, the very rare treat of catching a cold-water eel was ours. Now if you have never eaten an eel taken from cold, swift water you do not know much about eels, for to my notion the meat is better than anything short of bass or speckled trout. It is no more like the eel from warm, sluggish water than a sucker is like a bass.

Now we cut loose from our base, took what we could carry and started up the river to camp one night and be ready for the most daring of

all our adventures, going through the Babel Tower gorge. This is a loop of Linville River something over half a mile long. Deep pools, bounded by smooth walls, occasionally a shelf or foot- or hand-hold for the person who knows just where they are, avoided by even the hardest mountain fishermen, this dark and dangerous passage tempted us more than anything else, after we had been told all about its terrors. For the "squaws" to earn the honor of being the first women through it meant that they must discard the short skirts they had so far been able to wear and do this day's work in stout duck trousers. Wading to the waist, climbing straight up and down and crawling along a shelf a foot wide is not business for skirts. Beginning in a pretty cascade with a wide, deep pool below it, this seldom visited wonder ends below in a long, narrow, still pool



"AN EASY BIT OF THE CANYON."

between perpendicular walls of such height that they seem to meet above and form a cave, so dark is the place, except at midday. The easy way is to swim it, but it can be penetrated by wading and climbing if one knows where to take each step at the critical points. Most of its length this gorge contributes its full share to the river's fall of 1,800 feet in the first ten miles below the falls. With careful guide, rope for emergencies, fresh hob-nails and stout pole for water travel, this day was one of pure delight, surpassing in interest, for it was wholly unlike anything we had experienced in Rockies, Andes and Appalachians. Whoever is fit to camp in the mountains may be guaranteed new thrills by following our trail. Back to our comfortable Linville Falls camp that night, hot water and dry clothes restored us for further expeditions.

Meaning to spend only two weeks with Linville River and mountain, we stretched it to nearly three with horseback rides and

tramps to not-far views that were constantly being suggested and found worth while. With a last day and night on the river, sleeping on a great flat rock on cucumber tree leaves to the tune of broiled trout and the gentle lullaby of the passing stream and with a luxurious camp-fire all night before us, we bade a reluctant *au revoir* to Linville Falls. We might have lingered on there for weeks without seeing half its attractions, but we decided to come again in June, when the rhododendron, kalmia, azalea, tulip tree and other blooms are at their best.

Past the pretty resort colony of Linville, at the foot of Grandfather Mountain, fourteen miles north of Linville Falls, we pushed on to a camping place near the summit, for we wanted the solitude of this rugged old gray-head and the sunrise from his 5,964 feet of altitude. In passing the gay summer hotel, with its dressy spenders adorning its porches, we all agreed that we would not exchange our real vacation for one that requires frequent change of costume, course dinners and golf to make it complete. The summit of the Grandfather offers one of those bewildering, sea-like views, where countless ranges and ridges roll away in the blue-hazy distance like the waves of the ocean. In every direction, but toward the northwest this misty multiplicity of mountains is spread before us, but the sunset absorbed all the color, it seemed, for there was little left for the morning. The mountain itself, its great bare top suggesting the Rockies, is more interesting than the view it affords, though a good glass and a knowledge of the geography of the region give it high claims as a lookout.

Winding around the Grandfather is the famous Yonahlossee road, twenty miles from Linville to Blowing Rock. This first-class turnpike, wide and well kept clay-gravel surface, is one of the most delightful and picturesque drives in America. Bordered by rich flora, commanding many fine views, crossing several crystal streams, it will form an important link in the crest of the Blue Ridge Highway, now building from Altapass, on the railway via Linville Falls to Linville. This highway will ultimately run along the crest of the Blue Ridge from Asheville, N. C., to Roanoke, Va. It is being built on a maximum of 4½ per cent. grade, twenty-four feet wide, thoroughly first-class for automobile travel.

At Blowing Rock is one view, but it is "a whale of a view," as the lawyer remarked. From an overhanging cliff one looks out over a great horseshoe of mountains 250 miles to the southwest, and just below lies the beautiful valley of the Johns River. Blowing Rock is 4,000 feet above the sea and is a popular resort. "For those that like that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing they would like." It was too noisy for us, so we did not linger long and took to the road and in twenty-three miles were at the railway at Lenoir, fit for battle with the world again.

Shore Birds on Long Island.

THE season opened on Long Island on August 1 on shore birds, snipe, plover, surf birds, sandpipers, tatlars and curlew.

THE weekly outdoor magazine is the most current. FOREST AND STREAM is a weekly.

The Duties of Game Protectors

By T. S. PALMER, Assistant Chief, U. S. Biological Survey

Read at Annual Convention of Game Protectors of New York State.

(Concluded from page 171.)

FIRST and foremost is a duty of education in making the law more generally known and clearly understood. No State has yet solved the difficult problem of popularizing the game laws. Distributing copies of the law with every license, providing convenient summaries of the more important features, calling attention to it through the press, posting notices in public places, translating summaries in foreign languages for the benefit of hunters ignorant of English—these and other expedients reach certain classes of people, but all combined fail to reach a considerable part of the public. Many points in the law are ambiguous, but some have been cleared up by judicial decisions, and others by departmental regulations and precedents. It is doubly important that all possible light should be shed on these doubtful passages. Here is where the game protector can perform invaluable service by circulating copies of the law, summaries or posters; by securing publication in the press of timely notices of changes in the statutes, the opening or closing of seasons or matters of general interest, and by personal contact in explaining or furnishing information whenever opportunity offers. In this way he will soon come to be regarded as the friend and adviser, instead of, as too often happens, the enemy and persecutor of the hunter or fisherman.

Not less important is the protector's duty in the matter of increasing the supply of fish and game. True, in enforcing the law strictly he directly decreases destruction, and he may on occasion be called on to distribute pheasant eggs, plant fish, or put out game birds of various kinds. But the opportunities which will come to him in the daily performance of his duties, will, if improved, do far more to increase the game than any of the prescribed methods just mentioned. He can feed certain kinds of game in severe weather in winter or better yet, interest farmers and others to put out food for birds on their own land. He can see that water is provided for birds at suitable places in hot weather; that valuable birds are not ignorantly destroyed on account of alleged damage to crops; that dogs running deer, cats destroying birds and other enemies of game receive more than ordinary attention; and that persons interested in feeding, attracting or introducing game, are put in the way of obtaining necessary information and are encouraged to persevere in their experiments. These and similar activities will popularize the service and make its work more satisfactory to the people.

Even more important is provision for the future by moulding public opinion in favor of needed reforms, improved methods, or new lines of conservation. Through daily contact with actual conditions the protector will soon discover weaknesses in the law which require amendment. By intercourse with other wardens or officers of the commission or by reading, if he keeps abreast of the times, he will frequently learn of novel methods or devices which have

been successfully applied elsewhere. Some of these might be adopted with advantage in his own locality. The public naturally expects him to keep up with the progress of the world in his chosen work, and will often welcome new ideas or suggestions for improving existing conditions. If he is keenly alive to the interests of the public, the protector will see that important matters are brought to the attention of the people in his district through the medium of the press, through sportsmen's meetings, or by personal discussion; that public sentiment is formulated and crystallized on various questions so that proper recommendations may be submitted to the commission, or through regular channels to the Legislature. In this way the public interests can be subserved, the needs of the people presented to legislative committees, and the work of the commission greatly strengthened.

THE PROTECTOR'S DUTY TO HIMSELF.

Beside his duty to the commission and the people every game protector owes a duty to himself. For his own interest or that of his family he should exercise due care, and it is only fair that this phase of his work should receive full consideration. If after several years of hard and often dangerous duty the warden can look forward to no increase in salary or promotion in office, if he can show nothing in return for his labor except a small fixed salary and a number of personal enemies acquired in the line of duty, if when performing some dangerous work he should be seriously injured, crippled for life or killed, he can expect no compensation, it is questionable whether, in justice to himself or his family, he can afford to remain long in the service. Under ordinary circumstances it is not likely that he can acquire wealth or fame, but he will have plenty of outdoor exercise, varied experience, and more or less interesting work. If he does not suffer from the political upheavals which are too frequent in warden service, he need have no cause to complain, but an ambitious man must have something to which to look forward. Because an officer occupies the position of a deputy or private is no reason why he may not have an opportunity to rise. In some States chief deputies are chosen from the ranks; in others promotion of deputies to the position of State warden or commissioner are sometimes made when changes occur in these offices. As game warden work increases in complexity, greater opportunities for promotion will be open to progressive men in the ranks.

It frequently happens that a deputy, although performing ordinary duties in an apparently limited field, becomes widely known outside his district, and may even acquire a national reputation. Several instances of this kind will readily suggest themselves. I need only mention such men as E. V. Visart, of Arkansas; Walter R. Welch and the late W. B. Morgan, of California; E. H. Bartels, of Illinois; the late W. A. Palmer, of Michigan; E. T. Grether, of Missouri; Harry

Chase, of Vermont; H. Rief, of Washington, and Val. Raeth, of Wisconsin. None of these men are commissioners or State wardens; they are all deputies or privates. Some have become prominent through their skill with the pen, but all chiefly through their activity in the field.

The time has come to discard the old idea that any man can perform a warden's work, or that failure in other fields is a valid reason for recommending a man for appointment as a game protector. With the organization now possible under the direction of a commission or State officer, and the inducement of a regular though modest salary, warden work has reached a higher standard and is proving attractive to better men than ever before. Application of the merit system under civil service rules has removed the service from politics in four or five States and the necessity of such action elsewhere is generally recognized. Notwithstanding these advantages, the warden's position is not entirely satisfactory even in the most advanced States, and earnest efforts should be made for further improvement in the direction of service pay, a pension system similar to that provided for members of the police and fire departments in some cities, and compensation for injuries incurred in the line of duty.

OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE.

Service Pay.—Under the new conservation law New York provides for service pay whereby a protector's salary may be increased from \$500 to \$1,300 at the rate of \$100 per annum. Wisconsin has recently graded her warden work into three classes and provided for promotion from \$900 to \$1,460 per annum after certain length of service and examination. Massachusetts provides both service pay and pensions, the former under regulations of the commissioners of fisheries and game, the latter under a general law applicable to all State officers. Under the commissioners' plan which took effect Dec. 1, 1911, deputies receive \$60 per month during the first year, and afterward may receive an increase of \$10 per month each year up to five years. In other words, the entrance salary of \$60 per month may be increased to a maximum of \$100 per month at the end of the fifth year. The chief deputy receives \$125 per month, and in two cases the office has been filled by men selected from the ranks, so that a deputy at \$60 per month or \$720 per year may look forward under favorable circumstances to promotion to the position of chief deputy at \$125 per month or \$1,500 per annum.

Pensions.—Under a new State law passed last year (Acts of 1911, Chap. 532), all State officers in Massachusetts must retire at seventy years of age and may retire at the age of sixty, after fifteen years' service. A pension is provided on conditions somewhat as follows:

Part of the employe's salary (from 1 to 5 per cent. of all salaries up to \$1,500 per annum as the board of retirement may determine) is withheld for a pension fund, and is compounded semi-annually at 3 per cent. If an employe leaves the service before the expiration of fifteen years, he is entitled to the amount withheld from his salary plus the accrued interest. If he serves the full fifteen-year period, the State then doubles the amount to his credit and pays it to him as a life annuity, payable monthly, but in no

(Continued on page 221.)

Valuable Fur

By DR. A. L. LEEDS

PROBABLY only a few of the many readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* are acquainted with the fact that there is now bred in a few places in Texas a real fur-bearing animal.

Nearly three years ago, at almost a prohibitive expense and after enduring the greatest hardships, fifteen head of pure Karakule sheep were brought over from Russian Turkestan.

It is from the breeds produced by crossing these sheep with common varieties that the valuable skins known as Persian Lamb, Astrachan, Krimmer, etc., are produced.

They differ from common sheep in a great

his father and grandfather were engaged in the business of raising sheep furs, and found it a profitable industry.

None of the doctor's people ever possessed a thoroughbred Karakule, and when as a boy he used to tell his father that some day he would go to Bokhara and get some of the pure stock, the old gentleman treated his remarks with no more seriousness than are usually given to the talk of children and dreamers.

Experiments, already made, demonstrate that by crossing these sheep with some of the lustrous long wool varieties, a fur is produced super-

wool breed of common sheep, which greatly interferes with the natural luster of the Karakule, and are known in Persia as Doozboy, and are not fur-producing sheep, but the Karakule strain makes them a hardy and heavy mutton sheep. The so-called "Caracul" fur sold in this country is a misrepresentation made up often of scraps of Persian lamb fur, and it is safe to say that few, if any, full blood Karakule lamb skins have reached the American market.

The small wild Arabi, or Karakule sheep, is practically extinct, although the Uzbecks, of Bokhara, claim that some of them still are found in a wild state in the Pamirs. The skins of the small Arabi are priceless, and are infinitely more beautiful than those coming from either the large or the intermediate classes of the Karakule family. The latter are more plentiful and can be obtained in the deserts of Bokhara, but it is almost impossible to procure a wild Arabi.

It is the intention of the importer to establish the breeding of these sheep on a sound basis throughout the United States, and there seems to be no reason why it should not in a few years be as well established as the breeding of ostriches or angora goats. Half blood Karakule-Lincoln rams crossed again with any of the lustrous long wool varieties of sheep of the United States or England produce a fur equal to that of Asia, and when we consider that we annually import about fourteen million dollars' worth, it is well worth interesting ourselves in this new industry.



FULL BLOOD KARAKULE LAMBS.

many ways, chiefly in that they have immense broad flat tails in which they store up vast quantities of fat. They are also absolutely devoid of the characteristic smell of common sheep, and instead of wool, they have a long coarse hair-like covering which resembles the coat of some wild animal like a Rocky Mountain sheep or muskox. Their natural gait is the pace or single foot, and in their fondness for dry, coarse food they are rivals of the goat and burro.

People who have eaten the meat of the cross breeds say it is nothing like mutton, but is more like antelope.

From the wool of these sheep the famous Persian and Bokhara rugs are made. The staple is not quite as long as that of a Lincoln or Cotswold. The entire clip was sold a year and a half ago to parties in Mexico for forty-two cents per pound gold. It was all used for making blankets or serapas, as they are called in the sister Republic.

The importer of these sheep, Dr. C. C. Young, of Belen, Texas, was born in Bessarabia, a Province of Southwestern Russia, where both

ior to anything grown in either Asia or Russia. Tests made to determine the quality and quantity of mutton, produced by cross breeding, have shown an increase in weight from 25 to 35 per cent., that lambs mature from two to three months earlier are much hardier, and that all traces of a sheepy taste to the flesh are eliminated with as little as 25 per cent. of the blood of the thoroughbred Karakule.

It must be understood that the term "Persian Lamb" as applied to lamb skins is only a trade name, and refers to all black lamb skins which have a close, tight, curly fur, but when the curls are open, it is called Astrachan. Twenty-five per cent. of Karakule blood will produce a black fur, even though the mother is white or brown. Naturally the more Karakule blood contained in a graded Asiatic lamb skin, the tighter the curl, and the more beautiful the fur.

The so-called Persian broad tail sheep raised in several parts of the United States is but a graded Karakule sheep, and is the result of a cross between a Karakule ram and some tight

How About Our Wild Animals?

HUDSON, N. Y., July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your statement in the last issue that the California Fish and Game Commission has begun an inquiry into the condition of deer in that State leads me to ask: Why don't our own Conservation Commission do something of the kind? Certainly it would be very interesting as well as have no little value to know how our own wild animals are getting on. The old Fish and Game Commission, which never had anywhere near the resources of the Conservation Commission, used to publish a lot of interesting facts about Adirondack animals in their annual reports. Why they neglected the animals of the Catskills did not appear.

But the Conservation Commission does not even keep up the record of deer killed; at least, it is not in their report for 1910 or 1911, and it was highly interesting to sportsmen. Won't you try to get the Conservation Commission to give us a real animal census this year? They can do it easily through their many protectors and other employees. It would be as well to follow the California plan and set forth the distribution of the principal wild animals; the number of each species in each locality; the ratio of the sexes; the effect, if any, of killing only male deer; the question of cutting hay for deer or providing other food; the diseases prevailing, if any; and miscellaneous information as to albinism or melanism, freaks, etc.

The only approach to an attempt at such work that I can find in the old reports is when Harry Radford tried his hand at a partial census years ago.

J. B. ATFIELD.

Maintain the old customs. Be a subscriber to *FOREST AND STREAM*, as your father was.

Australian Flying-Foxes

By FRANK S. SMITH

THE name flying-fox, given popularly to one of our animals, is rather misleading, as the owner of the cognomen is really a large, fruit-eating bat. Their head, however, is, on a small scale, very like that of the fox, and in offensive smell they more than hold their own with the fox. Probably, too, the reddish fiery color had something to do with the name. These fruit-eating bats form a class of their own. The largest species, the speckled flying-fox, has a body about twelve inches long, while the smallest is not much more than two inches long. Their range is the whole of the eastern portion of Australia, but they are most abundant in the tropical and sub-tropical districts.

I well remember my first introduction to the flying-fox. I was staying with a friend in Northern N. E. Wales, who had an orchard. After tea, at about 7 P. M., he took down a gun and asked me to come with him and see the flying-foxes. In about half an hour he pointed out what seemed a small cloud on the horizon. As it drew nearer, however, I saw that it was a great flock of, apparently, some sort of bird. Then it began to pass over us and my friend began to fire an odd shot at the mass, "just to encourage them to keep going," he explained. The flock was a continuous affair and must have been a mile long. It was flying too high for the shot to kill any of them, but there was always a chance of some of them coming down to the orchard if they were not watched.

A few days later we rode out to the roosting place of the flying-foxes. It was in the heart of a dense, almost tropical, forest. "How are you going to find them?" I asked my friend. "Wait, and you'll see, or rather smell," he smilingly added. Presently a sickly, musky odor struck my nostrils. It got worse and worse until it became an appalling stink. Then we stopped. "Look above you," said my friend. I looked and was amazed to see the trees loaded, apparently, with reddish and dark fruits, but which I knew by the awful smell to be flying-foxes. There were countless thousands of them. Branch after branch held its load of foxes like a row of gooseberries in a good season. The fox sleeps head downward, hanging by his claws, and with his wide, semi-transparent wings folded about him like a shroud. In one tree there was a very curious sight. It was so overcrowded that hundreds of the bats were hanging to each other, and on three or four of the branches there were several tiers of them, one hanging to the other. In these cases the combined weight had bent the branches almost to breaking point, and the bats looked like bee swarms on a mammoth scale. My friend had a gun and I suggested shooting at one of the bunches, but he objected, as the disturbed bats would fly out in thousands and cover us with excreta. However, when we got out on the edge of the colony on to a clearing he shot a couple for me to examine. They bear a strong resemblance to the ordinary insect-eating bat, only they are much larger and more powerfully built. On the extremity of what may be called the leading fingers, there are claws.

The flying-fox is a great lover of fruit, and

will travel miles from its roosting place to get it. Our Australian forests are rather poorly supplied with wild fruits, except in the tropical portions. But the bats soon found out the orchards of the farmers and they do a lot of damage to them every year. A flock of flying-foxes will mess up an orchard in a single night, so those farmers living in their vicinity are always on the watch for them. So powerful is their odor that even if they just brush a peach or plum with their wing, the fruit becomes uneatable. I did not believe this until I was offered an apparently good peach so treated. It was quite untouched so far as the eye could see, but it smelled like a dead shark.

The flesh of this bat is, as may be expected from its diet, very succulent, but the unfortunate smell is again the trouble. If the smell could only be got rid of, flying-fox would, I am certain, quickly become such a popular article of diet that the sportsmen would soon keep them within bounds. But I have never found a white man game enough to enjoy them. At a black's camp one day I was given a piece of one to taste and found it very good, all but the smell. That was so bad that I had to force myself to eat it. The blacks (aboriginals), however, eat them readily enough, although when they can get it, they prefer 'possum or kangaroo. The blacks catch the flying-fox in a variety of ways. The two principal methods are by the use of smoke and with the boomerang. When the blacks discover a roosting place, they build a big fire beneath the trees, feeding the fire liberally with green branches so as to raise a big smoke. The smoke stupefies the bats, and some fall to the ground, while the others can be knocked off the branches without alarming the flock. It is curious that the smoke does not make the bats move off. On the contrary, they will hang on until they smother. They hang so firmly unless previously smoked, it is difficult to dislodge them with the boomerang. The boomerang, I may explain, is a black fellow's weapon and is a curved stick, with one side flat and the other rounded, about two feet long, bent at an obtuse angle. This is the famous weapon which can be made to return through the air to the thrower. If, however, it hits anything, its course ends.

Another method pursued by the blacks is to wait on the edge of the forest for the bats either leaving or returning. As they come past, the black fellow will send boomerang after boomerang whirling into their midst, usually with good results. He may send a dozen boomerangs in this fashion before he stops to collect the slain. He usually cooks the bats by roasting them whole, in their skins, on a small fire.

Mr. Le Souëf mentions in his book, "Wild Life in Australia," having seen some enormous flocks of this bat. One flock was flying from an island on the Queensland (Australia) coast to the mainland. The air was full of the bats, and the flight continued for over an hour, until it was too dark to see any more of them. On another occasion, near Singapore, he saw an enormous flock at broad mid-day flying appar-

ently to a new camping ground. "They flew high, and when passing between us and the sun, cast a shadow and hid the sun from view for some time. We estimated that there must have been over half a million flying-foxes."

The flying-fox is found all over the islands to the north of Australia, known as the East Indian Archipelago, where the rich wild tropical fruits supply it with an abundance of food. In the southern portions of Australia it is becoming scarcer, as the forests are being cleared off. As it is of absolutely no use, and is certainly no ornament, no one will miss it if it becomes extinct.



THE TOP RAIL.

A NEW YORK Medico, who appears prominently among the dry-fly exponents, and who now is proving the book on dry-fly theories in the Adirondacks, came into the hotel after a fish et al supper at one of the Adirondack clubs the other night. There being no elevator in the rural hostelry, he tip-toed up three flights of creaky stairs in the wee sma' hours. Stealthily as he thought, he opened the bed room door and started to slip out of his clothes and into bed before wifey shook off the control of Morpheus. Removing shoe number one he placed it gently on an imaginary chair in the ambient atmosphere. The shoe struck the floor and awoke wifey. Rising on her elbow she observed hubby standing in the dark room in front of a window, through which the moon shone full on his face, above which topped his hat. Wifey, somewhat surprised to find her inferior fraction so remiss as to keep his head piece undoffed in the house, said: "Bill, why didn't you take off your hat outside?" With a start of surprise, and after a second of deep thought, he replied: "It was too dark in the hall."

* * *

I HAD an amusing experience with a battery on a ducking trip to Ragged Island, or rather my friend "Mike" did. We were tied off Lane's in shallow water, and the shooting was fair, Mike downing eight "boobies" and one canvas in his first trick, though it was his first time in a "sink box." Howard, my guide, poled me up to relieve him, but before we got alongside, Mike, thinking there was a wing at the foot of the battery as on the other three sides, started toward us and walked right off into the bay. The water was only up to his waist, though slightly chilly, and he was soon warmed up again as the result of some vigorous sprinting up and down the marsh nearby and internal applications from my flask. I didn't think I'd ever be able to stop laughing at the startled look of amazement on his face when he first came up after his sudden dip.

GRIZZLY KING.

The next three months will add many subscriptions to FOREST AND STREAM.



GAME BAG AND GUN

Good Quail Season.

URBANNA, Va., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On coming to this country, almost two years ago, I was surprised to learn of the excellent fishing, and the variety of fish to be taken by hook and line embracing sea trout, bluefish, rockfish, flounders, white perch, spots, croakers, shad of the finest flavor (the latter netted), soft and hard shell crabs by the tens of thousands.

Crab roasts, with other good things, are very popular with the young people. The fishing is good from June to late fall.

There will be good quail shooting in this vicinity. The season for mating has been exceptionally good, and I have no doubt there will be numbers of second nestings. In some near places covers are bad for man and dog, there being many ravines well armed with that pest, the cat-brier; and into these of course the whole covey pitches on being flushed in the open, and there being few open covers, the single bird shooting is seldom found in the fields close to ravines. Further back in the country, some six miles or so, the opportunity for a good day's sport is enhanced. There is a non-resident license and all shooters must get permission from the owner of the land to shoot. There are no snipe, woodcock or ruffed grouse here. Once in a great while during the fall flight a solitary woodcock is picked up. It is sad to contemplate the total destruction of this fine game bird, so dear to the heart of the sportsman, particularly the old generation of shooters who have seen this great bird in numbers sufficient for rare sport. Is there no way out to save the beautiful woodcock from extinction? Brother sportsmen, are we doing our duty to posterity and to ourselves to know this bird is passing away while we are not taking decided steps for his preservation? Can we not have a law that will prohibit the shooting of woodcock for, say, eight or ten years in all States, making the penalties very heavy in fines and jail sentences? DICK SWIVELLER.

Erbswurst.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Hurrah for the ever-improving issues of FOREST AND STREAM!

In your issue of May 18 you publish a mighty interesting article by L. Lodian on "Some Camping-Out Foods," but in it the author does what I and my Detroit fellow campers feel to be a grave injustice to a splendid article of the campers' commissary, namely Erbswurst. We have used it in camp and at home for years and have introduced it to a large number of friends. I have never seen anyone fail to wax enthusiastic over it, and should include it in the lightest pack because it has all the virtues we look for in camp foods—dryness, compactness, palatability and high nutritive value, with ease of preparation. In these respects it excels clear soups, tea or coffee. Please do not let it rest with the black eye Mr. Lodian gives it, but ask your campers to try Erbswurst (Knorr) next time they are wet, tired and hungry in camp. All outfitters and large city groceries now handle it.

In your issue of July 6 you mention an "Interlaken Regatta" and in that of July 27 an "Inland Lake Y. R. A." Both of these news items refer to the I. L. Y. A. which is the "Inter-Lake Yachting Association" which has an interesting meet annually at Put-in-Bay. Just watch us next year at the Perry Centennial. Better yet—join us there. O. E. FISCHER, M.D.

Pheasant Eggs Under Barnyard Hens.

PHEASANT eggs for setting under barnyard hens are now being distributed throughout Illinois by the Illinois State Game Department. Deputy Game Warden G. W. Trunk distributed forty dozen of these eggs among the farmers of Peoria county this week. Only one dozen was allowed to each applicant. The farmers are asked to raise these birds with great care, and when able to shift for themselves to release them in some timber or brush land where they can take shelter from their enemies. The State Game Commission will ship many thousands of these eggs this year, and it is believed that this plan of propagation will prove of great success. It has been learned that better results are secured in rearing the young pheasants when barnyard hens are used than with the pheasants themselves. The latter are not so solicitous concerning the safety of the chicks as the hens. When the latter birds are used the percentage that reaches maturity is vastly increased.

Illinois Shooting.

THE mourning dove season opened on Aug. 3 in Illinois. Hunters are permitted to shoot fifteen of these birds daily. The season lasts 120 days. All other game birds are protected until Sept. 2, the exceptions being quail and prairie chickens, which may not be shot until Nov. 11. Not much attention is paid to squirrel shooting until after the dove season opens. The open season for squirrels extends to Nov. 15.

New Life.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I like your magazine better than before. Somehow or other there is more life in it. There was a time when it seemed sort of dead. The new management seems to be decidedly more liberal.

Yours for continued success and all the good wishes of the season.

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.

Authoritative Article.

POPLAR BLUFF, Mo., Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It pleases me to note the last article by J. B. Thompson in your paper. You are to be congratulated in having a contributor so well posted on the fauna of our country. I have noticed his writings in the newspapers for some time and hope your interesting journal will entertain us with many more from the same pen. BYRON C. TOOMBS.

Alaska Game Protection.

IN EFFECT AUG. 1, 1912.

IN accordance with the authority conferred on the Secretary of Agriculture under Section 2 of the Alaska game law (35 Stat., 102), approved May 11, 1908—that the Secretary of Agriculture is hereby authorized, whenever he shall deem it necessary for the preservation of game animals or birds, to make and publish rules and regulations prohibiting the sale of any game in any locality modifying the close seasons hereinbefore established, providing different close seasons for different parts of Alaska, placing further restrictions and limitations on the killing of such animals or birds in any given locality, or prohibiting killing entirely for a period not exceeding two years in such locality—the following regulations, additional to those of Aug. 1, 1908, and superseding those of March 6, 1909, and July 21, 1910, are hereby promulgated, to take effect Aug. 1, 1912:

Regulation 1.—Open Season For Deer: The season for killing deer in Southeastern Alaska shall be limited to the period from Aug. 15 to Nov. 1, both inclusive.

Regulation 2.—Limits: The number of deer killed by any one person during the open season shall be limited to six.

Regulation 3.—Sale: The sale of deer carcasses in Southeastern Alaska shall be suspended until Aug. 15, 1913.

Regulation 4.—Killing Deer on Certain Islands: The killing of deer on the following islands in Southeastern Alaska: Duke Island, near Dixon Inlet; Gravina Island, near Ketchikan; Kruzof Island, west of Sitka; Suemez Island, near Klawak; and Zarembo Island, near Wrangell, is hereby prohibited until Aug. 1, 1914.

Regulation 5.—Kenai Peninsula: The killing of caribou on the Kenai Peninsula is hereby prohibited until August, 1914.

The shipment of carcasses of moose and sheep for sale, from Seward or other points on the Kenai Peninsula, is hereby prohibited, and no carcasses of said animals shall be accepted for shipment to other points in Alaska unless accompanied by affidavit of the owner that they were not purchased and are not intended for sale.

Regulation 6.—Walrus: The season for killing walrus in Bering Strait and in Bering Sea north of the mouth of the Kuskokwim River shall be limited to the period from May 10 to July 1, both inclusive. The killing of walrus in Bristol Bay and at points on the coast of Bering Sea, south of the Kuskokwim River, is hereby prohibited until Aug. 1, 1914.

The regulations of March 6, 1909, and July 21, 1910, are hereby revoked.

JAMES WILSON,
Secretary of Agriculture.

S. B. SMITH, a farmer of near Rochester, claims to be the champion skunk killer of Illinois, although the distinction was thrust upon him somewhat unexpectedly. While out hunting recently he discovered a colony of seventeen of the odorous animals. Although the skunks defended themselves by the means given to them by nature, and the atmosphere was rendered almost stifling, Smith persisted in his work until he killed all but one of the animals. Veteran hunters assert that it is rare to find such a large colony. The pelts will yield the hunter a handsome return, as skunk skins are in demand.



Wind Interference in Surf-Casting.

BY SWITCH REEL.

THE writer recently had the privilege of watching half a hundred surf-casters battling all day with a stiff 9 o'clock wind in an effort to cast a four-ounce lead beyond the 300-foot mark. At least six of them should have done so had not the wind conditions been adverse. The best cast made, however, was seven feet four inches short of the hundred yard mark, and great disappointment prevailed. A study of the failure in the light of experience discloses some interesting points as to the effect of a cross wind upon bait-casting work.

Figure 1 illustrates roughly the belly in the line at the instant the lead strikes. Figure 2

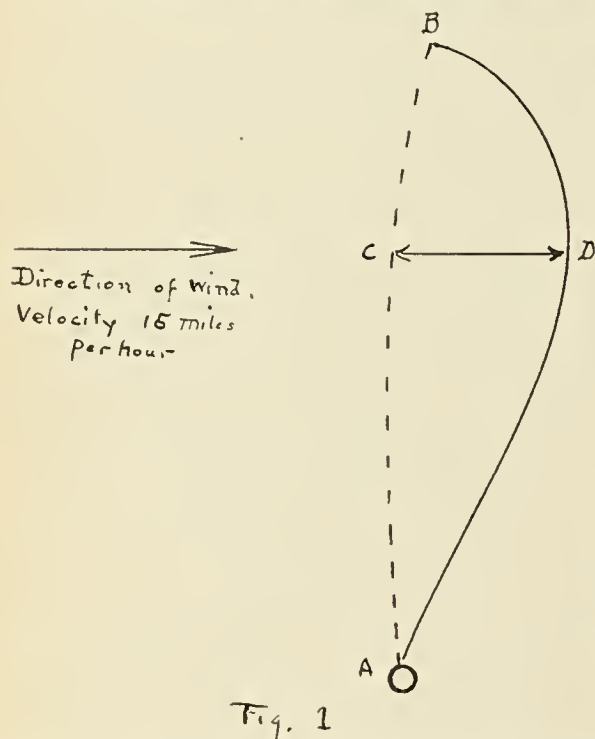


Fig. 1

gives an idea of the trajectory of the lead, the dotted line representing the course traveled by the lead and the solid line representing the line, the caster standing at the point A. Distances as follows: A-C-B, 275 feet; A-D-B, 300 feet; C-D, 75 feet; estimated average velocity of lead, fifty-five feet per second; wind velocity, twenty-two feet per second; time consumed in flight of lead, five seconds, belly in line, seventy-five feet.

It is probable that as the lead advances, the lengthening line sweeps through a course whose limits are between the dotted and solid lines in the two figures and which is a product of the two areas. The line makes part of a revolution about the line along which the lead travels; probably less than a quarter revolution. Given that the line attains an extreme divergence of seventy-five feet from the course followed by the lead, the mean divergence would be half that

distance. But as the drag of the advancing belly in the line exists both between A and D and between D and B, the sum of two means, or seventy-five feet, must be taken as the total line surface offering resistance to the air. The area of one side of seventy-five feet of nine-thread line at thirty-six turns to the inch is twenty-five square inches, which is the total surface exposed to the air at the end of the cast. But as this surface grows from zero, it would seem proper to regard the mean of twenty-five square inches as about the equal of the exposed line surface offered as a drag on the lead throughout its flight. If this reasoning be correct, it may be said that the lead in a 275-foot cast under the wind conditions above described has, in effect, been towing a plane surface a little larger than half a postal card, broadside on, through its entire journey.

It is remarkable that a 292-foot 8-inch cast should have been made under such a handicap, but such was the achievement of Mr. Frank P. Johnson at Asbury Park on Aug. 3.

I am not in the class with your correspondent "Olive Dun," who possesses two cords of fly-rods. My stock is down to about half a cord through having supplied a few boy friends of the right sort with proper tools. But while I look back tenderly to the fly-rod days, they brought no wild joy like that which goes with a 300-foot surf cast running smoothly to the end.

A good two-fisted rod with plenty of butt and with ginger in the spring of it, a free spool, silent running reel, a slender nine-thread line that breaks at eighteen pounds strain, a four-ounce lead, a long backward reach, a move like unto Chief Meyers' whipping the ball down to second base which the left hand at the end of the butt follows through and accelerates with a bit of a pull, and—away goes the lead tearing yard after yard of line from the reel. The fly is retrieved and cast in two or three seconds. A deer is seen and shot in less. But it is one, two, three, four, five seconds of anxiety and doubt lest a back-lash part the line ere the lead finally strikes a hundred yards away. Wah! A bull moose! It would make T. R. himself feel like six bull moose rolled into one.

I know, for I've done it—probably when no fellow saw it.

Mascalonge in the Niagara River.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mascalonge are plentiful on Upper Niagara River this season. Fifteen a day are being caught on an average. Many of our club members are among the successful. The record for size to date is held by ex-Game Protector Thomas Carter, his prize weighing forty pounds.

H. C. UTZ, Sec'y Frontier Rod and Gun Club.



Fig. 2

Dry-Fly in Northern Waters.

SOUTH MILFORD, N. S., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Disappointed that any remarks of mine previously made have led to the impression (as I read out of Mr. Bisbee's genial letter) that I have been so daring as to deny the efficacy of the dry-fly on the Rondout or any other water in the neighborhood of New York, or for the matter of that anywhere else that I do not personally know. The older a sportsman grows, the less given he usually is to generalizing about country that he is not well acquainted with. Except my experience in English waters I have never used the dry-fly save in Canadian and Maine waters, and I have confined my remarks about its comparative inefficiency to Nova Scotia waters. And, furthermore, I do not say that even in some other part of the North Woods it might not prove a success, though I rather doubt it, except on certain occasions, as I believe the wild trout of our waters do not like dead or immovable bait.

I do not relish the idea that I pretend to any exclusive knowledge on any woodland subject, for the older a man gets, the more humble he grows. I merely register my experiences, and draw certain, not very far-reaching, conclusions from them. Having tried the dry-fly here ever since 1900 (see "Tent Dwellers" for use in 1902), I cannot fail to have observed certain things about the dry-fly and our trout here, *voilà tout*. Though the use of the dry-fly is fifteen years old and more, with some of us on this side of the big pond, and though Mr. Gill and Mr. LaBranche are doing a lot to make the art of it popular, yet I am also of the opinion that some maker must first come who has the enterprise to tie flies after our own insects before we can pretend to an American dry-fly science.

EDWARD BRECK.

Santa Cruz Tournament.

A FLY-CASTING contest was held at the Santa Cruz water pageant, July 27, 1912. Eight beautiful trophies were awarded to the successful casters. Among the contestants were the experts of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club of San Francisco and the California Anglers' Association of San Francisco.

The contest was held on a beautiful lake and the conditions of the weather were ideal. Santa Cruz at this time of the season is one mass of solid summer visitors, with the result that a large gathering was present to witness the fly-casting contests. The following proved to be the most expert in the different events: Accuracy fly, first prize, F. J. Cooper; second prize, T. C. Kierulff. Delicacy fly, first prize, T. C. Kierulff; second prize, E. A. Mocker. Accuracy lure, first prize, F. A. Webster; second prize, C. H. Kewell. Long distance line, first prize, C. H. Kewell; second prize, F. A. Webster.

E. A. MCKER.

DAVID HILL, of Ottawa, Ill., while fishing recently at the junction of the Fox and Illinois rivers, landed a ten-pound red-mouth buffalo fish, the largest of this species caught with a hook and line in many years. It required the combined strength of Hill and a companion to haul the big fellow to shore.

Catfish on Artificial Bait.

AN incident in fishing experience that may be of some interest to readers is the taking of a Mississippi cat with artificial bait. I was casting in the Potomac for small-mouth bass, in the swift water where interfering rocks made eddies. The bait was a medium sized two-bladed spoon. The fish was a pound or more in weight, and took the spoon at six to twelve inches under water. The water was cloudy, but not too thick for bass, as I caught a bass and had several rises.

On a previous occasion I was casting in a pond where fish were left by overflows. The water was clear and I saw from a cliff that there were cats and bass in it. When close to the water, the reflection on the surface usually prevents seeing off at an angle, and which prevented me on this occasion being sure what sort of fish made for the spoon. As I drew it across a deep place, the mouth that I saw open and miss the spoon looked very much like that of a cat. The fish, whatever it was, made a second dash at it into water that was too shallow and missed again.

An article on the fish that will take the artificial and the best sorts and colors for the various fish, if it could be gotten together and published, would be very interesting to me.

F. R. FRAVEL.

St. Louis Bait- and Fly-Casting Club.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A contest of the St. Louis Fly- and Bait-Casting Club was held in beautiful Forest Park, Sunday, Aug. 4. The popularity of the sport was again shown with a great number of people present who applauded some of the fine casting. The results were as follows:

Accuracy, fly-casting:		Geo Ashton 97 2-15
H J Steinmesch... 99 1-15		Dr C A Vosburgh. 97 1-15
S S Pingree..... 98 10-15		H F Mardorf..... 96 14-15
Aug Cyran 98 4-15		R L Smith..... 96 4-15
M J Brennan..... 98 1-15		
B A Fleming..... 98		
Fly, distance:		
	Feet.	Feet.
S S Pingree 81		Aug Cyran 73
M J Brennan..... 79		H J Steinmesch..... 67
Dr C A Vosburgh... 76		H F Mardorf..... 67
B A Fleming..... 75		Geo Ashton 54
Half-ounce accuracy:		
E W Schloeman..... 98.7		Aug Cyran 97.1
Fred Werner 98.5		Dr C A Vosburgh... 96.6
Ed Werner 98.4		John O Day 96.3
S S Pingree 98.4		Frank P Ford..... 95.7
H F Mardorf..... 97.8		R L Smith 93.3
L I Heyman..... 97.3		H J Steinmesch 79.4
Geo Ashton 97.2		
Quarter-ounce accuracy:		
S S Pingree 98.2		H F Mardorf..... 97.6
E W Schloeman..... 98.1		H J Steinmesch..... 96.5
Ed Werner 98.0		Aug. Cyran 95.1
Fred Werner 97.6		Dr C A Vosburgh... 88.4

GEO. ASHTON, Sec'y.

Asbury Park Fishing Club.

THE casting tournament committee of the Asbury Park Fishing Club has just handed out the official list of winners in the last annual tournament, held Saturday, Aug. 3.

There were originally but six prizes for the first event, for club members only. This event, for the best average of five casts in a lane thirty feet wide, the caster using a three-ounce lead, was won by Nelson Schoen, with an average cast of 190 feet 11 inches. The sixth prize was awarded R. H. Corson, but W. W. Flavell claimed an error in measurement and was credited with the same distance thrown by Cor-

son, 166 feet 8 inches, and he was given a 200-yard line similar to the sixth prize awarded Corson.

The wind was from the west and struck the lines sidewise, thus making it unfavorable for high averages. The longest individual cast was made by Frank P. Johnson, in the fifth event, which was open. He threw 292 feet, winning over John Clayton by 3 feet 2 inches. Arthur Seger got the line offered by L. Holdidge for the lowest average in the first event, his average being 118 feet 8 inches.

Winners of special prizes were as follows:

For casts nearest to 650 feet in events 4 and 5 won by Henry C. Rydell; total 650 feet. Cast nearest to 642 feet in event, G. W. Fen-



FRANK P. JOHNSON.

more, 653 feet 4 inches. Best average in events 1 and 2, John Vogler, average 197 feet 9 7/10 inches. Three best casts nearest to stake, H. G. Cole, 18 feet 1 inch. For average nearest to 360 feet in event 2, F. H. Westervelt, 754 feet.

The events, winners and scores, fractions of inches excluded:

Event No. 1—Nelson Schoen, 190 feet 11 inches; John Vogler, 179 8 inches; C. M. Day, 174 feet 10 inches; C. O. Perry, Jr., 169 feet 2 inches; J. M. Dettrick, 167 feet 10 inches; R. H. Corson, 166 feet 8 inches; W. W. Flavell, 166 feet 8 inches.

Event No. 2, best average of five casts in a line thirty feet wide with four-ounce lead—C. O. Perry, Jr., 217 feet 10 inches; John Vogler, 215 feet 11 inches; A. W. Flavell, 200 feet 1 inch; J. F. Marshall, 195 feet 11 inches; T. C. Mertz, 193 feet 11 inches; W. W. Flavell, 178 feet 8 inches.

Event No. 3, three casts at a stake 140 feet from starting line—H. G. Cole, 3 feet from

stake; J. E. English, 3 feet 7 inches from stake; G. W. Fenimore, 4 feet 7 inches from stake; J. C. Clayton, 5 feet 1 inch from stake.

Event No. 4, with V-shaped court, best average in five casts, open to all—John Clayton, 257 feet 9 inches; C. M. Day, 251 feet 5 inches; H. K. Satow, 223 feet; C. O. Perry, Jr., 222 feet 4 inches; J. A. Davett, 214 feet 7 inches; F. P. Johnson, 203 feet 7 inches.

Event No. 5, longest individual cast, open to all—F. P. Johnson, 292 feet; John Clayton, 286 feet 10 inches; C. M. Day, 284 feet 2 inches; L. J. Brown, 260 feet; W. W. Flavell, 257 feet 9 inches; R. H. Corson, 250 feet 2 inches.

Illinois Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Notwithstanding somewhat adverse weather conditions, a large number of enthusiastic casters gathered for the contests of the 3d and 4th inst. The weather conditions were approximately the same for both days—northwest cross winds, about fifteen miles per hour. The scores follow:

Half-ounce accuracy bait:	
De Garmo 98.5	Kernaghan 98.5
Linder 99.0	Kerr 97.4
Jamison 97.8	Swisher 97.6
Stanley 98.7	Blodgett 98.4
Humphreys 98.1	Huntley 98.6
Hartley 98.2	Hartstall 98.9
Heston 98.5	Abbey 96.9
Asper 98.2	Hornstein 94.8
McCandless 98.1	*Paulson 97.0
Buchanan 96.8	*T Nordholm 97.0
Whitby 98.5	*J Nordholm 96.4
McFarlin 97.6	*Campbell 97.1
Wehle 98.2	
Re-entries:	
Linder 99.1	Kerr 99.1
Stanley 99.3	Swisher 97.6
Hartley 98.2	Blodgett 97.3
McCandless 97.5	Huntley 92.8
Buchanan 94.6	Hartstall 98.6
Half-ounce distance bait:	
Wehle 141	Grant 38 3/4
De Garmo 73 1/2	*Lingenfelter 183 1/2
Heston 125	*Chatt 160 1/2
Jamison 136 1/2	*T Nordholm 117 1/2
Re-entries:	
Heston 137 1/2	
Distance fly:	
Jamison 93	De Garmo 102
Stanley 94	Linder 90
Re-entries:	
Jamison 95	
*Guests.	

A. F. SWISHER, Sec'y-Treas.

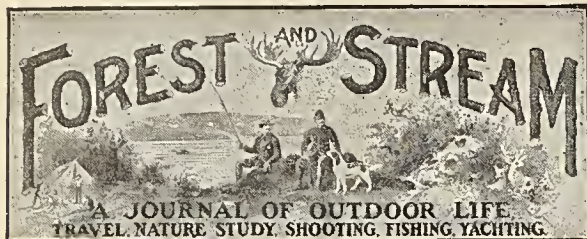
Elgin Anglers' Club.

ELGIN, Ill., Aug. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The scores of the Elgin Anglers' Club contest of Aug. 4 are as follows:

	1/4-ounce	1/2-ounce
	D. and A.	D. and A.
Fred Eggabrecht	98	98.1
Wm Newton	97.9	95.8
C L Provost.....	97.6	97.7
C T Huff.....	97.6	97.6
Chas Elliott	97.4	94.8
O Schmidt	96.3	93.2
O Grömburg	96.1	95
C A Saunders	94.5	94.3
Dick Kadow	93.7	93.4
Chas Hallin	91.3	92.4
J Selover	91.2	90.1
M Miller	90.1	92.0
Henry Becker	91	91
A S Marsh	91.1	90.7
F Fierke	90	91.7
T S Pratt.....	91.2	90
A Winteringham	97.7	98.3

R. F. KADOW, Sec'y.

All the fish laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.



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CORRESPONDENCE—FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted, but, of course, are not responsible for the views of correspondents. Anonymous communications cannot be regarded.

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ADVERTISEMENTS: Display and classified, 20 cts. per agate line (\$2.80 per inch). There are 14 agate lines to the inch. Covers and special positions extra. Five, ten and twenty per cent. discount for 13, 26 and 52 insertions, respectively, within one year. Forms close Monday in advance of publication date.

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

OUR BIRTHDAY.

ON Aug. 14, 1873, FOREST AND STREAM was born into a tremendous field of usefulness. Every week since that day we have endeavored to live up to everything we promised. How well we have succeeded, readers of FOREST AND STREAM can judge. Personally we have no hesitation in saying: We have done our best, and that others agree with us is evidenced by the fact that many of those who sought our society when they and we were young have remained loyal friends to this day. We have made some enemies through our persistence in enactment of game protective measures and enforcement of righteous game and conservation laws, but it is safe to say that no member of the class of sportsmen to whom we cater or whose co-operation we seek is among the disgruntled. It is hard for some of the older hunters who lived actively in the days of game abundance to realize the necessity for curtailment in bag limit and shortening open seasons, but they have taken our educational work good naturedly, albeit not willingly, and almost to an individual have come to see the light. The game hog we have handled without gloves, with the result that legislators in most States have made him a negligible item. Our support of game refuge measures is too well known to need further definition, as is the case with other legislation we deem wise. Our rigid adherence to fact, together with our erudition, has given us *the place in authority* on matters of interest to sportsmen, by whom daily we are consulted. Growing older to us is a pleasure because we know that every year adds wisdom and stature and makes us more and more needful to the outdoor man and woman. Our aim was and is set forth in the leader in black face type at the top of this page—as it was in the beginning, is now.

THE SISSON BILL.

REPRESENTATIVE SISSON, of Mississippi, has introduced a bill to tax the manufacture and sale of deadly weapons, which provides that there shall be paid a tax of \$2.50 on each pistol, dirk, bowie knife, sword cane, stiletto and brass or metallic knuckles, and in addition to such tax an ad valorem duty of 25 per cent. shall be collected on the price at which the manufacturer sells the weapon to the trade. The bill, which is to take effect July 1, 1913, provides a fine of \$1,000 and six months imprisonment for violations of its provisions. The measure was referred to the House Committee on Ways and Means which has to do with all bills which levy taxes and was extended hearings in order that Mr. Sisson might explain the purpose and provisions of his measure. Mr. Sisson declared that the purpose of his bill was primarily to raise revenue but would also operate to regulate the sale and carrying of deadly weapons in violation of State and municipal laws, and would, therefore, operate for the welfare of society. The bill is not intended to cover any weapons except those mentioned, and would not therefore include rifles or shotguns as was supposed by many when the bill was first introduced. It was shown during the hearings that there were manufactured in this country in the year 1910 the enormous number of 1,638,560 revolvers, rifles and shotguns. There were ten manufacturers who reported 580,042 revolvers, 391,875 shotguns and 666,643 rifles as having been made during the year mentioned. Sixty-six establishments are engaged in the manufacture of firearms and ammunition with a combined capital of \$39,377,000, with 15,000 employees. It was natural, therefore, that many protests were filed by the manufacturers with the committee, though none appeared in person at the hearings to oppose the bill. It is estimated that with the enactment of the bill into law, the proposed duty would realize at least \$2,500,000 in revenue to the Federal Treasury, as well as serve to identify and regulate the sale and use of the deadly weapons mentioned. The bill does not include any weapon enumerated therein, and does not disturb the sale of cartridges or ammunition of any kind. A great deal of misapprehension was felt over this measure by sportsmen and others when the bill was first introduced owing to a misconception of the terms of the bill and inadequate treatment of its terms by the press. Mr. Sisson has received many letters of commendation from State and municipal officers who ardently support the bill. It is understood that the committee will report the bill favorably, and that it will finally pass the House during the next session of Congress.

THE STARLING.

REPORTS received at the Department of Agriculture state that the English starling, whose progress in this country has been watched with some uneasiness, has gotten as far south as Newport News, Va. This is one of the imported birds that it feared will rank with the English sparrow as a pest. It does no particular harm in England, but it was introduced into Australia some years ago and there it has proved to be a serious menace to the wheat crops. The birds were started in this country in New England and have worked South slowly, remaining almost stationary for several seasons around Philadelphia, Pa.

BIRDLESS MONTCLAIR.

THESE days everything seems to run to the suffix less, excepting possibly the cost of living. We have wireless telegraphy, seedless oranges, beardless youth, thoughtless legislation, speechless fright and lesses ad lib., but can it be now that we are to have birdless Montclair? The present desire is to rechristen the moneyed thoroughfare of this ultra New Jersey village, Birdway. The trees fairly droop with their feathered freight, residents along the songed highway woo sleep in vain, phonographs are put away to rest because the oriole and robin sing away, regardless of the efforts of Mary Garden and Caruso to promote musical art in condensed form. All that stands in the way of Montclair's peace of mind is the law that says: "Thou shalt not kill." It is good for Montclair's hot-headed citizens that the commissioners won't let them kill song and insectivorous birds. Good because should Montclair have her way, she not only would be birdless, but treeless as well.

It is probable the birds have not selected Montclair because of its climate and roosting facilities, but because insect life there offers superior feeding, a decrease in the labor of living made so high in Paris-greened sections. Treeless Montclair is not destined to be, because a wise legislation has willed against birdless Montclair, and later, when the birds have gone to warmer climes, though not those to which we understand the residents on Birdway oft have consigned them, the bird killers of the Jersey suburb will be glad wiser heads made laws that will enable Montclair to continue as one of the show villages of the State of New Jersey and not birdless and treeless Montclair.

ALASKA GAME LAWS.

IN another column we print the revision in Alaska game laws superseding those of July 21, 1910. It seems unfortunate that the Department of Agriculture should have delayed issuing these revisions until Aug. 1, as under the old laws the season on caribou on the Kenai Peninsula opened Aug. 20, 1912, after having been closed four years, while in other parts of Alaska the law was off on Aug. 1. Many sportsmen had their trips planned before Aug. 1, while others already were on their way to the Alaska hunting grounds before the new regulation was issued. It seems as though those in authority could have made the new ruling in January instead of at the opening of the season, under the then existing laws.

THE ADVERTISING RECORD.

IN June, FOREST AND STREAM, according to Printers' Ink, carried 2,215 agate lines more advertising than any other sportsman's publication. In July it did still better, according to the same authority, carrying 2,920 lines more than its nearest competitor as the following tabulation will show:

AGATE LINES OF ADVERTISING.

(Compiled by Printers' Ink.)

Publication	July, 1912.
Forest and Stream	15,604
Outing	12,684
Field and Stream	11,816
Outer's Book	9,632
Recreation	7,310

Well! Well!!! Well!!!



YACHTING



Let the Gasolene Twins Do Your Work

By E. T. KEYSER

TIME was, and not so long ago at that, when most canoeists could, within an hour of dropping their boats overboard, find themselves in a nice sequestered place with wood and water and a good camp-site awaiting them. Today the proposition is so vastly different that the man who wants a reasonable amount of solitude finds his hours' paddle multiplied by three or four.

Yes, I know it's exercise all right, and what the average canoeist is after is exercise.

At the same time it's a mighty big difference when you break camp on Sunday afternoon, and find that the calking has all been pulled out of the clouds, whether you travel through that leakage for one or for three hours.

Furthermore, when a man quits at 1 o'clock on Saturday it makes a big difference whether he reaches his camp site at 3 or 4 o'clock that afternoon, or sometimes about 7 P. M.

That's why so many hardened canoeists who have sworn that there is nothing to beat sailing, are casting sheep's eyes at some of the many attractive little marine motors that give more power than a man at considerably less than the average paddler's weight.

What kept the canoeist out of the marine game was the fear of encountering difficulties when installing the engine and boring for the shaft and attaching a shaft log, but with the advent of ready-made shaft logs with adjustable fastening adapted to any style of canoe or small boat, the only part of the work that was beyond the average canoeist's ingenuity has been so simplified as to cut no figure in subsequent proceedings.

For use in a canoe the 2-cycle engine, by reason of its light weight, has a much greater advantage over its brother of the 4-cycle type than when installed in any other type of boat.

The 2-cycle engine to-day may be obtained running in weight from less than 40 up to about 150 pounds and capable of producing from 2 horsepower up to 10.

These engines develop their rated horsepower at all the way from 750 up to as high as 1,150 revolutions per minute, and swing two or three-bladed propellers from ten inches up to fourteen inches in diameter.

On a craft as small as a canoe, where shoal water must be navigated, the diameter of the propeller has a very important bearing on the cruising radius of the craft, and it is better for this reason to utilize a three-bladed wheel, as it enables one to obtain the same power and speed from a smaller diameter than would be required in a propeller of but two blades.

Furthermore, particularly when used behind a deadwood or skeg, there is less vibration with a three than with a two-bladed propeller, and vibration is something to be carefully guarded against in a craft so lightly built as a canoe.

For this reason it is well, when installing the engine, to see that the bed is of good stout material, and that fore and aft stringers are just as long as the canoe will accommodate without unduly sacrificing her seating capacity.

In general practice to-day the motor is installed as far aft as possible in the canoe as it may be placed without giving an undue rake to the shaft.

Undoubtedly the reason for this is that there is a saving in the length of shafting, and that with the fly wheel at the forward end of the engine it is easier to start up the motor from this position when afloat than if it were placed forward of the passengers.

On the other hand, from its very form of underbody the canoe is more or less of a "squat-ter," principally more.

Now, although this defect is an inherent trait of the peculiar form of the canoe's after under-water body, this may be reduced somewhat by placing of the weights, such as gasolene tank and engine well forward, so that when at rest the boat will be down by the head; this will not eliminate "squatting" entirely, but will reduce it considerably. The fly wheel of the engine may be transferred from the forward end of the shaft to the after end, just forward of the shaft coupling, or one of the small light and very effective rear starting devices may be utilized, so that the engine may be started even more easily than in its other position, which requires the engineer turning around and facing aft when turning over the fly wheel.

As a matter of fact, however, no canoe should be equipped with power without the including of either a reverse gear or a reversing propeller.

It is not entirely in a reversing mechanism's ability to allow you to back up quickly that its full utility lies, but in the fact that you can "stand by" with engine turning and the boat making no headway, and yet be capable of instantly starting when you so desire.

Without some reversing mechanism you cannot run your engine without moving the boat, and stoppage of the boat at a buoy, or while waiting for someone, necessitates that the engine be stopped, and later on—and probably with much inconvenience—restarted.

In a larger boat this is not a particularly pleasant state of affairs, but in something so small as a canoe—where cranking the engine necessitates moving around and shifting the positions—it is anything but safe.

From my own personal way of thinking, I prefer, so far as the canoe is concerned, a reversing propeller to a reverse gear. It requires less clearance, weighs considerably less—and these are no slight items in a craft so small as a canoe. Reverse gears, most admirable in larger craft, weigh nearly almost as much and

occupy pretty nearly as much room as the twin motors adapted to canoes.

Reversing propellers are now made, which not only enable the canoeist to go forward, backward and keep the engine running while the boat lies perfectly still, but also enables him to change his speed at will from scarcely headway to the greatest speed of which the boat is capable, without any adjustment of spark or throttle on the engine, so that with a steering wheel in one hand and the reverse lever in the other, you can do any manner of stunts with perfect ease and security.

Single cylinder motors average lower in cost per horsepower than those of two or more cylinders. On the other hand the multi-cylinder engine runs smoother and more quietly.

Speaking of quietness, the underwater exhaust is a mighty good proposition on a canoe, and if the engine is installed forward, so that the boat trims down by the head when at rest, the exhaust outlet may be placed so that it will be just above the water when the boat is not under way. This will allow the squatting of the stern to submerge the exhaust when the boat is in motion and also allow of easy starting.

Do not, under any circumstances, no matter how strongly tempted, pump your bilge through your cylinder jackets.

Yes, I know that some canoeists have a two-way fitting so that the circulating water may come from either outside of the boat or from the bilge as desired. It is only a matter of time before one forgets to make the shift after the bilge is dried, and then the least of the trouble is that the paint is all off the outside of the engine; the worst possibilities are too horrible even to contemplate.

Utilize one of the many admirable forms of power bilge pumps, which add very little in weight or cost to the outfit, and then, no matter if a comber does come aboard once in a while, you will keep dry and comfortable. A bilge pump is a great deal more of a necessity to a canoe by reason of the lack of space beneath the floor than to the ordinary power boat, and the comfort of a power bilge pump aboard one is out of all proportion to its cost.

Unless you intend to navigate on fresh water exclusively, see that all your fittings be for salt water; that is, your propeller, shaft and all your water piping. Your exhaust piping may be of galvanized steel, and it is well to run at least a portion of the circulating water into your exhaust lines, which is an insurance against somebody getting an ugly burn or the wood charring.

A little two-horse motor will drive your canoe, hour after hour, at a considerably better speed than a sturdy paddler can hit up for the first half hour after he leaves the float, while a 3 to 4-cylinder will give you a real speed of from eight to nine miles an hour. It seems at least twelve or fifteen on account of the boat being so small.

The cost of equipping a canoe with power is so light, the advantages are so many that undoubtedly the year 1913 will find power canoes among the fleet of most of our canoe clubs.

Furthermore the power canoe is so small and so light that it can be housed and properly cared for and tuned up in a manner that is impossible with the average power boat, which must lay out in all sorts of weather at its moorings.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

FIRST DAY.

STONY BROOK, N. Y., Aug. 8.—The run from Glen Cove, L. I., to this port constituted the opening event of the New York Y. C. cruise. It was a day of big sails with a spinnaker run for the first two miles, a broad reach under balloon jib topsails for sixteen miles to Eaton's Neck, and then a fetch, but still with big headsails to the finish off Crane Neck Bluff. The wind held true to the finish and some of the big schooners covered the distance in two hours.

The honors went to the schooner Enchantress, owned by William E. Iselin, and the yawl Phantom, owned by E. S. Booth, which captured the navy challenge cups. Enchantress won in her class, leading the fleet to the finish.

SECOND DAY.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Aug. 9.—The second day's run of the New York Y. C. cruise ended here to-day. From the eastern entrance to Smithtown Bay to the mouth of the Thames River it was a straightaway run with no sail shifting. The principal trophies offered for the day were the cups of the Navy Alumni Association for sloops and schooners. These were won by the sloop Cara Mia in P class, owned by R. L. Cuthbert, and the schooner Vagrant, owned by Harold Vanderbilt. In the regular class the winners were the schooners Elena, Taormina and Vagrant, and the sloops Winsome, Avenger and Medora. In the P class Cara Mia won; Rowdy won in the New York Y. C. 30-footers and Rival in the Sound schooners. The principal race was between the schooners Elena and Enchantress. Two yachts sailed for fifty miles with only megaphoning distance between them. Four miles from the finish Elena drew away and won by 45s.

The summary of the second day, Aug. 9, follows:

Schooners, Class B—Start, 8:30.	
Elena	3 57 12
Enchantress	3 57 57
Irolita	4 04 59
Corrected time: Elena, 3.44.21; Enchantress, 3.45.06; Irolita, 3.48.47; Sea Fox, 3.50.04.	

Schooners, Class B, Special—Start, 8:30.	
Endymion	4 08 52
Corrected times: Sea Fox, 3.50.04.	

Schooners, Class D—Start, 8:25.	
Taormina	4 46 13
Muriel	4 39 30
Corrected time: Taormina, 3.46.13; Muriel, 3.51.50; Princess, 3.52.06.	

Schooners, Class F—Start, 8:25.	
Vagrant	5 00 27
Corrected time: Vagrant, 3.28.12; Miladi, 3.29.20.	

Auxiliaries Under 90 feet—Start, 8:35.	
Venona	5 45 26
Corrected time: Venona, 3.41.52; Iris, 3.51.10.	

Auxiliaries Over 90 feet—Start, 8:35.	
Intrepid	4 20 35
Corrected time: Intrepid, 3.16.28; Aloha, 5.31.03.	

Sloops, Class K—Start, 8:20.	
Winsome	4 45 01
Aurora	4 45 18
Corrected time: Winsome, 3.42.45; Dorello, 3.46.49; Gardenia, 3.48.34; Adventuress, 3.52.55.	

Sloops, Class L—Start, 8:20.	
Avenger	5 03 09
Corrected time: Avenger, 3.54.03; Shimna, 3.56.41.	

Sloops, Class M—Start, 8:20.	
Medora	5 15 00
Dorello	5 19 04
Corrected time: Medora, 3.42.45; Dorello, 3.46.49; Gardenia, 3.48.34; Adventuress, 3.52.55.	

Special Class—Start, 8:20.	
Phantom	5 41 03
Corrected time: Phantom, 3.29.37; Gardenia, 3.48.34.	

Sloops, Class 6, Special—Start, 8:15.	
Cara Mia	6 03 06
Windward	6 04 08
Corrected time: Cara Mia, 5.59.04; Windward, 6.08.13.	

New York Y. C., 30-footers—Start, 8:15.	
Rowdy	6 22 17
Phryne	6 23 38
Carlita	6 31 25
Miriam	6 33 11
Corrected time: Rowdy, 6.33.26; Phryne, 6.34.31; Carlita, 6.41.03; Miriam, 6.41.03.	

Sound Schooners—Start, 8:10.	
Rival	6 36 38
Alys II.	6 38 59
Móira	6 41 51
Corrected time: Rival, 6.41.58; Alys II., 6.42.03; Móira, 6.44.43.	

Alumni Association of U. S. N. Challenge Cup—For Schooners.	
Vagrant	3 28 12
Miladi	3 29 20
Venona	3 34 52
Enchantress ..	3 42 00
Elena	3 43 53
Taormina	3 46 13
Irolita	3 48 47
Endymion not measured.	

New York Y. C., 30-footers—Start, 8:15.	
Rowdy	6 22 17
Phryne	6 23 38
Carlita	6 31 25
Miriam	6 33 11
Corrected time: Rowdy, 6.33.26; Phryne, 6.34.31; Carlita, 6.41.03; Miriam, 6.41.03.	

Sound Schooners—Start, 8:10.	
Rival	6 36 38
Alys II.	6 38 59
Móira	6 41 51
Corrected time: Rival, 6.41.58; Alys II., 6.42.03; Móira, 6.44.43.	

Alumni Association of U. S. N. Challenge Cup—For Schooners.	
Vagrant	3 28 12
Miladi	3 29 20
Venona	3 34 52
Enchantress ..	3 42 00
Elena	3 43 53
Taormina	3 46 13
Irolita	3 48 47
Endymion not measured.	

Alumni Association of U. S. N. Challenge Cup—For Schooners.	
Vagrant	3 28 12
Miladi	3 29 20
Venona	3 34 52
Enchantress ..	3 42 00
Elena	3 43 53
Taormina	3 46 13
Irolita	3 48 47
Endymion not measured.	

For Sloops.	
Cara Mia	3 27 45
Rowdy	3 28 38
Windward	3 29 21
Phantom	3 29 37
Phryne	3 29 59
Miriam	3 39 32
Alera	3 39 47
Carlita	3 37 06
Juanita	3 40 52
Medora	3 42 45
Banzai	3 47 24
Gardenia	3 48 34
Dorello II.	3 46 31
Avenger	3 54 03
Shimna	3 55 43
Winsome	3 58 05
Adventuress	3 51 59
Aurora	3 58 31
Istalena	4 00 30

THIRD DAY.

Moderate to strong winds carried the fleet out of Long Island Sound, across Block Island Sound and into Narragansett Bay on the third run of the annual cruise to-day. The run was a repetition for the greater part of that of yesterday, for the yachts had a close fetch of twenty-six miles hard on the starboard tack along the Southern Rhode Island shore. Rear-Commodore George F. Baker, Jr., contributed a silver cup for the day and the trophies were won by the schooners Elena and Vagrant, and the sloops Istalena and Rowdy.

The class honors went to the schooners Elena, Muriel and Vagrant, the sloops Istalena, Shimna, Medora, Corinthian and Rowdy, the yawl Phantom, and the auxiliary schooners Intrepid and Venona. The breeze picked up strong almost from the start, and when the yachts finally anchored inside of Fort Adams, most of them had to tighten up the starboard rigging, for the fleet had been on the starboard tack in every run since leaving Glen Cove on Thursday morning.

Elena, at the head of the fleet, rounded Point Judith whistler at 12:25 and crossed the finish line with the water boiling under her port bow at three bells on the afternoon watch. Commodore Morton F. Plant, owner of Elena, sailed on his yacht to-day and was enthusiastic over her performance. Elena ran so fast to the finish that the flagship Diana, with the regatta committee on board had only two minutes to spare in which to establish the line. Enchantress and Irolita, which were about a mile astern, had a sharp luffing match in the seven-mile reach from Point Judith. The remainder of the fleet came in quickly in the form of a long procession of yachts until at colors at night Newport Harbor floated one of the largest fleets in many years. The summary:

Schooners, Class B.	
Elena	2 56 13
Irolita	2 58 53
Enchantress	3 00 49
Corrected.	
Sea Fox	3 13 59
Endymion	Not meas.

Schooners, Class D.	
Muriel	3 00 09
Princess	3 02 17
Corrected.	
Taormina	3 06 48

Schooners, Class F.	
Vagrant	2 49 45
Corrected.	
Miladi	3 12 21

Sloops and Yawls, Classes H and K.	
Istalena	3 03 04
Corrected.	
Rainbow	3 12 21

Sloops, Class K.	
Istalena	3 37 41
Aurora	3 40 51
Corrected.	
Winsome	3 43 11

Sloops, Class L.	
Shimna	3 04 21
Corrected.	
Avenger	3 04 50

Sloops, Class M.	
Medora	2 57 20
Dorello	3 01 08
Corrected.	
Gardenia	3 05 08
Adventuress	3 09 02

Special Mixed Class.	
Phantom (yawl) ..	2 48 24
Corrected.	
Gardenia (sloop) ..	3 05 16

Class P.	
Corinthian	4 39 17
Cara Mia	4 39 35
Corrected.	
Joyant	4 40 35
Windward	4 41 30

New York 30-Footers.	
Rowdy	4 50 38
Phryne	4 53 01
Juanita	4 55 03
Alera	5 01 06
Corrected.	
Banzai	5 01 21
Carlita	5 02 23
Miriam	5 04 06

Large Auxiliaries.	
Corrected.	
Intrepid	3 33 40
Corrected.	
Ariadne	3 42 59

Small Auxiliaries.	
Venona	3 02 05
Corrected.	
Iris	3 11 22

FOURTH DAY.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass., Aug. 12.—The yachtsmen of the New York Y. C. squadron had to show their ability as navigators in to-day's run from Newport to this port. They started at Benton Reef Light Vessel in a thick fog and for seventeen miles of the course were completely shut in by the pall of mist. The sea was rough and the race from start to finish was the exciting one of the cruise. The special prizes were the commodore's

cups, and these were won by Irolita, Taormina, Shimna and Rowdy. Rowdy so far on this cruise has not been beaten, and in addition to winning class prizes she has won two of the big cups offered by the flag officers.

In the big schooner class Irolita won by nearly one minute. Class B schooners were led in by Sea Fox. The summary:

Schooners, Class B—Start, 12:45.	
Elapsed.	
Elena	3 27 52
Irolita	3 29 41
Corrected times: Irolita, 3.18.38; Elena, 3.19.04; Sea Fox, 3.41.29.	

Schooners, Special Class B—Start, 12:45.	
Sea Fox	4 00 29
Corrected times: Sea Fox, 3.41.29; Endymion, not measured.	

Schooners, Class D—Start, 12:45.	
Iris	4 00 31
Muriel	4 05 23
Corrected times: Iris started too soon; Taormina, 3.19.25; Princess, 3.28.08; Muriel, 3.32.43.	

Schooners, Class F—Start, 12:40.	
Vagrant	4 28 03
Corrected times: Miladi, 3.21.52; Vagrant, 3.24.51.	

Schooners, Class D, Special—Start, 12:45.	
Muriel	4 05 23
Corrected.	
Princess	4 01 27

Sloops, Class K—Start, 12:35.	
Aurora	4 19 51
Istalena	4 14 51
Corrected.	
Winsome	4 32 25

Sloops, Special Class—Start, 12:35.	
Rainbow	4 24 35
Corrected times: Istalena, 3.42.50; Rainbow, 4.01.12.	

Sloops, Class L—Start, 12:35.	
Avenger	4 21 53
Corrected times: Shimna, 3.34.08; Avenger, 3.34.38.	

Sloops, Class M—Start, 12:35.	
Medora	4 37 23
Dorello II.	4 37 44
Adventuress	4 38 07
Corrected times: Medora, 3.34.11; Dorello II., 3.34.32; Gardenia, 3.34.41; Adventuress, 3.34.55.	

Sloops, Special Class, Start, 12:35.	
Phantom	4 50 37
Corrected times: Phantom, 3.20.34; Gardenia, 3.34.41.	

Sloops—Class P, Special—Start, 12:30.	
Joyant	4 59 49
Corrected.	
Windward	Not meas.

N. Y. Y. C. 30-Footers—Start, 12:30.	
Phryne	5 13 26
Alera	5 15 48
Juanita	5 14 17
Corrected.	
Carlita	5 16 43
Banzai	5 14 37
Rowdy	5 12 14

Commodore's Cups.	
Schooners, First Division—Corrected time: Endymion, not measured; Irolita, 3.18.38; Elena, 3.15.59; Sea Fox, 3.41.29.	

Schooners, Second Division—Corrected time: Muriel, 3.32.43; Taormina, 3.19.25; Princess, 3.28.08; Vagrant, 3.24.51; Miladi, 3.21.52.	
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Sloops and Yawls, First Division—Corrected time: Shimna, 3.33.28; Avenger, 3.34.38; Istalena, 3.42.50; Aurora, 3.47.50; Winsome, 4.00.16; Rainbow, 4.01.12.	
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Sloops, Second Division—Corrected time: Rowdy, 3.12.13; Alera, 3.16.49; Carolita, 3.17.17; Phantom, 3.20.24; Medora, 3.34.11; Adventuress, 3.34.16; Dorello II., 3.34.19; Gardenia, 3.34.44.	
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Perpetual Trophy Holders.

THE Motor Yacht championship trophy is held by F. C. Haven's Avis; the cabin launch championship trophy is held by Spindrift, owned by C. R. Butler, of Albany, N. Y., and the national trophy, for speed boats over 40 feet, was held unchallenged for by Tartar, the speedy Seabury racer, owned by Ralph E. Slaven. Sand-Bur II., the phenomenal little Appel monoplane, owned and raced last year by Messrs. A. K. and C. D. White, of Atlantic City, holds the international world's championship trophy for speed boats under 40 feet, while the interstate championship trophy, for speed boats 33 feet and under, was won last year by Hazel, Albert E. Smith's speedy little Elcoplane, which has figured in so many sensational races, and which has been renamed The Bug.

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Canarsie Y. C.

NINE boats took part in the flag officers' regatta of the Canarsie Y. C. on Jamaica Bay Aug. 10. The regatta was managed by Martin F. Plage, E. M. C. Cane and George Masters. The summary:

Cabin Sloops—Start, 4:05—Course, 10 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Namee, A. H. Behrens	6 07 45	2 14 45
Elizabeth II., E. Cornell	6 37 27	2 32 27
Kenewaha, W. McLaughlin	Did not finish.	
Cabin Catboats—Start, 4:10—Course, 10 Miles.		
Flora May, W. Menzlich	6 35 32	2 25 32
Sinbad, G. Brown	Disabled.	
Open Catboats—Start, 4:15—Course, 10 Miles.		
Selfish, W. Smith	6 22 40	2 07 40
Caddie, E. S. Karr	6 37 55	2 22 55
Open Power Boats—Start, 4:20—Course, 10 Miles.		
Henrietta, F. Singer	6 25 52	2 07 40
Cabin Power Boats—Start, 4:25—Course, 10 Miles.		
Myra, E. Taylor	6 51 00	2 26 00

Nine boats took part in the flag officers regatta of the Canarsie Y. C. on Aug. 10. In the cabin catboat class the winner was Flora May. Sinbad was the only other craft in the division, and she was disabled off the breakwater. The cabin sloop class was won by Namee and the open catboat class was taken by Selfish. The regatta committee was Martin F. Plage, E. M. C. Cane and George Masters. The summary:

Cabin Sloops—Start, 4:05—10 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Namee, A. H. Behrens	6 07 45	2 14 45
Elizabeth II., E. Cornell	6 37 27	2 32 27
Kenewaha, W. McLaughlin	Did not finish.	
Cabin Catboats—Start, 4:10—10 Miles.		
Flora May, W. Menzlich	6 35 32	2 25 32
Sinbad, G. Brown	Disabled.	
Open Catboats—Start, 4:15—10 Miles.		
Selfish, W. Smith	6 22 40	2 07 40
Caddie, E. S. Karr	6 37 55	2 22 55
Open Power Boats—Start, 4:20—10 Miles.		
Henrietta, F. Singer	6 25 52	2 07 40
Cabin Power Boats—Start, 4:25—10 Miles.		
Myra, E. Taylor	6 51 00	2 26 00

National Y. C.

THE seventh race in the championship series of the Lower Bay was decided under the auspices of the National Y. C. on Aug. 10. The regatta committee comprised of D. G. Griffin, A. MacDougal, and Howard Scribner used H. A. Langhaar's schooner Rosina as a committee boat. In Q division Alice won by 1m. 50s. from Spider. On corrected time, La Cubana won in the first division of the handicap class. Cyric won the S division and Merry Widow was the first of the knockabouts. The summary:

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:15—Course, 10 1/2 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alice, G. Davis	4 56 00	1 41 00
Spider, H. Chubb	4 57 50	1 42 50
Suelew, E. F. Luckenbach	4 58 10	1 43 10
Soya, W. A. Barstow	5 13 00	1 58 00
Handicap Class, 1st Div.—Start, 3:20—Course, 10 1/2 Miles.		
Joy, Le Sauvage & Geer	5 15 55	1 55 55
La Cubana, J. H. Ives	5 19 03	1 59 03
Corrected time on La Cubana, 1:52.06.		
Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Start, 3:20—Course, 10 1/2 Miles.		
Gunda, W. Hunt Hall	5 29 32	2 09 32
Sloops, Class S—Start, 3:25—Course, 10 1/2 Miles.		
Cyric, Dr. C. L. Atkinson	5 24 16	1 59 16
M. & F. L. C. M. Camp & Marchant	5 35 06	1 10 06
M. & F., C. M. Camp	5 35 00	2 10 00
Gravesend Bay Knockabouts—Start, 3:30—Course, 8 Miles.		
Merry Widow, E. Bailey	5 13 07	1 43 07
Suffragette, Platt & Tiemann	5 24 26	1 43 26
Mouse, R. Dingman	Disabled.	
Slow Poke, F. L. Durland	Did not finish.	

Huguenot Y. C.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Aug. 10.—The Huguenot Y. C. regatta was sailed to-day off Huckleberry Island. Considering the fact that several nearby clubs were off on their annual cruise, the entry list was very good. However, the hustling regatta committee, V. C. Brown, T. J. Coe and H. M. Williams, generally can draw the best available. The wind was strong and the sea choppy making things very wet for the little fellows. The absences from different classes made it necessary to mix classes to some extent, all of which added excitement to finishes. There were many "Peter Thompsons" on board the yachts, but they stood for the wetting in true sailor fashion.

The Larchmont Interclub class led away, H.

M. Goldschmidt's Hamburg II., crewed by Tom McCahill and Mrs. Kenneth Whiting, winning by 53s. The unbeaten Drena, owned by Sam Shethar, from Port Washington, and crewed ably by his charming superior fraction, won in the mixed sloop class, beating Virginia by 10m. W. S. Macintosh's Gemini won in the Star class by 3m. The summary:

Larchmont Interclub Class—Start, 2:00—5 1/2 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hamburg II., M. M. Goldschmidt	3 01 00	1 01 00
Whiff, W. R. Manny	3 01 53	1 01 53
Sloops, Mixed Class, P and Q—Start, 2:15—5 1/2 Miles.		
Crescent, W. E. Southwick	3 12 32	0 57 32
Sally IX., A. E. Black	3 13 51	0 58 51
Corrected times: Sally IX., 0:56.45; Crescent, 0:57.32.		
Sloops, Mixed Class—Start, 2:15—5 1/2 Miles.		
Maryola, A. F. Bradley	3 21 49	1 06 49
Insurgent, U. D. Cutting	3 30 52	1 15 52
Sloops, Mixed Class—Start, 2:20—5 1/2 Miles.		
Drena, S. Shethar	3 23 10	1 03 10
Virginia, C. Shields	3 33 14	1 13 14
Scylla, E. A. Sierck	Did not finish.	
Sloops, Class R—Start, 2:20—5 1/2 Miles.		
Pixy, L. F. Eggers	3 35 56	1 20 56
Star Class—Start, 2:25—5 1/2 Miles.		
Gemini, W. S. Macintosh	3 50 43	1 15 43
Star Faraway, A. B. Fry	3 53 39	1 18 39
Comet, W. Rand	Time not taken.	

Detroit Crosses Ocean.

AFTER a good deal of knocking about and much bad weather, the motor boat Detroit, 35 feet over all, commanded by T. F. Day, reached Queenstown from New York. She made the trip in twenty-four and a half days. On her arrival she had 200 gallons of gasolene. Her log is interesting:

July 16.—Left; covered 44 miles.
 July 17.—165 miles.
 July 18.—150 miles.
 July 19.—170 miles.
 July 20.—165 miles; very squally.
 July 21.—22 miles only; stopped engine.
 July 22.—43 miles; sea anchors out.
 July 23.—150 miles.
 July 24.—145 miles; good weather.
 July 25.—103 miles; head sea.
 July 26.—150 miles; good weather.
 July 27.—120 miles.
 July 28.—105 miles.
 July 29.—140 miles; bad weather, heavy rain, hard to steer.
 July 30.—108 miles; hove to part of day.
 July 31.—72 miles.
 Aug. 1.—140 miles.
 Aug. 2.—60 miles; ballast shifting.
 Aug. 3.—152 miles.
 Aug. 4.—156 miles.
 Aug. 5.—149 miles.
 Aug. 6.—92 miles, half speed, squally, barometer falling.
 Aug. 7.—Passed Old Head, Kinsale, 5 P. M.; landed 9 o'clock.

Otto Heins Cup.

OTTO HEINS, president of the Bosch Magneto Company, has presented to the Motor Boat Club of America a trophy to be raced for in connection with the international races for the Harmsworth trophy on Aug. 31 and Sept. 2 and 3. The trophy will be known as the one mile international record trophy to be contested for annually.

The record trophy will be raced for immediately after the Harmsworth trophy races. It is to be contested by all foreign and American sportsmen who believe their boat sufficiently fast in a one mile dash. The winner each year will be given a small replica of the trophy by the donor.

There are no restrictions concerning the trophy excepting the rules which govern motor boat racing in general. All boats, whether foreign or American, and which are 40 feet or under in length, may enter the contest. Admiralty rules for deciding the mile dash shall prevail.

The one mile international record trophy will be given over to the Motor Boat Club of America as soon as completed, and the deed and considerations under which the trophy will be contested for will be forwarded to all national

and international clubs desiring to enter the competition or extend a challenge.

It is expected that the announcement of the Heins trophy will create quite a stir in international motor boating circles, as it will provide a final contest where the fastest boat in the world will be decided each year.

The event will be held at Huntington Bay, L. I., on Sept. 2 or 3.

Stamford Y. C.

STAMFORD, Conn., Aug. 10.—Harold Buck's Kelpie won to-day's race for the Stamford Y. C. one-design boats. Dart, R. H. Gillespie, was second. Master Jacob won with Doodle in the Bug class. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Kelpie, Harold Buck	1 09 47
Dart, R. H. Gillespie	1 10 10
Curlew, Gayer Dominick	1 10 42
Snapper, Edward Corning	1 14 47
Killie, Bartholomew Jacob	1 13 26
Osprey, Douglas Elliman	1 13 23
Kittawake, Herman Fleitman	1 14 12

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., Aug. 10.—Two boats took part in to-day's race of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., off Centre Island. The winner was Bat, which beat Hen by 1m. 24s. The summary:

Sloops, Class S—Inside Course—Start, 3:10.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bat, O. B. Jennings	4 04 40	0 51 40
Hen, G. Nichols	4 03 04	0 53 04

Michigan—Patricia.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 12.—To-day Patricia beat Michigan for Richardson cup in the best three out of five races in the international regatta on the Great Lakes. Last Saturday Michigan won handily, to-day things were the reverse. This gives each racer one win.

Dream Wins Return Race.

NAVIGATION improved greatly on Kathemma coming back from Bermuda, so that although she was beaten by the little Dream, it was on handicap, of which she had twelve and a half hours. Dream won by 5h. 26m. The boats left Bermuda Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 7 P. M., finishing at Atlantic, Aug. 10. Kathemma got in at 3 A. M.; Dream at 10:04.

Canoeing

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—Russell F. Black, 1502 Riverside Drive, Trenton, N. J., by R. E. Margerum; Millard Farr, 185 Hudson street, New York city, by Robert J. Wilkin and Jos. F. Eastmond.

Central Division.—F. Lloyd Wassell, care of W. A. B. Co., Wilmerding, Pa., by Percy W. Lander.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—6512, Earl J. Fisher, 514 West 136th street, New York city; 6513, Norman I. Young, 118 Main street, Ossining, N. Y.; 6514, B. F. Wolfinger, Orange, N. J.; 6515, William J. McAnanny, 172 West 130th street, New York city.

Central Division.—6516, Fred A. Isley, 524 Tallman street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Northern Division.—6517, Keith Donevan, Gananoque, Ont., Canada.

MEMBER REINSTATED.

Atlantic Division.—1308 Henry H. Smythe, 70 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.

RESIGNATION.

Central Division.—6268, Harry A. Logan, Wilkinsburg, Pa., now Landsford, Pa., to take effect Oct. 1, 1912.



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 4-5.—Wellington Mass.—Paleface G. C. merchandise shoot. Charles F. Mardin, Sec'y-Treas.
 Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. Arthur Gambell, Supt.
 Sept. 14.—Greenwich Gun Club fall tournament. J. H. Finch, Capt.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

Aug. 20.—Marthasville, Mo.—Daniel Boone G. C. J. O. Wilson, Sec'y.
 Aug. 20.—Canonsburg (Pa.) G. C. A. S. Anthony, Sec'y.
 Aug. 20-21.—Sioux Falls (S. D.) G. C. A. Olson, Sec'y.
 Aug. 20-23.—Montreal, Canada.—Dominion of Canada T. S. A. T. Claude Cooke, Sec'y.
 Aug. 21-22.—Garrison, N. Y.—Garrison-Highland R. and G. C. F. N. Limdebjerg, Sec'y.
 Aug. 22.—Ebensburg, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Ebensburg G. C. W. R. Thompson, Sec'y, Ebensburg, Pa.
 Aug. 23.—Gouverneur (N. Y.) R. and G. C. W. R. Patrick, Sec'y.
 Aug. 24.—La Crosse (Wis.) G. C. J. V. Winter, Sec'y.
 Aug. 27-29.—Cedar Point, O.—Indians. C. W. Budd, Sec.
 Aug. 27-29.—Portland, Ore.—The Interstate Association's Seventh Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under auspices of the Portland G. C.; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in the Pacific Coast Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Aug. 28-29.—Fulda (Minn.) G. C. H. W. Converse, Sec'y.
 Aug. 28-29.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland S. S. A. State tournament. Geo. P. Mordecai, Sec'y, 215 American Building, Baltimore, Md.
 Aug. 29.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Big Game, Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. H. G. Frederichs, Sec'y.
 Aug. 29-30.—Sedalia (Mo.) G. C. John McGrath, Sec'y.
 Aug. 30.—Sandusky, O.—Ye Oak Meadow G. C. Ira C. Krupp, Sec'y.
 Aug. 31.—Menominee Falls (Wis.) G. C. Jas. A. Pike, Sec'y.
 Sept. 2.—Hammond (Ind.) G. C. J. C. Becker, Sec'y.
 Sept. 2.—Ft. Collins (Colo.) Shooting Club. Jos. Garst, Sec'y.
 Sept. 2.—Tower City, Pa.—Sheridan G. C. W. E. Daub, Mgr.
 Sept. 2.—Ogdensburg (N. Y.) S. A. J. M. Morley, Sec'y.
 Sept. 2.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Western Connecticut T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Sea Side G. C. Earl R. Lewis, Sec'y.
 Sept. 2.—Lima (O.) G. C. A. W. Fisk, Pres.
 Sept. 2-3.—Fayette, Mo.—Afro-American Trapshooters' League Grand Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.
 Sept. 2-3.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia State tournament, under auspices of Lynchburg G. C. W. R. Winfree, Sec'y, 1008 Main St., Lynchburg, Va.
 Sept. 2-3.—Paducah (Ky.) Target Club. C. E. Pursell, Sec'y.
 Sept. 3.—Celina (O.) G. C. Geo. Kistler, Sec'y.
 Sept. 3.—Bucklin (Mo.) G. C. Ed. Herriman, Sec'y.
 Sept. 5.—Holdrege (Neb.) G. C. Thos. Hufford, Sec'y.
 Sept. 5.—Cumberland (Md.) G. C. F. Billmeyer, Sec'y.
 Sept. 5.—London (O.) G. C. H. L. Hildinger, Sec'y.
 Sept. 6.—Mechanicsburg (O.) G. C. tournament.
 Sept. 10.—McKeesport, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Youghiogheny Country Club. R. J. Caughey, Sec'y.
 Sept. 10-11.—Caro (Mich.) S. A. F. W. Bowles, Sec'y.
 Sept. 10-13.—Denver, Colo.—Rocky Mountain Interstate Sportsmen's Association; \$5,000 added money. Ambrose E. McKenzie, Mgr.
 Sept. 11.—Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club. Jay Clark, Jr., Sec'y.
 Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. A. B. Heyl, Pres.
 Sept. 13-14.—Beverly, Mass.—Massachusetts State tournament, under auspices of Massachusetts State T. S. A. F. E. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.
 Sept. 16-17.—Evansville, Ind.—Indiana State tournament, under the auspices of the Recreation G. C. Geo. A. Beard, Cor. Sec'y.
 Sept. 17.—Huntingdon, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Alexandria G. C. L. M. Hagerty, Sec'y, Alexandria, Pa.
 Sept. 17-18.—Brookfield, Mo.—Linn County G. C. Ed. Barton, Sec'y.
 Sept. 17-20.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Westy Hogans of America tournament. Bernard Elsesser, Sec'y.
 Sept. 18-19.—Bloomington, Ill.—McLean County G. C. C. A. McDermand, Pres.
 Sept. 19.—Springfield (O.) G. C. Harry C. Downey, Sec.
 Sept. 20.—Sangerfield (N. Y.) Country Club. R. H. Terry, Sec'y.
 Sept. 23-24.—Lewiston (Idaho) G. C. P. T. Lomax, Sec'y.
 Sept. 25.—Mt. Vernon (N. Y.) G. C. A. Betti, Sec'y.
 Sept. 26-27.—Baltimore, Md.—West Forest Park G. C. Richard L. Collins, Sec'y.
 Sept. 26-27.—Capron (Ill.) G. C. Alex. Vance, Sec'y.
 Sept. 27.—Saginaw (Mich.) Canoe Club. T. A. Saylor, Sec'y.
 Oct. 1-2.—Omaha (Neb.) G. C. F. T. Lovering, Sec'y.
 Oct. 2.—Piedmont (W. Va.) G. C. G. N. Hoover, Sec.
 Oct. 3.—Wapakoneta (O.) G. C. Chas. E. Zint, Sec'y.
 Oct. 3.—Elkton (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington Mgr.
 Oct. 5.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Meadow Spring G. C. Wm. F. Letford, Sec'y.
 Oct. 8-10.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. Jos. Kautzky, Sec'y.
 Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. Geo. Alig, Jr., Sec'y.

Oct. 15-18.—Cincinnati, O.—The Interstate Association's Post-Season tournament, on the grounds of the Cincinnati G. C.; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Oct. 16.—Rising Sun (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Vice-Pres.
 Oct. 16-17.—Tarboro (N. C.) G. C. R. E. L. Cook, Mgr.
 Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
 Oct. 22-23.—Scammon (Kans.) G. C. C. R. Quarton, Sec'y.
 Oct. 22-23.—Demopolis, Ala.—Demopolis Gun Club. W. C. Du Fue, Sec'y.
 Oct. 30.—Medford (Okla.) G. C. Dr. I. V. Hardy, Sec'y.
 1913.
 Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Next shoot of the Chicago and Interurban League will be on the grounds of the South Chicago Gun Club, instead of the Arlington Heights Gun Club, by agreement.

S. D. Fowler, of Walcott, aged seventy-eight, the oldest living trapshooter in New York State, and a marksman of considerable reputation, took part in the tournament at Fulton, N. Y., Aug. 7. Who says trapshooting isn't a healthful recreation?

We are informed by the International Falls Gun Club, through Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treasurer of the Interstate Association, that the tournament registered for the International Falls (Minn.) Gun Club, scheduled for Aug. 1, was cancelled owing to the loss of their shooting grounds.

The Interstate Association announces that, in addition to the \$1,000 added by them, the Portland Gun Club will add \$20 to each of the regular events (the handicap and double-target events not included), at the Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, scheduled for Portland, Ore., Aug. 27-29. This will make a grand total of \$1,500 added money at this tournament.

At a meeting of shooters, held Tuesday night, Aug. 6, at Birmingham Gun Club, it was determined to have a special car for those from Alabama and sister States who intend to take in the \$5,000 Denver handicap. John Warren and Boh Skinner were appointed a committee. Arrangements were made for a special car to leave Birmingham on Saturday, Sept. 7, at noon, going through without change to Denver, arriving there Monday morning, Sept. 9, the shoot beginning Sept. 10. Any shooter desiring to go with the Birmingham crowd should make reservations early.

Secretary Bernard Elsesser, of the Westy Hogans, announces that he has received an unusually large number of requests for programs from shooters who have never attended a Westy Hogan tournament. This, he writes, is a good sign for a record-breaking attendance at this year's shoot, which will be held at Venice Park, Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 17-21. The Hogans are predicting that the number of entries this year will reach the 400 mark. This prediction is based on the attendance figures of each Westy Hogan tournament, and which show a steady increase each year. The first year, 1907, there were 63 entries; in 1908, there were 104; in 1909, 178; in 1910, 233, and in 1911, 309.

W. G. BEECROFT.

Plattsville Gun Club.

PLATTSVILLE, Wis., Aug. 3.—Eleven shooters faced the traps to-day. Messrs. Altenburg and Kitts came up from Hazel Green and did some creditable work with us. The scores:

Targets:	50	25	25	25	25
P. Karrmann	42	21	22	20	20
L. Bartling	43	23
T. Bridges	40
C. Gilmore	41	19	20	21	21
Altenburg	42	23	21	20	..
Dorcher	44	21	23	25	21
Long	45
McKown	11	21
J. Stark	38
Kiltor	39	22	20	21	..
Pitts	..	11	14

T. J. BRIDGES, Sec'y.

Charlottesville Tournament.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Aug. 8.—The tenth annual shoot of the Charlottesville University of Virginia Gun Club was held on Aug. 7. The attendance was gratifying, forty-two shooters participating in the various events, of whom thirty-two shot through the entire program of 200 targets. During the day, 8,470 targets were thrown from one trap in the program events, including the special handicap event of 25 targets, and this does not include those used in shooting off the ties. It seems to the writer that this is almost a record for one trap. The shooters were mostly veterans in the game and from the moment the first gun was fired until the last target was thrown, things moved with clock-like precision.

Mr. George L. Bruffey was the manager, as he has been of the nine other shoots held in the years that are gone, and this one added additional luster to his reputation as a manager of tournaments. No complaints were heard; every one was treated fairly; the arrangements for the comfort of those taking part and the visitors were perfect. The day was ideal and conditions perfect, except for a fluky wind, which ever and anon played havoc with the scores.

The first, sixth, seventh, eighth and tenth events were for six prizes, the others contained five each, most of which were cash prizes, there being \$91 distributed among the ten events. This seemed to please the shooters, who do not enthuse when shooting for a conglomerate mass of merchandise stuff. However, the merchandise prizes on this program were above the average, and well worth carrying home.

E. M. Daniel, of Lynchburg, was high amateur, and was high over all, scoring 194 out of 200. Dr. W. W. Dennis, of the same place, and S. P. Sillings, of Staunton, were next in line with 183. Baskerville was high professional, scoring 183.

The special handicap event at 25 targets attracted the attention of the visitors, and was a warmly contested affair. First in this event was won by Miles Taylor, of the Anolostan Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., who went straight from 18yds. He was closely pressed by E. M. Daniel, who shot from 20yds. and scored 24. Fisher and Battle, also shooting from 18yds., scored 24 each. Baskerville and Goodloe, professionals, also scored 24. Following are the scores made during the day:

Shot at. Broke	Shot at. Broke
Daniel	200 194
Dennis	200 183
Sillings	200 183
Baskerville	200 183
Fisher	200 179
Bruffey	200 178
Atkinson	200 175
Fox	200 175
Rea	200 172
W O Harrison	200 172
W B Anderson	200 171
Scholl	200 170
Peck	200 170
Taylor	200 169
Battle	200 169
Day	200 168
George	200 168
Goodloe	200 168
Runnels	200 168
Coyner	200 170
Wheat	200 167
Cook	200 156
J E Harrison	200 163
Moore	200 166
Moorman	200 166
Ferd	200 165
Hammond	200 165
Huseman	200 164
Page	200 161
Burgess	200 167
Middlekauff	200 155
Puffenberger	200 154
I A Anderson	200 149
Hall	180 151
Thomplins	180 124
Caw	120 103
Nelson	120 100
F M Rea	100 66
C B Cook	160 101
McBryde	80 40
Lyle	40 31
Peyton	40 25

The special event at 25 targets resulted as follows: Taylor 25, Daniel 24, Fisher 24, Battle 24, Baskerville 24, Goodloe 24, Nelson 23, Huseman, Hammond, Sillings, W. R. Anderson, Puffenberger, Fox, Moorman 21 each; W. O. Harrison, Burgess, George Dav, Page, Dennis, 21 each; Atkinson, Dr. Rea, and Moore, 20 each; Peck, Runnels, Middlekauff, J. E. Harrison, Wheat, F. L. Cook and Coyner, 19 each; Ford, Scholl, Bruffey, Gaw, 17 each. The 24s divided second; Nelson won third alone on 23; the 22s shot off the tie miss-and-out, and W. R. Anderson won; the fifth, sixth and seventh ties were shot off, and Harry George won the fifth; Dr. Rea won the sixth, and James M. Coyner won the seventh.

Lunch was served by the ladies of the Episcopal Church. It was a fine spread and was well patronized. Miss Bocoock, who was assisting in feeding the hungry, found time to sing several negro songs. Her imitation of their dialect was perfect and added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Dick Snow was the official scorer, and his work was flawless. He is an old shooter, and did not let the scores get "balled up."

George W. Peck, Jr., of the Anolostan Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., who by the way is the original of "Peck's Bad Boy," was on the firing line, and after it was over was heard to remark, "That Charlottesville could borrow anything he had, for he had \$1,000 worth of fun."

Dr. W. W. Dennis was in fine form and gave "Shooting" P. Sillings a hot race for second high average, and he might have beaten his Staunton friend if it had not been for a "punk" load. The representatives from Lynchburg were surely a shooting crowd and will be heard from at the State shoot.

The Virginia State shoot will be held at Lynchburg this year. It will open on Labor Day, as is the custom always. The boys say they have everything in apple pie order for their visitors, and that there will be about \$900 in cash and prizes to be contested for by the members of the association.

Many of those who attended this shoot will be on hand at the registered shoot to be given by F. L. Cook, at Mt. Elliot, the latter part of this month. Watch out for the programs. Cook will give a good shoot. He is a prince when it comes to entertaining, and you don't want to miss this one.

MILES TAYLOR.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Mattatuck Rod and Gun Club.

WATERBURY, Conn., Aug. 10.—The Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League held a tournament to-day on the grounds of the Mattatuck Rod and Gun Club.

High gun score for the day was made by A. L. Chamberlain, of New Haven, who scored 139 out of a possible 150.

New Haven team, No. 1, won the team race with a score of 439 out of 500. Other team scores were: New Haven No. 2, 411; Hartford, 407; Waterbury, 395; Danbury, 330.

Table listing scores for Mattatuck Rod and Gun Club. Columns include names and scores. Includes names like A. L. Chamberlain, S. W. Wilder, E. W. Mumford, etc.

Roanoke Gun Club.

A BRISK wind made shooting somewhat difficult Saturday, Aug. 10, when there were twenty-eight contestants on the firing line at the traps of the Roanoke Gun Club.

Scratch—First, Dr. Richards; second, Atkinson. Class A—First, J. W. Poindexter; second, tie between Jones and Wilkinson.

Table listing scores for Roanoke Gun Club. Columns include names, Shot at, Broke, and Per Cent. Includes names like L. G. Richards, *Storr, Atkinson, etc.

Hercules Gun Club.

TEMPLE, Pa., Aug. 10.—The annual registered tournament of the Hercules Gun Club was a great success with an entrance of thirty-five shooters.

A. J. Mengel, the noted amateur of Mohnton, Pa., a suburb of Reading, broke 145 and took high amateur gun.

A. S. Heil won the extra event on 24 doubles, 12 pairs, with 23 to his credit. J. M. Hawkins led the professional field with 142, but three targets shy of Mr. Mangel.



Arms and Ammunition World Beaters Abroad

CONTINUE "HIGH OVER ALL" AT HOME

Falling in with the triumphal line of Remington-UMC victories at the recent Olympic Games, Grand American Handicap and at 15 of 18 Big National Handicaps in three years, come

Three Great Clean-Ups For "Remington-UMC—the Perfect Shooting Combination"

Montana Contributes Seven of Ten Cups and Medals Remington-UMC guns and speed shells won seven of the ten cups and medals offered at the Montana State Shoot.

North Carolina Championship Goes to Remington-UMC J. E. Taylor wins North Carolina Championship in State Shoot, 93 ex 100 and 25 straight in shoot-off.

J. B. Pennington won first amateur average, 284 ex 300, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun.

Arkansas Yields All Prizes to World Beaters Every prize event at the Arkansas State Shoot, from State Championship, J. P. Wright, 47 ex 50, through all of the contests, was won with Remington-UMC Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

WHEN YOU PICK YOUR GUN AND AMMUNITION, TIE TO THE HANDICAP WINNERS—Remington-UMC

Nearly a Century's Experience to Back Up Your "Aim"

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO. 299-301 Broadway - - - - - New York, N. Y.

joker, was third with 125, who led the "Dutch squad." The next big event will be the county shoot, when the championship on 50 birds will be decided for the Hoff & Brother trophy.

Table listing scores for Hercules Gun Club. Columns include names and scores. Includes names like J. J. Marberger, H. C. Witmoyer, E. F. Sobers, etc.

Table listing scores for Professionals. Columns include names and scores. Includes names like O. S. Sked, L. R. Lewis, J. M. Hawkins, etc.

Extra event, 12 pairs doubles: A. S. Heil 23, H. J. Schlicher 22, H. E. Buckwalter 22, F. B. Ziegler 20, A. J. Mengel 21, Lee Wertz 20.

Northern Kentucky Gun Club.

CAPT. GEORGE DAMERON was high man at the shoot on Aug. 11, breaking 91—not up to his mark, but then he has not been keeping up his practice lately.

Table listing scores for Northern Kentucky Gun Club. Columns include names and scores. Includes names like Van Girder, Dameron, Woodbury, etc.

Belle Vernon Gun Club.

BELLE VERNON, Pa., Aug. 6.—Seventy-four was not so bad in this season, so thickly populated with tournaments. We got 'em nevertheless, and they all liked what we gave 'em. Geo. E. Painter was altitudinous amateur with only 7 misses out of 150 tries. Geo. Cochran and B. H. Matthews tied for place with 138. Woolfolk Henderson rebuked his fellow entrants from the pink sheet department by getting 145, his nearest brother pro., L. W. Cumberland, doing 10 less for place.

Table listing names and scores for Belle Vernon Gun Club, including L. J. Squier (129), W. Henderson (145), C. C. Irwin (133), R. J. Gumbert (113), W. H. Schmler (113), Geo. Cochran (120), J. H. Elliott (138), L. W. Cumberland (135), C. F. Moore (138), L. W. Canon (123), J. W. Gribble (116), Wm. Zimerly (105), R. Rathmell (126), A. H. Aber (134), A. H. Rigsby (135), L. W. Huff (115), P. W. Brann (119), T. R. Egge (46), Tim Wilson (106), B. B. Hansell (119), I. E. Shepherd (99), L. Myers (110), A. Murphy (124), A. S. Bisloux (119), B. H. Matthews (138), J. A. Carry (138), C. Nickles (90), F. Cotter (113), H. R. Boyd (128), M. A. Ullery (112), L. D. Davis (127), S. G. Purois (75), A. S. Anthony (125), G. E. Painter (143), J. E. Wampler (112), Dave Shaw (100), W. H. Henman (119), J. W. Shepler (120), G. L. Pearson (127), G. J. Elliott (117), *Jas. Lewis (129), J. I. Morrison (129), Hans Hardy (117), W. J. Hickey (95), L. Lantenstager (109), J. F. Calhoun (137), Al Hickman (126), R. G. Knight (100), T. H. Thompson (93), T. P. Grant (103), F. C. Speers (71), V. M. Pistorious (101), W. L. Born (118), Dave Donley (99), W. Murphy (98), O. L. Kirsch (127), J. K. Lawson (130), E. E. Frost (121), E. McGuiley (77), C. Waters (96), W. H. Herberson (123), P. T. Evans (118), J. E. Peurod (110), L. W. Baker (122), A. W. Whalen (89), H. G. Gillespie (141), A. J. Fetzer (122), W. M. Beck (124).



THREE PRESIDENTS.

Farrell, Warren G. C.; Miller, Minnesota State Sportsmen's Assn.; Rowe, Crookston G. C.

Central Illinois Trapshooters' League.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 8.—Illinois Gun Club handled the league shoot held under its auspices yesterday and to-day, to the absolute satisfaction of every one present, while Dr. J. R. Leib, its secretary, was indefatigable in his efforts to keep every one from thinking for himself. Buckles was amateur par excellence, his score of 280 being all necessary to collect the incentive. Venable was only one further away, while Crothers made two less and sat in third place.

There was great sport among the pros. Graham and Bills tied for top with 291, each getting 145 first day and 146 on day two. Kirkwood got one less on day one and tied with them on day two, thus taking third portion of the dust (of targets only).

Table with columns for First Day and Second Day, and sub-columns for Shot at and Broke. Lists names and scores for various participants like Buckles, Venable, Crothers, Connor, Hall, Leib, Loring, Davidson, Ensminger, Houston, Gray, Farmer, McCosker, Peters, A. L. Stubblefield, Nerr, Burns, Troy, McGinnis, Gunstein, Lewis, McDermand, L. W. Stubblefield, Morley, Workman, Allen.

Table for Professionals in the Central Illinois Trapshooters' League, listing names and scores for Graham, Bills, Kirkwood, Cadwallader, German, Stannard, Matthews, Winans.

Mitchell Gun Club.

MITCHELL, S. D., Aug. 7.—Two ideal days showed yesterday and to-day during our tournament, being a local ginger ale highball (G. A. H.), enthusiastically welcomed and suggesting another. Many good scores were recorded, with Potter White the big noise. This young clear eye made a run of 105 and won high average for two days, reducing to macadam 293 out of 300. Some kute sighting for an amateur, being only one less than high "targets only" expert, Geo. Kreger. Alvin Shaw tried the vision line mighty well, running 86 without a miss, getting second high amateur gun with 281. W. A. Brown loped along in the caravan with 277, enough to take him into third money. Among the educators, H. G. Taylor "showed 'em" with a run of

134, and a final two-day score of 293, or one too few to win, 'cause Kreger made 294.

Table with columns for 1st Day and 2d Day, listing names and scores for F. F. Chladek, A. K. Stilwell, Wm. Thompson, S. A. Barton, F. F. Srstka, A. M. Shaw, J. P. White, H. Kress, A. Wallace, C. A. Ferguson, A. H. Gilson, E. T. Myers, S. A. Huntley, W. A. Brown, E. L. Cantwell, R. Trombly, L. Rosenblatt, M. H. Gosche, A. E. Eddy, John Snyder, B. B. Ward, C. H. Anderson, H. G. Taylor, G. A. Olson.

C. A. F., Sec'y.

Wilson Gun Club.

WILSON, N. C., Aug. 7.—There was a long and interesting program here yesterday and to-day. The regular and added events totaled 250 white fliers each day. J. B. Perrington broke 454 out of his 500. Long run was made by Homer Clark, his trip-up coming on the 122d bird. Perrington took high average on regular program with 273 out of 300.

Table with columns for 1st Day and 2d Day, listing names and scores for J. B. Pennington, E. F. Killette, J. H. Drcher, W. W. Simms, E. D. Taylor, Wm. Walls, Geo. Simms, H. Clark, E. H. Storr, R. H. Flautt, C. H. Knight, S. R. Coley, C. C. Austin, J. B. Gray, L. B. Pearce, J. C. Tilghman, N. Anderson, Jr., R. E. L. Cook, J. D. Barnes, E. S. Richards, Geo. L. Lyon.

Marysville Sportsmen's Association.

MARYSVILLE, Pa., Aug. 3.—The Marysville Sportsmen's Association entertained at their shooting grounds at Seidel's Park, yesterday the crack team of the Rutherford Gun Club. Very good shooting by Kessler, Martin, Worden, Keller, Miller, Cumberland, Wise, Wilson and Mitchell were features of the evening. Also the team shoot between Rutherford and Marysville, which resulted in the following scores:

Table comparing scores between Rutherford and Marysville teams, listing names and scores for Sarvis, Sr., Hicks, Spangler, Miller, Allcman, Geo. Sarvis, Wilson, Wise, Martin, Keller, Worden, Mitchell.

The total scores for the afternoon follow:

Table with columns for Shot at and Broke, listing names and scores for Kessler, Martin, Worden, Keller, Miller, Cumberland, Wise, Wilson, Mitchell, Hicks, Spangler, Geo. Sarvis, Sarvis, Sr., Alleman, Rocky, Slucker, Sarvis, Jr., Erdley, F. G. Stees.

S. S. White Gun Club.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Aug. 3.—J. Griffith drilled 146 targets here to-day, giving him high gun for the tournament. He was only one plug ahead of G. McCarty, who pulled two more than Buckwalter. Les. German and Will Hawkins bridged it at 148, with Neaf Apgar gumming along with four too many cavities in his score to tie the aforesaid high-mucks. There was the usual goodly attendance drawn by the dental gentleman from Philadelphia, with more happiness among those present than it is usual to find on a visit to the gentleman of pain and forceps—possibly there is safety in numbers, though.

Table listing names and scores for O. Groff, B. P. Donnelly, J. M. Heitelbeittle, H. Wiley, F. B. Zeigler, E. R. Christman, H. Buckwalter, F. Coleman, J. D. Wright, A. B. Freeman, S. M. Freeman, G. Gerhardt, J. Minnick, C. B. Platt, A. Robbins, L. Zanes, N. L. Looy, H. B. Cook, T. E. Hinkson, A. Runner, B. Harper, W. H. Mathews, C. H. Keene, J. McKean, W. B. Abbott, F. Russell (134), H. George, C. B. Cole, Wm. Clegg, E. Ford, W. E. Robinson, H. Perry, F. W. Mathews, S. T. Atchley, J. Budd, A. Hill, C. Newcomb, H. Sloan, G. McCarty, R. Hall, W. Wakeman, W. Letford, C. Keenan, H. P. Carlon, J. Griffith, H. L. Brown, W. B. Darton, N. Apgar, L. S. German, H. H. Stevens, J. M. Hawkins, J. F. Pratt, V. V. Dorp, Joslyn, V. du Pont.

Blue Ribbon Gun Club.

CONCORDIA, Kans., Aug. 8.—Yesterday and to-day were literally a blue ribbon shoot. Everyone said the Blue Ribbon Gun Club came honestly by its title, if it was intended to cover hospitality. J. H. Wilder was high amateur with 286 out of 300, E. W. Varner polling second with one break less. Third place was divided among H. E. Snyder and Chas. McKee, each toppling over 284. Bill Crosby was there with the eye, irreparably damaging 292 aero-saucers, getting just two more credits than Fred Gilbert on the score sheet. Billy Heer slipped into the high among the esoteric affinity with 289. The scores:

Table listing names and scores for E. P. Bender, Nick Carter, *R. H. Crane, J. T. Clark, Guy Cooper, J. F. Caldwell, M. B. Empson, *D. N. Freeman, Chas. Gellatly, E. T. Gibbs, W. Huscher, R. C. Hulburd, *C. Krohn, *W. G. Lytle, D. Linderman, L. S. Myers, R. Murphy, Chas. McKee, Chas. Sewart, C. L. Snyder, H. E. Snyder, Mrs. H. E. Snyder, J. H. Wilder, H. Wetzig, E. W. Varner.

Professionals: W. R. Crosby (292), W. H. Heer (283), Fred Gilbert (290), *Shot on only one day. D. D. Gross (284), H. N. Kirby (242), Ed. O'Brien (287).

Green Bay Gun Club.

GREEN BAY, Wis., Aug. 4.—The thirteenth annual State tournament of Wisconsin and University of Michigan Trapshooters' Association, held yesterday and to-day, brought out a record attendance, 88 selected from the best amateur and professional shooters being on hand to enjoy the sport. T. E. Graham was topper with 291 out of 300. F. Campbell rated second with 288, and 287 gave third to Guy Dering. Fred Bills was away up among the targets, getting only 294 out of 300; seconded by R. W. Clancy with 285.

1st Day.	2d Day.	1st Day.	2d Day.
W J Raup..... 139	132	R E Boll..... 131	132
R E St John.... 132	131	W F Riley..... 129	120
J Raup..... 140	134	W F Holtz..... 125	133
C E Henshaw... 123	129	A E Von Hald. ... 141	
J D Pollard.... 114	131	Wm Doelle..... 121	
C M Hilgenberg 110	109	F G Brozelton.. 129	
J G Gallagher.. 119	122	W F Runke..... 117	
R F Babcock... 132	...	F Milins..... 134	...
J J Schonts.... 97	123	Ed Thuman..... 124	
J C Famechon.. 134	133	G Stephenson... 130	
H Brown..... 130	129	C W Kates..... 132	
F J Dreyfus.... 139	143	A G Holmes..... 137	
L E Hoessner... 135	131	A J Koch..... 108	118
H Ham'rsmith.. 142	141	J Zaborick..... 93	102
L Featherstone.. 132	138	F Dailey..... 127	133
F G Fuller..... 138	146	D Miller..... 132	135
C P Shumway... 130	...	M Muckelstone.. 126	128
G V Dering.... 141	146	E F Leidel..... 126	101
F A Nolan..... 142	133	E W Peterson... 122	130
W Gruhn..... 114	119	O G Johnson... 128	131
L Halverson... 114	119	J Rowett..... 126	135
G L Dieter..... 117	123	W F Kasson... 119	120
W E Riley..... 121	130	W Gangees.... 135	136
W E Mensel... 131	125	E Schoengarth.. 106	125
B A Claffin... 136	137	Ed Ketchem... 124	138
A F McLaughlin 138	129	L G Masters.... 89	83
J F Wulf..... 130	140	C Constine.... 115	119
Geo Shill..... 131	135	A Piepenhanger. 129	123
T E Graham.... 148	143	E P Hoyer..... 139	137
E Billmeyer... 118	111	J Terry..... 130	139
C E Jack..... 121	125	R Krumming... 116	121
B Sweeney.... 108	113	W H Stump.... 122	129
O Soushagen... 117	120	F Campbell.... 145	143
J McCorkindale 129	132	W S Hoon..... 139	142
F Kauffman.... 127	138	J F Swedesky... 133	128
A Long..... 114	90	Geo Hevey..... 135	123
J Westphal... 125	112	H E Dickerman. 134	135
W Zimmermann 135	141		
Professionals:			
W D Stannard. 135	133	F G Bills..... 147	147
H W Vietmeyer 138	137	E S Graham.... 138	142
C E Robbins... 137	143	R W Clancy.... 145	140
T A Marshall... 127	142	G E Matthews.. 127	129

Marion Gun Club.

MARION, Ia., July 31.—The irrepressible Billy Hoon copped our thunder to-day, in addition to return carefare. He tagged 145 white fliers, bagging just one more than Mr. Campbell, who in turn clipped the wings of three more than Bill Witleaf, every one of whom was a few up on all the pink sheet shooters, the highest of which was W. T. Garrett with 138. It was one of the best shoots that has struck the West this year. Enthusiastic and genial was the crowd, well taken care of by the Marion bunch.

C Bothel..... 133	R Gordon..... 116
Ira Nowles... 136	A C Maxwell... 117
Ira Cutler... 111	J R Ives..... 120
S O'Brien... 132	D W Pingrey... 122
G Mathews... 98	C E McCannon.. 111
S Curtiss... 122	E J Blazek..... 113
C Pierce... 126	E Hinckley... 90
M Campbell.. 144	Chas Gill..... 121
W Hoon..... 145	Dr W Post..... 121
N Muncy... 136	Ed Kessler... 133
W Witleaf... 141	F Bitner..... 125
J Strawbridge 133	F H Schwarz... 114
O Radloff... 128	S D Dennis... 133
P Royal... 121	C N Booth..... 134
Geo Reimers 138	U G Byerly... 120
A Gillespie... 132	T B Nichols... 105
F Brand... 138	C S Macy..... 125
J E Graham... 128	C A Whitework.. 64
B A Reed... 127	Jos Blazek... 125
Professionals:	
F C Whitney... 115	W T Garrett... 138
H W Vietmeyer 136	L H Fitzsimmons 129

Kankakee Gun Club.

KANKAKEE, Ill., Aug 5.—Inclosed find scores of our regular monthly shoot, held yesterday, at 50 targets per man. A. J. Brown, breaking 45 out of 50, won the F. D. Radeke gold medal. At 10 pairs doubles, the following team scores were made:

B Birr..... 37	M Mathisen... 44
W Beckman... 42	F Birr..... 41
R Nutt..... 35	A Archer..... 43
H Butler... 43	C Babel..... 39
H Ammon... 42	B Servis..... 35
T Armstrong 43	O Birr..... 36
A Wieken... 43	S Lafond... 39
A Harkin... 44	Delibar... 33
L Kuntz... 41	A J Brown... 45
G Harkin... 44	Van Stette... 43
E F Radeke... 44	
Peatone Team.	Kankakee Team.
A Wieken... 17	L Kuntz... 14
G Harkin... 15	Lafond... 12
A E Harkin... 14	E Radeke... 17
A Ammon... 16	A J Brown... 16
T Armstrong 15-77	M Mathisen... 15-74
	E. F. RADEKE, Sec'y.

South Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 4.—The wind off the Lake made the shooting hard, although some good scores were made. In the regular club event at 50 targets, Dr. Stanton and Gilbert Hausler were tied with 48 out of 50 in the shoot-off. It was still a tie to the last target, which Hausler missed, the score being 24 to 23 in favor of the Doctor. The boys are making preparations for a big crowd at the Interurban League shoot on Sunday, Aug. 18. We expect about one hundred shooters if the weather is nice. The South Chicago Gun Club is always ready to receive visitors and encourage new shooters. The club is three years old, and have a membership of 135 active shooters. Scores of the shoot to-day, at 50 targets, No. 1 was for practice; No. 2, regular shoot:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Dr Stanton..... 42	48	W Hansler..... 40	42		
Gilbert Hansler 49	48	F Olson..... 40	39		
C Rambo..... 46	46	F Pernod..... 39	38		
H Smith..... 44	45	C Nitschke... 38	38		
E Hansler..... 44	44	B Taylor..... 37	36		
H M Reed..... 43	43	O Staff..... 19	36		
R Shields..... 42	43	S Rivers..... 35	36		
		C. H. RAMBO, Sec'y.			

Livermore Gun Club.

LIVERMORE, Ia., Aug. 8.—Billy Hoon has been cleaning up pretty much all the undeposited coin in the West since the G. A. H., and only for Joe Kantzky would have made a profitable getaway here. Each laddy scored 142. Ira Nowels took third crest with 138. W. F. Garrett only missed two out of 150, this being five less than his professional brother, L. H. Fitzsimmons. The scores:

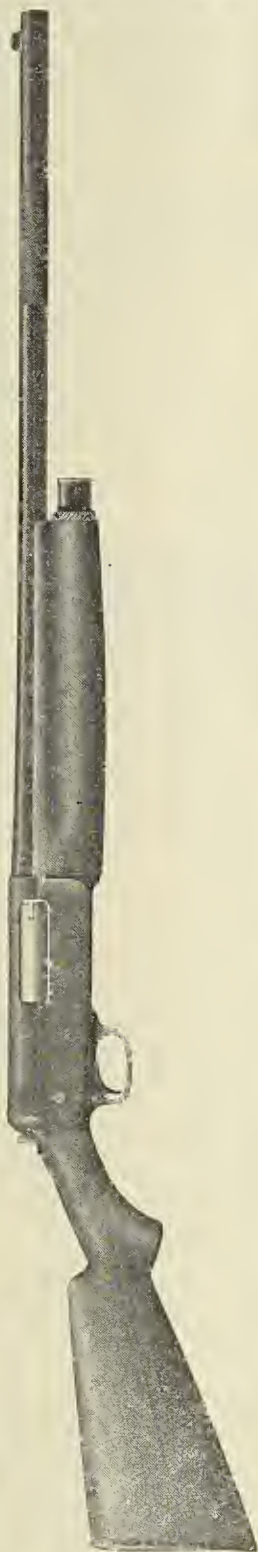
O N Williams... 137	Geo T Roepke... 94
W S Hoon..... 142	Anton Rossing... 88
Ira Nowels... 138	Geo Forbes... 104
John Maland... 132	Don White... 98
A Abramson... 134	O H Johnson... 98
H G Mueller... 112	Joe Kantzky... 142
O H Hildebrandt 134	Louis G Schultz 126
K D Hack..... 124	Ed Thode..... 70
E J Hewitt... 89	W E Kolb... 130
C W Saxton... 111	S Mueller... 110
A G Gates... 88	T L Hauck... (75) 51
A Smith..... 115	Gene Sage... (50) 88
Professionals:	
L H Fitzsimmons 143	F C Whitney... 114
W F Garrett... 148	

WINCHESTER

Self Loading Shotgun

MODEL 1911

A comparison between the Winchester Self-Loading shotgun and other makes is all that is necessary to convince anyone of the great superiority of the Winchester Self-Loader. Note the absence of unsightly screws and pins and of dangerous projecting parts. Note the neat little trigger lock, which operates cross-wise and cannot be jarred out of place. Take the gun down and note how easily it separates into only two parts, without releasing small parts. Note how simple is the action, and that the springs are of coiled wire, the most durable kind. Then note the general finished appearance of the whole gun; and remember that all metal parts are made of nickel steel—about twice as strong as that used in repeating guns of other makes. The barrel has to be pulled back only when starting to shoot, as the recoil does the reloading afterwards. The gun is readily used as a single loader. No adjustment is required to shoot different loads; and no unpleasant effect is felt from the recoil, as it is divided in the gun. Made in 12 gauge only, and a much better shooter than the ordinary gun. Examine one at your dealer's.



**A Gun That Is Unexcelled
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"Steel where steel belongs" Superiority

is being demonstrated day after day at tournaments large and small, in every section of the United States. **Peters Shells** are the only ones having steel of proper kind in the head and rim, and the only ones in which the correct method of construction is used. Their unequalled shooting quality contributed to the following victories at the traps:

Marion, Ohio,	July 23,	High Prof.	Average,	143 ex 150,	won by J. S. Day
Bradford, Ill.,	" 25-26,	High Gen.	"	285 ex 300,	" Bart Lewis
Manning, Ia.,	" 26,	High Gen.	"	193 ex 200,	" W. S. Hoon
Warroad, Minn.,	" 26-27,	High Gen.	"	273 ex 300,	" R. R. Barber
La Salle, Ill.,	" 28,	High Gen.	"	144 ex 150,	" H. W. Cadwallader
Dayton, Ky.,	" 28,	High Prof.	"	141 ex 150,	" C. O. Le Compte
Marion, Ia.,	" 31,	High Gen.	"	145 ex 150,	" W. S. Hoon



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Twelfth Alabama State Tournament.

THE twelfth annual State tournament, held at Birmingham, Aug. 6 and 7, was a great success. A large crowd of shooters from Alabama and adjoining States was on hand to enjoy an attractive program and the genuine Southern hospitality extended to them by the officers and members of the local club.

Ideal weather conditions favored the shooters all three days.

Secretary O. L. Garl had worked hard and long to make this shoot the best in the history of the club, and from the complimentary expressions heard, he succeeded beyond his expectations.

Three perfectly working traps, a well drilled force of trappers, pullers, scorers, referees and squad hustlers, backed up by that prince of cashiers, Al. Gehegan, and his assistant William Fox, all combined to make the tournament run smoothly. In addition to these, the little comforts of the shooter were arranged, such as larger shelter tents with plenty of comfortable chairs, with large barrel of ice-water in each tent, gun racks and stands conveniently placed, and a system of publicity for the scores never before excelled. It is such comforts and conveniences as these—little things though they be—which go to make the shooter enjoy a tournament, and the best inducement in the world for him to attend the next one.

Monday, Aug. 5, was practice day, and 32 shooters were on hand. The program consisted of five events of 20 targets each, a total of 100 single targets, and an extra event of 25 pairs. Highest scores this day were made by H. D. Freeman and H. D. Gibbs, who broke 99 out of the 100; Walter Huff broke 98, R. R. Holt and Guy Ward 97. Of the amateurs, J. R. Livingston broke 96, with J. K. Warren second with 94.

In the double-target event, Huff broke 46, Freeman 45 for the professionals, while J. K. Warren and Gentry Hillman were high amateurs with 41 each.

The individual scores in detail for this day are here given:

Shot at. Broke	Shot at. Broke	Shot at. Broke	Shot at. Broke
J R Livingston... 100 96	C D Hunt..... 100 82	J K Warren.... 250 237	L Moody 250 213
J K Warren.... 100 94	R R Skinner... 100 80	W H Jones.... 250 237	N D Perch.... 250 212
G Hillman 100 90	W J Timms.... 100 80	W T Laslie... 250 236	S A Minga.... 250 209
J Lambeth 100 90	Lee Moody ... 100 79	V Cates 250 236	Mrs O L Garl... 250 206
F F Baker..... 100 89	H E Ewing.... 100 78	D A Edwards.. 250 232	V C Prowell... 250 205
C J Broyles... 100 89	F H Lalande.. 100 78	J R Livingston. 250 231	I Armstrong... 250 201
A Henderson... 100 88	B Timms 100 74	E C Little.... 250 229	P H Lalande.. 250 200
W M Griffith... 100 86	E K Langhorn.. 80 49	A Meaders ... 250 228	B Timms 250 200
I Armstrong ... 100 86	C H Wilson.... 60 49	H C Ryding... 250 228	N Tucker 250 198
L Sellman 100 84	J N Barrett... 60 44	C J Broyles... 250 227	R H Baugh.... 250 196
V O Prowell... 100 83	V Ashe 60 39	C W Wheeler... 250 227	F B Bowie.... 250 193
Mrs O L Garl.. 100 83	L F Lalande... 40 34	A Lawson 250 227	W R Dunn.... 250 189
J R Lowe..... 100 82	E C Singley... 40 23	G Hillman 250 226	W J Timms.... 250 175
		J Fletcher ... 250 225	J T Coulbourne. 250 186
		C D Hunt..... 250 224	C Bowen 250 154
		Jas Hillman ... 250 223	E Otts 225 171
		L F Lalande.. 250 221	J H Lowe..... 150 135
		W A Leach.... 250 220	C R Wilson.... 150 117
		F F Baker..... 250 220	E C Singley... 150 106
		W M Griffith... 250 220	J N Barrett... 150 102
		J A Blount.... 250 220	C E Michael... 150 94
		O Meredith ... 250 219	W C De Bue... 135 69
Professionals:			
H D Freeman... 100 99	Guy Ward 100 97		
H D Gibbs.... 100 99	L M Norwood.. 100 86		
Walter Huff ... 100 98	P B Plummer... 100 85		
E M Holtz.... 100 97	T A Cassetty... 100 82		

The scores made at the 25 pairs were: Professionals—Walter Huff 46, H. D. Freeman 45, Guy Ward 41, E. R. Holt 39, L. M. Norwood 35, T. A. Cassetty 26. Amateurs

—J. M. Warren 41, Gentry Hillman 41, W. M. Griffith 38, C. J. Broyles 32, R. R. Skinner 31, H. E. Ewing 26.

Tuesday, First Day.

Ideal weather favored the 64 contestants on the first day. Nearly all shot through the entire program of 250 targets, 150 of which comprised the registered program—ten events of 15 targets each, and four extra events of 25 targets each.

Professional honors to-day went to Walter Huff, of Macon, Ga., with 147 out of 150. H. D. Gibbs, of Union City, Tenn., second with 146; H. D. Freeman, of Atlanta, Ga., third with 145; E. A. Holt, of Montgomery, Ala., fourth with 144, and Guy Ward, of Birmingham, fifth, with 143.

On the total of 250 targets for the day Gibbs was first with 244, Huff and Freeman tying with 243 each; Ward third with 240; Holt 238.

Amateur honors on the 150 registered targets were won by J. K. Warren, of Birmingham with 144; J. R. Livingston second with 142, and W. H. Jones, of Macon, Ga., third with 141. W. T. Laslie, of Tuskegee, Ala., and Vassar Cates, of Brunswick, Ga., broke 140 each. On the 250 targets, Warren and Jones tied on 237, Laslie and Cates scoring 236, D. A. Edwards, of Memphis, 232, and "Big John" Livingston 231.

The last two events of 25 targets each counted on the State championship race, Wednesday's program being a repetition of that of Tuesday. In this the first half of the State championship race, Laslie went out with 49, Warren 48, Owen Meredith, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., 47; J. A. Blount, of Greensboro, Ala.; O. L. Garl and H. C. Ryding, of Birmingham, 46. Eight other shooters, including Mrs. O. L. Garl, broke 45 each in this race.

Long runs for the day were made by H. D. Freeman, who broke 157 straight; Walter Huff broke 110 before missing one, while among the amateurs, E. C. Little, a popular shooter from Gadsden, gathered in 97. John Warren had one run of 83, while W. H. Jones and R. R. Skinner had unfinished runs of 43 and 41 respectively. Scores of this day follow:

R R Skinner.... 250 218	A Henderson .. 100 83
C W Dunlap.... 250 218	Wm Walker 100 73
O L Garl..... 250 218	M Cannon 50 34
J Lambeth 250 217	W M Meredith.. 45 20
H B Blanks.... 250 216	

Professionals:			
H D Gibbs 250 244	T A Cassetty.... 250 227		
H D Freeman... 250 243	C E Goodrich... 250 224		
Walter Huff ... 250 243	P B Plummer... 250 210		
Guy Ward 250 240	L M Norwood.. 250 193		
E A Holtz 250 238			

The scores of those eligible for the State championship trophy are shown for the first 50 targets in that event:

W T Laslie..... 49	J Lambeth 44
J K Warren..... 48	F P Baker..... 43
O Meredith 47	C J Broyles..... 42
O L Garl..... 46	J R Livingston... 42
J A Blount..... 46	A Lawson 42
R C Ryding..... 46	W R Dunn..... 42
R R Skinner.... 45	R D Perch 42
R H Baugh.... 45	I Armstrong ... 41
Mrs O L Garl... 45	P H Lalande... 41
W A Leach.... 45	J A Minga 41
L Moody 45	F B Bowie..... 38
J Fletcher 45	Jas Hillman ... 38
G Hillman 45	N Tucker 36
E C Little 45	V C Prowell... 36
C W Dunlap... 44	J T Coulbourne.. 35
C W Wheeler... 44	

Wednesday, Second Day.

The same perfect conditions which marked the first day repeated themselves on the second and last day, and in consequence the entire program of 250 targets was shot, trophies presented, and all winners paid off before five o'clock, which spoke volumes for the efficient management in both field and office.

Mr. W. T. Laslie, of Tuskegee, Ala., won the State championship event at 100 single targets with the record-breaking score of 99, this being Mr. Laslie's third consecutive win of this honor, and he also has the distinction of making the highest score, not only of a State championship contests in Alabama, but his score of yesterday was the highest score of all championship events in all States in the Union so far this year.

Mr. Laslie also won the handsome silver trophy donated by the Herzog-Thompson Jewelry Company for the highest score on the 500 targets of the entire program, he breaking 481.

J. K. Warren, of Birmingham, had the next highest score in the State championship with 96 and was also second high on all targets, he breaking 477 out of 500. Vassar Cates, of Brunswick, Ga., third, with 476.

In the regular registered program of 150 targets each day, a total of 300 for the tournament, Mr. Warren won high amateur average with the score of 288, Cates being second with 286, with Laslie third with 285. J. R. Livingston had 281 and D. A. Edwards 282.

Forty-two shooters shot through the regular registered program for the two days, and after all who had failed to win their entrance, less price of targets, had been paid their losses, there remained over \$200, which

was divided among the high amateurs, Mr. Warren receiving \$40.15, high average money.

As is usually the case at all large tournaments, there was a battle royal on between the representatives of the several ammunition houses for high honors, but H. D. Gibbs, of the Remington-U. M. C. Co., won out with the good score of 296 out of the 300 registered targets and also was high on all targets, he scoring 492 out of 500, having a straight run of 187 yesterday.

H. D. Freeman, of the Peters Cartridge Company, and Walter Huff, of the Du Pont Powder Company, tied with 292 out of 300, while H. A. Holt, of the Winchester Company, had 288 to his credit.

On the 500 targets Freeman was second high professional with 489, and Huff third with 487. Surely some wonderful shooting.

High runs for the tournament were: Gibbs 187, Freeman 157, Huff 112, for the professionals, while the only amateur to get the coveted 100 straight was Laslie, who has an unfinished run of 112.

After the shoot was finished, the trophies were presented by the vice-president of the club, Judge Wm. Walker, with some very happily chosen remarks, and sprung the surprise by presenting a very beautiful solid silver vase filled with flowers to Mrs. O. L. Garl, the vase being inscribed, "Presented to the Champion Lady Shooter of the South by the Shooters of the Alabama State Association."

Mrs. Garl is the charming wife of the secretary of the local club, and is a most excellent shot, as her scores of 87 in the State championship race, and her total score of 432 out of 500, will show.

The individual scores made this day are shown below:

W T Laslie	250	245	H C Ryding	250	220
J K Warren	250	240	J H Perch	250	216
V Cates	250	240	Mrs O L Garl	250	214
W M Jones	250	237	Jas Hillman	250	215
J R Livingston	250	235	P N Lalande	250	211
D A Edwards	250	234	W M Griffith	250	206
L F Lalande	250	232	J H Minga	250	204
A Lawson	250	231	W R Dunn	250	204
J Fletcher	250	231	N Tucker	250	200
G Hillman	250	227	I Armstrong	250	195
W A Leach	250	226	J T Coulbourne	250	195
L Moody	250	225	F F Baker	250	194
E C Little	250	225	R H Baugh	250	192
A Meaders	250	225	W J Timms	250	161
J Lambeth	250	225	F B Bowie	250	159
R R Skinner	250	224	C W Dunlap	150	123
O L Garl	250	224	C D Hunt	150	116
V C Prowell	250	224	C W Wheeler	150	111
J A Blount	250	224	Chas Bowen	150	98
O Meredith	250	224	E C Singley	150	84
J H Lowe	250	223	Dick Brown	100	90
B Timms	250	222			

Professionals:

H D Gibbs	250	248	C E Goodrich	250	234
H D Freeman	250	246	P B Plummer	250	222
Walter Huff	250	244	T A Cassety	250	210
E A Holt	250	242	L M Norwood	250	206
Guy Ward	250	237			

The following are the scores of those eligible for the State championship on the last 50 targets of the day's program:

W T Laslie	50	V C Prowell	45
J K Warren	48	W A Leach	43
A Lawson	48	H C Ryding	43
J R Livingston	48	L Moody	43
J H Lowe	47	N Tucker	43
J A Blount	47	Mrs O L Garl	42
J H Perch	47	J Lambeth	42
R R Skinner	46	J H Minga	41
O L Garl	46	F P Baker	41
G Hillman	46	P H Lalande	40
W R Dunn	46	R H Baugh	38
O Meredith	46	J T Coulbourne	35
J Fletcher	45	I Armstrong	36
E C Little	45	F B Bowie	31
Jas Hillman	45		

Pick-Ups.

Wasn't it just about the best ever? Who says the Birmingham boys can't entertain? How about that chicken dinner served each day? "Nigger" Gibbs drank a barrel of buttermilk. H. B. Blanks had a hard luck story—did he tell you? "Bill" Laslie has a penchant for Birmingham's silverware.

J. H. Lowe calls "pull" like a buzz saw in a pine knot.

W. J. Timms has some voice when he is ready to shoot.

Guy Ward speaks softly, but he breaks 'em up just the same.

There may be others, but none so dear as our own Walter Huff.

President Jas. Hillman broke a straight 25 and smiled twice.

"Bob" Baugh borrowed Walter Huff's gun and broke a straight. Must have been the gun—so H. C. Ryding says.

Lee Moody's health is fast improving, and he was able to shoot through the entire program.

"Uncle Pcte" Bowie was on hand as usual and had a new story.

W. A. Leach, of Talladega got off bad and never caught his stride. How about that telegram he was to send if he won the championship cup?

Freeman was "wiping sweat," and when questioned, answered, "I've got to break 99 in the next 100 to beat Huff." He did.

L. M. Norwood was a very sick man, but stuck to his gun and shot the program through. His score is no criterion of his ability or of his popularity with the Alabama shooters.

Bruce Plummer must get used to the Birmingham "cats". To look at his score one would know that something was wrong.

John Fletcher won enough golf balls from "Bob"

ALABAMA

THE STATE SHOOT

Held at Birmingham, August 6-7
was another sweeping victory for

SMOKELESS SHOTGUN POWDERS

AMATEUR RECORDS

THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

Won by W. T. Laslie, of Tuskegee, Ala., an amateur, with 99 x 100

HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE

Registered Events

Won by J. K. Warren, of Birmingham.....with 288 x 300

HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE ON ALL TARGETS SHOT AT

Won by W. T. Laslie.....with 481 x 500

HIGH AMATEUR RUN

W. T. Laslie.....112 Straight

Mr. Laslie and Mr. Warren both used
DUPONT SMOKELESS

PROFESSIONAL RECORDS

HIGH PROFESSIONAL AVERAGE

Registered Events

H. D. Gibbs..... 296 x 300, with SCHULTZE

TIE FOR SECOND HIGH PROFESSIONAL AVERAGE

H. D. Freeman and Walter Huff.....292 x 300

(Mr. Freeman used BALLISTITE. Mr. Huff used SCHULTZE)

HIGH AVERAGE ON ALL TARGETS SHOT AT

H. D. Gibbs.....492 x 500, with SCHULTZE

LONG RUN OF THE TOURNAMENT

H. D. Gibbs.....187 straight, with SCHULTZE

WHAT POWDER DO YOU USE?

Baugh to last him until the next annual shoot in 1913. These two had a ball bet on each event of the tournament. It's a good thing Baugh buys golf balls by wholesale.

"Bill" Laslie "went crazy" toward the finish and wound up with an unfinished run of 112, and sighing for just one more day on the program. A fine shot and a clever gentleman.

Ed. Holt skipped a few each morning, but soon got right and ground 'em up the balance of the day, but oh! "those early birds sure did hurt."

Gibbs broke the ten events of 15 each and came back with a 25 straight in the extra, missing his eleventh target in the second extra event. Every time he broke straight he drank a glass of buttermilk. Query: How much was the waist measure at the finish?

E. C. Little got to going good, and when he missed his 98th target, it almost broke his heart. "So near and yet so far." Everyone was pulling for him to get the hundred straight and one of "Jim" Skelly's watch fobs.

Laslie took home all the silverware—both cup and pitcher, and also has a gold watch fob coming for his run of 112 unfinished. This is Laslie's third consecu-

tive win of the State championship, and his one regret was that "Tid" Alexander was not along to see him turn the trick.

Jovial John Lester was a happy man—his goods captured all the honors, professional and amateur, with Gibbs, Warren, Laslie and Cates "pointing to perfection."

Captain Andy Meaders, "the dean of American shooters," was on hand, and his score of 225 out of 250 and 228 out of 250 will show that he is able to hold his own with the young fellows at the traps, while socially he is a most delightful gentleman of that old type so fast disappearing. Capt. Meaders has been shooting continuously since 1857, and never misses attending one of Birmingham's shoots.

The ladies of the West End Catholic Church upheld their past reputation by furnishing excellent dinners to the shooters, and the boys certainly showed their appreciation of this feature.

The referee at trap No. 2 won the shooters by his fairness and promptness in announcing results of each shot in an unique and pleasing musical manner.

Secretary Garl was everywhere, it seemed, looking after the comfort and pleasure of the shooters, and yet found time to make some very good scores. He cer-

Never Shakes Your Confidence

DON'T let your long planned hunting trip be spoiled—spoiled by your gun not rising to the occasion at some critical moment. And you know how the shortcomings of your gun always show up at the critical moment.

After that your confidence is gone.

The six Hunter brothers have kept on the trail of shotgun shortcomings with invention, workmanship and Purpose, for 22 years.

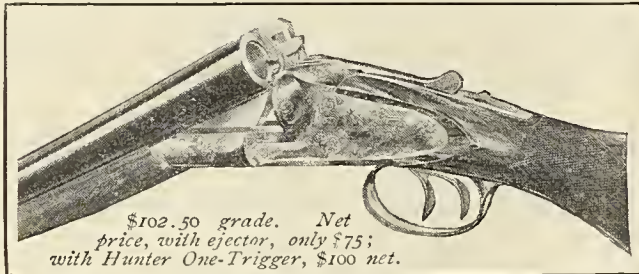
The result is the Smith Gun, the gun without a single shortcoming to mar the pleasure of the

hunting trip or cheat the game bag of a single bird.

Purpose got rid of "shooting loose" by producing the Smith bolt, which double-wedges through extension rib and grips tight with a double rotary grip.

Purpose eliminated *inaccessibility*—which causes a gun owner to leave his lock uncleaned until it causes trouble—with the Smith "one-screw access." And so on through the list.

Have your dealer show you the new Smith 20 gauge—20 gauge from butt to muzzle. Write for catalog, showing grades from \$25 net to \$1500 list.



\$102.50 grade. Net price, with ejector, only \$75; with Hunter One-Trigger, \$100 net.

L. C. SMITH GUNS

"6 Times 22 Years' Experience"

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KING'S SPORTSMEN'S GLASSES



(Patented, Feb. 20, 1912.)

are far superior to the old style ambers because they have lenses of **Akopos Crystal**—a double shade of amber and veridian. The **Akopos Crystal** eliminates not only all the violet but also all the violet and blue rays. Amber glasses are only 50 per cent. efficient in this particular and therefore are only worth 50 per cent. of what is charged for them. King's Sportsmen's Glasses are used and endorsed by such well known sportsmen as E. C. Crossman, Lieut. Townsend Whelan and Stewart Edward White.

The Ohio State Amateur Championship was won by F. W. King, wearing shooting glasses of his own design and patent. Write for catalog.

THE F. W. KING OPTICAL CO. 450 Ellastone Building, Cleveland, Ohio

tainly deserved the many congratulations showered on him for the success of the tournament.

John Warren shot a splendid race and finished strong, he being in one of the last squads to shoot. He had an uphill fight of it with the results known of all other leaders almost before he went to the score. All Birmingham was pulling for him to win the State championship event and keep the honor at home, but the one target lead Laslie gained the first day, coupled with his perfect score on the second day, made Warren's task an impossibility, even with a perfect score, and which he almost succeeded in making.

Canandaigua Sportsmen's Club.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 10.—Fourteen shooters tied the score at the Canandaigua Sportsman's Club to-day. C. A. Soule proved his ability as an old duck shooter by scoring 34 kills against 31 for Eiseline, but their respective handicaps reversed the places for the prizes, the silver spoon going to Eiseline and the cut-glass dish to Soule.

There is a close run for the Stevens gold watch fob trophy, the standing at present being: Eiseline 130, Stoddard 127, Van Wormer 125, Kibbe 121, and as each has handicaps of 13, 14 or 15 for the next and concluding 50 targets, it is possible for anyone of the four to win.

Secretary Kibbe announces if no one else is disposed to challenge Mason for the championship emblem and title he will again attempt to gain its possession at the next shoot, Aug. 23. The scores of to-day follow:

Eiseline	15	47	Bushnell	15	23
Soule	11	45	Cayward	15	16
Kibbe	15	42	Adams	15	12
Van Wormer	11	41	Bushnell	15	11
Barringer	15	37	Fake	15	10
Stoddard	4	35	Chesebro	15	9

Correction.

DANBURY, Conn., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your report of the Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League tournament, held under the auspices of the Pahquoque Rod and Gun Club, at Danbury, Conn., July 20, you made a mistake in the name of the winner of the Connecticut championship, which was won by C. Howard Dalcy, of Danbury, whose picture you printed. You had L. H. Bradley's name under the picture. Please rectify this in your next issue. Thank you for the fine report and also for publishing the pictures.
E. H. BAILEY, Sec'y.

Fulton Gun Club.

FULTON, N. Y., Aug. 7.—Four hundred people attended the big trapshoot held to-day. C. L. Frantz, of Seneca Falls, carried away high gun honors with 129 out of 135, after shooting off a tie with C. C. Hobbie, of Fulton. A. W. Meager and Hurlbut W. Smith, of Syracuse, tied for second place with 125.

L. W. Hunter, of Oswego, and C. C. Snook, of Baldwinsville, tied in the ninth event. The tie was shot off at 15 targets, Hunter breaking 12 and Snook 14.

The winners of the cups were: First, T. E. C'ay, Syracuse; second, G. M. Phillips, Syracuse; third, C. L. Frantz, Seneca Falls; fourth, I. Chapman, Fulton; fifth, H. W. Smith, Syracuse; sixth, A. W. Meager, Syracuse; seventh, B. J. O'Grady, Fulton; eighth, C. J. Dally, Baldwinsville; ninth, C. C. Snook, Manlius. The scores:

J Montgomery	110	G M Phillips	124
J C Hunter, Jr.	119	C C Hobbie	124
B J O'Grady	119	C J Dalley	119
E W Brown	103	M Carey	111
L R Hunter	105	F Weiss	106
T E Clay	122	A P Curtis	116
L Chapman	118	C L Frantz	129
H W Smith	125	A W Meager	125
J C Marcellus	119	H E Mills	65
A Sauers	94	F Earnshaw	57
M Foubert	101	B L Bartoo	91
B B Wood	122	J C Boland	63
E Wadsworth	122	W Morris	47
C C Snook	111	W Marvin	49
W E Hookway	113.		

Lock Haven Gun Club.

LOCKHAVEN, Pa., Aug. 7.—The eighth annual target tournament of the Lock Haven Gun Club was held yesterday and to-day and proved to be a howling success in every respect. This club is noted for holding successful shoots, and the tournament which closed Wednesday evening eclipsed all former efforts and was attended by shooters from all parts of the State, who were loud in their praise for the manner in which the shoot was conducted. The weather both days was all that could be asked, and 57 men shot the program through. Lloyd R. Lewis had charge of the office, which is sufficient guarantee that this end of the game was well looked after. "Come, get your money, boys," was the joyful call from the office a few minutes after the last shot was fired. The boys responded promptly, and all declared they would be back to old Lock Haven next year.

L. B. Worden, of Harrisburg, and Allen Heil, of Allentown, tied for high amateur average, scoring 291 out of 300. F. Gunzberg, of Du Bois, was high amateur for the second day with 147 out of 150. G. H.

Hassam, won high professional average, breaking 294, with a run of 190 straight. George certainly did grind them up some. J. M. Hawkins won second professional with 292. The obstruction handicap, or high board fence event proved quite interesting, especially to the winners, who secured the \$20 on a 50-cent entrance. It was won the first day by Bressler and Leinbach, of the local club; on the second day by Worden and Heil. There was also a good entrance in the merchandise event; Slagle, of State College, won first prize the first day, and Brian Teats, of Sunbury, the second prize. On the second day Leinbach won the mileage book, which was first prize, and Munro won the fine pair of blankets for the second place. All arrangements for the shoot were as perfect as it is possible to have them, and the officers of the club were warmly congratulated for the manner in which the shoot was pulled off.

	1st Day.	2d Day.		1st Day.	2d Day.
Miller	109	114	Ham	119	111
Orner	131	122	J B Meek.....	129	120
Donahue	128	131	H Myers	118	111
Rubendall	114	103	Stephenson	104	101
Daub	139	144	Fisher	33	...
Foster	133	133	Page	109	93
Rishell	137	136	Klinger	117	128
Hawley	129	133	Serfiss	123	118
Jarshishek	103	99	Kift	106	105
Farnum	115	108	Stewart	118	112
Teats	131	141	Hughes	128	136
Curtis	131	128	Morrison	118	122
Heil	146	145	Wolf	92	81
Martin	127	128	Gunzberg	141	147
Worden	146	145	R Myers	93	82
Wise	132	140	Leinbach	128	117
Shoop	124	135	Munro	122	110
Keller	128	130	Jobson	130	131
Herrold	138	143	Bressler	139	136
Woomer	119	125	Furst	127	138
Byers	114	114	Dunlap	126	128
W L Foster.....	110	105	Koble	120	125
Dawes	132	133	Shaffer	91	...
Kyler	131	125	Slaggle	104	125
Robinson	121	111	Philbrook	135	...
H Meek	121	122	Feerat	85

*Professionals:

Hassam	149	145	Somers	136	141
Hawkins	147	144	Garland	121	121
Wells	146	143			

Du Pont Gun Club.

TWENTY-ONE marksmen shot between showers at the Du Pont Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 10. Five of this number made scores of better than 90 out of a possible 100. J. H. Minnick was high man of the day with 97. The other high scores were: W. A. Joslyn 96, W. S. Colfax, Jr., 96, E. E. du Pont 94, H. P. Carlon 91.

Mr. Joslyn made the longest run of the day by breaking 78 straight. Mr. Minnick was second with 68, and Mr. du Pont third with 63.

The principal events were the contests for the Eugene E. du Pont cups. Seven teams of two men each qualified, three of the teams making perfect scores of 50. This earned four points for each individual member.

One team scored 48. This score was second high, each member getting three points. Another team made 48, each member earning two points. Still another team made 46, each member securing one point.

The scores for the Du Pont cups were:

W Edmanson	25	Dr E O Bullock ..	25
J W Anderson, Jr..	25-50	J T Roberson.....	22-47
H P Carlon	25	J A McMullen	25
J H Minnick	25-50	21-46
E E du Pont.....	23	W M Hammond ...	25
L C Lyon	25-48	F P Ewing	17-42
Dr A Patterson ...	25		
Stanley Tughton ...	25-50		

Dr. E. O. Bullock and J. A. MacMullen tied at 19 out of 25 for the Class D challenge cup. In the shoot-off, MacMullen won by a score of 21 to 17.

J. W. Anderson, Jr., won the Class C challenge cup from Dr. A. Patterson, 42 to 41. The scores:

W Edmanson	23	L C Lyon	22
W M Hammond	25	E E du Pont	22
H P Carlon	23	S Tughton	22
J H Minnick	24	D Lindsay	18
P D Guest	21	Dr E O Bullock	19
F P Ewing	12	Dr A Patterson	20
J A MacMullen	19	J T Roberson	21
L C S Dorsey	13	C Leedom	16
J W Anderson, Jr....	21	H Scott	17
W A Joslyn	25	L Mathewson	18
W S Colfax, Jr.....	25		

North Brewster Gun Club.

BREWSTER, O., Aug. 5.—Following are the scores made by the North Brewster Gun Club at a practice shoot on Aug. 3. Though weather conditions seemed favorable, excepting a strong wind in the faces of the shooters, none of the members seemed able to find the birds. A number of new shooters appeared at the traps, and it looks like increased membership during the coming winter.

W Wilson	75	48	R Gage	25	11
C Engleman ...	75	30	J McCann	10	0
D Webner	75	25	W Gove	10	0
A J Burns.....	70	32	R Pattison	10	0
W Glick	50	28	R Reming.....	10	4
A Glick	40	16	A J Burns.....	*12	5

*Doubles.

A. J. BURNS, Sec'y.

Durant Gun Club.

DURANT, Ia., Aug. 6.—Oh, Billy Hoon did it again. Did what? Off with the money trot. This pride of the G. A. H. is working over the West like a lady looking for something in the wool of a Pomeranian pup. And he's about as successful. He broke 144 here to-day, two more than F. Campbell, who took second. Wm. Wetleaf made 140, and third stuff. Three pros. ran along for company for the third and those lower down the list. W. T. Garrett was top in the class with 140. Some one said they saw Matthews come into the gate, but it must have been a mistake. Scores:

Geo Reimers..... 125	L R Dessaint..... 131
E C Schmitt..... 139	J Goss..... 129
R Harder..... 115	J R Jahn..... 118
H Boldt..... 103	H Goering..... 129
F Brauch..... 96	E A Otto..... 123
F Campbell..... 142	E T Geese..... 97
W S Hoon..... 144	C F Scharfer..... 129
C Bothel..... 117	D C Camblin..... 120
N Muncy..... 131	J Foley..... 128
E L Hinckley..... 79	Wm Wetleaf..... 140
W C Post..... 120	Ed Kessler..... 130
H Martens..... 131	C Gill..... 120
W Kunkel..... 100	F Wetleaf..... 114
Professionals:	
L H Fitzsimmons..... 131	G E Mathews..... 126
W T Garrett..... 140	

Minneapolis Rod and Gun Club.

THE following shows the standing of the shooters at the Intercity Shooting Park at the close of events there yesterday. R. R. Barber was high gun, breaking 122 out of 125 targets, making a run of 111 birds without a miss. Scores:

Shot at, Broke		Shot at, Broke	
W R McKinnon 50 39		E C Atherton... 75 37	
J A Lawson..... 100 85		A Rundquist... 50 41	
G J Hanley..... 50 40		S Freidheim... 100 82	
G Reisgies... 50 37		S E Powers.... 100 90	
J M Burdick... 75 59		F O Stokke.... 100 89	
R W Buehn.... 25 3		F R Gilman.... 100 77	
W E Smith.... 25 6		G Gesdahl.... 50 38	
R R Barber.... 125 123		M L Burkhardt 50 13	
Mrs R R Barber 50 39		C K Low..... 50 23	
M Anderson... 25 6		A Brady..... 50 34	
L A Hoover... 100 87		H Stark..... 100 82	
W Aldendorfer 100 62		P H Hoy..... 25 20	
C A Ruckel.... 100 71		J Burgess.... 100 79	
B Kappeller... 75 63		B F Jaeger.... 50 29	
C Leonard.... 75 60		Jas W Seeley... 100 85	

In a special 25-bird event the following was the result: Dr. Moristain 21, W. Edwards 18, H. Stark 21, R. R. Barber 23, J. A. Lawson 19.

W. R. McKINNON, Pres.

Madrid Gun Club.

MADRID, N. Y., Aug. 7.—The winner, W. E. Corfield, shot a good race to-day in singles, getting 142 out of 150. Second man was three of 'em—J. C. Howland, Joe Frateschie and G. R. O'Connor—each bagging 137 featherless flyers. In the double events W. R. Patrick, after getting only 133 in singles, broke 32 out of 20 pairs. Chas. H. Simonds cracked one less. H. H. Stevens, from among the pinks, got 146; Sim Glover 144, and G. H. Chapin 143.

W E Corfield..... 142	T J Turner..... 131
J C Howland..... 137	E P Wright..... 130
Jos Frateschi..... 137	Geo E La Voie..... 126
G R O'Connor..... 137	J B Geddis..... 124
Chas H Simonds..... 136	W H Corbin..... 124
G S Meagher..... 136	W E Lytle..... 123
J H Evans..... 135	O A Finch..... 119
H D Holmes..... 135	C C Mosher..... 114
D M Bacon..... 134	L C Jackson..... 110
J E Thompson..... 134	O Ford..... 110
W R Patrick..... 133	E T Marney..... 104
E M Turner..... 132	R W Bush..... 91
W H Greene..... 132	A S Gay..... 83
Thos M Wood..... 131	

Professionals:
H H Stevens..... 146
Sim Glover..... 144
G H Chapin..... 143

Tracy City Gun Club.

TRACY CITY, Tenn., Aug. 7.—At the regular weekly shoot, held here yesterday, Bowling, with 41 out of 50, was high amateur. W. O. LeCompte, of the Remington-U. M. C. Co., was with us and smashed 50 straight. This gives LeCompte an unfinished run of 140 on our grounds. The scores:

Shot at, Brk.		Shot at, Brk.	
Patterson..... 50 40		Norvell..... 25 18	
Bowling..... 50 41		Bowers..... 25 17	
Henley..... 50 38		Marugg..... 25 10	
Roberts..... 50 35		*Le Compte,..... 50 50	

*Professional.

E. C. NORVELL, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

SOMETHING doing at the grounds on Aug. 11, and in spite of a stiff wind, some nice work was done. L. J. Squier was high man with 95, followed by Hamerschmidt with 87. The latter has been doing very little trapshooting this season, and was not in his usual form. Dillon made his first appearance as a trapshooter, and will do better with practice. The grounds are in perfect condition for the E. C. cup match between H. D. Freeman and J. S. Day, which will take place on Aug. 24.

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Wear Well, Shoot Well and Handle Well

Wear well because they are made of the best material by the most skillful craftsmen. Shoot well because they hold the charge compactly together at extreme ranges. Handle well because the greatest attention has always been paid to the distribution of wood and metal, to insure perfect balance and the most symmetrical outline. Twenty-bore Parkers have set the pace for small bores in America, and are growing in popularity every year with the most progressive sportsmen.

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Note these features: **Hammerless—Solid Steel Breech** (inside as well as out)—**Solid Top—Side Ejection—Matted Barrel** (as on our highest grade hammer guns)—**Press-Button Cartridge Release** (to remove loaded cartridges quickly from magazine without working through action)—**Double Extractors—Take-Down Feature—Trigger and Hammer Safety. Price, \$22.60.**

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The Marlin Firearms Co.
27 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

Programs for the tournament to be given in September are ready for mailing. Several interesting matches are on the cards for the fall, and due notice will be given. The club is getting into shape and will be back among the leading organizations of the kind before the snow flies. Scores:

Targets:	15 15 20 15 15 20	Total.
Squier.....	15 14 19 15 14 18	95
Hammerschmidt.....	12 13 17 13 14 16	85
Connelly.....	8 9 17 11 11 14	70
Ward.....	11 12 17	40
Dillon.....	2 6 11 4	23
Gambell.....	12	12

Norfolk-Portsmouth Gun Club

PORTSMOUTH, Va., Aug. 10.—The usual weekly shoot of the Norfolk-Portsmouth Gun Club, held to-day, was well attended. Fifteen shooters were on the firing line. Dr. Byrd and Gallagher tied on 47 out of 50 in the club event of 50. Dr. Byrd broke another 47, making a total of 94 out of 100 targets, which was the best record of the shoot. Following are the scores:

Gallagher..... 47	Capt Saston..... 41
Dr Byrd..... 47	Boyd..... 37
Borrowdale..... 43	Goodloe..... 37
Lawrence..... 43	Ballance..... 35
Davis..... 43	Dr Corbell..... 35
Edmonds..... 42	Thompson..... 28
Winchester..... 41	Daughtridge..... 25
Talbot..... 41	

W. T. E., Sec'y.

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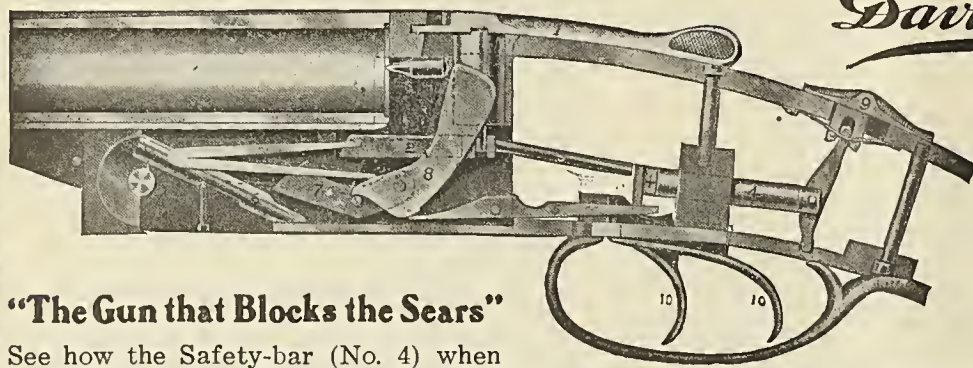
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Established 1853

Davis Guns

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Nine Grades

Guernsey Gun Club,

GUERNSEY, Ia., Aug. 3.—Our gun club met on the grounds this evening for practice after having been disappointed the two previous Saturdays on account of rain. Only a few of the boys put in an appearance, everybody being very busy at present taking care of this 60-bushel per acre crop of oats and heavy crop of hay. We shot for our Du Pont club trophy this evening. It was won by J. W. Dobbins, after shooting off a miss-and-out tie of 20 out of 25 targets with H. Glenn. We practice every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Visitors invited. We are giving a one-day tournament with specials tacked on Sept. 24. Scores follow:

	Shot at.	Broke		Shot at.	Broke
W L Rieck.....	35	20	A Dalezal	40	30
John Dalzeal ...	25	3	C F Foster.....	15	7
H Glen	35	24	L C Furney.....	15	8
The scores made on Aug. 1 follow:					
John Dalezal ...	10	1	C F Foster.....	20	15
A Dalezal	50	40	H N Miner.....	15	8
J W Dobbins...	50	46	E E Dobbins...	10	5
L C Furney.....	25	23	H Glenn	5	2

J. W. DOBBINS, Pres.

Oakwood Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug. 6.—Good scores predominated here to-day. Fisher was high in regular event with 47 out of 50 and in the special event with 45 in each event. Daniel and Lingle tied for place with 45 in each event. There were just ten present. The scores:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Fisher	47	47	R A Owen	38	41
Daniel	45	45	Scott	38	33
Lingle	45	45	W M Heald	31	34
Stockley	39	46	Battle	(83)	32
Moorman	43	38	*Lee	31	..

*Professional.

Riverside Gun Club.

RED BANK, N. J., Aug. 10.—William Chandler, of Red Bank, was high gun here to-day. Fourteen shooters were entered in the tournament. The first event was the third series of a four-event match for the James Diamond trophy. This event was captured by A. L. Ivins in two 25-bird events. He broke 47 out of 50, with a scratch and 1 handicap. E. M. Cooper finished second with 3 handicap, breaking 48. William Chandler tied with George Gallo for the Du Pont trophy. The tie was shot off and Chandler won, breaking 38 out of 50.

Bourbon Gun Club.

BOURBON, Ind., Aug. 5.—Following scores were made in practice, only a few shooters participating:

L Russell	19	Hunter	14
Dilley	19	Reubelt	13
J Russell	17	Lucas	15
Bowers	14	L. RUSSEL, Pres.	

FROZEN AND DRIED EGGS.

FROZEN and dried eggs intended for human consumption are largely used for cooking purposes where inferiority may be concealed, as in baking cakes or making custards, omelets, pies, etc. The traffic in eggs sold for drying and freezing has greatly increased in the past few years. Strictly fresh marketable eggs in the shell command a high price, and there is difficulty in meeting the demand for them, but large quantities of questionable eggs, often bought at very low prices, have been broken out for cooking purposes by disreputable firms, being preserved by freezing or drying until ready for use. Some dealers, however, manufacture a satisfactory product by the use of good eggs handled under proper conditions.

There is no objection to drying or freezing good eggs under proper sanitary conditions; in fact, there are some advantages to be gained by preserving eggs in this manner, although the manufacturing processes devised by man as a rule do not improve the quality of nature's work. Conditions of modern life and commerce must however, be met, and dried eggs or eggs in a frozen condition may be shipped long distances, and require less space for transportation and storage than do eggs in the shell.

As the result of investigations instituted by Secretary Wilson, the United States Department of Agriculture has recently issued two publications that give practical suggestions for correcting some of the existing practices and conditions which are at least partially responsible for the unsatisfactory products now found on the market. These publications are Bulletin 158 and Circular 98 of the Bureau of Chemistry, entitled, respectively, "A Bacteriological Study of Shell, Frozen and Desiccated Eggs" and "Practical Suggestions for the Preparation of Frozen and Dried Eggs."

Kennel Department

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 28.—Southern Ohio Field Trial Association's second annual field trials. G. R. Harris, Sec'y, 15 West Sixth St., Cincinnati, O.

Breeders' Association.

WALTER S. GURNEE, JR., of Oyster Bay, will judge bulldogs at the fifth annual show of the Breeders' Association, held in conjunction with the Associated Specialty Club of Chicago, in that city, at the Bismarck Gardens, on Sept. 28. Mr. Gurnee is well known as a breeder, having produced Rockhill's Runt and Tommie, and he is the owner of Thornbury Master.

Premium lists will be ready on Aug. 18 and may be obtained from the secretary, A. D. Gillette, Fort Salonga, L. I.

A number of prominent Eastern exhibitors will show Champion Kitty Royal, which has a dash of Peter Pan in her blood lines; Crissie Denton and Deodora Delilah on their home grounds are a formidable trio and it will take a bit of going to attach their laurels. Champion Deodora Monarch will be added to the Western team of bulldogs. Added to this there is a particularly deadly female of the species in Michigan which, if rumor has it correctly, should augur a little anxiety for the Eastern intrepids. The Breeders have obtained a license and a full four point rating from the American Kennel Club for this show.

Entries will close on Sept. 14.

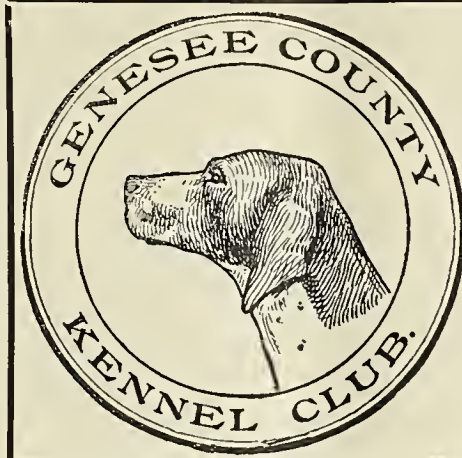
THROUGH UNEXPLORED GUERRERO.

Continued from page 199.

and their cruel three-inch tusks bared on either side of the snapping jaws.

I noticed that my guide and my men did not advance to meet the pigs, but turned inquiring eyes toward the top of the pyramid, as if estimating how many jumps would be required to reach the apex. Then a young son of one of the workmen precipitated matters by firing a load of fine bird shot from an old muzzleloading gun into a young pig at one side of the band. The shot went all too true, and with the first scream of the wounded javelin I found myself following the guide in headlong flight up the side of the earthen cone, the hundred or more wild hogs hot at our back. The snapping of their teeth and their grunts of anger came all too plainly to our ears, as we strove to reach a square stone altar some fifteen feet in height, crowning the top of the pyramid. The guide reached this vantage point first, and lying flat on his stomach on the top, extended a helping hand to me just in time, for the teeth of the leader of the porcine band took the heel off one of my high hunting boots just as I scrambled to safety beside the guide and the rest of the workmen on top of the altar.

Around the bottom of the square stone altar, made for worship of strange Indian gods, and used for refuge by the first white man who had ever gazed on these ruins, gathered the horde of little wild hogs, fearless and angered to the fighting point by the cries of their wounded comrade. There we laid for three hours, while the javelins snarled and jumped and strove to reach our resting place. Then of a sudden the leaders of the band turned about in their tracks faced off the pyramid toward the thickest part of the underbrush, snorted, began a series



Kennel.

THE BATAVIA SHOW

EIGHTH ANNUAL DOG SHOW OF THE
Genesee County Kennel Club
SEPTEMBER 19th to 21st

Premium list out Aug. 15. Send your name for our mailing list. Seventy-one winners' classes. Money in all breeds assuring one point; \$1,500 cash. Over \$200 in cut glass prizes.

Judge all breeds, Mr. James Mortimer

ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 11th

Address all communications to

CHAS. W. GARDINER, Supt. . - Batavia, N. Y.

of squeals and grunts and followed by the entire band struck off headlong into the jungle.

"El tigre! el tigre!" whispered the guide, scarcely above his breath, and as the horde of wild hogs struck the underbrush, we could hear the crash of some heavy body further out in the jungle, while the squeals of the javelins grew fainter and fainter as they settled down to the pursuit of their old-time enemy. Later we proved that the guide was right by finding the tracks of a large sized jaguar in the soft soil almost obliterated by the stamping and tramping of the sharp pig hoofs as the herd passed over them. The javelins seem to bear a lifelong grudge against the jaguar, or tiger, and according to the Indians, never lose an opportunity for attacking one of the cats. Only when cornered with no tree of sufficient size in jumping distance will the jaguar fight a herd of javelins, preferring even to swim a stream, much as he hates water, to meeting the sharp-tusked little fighters face to face.

We discovered later that the name of this place was Chalchiutepetl—"The Hill of the Green Stone"—and by further explorations in one of the sealed chambers, which certainly had not been opened for ten centuries, we found the complete skeleton of a small dog. The bones crumbled to dust at the touch, but this was a case of a dead dog being better than a live lion, and these mute bones gave us some idea of the antiquity of the man's faithful canine companion among these Indians. In the villages of this section to-day it is a tie between babies and dogs as to which are the more plentiful.

During a rainstorm here I was much surprised to see my native workmen cut leaves from the wild fan palms and fashion for themselves rain coats which shed the water perfectly. We stayed here about four months, taking out more than 2,500 relics, idols, masks, skulls, beads and various objects, including a stone tablet three by two feet, covered with hieroglyphics, which I then believed to be the Rosetta Stone of this tribe of Guerrero aborigines, but which has never been deciphered. This ruined city is peculiarly rich in hieroglyphics, and it is more than probable that the unlocking of this large carefully carved stone tablet would reveal the meaning of the carvings on the ruins, and tell at least some fragments of the identity and history of the great race which peopled this part of Guerrero.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Beagle and Rabbit Hounds.—Thoroughly trained and experienced hunters. Not gunshy. Satisfaction guaranteed. Puppies all ages. LEWIS MILLER, West Chester, Pa.

THE DUTIES OF GAME PROTECTORS.

Continued from page 202.

case are the minimum payments less than \$200 per year or the monthly rates more than half the average salary received during the ten years prior to retirement.

Compensation for Injuries.—The danger of bodily harm to which a warden is exposed is no slight matter. In Pennsylvania, where injuries of this kind have perhaps been more frequent than elsewhere, the secretary of the game commission in his report for 1904 declared:

"Nine of the officers of this commission have, during the past summer, been called upon to meet armed resistance, three having been shot, and one of them very seriously. This man while attempting to arrest an Italian, whom he caught in the act of killing robins, was deliberately shot by a companion and friend of the violator." (Report Penn. Game Commission, 1904, p. 8.)

And again in 1906:

"We have had fourteen officers shot at during the present year. We have had seven shot, three of whom were killed, and three very seriously wounded; and one other, a gentleman of

Resorts for Sportsmen.

Maine.



RIPOGENUS LAKE CAMPS

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A **Big Country** is here opened up for Sportsmen just half way down the "West Branch" Canoe Trip; 40 miles by steamer from Greenville to Northeast Carry; twenty miles to Chesuncook by canoe, twenty miles more to camps by motor boat or canoe. Another route by canoe from Norcross, Maine. Another overland by team from Lilly Bay (Moosehead Lake) to Caribou Lake, thence by canoe or motor boat 12 miles to camps. **Home Camps** comfortable with spring beds, etc. **Back Camps and Lean-tos** cover a great tract of Wilderness, for Sportsmen desiring to go far back in the woods. **Good living everywhere, Grouse, Ducks and Black Bear.** We guarantee to give you **Trout Fishing** that is **unequaled** and **Moose and Deer Hunting** that is **unsurpassed.** Choice of the sportiest quick water in Maine, for the stream fisherman, or the most placid of pond and lake fishing for those who prefer it, where brook trout rise to the fly all summer.

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Camps have open fireplaces, piazzas, Kewance Water System. Private baths and toilets. Sanitary plumbing and Blaugas lights. Write for Brochure "B," giving rates and details.

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Finest July, August and September fly-fishing. Machias and Musquacook regions of Maine. Largest trout, togue, and salmon.

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Elk, deer, mountain sheep, goat, bear and small game in season. Special rates for fishing and camping trips. First-class outfit and dogs. Reference given. **J. K. STADLER, Ovando, Mont.**

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Lawrence county, while not serving under a commission of this board, was killed for doing our work. * * * (Report Penn. Game Commission, 1906, p. 11.)

The frequency with which wardens are shot suggests inquiry as to what punishment is meted out to their assailants and what redress they can obtain. Only a few cases can be mentioned in this connection.

Shortly after the passage of the Maine law prohibiting hounding, Warden Lyman O. Hill, on Nov. 8, 1886, killed a dog belonging to a man named Calvin P. Graves, whereupon Graves shot and killed the warden and his companion. Graves was sentenced on May 1, 1887, to life imprisonment, and this sentence was later commuted to twenty-five years; good behavior still further shortened the term, and early in 1906 he was released, after spending twenty years in jail. (FOREST AND STREAM, XXVII, p. 308, Nov. 11, 1886; Maine Sportsman, XIII, p. 158, Apr. 6, 1906.)

In the same year that Graves was released, Seely Houk, a deputy game warden of Pennsylvania, disappeared March 2, 1906, and after the lapse of some weeks his body was found in the Mahoning River weighted down with stones. Investigation showed that he had been shot by a man named Rocca Racca who was duly convicted of the killing, but what the sentence was is not stated. (Report Game Comm. Penn., 1908, p. 25.)

In October, 1908, deputy C. B. Peyton was killed while attempting to arrest a band of Flat-head Indians near Swan River, Montana. At the following session of the Legislature a joint resolution was passed providing for the appointment of his widow as a deputy game warden at his former salary of \$125 per month. This method of making an appropriation by resolution was found to be unconstitutional, and the State auditor refused to draw a warrant for her salary. Later she was appointed as assistant in the office of the State warden. (FOREST AND STREAM, LXXI, p. 816, Nov. 21, 1908; American Field, LXXI, p. 607, June 26, 1909.) This action is worthy of note as hitherto little or no provision had been made for injuries sustained by wardens in the performance of their duty. Massachusetts, however, is a notable exception to the rule. Six years ago, on Oct. 14, 1906, Deputy Adam J. Rausch, while attempting to arrest a game law violator near Lawrence, received a charge of shot in his chest. Under a special act of the Legislature an appropriation of \$2,000 was made as compensation for his injury. (Resolves Mass., 1907, chap. 70, p. 1001.) Last January Deputy Nixon, who was injured while pursuing a game law violator, died from embolism after being confined to the hospital for six weeks. Under a special act of the Legislature his hospital expenses amounting to \$423 were paid, and an annuity of \$500 for a period of five years was provided for his minor children. In one or two other cases in which deputies have been incapacitated, their salaries have been allowed to continue for some months while they were unable to perform active service. In one instance a deputy contracted tuberculosis while on duty, but drew his salary for nearly two years, although unable to perform active duty much of the time.

Most States are well able to provide for injuries sustained by their public servants, and it

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Oil paintings of birds, fish, game, 11 x 15, 75c. each.
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T. H. PARRY, care Parry Mfg. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

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To buy 5,000 brook trout, 5 to 6 inches long, delivered at Kildare, Franklin Co., N. Y. Write, giving price delivered to J. S. Ehrich, Kildare Club, Franklin Co., N. Y.

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Live black, silver-patched and cross foxes; also minks, martens and fishers. Highest prices paid. State prices and write or telegraph to John D. Haslam, Fortune Cove, P.E.I.

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is simple justice that they should make such provision. When a man devotes the best years of his life to the service of the State, he is at least entitled to the same consideration that he would receive from a private corporation, and he should not suffer financially or physically on account of his willingness to serve the public.

BRITISH MEASURES TO PREVENT RABIES.

CONSUL-GENERAL JOHN L. GRIFFITHS, of London, says:

"Respecting the measures adopted in Great Britain to exclude rabies and the manner of suppressing an outbreak, should it appear, the following particulars have been obtained from the British Board of Agriculture and Fisheries:

"In accordance with the order of the board of March 23, 1897, a copy of which is forwarded [and may be had from the Bureau of Manufactures], and also by virtue of powers vested in them by various statutes, every dog attacked by rabies must be immediately slaughtered. Notice of any actual or suspected case must be immediately given to a police constable, who is required to wire the information to the Board of Agriculture and also to an inspector of the local authority. After the afflicted animal has been destroyed it is subjected to a post-mortem examination and thereafter buried in its skin (slashed so as to be useless) at a depth of not less than six feet and covered with a sufficient quantity of quick lime or disinfectant.

"Whenever an actual or a suspected case of rabies is reported, an order is issued requiring all dogs within the district (and the surrounding area) where the outbreak occurred to be kept under control by (1) confinement in a kennel or other inclosure from which the dog cannot escape; or (2) secured to some premises by a collar or chain; or (3) efficiently muzzled with an effective wire cage muzzle, and also led (by a person) with a collar and chain or other attachment. Until the order is withdrawn it is an offense to move any dog outside the area defined in such order, or permit any dog or other animal to come into contact with any animal to which the order applies.

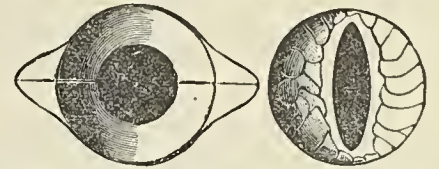
"When a dog feels ill in the early stages of rabies it is anxious to get away from its home and to go 'on the march.' Cases are known where dogs so affected have been found to have continued 'on the march' for seventy miles. In consequence of this fact, whenever an outbreak occurs the area brought under the jurisdiction of an order such as described is very large. To prevent, if possible, the spread of the disease the provisions of the act are applied at once to the entire territory."

AN ACCIDENT DUE TO AIR WASH.

DURING the first aeroplane meeting held at Rheims, in 1909, aviators for the first time realized the dangers of flying in the wake of an aeroplane. Although the perils that lurk in the wash of a flying machine are fully appreciated, nevertheless a serious accident occurred at Villa Coublay, near Paris, on July 5 last. Lieuts. Briez and Burlez, of the French Army, started on a flight to Belfort, each in a monoplane. Lieut. Burlez had attained an altitude of about 600 feet, passing the other man at greater speed 100 feet higher, forcing a current of air downward and causing the machine driven by Briez to lose its equilibrium. The monoplane crashed to the ground and Briez suffered two broken legs, a fractured jaw and injuries to his chest. He is expected to recover.—Scientific American.

You can get a pretty good idea of the kind of sportsmen who read FOREST AND STREAM from what the publication offers them to read. It's of the highest grade.

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TIMBERLAND ON LAKE AND RIVER.

Eight thousand acres of timberland, with several miles of lake and river front, situated on a large lake in the center of the game and fishing country of Northern and Central Maine. This tract of land would make an ideal reservation for a club, or for anyone desiring an investment in timberlands. For information, address
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CANADIAN CAMP For Sale or To Let

Completely furnished, situated in Laurentian Range Mountains on Lake L'Achigan, P. Q., night's run from New York. Main house, 20 rooms, 12 master's rooms, 4 baths; winter lodge, 4 rooms and bath, all outbuildings, 30 acres of land, 600 feet beach front, altitude 1,000 feet, unlimited supply spring water; bass, brook and lake trout fishing; deer, partridge, bear shooting in season. Ideal camp for anyone wanting high class place for private use, club or sanitarium.

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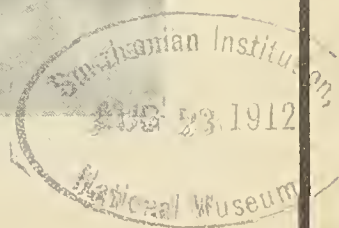
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AN OPEN LETTER TO BUYERS AND SHIPPERS OF EGGS.

From Department of Agriculture, Office of the Secretary, Washington.

It is a conservative estimate that more than \$45,000,000 are lost in the egg-producing sections annually because of improper handling. This enormous loss is due to small eggs, cracked and broken eggs, dirty, stale, heated (hatched) and rotten eggs.

When farmers, peddlers, merchants, etc., come to you with eggs for sale, talk to them about the improvement of the market egg, and enlist their co-operation in the elimination of this great loss. Here are some of the fundamental points to be considered by all egg men, whether producers, shippers or middlemen:

1. Encourage the production of large eggs. This can be accomplished by keeping pure bred "general purpose" breeds of fowls hatching only the eggs that weigh at least two ounces apiece and from only the most vigorous stock. A higher price for large than for small eggs will help along the argument.

2. Infertile eggs do not hatch, do not form blood rings and seldom form black rots. If the male birds are sold or penned up after June 1, the flock of hens will lay more eggs and they will be infertile.

3. More than 10 per cent. of the eggs received in New York during the year are "seconds" because they are stale. Tell your egg men that gathering eggs every afternoon, or twice daily in hot or murky weather, keeping them in a cool, clean, dry place until marketed, and marketing at least once a week and more frequently in the summer time will reduce the number of stale eggs greatly. Of course, stale eggs are worth less money than fresh eggs all along the line.

4. Can you convince your trade that eggs from stolen nests and from incubators are never fit for sale? If the farmer thinks they are good, reliable food, urge him to eat them at home. For since the egg buyer can afford to pay more for large, clean, fresh, whole-shelled eggs, it is good business for the farmer to use small, dirty, cracked eggs at home.

5. Do you know how to candle eggs? If not, learn, and learn quickly. There is no other way by which you can determine the worth of what you are paying for. Having yourself learned how to grade eggs, show the merchants, peddlers and farmers in your neighborhood, by means of the candle, what kind of eggs they are bringing to you. Farmers are not scamps, nor egg buyers' angels. Show the farmer the kinds of eggs you cannot pay for and he will find a way to eliminate the bad egg and to make the good egg even better.

6. Candle in a room where the temperature does not go above 55 degrees F. Ship chilled, in a good refrigerator car, in carlots. If you cannot chill the eggs before shipping, use a refrigerator car, well iced, and ship only the minimum load that the eggs may receive the benefit of the ice before the market is reached.

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In 1911 the number of eggs taken at most of the hatcheries appears to have been far below their capacity and the needs of the industry, the output in some of them falling below the poor record for 1907. For instance, at Pemberton, 12,500,000 were taken as against 27,000,000 four years before, and at Harrison Lake, with a capacity for 50,000,000, 10,224,000 eggs were taken as against 22,000,000 four years previous.

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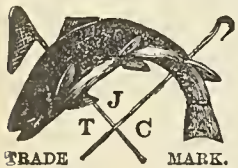
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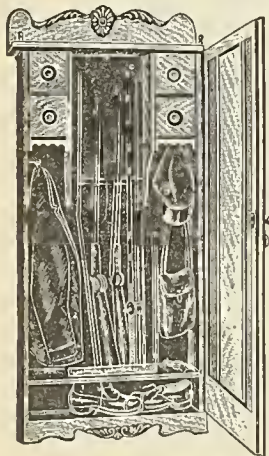
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1912.

VOL. LXXIX.—No. 8.
127 Franklin St., New York.

Through Unexplored Guerrero

By PROF. WILLIAM NIVEN

Chapter III.—Among the Mound Builders

BESIDES the great city, which I have just described, there is another section, several thousand acres in extent, rather thickly covered with small Indian villages of the modern tribes, and which is so studded with ancient mounds as to give the appearance of being a hilly country, when, as a matter of fact, it is a rolling mesa, or mountain slope. This section, totally different from all the other ruins of pre-historic Mexico, is the one-time home of the mound builders, quite probably a part of the mysterious tribe or tribes which left the serpentine mounds in the Ohio Valley and in other parts of the United States.

Outside the northern Republic this one section of Guerrero contains the only trace of the mound builders found in the New World, and is in a much better state of preservation than the mounds of the United States. Into this section I determined to go on my next trip, and having completed my investigation of the ruins of Yerbabuena for Mr. Jesup, I struck out again, in 1896, for the land of the Misteca, the Amusgo and the Tlapaneco tribes, located many miles in the jungle-covered mountains southeast of Chilpancingo.

Horses and supplies were obtained at Iguala, on the Cuernavaca division of the National Railways of Mexico, and Chilpancingo was reached after a two days' ride over the mountains. Here we were hospitably received by the new Governor, Col. Antonio Mesinario, who supplied me with an escort of troopers and gave me open letters of passage through his State. From here we went to Mochitlan, and thence onward to Zuechultenango, the first night out from Chilpancingo, having spent some time in examining the ancient Spanish workings of a once-profitable silver mine.

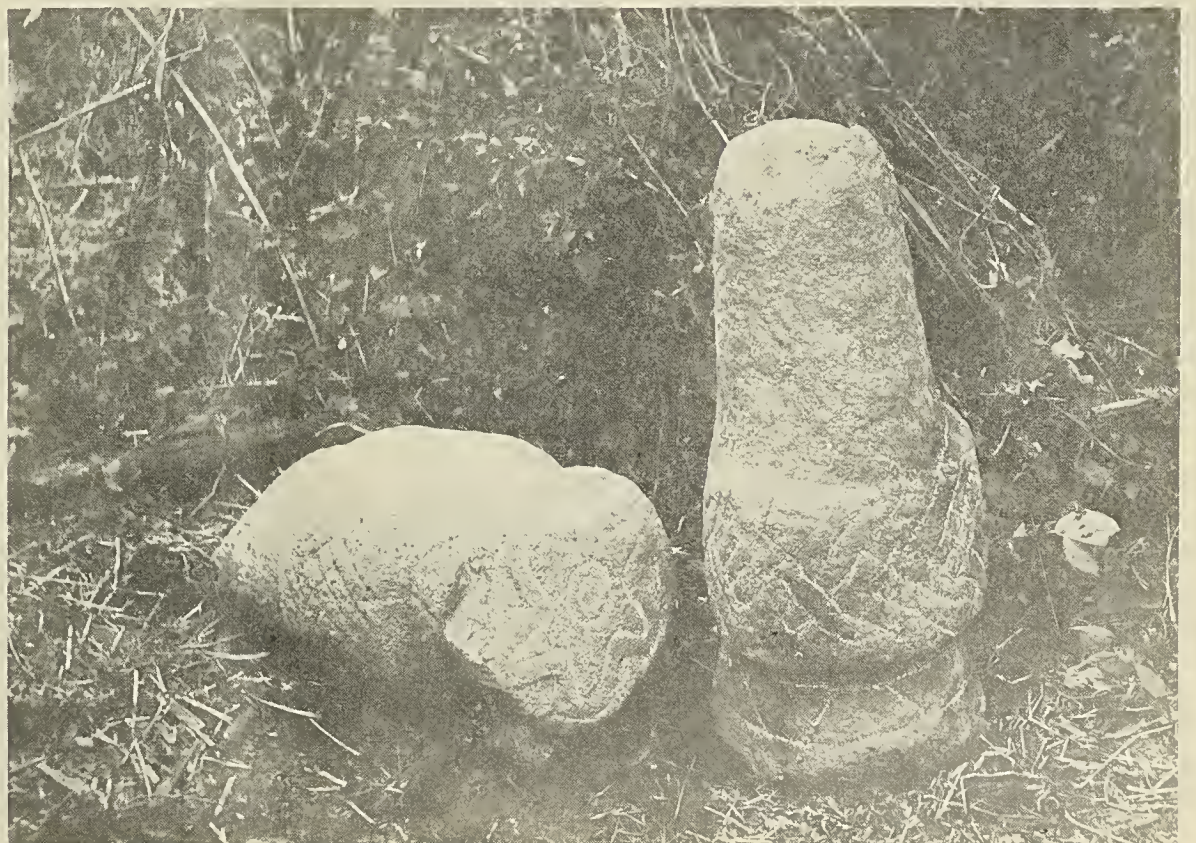
The country traversed thus far was composed of well-watered valleys and cultivated ridges, every acre, almost, being planted to corn. The people were polite and hospitable and were curious to know what class of goods we had for sale, or if we intended giving a circus, as they had seen my tent strapped on one of the mules. When told that we were in search of the relics of the ancient mound builders, they brought us a number of stone beads, stone axes, chisels and similar imperishable utensils, but no pottery. In addition to this they pointed out a number of low and weather worn mounds in the midst of their villages, from which they declared great treasure had been taken in years past. They

also added that further on were much larger and better preserved mounds, into which no excavations had been made.

I determined to press on into the heart of the mound builders' country, and next day passed Colotlupan, Telpoxtlahuaca and Tlanicuululoco, reaching the town of Pazote late in the afternoon. There we secured a guide who could speak the language of the Tlapanecos, through whose country we were passing and who could speak little if any Spanish. We arrived at Mantzentla in the evening, and finally were able to secure food for ourselves and animals, but the Indians were shy and did not seem to appreciate our visit, although no open opposition was made to our short stay among them. This is a barren, cheerless settlement. With the exception of the comisaria or combined jail and courthouse, all the buildings are round, about twelve feet in diameter, built of mud and thatched with wild grasses. These structures have no windows, and only one door, which is seldom opened; at least, we saw none opened during our stay in Mant-

zentla. All in all this village reminded me much of descriptions I had read of the towns of the African natives, especially those of sections of the dark continent remotely removed from civilization.

Acatapec was our next stopping place, a pueblo of about 500 houses, substantially built of stone, but with the same disregard for light and ventilation which we had noted at Mantzentla. Here we were greeted with the same closed doors and the same oppressive silence as at the previous village, and the guide informed me that we were now in the heart of the Tlapaneco country. There was a Government school here, and the teacher informed me that his brightest pupil, a full grown man, had been able to learn the Spanish alphabet only after three years' hard and continuous study. The people are simple and taciturn in demeanor, with formal ceremonials for every performance of their daily lives. When friends salute, they touch each others' hands without clasping them, and in this manner raise them to within a few inches of the lips of one



HUGE STONE ARTIFACTS FOUND IN GUERRERO BY PROF. NIVEN.



ALTAR IN CHURCH IN PASCALALAN DEL ORO, AND OF THE TLAPANECOS.

and then of the other, the while muttering a salutation in a low tone, their words sounding as strange as the Apache jargon of the tribes of Western United States.

Unlike the Indians in other parts of Guerrero, they seem to have no curiosity, and the sight of our outfit, with half a dozen men on the backs of mules, animals which the Tlapanecos do not possess, created no ripple of interest. In some places, along the trails outside the villages, the natives fled precipitately at sight of us.

Their language sounds strangely like Chinese or Japanese. For good-day they say "gaze"; good-night, "nawee"; good, "meeha"; tortilla, "gooma." When they wish to say, "Let us go," it is, "I yook," and when they drink each others' health, they say, "Ah gee-ya."

When a marriage ceremony is performed, which is very seldom, and never with a member of an outside tribe, it is only by the judge who is chosen by the people of his particular village, totally irrespective of the nomination of any judge by the central Government in Mexico. Chiefs are chosen in the same manner, and the life of the people is feudal, each village being a nation unto itself. Their religion seems to be a mixture of hazy paganism handed down from their ancestors, undoubtedly the mound builders and modern Catholicism, introduced by the all-pervading priests who flocked into this country with and after the conquest. When a child arrives at the age of six years, the father takes it at midnight to some secret place in the hills, and there performs what is known as the "purification ceremony." Having provided himself with a chicken or turkey, and an incense pot filled with the sweet-odored copal gum, the head of the fowl is severed, the blood allowed to run into the earth, and the pot placed on the spot where the blood fell. The incense is then lighted and the child must remain immovable in front

of the pot until all is consumed. When the ceremony is completed, the fowl is buried in the same spot and the earth filled with lime, to kill the odor, so that no wild animal may detect the odor and dig it up.

Continuing our journey we arrived next day at Barranca de Pobre, where a feast was in progress, and where, strange to say, we were welcomed with great kindness and courtesy by the chief. There I met a young Tlapaneco who could speak some Spanish, and with him went into the tribal temple where a strange ceremonial was in progress. The building was of stone, about fifty feet long by twenty wide, with a palm leaf roof. At one end was an altar, on which were three male images, draped with brightly-colored native cloths, the three representing the ancient gods of fire, wind and water. They resembled images in a Chinese Joss house more than anything I have ever seen.

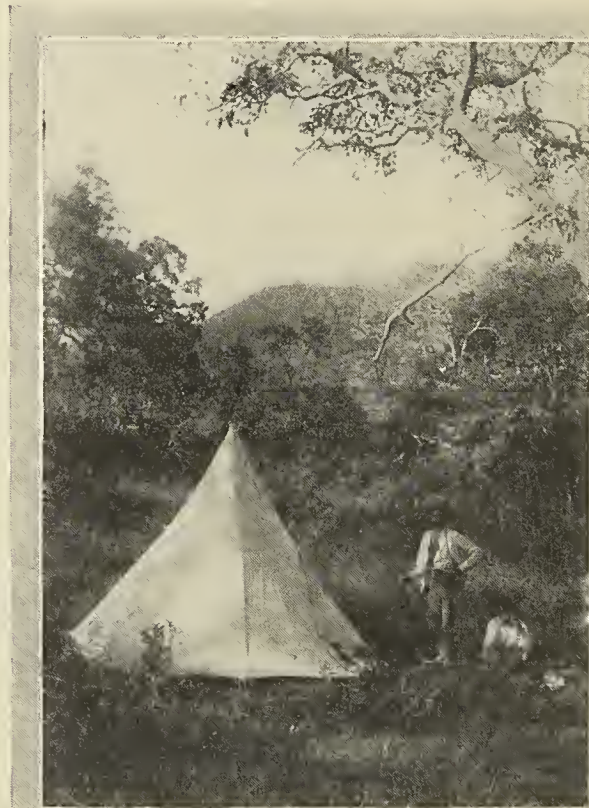
The priest, an aged Tlapaneco, clad in white cotton, and wearing the shell of a gourd, painted red, for a skull cap, placed a string of priceless green jade beads around the neck of each image and handed each a yellow flower, called "Xochipala," in the language of the tribe. Three very small candles were then given to each worshipper in the great temple. All knelt on the earthen floor, and the priest prayed aloud in the native tongue, while the Indians responded at proper intervals. No Bibles or other books were in evidence, and my young Indian friend declared that the words used in the ceremony were not taken from the Bible, but were handed down from the ancient times of the mound builders. The service lasted about ten minutes, when each Indian, advancing to the altar, laid thereon a yellow flower produced from beneath the folds of his clothing, and placed his candles in primitive candle sticks made from sections of banana tree trunks.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the men, more than one hundred in number, began a peculiar dance, keeping slow time to the combination of a drum and a guitar. The dancers were divided into sets of twelve, only men taking part. Each one wore a red cloth tied around his shoulders and passing under the right armpit; one around the neck, covering the mouth, and a third around the waist. Each carried a small yellow flag in his left hand. The master of ceremonies, dressed like the dancers, but wearing the skin of a jaguar's head over his hair, carried a short-handled stone axe, and spent his time leaping wildly from group to group of the dancers, evidently trying to startle them, though no one paid the slightest attention to his antics.

In another building more than fifty young Tlapaneco girls were engaged in cooking great pots of corn, beans, meat and chile peppers, for the refreshment of the people when the dance was concluded. It was a weird looking place, the darkness fitfully illumined by blazing torches, while the dusky maidens silently flitted about their duties or stirred the food in great clay pots, often two feet in diameter, and at once suggested a realistic rehearsal of the witch scene from Macbeth.

In still another house a group of Tlapaneco men and their wives were brewing a sort of palm wine, which tasted sour, but which did not appear to contain a large percentage of alcohol, inasmuch as, though everyone drank copiously, no one seemed intoxicated. In the morning the chief and nine of his councillors called on me, each carrying a gourd filled with savory chicken stew. I returned the compliment by giving each member of the party a cigar and photographing the group.

Another long ride of ten hours brought us to Pascalalan del Oro, situated among pine timber, in a lovely valley, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. We camped near a crystal stream, cold as ice, and next day visited the first important prehistoric ruin seen on the trip. Two



PROF. NIVEN IN CAMP TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO IN THE HEART OF THE RUINS.

mounds were found near the center of the valley within sight of the village. One of them is 300 feet long, 100 feet wide and nearly forty feet high, while the other is practically twice as large in every measurement.

After careful examination I found that the mounds were intact, had never been entered, and doubtless concealed graves rather than ruined buildings. They appear to be identical with the mounds of the Ohio Valley, and the people who constructed them appear to have been a nomadic rather than a building people, and so far as I can learn, there are no traces of ruined cities in the country of the mound builders in Guerrero. I prepared at once to dig into the smaller of these mounds, around the base of which I found a number of beads, small ornaments and other artifacts of stones, which, strangely enough, seemed never to have been disturbed since the rains and the winds had sent them tumbling down through the natural disintegration of the mound.

But all my plans for entering the mounds were speedily frustrated by the woman chief of the town—the only woman Indian chief in Mexico, by the way. No sooner had my men begun moving shovelsful of earth when she appeared, followed by practically the entire populace of the village. She approached me quietly, and in a dignified manner informed me that the mounds were the tombs of the ancestors of her tribe; that they were guarded night and day by the young men of the village, one of whom had informed her of my first attempt to open the ruin.

All attempts at expostulation were vain, and offers to buy the privilege of cutting into the mounds proved futile, and as a last resort she pointed to about twenty Indians, armed with long knives, and old-fashioned stone and bone-headed spears, declaring that if I did not desist she would put these men on guard and death would be my portion if I attempted to go on with the work. Following this she extended to me the hospitality of the village, declaring that even her house was mine, as long as I wished to remain, but under no conditions would I be permitted to open the mysterious mounds.

In her house that evening the queen, who bore a strong facial resemblance to high-caste Chinese women, and whose name was Chen-a-la, told me in all seriousness that the mounds covered the open ends of enormous veins of virgin gold, from which her ancestors had taken fabulous amounts of the yellow metal, with which they paid tribute to the Spaniards to prevent the conquerors from invading their country. She declared that beneath the mounds lay the ruins of magnificent temples, built as last resting places for the dead kings of her people, and she confirmed my belief that the mound builders never were city dwellers, but were nomads, miners and traders, living in temporary structures and never erecting edifices to compare with those I had seen at Yerbabuena.

"According to stories told me by my father," said the queen, "it was the custom of the tribe to take a few pounds of the yellow metal to the coast, when they wished to purchase cloth from the tribes of weavers near the sea. In later years a priest, in one of the coast towns, converted some of these traders to Christianity, bought their gold himself, and repeatedly begged that they tell him the source of the yellow metal.



CHURCH AT XOCHIPALA.

"All the Tlapanecos, however, were sworn to secrecy on penalty of death, as regards the veins of gold, and refused to tell the priest. One day, though, the men of my tribe engaged in a fight on the way to the coast, and went to the priest to confess their sin. He absolved them, and in return they agreed to take him to the source of the gold, provided he would make the journey blindfolded. To this he agreed, but, when they set out, he carried beneath his robe a bag of corn, from which he dropped a grain at almost every step of the mule on which he rode, thinking that by the scattered grains he would be able to retrace the trail to the source of gold.

"On the second day out they arrived at the vein, the bandage was removed from the priest's

eyes, and he gazed on a vein of virgin gold more than six hands in width. Filled with amazement and joy, the priest, chuckling at his cleverness in outwitting the Indians, prepared to return, when to his complete mortification one of the Indians approached and handed him a bag, exclaiming: 'Here, father, is some of the corn you lost.' These mounds you see here mark the treasure house of the Tlapanecos and never shall they be opened while there is life in my body."

After spending another day in argument with the obdurate queen, and finding all attempts useless, I commenced the descent to the coast, following the ancient trail down which the Tlapanecos had gone centuries before to peddle their gold. I stopped at a hot spring near Santa Monica, the waters of which are above 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Surrounding this spring are hundreds, if not thousands, of crosses erected by grateful sufferers from various maladies who had been cured by bathing in or drinking of the waters of the spring. We dined at San Luis Allende, an important trading center, through which were passing all day long loaded burro trains going to and coming from remote parts of Southern Mexico. Then we rode to Paso de Zintla, and next morning to Copala, where many days were spent hunting and photographing the beautiful scenery. Game was everywhere abundant, and we had deer, wild hog, rabbit, ducks, wild pigeons, doves, wild turkeys and a species of small grouse on the table one day or the other all the time we were in the village.

Thereafter we went on to Ayutla, stopping a few days there, and then took the old Acapulco trail back to Chilpancingo, fording the Omítlan River, and in three days more were back in Mexico City. Naturally I was disappointed at my inability to explore the ruins of the mound builders, but I was satisfied that I was the first white man who had ever gazed on their mysterious mounds, and to-day I have the further satisfaction of knowing that no one since has been able to penetrate the mysteries they conceal.



CHEN-A-LA, THE QUEEN OF THE TLAPANECOS, WHO REFUSED TO PERMIT PROF. NIVEN TO OPEN THE RUINS OF THE MOUND-BUILDERS IN GUERRERO.

READERS become readily interested in advertisements when they have the money and can afford to spend it. The rapid rate at which names are being added to our list of subscribers is an indication of their prosperity, and that they are willing to pay for a good weekly paper that meets a distinct demand.

More Lines and More Trouble

By A. J. S. NEWBERRY

MY article "On Lines," published in *FOREST AND STREAM*, July 1, 1911, was scrupulously accurate and seemed to be entirely just as originally written, and brought forth a large number of replies from two classes of correspondents. All sportsmen heartily sympathized with my disastrous results and agreed with my proposed method of obtaining a cure, although I have not seen many articles on the subject, perhaps because none have been written and perhaps because publishers of some sporting magazines care more about the revenue obtained from the dealers in fishing tackle as advertisers than they do about promoting the interests of sport and sportsmen. The second class of letters was from dealers in fishing tackle, nearly all of whom condemned me greatly, entirely failed to understand the purpose of my article, and seemed to think that I was condemning their whole class of makers or dealers instead of trying to protect the honest maker and dealer against the dishonest maker and dealer, and therefore to promote the interests of sport. After a large amount of correspondence, however, three separate dealers or makers agreed to furnish me lines, and I went to Nassau in January of the current year equipped with six 200-yard twenty-four thread green cable laid lines furnished by the Edward vom Hofe Co., six by Abbey & Imbrie, and six by the Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co., the Ashaway Company also furnishing me a single twenty-four thread braided linen line, and Abbey & Imbrie doing the same thing.

I stated to all these gentlemen that I proposed to thoroughly test these lines, to keep a careful record of the results obtained and to

publish these results whether they were bad or good, and to this they all agreed in writing.

After having made such efforts to guard against the disasters of the winter of 1911, I supposed I was protected, and that the disasters of the previous season would not be repeated, but unfortunately this was far from being the case. Before giving an account of my experience, I ought to say that Nassau fishing requires the use of a large bait, which must necessarily spin, and consequently is very severe upon a cable laid line (although I had no difficulty with similar lines in the winter of 1906), and the very unfavorable winter which has just prevailed even in the South, though to a much less degree than in the North, delayed the arrival of the big fish until very late in the year, so that I had no practical chance to try these lines against fish of any magnitude until the month of March. In fact, I caught nothing but barracuda and rockfish, and none of these in excess of twenty-five pounds, until nearly the end of February, so that the cable laid lines during the early part of the season had no severe test. Under such test as was then given they showed extraordinary differences. I used three rods, each carrying a line of a different maker, and kept a record of the performance of each of the lines. The twenty-four thread lines furnished by Abbey & Imbrie gave good success during this early fishing; that is, they showed little tendency to kink or unravel and took a large number of fish up to fifteen or twenty pounds each without any accident, and the lines furnished by the Ashaway Company gave practically the same results. During all this early time I made a practice of taking these last two lines from the reels and substituting new lines in a period not much exceeding two weeks, and thought they were thoroughly reliable. The twenty-four thread cable laid lines furnished by E. vom Hofe Co. showed a disastrous difference. I tried three of these lines in the beginning and each of them broke or became unfit for further use on the first day, so I no longer dared to use their lines at all and have three of the twenty-four thread lines of their make still in my kit. I never saw any cable laid lines show such tendency to untwist and kink as these lines did, and think that they are absolutely worthless for fishing in tropical waters under Nassau conditions even for small fish.

Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie also furnished me two hundred yards of their braided Cuttyhunk line and the Ashaway Company furnished me one of their "Reliance" braided linen line, both of which I tried during the early part of the season in comparison with the cable laid lines. I found the braided lines showed some tendency to swell and slightly preferred the Ashaway line, although the difference was not great, but both of them seemed to me so swollen and weakened by salt water as to be unfit for service after about a month's use, and I therefore took them off the reels, substituting for them one each of the cable laid Ashaway and Abbey-Imbrie lines which had made before so good an appearance. The names of the cable laid lines



HIS FIRST TARPON.

furnished me by the various companies were as follows, all being green in color and twenty-four thread size: Abbey & Imbrie—"Highest Quality Linen Cuttyhunk Line." The Ashaway Company—"The Original Cuttyhunk Bass and Tarpon Line." Edward vom Hofe & Co.—"Celebrated Bass and Tarpon Line."

About March 15 the big fish at last arrived and my confidence in cable laid lines of any make promptly disappeared. I began to hook big kingfish, unmistakable by their characteristic play, and my lines promptly began to break. I cabled north for more braided lines, for no tackle can be bought at Nassau, and found that the Ashaway Company did not have braided lines in stock, and that it would take nearly a month to make them, which would bring me to the end of my stay. In reply to my order for six braided lines, Abbey & Imbrie sent me six more of their twenty-four thread cable laid lines, so I was left until the last week of my stay with nothing but these untrustworthy cable laid lines to depend upon. I repeatedly hooked large kingfish, played them with the greatest skill in my power and without fault on the part of my boatman, and had my lines break, often after the fish was pretty nearly exhausted. By further cabling my office I finally obtained from Abbey & Imbrie six of their braided linen lines bearing the following name, "Everlasting Deep Sea Cuttyhunk Line," but they were only of size twenty-one instead of size twenty-four, which I wanted. With these six new braided linen lines I succeeded in taking a 53-inch dolphin and a 43-pound amberjack during the last week of my stay, but these were the only big fish that I got. One afternoon, using an Abbey & Imbrie cable laid line, I hooked two of the largest kingfish I have ever felt, played them with the greatest care and skill within my power, and without fault on the part of myself or my boatmen in both cases the lines broke short before the fish

(Continued on page 251.)



DOLPHIN JUST FROM THE SEA.

My Substitute for the Wilderness

By ROSCOE BRUMBAUGH

THE surest way to make some lovers of the out-of-doors disgusted with life is to describe your month's excursion in the wilderness. Lug out your photographs of bears and fish and big trees. Show them the camp, the river and range on range of mountains. Tell them that you were one hundred miles from a railroad and that during your entire trip you saw no other persons than members of your party. Don't forget to enumerate the good things you had to eat, and relate in detail all those pleasant little incidents which made your vacation so enjoyable. Don't forget a single joke or yarn that will enliven the tale. Include all the trimmings. Pile it on. Rub it in. The poor devils can't help themselves—just yet.

My sympathy is with the fellows who want to go and can't—just yet. I am one of them myself. I turn cynical with envy every time I am told of an outdoor journey I could not start upon. Maybe the trip turned out to be a failure, or the men were not good sportsmen after all. I envy them just the same, for the getting out is what I crave. My rule book sentences me to six days at labor, fifty-two times a year. A day or two is the longest reprieve practicable. The rope won't reach any farther. And I have not the courage to use the knife—just yet.

However, I believe I have found a sort of satisfying substitute for the wilderness. Sometimes I think it has better "staying" qualities than the genuine article. It is slowly curing me of my envious disposition, too. But once when I told a big-game hunter about it, he smiled indulgently and said: "Enjoy yourself; it doesn't cost anything." In a rather small souled remark he hit the nail right on the head and drove it home more neatly than I can hope to.

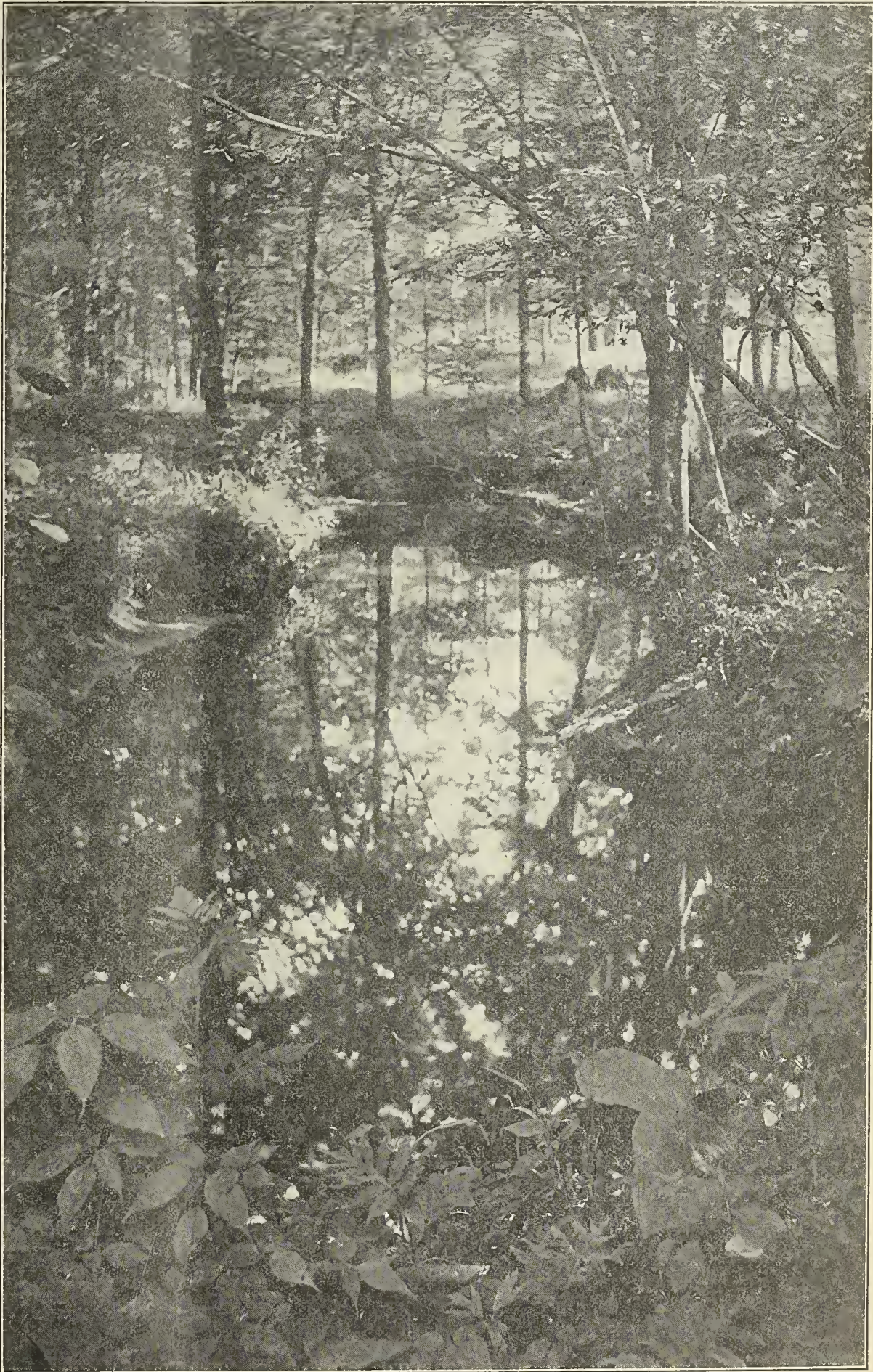
This wilderness of mine is only a few miles from a great city and is practically the back yard of a thriving suburban town. Strangest thing of all, no attempt has ever been made to improve it and sell it off as five-acre chicken farms or bungalow plots. Perhaps I am the only person who believes it worth anywhere nearly the enormous price at which it is held. But I must confess my method of valuation is based upon no arbitrary commercial standards.

In all seasons of the year this uncultivated tract of "five hundred acres more or less" is a delightful stamping ground for the lover of the out-of-doors. I have come to know and to love almost every foot of it, from many different angles, but each new jaunt shows me something new in interest and beauty. The fact that nature is allowed to run the place after her own fashion attracts all the birds and persecuted animals of the countryside, which find in this pleasant retreat the cover and protection so hard to secure in the environs of the most overcrowded city in America. But this casual, undesignated "reserve" bears not the slightest resemblance to a public park. To me this is one of its greatest charms. It is given a wide berth by the Sunday dress parade, and by almost everyone else except a few foreign invaders and the adventure-seeking boys of the neighborhood.

Included in this "waste" is some abandoned

farm land, cleared and grubbed, no doubt, by early Dutch settlers. The little patches of fields are inclosed with elaborate stone fences, which cut up the woods in about the same aimless, patch work way. These stone fences annoyed me at first and made me homesick for a man's

size farm country, but I learned later to view them in a different, more kindly light. Now I think I should miss their rugged, sturdy presence. The farm buildings vanished long since, and no one remembers the time when any man tried to wrest a livelihood from the boulder-



THE BROOK IN SUMMER.

strewn hillsides and swampy hollows. A few dying apple trees and some old-fashioned garden flowers, now growing wild, help the friendly observer to reconstruct the past.

In summer the fields are a tangle of briars and bushes and weeds, affording slim pasturage even for sheep and cattle, but I have never seen a place richer in birds and wild flowers and other wild crops of nature's own raising. In these thickets the birds of summer nest and sing, for the most part unmolested except by their natural enemies. On a morning's jaunt I have seen wood-thrushes, catbirds, red-eyed vireos, yellow-breasted chats, orchard orioles, wood pewees, phoebes, meadowlarks, bobwhites, scarlet tanagers, chewinks, rose-breasted grosbeaks, vesper sparrows, flickers, bluejays and a large number of other birds not so well known. One bright afternoon, which I will not soon forget, I watched with delight an Irish setter "work" a lone snipe from one heavy cover to another. The poor dog, besmeared with mud, was having the time of his life, and probably felt disappointed because I did not take part in the game. Occasionally since then I have seen snipe and plover about the place. Red squirrels, rabbits and woodchucks are numerous, and according to report a few red foxes are making their presence felt. I recently stumbled upon what appears to be a den, and I am anxiously awaiting possible developments.

So it goes. There is always something worth while to call one back for further investigation. Perhaps I would not be so keen about going if it were not so near at hand. The state of the weather might be a hindrance if there were involved "a long, hard trip." One visit might last a long time. After all a really intimate acquaintance is possible only with things close home. Would you have the inclination, for instance, to listen to the tinkling music of the little brook singing under its arch of ice if you chanced upon it in the Big Woods? A thousand commonplace sights and sounds, exceedingly pleasing to the receptive mind, pass unnoted when more important objects are at stake.

Fortunately a large portion of my fanciful wilderness is in fact a heavily wooded ridge, in some parts mountainous in character, in which

there are three fair-sized ponds. Here a little practice shooting or fly-casting does no harm. In winter an uncrowded stretch of ice affords skating of a better grade than usual. There is plenty of room also for snowshoeing, and a winter camp does not seem wholly out of place. At all times there are splendid opportunities for the outdoor photographer to indulge his fancy.

I often wonder how long this comparative seclusion will last. Save the day when the inevitable axe and spade shall come to "beautify." At present only the cedars suffer at the hands of unthinking marauders in search of Christmas trees. The historic ground can have changed but little since Washington's tatterdemalion troops marched over it, but the city's feet are edging closer and closer, and the speculative invasion only too soon will take the place by storm.

Last fall it was said mistakenly to have been purchased by a great real estate company which had tremendous "development" plans under way. The few of us who appreciated this unspoiled outdoors immediately "fell for" the rumor and proceeded to take advantage of every excuse to get out and enjoy ourselves while the "going" was good and before the Italian camps were pitched. The hickory nuts and wild grapes and the velvety fall winds seemed never so tempting. How we reveled in that friendly corner of the good old earth!

"Hang the city," sighed one of us.

"I'm going back to Colorado next month," growled another. "I can't get my breath around here."

"I don't believe in civilization, anyway," chimed in the third. "Fact is, I'm an anarchist."

But the fear which possessed us then did not remain to spoil our fun, and the occasional days off which followed could hardly be excelled. To all of us the autumn seemed the gayest period of the year, the season of stirring marches and brilliant uniforms. We saw nothing melancholy in our tramps. Nature was in her merriest mood, keeping step to lively music, and we made the woods ring with boisterous banter and laughter. The man who sees anything sad in the flaming woods must carry sadness within him. At least that is the conclusion the three

of us reached after running Fall down to the last faded leaf.

It is the "dead," "close" season now and still there are no signs of the dreaded occupation by contractors. Instead, the chickadees and juncos appear to be having the place all to themselves. They act as though they owned it, bless their merry, frolicsome hearts. It is their playground, their feeding ground, their shelter in rough weather. I trust they may never be crowded out. And sometimes I think the solitary bobwhite I heard calling plaintively there one day is worth pretty nearly the price of the whole estate.

It has been literally my wilderness this winter, for my two companions of other days have moved to foreign parts. I miss them. The skating and the skiing have been great. I have spent many pleasant hours in stormy, zero weather, searching for some evidence of the lingering (or is it the awakening?) fires of summer. The white and black winter has a witchery about it which cannot be defined or described, and which is lacking in any other season. The snow hides the defects and at the same time brings out all the strong lines of the landscape that cannot be traced during the season of leaf and flower. Everything superfluous is blotted out. Only essentials remain. Winter, like truth, is a powerful stimulant.

When spring comes back again, perhaps with dancing feet, perhaps half reluctantly, I know that I shall see her smile first somewhere in those ancient woods. Her voice I shall hear when the first bluebirds carol along the edge of the pasture. The dogwood, the shad bush and the violets will vouchsafe a vision of her exquisite presence. I shall strive to be on hand with the robins and blackbirds and all the other members of that band of enthusiastic press agents of the star performer of the year.

While it may be somewhat a matter of "sour grapes" with me, still I do not envy the person who holds title to the "five hundred acres more or less." As for buying it, I do not believe that ownership always means possession in the truest sense. Besides, to paraphrase Thoreau, what has the average lover of the open to pay for a great estate which the owner will take?

Disappearance of the Wild Pigeon

By HERMAN L. COLLINS

WE know what happened to the American Indian who made his home in the Eastern woods. We have seen the annihilation of very nearly the last buffalo that lived on the Western plains. There is no uncertainty as to the fate of the gray wolf and the panther.

The salmon and the trout are the sure prey of a growing population. The deer, the bear, the elk, the rabbit, the squirrel, the raccoon, the wild goose and the wild turkey, pheasant, quail, woodcock and all the other rovers of the wood and air may be diminished in number, but they are far from extinct—all except one—the wild pigeon.

There is a mystery surrounding the utter disappearance of this bird that no one has yet satisfactorily explained. Thirty years ago I saw

in Northern Pennsylvania millions of them every spring. But for many years no one has seen a single flock where once the air was darkened by their flight.

Was man responsible for this swift and complete destruction of a whole species, or was the wild pigeon the victim of some great natural tragedy? It has been argued that a storm during migration drove them out to sea where all perished. Some real or near naturalists pretend that only an awful pestilence could so thoroughly have destroyed the whole wild pigeon tribe. Still others say that the failure of a winter's food supply resulted in their starvation. Then there are those who believe that the bird butchers are to blame.

But whoever may be right or wrong, this we do know for certain—a short generation ago you might see more wild pigeons in one day in Northern Pennsylvania than you will see all other birds combined for an entire year, and now you cannot see one, whereas the other birds are nearly as plentiful as ever.

In his novel, "The Pioneer," Cooper described a pigeon shoot. The scene of this tale is Lake Otsego, in Southern New York, and while the time of the story is half a century before I was born, I have myself witnessed flights of these birds just as the novelist described them.

The year after William Penn came up the Delaware in 1682, one of his companions wrote a letter back to the founder in England, telling

about the wild game. Indians sold all the deer to the new settlers they could eat for fifty cents a head. Wild turkeys weighing forty-six pounds were found, and the woods were full of them where now the city of Philadelphia stands. But most surprising of all was the vast number of wild pigeons.

Penn's lieutenant says the birds could be easily killed with clubs. For 200 years thereafter Pennsylvanians, and for all I know dwellers in other adjoining States as well, were killing pigeons every spring, and yet the flocks were enormous up to the early eighties in the last century. Then all at once they vanished—not gradually, but almost instantly, and they have never yet returned.

Wild pigeons when seen always flew North. I never saw any fly South, but of course they always went South to winter. The migrations to the warm country occurred at night and they rested during the daylight. They would come North soon after the snow disappeared, usually in March or early in April. Their period of flight was short and as I recall it not over a couple of weeks. A gray cloudy day that was warm was the time these birds pushed northward in the greatest haste.

I have seen flocks which must have contained a million birds and flocks of a thousand were common. It usually happened that once or twice each spring a stupendous flock would be seen. Then every one's attention would be called to it. The teacher would even permit us to look from the school house windows to see these giant hordes.

Pigeons fly in irregular flocks and not like wild geese which invariably go in the shape of a letter V. I have seen flocks that were so big that it was impossible to see both ends at the same time. This sounds like an exaggeration, but there are thousands of persons living who can verify the statement. Dozens upon dozens of flocks, big and little, and all coming straight up from the South would pass overhead in a day. I never saw a wild pigeon fly alone. It was also extremely uncommon to see them alight except when a snow storm suddenly overtook them, or when they were being lured to the nets by bird catchers.

Pigeons as a rule flew fairly high, but not so high that the whirr of their myriad wings was lost to the human ear. They made no cry and they flew steadily and with amazing swiftness.

All wild pigeons that I ever saw were of exactly the same color. They were dark blue. They were shaped somewhat differently from a tame pigeon, having a smaller breast and were fashioned more nearly like a turtle dove. They were built for great speed and long endurance.

A belated snow storm that covered the ground for several days resulted in consternation among the migrating pigeons. It also furnished a good proof that they ordinarily rested, if rest they took on their great journey, during the night time, for except at such snowy periods these rapid travelers were never seen to stop or eat. But as stated before, when on the return journey to the sunny South in autumn, the pigeons flew by night and rested during the day time, so that no one saw them go.

I have known a big flock of pigeons to settle upon a barn and all around a farm yard when there was snow on the ground. They were



WILD PIGEONS.

seeking food. I never saw a flock alight except when there was snow or when they were brought down by the deceiving stool-pigeon and flyer.

I do not know now and I never did know just when the wild pigeons returned from their Northern hatching places. The first snow in the autumn, however, must have been to them the compelling message.

The manner of catching pigeons in nets as practiced in Northern Pennsylvania up to twenty-five years ago was unique. Two men would build a little hut of green pine or hemlock boughs on top of a high, bare hill and usually near the edge of a woods. This hut was universally known as the "bough house." A few feet away from this place of concealment the men would spread brown buckwheat chaff over a space perhaps twenty feet square. A stake was driven in the middle of this brown patch of chaff, and a wild pigeon was tied to it by the feet with a string about a yard long. This is the genesis of the term "stool-pigeon," as will be seen later.

The men in the bough house had another pigeon that had been purposely blinded and attached to a string a hundred feet or so long. This pigeon was called the flyer. Then off to one side of the space covered with chaff was placed a net that was to catch the pigeons. This resembled an ordinary fish net and was cleverly attached to a crude spring, so that when the men in the bough house pulled the rope, they sprung the net.

With this outfit ready and a good day dawning, a pair of bird hunters could be sure of pigeon pot pie for an entire neighborhood for a week.

But keep quiet! Here comes a flock of pigeons—not a big one, only three hundred birds. They are flying low over the top of our high bare hill and its deceptive little bough house. Whirr! The captive pigeon tied to the stake out on the field of chaff sees its former companions and rises to meet them only to be pulled back to its prison post. Our stool-pigeon now makes a great ado, and it will be queer indeed

if he does not attract the notice of the flock passing overhead. He is being used all unknown to himself to deceive his friends who are still free and to make them think that here is a fine feeding place away from all danger. For is not one of their number already at the feast? But no, they do not see him, or if they do they are still skeptical. Very well, then, here goes the flyer. And up we fling him in the air, but he goes for only a hundred feet, and then we haul him back toward the bed of chaff. Surely with these two already down there having a gorge of buckwheat, it must be safe!

Now see the flock swiftly change its course and sweep around in an ever narrowing circle and then swoop down upon the bed of brown chaff, almost smothering the poor stool-pigeon. But don't tarry. Pull the rope. Spring the net. Confusion ten times confounded follows and such a fluttering of wings and straining to get free you never saw. Half the flock is caught beneath the net. The pigeons, frightened beyond any power to describe, put their heads through the meshes of the net to fly, but better might a human prisoner endeavor with his bare fist to beat down the iron door of his cell. There is no escape.

But don't waste time. Another flock will be here any moment. What will they do with one hundred and fifty fluttering, terrified pigeons? That man will show you. What in the world is he doing? Can my eyes deceive me? Is it possible! Yes, his method of killing his prisoners is swift and sure. He bites each one in the head. It looks cruel, but there could really be no speedier death. The skull of a pigeon is thin as an egg shell, and it is easily cracked between the teeth of a man.

I have known two men in one day in the manner just described to catch twelve hundred

pigeons. And in every community there would be several bough houses and as many fluttering stool-pigeons. And so the work of slaughter went on.

There was a nesting place that I know of in the northern part of Lycoming county about thirty miles from Williamsport. I did not see it myself, as I was then a boy, but I have talked with others who did. Here there was at times a real massacre of pigeons. The bird butchers would wait until the squabs were just ready to fly, and then they would go from tree to tree with clubs and beat down the young victims. The limbs of the trees would almost break under the great load of nests, so that it was easy for the pot-hunters to carry away bagfuls of dead squabs.

It was a curious fact that the young birds in this particular place were often fed upon wild rice, as was shown when they were killed. The nearest point that this kind of rice grows is in Carolina. Pigeon hunters said that the male birds carried this rice 500 miles for their young. Their southward flights on these errands of parental affection must have always been at night, for they were never seen to go.

Another curious fact I myself witnessed. It was customary for some of the bird catchers to keep several hundred wild pigeons for experimental or breeding purposes. But they died very rapidly in captivity even when well housed and fed. Moreover, they would hatch but very few young; in fact, it was impossible to keep a flock alive for any considerable length of time.

John Burroughs says the goldfinch and the striped chipmunk almost vanished only to return again. Perhaps some day we shall again see the heavens darkened with the wild pigeon on his annual pilgrimage northward.

of the Department of Agriculture provided for in this bill. Through these local laws, however, it appeared that because of their nomadic habits little or no real protection was afforded waterfowl and other migratory game birds, and therefore, to secure for them adequate protection, particularly in the spring, when they are on their way to their nesting grounds, the committee believed that they should be placed under the custody of the Federal Government.

It was also shown to the committee that unless immediate Congressional protection were afforded some of the most valuable species of these nomads would soon become extinct. It was clearly shown that the economic aspect was two-fold. The game birds yield a considerable and important amount of highly valued food, and if given adequate protection will be a constant valued asset. The insectivorous migratory birds destroy annually thousands of tons of noxious weed seed and billions of harmful insects. These birds are the deadliest foes yet found of the boll weevil, the gypsy and brown-tailed moths, and other like pests. The yearly value of a meadow lark or a quail in a ten-acre field of cotton, corn, or wheat is reckoned by expert entomologists at \$5. The damage done to growing crops in the United States by insects each year is estimated by experts of the Department of Agriculture at about \$800,000,000.

The majority of the committee believed that to give Federal protection to these birds is no invasion of State rights, for being migratory, they belong to no single State, but to all the States over which they pass and within which they simply pause for food, rest, or breeding. It was believed by the committee that the question is purely a Federal one, and that under the strictest construction of the Constitution these migratory birds may and should be subject and entitled to National protection by act of Congress. The committee further declared that the interstate bird is as interstate commerce and should be protected by and subject to the laws of the nation.

Forty-four of the forty-eight States of the Union were represented before the committee during the hearings on the bill, by persons, telegrams, petitions, or letters, either through their governors, or their State game commissioners, or through the many sportsmen's associations interested in bird protection. All favored this legislation being added to the Federal statutes, and three of the States, Oklahoma, New York and Massachusetts have indorsed the proposition by legislative act petitioning Congress for the passage of the act.

The Weeks bill is the fifth measure which has been introduced in the House of Representatives for the protection of migratory birds, and but for the objection of Representative Mondell, the bill would have passed the House and gone to the Senate, where Senator McLean, of Connecticut, who is chairman of the committee on protection of game, has a similar measure which is now before the Senate, having been favorably reported for passage by his committee. Mr. Mondell's objection can only temporarily delay this much needed legislation, for it is not believed that he can ultimately defeat this bill which the hearings before both the Senate and House committees have shown



The Weeks Bill

By RALEIGH RAINES

THE Weeks bill for protection of migratory birds, including in its provisions wild geese, wild swans, brant, wild ducks, snipe, plover, rail, woodcock, wild pigeons, and all other migratory game birds, which measure was favorably reported from the house committee on agriculture with the recommendation that it pass, has been stricken from the calendar of the House of Representatives on the objection of Representative Mondell, of Wyoming. Mr. Weeks, of Massachusetts who had charge of the bill, used every effort to have the bill considered by the House, declaring that the people of the country were in favor of the passage of the measure, and that if the House of Representatives had the opportunity, the bill would pass, but Mr. Mondell strenuously objected to the consideration of what he termed an unconstitutional measure which in reality menaced the rights of the people and the States. Of course this declaration

brought forth a spirited debate between the supporters of the measure and the Wyoming objector who it must be admitted is not authority either on constitutional law or bird life, and bird preservation. The object of the Weeks bill is to protect migratory and insectivorous game birds of the United States. The House Committee on Agriculture having jurisdiction of the bill extended public hearings on the measure and a great amount of testimony was produced before the committee to sustain the provisions of the bill. It appeared that most of the States of the Union have laws more or less effective in the protection of game or other birds resident and breeding within their borders, and by special reservation in the bill none of its provisions are to be deemed to affect or to interfere with these laws as to such birds or to prevent the States from enacting laws and regulations in aid of the regulations

and demonstrated is earnestly demanded by almost every State in the Union.

The McLean and Weeks bills for the protection of migratory birds have brought forth more enthusiastic support from the scientific and sporting fraternity than any measure which has been offered, with the possible exception of the Weeks Appalachian Forest measure, which finally became a law, notwithstanding the efforts of its opponents who offered the same alleged constitutional grounds for objecting that the opponents, including Mr. Mondell, is now urging to the Weeks and McLean measures for protection of migratory birds. Nothing daunted, Mr. Weeks will continue his efforts in behalf of this measure at the next session of Congress, when it is believed either his or the McLean bill will pass both the House and Senate. It might not be amiss for those who are interested in the enactment of either of the bills mentioned to write immediately to their Senators and representatives in Congress and urge the support of either measure which has for its purpose the protection of the migratory and game birds of the country, which is surely a patriotic desire on the part of all, in addition to being an effort to preserve a form of wild life that is of the greatest economic importance.

Scorpion Stings.

BY FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

DISCUSSION is heard at times in regard to the effects of a sting from a scorpion. Some people claim that such a sting is not dangerous; others state that there have been many instances where a scorpion has inflicted a fatal wound. The strength of the poison from these insects is often thought to vary with the locality. Here in Northern Mexico the sting of a scorpion is thought of less than a nip from a red ant. Further south in Tepic the insect is dreaded and held in so great fear that watchfulness against it becomes such a habit as to develop a suggestion of dread in the ordinary movements of many people. It is claimed by some that there are two varieties of the scorpion in Tepic, one of little consequence; the other capable of inflicting a terrible punishment, frequently even to the death of the victim.

The following incident is authentic and is related personally by the gentleman who suffered, William Bremer, whose address is in care of O. J. Omstead, Nogales, Ariz.:

Mr. Bremer was engaged as a constructing engineer for the Southern Pacific Railway of Mexico and was stung twice in the State of Tepic by scorpions, during September of last year. In telling of the occurrence he said:

"When I was first stung I didn't think much of it and had no trouble; a numbness in the arm for a few moments, a little stinging pain which some ammonia relieved, and that was all. I didn't even stop work. I do not know what kind of scorpion it was that stung me, because a Mexican killed it before I could see it, and I did not give much attention to the stories of danger, but now I would go up on top of the Court House and jump off before I would be stung again by a Tepic scorpion. It was shortly after my first experience that I was stung again, this time on the lower part of the thumb. The first sensation was a prick and a sharp burning pain as if a red hot needle had been run into

the fleshy part of my thumb. This continued for about two minutes, then the pain stopped. Meanwhile the wound had been cut open and allowed to bleed freely, a Mexican sucking the place vigorously to draw out the poison. It did me no good, and in about five minutes my nose began to run, discharging large quantities of mucus. Gradually a pricking sensation began to develop, as if an electric needle were being applied, and it seemed as though my tongue was swelling up and the pricking sensation was increasing to burning pains. The area of this feeling and pain gradually extended till the throat and the chest were affected, and the pain was becoming unendurable. I wanted water, but found that I could not swallow; also I was nauseated by the water I so much wanted, because it had in my mouth the taste of putrefaction. The pains were increasing all the time, becoming like electric shocks, accompanied by burning, and shortly became so violent that I could not breathe. Then the pain became more than the human body could sustain and remain under control. I went into violent convulsions, and it seemed as though I would in my writhings of agony twist my body in contortions which would have wrenched it to death if three men had not held me, and to do so it required all their force.

"I was taken to camp four kilometers distant in an open wagon, the convulsions and gaspings for breath continuing and becoming intensified at every jolt and movement. I was put in bed where I remained fourteen hours. The ability to speak began to return after two or three hours, but I could only with great difficulty get out a word or two and would at times be five minutes or more in simply saying 'water.' I could not remain in one position, and if anything touched me, it brought on the convulsions of pain. At one time a friend threw a shirt across the room to an attendant who wanted it for me, but failing to catch it, the shirt fell on me, and it seemed as though a cart load of bricks had fallen.

"With each succeeding paroxysm and struggling for breath it was thought that my end had come, for death from this scorpion's sting usually results during such struggles. The effects of the poison gradually wore off, and after fourteen hours I could get up, though I was weak and could not manage my legs and feet. On trying to walk I staggered like a drunken man, and for several days the numbness and pricking sensations continued in my feet. After two or three weeks I was as well as usual, but I never want another such experience:

"There are in Mexico two kinds of scorpions. The poisonous fellow is small, not over two inches long and has a yellow shading under its tail which can be seen when the tail is coiled up to sting. In the specimens I have seen it is not very distinct, but it might be clearer on some specimens, and this would account for the yellow spot which some people say the poisonous scorpion has on its tail. I have heard some people say it is a red spot. The coloring may change a little at different seasons, but it is simply a shading on the underparts of the insect. I appear to have been stung by each variety, and whenever you hear a fellow say that a scorpion is not dangerous, you just say that it depends on the kind of scorpion.

"Yes, sir, I have known of other people who

were stung while we were at work in Tepic. A woman was stung on the breast and died in two hours. A boy was stung and died in a few hours. One of the young engineers was stung in the office about 6 A. M., and a little after noon he was dead, though the company's physician was in attendance all the time. Besides these there were a number of people on construction work who were stung. Some nearly died and all went through such experiences of pain and convulsions as I have described. I have been bitten by a rattlesnake, and the pain and prostration are as nothing when compared to the agonies I suffered from the sting of a poison scorpion."

Mr. Bremer, who makes the above statement, is a well known and highly respected constructing engineer who conducts his business in Northern Sonora, Mexico, and in Southern Arizona and California.

A North Carolina Preserve.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., Aug. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I only learned quite recently of a very interesting experience right here in Western North Carolina. It must be remembered, however, that this "neck of woods" is quite extensive—140 miles west of this town.

A gentleman from Detroit, Mich., has leased for a number of years 60,000 or more acres of mountain lands in Graham county, in the extreme western part of the State, for a game or fish preserve. His name is Moore. This is a grand mountain region and splendidly watered. Big and Little Snowbird creeks, and the Santeetla River and tributaries are well stocked with brook trout. He has built heavy wire fences and introduced a half dozen or more of elk, or wapiti, as many brown bear, a number of buffalo and wild boar (this latter I wish had been left out), these to stock the preserve.

I am only sorry regarding the wild boars, as two of our most valuable game birds, the wild turkey and ruffed grouse, are already having a hard time to hold their own against many enemies, the worst and most destructive of all so far being a cousin of the wild boar, viz., the razor-back hog. Altogether it is a very interesting experiment. A friend was recently on this preserve on a business trip and saw a number of the elk and buffalo.

A large breed of dogs are there also, and these dogs were then introduced in an effort to have the bear cut short his visit, and this he resented. He was finally lassoed, and thus was "persuaded" back to his own grounds. I am told when these bears arrived at the nearest depot to the preserve, Andrews Station, a pretty little town in Cherokee county, they were locked up over night in the freight depot in their crates or cages.

Next morning when the agent of the railroad opened the door of the depot one of the animals was "at large," and no doubt looked large. It is enough to say the door was quickly closed. He had to be lassoed and returned to his crate. I shall look forward with much interest to this the first experiment of this kind I have heard of in our mountains.

Barring the boars, I think it an assured success.

ERNEST L. EWBANK.

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Memorial Window to Izaak Walton.

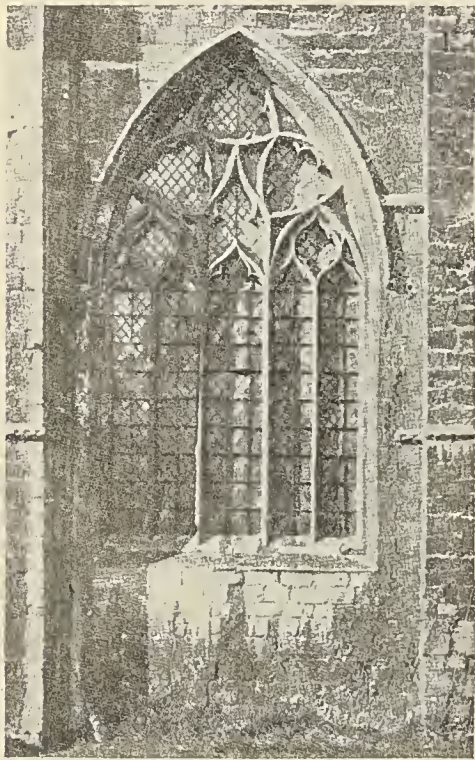
THE CLOSE, Winchester, England, July 27.—
Editor Forest and Stream: I shall be very grateful if you can find room in your paper for a paragraph about a project which we have recommenced in this city, and which may, I think, appeal to many of our friends across the water who are interested in fishing. We have many visitors from your country, and they nearly always express a wish to see Izaak Walton's grave in our [Winchester] cathedral. It is only a flat marble slab in the floor, with an epitaph written

window. It is marked by a flat slab with an epitaph from the pen of his brother-in-law, Thomas Ken, Canon of Winchester, and afterward Bishop of Bath and Wells.

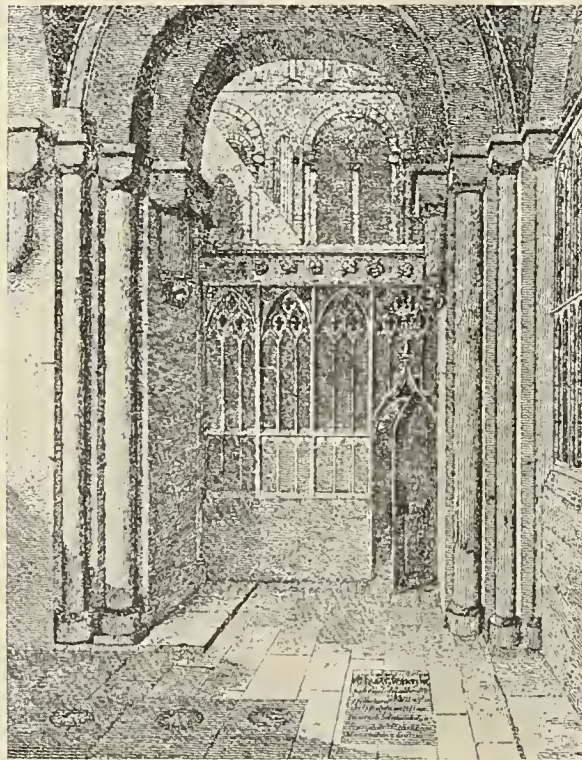
The scheme will include the careful repair of some of the old stone work of the window, which is in the "Decorated" style of architecture.

The stained glass will be entrusted to Messrs. James Powell & Sons, of Whitefriars, whose work is deservedly held in such high esteem.

The total cost will be about £400. An appeal is therefore made, with the cordial approval of the Very Rev. the Dean, to all who are followers of the "gentle art," that they will join in this memorial to an honored name.



WINDOW IN PRIOR SILKSTEDE'S CHAPEL NEAR GRAVE OF IZAAK WALTON.



PRIOR SILKSTEDE'S CHAPEL IN SOUTH TRANSEPT, SHOWING THE TOMB OF IZAAK WALTON.

by Bishop Ken, his brother-in-law, and we are wishful to further commemorate his life by placing a suitable stained glass window almost over his resting place.

I inclose a circular which I am sending to many fishermen in England, and if you will help me by publishing an extract which will take the form of an appeal to our American friends, I shall be much obliged. Several of your countrymen have kindly sent subscriptions, and we have received altogether about £150.

I believe that Messrs. Powell have carried out the stained glass in New York cathedral. Their work is most beautiful.

F. PRESTON-JOY.

The circular mentioned follows:

More than a dozen years ago a project was commenced for placing a Memorial Window to Izaak Walton in the South Transept of Winchester Cathedral. This plan has remained in abeyance during the protracted repairs necessary for the preservation of the historic building. The great undertaking being successfully completed, the opportunity arises for continuing the work in memory of the "Prince of Fishermen," the charming biographer, and author of "The Compleat Angler." His resting place is in Prior Silkstede's Chapel almost beneath the proposed

The following gentlemen have kindly given their support:

	£	s	d
The Most Hon. the Marquis of Granby (1900)	3	3	0
The Right Hon. the Earl of Northbrook (the late)	10	0	0
The Right Hon. Sir Edward Grey, Bart. (1900)	5	5	0
The Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.	1	1	0
Mr. Justice Lawrence	1	0	0
Mr. Justice Kennedy	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Heckscher, U. S. A.	20	0	0
Hon. and Rev. Canon Brodrick (the late) etc., etc., etc.	3	3	0

Contributions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer of the Fund.
REV. DR. PRESTON-JOY.
The Close, Winchester, England.

Fishing for Fish or Fun and Fish.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with pleasure your remarks in the issue of June 15, "Old Clothes" and "Fishing For Fish or Fun and Fish." I say amen to both. For the life of me I can't see how an angler can get full and thorough enjoy-

ment in the woods or on the streams if he is handicapped by "tailor made" and "store clothes" and all that goes with "sich." Nor can I understand an angler making use of grab irons to catch fish. The kind you speak of is a monstrosity, and the 9, 12 and 15 hook gangs nearly as bad. It is right that you should draw the contrast as you have with the Williams hook. There is so very much more in "fishing for fun" because the angler enjoys the outdoors and taking fish in a strictly honest way.

In a recent letter I spoke of the careless manner many anglers approach trout in a pool or good live water. There is, too, the danger of disturbing them from below. Talking does not frighten fish, but the hard stamping on the ground in approaching may do so, and the careless knocking together of the stones under the water or disturbing it in other ways. For instance, I well remember several years ago getting a rise from a nice trout, and wishing to give him a rest, I left him for half an hour. Then with my eyes so intently bent on the spot at which he rose, I stalked up stream on the opposite side and nearly to the vantage point I desired to reach, when I caught one foot under a rock. It was a quick, hard struggle to keep my feet, but resulted of course in my sitting rather too suddenly down up to my arm pits in the stream. The result? Why, the trout immediately had grave suspicions of my intent. At any rate, not a rise after that.

Another time I tripped in like manner and dove over the rock and went quite under, head over heels. In each case I was too intent on where my flies were falling without due regard to where I was stepping. For like reasons the back cast will greatly surprise one by catching trees or bushes. It is simply this over-anxiety—too quick. The safe rule is to "make haste slowly."

Again, I was at the power plant in Green River. This time I began to fish the pool just under the mountains after stalking up the rapid bit of water below. Not a rise till I got almost to the last rocks under water that I could reach. Then I skipped my flies about as flying insects again, again and again, and let them drop just on the rapid water below the white foam. There was a rush as the flies touched the water, and I had my fish well hooked. I took it to be a ten-inch rainbow, but soon found I was mistaken. The little five-ounce rod bent as no ten-inch fish could bend it, and I soon found I had a "good one." We fought it out to a finish, and when I took him into the power house and measured him, he was a bit over eighteen inches long and quite heavy. I took this trout on a Williams barbless bee. I find the bee a great killer of rainbow trout.
ERNEST L. EWBANK.

EVERY season the Atlantic coast resorts give birth to stories of sea serpents, but here's an inland snake story par excellence:

"While spooning for bass in a creek near Mt. Carroll this week, Allen Sword, a fisherman of that place, caught a rattlesnake which was trying to cross the stream. By a dexterous cast of his spoon hook he caught the snake and hauled it to shore, where it was killed. The reptile carried ten rattles. Veteran fishermen declared that the exhibition by Sword was remarkable."

Pond Culture of Small-Mouth Bass.

From a pamphlet issued by the Marion County (Ia.) Fish and Game Protective Association.

THE hatching and rearing of small-mouth black bass by the method known as pond culture, which is in use at the Riverside station, Marion County Fish and Game Protective Association, is the only successful method ever discovered in the propagation of this fish, and was originated by Dwight Lydell, of the Michigan fish commission. By this method the hatching is done by the adult fish in ponds constructed for that purpose and under conditions made as nearly natural as possible. The hatching ponds are built with a gradually sloping bottom made of clay, and are made to drain toward a deep pool or kettle at the outlet, so that the water can be slowly drawn off and all of the fish gathered in a small space at such times when they are to be removed from the pond.

Broodery ponds for rearing the young fish are constructed on the same plan except that they are not made so deep as the hatching ponds, since there are no adult fish in them, the fry being transferred from the hatching ponds.

The ponds at Riverside Park consist of a wintering pond, hatching pond and brooding pond. The wintering pond is the smallest and deepest of the three. It is triangular in shape, each side being about sixty feet long. Its greatest depth is about five and a half feet, and is lined throughout with cement. It is used for keeping the parent fish over the winter and at all other times except during the hatching season.

The hatching pond is about 175 feet in length and 105 feet wide. Its greatest depth is about four and a half feet at the outlet, but for the larger part will vary from eighteen inches to three feet in depth. The hatching is done in this pond, and it is also used as a broodery for the fry after the nests are hatched off. The broodery pond was built last fall (1911) and will be put in operation for the first time this season. It is about 250 feet long and 112 feet wide, and is three feet deep at the outlet. It will be used for rearing the fry to the fingerling stage.

The water supplying these ponds is derived from springs in the hillside back of the ponds. It is conducted to the wintering pond through a tile drain and flows at the rate of thirty-four gallons per minute.

From this pond it flows into the hatching pond and then into the brooding pond. The waste water drains into Crooked Creek.

METHOD OF OPERATION.

The hatching pond is cleaned in the spring after having been left dry during the winter months and nest frames consisting of one-inch boards built in a box shape thirty inches square without top or bottom, two adjoining sides being four inches high, and the other two sixteen inches high are placed in position around the edge of the pond with the highest sides toward the bank, and so they will be in water about two feet to thirty inches deep when the pond is full. They are then filled with coarse gravel and sand to the height of the four-inch sides. The nests are weighted down with a heavy stone placed on top to keep them in position. Then the pond is filled. Water lilies set in flower pots so as to be easily moved are placed near the nests to help screen them, and also at other

points in the pond. Chara and elodia moss is planted around the edge of the pond for a hiding and feeding place for the insects on which the young bass feed.

When the water in the hatching pond reaches the temperature of 70 degrees—generally in the early part of May—the water in the wintering pond is lowered and the breeders seined out and put in the hatching pond. This temperature being right for spawning, the male bass selects his nest at once and cleans it by fanning it with his fins and tail. He then goes out and gets a female that is ready to spawn and drives her on the nest. After working some time—possibly an hour or so—to bring the female into that state of excitement in which she will drop her eggs, by circling around her and biting her on the head and sides, spawning takes place. The fish turn partly on their sides a few inches above the nest with the vents together and stay in that position for a few seconds at a time, at intervals of two or three minutes, during which time the circling movements are resumed for about a half hour, during which time the eggs and milt are deposited on the nest. The male then drives the female away and tends the nest alone, fanning it to keep sediment from collecting on the eggs, and which might smother them, and drives away any other fish that comes near the nest. During the spawning period both fish turn very light in color, as they sometimes do just after being caught, making the black spots on the head and sides appear very prominent.

The eggs hatch in six to eight days and the fry swarm to the top in ten to fifteen days after the eggs are laid. The fry which are to be left in the hatching pond are allowed to scatter over the pond; and the balance which are to be removed either for planting or removal to the brooding pond, are confined in guards placed around the nests at the time the fry are rising to the top. These guards consist of a wooden frame three feet wide and four feet long, covered with cheese cloth. They are made in several heights, and when set around the nest extend several inches above the top of the water. The fry are seined out of these guards with a cheese cloth net as wanted, but are not confined in them for more than two or three days. The young fish do not start feeding until the yolk sac is absorbed; this lasts them for about two days after they have come to the top.

The food of the young fish consists of a number of insects that live in the water. These insects are gathered from stagnant pools where they live on decaying vegetable matter. They are seined out with a cheese cloth seine and are planted in the ponds inside a screen wire inclosure. This is done to keep the larger and injurious insects from getting into the pond. The smaller food insects can easily pass through the meshes of the screen and scatter all over the pond. They find plenty of food in the dead mosses and other vegetation that grows in the pond and multiply very rapidly. The food insects consist mainly of cypris, cyclops, daphnia, gammarus, blood worms, round worms, the larvæ of the May fly and mosquito. Some of the more common of the injurious insects that prey upon the fry are the boatman, whirligig beetle, the larvæ of the dragon fly and the water beetle. The fry which are black until they reach the length of about three-fourths of an inch are guarded by the male fish. Every evening during

this period the fry will circle the shore of the pond and ball up at some point, generally around a lily or nest frame. They then gradually take on the color of the old fish and do not ball up any more at night, and the old fish do not pay any attention to them.

The fry are constantly feeding and reach the fingerling stage (one inch) in about twenty days. They are then thinned out from day to day and planted. Planting continues until the latter part of August, at which time they are from two to three inches in length.

The fingerlings are seined out of the pond with a fine mesh seine and are transferred to the place of planting in ten-gallon milk cans. The water in the cans is aerated by means of a perforated dipper which is plunged into the can and carries the air down with it. When the air is exhausted and the dipper is filled with water, it is lifted out and the water left to fall back into the can. By this means the fish can be held in the can all day long if necessary. Some of the fry grow more rapidly than others, especially those which have a tendency to feed on the weaker ones. Some of these will attain a length of four or five inches by the last of August. The proportion of these, however, is very small.

The cans are loaded in the wagon and wet canvas is wrapped around them. This is done to keep the water in the cans cool by the evaporation of the water on the canvas.

On arriving at the place at which they are to be planted, most of the water in the cans is emptied and all of the fish put into one or two cans. These cans are then sunk in the stream in comparatively shallow water, near some grass patch—which is the natural feeding grounds—and the fish allowed to swim out of the cans, which they will do when the water in the cans is tempered to the same degree as that in the stream. They will scatter over a large area in a short time. Should there be any pin minnows about, the young bass will start chasing and feeding on them as soon as they come out of the can.

The breeders are allowed to stay in the hatching pond with the young fish and are fed on minnows every day. The minnows are killed before being fed to the bass, so they will not escape in the pond and feed on the insects and young fish.

When the hatching pond is emptied, the breeders are put back into the wintering pond and the pond stocked with live minnows. The bass feed upon these until freezing weather sets in, and then do not feed any more until spring.

The Anglers' Club of New York.

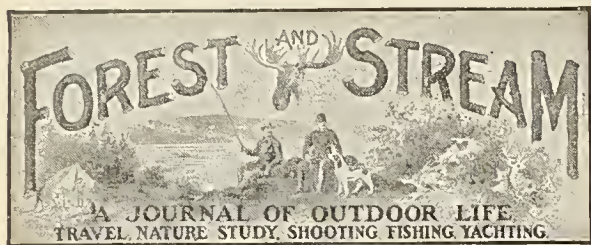
THE club tournament of the Anglers' Club of New York will be held as follows:

Saturday, Sept. 7.—2 P. M., dry-fly accuracy; 4 P. M., distance salmon fly handicap.

Saturday, Sept. 14.—2 P. M., distance bait handicap; 4 P. M., distance fly handicap.

Rules of spring tournament to apply unless otherwise specified. Lure in bait event furnished by the committee. Weight of rod in distance fly event limited to six ounces with no allowances. Silver medal for first, bronze medal for second in each event. The contestant making best average score in the four events to receive a gold medal.

WALTER MCGUCKIN,
Chairman Tournament Committee.



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ADVERTISEMENTS: Display and classified, 20 cts. per agate line (\$2.80 per inch). There are 14 agate lines to the inch. Covers and special positions extra. Five, ten and twenty per cent. discount for 13, 26 and 52 insertions, respectively, within one year. Forms close Monday in advance of publication date.

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

NATIONAL PARKS.

THE bill introduced in the Senate by Senator Smoot, of Utah, for the establishing of a National Park Service in the Department of the Interior has been reported favorably by the Senate Committee on Public Lands, with the recommendation that the bill pass. The purpose of the proposed legislation is to provide proper supervision and administration of the national parks from one central point under one department of the Government, with a sufficient number of employes under a director who will devote their entire energies and attention to the upkeep, supervision and administration of the national parks and national monuments. At present these public reservations are governed by three departments of the Government, namely the Departments of Agriculture, Interior and War, and while there can be no criticism offered on the administration of the parks, yet it is felt that the means are inadequate for properly governing them, with the jurisdiction divided as it is with three departments instead of being concentrated under one department. The bill provides for an appropriation of \$75,000 for the support of the national park service, and declares that the parks, monuments and reservations shall not at any time be used for any purpose other than as agencies for promoting public recreation and public health through the use and enjoyment by the people. The committee believes that with a more effective administration of our national parks the people of the country will realize their value as recreation grounds, and that the number of visitors each year to the various parks will increase very materially. Up to the present time very little inducement has been offered to the public to visit the parks and monuments, except through the advertisements of the railroads, and it is believed that with proper administration of the parks to include a publicity bureau, which

would educate the public in the matter of the beauty and scenery of the parks, the annual travel could be greatly increased.

With proper public interest and support the Smoot bill may be expected to become a law during the next session of Congress.

THE SULLIVAN LAW.

THE Sullivan law is by no means perfect, but on the other hand it has many good features. It takes out of the hands of irresponsible people many opportunities of doing damage to themselves and to others. Every day we read of a shooting affair that could not be possible were the letter of the Sullivan law lived up to—or strictly enforced. The law gives to those who need a revolver the privilege of a permit. It is clamored that a revolver is necessary for home protection. Is it? We think not. How many of us had a revolver in our houses before the Sullivan law; mighty few of us. How many instances do we hear of wherein a revolver has been the means of capturing a burglar; very few. Generally a yell out of a window does the trick. Now and then we read of a drunken husband shooting his wife in mistake for a house breaker or of a nervous woman shooting her husband thinking him a burglar. Such cases would not be were the Sullivan law enforced as was intended by the father of it. The day has passed when affairs of honor, so-called, need settlement with a gun.

The penalty for carrying a revolver should be heavy and the law should be rigidly enforced after such changes have been made in so far as it affects target shooters, alien or citizen, and its use in camp, and other places where the intention of the possessor is beyond question. We want a revision of the Sullivan law; not a repeal of the measure.

THE Senate foreign relations committee has agreed to recommend the ratification of the treaty signed July 20 last by the United States and Great Britain promulgating fishing regulations in Newfoundland waters. The treaty carries out with some modifications the rules and method of procedure recommended by the Hague Tribunal, Sept. 7, 1910. It provides that all future laws or rules for the regulation of the fisheries of Great Britain, Canada or Newfoundland, such as relate to the time and method of taking fish shall be promulgated and come into operation within the first fifteen days of November of each year. At ten year intervals a change in the date may be made the subject of negotiations.

SENATOR CATRON, of New Mexico, has introduced a bill to appropriate the sum of \$200,000 for the purpose of destroying predatory wild animals upon the national forests and lands adjacent thereto. The bill further provides that upon request of the State officials of States where national forests are located, that the Department of Agriculture shall co-operate in the destruction of said animals, but that the amount expended in any State shall not exceed in any one year the amount expended by the State for the same purpose. Representative Mondell, of Wyoming, has introduced a similar bill in the House of Representatives. It would appear to the casual observer that an appropriation for the

extermination of wild animals by the Federal Government in this day of sportsmen who travel half around the world to find animals to kill would be superfluous legislation and a waste of public money. Nevertheless, the Bureau of Forestry complains that the number of predatory animals in the national forests is a menace to settlers and stockmen alike. Last year the Bureau reports 7,971 animals killed by forest officers, and many thousands more killed by settlers. The animals destroyed include 213 bears, 88 mountain lions, 870 wildcats, 172 wolves, 72 lynxes, 6,487 coyotes and other animals. This number of animals killed is about 25 per cent. less than the year previous. Here is an interesting and profitable field apparently untried by our sportsmen in search of wild animal hunting.

REPRESENTATIVE FAISON, of North Carolina, has introduced an omnibus fish hatchery bill providing for the establishing of fish hatcheries and fish culture stations in the following States: Alabama, near Mobile, where the city has donated the site; Georgia, near the sea coast; Washington, near Lake Quinault; Illinois, sixteenth congressional district; North Carolina; Oklahoma; Texas, near the Gulf coast; Nebraska, first congressional district; Oregon, two stations; Indiana; Arkansas, and Tennessee. The sum of \$25,000 is provided for each hatchery station which shall be operated by the U. S. Fish Commission in co-operation with the States named. The increased interest in fish culture is daily manifested by the activities of various members of Congress in efforts to establish hatcheries throughout the country. The high cost of living, and especially the increased cost of meats means that the energies of the people must be directed to cheaper food, and the ever welcome and toothsome fish is coming into increased popularity.

It is gratifying to observe in what esteem trapshooting is held by the better class. At the Charlottesville and University of Virginia tournament last week luncheon was served the shooters by ladies of the Episcopal Church. This sort of encouragement makes for the good of one of the greatest of outdoor sports. The ladies deserve thanks and the shooters congratulations.

BORZOI, by Joseph B. Thomas. Houghton Mifflin Company, New York. 8vo., \$1.25 net.

Joseph B. Thomas, who has made a thorough and lengthy study of the Russian wolfhound, has brought out a book covering every phase of the subject in such a way as to interest the casual reader, as well as breeder of this attractive animal. The author has studiously avoided the suggestions and pitfalls of some of the earlier importers and fanciers who brought the breed somewhat into discredit, through claims of an impossible combination of speed, endurance and courage. The author has expended his time and energy in fixing a correct type of this picturesque hound, which will do much to popularize the breed in America.

Handsomely illustrated throughout with the best specimens of Russian wolfhound to be found in this country, bred at the Valley Farm Kennels, owned by the author. It makes a volume invaluable to the owner of an outdoor library.

YACHTING

Ticks from the Ship's Clock.

Judging from all indications and the early interest aroused, the Motor Boat Club of America's race week, which will include the National Motor Boat Carnival, to be held on the Hudson River, at Yonkers, N. Y., Sept. 16 to 21, inclusive, will be a record-breaker in the number of entries and the class of boats that will show their paces.

It looks as though Commodore Blackton had been handed a submarine instead of a hydro-plane when he got Baby Reliance III. At any rate, she spends most of her time under water. She now is submerged in thirty feet of water and rests on the bottom of Lake Michigan where she dove on Aug. 12 in the Chicago races.

Atlantic Y. C.

In a preliminary way the annual race week of the Atlantic Y. C. started Aug. 17 on Gravesend Bay, although officially not until Tuesday of this week.

The largest fleet that has sailed so far this year crossed the line, the eighth race to count on the yacht racing championship of the lower bay. Five of the lower bay Q boats put up a great race. Spider was first in, covering the course in 1.50.17. Six seconds later came Alice, and Suelew was 3s. astern.

On corrected time, both Joy and Careless were beaten in their respective divisions of the handicap class. The former boat led home the first division, but lost on corrected time to La Cubana. M. & F. defeated Careless in the second division. The S division was taken by Dr. C. L. Atkinson, and Mouse led home the Gravesend Bay knockabouts. Among dinghies of the New York C. C., the winner was Viva. The summary:

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:00—11½ Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Spider, H. Chubb.....	4 50 17	1 50 17
Alice, G. Davis.....	4 50 23	1 50 23
Suelew, E. F. Luckenbach.....	4 50 26	1 50 26
Grayjacket, F. C. Noble.....	4 51 57	1 51 57
Soya, W. A. Barstow.....	Disqualified.	

Handicap Class—First Division—Start, 3:05—11½ Miles.		
Joy, Le Sauvage & Geer.....	4 59 55	1 54 55
La Cubana, J. H. Ives.....	5 05 50	2 00 50

Corrected times; La Cubana, 1.53.56; Joy, 1.54.55.		
Handicap Class—Second Division—Start, 3:05—12 Miles.		
Careless, R. Rummell.....	5 05 01	2 00 01
M. and F., C. M. Camp.....	5 10 26	2 05 26
Blue Bill, Z. Mayhew.....	5 11 26	2 06 26
Gunda, M. H. Hall.....	5 14 02	2 09 02

Corrected times; M. and F., 1.59.26; Careless, 2.00.01; Blue Bill, 2.01.26; Gunda, 2.03.38.		
Sloops—Class S—Start, 3:10—12 Miles.		
Cyric, Dr. C. L. Atkinson.....	5 09 45	1 59 45
M. and F. II., Camp & Marchant.....	5 11 07	2 01 07

Gravesend Bay Knockabouts—Start, 3:15—15 Miles.		
Mouse, R. E. Dingman.....	4 42 56	1 27 56
Suffragette, Pratt & Tiemann.....	4 43 04	1 28 04
Merry Widow, Bailey & Bailey.....	4 44 29	1 29 29
Slow Poke, F. L. Durland.....	4 45 35	1 30 35
Skylark, M. A. Howard.....	Did not finish.	

New York C. C. Dinghies—Start, 3:20—4 Miles.		
Viva, Murel & Roloff.....	4 11 12	0 51 12
North Star, D. D. Allerton.....	4 12 35	0 52 35

Stamford Y. C.

THIRTY-FIVE yachts sailed in the twenty-second annual regatta of the Stamford Y. C. last Saturday.

Commodore Edward Y. Webber's new steam yacht Mareva was the Regatta Committee boat, the committee being G. G. Dominick, Bartholomew Jacob, C. A. Hatch and H. P. Stokes.

E. Randolph's Helen II. won the Sound schooner class from Alys II. by 1m. 1s. and the "thirty" Nepsi defeated Alera by 2m.. The winners in the other classes were Robin Hood, Hamburg II., Dart, San Sarana, Madeleine II. and Edmee.

Bug class raced in the forenoon, finishing

in this order: Bunkie, John Rodley; Doodues, Mannin and Lawrence Jacob; Toy, Kenmore Knox; Duckling, Allston Jacob; Fly, Herbert Wildman; Caterpillar, Trowbridge Elliman; Flipper Lewis Renshaw, and K. T., Reeves Hart. Summary:

N. Y. Y. C. Thirties—Start, 1:40—14 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nepsi, Johnson De Forest.....	4 40 18	3 00 18
Alera, J. W. Alker.....	4 42 18	3 02 18
Ibis, W. H. Busk.....	4 43 29	3 03 29

Sound Schooners—Start, 1:45—14 Miles.		
Helen II., E. Randolph.....	4 44 43	2 59 43
Alys II., E. Coudert.....	4 45 44	3 00 44
Maira, C. Cowl.....	4 53 08	3 08 08
Alicia, W. M. Baldwin.....	4 48 31	3 03 31

First Division (Handicap)—Start, 1:50—10½ Miles.		
Sue, Fred Ewing.....	4 17 12	2 27 12

Second Division (Handicap)—Start, 1:50—10½ Miles.		
Ouray, A. B. Collins.....	4 41 43	2 51 43

Third Division (Handicap)—Start, 1:55—10½ Miles.		
Circe, Appleby Bros.....	4 47 55	2 52 55
Robin Hood II., G. E. Gartland.....	4 42 06	2 47 06
Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins.....	4 35 39	2 40 39
Natoma, W. F. Clark.....	4 41 58	2 46 58

Corrected times; Robin Hood II., 2.35.03; Rascal II., 2.40.49; Natoma, 2.44.33; Circe, 2.45.30.		
Larchmont Interclub—Start, 2:00—10½ Miles.		
Whiff, W. R. Manny.....	4 51 17	2 51 17
Yukan, N. D. Weir.....	4 44 46	2 44 46
Hamburg II., M. M. Goldschmidt.....	4 36 05	2 36 05
Lewanna, L. G. Spence.....	4 40 53	2 40 53
Bella, G. S. Runk, Jr.....	4 45 38	2 45 38
Wild Thyme, A. H. Moris.....	4 41 18	2 41 18

Class Q—Start, 2:00—10½ Miles.		
Essex, J. L. Mitchell.....	4 41 21	2 41 21
Edmee, R. J. Schaefer.....	4 31 21	2 31 21

Class P—Start, 2:05—10½ Miles.		
Corinthian, H. C. Smith.....	Did not finish.	

Stamford Y. C. One-Design—Start, 2:25—7½ Miles.		
Fiddler, Weber & Weed.....	4 42 48	2 17 48
Osprey, Douglas Elliman.....	4 45 00	2 20 00
Killie, Bartholomew Jacob.....	4 30 30	2 18 30
Dart, R. H. Gillespie.....	4 39 38	2 14 38
Kittawake, H. C. Fleitman.....	4 49 34	2 24 34
Eduam, H. P. Stokes.....	4 49 35	2 24 35
Snapper, Edward Corning.....	4 42 43	2 17 43
Kelpie, Harold Buck.....	4 45 31	2 20 31
Curlew, G. G. Dominick.....	4 46 08	2 21 08

American Dorics—Start, 2:35—7½ Miles.		
Madeline, R. P. Coudart.....	5 03 03	2 38 03

Greenwich Dorics—Start, 2:35—7½ Miles.		
Sarana, Gilbert Bros.....	4 49 53	2 14 53
Barnacle, W. L. Marsten.....	4 49 33	2 14 33
No Name, E. J. Lucas.....	4 53 32	2 23 32

Bayside Y. C.

BAYSIDE, L. I., Aug. 17.—Dodo, owned by Arthur C. Andrews, to-day defeated Charles L. Willard's Curlew by 5s. Plover, owned by Charles S. Meyer, was second.

In the one-design class Bettie, owned by William H. Johns, won by 45s. Edna J. defeated Rowdy for third place by 2s. The summary:

Bayside Bird Class—Start, 4:50—4 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Do Do, A. C. Andrews.....	5 38 30	0 48 30
Curlew, C. L. Willard.....	5 38 35	0 48 35
Clover, C. G. Meyers.....	5 38 40	0 48 40
Loon, A. Knapp.....	5 40 30	0 50 30
Skylark, J. W. Dayton.....	5 40 45	0 50 45
Teaser, A. Nesbitt.....	5 42 10	0 52 10

One-Design Class—Start, 4:05—4 Miles.		
Bettie, W. H. Johns.....	5 48 45	0 48 45
Mary Jane, William Banks.....	5 48 30	0 54 30
Edna J., A. Nesbitt.....	5 50 10	0 55 10
Rowdy, C. Medicus.....	5 50 12	0 55 12

Red Bank Y. C.

RED BANK, N. J., Aug. 17.—Eight yachts sailed a special this afternoon for a prize given by Fleet Captain John Frank James. At the start No Name took the lead. On the first turn of the stake No Name and Dolphin were far ahead, Adelaide, Widow and May Win being close together. The summary:

	Finish.	Corrected.
No Name, C. E. James.....	4 40 46	1 20 46
Dolphin, Adolph Huhfel.....	4 41 49	1 21 49
Adelaide, Charles Hickey.....	4 47 30	1 27 30
Maywin, Chris G. Huhfel.....	4 50 15	1 30 15
Widow, Otto Wagner.....	4 49 38	1 29 38
Papoose, John G. Gillig.....	4 56 06	1 23 46
Whim, A. G. Huhfel, Jr.....	5 23 32	2 03 32
Dash, L. M. Dashiell.....	Withdraw.	

Boston Y. C.

HULL, Mass., Aug. 17.—The sixth annual championship of the New England Engine and Boat Association was held here this afternoon. More than forty boats raced in the three regular classes. Class A, speed boats of more than 12 miles an hour; Class B, cabin cruisers, and Class C, open boats.

There was also a "bang-and-go-back" race given impromptu by Rear-Commodore Roger Upton of the Boston Y. C., in which most of the boats in the power boat division took part.

Twelve boats, ranging in size from a 10-foot power tender to a 50-foot power yacht, in speed from a heavy-going 23-foot cabin cruiser to a 20-mile-an-hour speed shell, started in this latter event.

The boats went at full speed toward Hough's Neck, stringing out until more than a mile separated the first and last boat. After a six-minute run, a whistle from Elizabeth recalled the boats and at the first sight of the steam over her stack, they returned and made for home, thus establishing their own handicaps.

Sconooda, owned by J. A. Needham, won, followed in order by Zui Zia, Commodore Alfred Douglass; Alserie II., C. N. Burnell; Kuzn III., B. R. Miller; Saracen, W. Briggs; I Duno, F. W. Dutton; Pilgrim, C. W. Estabrook; Henrietta, S. A. Slack; Petrel; Presto, C. W. Conant; Kex, E. P. Huckins and Mascot, Fred Borden, disqualified.

Class A—Speed Boats.

	Finish.
Nimrod II., John S. Poyen.....	3 25 10
Presto II., C. W. Conant.....	3 52 13
Premier III., J. D. McIntire.....	Did not finish
Lillie.....	Did not finish
Boomerang, P. J. Berlo.....	Disabled

Class B—Cabin Boats.

Kex, F. P. Huckins.....	4 34 50
Doris G., E. R. Perry.....	4 37 12
Razoo, Ed. Lienemann.....	4 30 22
Elvira II., O. L. Schultz.....	4 39 32
Beachcomber, Shepard and Petersen.....	4 55 18

Class C—Open Boats.

Sebe, S. R. Porter.....	4 58 30
Sigma, J. J. Connors.....	5 04 35
Spark, F. L. Orth.....	5 10 05
Marie, W. Wilder.....	5 11 20
Vera, W. Wallace.....	Not timed

Nahant Dory Club.

NAHANT, Mass., Aug. 17.—Grayling, owned by Frank Gray, won the race of the Nahant Dory Club this afternoon. This race is the first race of the bug boats in Nahant for two weeks. The contest, for a championship silver cup, will be finished soon after Labor Day. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Grayling, Frank Gray.....	1 20 15
Humbog, J. H. Foster.....	1 23 33
Bambino, J. H. Lovering.....	1 22 50
Midge, A. S. Johnson.....	1 23 10
Weivel, J. L. Motley.....	1 24 55
Brownie III., S. E. Guild.....	1 25 00
Spider, T. Motley.....	1 25 20
Stinger, W. O. Gay.....	1 27 10
Bugaboo, Nelson Whitney.....	1 29 02

Hempstead Harbor Y. C.

GLEN COVE, Aug. 16.—Four of the gem boats sailed in the midweek race to-day. The course was to and around Weeks Point buoy, to and around Prospect Point buoy to starting line. Emerald, owned by Frederick Johnson, and sailed by Eugene S. Willard, was the winner in 58m. and 15s. The summary:

Glen Cove Gem Class—Start, 3:35.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Emerald, F. Johnson.....	4 33 15	0 58 15
Brilliant, H. W. J. Bucknall.....	4 35 39	1 00 39
Topaz, Trubee Davison.....	4 35 37	1 00 57
Catseye, H. M. Adams.....	4 33 00	1 03 00

Yarita Defeats Alpha.

QUINCY, Mass., Aug. 17.—Two boats in Class B of the Quincy Y. C. held a race this afternoon over a course to the buoy off Bunkin Island, to the buoy off the Government wharf at Peddocks Island and home. The wind was light from the eastward. Yarita defeated Alpha by nearly 5m., actual time.

Cottage Park Y. C.

WINTHROP, Mass., Aug. 17.—The annual regatta this afternoon of the Cottage Park Y. C. was eminently successful. The winning yachts were: Nutmeg, Class A; Olivia, Class B; B. H. Lindsay, Class C; Clara, Class D; Sinbad, Class H; Moslem III., Class I; Zoe, Class S; Barbara, Class X; Leenane, Bar Harbor, 30-foot class. The summary:

Class A.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones.....	2 14 44	1 50 42
Virginia, Joy & Patterson.....	2 13 34	1 52 20
Meemer, J. T. Cavanagh.....	2 13 08	1 52 41
Chewink, Frizzell & Swenson.....	2 14 21	1 52 52
Mignon, A. E. Coupal.....	2 17 42	1 54 52
Flirt, J. K. Dykman.....	2 17 43	1 55 38
Areyto, E. F. Drew.....	2 18 41	1 56 27
Class B.		
Olivia, Hollis Bros.	2 15 22	1 49 48
Sintram, O. L. Brambach.....	2 19 29	1 53 41
Quakeress, J. W. Dammerall.....	2 19 28	1 54 36
Winona, R. J. Murphy.....	2 21 29	1 55 05
Class C.		
H. Lindsay, Power & McCarthy.....	2 03 56	1 47 19
Eleanor, W. L. Jefferson.....	2 10 29	1 47 37
Violet, H. J. McKee.....	2 06 13	1 49 15
Class D.		
Clara, H. W. Robbins.....	2 22 17	2 21 51
Dartwell, I. M. Whittmore.....	2 22 45	2 22 41
Mudjekwis, E. W. Emery.....	2 23 22	2 23 05
Dolly III., W. W. Arnold.....	2 29 32	2 28 41
Iris, F. F. Crane.....	2 31 12	2 31 12
Class H.		
Sinbad, Ralph Packard.....	2 23 02	2 13 34
Tiger, George E. Carroll.....	2 18 42	2 18 42
Idalia, D. M. Wisely.....	2 25 04	2 19 04
Marion III., R. C. Gowdey.....	2 25 40	2 21 40
Newsboy, A. C. MacLean.....	2 54 41	2 41 21
Thordis disqualified for fouling judge's boat.		
Class I.		
Moslem III., H. S. Bloomfield.....	2 20 28
Reina, W. P. Kenschick.....	2 25 54
Boni-two, W. Stephens.....	2 27 14
Lobster II.	Withdrew.
Class S.		
Zoe, F. J. Stewart.....	2 24 24	1 59 06
Winneahdin, James Spratt.....	2 26 45	2 02 57
Maritza, C. H. Porter.....	2 30 44	2 07 19
Wanenoek, S. W. Sargent.....	2 29 35	2 07 55
I X L, T. E. Smith.....	2 39 36	2 12 06
Class X.		
Barbara, J. J. Blancv.....	2 27 38
Sunny Jim, Sidney Doane.....	2 36 50
Terror II., C. H. Sass.....	2 37 48
Elizabeth, L. H. Brown.....	2 37 57
Teaser, H. Van Songen.....	2 44 48
Pointer II., James Farrell.....	2 45 55
Naid, Franson & Cutler.....	2 50 11
Bar Harbor 30-footers.		
Leenane, E. T. Connolly.....	1 52 12
Cricket, H. B. Whittier.....	1 52 41
Ejacks, E. P. Raymond.....	1 55 17
Cabin Power Boats.		
Cu Latr, W. A. Shaffner.....	1 09 26	0 52 23
Sylph, H. N. Schatzler.....	0 57 38	0 57 38
Gertrude, J. Tobin.....	1 08 31	0 57 46
Lillian M., F. G. Maliff.....	Disabled.
Sylph protested for cutting course. Allowed.		
Open Power Boats.		
Why, A. Martin.....	0 20 49	0 20 49
Pegasus, L. R. Cogswell.....	0 21 38	0 21 58
Gerard, J. W. Dearborn.....	0 46 30	0 28 17
Josephine, J. W. Downes.....	0 51 45	0 32 45

Hingham Y. C.

HINGHAM, Mass., Aug. 17.—Five of the one-design 15-footers belonging to members of the Hingham Y. C. sailed a good race off the club house in Hingham Bay this afternoon. The wind was a light breeze from the northeast. The course was a triangular one of about six miles. The summary:

One-Design 15-footers.	
	Elapsed.
Polly Wog, J. J. Dyer.....	1 55 00
Marwindor, C. M. Scudder.....	1 57 45
Possum, W. H. Walker.....	2 01 35
Puzzle, H. C. Bogg.....	2 15 30
Mischief, A. R. Randall.....	2 01 49

Huntington Y. C.

HUNTINGTON, I. I., Aug. 17.—Twenty-two motor boats and hydroplanes competed in the annual regatta of the Huntington Y. C. held here to-day: In a race between the high-speed displacement boats, Ran and Big Balaam, the latter won by 3m. Big Balaam covered the distance in 48.55 against 51.42 by Ran.

In the hydroplane class Commodore August Heckscher, Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., tried out his new 20-foot craft. She did well for one lap and then had trouble with her engine and

stopped. The race was won by Gunfire, Jr., owned by W. J. Brainard, covering the course in 1.07.10.

J. Lewis Luckenbach's Empire led seven small cruising power boats. Lady Betty won from four large cruising power boats. The standing cabin launch division was taken by E. J. Jacha's Nautilus.

East Greenwich Y. C.

EAST GREENWICH, R. I., Aug. 17.—The East Greenwich Y. C. held its third anniversary to-day, being the biggest celebration ever witnessed in the town. The affair was the opening regatta of race week under the rules of the Narragansett Bay Y. R. A. The summary:

Class N.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Evelyn	2 15 35	2 1 35
Class P.		
Momo, W. E. Butler.....	2 24 30	2 24 30
Class O.		
Gazelle, John H. Stone.....	1 15 45	1 12 49
Columbia, C. E. Wood.....	1 18 20	1 14 50
Molly, O. S. Howes.....	1 16 30	1 16 30
Class F.		
Giltedge, W. E. Simmons.....	1 20 11	1 20 11
Omeme, F. J. Holt.....	1 24 40	1 20 55
Venture, G. U. Meyer.....	1 26 20	1 22 35
Brother, F. H. Sweet.....	1 27 40	1 23 35
Class I. finished in following order: Dorothy, W. D. Wood; Wanderer VI., H. J. Flint; Bat, J. H. Caton, Jr.; Arrow II., Baron Hirst, Jr.; Question, Arnold Hoffman; House, Howard Possner; Mystery, R. C. Martin.		
Class S.		
P D Q	1 32 21	1 32 21
Power Boat Division.		
Hydroplane race won by Nip; time, 1h. 20m.		
Speed Boats.		
Ann	0 59 33	0 59 33
Neutol	1 01 37	2 07 00
Yankee	Did not finish.
Cruisers—Order at finish was: Yvonne, Vora, Spendthrift, Penelope, Waan L., Alice, Halys, Eva, Theresa, San Toy, Viati III., and Jay Bee.		

Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Aug. 17.—In the first class Onda won with 2m. to spare. In the second class Osprey got the best of the start and won handily. Sumarki won in the third class. Among the 18-footers Jack Mehlmann, on Tid, with a bad start, crossed the finish line more than one minute to the good. Olta had a walk-over in the 15-foot class. The summary:

First Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Onda, J. Greenough	1 37 44	1 37 44
Nereid, C. H. Lunt.....	1 43 18	1 39 45
Second Class.		
Osprey, C. R. Hanson.....	1 42 24	1 31 21
Elizabeth, W. A. Rowe.....	1 45 27	1 45 27
Third Class.		
Sumarki, W. V. Harcourt.....	1 41 27	1 41 27
Weasel, A. W. Flye.....	1 53 05	1 55 08
Ameral, Paul Wick	2 00 13	1 57 08
18-foot Class.		
Tid II., A. G. Leonard.....	1 53 07
Privateer II., F. W. Pollard.....	1 54 15
Jane, F. E. Fasset	1 54 56
Petrel, R. J. Cleeland.....	1 59 22
Arrow, S. E. Raymond.....	2 01 10
15-foot Class.		
Oleta, Jack Raymond	1 33 21
Meave, F. G. Hall.....	1 30 02
Cupid, A. McCuddy.....	1 40 34
Tew Lem, Nai Choate.....	1 44 31

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, Mass., Aug. 17.—The Duxbury Y. C. sailed a race this afternoon around the bay before a southeast breeze. The course was from the club house to a buoy off Knoff's Wharf, thence to High Pines buoy and back to starting point, sailed over twice.

Again, Goodspeed's racer, took the lead in its class and was not headed during the entire race. The summary:

18-foot Class.		
	Elapsed.	
Again, S. B. Goodspeed.....	1 52 52
Aspinquid, M. Smith.....	1 56 45
Anther, Brewer	1 56 55
Osprey, A. R. Train.....	2 00 57
15-foot Class.		
Elizabeth, Thomas Weston.....	1 54 40
Wilhelmina, K. Hutchins.....	1 53 36
Kit, E. Ellerson	1 58 15
Virginia, Winthrop Winslow.....	2 02 58
Thistle, W. Sheddon.....	2 04 15
Curlew, C. M. Rogerson.....	2 08 23

Wollaston Y. C.

QUINCY, Mass., Aug. 17.—A race for three classes was held this afternoon by the Wollaston Y. C. over a 7½-mile course in a light easterly wind. In Class B Domino won a close race and Oaxaca was the winner in the Class C boats. In the cabin power class Gracilis won by 20s. on corrected time. The summary:

Class B.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Domino, Chas. Crombie.....	2 09 20	2 08 44
Nautilus, Roy Lothrop.....	2 09 47	2 09 47
Class C.		
Oaxaca, Harold Winslow.....	2 05 00	2 05 00
Tomboy, F. P. Davis.....	2 08 00	2 06 00
Juno, D. Merrill.....	2 17 00	2 14 00
Walkover, Hayden Crocker.....	2 27 00	2 24 00
Cabin Power Boats.		
Gracilis, W. Ellis.....	1 05 00	1 05 00
Eagle, Irving Blossom	1 07 00	1 05 20
Gypsy, Harry McIntyre.....	1 07 10	1 05 49
Dorothy R., T. Raiche.....	1 08 15	1 08 10
Cleo, L. C. Salzer.....	1 10 00	1 08 00
Ursula, F. J. Merrill.....	1 10 00	1 09 00

Savin Hill Y. C.

FOUR large and three small sailboats participated in the Savin Hill Y. C. races in Dorchester Bay, Aug. 17. In the start-off the four boats got away together, Sentinel quickly taking the lead and maintaining its position to the finish. Rentile, in the Class B event, led the course over Emmer L. and Awk. The breeze was light. The summary:

Class A.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sentinel, Munroe Bros.	2 27 43	2 02 34
Annie B., James Raymond.....	2 39 47	2 15 59
Carmen, Frank Reid.....	2 50 15	2 24 36
Ruth III., Chas. W. Hull.....	2 58 30
Class B.		
Rentile, W. Betchett.....	2 51 19	2 15 33
Emmer L., Stewart Harding.....	2 48 01	2 17 02
Awk, H. A. Swallow.....	Withdrew.

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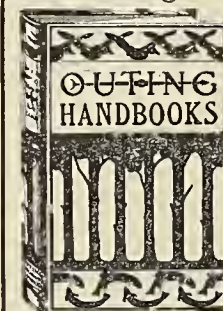
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Barrington Y. C.

BARRINGTON, R. I., Aug. 17.—The knock-about Red Raven, owned by Fred B. and William G. Thurber, won in a fleet of 10 boats of the Warwick Neck one-design class this afternoon, defeating Snap by 30s. It was a 7-mile course with a start off the Nicholson Pier, a beat of half a mile to the first turn, a run to Conanicut gas buoy and back to the start. Red Raven held the lead in a stiff southwester from start to finish. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Red Raven, Thurber Bros.....	1 27 18
Snap, K. Wood.....	1 27 48
Whizz, E. Bancroft.....	1 27 51
Marie, I. B. Merriman.....	1 30 00
Zuzu, S. Campbell.....	1 30 10
Ormeon, G. Smith.....	1 30 30
Arrow, C. M. Smith.....	1 31 00
Ace, P. Nicholson.....	1 31 05
Jane, H. D. Sharp.....	1 31 40
Elf, P. Richmond.....	1 32 00

Pleon Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., Aug. 17.—The Pleon Y. C. held its sixth championship race this afternoon. In the Pleon Club class Flash won, and in the dory class Freak crossed the line first. The summary:

Pleon Y. C. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Flash, Horton Brown.....	1 13 57	1 13 57
Coot, C. O'Hara.....	1 17 20	1 15 07
Gumkrak, W. Blanchard.....	1 31 22	1 31 22
Pigeon, W. Fawcett.....	1 50 03	1 35 16
Laddie, W. Guild.....	Did not finish.	
Red Wing, J. Perrin.....	Withdrew.	

Dory Class.

Freak, A. Chapman.....	1 13 43	1 13 43
Snail III., Margaret Wood.....	1 19 09	1 15 29
Rheta, Miss Nason.....	1 36 32	1 29 10
Child, A. Closson.....	1 43 00	1 39 20
Streak, H. Snelling.....	1 57 30	1 50 08
Skat, P. Benson.....	Withdrew.	

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., Aug. 17.—Six boats sailed in the second race of the third series of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. to-day. The winner was Flicker, owned by E. A. Henderson. The summary:

Sloops—Class S—Start, 3:10—Outside Course.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Flicker, A. E. Henderson.....	5 07 05	1 57 05
Bat, O. B. Jennings.....	5 07 55	1 57 55
Hen, G. Nichols.....	5 08 22	1 58 22
Thelema, C. McKenzie.....	5 08 56	1 58 56
Imp, S. L. Landon.....	5 12 30	2 02 30
Iris, E. Tuckerman.....	5 18 50	2 08 50

Canoeing

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—6159, J. Wilbur Hendrickson, 321 Spring street, Trenton, N. J.
 Central Division.—6158, Robert Livingston Allen, care of Archbald-Brady Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

FORTY YEARS OF AGE.

THIS is the age at which the average man begins to weigh carefully his experience, his capabilities and his financial resources. All these factors loom up before him as of large importance. They affect not only himself, but the future welfare of those dependent upon him. If he is a normal man, he understands that the age of forty is the age of opportunity, and that by an orderly application of his experience and knowledge, and by systematic saving and prudent investment, he has every reasonable chance to provide for the future.—Spencer Trask & Co.

THE boys as well as their elders in the homes where FOREST AND STREAM goes read it. They are great readers of advertisements and dream of what they will buy when they grow up. Make them acquainted with your name and when they are grown they will not forget it.

American Forestry Association.

ONE of the most important actions taken by the directors of the American Forestry Association, who held their midsummer quarterly meeting in the White Mountains of July 17, 18 and 19, was the passage of a resolution protesting vigorously against the proposed amendment to the Agricultural appropriation bill, soon to be acted upon by the Senate, which provides that all lands in the national forests, "suitable and fit" for agriculture, must be classified and listed for settlement whether it is wise or unwise to remove them from public control. This resolution has been sent to each member of the Senate with a request for his careful attention.

The directors, with a number of guests, including State foresters, forestry instructors, State officials, timberland owners, paper and pulp company officials and a number of other prominent men, gathered at Plymouth, N. H., on the morning of July 17, and through arrangements by Col. W. R. Brown, of the Berlin Mills Company, journeyed to North Woodstock in automobiles. The afternoon was spent in looking over the Lost River reserve, recently acquired by the society for the protection of New Hampshire forests, and the members of the party climbed down the course of the Lost River for some distance among the mammoth boulders, into the caves they form, and viewed the remarkable scenic effects caused by some remote convulsion of nature, with wonder and delight. Here is a spot, which, when the road to it is improved, will become the mecca of almost every sightseeing party going into the White Mountains.

There followed in the evening, at the Deer Park Hotel, a meeting participated in by the directors of the association, and under the auspices of the Society for the Protection of the New Hampshire Forests. Some 300 deeply interested people attended, many of them of national prominence. They included Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Governor Robert P. Bass, of New Hampshire, the president of the American Forestry Association, who opened the meeting with words of welcome; former Governor F. W. Rollins, who presided; former Governor Quimby, of New Hampshire; former Governor Woodruff, of Connecticut; President John H. Finley, of the College of the City of New York; President Henry S. Drinker, of Lehigh University, and—as ex-Governor Rollins said—"so many distinguished people that you could not turn around without bumping into one of them."

W. R. Brown, president of the New Hampshire Forestry Commission, told about the progress of forestry in New Hampshire during the year. A paper by Montgomery Rollins, on the acquisition of Lost River, was read. E. E. Woodbury, an orator of North Woodstock, told of the town's interest in the Lost River, and there were talks by Dr. Finley, ex-Governors Quimby and Woodruff, Dr. Drinker, Dr. B. E. Fernow, of Toronto; P. S. Ridsdale, executive secretary of the American Forestry Association, and others.

The following day the entire party journeyed by automobile to Bretton Woods, where Thursday and Friday were spent in viewing the Crawford Notch reserves, and at several important meetings discussing forest problems and conditions of the day. The directors of the American

Forestry Association held their sessions at the Mount Pleasant and the Crawford House.

Reports of the condition of the association were most satisfactory and showed that the membership is steadily growing, that the sphere of its influence is rapidly extending, and that it is now regarded as one of the most important organizations for the good of the general public in the country, and as such is receiving steadily increasing support and recognition.

At the fifth annual forestry conference meeting on the afternoon of July 18 there were represented the American Forestry Association, the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, the New Hampshire Timberland Owners' Association and the Association of Northeastern Foresters. The fire protection problem was discussed at length, papers being read by Prof. J. H. Foster, of the New Hampshire State College; E. A. Ryder, Commissioner of the Department of Claims, Boston & Maine R. R.; State forester E. C. Hirst, of New Hampshire; F. H. Billard, forester of the New Hampshire Timberland Owners' Association; F. G. Olmstead, consultant forester of Boston; F. W. Rane, State forester of Massachusetts; S. N. Spring, State forester of Connecticut; Austin F. Hawes, State forester of Vermont, and Dr. B. E. Fernow, of Toronto.

In the evening H. S. Bristol, Superintendent of Woodlands, for the Delaware and Hudson R. R. Co., spoke on problems of forestry as they relate to the railway; Prof. Walter Mulford, of Cornell, discussed the prospects of forestry as a profession; Prof. W. C. O'Kane, of the New Hampshire State College, spoke on the present status and prospects of the gypsy moth and the brown tail moth in the State; George H. Wirt, chief forest inspector of Pennsylvania, gave an illustrated lecture on the management of State forests in Pennsylvania.

At the annual meeting of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, held on the morning of July 19, reports were made on the gratifying progress of the society's work in the past year. In addition, Herbert Welsh, of Philadelphia, spoke about the progress upon the Sunapee Forest Reservation, and Harris A. Reynolds, secretary of the Massachusetts Forestry Association, told how he is organizing branch associations in that State.

The ever interesting and vital question of the taxation of forests was discussed at the concluding meeting of the conference on Friday afternoon. Dr. B. E. Fernow spoke on the principles underlying the taxation of forests; Prof. F. R. Fairchild, of Yale, discussed the taxation of forests in America and abroad, and Prof. Charles J. Bullock, of Harvard, gave his ideas on practical plans for taxation in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. The other foresters and lumbermen present joined in the discussion which, while it resulted in the enlightenment and instruction as to ways and means of all who were present, did not reach any definite conclusion as to the best way to overcome existing difficulties.

In the evening Philip W. Ayres, forester of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, gave an illustrated address on the forests of the White Mountains.

WE don't reach all of them, but a large proportion of the live ones read FOREST AND STREAM.



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

- Sept. 4-5.—Wellington Mass.—Paleface G. C. merchandise shoot. Charles F. Mardin, Sec'y-Treas.
- Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. Arthur Gambell, Supt.
- Sept. 14.—Greenwich (Conn.) G. C. all day shoot. J. H. Finch, Capt.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

- Aug. 24.—La Crosse (Wis.) G. C. J. V. Winter, Sec'y.
- Aug. 27-29.—Cedar Point, O.—Indians. C. W. Budd, Sec.
- Aug. 27-29.—Portland, Ore.—The Interstate Association's Seventh Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under auspices of the Portland G. C.; \$1,000 added money. The winner of first place in the Pacific Coast Handicap is guaranteed \$250 in cash and a trophy. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Aug. 28-29.—Fulda (Minn.) G. C. H. W. Converse, Sec'y.
- Aug. 28-29.—Baltimore, Md.—Maryland S. S. A. State tournament. Geo. P. Mordecai, Sec'y, 215 American Building, Baltimore, Md.
- Aug. 29.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Big Game, Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. H. G. Fredericks, Sec'y.
- Aug. 29-30.—Sedalia (Mo.) G. C. John McGrath, Sec'y.
- Aug. 30.—Sandusky, O.—Ye Oak Meadow G. C. Ira C. Krupp, Sec'y.
- Aug. 31.—Menominee Falls (Wis.) G. C. Jas. A. Pike, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2.—Hammond (Ind.) G. C. J. C. Becker, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2.—Ft. Collins (Colo.) Shooting Club. Jos. Garst, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2.—Tower City, Pa.—Sheridan G. C. W. E. Daub, Mgr.
- Sept. 2.—Ogdensburg (N. Y.) S. A. J. M. Morley, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Western Connecticut T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Sea Side G. C. Earl R. Lewis, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2.—Lima (O.) G. C. A. W. Fisk, Pres.
- Sept. 2-3.—Fayette, Mo.—Afro-American Trapshooters' League Grand Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2-3.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia State tournament, under auspices of Lynchburg G. C. W. R. Winfree, Sec'y, 1008 Main St., Lynchburg, Va.
- Sept. 2-3.—Paducah (Ky.) Target Club. C. E. Pursell, Sec'y.
- Sept. 3.—Celina (O.) G. C. Geo. Kistler, Sec'y.
- Sept. 3.—Bucklin (Mo.) G. C. Ed. Herriman, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—Holdredge (Neb.) G. C. Thos. Hufford, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—Cumberland (Md.) G. C. F. Billmeyer, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—London (O.) G. C. H. L. Hildinger, Sec'y.
- Sept. 6.—Mechanicsburg (O.) G. C. tournament.
- Sept. 10.—McKeesport, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Youghiogheny Country Club. R. J. Caughey, Sec'y.
- Sept. 10-11.—Caro (Mich.) S. A. F. W. Bowles, Sec'y.
- Sept. 10-13.—Denver, Colo.—Rocky Mountain Interstate Sportsmen's Association; \$5,000 added money. Ambrose E. McKenzie, Mgr.
- Sept. 11.—Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club. Jay Clark, Jr., Sec'y.
- Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. A. B. Heyl, Pres.
- Sept. 13-14.—Beverly, Mass.—Massachusetts State tournament, under auspices of Massachusetts State T. S. A. F. E. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.
- Sept. 16-17.—Evansville, Ind.—Indiana State tournament, under the auspices of the Recreation G. C. Geo. A. Beard, Cor. Sec'y.
- Sept. 17.—Huntingdon, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Alexandria G. C. L. M. Hagerty, Sec'y, Alexandria, Pa.
- Sept. 17-18.—Brookfield, Mo.—Linn County G. C. Ed. Barton, Sec'y.
- Sept. 17-20.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Westy Hogans of America tournament. Bernard Elisser, Sec'y.
- Sept. 18-19.—Bloomington, Ill.—McLean County G. C. C. A. McDermand, Pres.
- Sept. 19.—Springfield (O.) G. C. Harry C. Downey, Sec.
- Sept. 20.—Sangerfield (N. Y.) Country Club. R. H. Terrv, Sec'y.
- Sept. 23-24.—Lewiston (Idaho) G. C. P. T. Lomax, Sec'y.
- Sept. 25.—Mt. Kisco (N. Y.) G. C. A. Betti, Sec'y.
- Sept. 25.—Guernsey (Ia.) G. C. J. W. Dobbins, Pres.
- Sept. 26-27.—Baltimore, Md.—West Forest Park G. C. Richard L. Collins, Sec'y.
- Sept. 26-27.—Capron (Ill.) G. C. Alex. Vance, Sec'y.
- Sept. 27.—Saginaw (Mich.) Canoe Club. T. A. Saylor, Sec'y.
- Oct. 1-2.—Omaha (Neb.) G. C. F. T. Lovering, Sec'y.
- Oct. 2.—Piedmont (W. Va.) G. C. G. N. Hoover, Sec.
- Oct. 3.—Wapakoneta (O.) G. C. Chas. E. Zint, Sec'y.
- Oct. 3.—Elkton (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worington, Mgr.
- Oct. 5.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Meadow Spring G. C. Wm. F. Letford, Sec'y.
- Oct. 8-10.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. Jos. Kautzky, Sec'y.
- Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. Geo. Alig, Jr., Sec'y. Post-Season tournament, on the grounds of the Cincinnati G. C.; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Oct. 15-18.—Cincinnati, O.—The Interstate Association's Oct. 16.—Rising Sun (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Vice-Pres
- Oct. 16-17.—Tarboro (N. C.) G. C. R. E. L. Cook, Mgr.
- Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
- Oct. 22-23.—Scammon (Kans.) G. C. C. R. Quarton, Sec'y.
- Oct. 22-23.—Demopolis, Ala.—Demopolis Gun Club. W. C. Du Fue, Sec'y
- Oct. 30.—Medford (Okla.) G. C. Dr. I. V. Hardy, Sec'y.

1913.

Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Chicken and duck will supersede clay bird shooting Sept. 1, at Cerro Gordo Gun Club, Mason City, Ia. In other words, the trap season will close when field season opens.

The trigger is out to visitors to Columbia, (Mo.) Gun Club. Amateurs and professionals are cordially invited. Every Thursday is the time. A line to Dr. R. L. Lockwood, Captain of the club, will get full information—if you need more.

E. Reed Shaner, manager department of records, the Interstate Association, informs us that the scores made at the Spooner Gun Club's registered tournament, held at Spooner, Minn., July 30, will not be counted in the official records of the Interstate Association owing to the contestants shooting under a distance handicap.

The Indianapolis Gun Club will hold a Labor Day tournament Sept. 2. The program calls for ten events of 15 targets each, entrance \$1.50. Squier money-back and Rose system to govern. Also two specials of 25 targets, entrance \$2.50; three moneys, 40, 30 and 30 per cent. Dinner, 50 cents. Targets 2 cents. Grounds on Brazil traction line. Geo. Alig, Jr., is Secretary.

Mr. E. Reed Shaner, Manager Department of Records, writes: "In accordance with a resolution adopted by the Interstate Association at its annual meeting in 1910, I beg to advise you that Mr. Frank Campbell, Waukee, Ia., was the winner of the seventh Western Handicap, shot at Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 16, 1912. Mr. Campbell used a Parker gun, Remington Arms-U. M. C. shells."

The tournament, Aug. 27, 28 and 29, of Maryland State Sportsmen's Association, at Prospect Park, Baltimore, will be one of the big events of the year, unless all signs are bogus. Last year 105 shooters took part; this year probably 150 will come nearer the number. Linn Worthington has it in charge, which in itself is sufficient evidence that nothing will be overlooked in the "make it a go" department.

The fall tournament of the Island Beach Gun Club will be held Sept. 14, at Island Beach, Greenwich, Conn., beginning at 9:30 A. M. The program will consist of ten events—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 8 and 9 are at 15 targets, 40 cents entrance in each; Nos. 5, 6 and 7 are at 20 targets, 45 cents entrance; No. 10 is a special at 10 doubles, 40 cents entrance; medal for high gun. Class shooting, merchandise prizes. Optional sweeps, 50 cents or \$1. Contestants may shoot for targets only at 1½ cent each. Events 7, 8 and 9, five-man club team race for cup. Medal for high amateur in events 1 to 9 inclusive; also medal for high amateur run in events 1 to 9 inclusive. Sixteen merchandise prizes in class shooting. Six prizes Class A—High gun and seven points below. Five prizes Class B—Six points below Class A. Four prizes Class C—Six points below Class B. Prize for low gun shooting events 1 to 9 inclusive. High gun wins in each class. Cup and medals donated by Island Beach Co. Rose system of division of sweeps, 5, 3, 2, 1. "Shooting up" permitted according to number of contestants. Standard loads for sale at 65c. per box. Boats leave Island Beach dock, near railroad station, every hour, beginning at 9 A. M. Refreshments on grounds. Program shoots every Saturday. Special program Labor Day, Sept. 2, beginning at 10:30. For further information address J. H. Finch, 93 East Elm street, Greenwich, Conn.

W. G. BEECROFT.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Northern Kentucky Gun Club.

THE registered tournament, held on Aug. 15 and 16, was one of the best ever given by the club. The success of the affair was due to the efficient work of Messrs. G. W. Dameron and H. R. Irwin, both of whom put in much time and energy in the preliminary arrangements, and followed this up by unremitting attention to all details making for the welcome and comfort of those attending.

The club was favored with ideal weather on both days, and scores were good in consequence. The office work was looked after by Luther J. Squier, and was, of course kept up to the minute, and settlement made in short order after the last event of Friday. Len Shepard performed the duties of referee and scorer to everyone's entire satisfaction. A feature of the shoot was the excellent dinner served in the club house by Mrs. Taggart, wife of the superintendent, and this was thoroughly enjoyed by all the shooters. The local shooters turned out fairly well.

The program was the regular one of ten 15-target events, entrance \$1.40 in each; money divided Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1. An extra 25-target handicap event for a trophy was added each day, entrance \$1.25. Handicaps were based on score made each day, in regular program; 128 or less, 16yds.; 129 to 132, at 17yds.; 133 to 136, at 18yds.; 137 to 141, at 19yds.; 142 to 145, at 20yds., and 146 to 149, at 21yds. Any shooter breaking 'em all was required to shoot from the roof of the club house. The only thing occurring to mar the occasion was an accident to Arthur Gambell, superintendent of the Cincinnati Gun Club, who on Thursday afternoon fell, breaking his leg. His many friends among the trapshooters will extend their sympathy to him, and their wishes for a speedy recovery.

First Day.

Thursday found Superintendent Taggart with grounds and traps in first class condition, and everything ready. During the day 6015 targets were trapped. Thirty-seven shooters faced the traps, all but four going through the program. The first was not started until nearly 11 o'clock, and the delay caused by the accident made a late finish, the special not being decided until 6 o'clock. Rolla O. Heikes, professional, was the star performer, missing but 2 targets—one in the third and one in the last event, and making a run of 106 straight. R. L. Trimble and J. S. Day, tied for second high professional place on 141.

The amateurs put it all over the experts to some extent, high man being B. S. Cooper with 144, Geo. Volk 143, and R. H. Bruns 142. Geo. Dameron had one or two bad events, which kept his total down, but he made the second long run with 67. Cooper got 64 straight and J. N. Shropshire 60. The special event had thirty-three entries, and resulted in a tie on 25 between Dr. Wm. Shattuck and Ed Cain. In second place were W. G. Green, Sam Leever, L. Bittner and J. S. Day with 24 each. The last-named is a professional and was shooting for targets only. When the men lined up for the shoot-off, it was so near dusk that the targets were almost invisible. This was too much of a handicap for Cain, and he fell down badly, losing by a score of 15 to 21.

Second Day.

Conditions were perfect. Attendance fell off a little, thirty shooters only putting in an appearance and twenty-eight shot through. Later in the day a few others arrived and entered for the special.

The first event was started promptly at 9 o'clock, and at 2:30 the program was finished. By 3, Luther had everyone paid off, and bid the crowd good-by, as he was to start for Montreal. From there he will step over to Cedar Point, O., for the Indian shoot. The special event was finished about 4, and then the late-comers had their turn, and kept things going until dusk. Roundy Chamberlain blew in this afternoon on his way home, and put up a perfect score in the special event. This was amateur day, only one professional (Pop Heikes) finishing in their class. Dr. F. M. Edwards and Geo. Volk tied for high gun on 146; then came Pop with 145; T. E. Donald was third high man and second amateur with 144, and the next place was filled by R. H. Bruns and W. G. Green with 143. Edwards and Volk each went straight in four consecutive events, making the best runs of the day. First prize in the special event was won by E. Bittner on 24; J. S. Day tied him, but was not eligible to win. Second prize was won by M. H. Johnson, after shooting off a tie on 23 with Shattuck, Cain, Sunderbruch and Gould. In the shoot-off, he broke 24. The banner squad of the tournament was No. 3, which scored 74 out of 75 in the eighth event—Heikes, Edmondson, Cain and Volk, 15 each, and Shattuck carried the guns to the house for missing one. In the ninth event the same squad dropped but 2 targets, Heikes being the guilty party. In the special event Sunderbruch had hard luck, missing his 22d and 25th targets and losing a chance to win or get in a tie for first. In the regular and special events, 5060 targets were trapped. R. O. Heikes made high score for the two days, 293 out of 300, or 97.66 per cent.

Money-Back Purse.

Targets first day, at 1 cent each.....	\$51.90
One dollar extra entrance first day.....	27.80
Targets second day at 1 cent each.....	43.35
One dollar extra entrance second day.....	25.70
Added by Interstate Association.....	100.00
	<hr/>
	\$247.75
Losses	65.65
Surplus	\$182.10

The surplus was divided into twelve moneys, 20, 16, 13, 10, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, and 3 per cent., high guns. First money, \$36.40, Geo. Volk on 289; second, \$29.10; third, \$23.65; R. H. Bruns and F. M. Edwards, \$26.40 each on 285; fourth, \$18.20, B. S. Cooper, on 284; fifth, \$14.60, G. G. Green on 282; sixth, \$12.75, T. E. Donald on 281;

seventh, \$11, and eighth, \$9.10, Sam Leever and T. J. Donald, \$20.10 each on 280; ninth, \$9.10, M. J. Welsh on 279; tenth, \$7.25 and eleventh, \$5.45, G. W. Dameron and W. H. Hall, \$6.35 each on 277; twelfth, \$5.45, J. N. Shropshire and G. H. Hessler, \$2.20 each on 276. Thirteen shooters failed to win their entrance and were paid losses in sums ranging from 80 cents to \$12.65. Two of the losers succeeded in getting a piece of the average money. Scores:

Table with 3 columns: Name, First Day, Second Day, Total. Lists names like C O Le Compte, T H Parry, C A Edmondson, etc.

The special events follow:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Hdcp., First Day, Second Day, Total. Lists names like Le Compte, Edmondson, Britton, etc.

The shoot off of the ties in the special events follow: First Day—Shattuck 21, Cain 15. Second Day—Johnson (16) 24, Shattuck (18) 22, Cain (18) 20, Sunderbruch (19) 22, Gould (17) 22.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BERGEN BEACH, L. I., Aug. 13.—Midsummer handicap of the Bergen Beach Gun Club, held to-day, was worth while. The event was at 100 targets, with added handicaps. G. Remsen and Dr. Moeller tied for first with 96. In the shoot-off at 25 targets Remsen won. Third prize was won by Dr. Sauer. The scores:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Score, Name, Score. Lists names like G S Remsen, Dr Moeller, Dr Sauer, etc.

Plattsville Gun Club.

PLATTSVILLE, Wis., Aug. 11.—The shooting to-day was exciting, as six of the shooters were very close in the first 50 targets. We have a very beautiful cup to shoot for which was furnished by the president, C. Burg. The scores:

Table with 3 columns: Events, Targets, Score. Lists events like Targets, Belmeyer, Dorscher, etc.



World Beating Speed Shells WIN WESTERN HANDICAP

Fourth Consecutive Time

This Makes It 16 of 19 Big National Handicaps For Remington-UMC in Four Years :: :: ::

Western Handicap Event: Won by Frank Campbell, Wauke, Iowa, 94 ex 100 at 20 yards, shooting Remington-UMC Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells.

2d. G. Yowell and J. F. Caldwell tied, 93 ex 100 from 18 yards—both shooting Remington-UMC Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells.

High General Average: Won by W. H. Heer, 395 ex 400, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun and Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells.

2d. Lester German, 394 ex 400, shooting Remington-UMC Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells.

High Amateur Average, including all 16-yard handicap and double target events, won by W. R. Ridley, 567 ex 600. 2d. H. E. Snyder. Both contestants used Remington-UMC Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

STILL ANOTHER VICTORY

Report comes from Alabama State Shoot that Remington-UMC swept everything in sight—State Championship, High Amateur and Professional Averages, Long Runs—all won with the World Beating Speed Shells.

Remington-UMC Arms and Ammunition

Winners at Olympic Games

Winners at Grand American Handicap

Winners at Western Handicap

STILL WINNING!

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

299-301 Broadway - - - - - New York, N. Y.

NOTE: In a previous advertisement, we stated that the North Carolina State Championship was won with Remington-UMC Arrow Shells. Mr. J. E. Taylor, in winning this event, did not use Arrow Shells, but did use a Remington-UMC Autoloading Shotgun.

North Side Gun Club.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 14.—Saturday afternoon's pleasant weather induced several members to try their skill with the gun. Gies took high honors with 88 out of 100. C. Groffy was second with 81. Scores:

Table with 2 columns: Name, Score. Lists names like G Obenberger, C Groffy, W Radue, etc.

On Sunday, Aug. 11, G. Schoessow was high gun and C. Groffy a close second, dropping 2 birds more than the former. Scores:

Table with 2 columns: Name, Score. Lists names like M Poetzel, A Krause, A Splitt, etc.

Dallas Gun Club.

DALLAS, Tex., Aug. 8.—The two-day tournament ended to-day, was not very well attended. Score sheet not sufficiently legible to indicate winner. Scores follow:

Table with 4 columns: Name, 1st Day, 2d Day, Total. Lists names like Dr Adams, Mrs W G Allen, W Alston, etc.

Western Handicap.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 17.—Just about three hours before the sun went down on a beautiful August day (the 16th), the event that will go down in history as one of the best in this line of amusements was closed at the famous Blue River Shooting Park, located at Kansas City, Mo.

The program for this shoot has in its introduction the following remarks, viz.:

"It was a wise choice when Kansas City was chosen as the logical point to hold the Western Handicap tournament in 1912. Located as it is in the geographical center of the United States, with its vast net of railroads, radiating to every habitable point of the Middle West territory, it is an ideal city to reach quickly and conveniently from all points in the vast scope of country which has such a large following of sportsmen, who have the pleasure of trapshooting."

The Kansas City Gun Club is the oldest organization of the kind in the State of Missouri, and for thirty years has kept the ball rolling. The club was fortunate in having the family of Elliott brothers to keep the park going, and when J. A. R. dropped the management R. S. took it up, and he is ably assisted by Jack and young Robert. Oh, yes, there is Dave; he is usually around when big events are being pulled off, and just ask all those present at this shoot if he did not handle the office to perfection.

As a matter of policy, these Interstate shoots are held at different cities of the West each year, but when the time again comes to hold this event at Kansas City, all will agree that all roads lead to Kansas City, and Elmer Shaner and J. T. Skelly will be the first to say, Amen.

The perfection of ammunition and guns was brought to the front during this shoot; coupled with this was shown what practice will accomplish along the line of perfection. For instance, here is a partial list of consecutive "breaks" made during the shoot: William Ridley ran 124 straight; R. W. Clancy, 156; W. R. Crosby, 100 and 113; H. Dixon, 153 and 100; Ed. O'Brien, 127; H. E. Snyder, 155; C. B. Eaton, 171; C. Spencer, 100; W. H. Heer, 127; and this list does not include the last day.

Three times during the second day the squad composed of Mrs. Topperwein, Dixon, Campbell, Hoon and Freeman made straight scores.

You should have seen the smile that came over Bob's countenance as he kept passing out the shells to the happy shooters, who were busting Charles North's saucers.

Practice Day, Aug. 13.

In the program we find this announcement: "Kansas City has the shooting ground and local management, and will overlook no chance to make memorable the seventh Western Handicap tournament." The old-time shooters have long been accustomed to these things, and the new ones were on hand to see if the Missourians were equal to their boast of "show me."

A prominent figure about the old park for the past two weeks has been one Bob Elliott, stripped for the work of putting the park in order. He has even moved his family into and resides in the park, so as to be there day and night. The shooters are glad for this move, as it insures some of those good old dinners for which Mrs. Bob has long been famous. I must say that we old-timers will miss the "pigeon pot-pies" that were so delicious in "ye olden times," but the yellow legged chicken stews look good to all.

On Monday and Tuesday one Robert was assisted by Elmer and Charles North, and when I P. M. came on with the heavens threatening rain, there were five Ideal-Leggett traps in position and the trap houses full of the old reliable bluerock targets—no others go as a rule at the Blue River Shooting Park—ready for the opening gun.

When the first squad toed the mark, it was noticed that W. H. Clay, the good shot from East St. Louis, was on No. 1 peg, and that the veteran, Tramp Irwin, who has not entirely quit the shooting game, was at the score board to signal, "Broke." "Lost," etc.

The shoot progressed without much interruption from the downpour, save an occasional sprinkle, but the boys were "up against" dark, lowering clouds, interspersed with streaks of smoke and a naturally dark background. The improvement made by the Chamberlin people in the kind and quantity of paint used of late on the targets was much appreciated by those who have not the most perfect eye, and though some of the new trappers and pullers were not quite on to their jobs, yet many of the scores were excellent.

One T. Bill Crosby lost one at trap one and then smashed the others to dust, and was high professional. Close after him came Bill Heer, Lester German and H. D. Freeman, with 98; George Maxwell and H. C. Kirkwood made 97, while C. G. Spencer and Mrs. Topp with F. Gilbert made 96.

The amateurs were in fine form, as Harvey Dixon, the 1911 G. A. H. winner, duplicated the score of "T. Bill," 99, with F. Campbell 98, Tom Clay 96, I. C. Davidson, W. S. Hoon, S. Hoyne, H. E. Whitney and W. Ridley 95. The scores of practice day follow:

Table listing scores for practice day with names and scores.

Table listing scores for practice day with names and scores.

First Day, Aug. 14.

When the appointed hour arrived and Manager Shaner was keyed up for the opening address, 9 A. M., the shooters were filling up the park and crowding the gun room, yet there were some tardy ones owing to the delay from late trains and the transfer to the surface lines, which make the connections for the park. This caused the management to postpone the opening until 9:30, but the contestants were informed that 9 A. M. meant 9 A. M. for the following day.

It is worth the outlay and time spent to the new shooter who is present at these Interstate handicap shoots to get the benefit of the Secretary-Manager's remarks. During all these years that Shaner has managed tournaments a very prominent feature has been that of a strict enforcement of the rules in all their details. Sort of an educational institution from which officers of gun clubs could see and learn how to enforce rules on their own grounds when tournaments are being held. Mr. Shaner calls his talks "heart-to-heart." And that is what they are, for while he enforces all rules with an "iron hand," at the same time he is kind and considerate, and no one could feel it more deeply than he when a shooter loses out through negligence in complying with the rules.

First, he called attention to the tournament at Denver, to be held Sept. 10, which should be the largest in the West, owing to the large amount of added money. Just think of it, 300 shooters means \$5,000 added money—some attraction for the scatter gun men.

Second, the sixth annual Midwinter Handicap target tournament at Pinehurst, N. C., Jan. 22 to 25, 1913. Of course, this is some distance ahead, but then those of you who want to get away from cold winter's blasts, there is \$500 to the winner and \$2500 added money.

The "Boss" then became a little more oratorical, and called to mind that we were now at the very spot where the world's greatest shooting tournament was held, the G. A. H. at live birds in 1902, and he could see nothing to prevent this shoot from being "pulled off" with the same result as the former big one, as here we have practically the same management, grounds, etc. He called particular attention to the decision of the referee being final, and that the shooter must make it his business to see that the results of his every shot are properly made on the score sheet, same not being changeable after two shots have been fired by the contestants.

The rule as to not shooting at pieces (broken targets) was fully explained, also the rule applying to "no target" if the shooter shoots out of time.

With a wave of the hand toward trap No. 1 and a hope that all will feel satisfied when the shoot closes, that the best men have won, the opening gun was fired at 9:30.

The weather could not have been improved upon, as the clouds obscured the sun for a part of the day, and the wind, coming in facing, was a handicap. Everything moved off like clock-work from start to finish. Those coming in late were permitted to enter and shoot.

Some of the 1912 leaders were not quite up to the front at the close. One Fred Bills, the well-known Chicago professional, and L. S. German, of Maryland, were at the top, each losing but 2 in the 150-program. H. C. Kirkwood, of Baltimore; W. H. Heer, formerly of Kansas, but now from Oklahoma, with C. G. Spencer, of St. Louis, were only one to the bad. Hawkins and Clancy close up with 146.

The cream of the Western amateurs were present, yet they were not quite up to their best form, though Wm. Ridley, from Iowa, made 146, and incidentally made a run of 100 straight. C. E. Orr, of Illinois, and W. E. Hoon, of Iowa, "blew up" 145, with H. E. Snyder, of Kansas City, and Max Kneusel, of Ottawa, Ill., close with 144. For detailed score of your shooting friends we refer you to the scores herewith.

DOUBLES.

This being more of a novelty, was the attraction for the afternoon. There were a number of the shooters' lady friends out, and they were interested in the skill that was exhibited by Mrs. Topp, when she blew the saucers into dust. Some of the best shots fell down a bit, and yet the way the second barrel reached out and "found" that second target was an "eye-opener." The Kansas City lad, Harry Snyder, "came to the wire" first with 45. Harvey Dixon and H. E. Whitney "busted" 42, and others followed, as per scores.

Only about half the amateurs present took part in this double event, as it appears from scores made, and new faces present, that members of many new clubs were taking part, being attracted by the Squier money-back system adopted for this shoot.

The traveling experts had a race for supremacy, and when the official announcement was posted, there was one H. A. Freeman with 47, Fred Bills 46, J. M. Hawkins and J. R. Taylor 45. The scores of the first day follow:

Table listing scores for the first day with names and scores.

Table listing scores for the first day with names and scores.

Second Day, Aug. 15.

This proved to be the "show me" and smiling day. When the last result had been chalked up on the scoreboard, there the shooters lingered and wondered as to the future possibilities of this shooting game. It was regretted that a photographer was not present to preserve that wonderful high mark.

Pat O'Connor, the weather man, was considerate and "shied" away the threatening forenoon clouds and set the wind to blow away out in Kansas, but not up nor down the Blue River Valley. The reader, an old-time shooter, like the writer, will readily see by the scores that all conditions of weather, traps, grounds, etc., were perfect, and the contestants entered into the spirit with congeniality, and a concentration of the one thought of making and breaking records with the scatter gun.

There has long been a rivalry between Iowa and Missouri as to the number of top-notchers. Many times Nebraska men come in for a good share of the honors, but this year these good ones seem to be "laying" for the Denver shoot, and have deserted this Blue River Handicap.

In glancing at the scores you will discover that there are three perfect ones—150 straight. Well, well, Talk about your "show me," I guess yes. Lend me your ear. C. B. Eaton, Fayette, Mo.; H. E. Snyder, Kansas City, Mo.; Harvey Dixon, Oronogo, Mo. There you are shown, and what a grand showing it was. Don't you wish you had been there? Bob could have easily taken care of one hundred more shooters. Don't miss this opportunity next shoot. You have heard of Eaton and Dixon before, but this man Snyder is a comparatively new man. Keep your eye on him. Other good scores were made, viz.: Bart Lewis 144, F. Campbell 144, W. S. Hoon 142, W. H. Clay 141, Tom Clay 140, Caldwell 141, William Ridley 145, William Peck 141, W. H. Hick 141, Max Kneusel 141, R. Thompson 143, J. S. Thomas 143, J. Graham 146, Don Morley 145. These for the amateurs.

For the representatives, we find Clancy 147, Kirkwood 144, Skelly 141, Heer 149, Maxwell 144, C. G. Spencer 145, Bills 146, German 147, Mrs. Topp 146, Freeman 143, Gilbert 146, H. Clark 147, Killam 141, Marshall 143, Hawkins, 145, O'Brien 148, Crosby 148, Taylor 143. There you are; take your choice. Not one of them lost over seven; some one and two.

DOUBLES.

Some good scores were made on this style of shooting. There were some reversals of form shown from the previous day. Some very poor, some very high.

In this, as well as the singles, the amateur was leading at the finish. When Fred Gilbert lost but one at one trap, and two at another, he was warmly congratulated by his friends, and had a smile for himself; but along came one Ridley and held up the Iowa end of the game with 48. See. Others right there, not to be gainsaid were Clancy 46, Dixon 46, H. Clark 45, J. Graham 45, R. Thompson 44, J. R. Taylor 43, Guy Ward 42, Fred Bills 42, Whitney 42, Mastin 43, etc.

The scores of the second day follow:

Table listing scores for the second day with names and scores.

I C Davidson.....	137	..	F Brand	139	..
*Mrs Topp.....	146	37	C B Eaton.....	150	39
F Campbell.....	144	50	*Dan Bovee ...	138	39
W S Hoon.....	142	..	T M Ehler.....	134	..
*H D Freeman.....	143	37	M Kneussl.....	141	..
H Dixon	150	46	R Thompson ...	143	44
*F Gilbert.....	146	47	S Rosson	115	..
*H Clark	147	45	*L Erhardt	129	..
W H Clay.....	141	36	J S Thomas.....	143	..
A C Connor.....	130	35	W A Smith.....	141	..
Wm Wetleaf ...	139	39	C Mossburg ...	122	..
S Hoyne	133	..	R Crane	136	..
Tom Clay	140	31	D J Parsons....	117	..
H Allen	138	..	W H Clegg.....	120	28
H E Whitney....	137	..	C E Orr.....	140	..
F Luther	132	31	Joe Bell	134	..
A M Mastin.....	141	43	Ed Harriman....	127	..
*A W Killam....	144	35	Jay Graham ...	146	45
*T A Marshall..	143	41	Dan Dahlene ...	136	..
J F Caldwell....	141	..	M L Holliday...	130	36
John Fullerton.	124	..	J Appleman.....	133	..
W H Jones.....	120	..	G W Jenkins...	131	41
Geo Mackie	136	33	Tom Palmer ...	132	..
*J M Hawkins... 145	42	..	Dan Morley ...	145	..
Wm Ridley.....	145	48	M A Gentry....	135	..
J B Hayden.....	120	..	G W Lander....	127	..
Joe Gray	140	..	J McGrath.....	130	..
R W King.....	133	34	W H Allen.....	117	..
G Yowell.....	140	..	J K Boyd.....	127	..
*Ed O'Brien....	148	42	J C Graham....	70	..
W C Williams... 138	G M Frogg.....	56	..
C T Rankin.....	131	..	Tom Hall	40
Wm Peck	141	42	W Howe	30
S O'Brien	128	..			

Third Day, Aug. 16.

The weather man was kind again to all who enjoy outdoor sports. Those of you who shoot at the traps know that dark and windy weather is a great handicap to the making of good scores. So the Blue River Park entertained more shooters and more spectators than the previous two days. This being the handicap day, added to the interest materially.

The five events of 20 targets each was the first to be disposed of, and some of the shooters were not aware of the changes in squads and came out late, but the management permitted them to shoot up out of turn.

The amateurs did not quite hold up to the previous day, yet they shone to the "samee," for Jay Graham made 97, C. B. Eaton 98, A. M. Mastin 98, G. T. Hall 95, H. Dixon 96, Bart Lewis 97, W. M. Ridley 97, C. E. Orr 97, Tom Clay 95.

W B Cosby	84	A M Mastin.....	98
J F Caldwell.....	94	G T Hall.....	95
I C Davidson.....	94	*A Killam	89
A Gillespie	91	Wm Wettleaf ...	95
S Rosson	77	R Thompson	95
J W Appleman....	85	E W Varner.....	92
G Yowell.....	91	W E Phillips....	92
*Dan Bovee	91	J K Boyd.....	72
F Brand	84	*J T Skelly.....	96
S Hoyne	83	A C Connor.....	84
R L Hamilton....	88	*Guy Ward	97
R W King.....	91	F Campbell	95
C T Rankin.....	91	*T A Marshall....	92
W A Smith.....	89	H Dixon	96
T S Williamson..	78	*W H Heer.....	99
J Fullerton.....	76	*L S German....	99
J Bauer	85	*J M Hawkins....	97
J R Stephenson..	77	H Beachy	79
V H Greene.....	85	*F Gilbert	93
W T Jordan.....	89	*H Clark	99
W H Jones.....	78	*W R Crosby....	98
G W Jenkins....	81	*J R Taylor.....	98
Ed Jenkins	80	A M McCrea....	92
M L Holliday....	81	*Ed O'Brien....	96
Tom Palmer	83	Bart Lewis	97
S O'Brien	85	H E Snyder....	94
J A Oram	91	Wm Ridley	97
C Mossburg	85	*G Maxwell	98
H T McDaniel....	77	*H C Kirkwood..	97
P D Watson.....	74	W S Hoon	89
W L Goeller....	90	M Kneussl.....	94
J B Hayden.....	82	*R W Clancy....	94
H E Thomas	74	C E Orr.....	97
D I Parsons.....	72	G Mackie	91
G I Toews.....	87	Dan Dahlene ...	91
*L Erhardt	84	J S Thomas....	92
Joe Gray	93	N Muncy	94
F Luther	88	H Allen	88
H Grindle	92	Tom Clay	95
W H Clay.....	89	Guy Cooper	84
Wm Clegg	86	W Wilson	87
J R Elliott.....	86	H E Whitney....	96
E P Bender.....	71	W C Williams....	94
H H Hicks.....	92	A Williams	86
*H N Kirby.....	87	F E Miller	92
W H Allen.....	55	E W Renfro	87
*H E Sherman....	91	F Soward	83
W M Peck	91	O C Hillhouse..	81
T M Ehler.....	94	G Nicholai....	88
J R Graham.....	97	Joe Bell	87
C B Eaton.....	98	J T Roth.....	93
*F G Bills.....	95	E Harriman....	82
*C G Spencer....	100	H Klino	69
*H D Freeman....	98	J W Gillespie..	81
*Mrs Topperwein	98	W M Howe.....	87
*D D Gross.....	94		

*Professionals.

For the professionals the first and only straight score for the three days was made by Charles Spencer, 100. He only had the best of William Heer by one target, and Billy was in a class with German and Clark; the 98s were Freeman, Mrs. Topperwein, Crosby, Taylor, Maxwell; 97s were Hawkins and Guy Ward.

The summary for the three days, counting single targets at 16yds., for the amateurs gave the following results for the 400 targets, viz.: C. B. Eaton 391, H. Dixon 389, H. E. Snyder 388, William Ridley 388, J. R. Graham 386, F. Campbell 384, A. M. Mastin 382, C. E. Orr 382, Bart Lewis 379. For the representatives, the

Winchester "Leader" Loaded Shells Surpass All Others

HIGH GENERAL AVERAGE: C. B. Eaton, an Amateur of Fayette, Mo., won High General Average for the tournament, scoring 391 x 400, 16-yard targets. Part of this was composed of 150 straight targets, which he broke on the second day of the tournament. He did this with "Leader" Loaded Shells.

HIGH AVERAGE ON DOUBLES: Fred Gilbert won High Average on Doubles, scoring 92 x 100. He did this with "Leader" Loaded Shells.

HIGH AVERAGE FOR ALL TARGETS SHOT: Fred G. Bills made an average of 571 x 600 for all targets shot, including Singles and Doubles. He did this with "Leader" Loaded Shells and a Winchester Repeating Shotgun.

LONGEST RUN: C. B. Eaton made the longest run of the tournament scoring 216 straight. He did this with "Leader" Loaded Shells.

Winchester "Leader" Loaded Shells Surpass All Others

WINCHESTER WINNINGS AT WESTERN HANDICAP

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three high men were William Heer 395, Lester German 394, C. Spencer 392, F. Bills 389.

Western Handicap.

This will go down in history as a "hot contest." Although the scores were not so good as in many previous events, the handicaps were placed with a view of equalizing the shooters, and targets looked small to most of the participants. Did you ever read of a shoot with 111 entries and thirteen of them at 23yds.; ten at 22yds., four at 21yds., all amateurs, and 10 at 20yds. This surely gave plenty of encouragement to the amateurs present who were beginners in the game.

The winner turned up in Mr. F. Campbell, of Wauke, Ia., as no one tied him with 94, from 20yds. The second men were J. F. Caldwell and G. Yowell, on the 18yd. score. Guy Ward was high man over all shooting from the 20yd. mark; he made 95. Fred Bills, from far away 23 peg, made 94, as did Ed. O'Brien, from 22yds.; Lester German made 93 from 23yds.

The shoot closed at about 3:30 P. M. There being no ties, the management brought Frank Campbell to the front, and Mr. J. T. Skelly made the presentation speech, which was short and to the point. After congratulating the management, the grounds and all the conditions, he did not forget the lunch provided by Mrs.

Elliott; indeed, he thought it the best of any he had ever had the pleasure of enjoying.

Mr. Campbell was called upon for a speech, but being modest, bowed himself out, and Mr. Shaner closed the shoot by calling attention to the fact that he named the park here in 1902, and was proud of it. He said that he had not had one complaint during the whole week from a contestant, which was unprecedented; and think, my friends, what a compliment that is to the officers of the Kansas City Gun Club, and the kind of experienced help furnished. He bade us all a godspeed, and expressed a hope that he might again meet with those present on a like occasion at the old renowned Blue River Shooting Park.

The men who placed the shooters in the handicap race were selected from among the shooters present, and they had no easy task. They were as follows: George K. Mackie, V. H. Green, William Wettleaf, J. S. Thomas and W. H. Clay.

The scores of the Western Handicap follow:

	Yards.	Targets					Total.
W B Cosby.....	18	20	20	20	20	20	85
J F Caldwell.....	18	19	15	17	18	16	85
I C Davidson.....	18	17	17	19	19	20	93
D Dahlene	18	17	19	19	15	18	88
	18	16	15	18	17	19	85

"Steel where steel belongs" Superiority

is being demonstrated day after day at tournaments large and small, in every section of the United States. **Peters Shells** are the only ones having steel of proper kind in the head and rim, and the only ones in which the correct method of construction is used. Their unequalled shooting quality contributed to the following victories at the traps:

Marion, Ohio,	July 23,	High Prof. Average,	143 ex 150,	won by J. S. Day
Bradford, Ill.,	" 25-26,	High Gen.	285 ex 300,	" Bart Lewis
Manning, Ia.,	" 26,	High Gen.	193 ex 200,	" W. S. Hoon
Warroad, Minn.,	" 26-27,	High Gen.	273 ex 300,	" R. R. Barber
La Salle, Ill.,	" 28,	High Gen.	144 ex 150,	" H. W. Cadwallader
Dayton, Ky.,	" 28,	High Prof.	141 ex 150,	" C. O. Le Compte
Marion, Ia.,	" 31,	High Gen.	145 ex 150,	" W. S. Hoon



THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

NEW YORK: 98 Chambers St., T. H. Keller, Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO: 608-612 Howard St., J. S. French, Manager.

NEW ORLEANS: 321 Magazine St., Lee Omohundro, Manager.

	Yards.	Targets				Total.
		20	20	20	20	
A Gillespie	18	18	17	18	19	91
A M McCrea	18	17	19	16	18	87
J W Appelman	18	16	19	17	18	84
G Yowell	18	17	19	19	20	93
*Dan Bovee	18	19	17	16	20	90
F Brand	18	17	18	16	18	85
S Hoyne	17	16	19	19	17	90
R L Hamilton	17	18	19	17	18	88
R W King	17	16	15	16	17	80
C T Rankin	17	16	17	17	18	84
W A Smith	17	18	15	19	17	87
*H W Vietmeyer	18	17	20	18	19	92
Geo Lauder	18	18	17	17	19	88
John Bauer	17	19	18	17	16	89
C W Zufelt	17	15	15	19	18	85
H Blacky	17	17	11	18	17	82
W T Jordan	16	16	19	17	18	86
W H Jones	16	16	17	16	16	81
G W Jenkins	16	16	19	19	17	90
Ed Jenkins	16	16	15	18	18	83
M L Holliday	16	19	17	16	17	86
Tom Palmer	16	13	18	18	18	85
S O'Brien	16	15	15	16	18	82
J A Oram	16	14	19	17	18	87
C Mossburg	16	18	15	17	16	81
H T McDaniel	16	10	14	16	12	68
P D Watson	16	13	19	17	18	85
W L Goeller	16	16	15	18	20	89
J B Hayden	16	16	17	12	18	80
H E Thomas	16	14	9	12	13	65
D I Parsons	16	13	14	12	14	69
M A Gentry	18	17	14	13	18	80
O C Hillhouse	18	16	13	14	17	73
Joe Gray	18	16	18	15	19	88
F Luther	18	14	19	16	18	82
J T Roth	18	18	17	15	19	88
W H Clay	19	17	18	17	19	87
John Morley	19	18	19	18	17	87
J R Elliott	19	16	17	18	16	84
Geo Nicolai	19	15	20	18	17	86
H H Hicks	19	17	16	15	20	87
A H Goering	19	16	18	17	20	90
J C Graham	19	17	19	17	15	84
*H E Sherman	19	16	15	12	15	74
Wm Peck	19	16	17	13	17	81
T M Ehler	19	17	18	20	17	92
J R Graham	23	16	15	17	16	80
C B Eaton	23	15	19	17	18	85
*F G Bills	23	17	19	19	20	94
*C G Spencer	23	19	17	19	17	89
H D Freeman	23	14	12	17	20	83
*Mrs Topperwein	20	16	16	19	19	87
*D D Gross	20	16	19	15	17	84
A M Mastin	20	17	18	19	17	89
G T Hall	20	15	19	14	18	86
*A Killam	20	18	17	19	13	85
Wm Wettleaf	21	18	18	19	16	89
R Thompson	21	13	16	17	20	82
E W Varner	21	17	19	16	19	90
W E Phillips	21	15	16	15	17	82
*J T Skelly	20	15	20	15	17	86
A C Connor	20	16	15	15	19	83
*Guy Ward	20	18	19	20	19	95
F Campbell	20	18	19	17	20	94

	Yards.	Targets				Total.
		20	20	20	20	
*T A Marshall	20	17	20	20	20	91
H Dixon	23	19	15	18	15	84
*W H Heer	23	18	18	19	18	91
*L S German	23	19	19	19	17	93
*J M Hawkins	23	17	15	17	19	87
*F Gilbert	23	19	17	19	19	91
*H Clark	23	16	20	18	17	89
*W R Crosby	23	17	18	15	17	86
*J R Taylor	23	16	19	15	19	89
*Ed O'Brien	22	16	20	20	18	94
Bart Lewis	22	16	15	19	17	84
H E Snyder	22	16	17	18	17	86
Wm Ridley	22	16	17	20	19	90
*G Maxwell	22	17	19	18	14	88
*H C Kirkwood	22	18	18	16	19	88
W S Hoon	22	17	18	19	18	91
M Kneussl	22	17	14	18	18	84
*R W Clancy	22	18	20	14	19	88
C E Orr	22	14	19	16	18	83
Geo Mackie	18	18	19	16	18	89
John McGrath	18	18	14	16	19	83
J S Thomas	18	17	19	15	18	88
N Muncy	18	19	18	20	18	91
H Allen	18	17	16	17	19	89
Tom Clay	18	20	17	16	19	87
Guy Cooper	18	16	19	17	14	84
W Wilson	18	17	15	19	16	86
H E Whitney	18	17	15	18	19	86
W C Williams	18	18	18	18	19	91
V H Greene	16	16	18	19	20	92
H Grindle	16	16	17	13	20	86
Wm Clegg	16	19	18	14	17	87
E P Bender	16	12	15	10	16	68
W H Allen	16	15	17	14	17	82
G I Toews	16	17	17	16	20	87
C J Tiffany	16	15	13	15	17	78
J W Gillespie	16	19	19	14	19	89
D A Ronner	16	16	17	20	17	88
F M Soward	16	14	17	19	18	87
*L Erhardt	16	17	17	18	15	83
W T Irwin	16	12	15	14	12	68
W M Howe	16	13	16	16	18	78
E W Renfro	18	20	16	16	19	88

SQUIER MONEY BACK SYSTEM.

77 entries first day at \$1 each	77.00
76 entries second day at \$1	76.00
83 entries third day at \$1	83.00
Added by the Interstate Association	200.00
50,000 targets at 1 cent each	500.00
Total purse	\$936.00
Total losses	421.75
Surplus	\$514.25

On the 400 targets, the scores and winnings were:

Score. Amt.		Score. Amt.	
C B Eaton	391 \$56.55	Joe Gray	371 5.15
H Dixon	389 51.45	W C Williams	371 5.15
H E Snyder	388 43.70	H E Whitney	369 5.15
Wm Ridley	388 43.70	Geo Nicolai	369 5.15

J R Graham	386 41.15	N Muncy	369 5.15
F Campbell	384 36.00	G K Mackie	367 5.15
C E Orr	382 28.25	J S Thomas	367 5.15
A M Mastin	382 28.25	Tom Clay	366 5.15
Bart Lewis	379 23.05	Dan Dahlene	366 5.15
Max Kneussl	379 23.05	F E Miller	365 5.15
E W Varner	375 15.40	W Wilson	365 5.15
R Thompson	373 12.85	H Grindle	364 5.15
Wm Peck	373 12.85	I C Davidson	363 1.70
W S Hoon	372 5.15	W H Clay	363 1.70
H H Hicks	371 5.15	T M Ehler	363 1.70
J F Caldwell	371 5.15		

WESTERN HANDICAP PURSE.

83 entries at \$8	\$664.00
2 penalty entries at \$13	26.00
Added to the purse	200.00
Total purse	\$890.00

The winners, amount won and scores follow:

Score. Amt.		Score. Amt.	
F Campbell	94 \$250.00	A H Goering	90 26.70
J F Caldwell	93 102.35	E W Varner	90 26.70
J Yowell	93 102.35	Wm Ridley	90 26.70
T M Ehler	92 71.20	John Bauer	89 10.15
V H Greene	92 71.20	W L Goeller	89 10.15
A Gillespie	91 51.15	A M Mastin	89 10.15
W S Hoon	91 51.15	Wm Wettleaf	89 10.15
N Muncy	91 51.15	G K Mackie	89 10.15
W C Williams	91 51.15	H Allen	89 10.15
S Hoyne	90 26.70	J W Gillespie	89 10.15
G W Jenkins	90 26.70		

Fulton Gun Club.

FULTON, Mo., Aug. 14.—Following are the scores made yesterday at our regular weekly shoot, though Thursday is the usual day, but owing to the County Fair the last of the week, we decided to have our meeting on Tuesday, and it was fairly well attended by members and several ladies. We expect soon starting to shoot twice a week, and develop teams to compete with other clubs, and that will bring home the bacon. Our club is not so large or so long organized as many others, but we are not offering any apologies to anything running loose in this neck of the woods.

As we are on the State highway, we invite those passing through our city to be sure and put your trap gun in your machine and don't overlook the fact that we have a good gun club, and you are welcome to shoot as long and as fast as you please. We are going to make the top of the list crowded, and some will have to practice up or give way to younger and aspiring members.

Drop us a line when contemplating a visit to our city and we will do our darndest (put it stronger if you like) to make you at home and hesitate to leave.

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
R A Moore	100 91	H E Hape	50 37
A Briglieg	50 45	Bob Dorsey	50 35
John Kestor	50 45	L Frank	50 23
Tobbs	25 19	W B Harris	25 16
P A Gengrich	50 37	F C Wells	50 17

F. C. WELLS, Sec'y.

Buffalo Audubon Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Nineteen members attended the second regular shoot for August and some good scores were made. Frank Wright was high gun for the day with 93, closely followed by Mr. Hass with 91, while Covert had a good 90.

Beginning with next shoot trophies will be competed for in each of the five regular events, and we thus hope to stimulate interest in the game. Scores, No. 5 was the distance handicap:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20
Kelsey	16	18	16	16	17
Imhoff	15	16	15	17	15
Wright	19	19	18	18	19
Cannon	17	13	16	15	10
Ebberts	15	18	16	16	17
Immel	15	17	16	13	14
*Fletcher	5	7	6	9	5
Covert	19	20	20	17	14
Rogers	15	17	14	19	15
Reed	15	17	19	12	17
Wacker	15	16	15	16	16
Ward	17	16	15	18	18
*Hassam	18	19	18	18	18
Smith	17	16	19	13	..
Dr. Wilson	15	16	16	15	15
Haupt	12	5	9	15	11
Suckow	18	14	18	15	13
Seymour	14	..	16	16
Lodge	12	12	12

*Professionals.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 18.—The scores made yesterday by the Analostan Gun Club were below the usual average. Conditions were poor for good work, owing to the afternoon being dark, a strong south breeze and rain threatening. Following are the scores:

George W. Peck, Jr., has been going at a good clip since he commenced the use of a single barrel. His score was good considering the conditions.

E. W. Ford did his shooting with a 20 gauge gun, and made a good score with it. He used 2 1/4 drs. of powder and 7/8 oz. of 8s.

Uncle Billy Wagner was up against it. He left his shooting glasses at home, and the day was so dark he could not locate the "clay canaries."

The boys are planning a merchandise shoot for Labor Day.

Shot at.	Broke	Shot at.	Broke		
Stubener	150	133	Ford	90	71
Huseman	170	138	*Culver	100	64
Peck	100	89	Bohnke	75	58
M Taylor	100	87	Wagner	65	47
Parsons	100	79	H. B. Wilson	50	35
Stine	100	78			

The event at 12 pairs had the following scores: Stubener 19, Huseman 17, Parsons 15, Ford 19, *Culver 15. *Visitor.

Southern Trapshooters Organizing.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Aug. 16.—The amateur trapshooters of the Southern States have determined to organize an association with object and features similar to that of the Indians and the Westy Hogans. Preliminary steps in this direction were taken at a meeting last week at Montgomery, Ala., during the tournament there, and to assist him a temporary vice-president from several States. Temporary organization was effected, and George Waddell, of Columbus, Ga., was chosen Chairman, and to assist him a temporary vice-president from each State was selected, they being: Alabama, R. R. Skinner, Birmingham; Georgia, George Waddell, Columbus; Florida, C. G. Westcott, Orlando; Louisiana, Dr. W. P. Miles, Brunsd; Kentucky, Thos. H. Clay, Austerlitz; Mississippi, Dr. C. M. Davis, Laurel; Tennessee, D. A. Edwards, Union City; North Carolina, Geo. L. Lyon, Durham; South Carolina, G. D. Wilson, Spartanburg.

Oakwood Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug. 13.—Medal No. 1 for high average was tied for by Fox and Winfree. Medal No. 2 for first straight was tied for by Fox and Single. Medal No. 3 for long run was won by W. R. Winfree, 20 straight. Medal No. 4 for high in third event, tied for by Fox, Daniel, Winfree. Scores:

No. 1 was the club event; No. 2 an extra at 50 targets.

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Terry	39	43	W R Winfree	47	47
*Storr	49	48	Moorman	35	..
*Scholl	40	43	Single	45	40
*Baskerville	44	42	Anderson	37	39
Atkinson	37	42	Shultz	34	35
Fox	47	45	R A Owen	41	38
Daniel	46	48	Carter	33	34
O Fisher	45	44	Stockley	41	42

*Professionals.

Smith Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 17.—At the Smith Gun Club shoot to-day W. Hassinger carried away the honors in the 25-bird event. He scored 156 out of 175. The scores follow:

W Hassinger	21	23	24	21	23	21	23
S Shepard	22	21	24	20	23	24	..
Dr Lockwood	23	22	23
J E Leslie	10	13	11	12
H Hicks	18	20	19	21
J Castle	19	21	20
J Bercaugh	20	19	20

High Score in the Seventh Western Handicap Event, August 16th, Kansas City Gun Club

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Won by GUY WARD, 95 x 100—20 yds.

SHOOTING  POWDER

HIGH AMATEUR SCORES

J. F. Caldwell, 93 x 100 from 18 yard mark, tied for second place, shooting DU PONT. Vernon Green, 92 x 100, from 16 yard mark, tied for third place, shooting DU PONT.

HIGH SCORES ON DOUBLES

Professional: Fred Gilbert, 92 x 100, shooting DU PONT.
Amateur: J. R. Graham, 88 x 100, shooting DU PONT, and Harvey Dixon, 88 x 100, shooting SCHULTZE, tied for Second High Amateur Score. H. E. Snyder, 85 x 100, shooting DU PONT, tied for Third High Amateur Average.

16-YARD SINGLE TARGETS

AMATEUR AVERAGES

PLACE	NAME	SCORE	PER CENT.	POWDER
1st.	C. B. Eaton	391 x 400	97.75	DU PONT
2d.	Harvey Dixon	389 x 400	97.25	SCHULTZE
*	H. E. Snyder	388 x 400	97.00	DU PONT
4th.	J. R. Graham	386 x 400	96.50	DU PONT

*Tied for 3d

PROFESSIONAL AVERAGES

1st.	W. H. Heer	395 x 400	98.75	DU PONT
2d.	L. S. German	394 x 400	98.50	DU PONT
4th.	F. G. Bills	389 x 400	97.25	DU PONT

LONG RUN OF THE TOURNAMENT

C. B. Eaton - - - - 216 straight, shooting DU PONT

OTHER LONG RUNS MADE WITH DU PONT POWDERS

H. E. Snyder, 169; H. Dixon, 165, 100; W. H. Heer, 134, 128; L. S. German, 115; Fred Gilbert, 114; F. G. Bills, 105; W. R. Crosby, 100.

DU PONT POWDERS MAKE AND BREAK RECORDS

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 10.—The scores were low in the practice shooting to-day, due perhaps to the stiff wind blowing across the traps. Edmonson was again in first place. Parry was close up and got the only straight. The scores:

Shot at.	Brk.	Shot at.	Brk.		
Parry	170	155	Neighbors	145	95
Moller	170	132	Alig	125	102
Hymer	170	132	Britton	100	65
Edmonson	145	134	Foland	80	64
Dixon	145	125	Owens	20	10

Stephens 39, B. F. Mode 37, J. S. Rollins and I. C. Adams 33, S. R. Barnett and John C. Holloway 31, Dr. J. E. Thornton 27, J. E. Gillespie 24, Jack Daily and Eugene Gauss 23, Machir Dorsey 15, Fred Brown 21, John Ball 19, L. B. Stevinson 19, Wm. Daily 15, H. H. Banks 13, Dr. A. W. Kampschmidt and Carl Stewart 10, T. N. Kurtz 10.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 17.—Edmonson retained first place in practice to-day with 96 per cent. broken. The squad composed of Edmonson, Hymer, Alig and Lewis broke 79 out of 80, the one lost being charged to Lewis.

	Shot at.	Broke.
Parry	120	110
Moller	120	109
Alig	120	107
Lewis	120	104
Neighbors	120	89
Edmonson	100	96
Hymer (professional)	100	93
Coss	100	80

Columbia Gun Club.

COLUMBIA, Mo., Aug. 15.—Dr. R. L. Lockridge took the high gun here with 46 out of 50. He broke the first 25 straight. Dr. J. H. Brown was second with 43, and Dr. E. H. Smith and C. C. Bowling tied for third with 39. Other scores were: E. H. Heidman and J. L.



NEW 12 GAUGE Marlin

Hammerless Repeating Shotgun

This Model 28, 12 gauge Marlin shotgun is the finest repeating gun in the world. It has every up-to-date feature, perfected far beyond all previous standards, and it has exclusive advantages not obtainable in other guns.

Note these features: Hammerless—Solid Steel Breech (inside as well as out)—Solid Top—Side Ejection—Matted Barrel (as on our highest grade hammer guns)—Press-Button Cartridge Release (to remove loaded cartridges quickly from magazine without working through action)—Double Extractors—Take-Down Feature—Trigger and Hammer Safety. Price, \$22.60.

The Model 28 is a fine appearing, beautifully balanced gun, without any objectionable humps or bumps; its Solid Steel Breech (not a shell of wood) permits a thoroughly symmetrical gun without sacrificing strength or safety; it is the safest breech-loading shotgun ever built.

Our free circular gives large illustration of gun and full description. Our complete 122-page catalog of all other Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns mailed for three stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.

27 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

Our 160-page Ideal Hand Book tells about re-loading all cartridges; mailed for 6c. stamps.



(Patented, Feb. 20, 1912.)

KING'S SPORTSMEN'S GLASSES

are far superior to the old style ambers because they have lenses of Akopos Crystal—a double shade of amber and veridian. The Akopos Crystal eliminates not only all the violet but also all the violet and blue rays. Amber glasses are only 50 per cent. efficient in this particular and therefore are only worth 50 per cent. of what is charged for them. King's Sportsmen's Glasses are used and endorsed by such well known sportsmen as E. C. Crossman, Lieut. Townsend Whelan and Stewart Edward White.

The Ohio State Amateur Championship was won by F. W. King, wearing shooting glasses of his own design and patent. Write for catalog.

THE F. W. KING OPTICAL CO. 450 Ellastone Building, Cleveland, Ohio

Cleveland Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 10.—The weekly shoot held to-day at Shooting Park, Mayfield road, was the second contest of the month given in honor of its working members and was known as Rockwell Day. Mr. H. C. Rockwell was on hand to look after his friends, and a good bunch turned out to take in the sport. A jolly crowd came from Akron, O.—the big six with W. C. State as bandmaster, and a good one he is. Mr. State is a member of the Cleveland Club, lives in Akron, and is a busy man. We see him but little; but when he does come, he is a shooter from start to finish. He says Labor Day will be his next big day at the traps, when he takes in the Cleveland Gun Club tournament. He says he will bring up the bunch, as he says Cleveland shoots are the only ones. Mr. State is a great lover of loving cups, and to-day when he saw the beautiful cups that we always have on hand for cup contests, nothing would do until a cup contest was arranged for at 25 birds, and when the cards were handed in, Mr. State's card was 24 out of 25, and the name of W. C. State was placed on the cup and shipped to Akron, O.

The next shoot in honor of one of our members will be held Aug. 17. This contest will be known as Telling Day, in honor of Mr. F. O. Telling, one of the old stand-bys. Frank says if any of the shooters are looking for something good, just let them attend this shoot and they will see a shoot and shooting grounds second to none in the country.

Event No. 1, monthly trophy, 50 targets, handicap added targets:

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for Event No. 1. Names include Stepp, Allin, Rockwell, Payne, W C State, Hopkins, A M Allyn, Dr Riley, Willard, Whitney, Brown, Sheldon, E J State, Brainard, Telling, Reinhard, Sheveley, Freeman, Dibble, Thorp, Kerrwish, Neptcr.

Event No. 2, annual trophy, 50 targets, handicap 16yds.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for Event No. 2. Names include Brown, Stepp, Freeman, Payne, Jones, W C State, Dibble, A M Allyn, E J State, Wallace, Telling, Thorpe, Rockwell, Whitney, Hopkins, Riley, Sheveley, Reinhard, Allyn, Willard, Sheldon, Kerrwish.

Event No. 3, blue ribbon, 25 targets, handicap added targets:

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for Event No. 3. Names include Brown, Jones, W C State, Freeman, Payne, Hopkins, E J State, Stepp, A M Allyn, Sheveley, Sheldon, Willard, Allyn, Kerrwish, Whitney.

Event No. 4, 25 targets, handicap added targets:

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for Event No. 4. Names include Brown, Freeman, A M Allyn, Stepp, W C State, Reinhard, Sheldon, Allyn, Sheveley, Brainard, Hopkins, Payne, Willard, Whitney.

F. H. WALLACE, Mgr.

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., Aug. 10.—Appended are the scores of the regular semi-monthly shoot of the Independent Gun Club. The day was bad for the sport, the shooting being done in a thunderstorm which made the shooting anything but easy. But with all that, there was some good shooting. This is the first shoot that the club has held over its new Ideal Leggett trap which they have just installed.

The next shoot will be held on Aug 24, when a large number of shooters are expected. The program will be arranged to suit the shooters. All are welcome to come and have a good time with us.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for Independent Gun Club. Names include J Maurer, J Heil, B Wenner, G Cross, C Stocker, W Ivey, O Sandt, G Elliott.

W. R. IVEY, Sec'y.

Cerro Gordo Gun Club.

MASON CITY, Ia., Aug. 11.—Interest has not waned over the prospect of having a merchandise shoot at the end of this month, to get the local shooters in trim for the opening of the prairie chicken season. Several Cerro Gordo Gun Club enthusiasts took a work-out to-day. The scores:

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for Cerro Gordo Gun Club. Names include Walter Thompson, George Konvalinka, Sam Foster, Jack Schell, Dr Kelly, William Stinehart, Jas Griffith.

Holland Gun Club.

BATAVIA, N. Y., Aug. 14.—H. T. Walls had high amateur run of 79. G. N. Fish had four 15s with a 14 before it and a 13 following, but we have not got the squad sheets at hand now to check up the continuous run. E. E. Hilliker, high amateur average, 143. C. L. Frantz and G. N. Fish second average, 142. A. W. Vernon and E. A. Wadsworth third, 141. C. A. Ward and F. S. Wright tied with 49 out of 50 for the Richmond trophy for western New York championship. On the shoot-off, Ward won, 23 to 22.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for Holland Gun Club. Names include C L Frantz, W W Van Derhoff, F D Kelsey, G N Fish, E E Hilliker, H T Walls, A E Conley, J D Green, J B Knickerbocker, L E Mallory, Sr., G A Bodine, C C Farnam, A W Eygabroat, R S Van Nette, T F Conneely, L F Mallory, Jr., C D Hinline, A W Vernon, J N Bates, E A Wadsworth, S D Fowler, L P Evan, M A Ritz, T F Adkin, C S Clark, F S Kinney, R C Kershner, Mrs C B Belknap, F A Brotsch, Jr., J Bullen, J C Crandell, S H Loomis, F S Wright, John Ebberts, E F Hammond, H Harrison, R Patterson, H R Esley, J W Broderick, F N C Jerault, H B Blackner, W J Kibbe, S T Mallory, F G Crittenden, W C Heinold, M Cannon, J L Weller, Wm P Imhoff, B V Covert, C G Rogers, C A Ward, A C Skutt, G F Nichols (75).

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for Professionals. Names include H S Wells, R S Pringle, Sim Glover, Geo Hassam, H H Stevens.

A cut-glass pitcher for high professional average was won by Bradford.

The following scores were made in the two extra events; No. 11 was for merchandise; No. 12 for the Richmond cup:

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for Events. Names include C L Frantz, W W Van Derhoff, F D Kelsey, G N Fish, E E Hilliker, H T Walls, A E Conley, J D Green, J B Knickerbocker, L E Mallory, Sr., A W Eygabroat, G A Bodine, C C Farnam, R S Van Nette, T F Conneely, L F Mallory, Jr., C D Henline, A W Vernon, J N Bates, E A Wadsworth, L P Evan, M A Ritz, T F Adkin, C S Clark, F S Kinney, R C Kershner, F A Brotsch, Jr., J Bullen, J C Crandell, S H Loomis, F S Wright, J Ebberts, E F Hammond, H Harrison, R Patterson, H R Esley, J W Broderick, F N C Jerault, H B Blackner, W J Kibbe, S T Mallory, F G Crittenden, J L Weller, Wm P Imhoff, B V Covert, C G Rogers, C A Ward, A C Skutt, G F Nichols, E F Childs, C G Baker, F A Childs, E W Fisher, J C Owens, C W Gardiner, E S Watson.

CHAS. W. GARDINER, Sec'y.

Lindsay Gun Club.

LINDSAY, Okla., Aug. 10.—Bad, rainy weather all week, cut down attendance on Aug. 8 and 9, but a few good sports came and made some good scores under the circumstances—first day shot in drizzling rain; second day, shot against the wind. W. P. Walker and Billy Gragg brought their wives along to give them encouragement. H. T. Bettis and S. E. Clarkson shot for targets only. Walker and Reed tied for high gun with 267 out of 300.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for Lindsay Gun Club. Names include C H Bell, I W Eagan, T B Clements, S E Clarkson, H T Bettis, E V Fisher, Chas Frank, O B Garrison, Billie Gragg, F Huston, F Howard, Chas Knight, Robt May, L E Reed, C F Reust, W L Terry, S C Vinson, W P Walker.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for Professionals. Names include W H Aughtry, H J Donnelly, K L Eagan, J R Hinkle.

Saratoga Gun Club.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Aug. 15.—The mid-August shoot of the Saratoga Gun Club was held yesterday afternoon, about a dozen shooters participating. The weather was ideal, but scores were low. The following scores tell the story:

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for Saratoga Gun Club. Names include H Levingston, Jas Shevlin, C Harrington, E Green, J Corey, J H Walbridge, P B Kearney, F Kelly, F Sesselman, E Hammond, Dr Van Aernam.

MORE LINES AND MORE TROUBLE.

Continued from page 232.

got near enough to the boat for me to see them.

All through the last half of March and the early part of April tourists and natives, using ordinary white hand lines with a big hook, were bringing in kingfish of over forty pounds, and two were taken and brought into the Colonial Hotel, of which one weighed sixty pounds and the other eighty pounds, while I, fishing diligently, had nothing but broken lines and small fish to show.

I should add that Messrs. Edward vom Hofe & Co. sent me a twenty-seven thread cable laid line of different make, which gave comparatively good service, enormously superior to their twenty-four thread line, and in fact better than any of the cable laid lines I had, but after this long and trying experience I have reached the conclusion that a cable laid line is absolutely unsatisfactory for fishing, under the peculiar conditions at Nassau, and that a braided line of the quality of the Everlasting Deep Sea Cuttyhunk Line furnished by Abbey & Imbrie, if of twenty-four or twenty-seven thread size, might be reasonably satisfactory, but that anyone that goes to Nassau to fish with any other line is doomed to disappointment.

The trouble with my lines was not the only difficulty which I met in this fishing. I took down with me two tarpon reels that I had used five years ago, and one of Abercrombie & Fitch's tarpon reels No. 444, which I had bought the previous season. That reel had promptly broken its click, but I supposed this was an accident and did not expect a recurrence of the trouble in reels of that kind. My two old reels were fitted with Abbey & Imbrie's Rabbeth drag, which had given me such excellent service, and before I had been using them much over a month, the screws which bind the drag to the reel wore out and the handles came off, rendering the reels useless. As soon as the first of these Rabbeth drags failed, I cabled my office for more reels, and two new reels of No. 444 were forwarded me from Abercrombie & Fitch. On the day they reached me, the first one jammed in the main axle, so I took it apart and forwarded the imperfect piece to Abercrombie & Fitch by express. They returned me a new axle to put in its place. Before the end of the season the second Abercrombie & Fitch reel, No. 444, jammed in the same way, and the nut holding the Rabbeth drag on the third one wore out and came off, so that during the latter part of my stay I had only one reel in service and in this I naturally had no confidence, although it fortunately did not actually fail me, so that my fishing, which was my principal pleasure, could be kept up, although with untrustworthy tackle, until the end of my stay.

My rods, of which I started with four, I managed with some splicing to keep in working order. After a great deal of difficulty I obtained from Messrs. Abercrombie & Fitch a dozen of hand-forged hooks which they called 12/0, but the breaking of my lines soon disposed of this small supply, and I had to again revert to the local hooks of proper size, but of inferior quality. In the winter of 1911 I had obtained some Sam spoons through Abercrombie & Fitch, which I found to fail me entirely, through the tarnishing of the metal of which they were composed, through the weakness of

the hook at the point at which it was attached to the spoon, and from the incurved point of the hook which is admirable for still-fishing, but makes one miss a large number of strikes in trolling. I reported these disasters to Messrs. Abercrombie & Fitch, and they furnished me a number of Sam spoons specially nickel-plated and with stronger hooks, although the incurved point was still present. I found the nickel plating completely remedied the trouble of tarnishing, so that with very little effort one's spoons could be kept in proper shape, but even these heavier hooks were too weak at the point where they were attached to the spoon, and I broke two of them, and also found that the old trouble of missing strikes, which I suppose to be due to the incurved point of the hook, was as prevalent as ever.

I plan to go to spend next winter at Nassau, devoting myself to fishing as usual, and want to start with at least the following outfit:

1. One dozen braided linen lines as good as Abbey & Imbrie's Everlasting Deep Sea Cuttyhunk line, but of larger size, twenty-four or twenty-seven.

2. Not less than three reels of the very best quality, with a reliable friction adjustable drag, preferably in the handle.

3. Not less than 100 hooks of about the size called 12/0 by Abercrombie & Fitch; that is 1¾ inches from point to shank and about 4½ inches in the length of the shank.

4. I should like some more spoons of the Sam shape, nickel-plated, with a very much stronger and heavier hook than those sent to me, and with a straight point.

The cost of these articles is unimportant as compared to their quality, and I ask the privilege of publishing the results obtained. My total expenditure for fishing tackle during the current season was considerably over \$250, and I stated this fact to one of the dealers at Nassau, gave him a catalog I happened to have with me, marking the articles which I had used, and advised him to make the attempt to have something of the kind on hand. This he may possibly do, provided he has more energy than most of the business men of the South seem to possess. The names of the principal hardware dealers at Nassau are Messrs. S. George & Co. The General Hardware Co., and the Ironmongery Co.,

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and I think it might be well worth while for fishing tackle dealers to communicate with them, as there are many Americans beside myself who desire to fish in the tropics and would be glad to use American tackle if it could be procured, which at present it cannot.

The typical tarpon and tuna rod has a butt of five or six feet long and short tip, which of course makes it excessively awkward to carry. I had a rod seven feet long, built of greenheart, in two pieces of equal size, the sliding ring being above the reel and arranged to lock by turning. My specimen gave me a good deal of trouble on account of the tarnishing of the metal of which it was composed, so that the ferrules and locking ring had to be greased at least once a day. I have used and have one or two greenheart rods of the standard patterns and have suffered an immense amount of annoyance in their transportation, but found the new rod quite as satisfactory in use and enormously more convenient in transport. I ought to explain here that I have two fishing trunks, one for fresh water and one for salt water, the lower portion of each of which holds tackle box, lines, reels and other equipment, and the upper portion holds the necessary fishing clothing. These trunks are about fifty-six inches long, twenty-four inches wide and sixteen inches deep, so that they will readily hold any ordinary rod of two pieces, a bag of golf clubs or anything of such dimensions, and the tackle does not have to be taken out and put back again, but stays in the trunks unless removal for repairs is necessary. I have found these trunks of enormous convenience and heartily recommend them to my brother anglers.

I have fished both in salt and fresh water; in fresh water for at least thirty years, and in salt water for a dozen. Standard trout and salmon tackle, all from the same New York dealers whom I have named above, have never given me any trouble of importance. In fact, I have taken it for granted that my trout lines, supplies and rods could be depended upon. Why I should have had such a disastrous experience with salt water tackle from the same concerns is beyond my understanding. Two such winters as I have passed at Nassau have been trying enough to seriously impair the health and strength of any fisherman. I want to say that I

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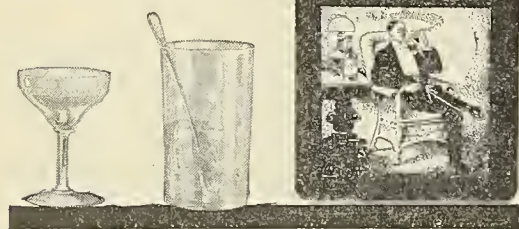
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believe I have discovered a tropical fishing country in which the sport is far superior to that at Florida, Catalina or anywhere else that I know of, and as soon as my health is re-established I propose, with the assistance of one solitary American now resident there, who has taken me into his confidence, to fish this country, write a book about my results, illustrating it with my own photographs, and throw open to the world of sportsmen a new region of sport, for which I hope and believe my name may go down to the future as having earned their sincere gratitude.

I want everybody, sportsmen, manufacturers and dealers to understand that I am not writing in a spirit of malice, nor with a desire to hurt anybody, but in the best interests of sport, which means sportsmen first and makers and dealers afterward. My original records and correspondence are on file here, and I earnestly invite their inspection, and should any person feel that he has been aggrieved, shall be more than pleased to make the damage good. I believe, however, that after careful consideration, even the trade, of which I know the temptations, will come to the conclusion that I am writing in good faith and will accept the rule on which I run my own business, viz.: that a pleased customer is the best advertisement.

ENGLISH SEAWEED FOR TRIMMING HATS.

A RATHER unusual industry along the Kentish coast has come to public attention through a complaint lodged with the Kent and Essex Sea Fisheries Committee at a recent meeting in London, says the Daily Consular report. The inhabitants of the Isle of Grain and the adjoining districts of the east coast of Kent have for many years been collecting a white seaweed that is washed up along the shore, which has been used by London and provincial milliners as trimming for women's hats.

According to the English press this has grown into a profitable industry during the winter months when farm work was not to be had, but its continuance is threatened, so those interested claim, by the practice of trawlers, who attach barbed wires to their trawls and gather this white seaweed before it is ripe, selling the algae thus collected at a very low figure. In the ordinary way the seaweed falls off from the roots and is washed ashore, but the trawls pull it up by the roots and thus destroy the source of supply as well as leaving nothing for the islanders.

Biffed Bisbee.

RIPOGENUS LAKE, Me., Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Gee! Between the red-blooded Gill, the bilious Olive and cousin Whirling, I'm having some time! And all because I tried to be a little helpful. And the odd part of it is that the only man I directly "swatted" or "biffed" at, the well-meaning but twisted person who "went" "at the Beaverkill" most circuitously and by inference suggested that others do likewise, has so far kept hopefully silent. However, with your permission, I will not be so anonymously done.

Just why is all this "hysterical babbling" (apt phrase!) about "fish hogs," and "luring trout to their doom by means of spoons and even hand lines" and "enticing bait of some kind cast deftly into the favorite pool"? Not having the advantage of so generously buggy an ancestry as that avowed by the bilious Olive, I am at a disadvantage in trying to follow his reasoning processes. Ephemeral indeed, however, must be the substance of any concatenating cerebration that leads to the conclusion that I am justly indicted of these offenses and of advocating a school for teaching "a young man to be a fish hog in one lesson." The ordinary processes of rational ratiocination can not deduce such a conclusion from anything I have done, said, or written.

Under the impression that the whirling one had, in some giddy moment, lost his yellow imported floater, I suggested a set of circumstances under which I advised him (in my letter to you of July 2, published July 20), to "cast a green Drake dry over a rising fish." If that isn't the phraseology of a dry-fly purist, beat it, you brick heavers!

In the face of the fact that I have used flies dry since 1896; that I have, so to speak, since that time "plucked a thistle and planted a rose, wherever a rose would grow"—i. e., substituted the dry for the wet fly wherever the use of the former seemed "indicated"—the bilious one's smug suggestion that I "learn to use the dry-fly" nudges a bit my funny bone. It is a fact that I never saw an eyed- or a dry-fly tied true to pattern, until 1906, but that fact did not prevent my using dry such flies as I could procure, though it must be confessed that little of my angling during that ten years was strictly according to Hoyle, or Halford, for of one at least of these gentlemen I had never heard.

In 1896 I lived, and had for some time lived, on the Pacific slope. I never carried a gun, for many of those about me did and they all knew its uses convincingly well, while the art of "fanning" was a deep mystery to me. My one weapon offensive and defensive was a devastatingly ingenuous, if not vapid, grin—with occasionally, in a real pinch, a few well chosen words. Well, one day, one way or the other, or both, I persuaded one of the steamboat captains on the Columbia River to put me off at Marr's Landing. I can hear now his half-smothered exclamation, "God help Marr," as I floundered through the mud to the firmer footing of the high bank. For "Marr's Landing" is, or at least then was, no landing at all. It was simply a nice mushy mud flat, into which the boat shoved her nose as far as she could, and while you did the rest in getting yourself really landed, her powerful stern wheel pulled her free of the sucking mass. The very sound of it helped one to

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high ground. I've just looked at a map and find Marr's Landing on it. I am tempted to ask why. For then Marr didn't live there and apparently no one else did. I had been told that a man lived at Marr's who could deliver the best fly-fishing ever, if one could only persuade him to it.

After "landing" and reaching the high ground of the bank, I found myself on a neck of land with a big "slough" (pronounced slew) on one side and the swirling river eddies on the other, not a shack in sight, and I began to get a beautiful case of cold feet. This wasn't helped much by having a crazy Siwash suddenly yell, sprint by me and plunge into the river after his annual Turkish (?) bath, just as I was finding the mainland end of the slough. At least a thousand red-heads (mine among 'em) rose at that yell. Just then I spied a shack and some cleared ground just beyond a knoll ahead of me, and burst into a sprint that I have never before or since equalled. The owner of the shack had forgotten to latch the door, but I didn't know it; so it was a rather mixed and tangled piece of humanity that suddenly rolled in on his floor. During such ejaculations as "Who got ye, Kid?" and "Hell, there ain't a mark on him," I untangled myself and told him about the Siwash. He grinned, I grinned, and we got talking about Dolly Vardens, cut-throats and rainbows. Anyway, the program when we went to bed was to start at sun-up next morning to pack in to the head waters of the Washongal.

We were delayed a little locating my rod and haversack, but finally found them within about six inches of the river at or to the right of where the Siwash jumped me. All the time we were hunting them my friend kept anxiously asking me if I "didn't have no safety-pins," adding that he only had three himself. Finally we started off with a black mare for pack animal and an old buckskin for exchange saddle horse. The mare looked decidedly Andean in the perspective with two "Pratt's Astral Oil" cases hanging from the saw-buck saddle—these in lieu of and slung as alforjas. But my companion seemed to have no rod, which worried me, and I spoke of it. "Don't you fret yourself, stranger," he said, "I'll get 'em if my pants don't bust, which is why I'm carryin' those safety-pins." And he did "get 'em," too. And this was his method:

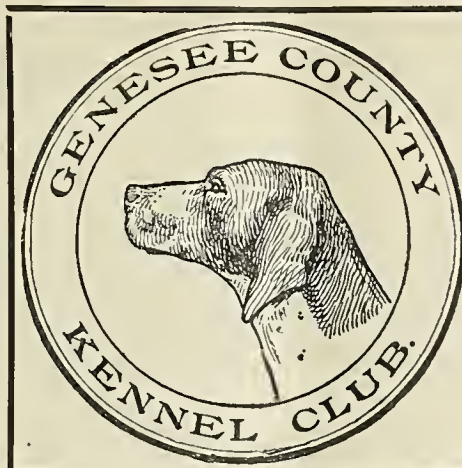
He cut a small sapling about nine and a half feet long, bent the hinge coils of his safety-pins to 45 degrees to their shanks, wrapped them as two guides and a tip ring to his sapling, strung up and started to work. His reel was a wonder; simply a large spool with a thin shank upon which he had wound about thirty yards of E level enameled line, finely dressed and rubbed down with deer tallow (I fancy mutton would have done as well had it been so handy), and all inclosed in a small round tin can, through one side of which he had punched a small hole from the inside out with the flare edges rolled and reamed back to a smooth surface for the free running of the line. The whole he kept in the left hip pocket of his "pants." Cumbersome as it sounds and looked, it gave him little or no trouble. He seldom, if ever (and then only after playing a particularly stubborn fish), seemed to have any annoying coils of free line at his feet. But what bothered me most was that after catching fish after fish his line and his fly always floated, while his leader (hand made) did not. Fish after fish would rise vigorously to his fly,

get hooked and landed, while fish after fish would rise vigorously at mine, come clear of the water, plunge in again and sail off scot free. Two or three I did manage to get through dumb luck by striking at the flash in the water. I remember getting two by the tail and one by the belly, which *shows* the mere luck of it.

I was tired and sore and wet and cold when we left off to get ready for supper, and he stopped to clean the fish, while I went up to the camp for dry socks. Fumbling for them, I came across a stray lemon in my pack. Half of this I squeezed into each of our generous tin cups, poured in about two ounces of whisky each, sweetened the mass with fine brown sugar (the only kind me had), put in some ice-cold spring water, and waited for my partner's coming. As he appeared I pointed to his dipper, raised mine and said, "How." As he picked up his cup, I remember dimly fearing a possible assassination. He drank off the mixture, however, apparently at one gulp, a huge smile occupying the space allotted for his face, as he put down the cup and exclaimed, "Kid, that sure *is* skookum chuck!" From that moment to this I have called him "Skookum," and the unfortunate part of it is (such is fame), I cannot now recall his real name.

Between gulps of our villanous coffee next morning, Skookum suddenly said, "Kid, we'd be in the hell of a fix if I *did* bust my pants. You ain't ketchin much, and I reckon you ain't lendin' that rod o' yourn to nobody." I was still pretty sore, but by some inspiration I managed to grin. It was a ghostly, sickly affair, but it got Skookum, and he opened up and told me all about it. Then he borrowed my rod, strung up with his own line, leaders and flies and went down to the stream and showed me a few things. They were impressive. I've never forgotten them and many of them I've never seen equalled. His management of the fly *on the water* was the most marvelous thing I've ever seen. It seemed incredible to realize that he was not controlling the thing by some hidden electric battery, for he imitated perfectly the fluttering struggle of the natural fly to free itself of the water, and at times he would purposely sink it in the ripples then let it come to the surface again a little lower down, then again he would shorten his line in the middle of the forward cast and simply touch the water three or four times before letting the fly finally settle down and float on a slow moving current. Then he produced a little pocket oil can, anointed the hackles of a few flies for me, and, stringing up his cut pole and

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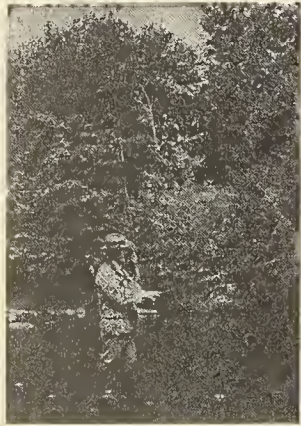
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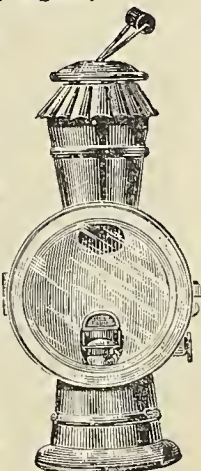
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returning my rod, told me to "go to it." I did, and for seven blissful days had as good sport as one may decently want.

Now, please note that the man who gave me, in 1896, this first "look in" at angling with floating flies, was something like the thirteenth son of a thirteenth son who had wandered from the crowded fireside in Missouri to become on the coast an indifferent trapper in the winter, if hunting interfered, and a bum prospector in the summer, when fishing always interfered. He knew nothing of Halford, or of the Itchen, or of whirling or evening or duns dyspeptic or pale or of "sedges" or "quills," "May flies," or in fact of practically anything that his own powers of observation had not taught him.

He had simply had the experience that all of us in our tyro days have had of losing flies at a first hurried cast by having them snapped up as they floated on too dry snells. Until recently I did not realize how few have profited as he had by such experiences. I only know what a consummate ass I felt myself to be to have previously had such incidents teach me no more than to soak my snells, while to him it had been immediately apparent that the trout wanted the fly, at least dry.

Now when Mr. Gill tells me, as he does, that at least fifty of his personal friends, all good anglers, but strictly wet-fly men, knew nothing of the dry-fly until the appearance of his articles, and that since the publication of his most entertaining little book such men as Dimock and Pinchot have thanked him for shedding a new light in their direction, I, too, exclaim, "Bully!" and thank Mr. Gill for the assurance that I was not such an egregious ass as I thought myself.

So far as Mr. La Branche's writings are concerned, I suspend sentence, for the act is incomplete. I never accused Mr. Camp of writing with his left hand. I was discussing *angling*. I know not how he produces his mazy English, but the bilious one has sufficiently characterized its ultimate effect on the average reader's mind. So let it go at "wonderful." I have Mr. Gill's autograph word for it that he does not object to, what I confess to have been, the somewhat un-Homeric epithet "corpulent"; but I think it is time we stopped printing it weekly. Let us say sturdy, for the bilious one need give himself no concern over the ability of this dainty little fellow of 245 pounds to take care of any epithet I hurl at him, *good and proper!* I am not more than average cowardly myself. But when I am wrong, I'm wrong, and I'll save you the proof. I admit it.

As to Mr. Gill's book, I withdraw "hysterical babbling"—in fact, I never intended to apply it—for it has been made plain to me that it had a plain mission and is fulfilling it. It may further interest you to know that I have told Mr. Gill that the only genuine objection I have to offer to what he and Mr. La Branche are writing is that "I read every word of it and am by no means satisfied that I have any right to so employ my time." It is also but justice to Mr. Gill to add that one recognizes in every page he writes an undercurrent of yearning for the appearance of an American entomologist. And now we near the home stretch.

It is the entomology that we primarily need. Personally I know nothing or next to nothing of angling in any other form than the fly-casting; and, as I have said and written before, of fly-

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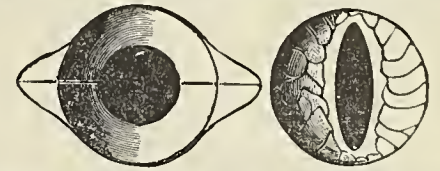
casting for trout I know little more than to let this day's knowledge in some measure prepare me against too great a shock at to-morrow's surprise. He who knows more has forever lost much of the eternal and perennial fascination of the game. Furthermore, if I am to learn more of the habits of trout as an index to the best methods of their capture with the fly, I want to learn it myself, unaided by books or masters, and in this I believe I have the vast majority of the great army of anglers with me. 'Hysterical babbling' was phrased not in condemnation of what has been written, but in fear of the avalanche that apparently is coming. 'Anglers are not an intolerant folk.' In proof of this the bilious one admits that we have all been surfeited for long-suffering years with a mass of 'angling inanity.' How long now shall the dry-fly Catalogue be permitted to abuse our patience?

Frankly, what I fear is a commercializing by editors generally of the dry-fly idea as something new—a fad to be capitalized—and upon which to found excuse for continuing and increasing the volume of this already swollen stream of angling inanity. I believe I see the beginnings of this very movement in progress, and I believe that with the vast majority of thinking anglers my protest will be popular. Is it not enough to have told us that flies may be fished dry and to have given us the deer tallow and paraffin hints? Isn't anything more simply detail of technique, which, if unchecked, rapidly runs to fads, fancies and a certain pharisaical and un-angler-like intolerance? And why rob us of the joy of acquiring such technique as we may by hard experience obtain for ourselves obiter? And why be so dogmatic about it all? Angling writers, advocates of the dry- and wet-fly alike, are rapidly robbing us of one of the greatest joys of life—differences of opinion—by their uncompromisingly flat-footed statements. If a man tells me I *must* use a ten-foot rod and get out a long line in dry-fly work, I brand it as buncombe—I know better. I once took a pound and three-quarter trout on a five-foot bait rod, using a dry-fly and a 'fly' cast, standing behind a tree on the same side of the stream as the bank under which he lay. It was the only way I could get at him without being seen, after three days of maneuvering. Similar instances might be multiplied almost *ad libitum*.

And from the intolerant to the pharisaical pose is but a short jump. One of the most refreshing things that has appeared in recent years was Charlie Zaring's title, "I Fish for Fish." In sober truth, we all do, and we should stop cloaking the fact. There is not a word that Mr. Gill says (FOREST AND STREAM, July 27) about the rare conclusion of the "dry-fly story," which is not equally true if he leave off the prefix "dry." All waters, by the way, are not adapted to the use of the dry-fly, so that the man who deliberately discards all of his "wet" flies advertises himself extravagantly foolish.

The very basic argument most commonly used in favor of the dry-fly is that where conditions fit, it is a "killing lure." Why then is not Dr. Breck right in sticking to the wet-fly for use in the dark-colored waters of the North Woods, very few of which even in spots "indicate" the use of the dry-fly? It is not the *manner in which*, but the reckless and ruthless number of fish of any and all sizes taken that justifies so gross an epithet as "fish-hog." RALPH BISBEE.

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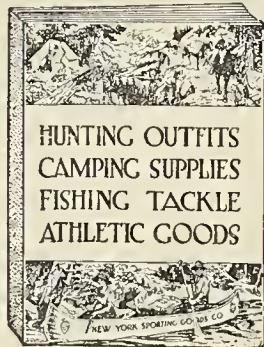
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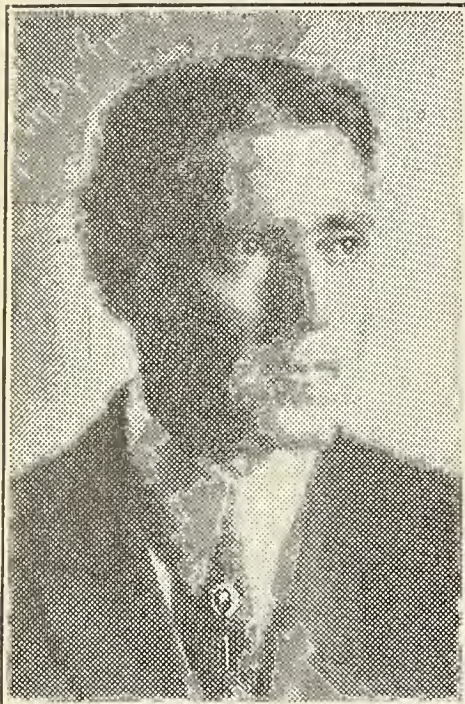
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PEARL FISHERIES OF LOWER CALIFORNIA.

ON June 1, says Consul Lucien N. Sullivan, of La Paz, Mexico, the pearl fishing concession held by the Mangara Exploration Limited of London, was canceled by the Mexican Government, the company receiving for its equipment, consisting of boats, diving suits, air pumps and other paraphernalia 300,000 pesos, or about \$150,000 gold.

Under date of July 14, 1912, notices were posted by the inspector of fisheries that the register is now open for the inscription of the names of persons desiring to take out licenses to dive for pearl oysters.

The abrogation of the above named concession throws open all localities for pearl fishing, except some beds in the vicinity of a few small islands, exclusive rights for these restricted areas being retained by two concessions of not much relative importance. The agitation for free fisheries was continuous for more than two years; and the inhabitants of this section are jubilant over the final success of the popular movement.

It will now be possible for the pearl buyers of American houses to secure some of the choice pearls taken from these waters. The beautiful pink, sea-green bronze and blue pearls, it is believed, are not found in other parts of the world. While it is true that many pearls are secured from the mussels found in the Mississippi and some other rivers in the United States, the fresh water pearl does not have the luster of pearls obtained from salt water pearl oysters.

The first boats will be allowed to go out about Sept. 1, and the first zone to be fished will be that along the west coast of the mainland south of Acapulco. The boats with their equipment are to be sold at auction by the Government in lots to the highest bidder.

The rules regulating the pearl fisheries will probably be printed soon. When available, this consulate will send a translation to Washington [where it will be procurable through the Bureau of Manufactures].

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It was in no small part through the marksmanship attained by such weapons in the hands of the New Englanders that Louisburg fell; it was the accurate rifle fire of the Pennsylvanians and the Southern riflemen under Morgan that cut down the advancing French on the Plains of Abraham; and, in the Revolution itself, it was confidence in the superiority of their weapons that aided the Americans to cut off Burgoyne in New York State and Ferguson at King's Mountain in South Carolina.

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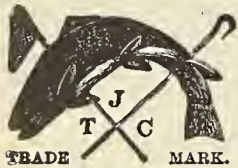
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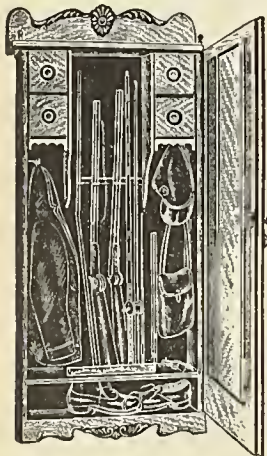
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Little Trails and Waters

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

IT was now in the early summer season and the signs of growing things were manifest in every woodway, along the open meadow where the golden sun was pouring down its rejuvenating wealth to awaken from the earth clods the tempting green of another space of inimitable season of finery. The glory of summer was in the air; warm and appealing was the glow of the sun high in the heavens, and again the birds were sending forth their calls in every

clang of the cars and the rumble of the traffic; I heard the whirr of machinery, and the clash and clang of all those wheels that go to make commerce the octopus of our present-day life. The sweat was running down my brow, and what sun there was pouring in through the windows seemed sticky and unpleasing. How unlike the sun that I had often drunk my fill of out there on those hillsides, when the season was young and fair, and the clover was blooming lush and

by, night came and still that spirit of unrest lived and stirred in me and craved for the excitement that it is natural in us to fulfill. The streets were deserted and night fell, but as the hours crept on I gained no respite. Something was calling, calling. The shadows I considered were just enveloping the hills now as the aftermath of a glorious sunset. It would lie still and serene there under the starlight with just enough wind in the heights above to rustle the



"ON PLACID WATERS."



"COAXING 'EM OUT."

wood lot where they were busily constructing their little homes to bring forth another brood of songsters.

It was in such a season I found myself with the demon Work following me like the sordid creature he is, and what thoughts I had of taking myself away from this unsavory situation were restricted indeed when my mind would take the course of those channels of necessity; but somewhere away back in my utmost consciousness I had that indelible picture on my mind of those woods and waters, where the birds nested, and where the little brooks, with their trout inhabitants, were awaiting the fly I would cast out to them. I seemed to see through the hazy dims of my vision that big one by the rock shelf rising high, with a swirl, and taking the fly with a jerk that set the reel singing and the blood tingling through my veins. But it is just a dream. Here was the present. I heard the

perfumed! To what extremes the two advance, one the very height of pleasurable appeal, and the other the making of hard thoughts and sordid mind. I wanted to be away from this clamor and dust, out there where the woods were now in their delicate dress of green, and the open road was inviting me to further trips into the land of enchantment.

I seemed to see through the dims of my recollection that open road as it led haphazard away into the pleasant hills where ran the brook. The trout were there. Many a time I had dropped my line in those dark waters and had been welcomed with the leap of one of those tender-fleshed trout, the very finest of our fish. But dreams will vanish under the pressure of those factors that so often serve to unbalance the rules of nature, and I swung once more on the desk, for the demon Work was pointing with his thin finger to the task before me. The day slipped

leaves of the trees into lullabies, and so cool the unrested spirit. And all would abide in that graciousness that can only be found close to the heart of nature with the glory of the wild spaces to enwrap one.

I wandered into the suburbs, and though the air was fresher and the trees greener in contrast with those in the city, still they had that inevitable touch of artificiality that always sets them in the pampered, unnatural class which never will appeal to the ardent lover of nature. Faces I saw everywhere. They smote my consciousness with the iron fist of some hate that had arisen in me; I did not care to see them. They were not part and parcel of my dreams, and were best excluded and relegated into a more kindly oblivion than I could make for them. I returned to my room, and there, sitting in my chair by the open window, watched the incidents of night take their wonted course. At about

that time I considered I would be stretched full length upon my balsam bough bed with the gentle murmurs of the woods to waft me into pleasant unconsciousness in the fragrant land of sleep. Racked by fancies I walked the floor. I was disgusted with myself; there was nothing to do. My friends with the trivial inconsequences of speech and their lack luster views of life palled upon me. The antidote for my harassed mind was peace and quietude; something to renew my fancy and revitalize the blood that had grown dull from care.

Soon I would get away. Soon, I turned the word around in my mind and my heart leaped to the very pronunciation of it. Soon the days would pass and I would wave my hand in farewell, with the pack sack on my shoulder and the dog at my heels. I would pass under those trees and lift my face for the benediction of the golden sun, warm in the azure heavens. I would listen again to the caroling of the birds and hear the subtle murmuring of the countless leaves in that soothing harmony we all know so well. So I fain would leave my misgivings; a book of Keats, and again I trace my way through the wilds with this poet beside me to point out the exquisiteness of nature's fond appeal. How like the effects of a long sweet sleep to awake to the delicate fancy of Keats', that harbinger of life, the god of song. To him let my fancies trend when the camp-fire glows warm in the heart of the woods, when the long day has worn apace. Let him be the guide to those lands that lie beyond. Like heavy laden caravans the days trail across the deserts of monotony, with the goal of youth and freedom far away on the horizon, but steadily they creep on, it comes to an end, and I find myself ready for the eventful trip into the wild places, there to commune with nature in her manifold presentiments, just as man was meant to commune were he close to the heart of the lady of moods. Wake then, O heart, and rise to the very skies in acclaim for the glad day has come.

I took down the slender Bristol fly-rod, nine feet and a half of beauty, the comrade of many a sojourn into the wilds. I jointed it together once more that I might feel its pliancy, its resiliency, and that hidden merit that is the tell-tale sign of a good rod's worth. Into the suit case I tucked the clothes, a few shirts and odds and ends, and took out the tackle box and went over its contents. Then I hunted out the steel casting rod, for I knew where also there were bass in the blessed Wisconsin country I was about to hie me. And so I was on the train and speeding away to the land of my heart's desire. And as I sat there looking out upon the country from the car window I felt a sense of great anticipation, the calmness of ease, for there was no demon Work hanging over me pointing with a cold finger to that which must be done. All that was gone and I could again think of the birds, the wild scenes of nature, of Danny and the old homestead. These were the pictures that come to my vision and they lasted.

Danny was on the platform waiting for me when the train pulled in. It was ten at night and I saw him standing there, smoking his favorite pipe, and watching those who stepped off. We were shaking hands a moment later and he was piloting me to the buggy. Same old Danny; old in the sense of friendship, but in reality on the smooth and sunny side of life.

"There are trout down there in the creek," he told me as the horses put distance between the depot and the country. "And I have routed out quite a number as I told you in the letter. In the morning we will pack the little tent and hie us away for a week close to nature."

How good it was to drink in the pure, sweet country breezes as they billowed over the seemingly endless fields. There is some magic in their searching appeal that cannot but uncover the finer grain in the body of one. There were the comingled scents of swelling loam, and the freshening grass, now strong with the vitality of youth and the leaves that on the trees were spreading in the warm rays of the maturing sun. Back again, and I had visions of coming days, a continual round of peacefulness, of reverie and the strengthening of limb and mind.

In the realm of piscatorial art, Danny is supreme, and it is notable that we hold about the same feelings in regard to things in general, be it rods, lines, baits, flies and the hundred and one little things dear to the heart of the angler. We sat up until the midnight hour talking over things, for our enthusiasm had mounted to a degree that made it impossible to get away without knowing what had occurred to each other in the intervening months. But finally we got to bed and slept on the thought of getting an early start in the morning.

Morning found us up, getting ready. And after a time spent at packing things away, we bid farewell at the house and set out across the fields. The beginning of our trip was under way. The weather was clear and fine and a thousand birds were sending their anthems into the still of morning, a scene of seeing and hearing that will always remain with me. Still were the fresh breezes billowing across the fields and the trees were rustling with a faint stir of life that seemed in perfect harmony with the universal quietude that dominated our surroundings. Above in the skies there was just evidence enough of clouds to break any monotony apprehended. They were fleecy white, set on a field of azure of the purest conceivable. Together we admired the world of nature, wordlessly finding a place for our feelings, for speech is paltry, and then Danny and I are hopelessly poetic.

"You will notice as we stand here," said Danny in a moment of exquisite rapture, as we were contemplating a scene that lay before us, "how hazy and yet how pure the sun rays are. That witchery of glamor that touches the edges of those leaves, and that seeming unfurling of an unseen beauty as the sun mounts higher in the heavens. Notice how the scene seems wrapped up in sleep; how still it is; nothing intruding upon the solemnity of the morning hour. And there, where the shadows are by the brook, see how very deep they present themselves, with here and there the hint of a fragile sunbeam that has stolen in between the leaves."

It was indeed a glorious vista and we stood long and gave it our attention. The morning was now well on its upward climb to the meridian hour, and we were making our way along to a stream, which, hid in among the willows, contained many a trout waiting there in the gloomy nooks for something in the shape of an insect to fall on the surface that they might rise for it. What anticipation and delicate mysticism there is surrounding a native trout brook, or any water for that matter. As you approach,

the heart seems to stand still, and the breath comes fast. Will he take your fly? Ah! that is the question, and it is only answered when that cleverly constructed bit of artificiality flicks the mirror-like surface to arouse the little denizen of the brook to rise and strike it, or it may come to naught. A Coaxer trout fly! The identical thing, and we individually chose one of different coloration and prepared for work. What better imitation than this, and how well it floated; the personification of a dry-fly and fit for a sonnet in portrayal of its virtues.

Danny was stealthily creeping along ahead. I had spotted out a pool that was deep and placid, with just movement enough to the flow to take the fly along. How gracefully it made its way toward its destination. See, it passes that outjutting log and suddenly the water breaks and the first trout is on my hook and fighting for his liberty. Once more playing the little fellows and what gladness throbs through the pulse. He comes to net a clean, beautiful fish with the wealth of nature in his tender length. And so we kept on, with the morning sun rising high and higher, while the prevailing breezes rustled and whispered in the leaves, telling some tale that is as old as the world itself. Rounding the bend I found Danny sitting on a rock with his pipe in his mouth, his rod across his lap, the picture of contentment and reverie. At my approach he motioned to the camera.

"It contains a little of nature and its beauty. Right in there by that big tree, not twenty feet from you, there is a brown thrasher's nest with four eggs in it. Go in carefully and you may find the mother bird there. I have her home pictured on a film and have two trout in the creel as an example of my exquisite luck."

True enough, there was the old bird as I parted the intervening branches and stole a glance at what was before me. She hopped from limb to limb, uttering little cries, half in fright and questioning, I thought. Beautiful harbinger of the day! The poetess of the woodland, with a soul as pure as the light that glimmered down from the sun. I left her there and returned to my companion who was again immersed in dreams, gazing out across the glade with eyes that seemed far, far away. The spell of the day was in me, too, and there we sat long, dreaming and puffing at our pipes while the habitants of the wild passed and repassed us, inquisitive and beautiful in their child-like innocence. What a motive for man to gain fruit of endeavor from! What restful beauty! What sweet magnificence, such as man would seem incapable of uttering or putting to word. I lay on my back outstretched, full length, gazing between my fingers up into the blue of the sky. There was stillness all around. I heard, however, in the hollow of the wood the chirping of a bird, but save for that and the slight stir of the wind through the leaves of the trees now and then, there was nothing to break in on that wonderful solemnity.

Our progress along the stream was gradual, for we would let nothing of that beautiful country pass by with a perfunctory glance. Rather we searched the deeps of nature in that communion which spells love in its highest form. We caught trout here and there, and we soon had enough to last us. Noon day came and we made our stop. And after the pleasant meal we

(Continued on page 281.)

Through Unexplored Guerrero

By PROF. WILLIAM NIVEN

Chapter IV.—Crushing a Revolution



INDIAN OF PINTO TYPE.

FOR eight years after my visit to the land of the mound builders I made several trips into Guerrero, mostly in search of the extension of the vein of fabulously rich ore of which I had heard from the queen of the Tlapanechos. I did not find this, but I found a good placer mine at Otatlan, and on a trip to this placer bed in 1901 I met with an adventure which came near costing my life, and in which I materially aided the Government of Mexico in putting down a revolution which bade fair to overturn the entire State of Guerrero.

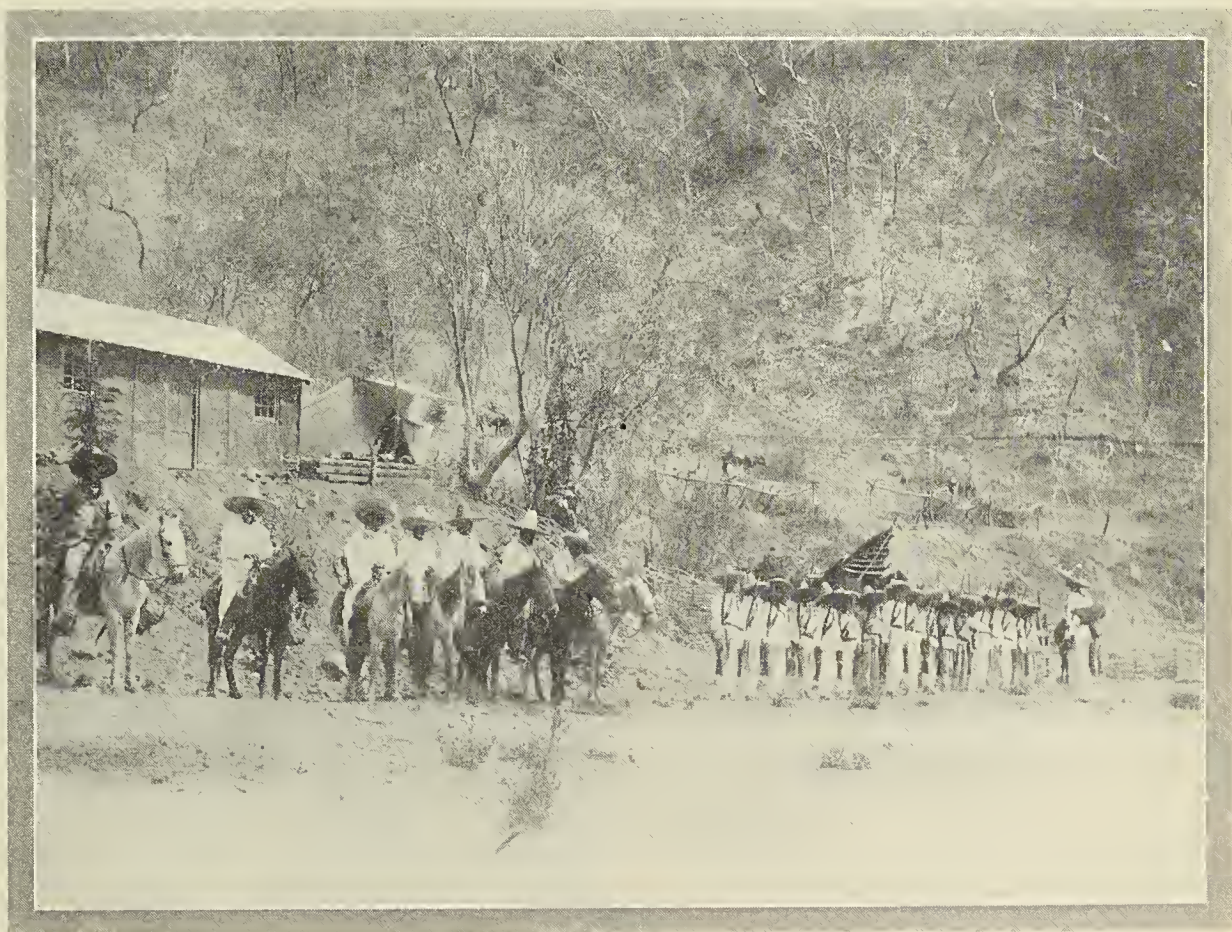
Prior to 1901 a movement was started against Governor Mercenario, of Guerrero, and he was compelled to resign at the suggestion of President Diaz. The revolutionary candidate for the governorship was A. Calderon y Castillo, but Diaz did not appoint him, naming instead Agustin Mora. This did not quiet the revolt, and hearing of uprisings throughout the State I believed my presence necessary at the mine, and despite warnings that my life would be in danger, I set out from Mexico City in the last days of April of 1901.

I went on the railroad to Balsas station, and then outfitting with three men, including my trusted mozo, Jesus Mancilla, who had been in the army a number of years prior to entering my service, and who did not know the name of fear, and taking a long train of pack animals, I struck out on the five days' ride to Otatlan. With me went Willie Neale, then a youth of

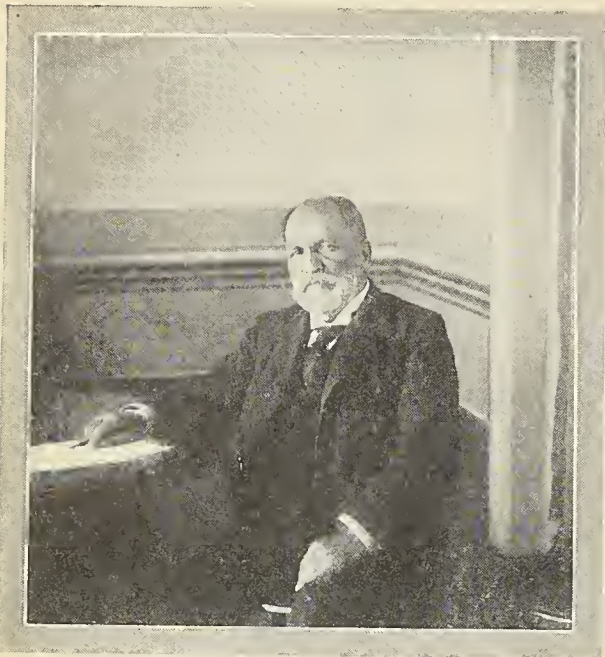
twenty-two years, but as brave a lad as ever walked in shoe leather. At every village I noticed signs of the uprising. Men were arming themselves and preparing for long-continued trips through the hills, while the women were engaged in parching corn, making tortillas and otherwise providing food supply for the warriors who were going out.

We reached Otatlan, however, without serious incident, save the insolence of three armed men whom I met on the trail, and who though they knew me very well, refused to raise their hats. I rounded them up, made them repass me and speak with great civility, after which they apologized, claiming they did not recognize me, which was of course a falsehood, their new-found revolutionary spirit having made them unduly independent.

At Otatlan I found every one wildly excited with reports that a band of revolutionists were swooping down to attack the town and loot the district treasury, which they afterward did, getting \$19,500 Mexican currency, for their trouble, and killing the Presidente Municipal because there was not more money. Pushing on to the mine I met two Americans who, frightened nearly to death, struck off through the mountains shortly after my arrival, only to be met by the rebel band and robbed of everything they possessed. I offered them refuge, but they deserted Neale and myself to our fates, and their robbery probably proved a lesson for them.



JESUS SALGADO UNDER EMILIANO ZAPATA AND HIS STAFF AT OTATLAN AFTER THE FIGHT IN WHICH SIXTEEN WERE KILLED.



AGUSTIN MORA, GOVERNOR OF GUERRERO DURING THE REVOLUTION WHICH PROF. NIVEN HELPED TO PUT DOWN.

Then came the news to the camp that 500 rebels had attacked Mochtitlan, looting the town and killing some of the officials there. This did not tend to quiet the fears of the eighty or more men and women at the camp—all natives, of course—and on the heels of this notice came another that the smaller band under Manuel Vazquez had taken Otatlan, as described above. At this news, knowing that the only trail to the coast led directly past my camp, I began the work of fortification.

On the point of a hill commanding the camp and up which wound the trail, I ordered a trench dug. I found I had sixty men against Vazquez' band of about one hundred. Most of my force were armed with muzzleloading shotguns and muzzleloading rifles, for which they had plenty of ammunition, while every man carried a machete, one of the long, wicked knives of the tropics, a primitive saber, with which fearful execution has been done among the natives in previous battles in Mexico.

I sent the women and children of the camp to a spring about five miles further back in the mountains, posted my men in the trench, which I caused to be even more strongly fortified with a rude stone wall, and had large piles of boulders collected on the hillside above narrow portions of the trail, ready to be hurled down on the heads of Vazquez' men when they attacked. They could reach my trench only by this one trail, and after I had posted guards that night I lay down in my blanket under the brilliant semi-tropic moon, confident that Mr. Vazquez and his rebels would, at least, meet with a warm reception.

For years I was a member of the First Lanark Shire Artillery Volunteers, and the military training I received in Glasgow stood me in good stead in the wilds of Mexico in planning my defense. That my guards were awake was proven about 2 o'clock in the morning when I was awakened by about thirty of my men who had surrounded an Indian who had come creeping in, bringing news of a drunken orgy, then being carried on by the rebels in Otatlan. The poor fellow was harmless and nearly frightened to death. He declared he was fleeing to a village

where dwelt some of his relatives, about a day's journey over the mountain, and we let him proceed.

Next morning a messenger arrived from Vazquez, commander of the rebels, demanding that I surrender such rifles as I had, there being five modern rifles with which I and my immediate servants were armed, with 1,500 cartridges. The letter which this messenger brought added that I should then present myself before Vazquez in Otatlan, if I wished to live more than twenty-four hours longer. This messenger was clad all in white, mounted on a white horse and carried a white flag tied to an enormous machete which he continued to brandish aloft until my mozo, leveling his pistol at the fellow's head, commanded him to lower the flag or else hold the machete still.

I still have Vazquez' letter in my possession, and my reply to it, of which I also have a copy, was as follows:

Coronel Manuel Vazquez,
Otatlan, Guerrero, Mexico.

I have some rifles, but only for a defense.
(Signed) WILLIAM NIVEN.

Otatlan was only three-quarters of a mile away, and messengers from Vazquez kept coming to me all day, but I persistently refused either to give up my arms or to meet him in the village. I slept that night in the trench, but the next day, posting some of my men as sentinels on the highest hills in the vicinity, I took the balance and resumed work on the mine. At 1 o'clock I heard the sentinels firing, and in five minutes the entire force, together with myself, was in the fortifications.

My sentinels came down and informed me that they had seen Vazquez, followed by all his force, coming up the cañon, and had not fired into the air, as I had directed, but straight into the approaching band, at which Vazquez fired

two pistol shots into the air and all the rebels fled down the cañon at top speed.

This was our last visit from the rebels, and practically ended the revolt in Guerrero, for Vazquez and his band, failing to escape to the west coast through my fortifications, turned back to Tlacotepec, where they were ambushed by a brave priest, Father Gonzales, and 200 men, and practically wiped out. That night I slept again in the trenches, but with no fear that the rebels would return, as they seemed so thoroughly frightened by the fire of only two men. Had they been able to get across the mountains into Sonora, the probabilities are that they would have started the Madero revolution, which has just been concluded, and that one of the bloodiest wars of Mexico's history would have been precipitated then instead of ten years later.

Next day we were again surprised by another body of armed men riding up the cañon, but they proved to be Rurales, members of the Government's force, who had come to the "rescue" of the American, at the orders of the Governor in Chilpancingo. They were much surprised to find me alive and safe, and immediately demanded fifty dollars for the expenses of the trip, stating that they were without funds. I not only gave them the money, but killed a fat steer as well, and we had a barbecue which I shall never forget. They declared they had missed the rebels, but the truth was they had dodged them, as I learned afterward, fearing to meet Vazquez and his band in the narrow confines of the cañon.

After this we were not disturbed, the Rurales went their way, and we returned to our work on the mine, to which I devoted my time for some months, practically forgetting the ruins of dead cities which lay back in the mountains all around me, until they were called to my mind by some explorations made in a tour of large caves, which I shall describe in the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



TAKING A DAY OFF AND TRYING ONE OF THE LITTLE STREAMS FOR GOLD.

Hunting Partridge Among Powder Magazines

By THOMAS TRAVIS

PARTRIDGE, br'er rabbit and powder magazines—that's an interesting combination for any sportsman to front, isn't it? Open season, rabbits hopping along the trail in plain sight; squirrels galore, calmly eating sweet hickory nuts over tons of fulminate; partridge whirling up under the muzzle of your gun, and when you peep along the sights, instead of a whirling bird you see this, out of the corner of your eye, in great red letters: "Danger! Keep Off; Powder Magazine." Yet in spite of it all we had a good day's sport and a good bag, too. This is how it happened:

We were standing on a stump, up to the neck in a tangle of golden rod and brier. The hounds were singing their unmatched rhapsody of a hot trail. "He's coming down the old lumber

"Git him?" said Sam.

"No, did you?"

"Nope; didn't git a sight at the danged thing."

"What did you shoot at?"

Sam rubbed his nose, scratched his head and grinned. "Well, doctor, it was this way: just a brown hole in the air what I shot at, 'n I thot it was a rabbit. But you shore ought to gotten yourn. He wan't only lopin'."

"I shot at the woodcock, Sam. Didn't you see them?"

Again Sam rubbed his nose, looked off at the distant mountains and grinned. "D'you think they was woodcock down where you went, huh?"

Away over the hill the hounds were still mouthing; the chorus rapidly dying down as the chase swept further and further off. "They'll

So we started. Ten miles through country lanes we purred. Over rustic bridges we rumbled, along the Pequannock and Wanoche streams, through Pompton till at last we turned into a by-path and came upon the loveliest bit of wild land I had seen in many a day.

No sooner had we turned Snob, the foxhound, loose than he put up a molly cottontail within five yards of us, and before we could snap the collars free from the other two, they had sprung from the auto and were off pell-mell with a yard of chain between them. Snob doubled the cottontail, which dodged under a log right in front of the beagles, Sport and Nell. With a wild yell, Sport jumped the log and Nell, with an equally eager howl went under. "Bang! bang!" I blazed away and Molly jumped a foot in the



"A BIRD DOG CAN'T SMELL POWDER UNTIL AFTER IT'S DISCHARGED."

road," said Sam, jumping from the stump. "You stay here and I'll head him off at the crossing."

"Right," said I as I cleared for action. "Here he comes!" Just ahead of the dogs, his ears laid back, hopping along as briskly as if at play, his little cotton tail fairly jerking with fun, came br'er rabbit with the beagles after him open-mouthed, yelling, humping their little bowed legs, and madly giving tongue in their effort to close the few yards between them and him. It was such a pretty sight that I paused a moment to watch. Then, things began to happen. Sam stepped on a pile of dry bush; out shot a brown streak with a white dot in it; right across the chase coming pell-mell down on us. "Wow!" said Sam's gun; then, "Chir-r-r, chir-r-r," right behind me, and I saw out of the corner of my eye two woodcock spring up from the birch not ten feet from me. Quick as a wink I turned, slipped and fired as I came down with a bump. "Bang, bang," went my gun and "Bow" said Sam's; then silence that could be felt as I crawled to my feet, recovered my hat and pulled the burrs from my hair.

bring 'em round again all right, you see," said Sam. But scarcely had he spoken when a distant fusillade as of a dozen war men ambushed arose.

Sam snorted, pulled the cartridges from his gun and sat down. "'Taint no use huntin' here on 'lection day; see? That's our rabbit gone all right. Let's go home." And as the hounds came panting back, he snapped their collars on and held them fast. "First thing you know somebody 'll pepper the dawgs."

In the midst of our quandary a familiar auto came chugging along the old lumber road. It was my old friends Dilts and Steers of DuPont powder fame.

"Well, doctor," quoth Dilts, "what are you looking so glum about; anything wrong?"

The situation was explained fully, fervently and at length. "Oh, that's all right. Come on with us. We're off to Steer's reservation. Twelve square miles of wild land up at the powder works at Pompton. Can't crowd you out there. The dogs will be all right, too. Safest place in Jersey on election day."

air, dry leaves flew in a cloud where the double explosion of Dilts' gun was blended with a frenzied cry from Steers. "Got him!" said Dilts. "But for heaven's sake, look at that!" Right where Molly was heading when Dilts picked her up was this huge sign: "Dangerous! Powder Magazine; Keep Off!" Needless to say, we did.

Snob was called in, Sport and Nell were untangled and we were pushing further along the hillside away from the magazine when Snob gave a howl that sounded like grand opera after a high note. There were two rabbits hopping along the trail not twenty yards ahead.

"Don't fire toward the magazine," said Steers; "the wads might raise Ned."

"Don't fire at all," said I, eagerly; in fact, pleadingly. "What's the use. Two rabbits aren't worth raising such a fuss about." Sam, with one eye on the blue sign, the other on the rabbits, was sidling off like a crab after bait, to get a flank shot. "Hold on, Sam'l," I yelled. "Look here, d'you want to blow the dogs up?" That fetched him.

"Ginks, doctor, I hadn't thought of that. Them dogs can't be beat. Sho, now," and he rubbed his nose with one finger, grinned and came back. "Dominie, for a sky pilot you're mighty unwilling to go up higher."

"No, Sam'l," said I, "it isn't that. It's the poor dogs. If you shot into that fulminate there would be a steady day's drizzle of dog meat and suspenders."

We held a consultation and decided to go half a mile further along the trail and then hunt over the hills and valleys of a great granite nub that rose before us. In the clustered golden rod of a lovely valley four rabbits were put up, and a pretty sight it was to watch them play tag with Snob and the beagles. Has any hunter yet explained why bunny doesn't dash away from the dogs as she does from a man when he puts her out? Perhaps it is because the dogs follow so closely that she cannot rest after her first burst of speed, while with a man she feels that the burst has put her at a safe distance; where she freezes till he rousts her out again to repeat her comet-like swoop. At any rate I could watch from the cliff on which I stood just what happened with the dogs. When they put Molly up she would rush for a few yards then wait till the hounds came close. Then with ears back, her little tail bobbing, she would lope along, while Snob, wildly bugling and the beagles madly yelling would make every effort to catch up. Thus the chase progressed from harbor to harbor. Sometimes Molly would get in the long grass and sit up to watch where the dogs came toiling along with gasping howls. Once I saw her run across a little rill that tumbled in tiny cascades down from the mountain; then she doubled and hopped in the shallow water for about twenty yards. Rarely in a straight line did she go more than a hundred yards. But always she zig-zagged from cover to cover. Sometimes I could see the hounds, and they were good ones, running the back trail, as eagerly mouthing as though Molly were in sight. Then at fault, they would spread out, nuzzle her up again from where she had "frozen" under a log. Nearer and nearer they brought her, till I was beginning to listen for the final fusillade. But Molly knew the game. The course ended with the futile baying of Snob at a hole under the rocks where only the wildly waving tails and rear elevations of Sport and Nell protruded.

Later I could hear the crack of guns, and when we foregathered at the end of the valley there were four rabbits between us. "Look at Snob nuzzling around. There's birds here," said Sam. "Snob kin trail 'em just as well as though they were rabbit or fox. Only he won't point."

"Bang" went Dilts' gun. "Got him?" shouted he, a partridge running along the ground in a laurel thicket.

But he hadn't "got him." From my post further up the hill I saw a big cock partridge, breast ruffle erect, flash by through the treetops and veer among the higher rocks. Up there I followed to watch the scene below. I could see the hunters stealing along in a great laurel-clothed wrinkle of the mountain, the dogs nosing through the thickets. Then I saw one, two, three, four partridges get up about a hundred yards ahead and fly silent as arrows up among the dense thickets and ledges beyond.

There we concentrated. All hands were tense on the guns. We knew we were close to a covey

of grouse. Round a huge boulder we crept. "Hur-r-r-r, hur-r-rr," up they got. But even as our guns came to shoulder, another big sign loomed over the sights: "Danger! Power Magazine; Keep Off!" Hidden in those valleys laurel-clothed were dozens of magazines. Some of them contained explosives so sensitive that even the concussion of a gunshot might precipitate a crash which would split the very rocks and announce in rumbling thunder-like earthquake the end of our chase at least. Small wonder that we turned our backs on the birds and hunted over the mountain crest where Steers assured us was a two-mile stretch entirely free. The game seemed to know somehow that what was danger to us was safety for them. But over that two-mile stretch of laurel and mountain we flushed many a bird. Nor were our bags empty as we paused to look where the Wanoche flowed in silver thread to join the long lakes lying amid the silent mountains which rose, crest on crest, till they stretched away like huge tepees far as the eye could reach.

From the crags we could see the works lying in the hollows; romance and thrills enough they were among the commonplace. From here were going forth cases of shells to fill the belts of hunters in the far North. On the prairies of the West as in the meadows of the South those shells would spit fire against gray dawns where hunters followed warm trails to the music of hounds or the silence of the wilderness. Across the ocean to the land of big game those shells were going, to rest at last among the tropic grasses where lions roared, or to lie perchance among the snow-capped crags of the Himalayas. What stories they could tell were their red cases tongues and their single eye sight-endowed. What hunter's songs those brazen pipelets would roll forth on wold and wild. Wolf and tiger, leopard and lion, elk and elephant—all alike would answer them with rage, roar or death howl. How many tense moments in the face of saber teeth and smiting claws these tiny tubes would share! And how many a lone hunter, hunger-pressed or standing at bay, would steady his thumping heart to pray that the shot would not fail!

So, with the music of the hounds lilted from the distant coverts or swelling in chorus through the tree-covered trails, we worked down through the laurel to the lake shore and more magazines. Here plump squirrel were feeding, plenty of them, scrambling up the trees or sitting, brush awake, calmly eating, while rabbits hopped along the path or took refuge under the works where tons of explosives were being made.

Once across the water we were on freer ground. The cap works indeed was within two miles, but we swung along parallel to it. Steers picked up another rabbit, then Dilts a grouse which chanced to get up in the only open space. Grouse after grouse flew up, now singly now in pairs. Among the caves of the singularly wild rocks we found spoor of skunk and fox. Again we came across abundant deer sign. Sam pointed out a place where two children strayed from home, had been found the next fall by fox hunters, and all this almost within sight of the big city.

But the climax of all came just as we were drinking in the beauty of the scene. The beagles put up another rabbit which rushed almost into Snob's jaws. With a twist like a

jumping-jack she dodged and Snob rolled head over heels in mad scramble to turn as quickly. Then pell-mell the three dogs, rabbit and all swept over the crest of the knob and down on the hunters below. I saw Molly just ahead of Snob, Snob sitting on his tail, his fore feet braced, his mouth open and howling, slide fully twenty feet down the smooth rock, while Sport and Nell rolled after him in a shower of leaves and pebbles right across the front of the three gunners below. Who fired first or last nobody knows. "Bang! bang! Ba-bang! ba-bang!" went the guns. Leaves flew; shot rattled through the trees, and Molly? Molly stopped for one brief instant after the last shot, wagged her tail with exactly the expression of a naughty boy when he put his fingers to his nose. She stopped, looked back and then hopped quietly off among the rocks.

It was too much. We collared Snob and the beagles; packed our guns and made for the home trail. Where the full moon rose in ruddy splendor behind the hills and in the glare of the head lights, bunnies danced from time to time across the road.



THE TOP RAIL.

C. S. JOHNSON, a deputy game warden in Illinois, shut his eye for personal business so he could get a bead on a lawbreaker for the State. It happened this wise: Brother Johnson runs a hotel for sportsmen down in Siloam, a pretty popular place among the fraternity, but as you will see, no good place for the transgressor of the game laws. A few days ago a chap from Paris, Ill., registered at the Johnson hostelry, went to his room, unloaded his suit case of a bunch of quail, rang for the bell hop, and as the hotel is active, so are the hops, and in a twinkling the boy arrived. "Take these to the chef and have them cooked for my dinner," said he handing the quail and a quarter to the hop. Now this chef wasn't French. He was Illinois, and he knew the game laws. Upstairs he planed, striking the steps only often enough to steer himself, until he volplaned into Warden Johnson. "Boss," said he, "the gent from Paris, now in room 13, gave the boy a quarter to bring a bunch of quail down for me to cook."

"Quail, 13 and a quarter," shouted Johnson. "His number is unlucky. He gave the boy something he won't get here and it's close season on quail."

The guest from Paris was shocked when he found the hotel proprietor, with the aid of a Justice of the Peace had added \$76.50 to his hotel bill, and then Mr. Johnson wouldn't serve him the quail.

This is a true story, honest and true. It was told me by E. E. Pierson, of Bloomington, Ill.

GRIZZLY KING.



Wild Dogs and a Talking 'Possum.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A regular campaign has been made against wild dogs by the authorities of the Hospital for the Insane and by other people a little southwest of Raleigh, where there is a forest, now owned by the State, of something like a thousand acres, this being one of the finest in North Carolina, some of the trees being six feet in diameter, oaks, poplars, pines, etc. These dogs are found to have gone wild in a very singular way. About thirty years ago labor agents came into this State and, working largely through the negro preachers and other leaders of that race, induced over thirty thousand of the blacks to leave North Carolina and go to the Southwest, mainly across the Mississippi River. One preacher got a dollar a head for those he induced to go, his rake-off being \$300, and after this work was done he departed for fresh fields. The negroes always have dogs, usually a hound or cur of very low degree indeed.

In a scattered settlement of negroes some three or four miles from Raleigh, where the dogs were numerous, the owners, to use the darkey phrase, "pulled up and left." Usually with the blacks to move merely means to "put out the fire and call the dog"; but this time they did not call the dog, and so the latter was left. Masterless and uncared for, the dogs went wild, and they ruined two herds of cattle, and have been killing sheep and even goats. The hospital authorities have been giving them the shotgun treatment, and in eighteen months have killed forty-five, while other people have added to this list. These half-savage beasts, which are curiously blotched and look very like hyenas, breed in little caves and hollow stumps and under rocks, and not long ago a hunter went to a trap he had set, when suddenly a wild bitch sprang at him from a little cave in which were her pups. He had to shoot quick to save himself. He found six pups, which he put out of action in short order.

The average North Carolinian is country-bred and loves every outdoor sport, day or night, including, of course, 'possum and 'coon hunting. The writer is a devotee of these sports, as well as all others with dog and gun. One of the best stories he has ever heard was told a day or so ago by Mr. Allston, a member of a family which for generations untold has followed field sports. On the Roanoke River north of Raleigh and near the Virginia line, where the negroes do a great deal of 'possum hunting, lives a man named Allen, nearby him living a negro named Zeke, who because he lives nearly all the time on the river or in it, is known as "Roanoke." This negro told Mr. Allen he was going out on a certain night last winter, said he was going to catch him a fine 'possum and told him the direction he would follow. Mr. Allen slipped out into the woods and climbed a tree on which there was yet a lot of foliage, the tree being a very large one. Presently Roanoke's dogs came along, taking

Mr. Allen's trail, and up came Roanoke, who, after the manner of the darkey, addressed himself to the atmosphere and his dogs, saying: "Dey shooly has treed him, far and squar, but dat tree is too big fur me ter cut, and I'm er gwine to climb it." Suiting the action to the word, he began to climb, the dogs barking and looking up into the tree. When Roanoke was something like ten feet from the ground, Mr. Allen cried out, in the deepest voice, "Who you cumin atter, nigger?" At the words Roanoke fell out, and his three dogs, thinking he was a 'possum, jumped on him and bit him hard on his legs, while he yelled and threshed about with his hands, shouting as he did so, "Keep off, you d— dogs; de devil's right here." Roanoke limped off for home and Allen, coming down from the tree a little later, made his way to the old darkey's house and there he found Roanoke with his head in his hands, in front of the fire-place. Mr. Allen knocked at the door, after he had peeped through it, as it was partly open, and Roanoke limped to it. Mr. Allen said, "Roanoke, I hope you got me a 'possum."

Roanoke replied, as he looked at his torn trousers, "Bless God! Mr. Allen, I ain't never gwine in dem woods no mo'. I sholy treed de devil, er else er' possum what kin talk, fur one uv dem two things hollered at me fum er tree, whar my dogs, which is trusty dogs and never fails, had treed dat sumfin."

Mr. Allen, not cracking a smile, departed, and the next day told Roanoke's experience, while he gave the poor fellow a solatium to salve his dog-bites. If Mr. Allen hadn't told the story, Roanoke would have gone to his grave believing that he had either treed a devil or a talking 'possum.

FRED A. OLDS.

The Fish Crow.

HOLYOKE, Mass., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Recently you printed an article, entitled, "Do We Need the Crow?" Three summers ago I lived by a lake in the western part of Vermont by the name of St. Catherine. Near the lake shore a fish crow built her nest in the top of a rather tall, slim hemlock tree in a thick growth of forest. When the young ones were nearly grown, they were blown down by a heavy wind. A party nearby killed one and we got the other two. One of these was hurt and died in a few days. The other one, which we called Joe, was quite intelligent and knew its name. At first we fed it bread crumbs, but when it got older, so that it could feed itself, it would open its mouth and take the bread and then throw it away. It never would pick up any bread crumbs, but would always swallow pieces of meat or fish. I think this shows that the fish crow lives on an animal diet wholly, and does not like grain of any kind.

Joe was very fond of raw fish. When I was dressing any, he was always on hand for his share. I had a small garden, and while working in it, this crow would follow me and pick up all of the bugs and worms, but would never

pick up corn. A number of times I saw him stop and listen to the ground, and then make two or three powerful picks with his beak and fetch out one of those large white grubs, the larvæ of the June bug. He would put it under his toe and pick its head off, then eat the rest of it.

The young fish crow is quieter than a young field crow. It does not make so much noise, not even with the old ones. I do not think the fish crow can stand cold weather. Mine died when the first cold weather came on. The others leave the last of September or first of October. I had a good chance to notice the habits of the old birds, as the nest was only a few yards from the house where I was stopping. In the same grove were a number of nests of other birds. A flicker had one in the top of a dead limb on a beach tree. A few yards away some other kind of bird had her nest, and nearby a robin had hers near the house. The fish crows never disturbed any of these nests. My opinion is that they never do this.

These fish crows always flew out over the water and returned the same way. Their flight was more like that of the dove—a light gliding stroke with their wings. I think they do not go out into the fields like a field crow, but stay near the water where they build their nests. There should be laws protecting their nests within a certain number of yards of the lake shores. I think they do little harm, but eat large beetles and worms that smaller birds cannot master. This crow comes further north than Connecticut. The field crows that came to the lake to drink were larger and more of a blue black color. They stay through the winter here, but the other kind go South. The fish crow is of a flatter build and more of a brownish black. I think the two keep separate. The fish crow should be protected, but we may have too many of the field variety sometimes.

ELLIS L. DUDLEY.

"The Winter Sleep of Brute Creation."

BREWSTER, Me., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the July 6 issue of your paper I notice that Leonard K. Hirschberg, A.B., M.D., etc., makes the statement: "The hedgehog enters into a deep sleep comparable to that of mosquitoes and fireflies. It retires to some rocky crevice, beneath some gnarled roots or intertwining vines and twigs. Perhaps it is lucky and finds a disused cellar or water pipe. Here it maintains a foodless slumber until far into the spring. In the South, and even in some parts of Canada, the hedgehog awakens at periods and seeks food."

After reading the above, the impression received is that the gentleman has been reading of the hedgehog of Europe, and that by some means he has conceived the idea that the European hedgehog and the porcupine of this country are one and the same animal. Since he speaks of the "hedgehog" in Canada, it seems only fair to take exception to some of his statements.

In the first place there is no "hedgehog" in this country and never was. He evidently refers to the Canada porcupine, but as to the Canada porcupine hibernating I can say that they do not. Mr. Hirschberg is, in fact, the first person I ever knew to make such a claim.

Not only are the porcupines traveling about

during the entire winter from their dens to their feeding trees, whenever the footing will permit, but very frequently one will live in a single hemlock or in a small clump of these trees from late fall to early spring, scarcely coming to the ground during the entire period. We have had opportunity to observe individuals in the tops of tall trees during every day of an entire winter, and except for their restricted range of operation they fed and carried themselves daily in every way exactly as during the summer months. By spring these trees were almost without foliage, and the snow beneath was littered with droppings and the tips of branches. After having observed them for years I regard them as about as much subject to hibernation as the red fox.

In another place Mr. Hirschberg speaks of the "marmot, ground squirrel and similar rodents" coming out of their dens in the spring in a much poorer condition than they were when they entered. While it may be impossible to know just how fat each individual was in the fall when he entered his den, I have taken woodchucks on the snow when they first appeared in the spring so fat that they ought to have been ashamed of themselves. They were fairly covered with fat. If Mr. Hirschberg has made any observations of his own in the field upon woodchucks when they first appeared in the spring—not a week or two later—it would be interesting to have him make some definite and plain statements as to just what he found out.

W. M. H.

A Starling Investigation.

NEW SALEM, Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A quite thorough investigation of the starling in America is reported in the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture Report of 1910, by the State Ornithologist, E. H. Forbush. The report appeared but a few weeks ago, as our State printer is slow and sure, and apt to be at least a year behind where one expects to find him. The names and addresses of 206 observers who have contributed to the information about starlings is given in the appendix, and copies of the ornithologist's report can be had separately from the rest of the agriculture report. The report is valuable also from the information about resident birds which have learned to eat the gypsy moth eggs, as they seemed not to have learned to do in 1896, when Mr. Forbush wrote his "History of the Gypsy Moth," collaborating with Prof. Fernald. At that time the native birds were observed eating all other forms of the moth, but unlike European birds, did not then seem to have found out that the eggs were good. So, although most of the report is taken up with the starling, the announcement that nuthatches, chickadees, brown creepers, golden-crowned kinglets and downy woodpeckers are being observed by several persons eating these eggs is receiving well-deserved attention from practical men.

The report describes the starling, and glances over a few interesting points in its history in western central Europe, where it is native, and in Switzerland and England, and gives a copy of a quaint old tract on, "The wonderful battle of starlings fought at the City of Cork, in Ireland, in 1621, where they met to fight together the bitterest and sharpest battle

among themselves, the like for the manner of their flight, and for the time the battle did continue, never heard or seen at any time, in any country of the world. (I believe.)"

"In America, the starling is not regarded as particularly pugnacious, except where it has to fight for nesting places or food. In such cases it is combativeness personified, and its attacks are well directed and long continued."

"The testimony of 110 correspondents, whose residences are scattered over five States, shows that the starling is increasing fast. Only eighteen have seen no increase in their localities or find the increase slow. Even in Brooklyn, however, Edward W. Vietor, who keeps a careful daily account of birds observed at Prospect Park, records an average of twenty-nine starlings daily in 1908, thirty-one in 1909, and forty-one in 1910. The most convincing proof of increase comes in the statements of people who saw the starlings in flocks of from 1,000 to 3,000 in the fall of 1900, and who now find them in the same localities in flocks estimated to contain from 8,000 to 10,000. In the region about New York city, including Long Island, Staten Island and parts of the Hudson River valley, also portions of New Jersey, where the sparrow is more abundant than I have ever seen it elsewhere in this country, there appeared to be at least fifty sparrows to every starling, in June, 1910, but it is quite possible the ratio has now been very materially changed in many places by the increase of the starling."

The five States from which the reports were received are Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts. Among the list of observers we notice some who get the most intimate knowledge of birds' habits obtainable by the new methods of attracting those birds that can be induced to nest near houses. Besides there are some noted field observers. A fondness for cherries is reported, sometimes a number of birds stripping a tree, and sometimes only taking a few here and there. One hundred and two stomachs were collected by Mr. Forbush and examined by Prof. Beal, of the Biological Survey. The food, largely insect, is much like the starling's food in Europe, only that there their fondness for the destructive land snails makes them useful, but we are not troubled with these snails. "The increase and spread of the starling is due to its fecundity and its general fitness for the battle of life. * * * It often has two broods in America, as it has in Europe. It has the physical characteristics of a little crow. * * * Mentally the starling is superior to the sparrow. * * * No doubt in the city the starling is preferable to the sparrow, but it cannot displace the sparrow without indirectly making trouble for native species also. The sparrow and the starling will live together as in England, but the starling will drive the sparrow away from nesting places that are suitable for its own use, and the sparrow will in turn eject tree swallows, martins, bluebirds, wrens and other native birds from their present nesting places, that it may secure homes in place of those taken by the starling. * * *

"The starling breeds in dove-cotes, holes and crevices about houses, in niches under the eaves, in electric light hoods, bird houses, woodpecker holes in hollow trees * * * in

competition with domestic pigeons, screech owls, sparrow hawks, flickers and other woodpeckers, crested fly-catchers, martins, bluebirds, tree swallows and wrens. * * * The sparrow soon learns that it is no match for the starling and the contest degenerates into a straw-pulling match, each bird alternately clearing out the nesting material which the other brings. * * * The starlings quietly watch and never interfere while the flicker digs and shapes its nest in some decaying tree; but when the nest is finished to the satisfaction of the starlings, it is occupied by them the moment the flicker's back is turned. On the return of the flicker, a fight ensues which usually results in the eviction of the starling from the hole, which, however, keeps up the fight outside while another enters the hole to defend it against the flicker, which having temporarily vanquished the first, returns to find a second enjoying the advantages of possession. As Mr. Job says, the flicker is confronted with an endless chain of starlings, and finally gives up."

Of course, the starling must also compete with native birds for its food of berries, etc. No one will ever know the number of attempts that have been made to establish the starling here, many of which have proved unsuccessful. The first attempt that is known to have been successful was in New York city.

"The fact that it is generally considered a desirable species in northern Europe ought not to have convinced anyone that it would be so in America. * * * When imported into New Zealand it became a very destructive pest. * * * The Biological Survey * * * has been given authority to regulate the importation of foreign mammals and birds, and now has agents in every port where foreign species are likely to come."

A principle which is stated in this report seems to me of great importance in any country, as sentiment ought not to rule us wholly in relation to foreign species. Reason is needed to some extent in the protection of insectivorous birds, as the protection of birds is practically getting complicated.

"When any animal is successfully introduced into a new country," says the writer, "and increases rapidly, its advent naturally tends to upset the biological balance. Its native natural enemies have been left behind in its own country, where it had a settled established place in a series of natural forces that had been in existence for centuries, and it becomes an interloper in the new land, among conditions and forms of life entirely new. If the species is weak or unfit for its new environment * * * it dies out and no disturbance results; but if it is strong and fit and the climate is suitable, it is likely to increase abnormally, and it cannot so increase without displacing some of the species native to the soil. The starling is a hardy, capable, prolific bird, which, like the sparrow, has had centuries of experience in getting its living in populated countries and cultivated regions in close relationship with man, and in such environments it has survived and thriven. It has thus an advantage over our native species similar to that enjoyed by the sparrow. How can the bluebird or the house wren, which have been accustomed to life about human habitations for a comparatively short time, compete with such a bird?" E. O. M.



Ideas About Landlocked Salmon.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With others I am very much interested in introducing landlocked salmon in Lake George. On the strength of the statement that the clear, cold, clean water there is suited to the species, it has been introduced and there is ample proof that it has thrived to a noticeable extent. But it apparently is caught only when fishing for lake trout, and this suggests a problem for the solution of expert fishermen.

As the situation now is with respect to the landlocked salmon, the following extract from a letter, written by J. W. Muller, of New York, who long ago became a devoted admirer of the lake, is submitted. He says:

"As to the landlocked salmon, if any art of man can devise a way to catch 'em, that man shall have the gratitude of many. I think that the trouble is that the conditions in Lake George will not favor the ouananiche to live and feed as that magnificent creature does in Northern waters, where he takes the fly. The ouananiche wants swift, wild, troubled water, with torrents and deep pools, if he is to be a sporting fish. Lake George presents just the reverse. It is an immensely deep lake, with no streams of wild strength emptying into it. All its streams are trout brooks, suitable, no doubt, for the ouananiche to spawn, but eminently unsuitable, impossible, for the fish to use when he is grown. Hence the landlocked salmon in Lake George (I think) is doomed to be a deep-water fish, swimming on the rocky bottoms fifty and one hundred feet deep, and to be caught only by deep trolling with the regulation and established lake trout trolling outfit—an immense long hand line of hard, oiled silk, a sinker weighing two pounds, and a big trout gang baited with a whitefish, chub, sucker or perch, whitefish being by far the best bait.

"All our lake trout are taken thus and thus only. The deepest place in this lake is 190 feet. The average in the lake trout grounds is fifty feet. I've tried for them with all sorts of rigs and baits, from flies cast over ledges to deep still-fishing with live bait, and the trolling outfit is the only one with which I ever succeeded in getting a touch. And I think I can claim to know a little something about fishing. The fact is that the ouananiche is a sporting fish only in a limited number of regions, where the conditions favor a mode of life different from that enjoyed by big fish of the trout and salmon kind in deep, still lakes.

"It has been a good thing, though, to introduce the fish into Lake George. Lake trout now are of great financial importance to the people along these shores, and if the landlocked chap does well, as he seems to be doing, he will be a great addition."

If other fishermen would submit their views, no doubt the symposium would be mighty interesting. Personally, I believe fish change many of their habits to conform to their surroundings and fishermen must study them to be successful.

JOHN D. WHISH.

Newfoundland Fishing.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* That "the world is a small place after all" is an old saying, the truth of which was impressed on me yesterday, when I received a note from an old member of the FOREST AND STREAM family at present touring the Bavarian Tyrol. C. Du Bois Wagstaff, of New York, the writer of the note, informs me that a friend of his at present with him at Garmisch, Bavaria, received a present of a ten-pound salmon from Scotland. It was a cause of great rejoicing and Mr. Wagstaff, who is an enthusiastic angler, interviewed the chef and inspected the fish. For many years he has been fishing in Newfoundland and the sight of the salmon reminded him of his camp on Harry's Brook. He says:

"You can appreciate with what pleasure I had on looking upon the face of an 'old friend.' Then in the morning mail came FOREST AND STREAM with your article on Newfoundland fishing. I have been looking for something of what the fishermen are doing and what they have done during June and July. How I wish I could have been with all my fishing folks in Newfoundland."

The fishing this season beat the record. Parties who have returned from the rivers report the fish numerous, and the official figures credit some anglers with 68, 50, 48, 43, 30, and hundreds of anglers with catches less than those figures show, but large enough to prove that the fishing all around the island has been exceptionally good.

W. J. CARROLL.

A Giant Tarpon.

POMPANO, Fla., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Tuesday, the 6th inst., some natives captured a tarpon in the surf just north of Hillsboro River Inlet, which I think is the record for size. No one knew of the catch who knew of the importance of preserving it, until after the natives had butchered it. They state, however, that it was eight feet two inches long and must have weighed more than 350 pounds. I also learn from them that on numerous other occasions, tarpon of immense size have been taken at this point, and that the water was fairly alive with them at the time of this catch.

The inlet is open now to a width of about forty yards and to a depth of ten to twelve feet, and there is splendid anchorage just inside in thoroughly protected water. Furthermore, the State canal leading from this inlet to Lake Okechobee will be completed by next July, and this canal is to be the main transportation from the lake to tide water at Deerfield.

These things should at least encourage sportsmen to stop and try out this new tarpon territory. Just off this inlet and between the shore and the Gulf stream, which lies about six or seven miles offshore at this point, is the best bluefish, Spanish mackerel and pompano fishing to be found on the coast. If you would like to have some of the scales of the tarpon above referred to, think I can procure some to send to you from which you could have some idea of the size of the fish.

W. F. McFLOY.

Do Dry-Flies Resemble "Dead Bait?"

NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are probably few of your readers who are not glad when they see the name of Dr. Edward Breck signed to an article in your columns, and who do not read with interest and attention anything that he may write. Fly-fishermen especially will be interested in what he has to say about the dry-fly in the issue of Aug. 17, and will agree with him when he says: "I am also of the opinion that some maker must first come who has the enterprise to tie flies after our own insects before we can pretend to an American dry-fly science."

Science and fun are two different things, though closely interwoven in dry-fly fishing on the other side of the water. The fun, or rather pleasure, of dry-fly fishing we can all have, but I doubt very much if this art can become a real science in America until some angler-entomologist, or a combination of anglers and entomologists, makes a thorough and scientific study of the insects upon which our trout feed, then classifies them, illustrates them accurately in colors and finally has exact imitations made by expert fly-tiers. The ways and means of bringing these things about are all explained by Mr. Halford in his various works, and he has devoted a life time to the study of the subject. Dr. Breck mentions the writer as one of those who have tried to make the art of dry-fly fishing popular in this country. When, somewhat against my will, I began to write upon the subject of the dry-fly, I had two motives: First, as suggested by Dr. Breck to do my little toward making the dry-fly better known and more popular; and secondly, hoping that after it had become more popular enthusiasts would appear who would recognize the necessity of an American fly-fishers' entomology and eventually give it to us. I still believe that this will surely come about, though possibly not in the immediate future.

But is the dry-fly ever presented to a trout as "dead bait"? I quote from Dr. Breck's article: "I believe the wild trout in our waters do not like dead or immovable bait." Immovable? Not as generally used on running water.

Again in his "The Way of the Woods" Dr. Breck says: "In northern waters, and using English flies, I have always found dry-fly fishing a failure compared with the wet, lively fly method, undoubtedly for the already mentioned reason that our brook trout ignores most dead baits; at least on the surface."

Whenever this quotation comes to my mind it is always accompanied by another quotation found in "The Book of the Dry-Fly," by George A. B. Dewar: "The theory—a plausible one—is that the wet or sunk fly is taken by the fish because they suppose it a dead or dying insect. But it may be asked, does a dead or dying insect of the order of, say, the fragile Ephemeridæ, become immersed beneath the water, and so be carried down or across the stream with a series of little jerks? Is there any fly-fisherman and close observer of the life and habits of the water insects who can say that this is, in his experience, a common event in nature? * * * I believe that a drowned and sodden dun is the sort of carrion which a good trout would usually decline entirely." (Italics are the writer's.)

In so far as Mr. Dewar attempts to show that the floating fly is taken by the trout for a

live insect and not a dead one, the writer could not, by any possible stretch of the imagination, disagree with him. Has Dr. Breck seen many Ephemeridæ floating on the surface down stream dead, and at the same time with wings "cocked" or upright in the air? The author, who can speak only for himself and not for others, has never seen such a resemblance to life in an artificial fly as when it lights on the water, dry-fly style, and floats with wings nicely cocked.

The "accuracy contest," inaugurated in your columns a few weeks ago by Ralph Bisbee, has undoubtedly added to the gaiety of summer existence among some of your readers. I strongly suspect that your correspondent, G. A., whose communication appeared in the issue of Aug. 10, is another wag. If not, I would strongly advise him to spend a half hour in a tackle store before indulging in too minute criticism of fly-fishing outfits "in the interest of accuracy."

EMLYN M. GILL.

Newark Bait- and Fly-Casting Club.

EAST NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 17.—Editor Forest and Stream: On Sept. 12 the fifth interstate tournament will be held at Weequahic Park Lake under the auspices of the Newark Bait- and Fly-Casting Club. It is our aim to make this the biggest tournament ever held in the Eastern States, and we extend a hearty invitation to all interested in casting to join us on this occasion. Suitable prizes will be awarded to the successful contestants in all events which will be as follows:

Half-ounce distance bait 9 A. M.; distance fly, unlimited rod, 10 A. M.; accuracy trout fly, 11 A. M.; accuracy half-ounce bait, 1 P. M.; distance trout fly, 3 P. M.; accuracy dry fly, 4 P. M.

All events will be open to amateurs and professionals alike. LOU L. SANDS, Sec'y.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 18.—Editor Forest and Stream: On Saturday afternoon, Aug. 17, the following scores were recorded at the club contest, held at the club platforms, Weequahic Lake:

Table with columns: Dry Fly (Acc'y, De-merits, Dist.), 1/4oz. Bait (Acc'y, Longest Cast, Avege.), and names of participants like Mercer, Muldoon, etc.

LOU L. SANDS, Sec'y.

Illinois Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 12.—Editor Forest and Stream: Owing to unfavorable weather on Aug. 10, it was impossible to run off the events scheduled for that date. Below are the scores made on the day following. Wind, southwest, about eight miles per hour:

Table with columns: Quarter-ounce accuracy, bait; Re-entry; L. T. distance, fly; and names of participants like Swisher, Huntley, etc.

A. F. SWISHER, Sec'y.

The Anglers' Casting Club of Chicago.

THE scores of the Anglers' Casting Club of Chicago, held on Aug. 4, follow:

Table with columns: Half-ounce bait, accuracy; Re-entry; Accuracy fly; and names of participants like Ames, Burke, Fay, etc.

Scores made on Aug. 11, are as follows:

Table with columns: Quarter-ounce; Acc. Dist. and names of participants like Gray, Kleinfeldt, etc.

The result of our contest on Aug. 25 is as follows:

Table with columns: Half ounce accuracy; Half-ounce distance; and names of participants like G. L. Ames, Geo. G. Chatt, etc.

E. S. GRAY, Acting Secretary.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

THE San Francisco Fly-Casting Club held its medal contest series of 1912 at Stow Lake on Aug. 17 and 18. Wind variable, weather fair. Scores:

Table with columns: Event No. 2, accuracy; Re-entries; Event No. 3, delicacy, per cent.; SATURDAY; Event No. 2, accuracy; Re-entries; Event No. 3, delicacy, per cent.; and names of participants like T. C. Kierulff, James Watt, etc.

Judges, Geo. C. Edwards, James Watt, T. C. Kierulff; Clerk, E. O. Ritter.

SUNDAY.

Table with columns: Event No. 1, distance; Event No. 2, accuracy; Re-entries; Event No. 3, delicacy, per cent.; and names of participants like H. B. Sperry, J. F. Burgin, etc.

Event No. 4, lure casting, per cent.: C. H. Kewell, James Watt, Dr. W. E. Brooks, C. G. Young, H. B. Sperry, A. Sperry.

Re-entries: C. G. Young, Dr. W. E. Brooks, Dr. W. E. Brooks, J. F. Burgin, J. F. Burgin, James Watt.

Event No. 5, lure casting, average feet: C. H. Kewell, J. F. Burgin, Dr. W. E. Brooks, F. J. Cooper, H. B. Sperry, A. Sperry, James Watt.

Re-entries: Dr. W. E. Brooks, C. H. Kewell, J. F. Burgin.

Judges, H. B. Sperry, C. G. Young, F. J. Cooper; Clerk, E. O. Ritter.

Complimentary Comment.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., Aug. 24.—Editor Forest and Stream: The letters on the dry-fly that have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM are very interesting to me.

Fly-fishing is an art and all true anglers must read with pleasure anything that contributes to their knowledge of that art. Certainly FOREST AND STREAM is aiding us very greatly in bringing to our attention letters from anglers who know.

The letters on buried cities in Mexico are also of very great interest. Years ago I read with interest Stevens' letters on parts of Central America, and its buried cities, and the immense timber growth over those old ruins. These last copies of FOREST AND STREAM carry me back to when I read Stevens.

ERNEST L. EWBANK.

A New Kind of Turtle.

NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 24.—Editor Forest and Stream: A friend of mine who has a cottage in Massachusetts was recently gazing upon the carcass of a large sea turtle that had been washed upon the shore, and which was on exhibition and viewed by many people on account of its large size. A farmer approached the turtle, and after looking at it, remarked how large it was, and said: "I think this must be one of those mock turtles I hear so much about."

S. A.

All the fish laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

National Archery Association

Thirty-fourth Annual Meeting, Boston, Aug. 13-16

THE National Archery Association of the United States held its thirty-fourth annual tournament on Aug. 13, 14, 15 and 16 on Soldiers' Field, Boston, Mass.

The weather was hot and clear except for a couple of showers, and the wind was mostly light from the southwest, so that almost ideal conditions prevailed and all considered the meeting was a great success.

The general arrangement of the program was a great relief from former years in that the shorter schedule each day was less exhausting.

One of the noteworthy incidents of the meet was the presence of three of the veterans who shot in the first national tournament in 1879, Dr. Edward B. Weston, of Chicago; W. H. Clark, of Wyoming, Ohio, and the Rev. W. B. D. Gray, of Cheyenne, Wyo. Another noteworthy incident was the showing of the newcomers who had never shot in any tournament before, Miss Mary A. Brownell, of Wellesley College, winning the 40-yard range medal and the wand shoot, Mrs. G. P. Bryant, winning the flight, and Ellis Spear winning the Duff Arrow.

On Tuesday, the first day, the shooting began with thirteen ladies and twenty gentlemen facing the targets.

The ladies shot in the morning a single Columbia round of twenty-four arrows at 50 yards, twenty-four arrows at 40 yards and twenty-four arrows at 30 yards, the champion Mrs. Witwer Taylor leading with a small margin.

In the American round for men, thirty arrows at 60 yards, thirty arrows at 50 yards and thirty arrows at 40 yards, G. P. Bryant led with 90 hits, 618 score.

At noon a luncheon was served to the archers and their friends in the gallery of the stadium overlooking the valley of the Charles. The elevation insured a breeze and the cool concrete shaded and protected so as to make this a delightful innovation.

In the afternoon the second Columbia and second American resulted in no change in the leaders, but Mr. Bryant did not maintain his pace of the morning.

The championships are figured by points as follows: One point for hits at each range, one point for score at each range, two points for greatest total hits and two points for greatest total score. The result was that Mrs. Witwer Taylor won the Columbia or short range championship with 5½ points, Miss J. V. Sullivan 4 points and Miss M. A. Brownell ½ point. The remarkable thing about this will be seen on examining the scores, as it appears that if Miss Sullivan had made one more hit, she would have won the championship with 5 points against Mrs. Taylor's 4½ points.

The American round score of 1,153 breaks the former record made by G. P. Bryant in 1909 of 1,118. Mr. Bryant won the championship with 7¼ points, Robert P. Elmer 2¼ points, H. B. Richardson ¼ point, Homer S. Taylor ¼ point.

Wednesday the first single York was shot by the men and was divided by shooting the 100 yards in the morning and the 80 yards and 60

yards in the afternoon, this being one of the most vital changes in the program and putting the shooting on the same basis as in England, where in the grand national meeting no more than a single York is ever shot in one day.

The ladies shot the first national of forty-eight arrows at 60 yards and twenty-four arrows at 50 yards in the forenoon, and again Mrs. Witwer Taylor, of Chicago, who was also national round champion, steadily drew ahead and won with all of the 8 points.

In the York, seventy-two arrows at 100 yards, forty-eight arrows at 80 yards and twenty-four arrows at 60 yards, the contest was keen between the champion of 1911, Homer S. Taylor, of Chicago; Henry B. Richardson, of Boston, several time champion and present record holder; Dr. Robert P. Elmer, of Wayne, Pa., 1911 short range champion; W. H. Wills, of New York, and G. P. Bryant, of Boston. The intense heat considerably affected the cast of the bows and was also punishing on the archers, so that some who had not had opportunity to get hardened were a good deal handicapped.

Thursday morning the ladies shot the team round of ninety-six arrows at 50 yards and the men the 100 yards of the second York. A lively thunder storm and squall drove all to cover before the rounds were completed, and so luncheon was eaten and the sun again shining, the afternoon program was started slightly ahead, and no inconvenience or disarrangement suffered.

The Boston ladies' team won against Chicago, taking the silver cup given last year by C. D. Peacock, Inc., of Chicago.

Three of the Boston ladies were shooting in their first tournament.

The ladies' handicap Columbia could not be completed, and a portion went over until Friday.

Thursday afternoon also saw the completion of the York round and the determination of the championship, George Phillip Bryant gaining 9 points, and Henry B. Richardson getting 1 point for hits at 80 yards.

Mr. Bryant's score of 230 hits, 1,094 score, stands next to the American record of Mr. Richardson made in 1,910 of 231 hits 1,111 score, and is third in rank of championship meeting, scores being beaten as above by Mr. Richardson in 1910 and in 1857 by the late Horace A. Ford, of England, with the world record score of 245 hits, 1,251 score.

Friday was slightly cooler and the ladies completed their handicap Columbia round, Miss Florence M. Patrick winning with a score of 424.

Gentleman's team shoot for the Pearsall bugle was won by the Boston team with a score of 324 hits, 1,618, against a score of 307 hits, 1,419, by the Chicago team, G. P. Bryant getting the Potomac medal for the highest individual score of 92 hits, 556.

After luncheon the business meeting of the association was held in the balcony of the stadium and resulted in the election of officers for the year as follows: President, Burton Payne Gray, Boston, Mass.; First Vice-President, Cyrus E. Dallin, Arlington Heights, Mass.;

Second Vice-President, Wallace Bryant, Boston, Mass.; Third Vice-President, Dr. O. L. Hertig, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Secretary-Treasurer, Ellis Spear, Jr., Boston, Mass.; Executive Committee, Dr. E. B. Weston, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. R. P. Elmer, Wayne, Pa.; H. B. Richardson, Boston, Mass.; W. H. Wills, New York city.

It was voted unanimously to hold the thirty-fifth annual meeting in Boston. Votes of thanks were passed to the Harvard Corporation and Mr. William F. Garcelon, director of athletics, for the use of the field and buildings and the privileges so kindly granted.

The flight shooting immediately after the meeting adjourned resulted in Mrs. G. P. Bryant, winning with 215 1/3 yards. This was within four yards of the ladies' record and was remarkable as being the first arrow ever shot by Mrs. Bryant for distance. Miss Mary A. Brownell was second with 212 yards.

C. P. Bryant won the men's flight with 229 2/3 yards. Dr. Robert P. Elmer was second with 229 yards.

Wand shooting for ladies for the Jessop bow was won by Miss Mary A. Brownell. This contest consisted of shooting at a peeled stick one inch in diameter and four feet high, stuck in the ground at thirty yards' distance. Mrs. Frenz also hit the wand.

Ladies' handicap national for a teak wood arrow box, presented by E. W. Frenz, resulted in a victory for Mrs. G. P. Bryant with a score of 310.

The gentlemen's handicap American for a painting of "Robin Hood," painted and presented by Vesper L. George, was won by Wallace Bryant with a score of 672.

The A. G. Spalding medal for most golds (bullseyes) at the National Round was won by Miss Florence M. Patrick, of Wellesley College, with 11 golds.

The A. G. Spalding medal for most golds at the York round was won by G. P. Bryant with 22 golds.

The range medals, champions barred and prior range winners barred, resulted as follows:

Ladies.		
60yds. Miss F. M. Patrick.....	57	263
50yds. Miss J. V. Sullivan.....	42	226
40yds. Miss M. A. Brownell.....	46	242
30yds. Mrs. E. W. Frenz.....	45	229
Men.		
100yds. W. H. Wills.....	81	333
80yds. H. B. Richardson.....	80	354
60yds. R. P. Elmer.....	43	227
50yds. H. S. Taylor.....	57	333
46yds. H. L. Walker.....	57	345

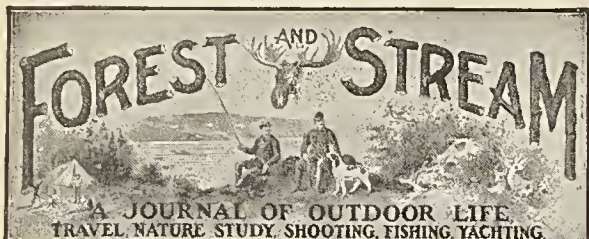
The Christian Science Monitor Silver Shield for most hits in combined double Columbia and National rounds, was won by Mrs. Witwer Taylor with 243 hits. This trophy is to be shot for four years more, and the highest score at any year's meeting is to win it permanently.

Havens' special prizes on American round for archers not shooting the York, were won by Dr. Edward B. Weston, of Chicago, and H. I. Cole, of New Hampshire, the only archers so qualifying.

Havens' specials for the three leading total scores among the ladies were won by Mrs. Witwer Taylor, Miss J. V. Sullivan and Miss Mary A. Brownell.

The Chicago Archery Club silver cup, shot for for the first time, and to go to the man making most hits at the combined double American, double York and team rounds, was won by

(Continued on page 282.)



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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

GAME FARMING.

GAME farming is a comparatively new occupation in the United States. It should be remembered, however, that until a short time ago scientific forestry was practically unknown. Both are destined to play a large part in our economic life, and the former is especially important in its bearing on the cost of living.

The energies of those of our citizens who take an interest in wild things have mostly been expended in exterminating them. In this they have been so successful that during the last twenty years many States have found themselves practically barren of the wild life that once furnished food and a means of healthful recreation to their inhabitants. Obviously something had to be done to remedy this state of affairs. Sportsmen were paying out good money every year for hunting licenses, and it seemed incumbent on the game commissioners to furnish them with something to hunt. Otherwise the office of game commissioner would soon have become a superfluous one.

Accordingly they took a leaf out of Europe's book of experience and started in to raise game. As pheasants had been successfully propagated in the old country for centuries, and had already gained a foothold in Washington and Oregon, they not unnaturally turned to these birds to lead them out of their difficulties. They wanted results, and they had to have them quickly. There was no time for experimenting with our native birds, which might, or might not, thrive in confinement.

The different State farms have had good success with pheasants. In some parts of the country there is now very fair pheasant shooting, but people began to ask why so much money was being expended on foreign birds when we have in our native quail, ruffed grouse and wild turkeys some of the best game birds in the world.

In response to this query, scattered attempts were made at rearing indigenous species, but from the outset they have been beset by serious difficulties. That as yet little understood malady, the quail disease, has killed hundreds of birds hatched in captivity. Ruffed grouse and turkeys have also proved delicate when removed from their natural environment. However, a few people have been notably successful in raising these birds. They have realized that the problem is one which must be approached in the scientific spirit and studied carefully. They remembered that the gamekeepers of Europe belong to a race of gamekeepers, and that the secrets of success in rearing European game birds have been handed down from father to son for hundreds of years. They were not dismayed then because they failed at the beginning, and each year sees more people attacking the problem, a solution of which will make it possible to restock the suitable land, which can be found in every State of the Union to-day, with the birds which were once so plentiful.

FUR SEALS PROTECTED.

SOME years ago Ralph D. Paine, a prominent author, living in Massachusetts, wrote the writer of this for advice as to where he could buy a donkey for his "kids." He said, among other things: "There are no donkeys in Massachusetts; we send them *all* to the Legislature."

Mr. Paine perhaps exaggerated when he said "all," but the handling of game and fish legislation at Washington leads to the conclusion that most States send some donkeys to Congress. Even when useful game legislation is put through it is done by "compromise," as attested in the following news item:

"By a compromise in the Senate and House Committee conferring on the fur seal convention, a close season of five years has been declared. To the committee's agreement Congress has assented. The treaty provides for the suspension, if necessary, to preserve the herd."

It took much labor and explanation on the part of Henry W. Elliott, a well known authority on the fur seal, to convince legislators that a close season is necessary to preserve the herd of which "yearlings," "small pups" and "extra small pups" have become the Government's stock in trade in a herd that once numbered millions of adults.

EXPENSIVE TROPHIES.

THE danger of having too valuable trophies in yacht races was shown in the contention over the Wrigley trophy for speed boats at the recent Chicago carnival. The trophy is said to be worth many thousand dollars, in addition to which a cash prize of \$1,500 was a further inducement. The race was between Baby Reliance II. and Disturber III. The regatta committee awarded the prize and trophy to Baby Reliance II., whereupon her competitor lived up to her name and created a disturbance in the form of an injunction, restraining the yacht committee from awarding the race to Baby Reliance II. Too much prize and too little sportsmanship is the result of Mr. Wrigley's misguided effort to advance speed boat racing. Just wherein lies the fault, and to whom the cup rightfully belonged, has no part in our argument. Every regatta

brings a protest or disqualification, but they generally are amicably settled because the average trophy has no great intrinsic value, and the loser always has a chance to try again against the victor. In this case, however, the inducement was so large as to cause sportsmanship to give way to hard feeling. There should be a limited value placed on cups offered. It is not the amount of silver or gold in the trophy that brings competition from true sportsmen. They will make the same effort for a fifty dollar cup as for a trophy worth \$5,000, for in each case they will go in to win, and the losers will give in gracefully, with an eye for the next opportunity to beat the fellow who beat them. Let us eliminate all cash prizes and offer substantial but not expensive cups and keep the sport of yacht racing the wholesome thing it always has been.

WILD DUCK DISEASE.

DR. JOHN S. BUCKLEY, of the pathological division of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture, has been directed to go to Salt Lake City, Utah, to investigate a mysterious disease in the flock of wild ducks which breed in the marshes surrounding Great Salt Lake. Dr. Buckley, who is in Nebraska, will proceed at once to Utah and begin an investigation of the malady. The attention of the division of pathology was called to the epidemic among the wild ducks by the American Game Protective Association, which has headquarters in New York city. The association called on the Biological Survey for aid in combatting the disease, the Survey enlisting the aid and cooperation of the division of pathology. Dr. A. K. Fisher, of the Biological Survey, estimates that more than two million of wild ducks died in the marshes surrounding the lake during the past year. The disease that almost exterminated the ducks has been diagnosed as coccidiosis, a disease common among domestic fowls of all kinds. An outbreak of the same fatal disease occurred among certain sorts of wild birds in the District of Columbia during last summer, blackbirds or purple grackles apparently being the worst affected.

It was decided by the Biological Survey that the birds contracted the disease by feeding in poultry yards where hens were suffering with coccidiosis. This, however, cannot be assigned as the cause of the epidemic among the wild ducks of Salt Lake. It is reported that the disease is making even greater havoc among the wild ducks this year than in former years, and fears are felt that the breeding flocks may become exterminated if some method of ending the epidemic is not speedily found.

MORE than 50,000 exhibits from the Copper Mine River section and adjacent islands in the arctic ocean will be added to the American Museum of Natural History this winter as the fruit of the Stefansen expedition, now in the North. Mr. Stefansen, who is at Point Barrow, Alaska, telegraphs this week a report of the remarkable success of his quest for natural history specimens which are being packed for shipment via San Francisco where they are expected to arrive early in November.

THURSDAY, AUG. 22.



Atlantic Y. C. Race Week.

AUG. 20 opened the race week at the popular yacht club on the lower bay. Great interest was manifested alike by skipper and piazza squad. The week offers a considerable and varied program of social events and entertainment such as have previously gained an enviable reputation for Commodore Blackton and his committee, Carlos de Zafra, Chairman, Alvan Nickerson and J. Lewis Luckenbach.

Interest to-day centered principally among the larger boats. Joyant and Windward, Class P racers, made up the first division. Windward was the first to turn the mark, closely followed by Joyant. Joyant cut down the lead of Windward. She could not pass her and lost by 1m. 11s. Okee, having no class competitor, raced against two of the new Long Island Sound schooners. Okee was the first home. The Q division had eight entries to race for the \$2,500 Thompson cup. Grayjacket had no great difficulty in scoring the greatest number of points on the leg. On corrected time the Long Island Sound handicap class was taken by Mist, and Blue Hill scored in a similar manner on the Gravesend Bay handicap prize.

Virginia won in Class R and Jade led home the Jewel Class boats. Dodo was the first of the Bayside Birds to finish, and Cyric scored in the S class. The last three divisions are racing for the Lipton cup, and the greatest number of points was scored by Dodo. The Star Class was won by Little Dipper, and Mouse scored its usual victory in the X Class. The scores:

Sloops, Class P—Start, 1:15—Course, 11½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Windward, R. A. Monks.....	3 43 06	2 28 06
Joyant, W. H. Childs.....	3 44 17	2 29 17

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 1:25—Course, 11½ Miles.

Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt.....	3 52 42	2 27 42
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Schoonerettes—Start, 1:25—Course, 11½ Miles.

Moire, C. Cowl.....	4 00 41	2 35 41
Alicia, W. M. Baldwin.....	4 01 54	2 36 54

Mixed Class—Start, 1:25—Course, 11½ Miles.

Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt.....	3 52 42	2 27 42
Moire, C. Cowl.....	4 00 41	2 35 41
Alicia, W. M. Baldwin.....	4 01 54	2 36 54

Racing Subject to Measurements—Sloops, Class G—Start, 1:30—Course, 11½ Miles.

Grayjacket, F. C. Noble.....	3 52 41	2 22 41
Soya, W. A. Barstow.....	3 53 51	2 23 51
Suelew, E. F. Luckenbach.....	3 54 57	2 24 57
Aline, G. Davis.....	3 55 33	2 25 33
Spider, H. Chubb.....	3 55 49	2 25 49
Florence, R. A. Brown.....	3 56 54	2 26 54
Essex, J. L. Mitchell.....	3 59 47	2 29 47
Joy, Le Sauvage and Geer.....	4 02 46	2 32 46

L. I. Sound Handicap Class—Start, 1:35—Course, 11½ Miles.

Alert, R. B. Budd.....	3 56 58	2 21 58
Mist, H. T. Hornidge.....	4 10 20	2 35 20

Corrected time: Mist, 2:21.09; Alert, 2:21.58.

Handicap Class, Gravesend Bay, 2d Div.—Start, 1:40—Course, 12 Miles.

Blue Bill, Zeb Mayhew.....	4 22 22	2 42 22
M. & F., C. Camp.....	4 30 16	2 50 16
Gunda, W. H. Hall.....	4 32 22	2 52 22

Corrected time: Blue Bill, 2:35.45; M. & F., 2:44.09; Gunda, 2:45.45.

Sloops, Class R—Start, 1:40—Course, 12 Miles.

Virginia, C. Shields.....	4 28 01	2 48 01
Hamburg, W. H. Voth.....	4 31 05	2 51 05
Jade, E. S. Willard.....	4 25 10	2 40 10
Catseye, J. F. Adams.....	4 24 10	2 39 10

Jewel Class—Start, 1:45—Course, 12 Miles.

Jade, E. S. Willard.....	4 25 10	2 40 10
Catseye, J. F. Adams.....	4 24 10	2 39 10

Bayside Birds—Start, 1:45—Course, 12 Miles.

Dodo, A. C. Andrews.....	4 22 43	2 37 43
Curlew, C. L. Willard.....	4 26 10	2 41 10
Loon, A. W. Knapp.....	2 28 07	2 43 07
Skylark, W. S. Dayton.....	4 35 08	2 50 08

Sloops, Class S—Start, 1:45—Course, 12 Miles.

Cyric, Dr. C. L. Atkinson.....	4 23 31	2 38 31
M. & F. II., Camp & Marchant.....	4 24 58	2 39 58

Lipton Cup Class—Start, 1:45—Course, 12 Miles.

Dodo, A. C. Andrews.....	4 22 43	2 37 43
Cyric, Dr. C. L. Atkinson.....	4 23 31	2 38 31
Catseye, J. F. Adams.....	4 24 10	2 39 10
F. & M. II., Camp & Marchant.....	4 24 58	2 39 58
Jade, E. S. Willard.....	4 25 10	2 40 10
Curlew, C. L. Willard.....	4 26 10	2 41 10

Loon, A. W. Knapp.....	4 28 07	2 43 07
Skylark, W. S. Dayton.....	4 35 08	2 50 08

Star Class—Start, 1:50—Course, 8 Miles.

Little Dipper, G. Corry.....	3 54 04	2 04 04
Twinkle, J. G. Alley.....	3 55 15	2 05 15
Star Faraway, A. B. Fry.....	3 56 59	2 06 59
Geminii, W. S. Macintosh.....	3 57 05	2 07 05
Mercury, J. S. Halstead.....	3 59 44	2 09 44

Sloops, Class X—Start, 1:55—Course, 8 Miles.

Mouse, R. E. Dingman.....	3 49 11	1 54 11
Merry Widow, Bailey & Bailey.....	3 50 00	1 55 00
Slow Poke, F. L. Durland.....	3 54 20	1 59 20
Skylark, M. A. Howard.....	3 54 59	1 59 59

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21.

Long Island sailors took the majority of cups on the second day of the regatta. The wind was very light. A south-southwest breeze prevailed during most of the day, ending in a thunder squall. As on the opening day only one New York Y. C. thirty showed up, while several other classes were light. The Windward took her second race. Other winners in their classes were: Okee, Alicia, Grayjacket, Alert, Little Dipper, Mouse, Hamburg, Joy, Jade, Blue Bill, M. and F. II. and Curlew. The summary:

Sloops, Class P—Start, 1:15—Course, 11½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Windward, R. A. Monks.....	3 41 57	2 26 57
Joyant, W. H. Childs.....	3 45 10	2 30 10

N. Y. Y. C. Thirties—Start, 1:25—Course, 11½ Miles.

Okee, J. H. Mahlstedt.....	4 04 16	2 39 16
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L. I. Sound Schooners—Start, 1:25—Course, 11½ Miles.

Alicia, W. M. Baldwin.....	4 15 23	2 50 23
Moire, C. Cowl.....	4 17 53	2 52 53

Special Class, Schooners and Sloops—Start, 1:25—Course, 11½ Miles.

Okee, J. H. Mahlstedt.....	4 04 16	2 39 16
Alicia, W. M. Baldwin.....	4 15 23	2 50 23
Moire, C. Cowl.....	4 17 53	2 52 53

Boats racing subject to measurement.

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 1:30—Course, 11½ Miles.

Grayjacket, F. C. Noble.....	3 58 43	2 28 43
Suelew, E. F. Luckenbach.....	4 01 49	2 34 49
Essex, J. L. Mitchell.....	4 08 13	2 38 13
Spider, Hendon Chubb.....	4 09 29	2 39 29
Alice, Gherardi Davis.....	4 09 52	2 39 52
Soya, W. A. Barstow.....	4 10 45	2 40 45

L. I. Sound Handicap Class—Start, 1:35—Course, 11½ Miles.

Alert, R. B. Budd.....	4 04 38	2 29 38
Mist, H. T. Hornidge.....	4 23 45	2 53 45

Corrected times: Alert, 2:29.38; Mist, 2:39.32.

Star Class—Start, 1:50—Course, 8 Miles.

Little Dipper, G. A. Cory.....	4 04 09	2 14 09
Snake, F. Richards.....	4 05 51	2 15 51
Geminii, W. S. Macintosh.....	4 09 39	2 19 39
Star Faraway, A. B. Fry.....	4 10 31	2 20 31
Twinkle, J. G. Alley.....	4 14 01	2 24 01
Mercury, J. S. Halstead.....	4 14 44	2 24 44
Cynosure, H. Ford.....	4 21 03	2 31 03

Gravesend Bay Knockabouts—Start, 1:55—Course, 8 Miles.

Mouse, R. A. Dingman.....	4 09 12	2 14 12
Merry Widow, Bailey & Bailey.....	4 13 42	2 18 42
Skylark, M. A. Howard.....	4 17 48	2 22 48
Slow Poke, F. L. Durland.....	4 24 35	2 29 35

Sloops, Class R—Start, 1:40—Course, 6 Miles.

Hamburg, W. H. Voth.....	4 10 38	2 30 38
Virginia, C. Shields.....	4 16 25	2 36 25

Gravesend Bay Handicap Class—Start, 1:35—Course, 11½ Miles.

Joy, Le Sauvage and Geer.....	4 15 41	2 40 41
Claire, C. W. Van Clief.....	4 16 42	2 41 42

Corrected times: Joy, 2:40.41; Claire, 2:40.54.

Jewel Class—Start, 1:45—Course, 12 Miles.

Jade, E. S. Willard.....	5 10 55	3 25 55
Catseye, J. F. Adams.....	5 24 00	3 39 00

Handicap Class, Gravesend Bay, 2d Div.—Start, 1:40—Course, 12 Miles.

M. & F., C. M. Camp.....	5 20 14	3 40 14
Blue Bill, Zeb Mayhew.....	5 20 15	3 40 15
Dunda, F. H. Hall.....	Did not finish.	

Corrected times: Blue Bill, 3:29.14; M. & F., 3:30.19.

Sloops, Class S—Start, 1:45—Course, 12 Miles.

M. & F. II., Camp and Marchant.....	5 14 10	3 29 10
Cyric, Dr. C. L. Atkinson.....	5 16 09	3 31 09

Bayside Birds—Start, 1:45—Course, 12 Miles.

Curlew, C. L. Willard.....	5 15 14	3 30 14
Skylark, C. Dayton.....	5 15 33	3 30 33
Loon, A. W. Knapp.....	5 15 54	3 30 54
Dodo, A. C. Andrews.....	Did not finish.	

Lipton Cup Class—Start, 1:45—Course, 12 Miles.

Jade, E. S. Willard.....	5 10 55	3 25 55
M. & F. II., Camp and Marchant.....	5 14 10	3 29 10
Curlew, C. L. Willard.....	5 15 14	3 30 14
Skylark, C. Dayton.....	5 15 33	3 30 33
Loon, A. W. Knapp.....	5 15 54	3 30 54
Cyric, Dr. C. L. Atkinson.....	5 16 09	3 31 09
Catseye, J. F. Adams.....	5 24 00	3 39 00
Dodo, A. C. Andrews.....	Did not finish.	

The third day brought the wind-up on serial prize events. Grayjacket, F. C. Noble's wonderful little sloop, won the Thompson cup, Commodore Luckenbach's Suelew being second.

For the Lipton cup there is a slight mix-up. The Bayside Birds may not be eligible, because of their rating. John R. Brophy is to measure the boats. If they are eligible, the cup has been won by Camp's M. and F. II., but if they are ruled out because they exceed the limitations, Dr. C. L. Atkinson takes a second leg with Cyric, which won to-day's race handily with M. and F. II. second, and by finishing first Cyric secures a leg on the Marine and Field cup.

Little Dipper lost to Star Faraway in the Star class, but wins the Vice-Commodore Taylor cup for having scored most points in the series. The summary:

Sloops, Class F—Start, 1:20—Course, 11½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Joyant, W. H. Childs.....	3 20 47	2 00 47
Windward, R. A. Monks.....	3 23 28	2 03 28

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 1:25—Course, 11½ Miles.

Okee, J. H. Mahlstedt.....	3 32 46	2 07 46
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L. I. Sound Schooners—Start, 1:25—Course, 11½ Miles.

Alicia, W. M. Baldwin.....	3 37 52	2 12 52
Moire, C. Cowl.....	3 43 06	2 18 06

Mixed Class, Sloops and Schooners, Start, 1:25—Course, 11½ Miles.

Okee, J. H. Mahlstedt.....	2 32 46	2 07 46
Alicia, W. M. Baldwin.....	3 37 52	2 12 52
Moire, C. Cowl.....	3 43 06	2 18 06

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 1:30—Course, 11½ Miles.

Grayjacket, F. C. Noble.....	3 35 45	2 05 45
Alive, G. Davis.....	3 38 04	2 09 04
Soya, W. A. Barstow.....	3 39 21	2 09 21
Florence, R. A. Brown.....	3 41 04	2 11 04
Suelew, E. F. Luckenbach.....	3 41 55	2 11 55
Essex, J. L. Mitchell.....	3 44 59	2 14 59

L. I. Sound Handicap Class—Start, 1:35—Course, 11½ Miles.

Alert, R. B. Budd.....	3 44 20	2 09 20
Mist, H. T. Hornidge.....	4 02 53	2 27 53

Corrected times: Alert, 2:09.20; Mist, 2:15.36.

Gravesend Bay Handicap Class, 1st Div.—Start, 1:35—Course, 11½ Miles.

Joy, Le Sauvage and Geer.....	3 59 09	2 24 09
Claire, W. C. Van Clief.....	3 59 12	2 24 12

Corrected time: Claire, 2:23.29; Joy, 2:24.09.

Star Class—Start, 1:50—Course, 8 Miles.

Star Faraway, A. B. Fry.....	3 37 01	1 47 01
Little Dipper, G. A. Cory.....	3 41 37	1 51 37
Geminii, W. S. MacIntosh.....	3 42 48	1 52 48
Cynosure, H. Ford.....	3 43 40	1 53 40
Snake, F. Richards.....	3 46 18	1 58 18
Twinkle, J. G. Alley.....	3 52 52	2 02 52
Mercury, J. S. Halsted.....	Did not finish.	

Sloops, Class R—Start, 1:55—Course, 6 Miles.

Virginia, C. Shields.....	3 33 10	1 38 10
Hamburg, W. H. Voth.....	Did not finish.	

Sloops, Class X—Start, 1:55—Course, 8 Miles.

Merry Widow, Bailey and Bailey.....	3 37 22	1 42 22
Mouse, R. A. Ding		

Bayside Birds—Curlew, 9; Loon and Dodo, 8 each; Skylark, 5.
 Vice-Commodore Taylor's cup for Star Class—Little Dipper, 20; Star Faraway, 16; Gemini, 14; Twinkle, 11; Snake, 9; Mercury, 6; Cynosure, 5.
 Class X—Mouse, 14; Merry Widow, 13; Skylark, 8; Slow Poke, 5; Suffragette, 2.
 Lipton cup—M. & F. II., 19; Jade and Cyric, 18 each; Dodo, 14; Curlew, 13; Loon, 11; Catseye, 10; Skylark, 7.

FRIDAY, AUG. 23.

To-day was one to warm the cockles of the racing sailors' heart. A piping wind rattled everything unbattered and kept taut to the breaking point all windward stays. The star event of the day was the race for the Childs trophy, which was won by Grayjacket in Class Q after a tight race with the Camp flyer, M. and F. II., Windward from Larchmont, the defender, finishing last of the six entrants. The Sea and Sound trophy raced for by three Bayside birds and three Bensonhurst dories was won by a bird, Skylark. There was too much weather for the motor speed boats, so they did not race. The day ended, as days should, at 11:59 P. M. after an old-time minstrel show, much appreciated. The summary:

Sea and Sound Race—Start, 2:30—Course, eight Miles.
 Elapsed. Corrected.

Skylark, M. A. Howard.....	1 23 50	1 15 50
Mouse, R. A. Dingman.....	1 26 35	1 18 35
Merry Widow, Bailey and Bailey.....	1 28 49	1 20 49
Curlew, C. L. Willard.....	1 24 02	1 24 02
Loon, A. W. Knapp.....	1 25 59	1 25 59
Dodo, A. C. Andrews.....	1 26 02	1 26 02

Childs Perpetual Challenge Trophy Start, 1:55—Course, 15 Miles.

Joyant, W. H. Childs.....	3 46 59	1 51 59
Windward, R. A. Monks.....	3 47 21	1 52 21
Grayjacket, F. C. Noble.....	3 53 08	1 58 08
Alice, G. Davis.....	3 36 01	2 01 01
M. & F. II., Camp and Marchant ...	4 16 55	2 21 55
Okeo, J. H. Mahlstedt.....	Disabled.	

Corrected times—Grayjacket, 1.47.51; M. & F. II., 1.50.12; Alice, 1.50.44; Joyant, 1.51.59; Windward, 1.52.21.

SATURDAY, AUG. 24.

Edith II., owned by A. C. Smith, won the Atlantic trophy, emblematic of the motor boat championship of Gravesend Bay. Other winners on Saturday were:

Displacement Boats Under 32ft.—Start, 10:00—15 Miles.
 Finish. Elapsed.

Gunfire, Jr., W. J. Brainard.....	10 36 11	0 36 11
Edith II., A. C. Smith.....	10 36 28	0 36 28
Empire, L. J. Luckenbach.....	11 20 58	1 20 58
Gray Hare, A. Haas.....	11 27 17	1 27 17
Vita, Mrs. Paula Blackton.....	Disabled.	

Displacement Boats More than 32ft.—Start, 10:00—15 Miles.
 Esolaine II., John H. Flagler.....11 41 03 0 41 03

Hydroplanes—Start, 11:00—15 Miles.

Gunfire, Jr., W. J. Brainard.....	11 33 38	0 33 38
Edith II., A. C. Smith.....	11 36 41	0 36 41
Muir Maid, P. A. Proal.....	11 38 18	0 38 18
Bug, A. E. Smith.....	Disabled.	

Free-for-all—Start, 12:00—30 Miles.

Gunfire, Jr., W. J. Brainard.....	1 09 00	1 09 00
Bug, A. E. Smith.....	Disabled.	
Edith II., A. E. Smith.....	Disabled.	
Muir Maid, P. A. Proal.....	Disabled.	

Corrected times on Displacement Class under 32ft.: Edith II., 0.36.07; Gunfire, Jr., 0.36.11; Gray Hare, 1.01.58; Empire, 1.02.08.

SUNDAY, AUG. 25.

The best race week thus far credited in the annals of the Atlantic Y. C. is due greatly to Commodore J. Stewart Blackton, which ended to-day with a club run to Prince's Bay for the trophies offered by Commodore G. R. Le Sauvage, Bensonhurst Y. C.; Dr. C. L. Atkinson, Rear Commodore McIntosh, Crescent Athletic Club; Captain Hendon Chubb, Atlantic Y. C.; Captain Sever, Marine and Field Club, and the Atlantic Y. C. The start was made from Prince's Bay at 4:20 o'clock in the afternoon.

Spider was the first of the Q class to finish, but was disqualified for fouling Alice. Cyric had a sail-over in the S division, and Mouse won a similar prize in the X class. On corrected time, the Bensonhurst handicap class was won by La Cubana. Gunda took the second division of the regular Gravesend Bay handicap class. The summary:

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 4:25—Course, 10 Miles.

Suelew, E. F. Luckenbach.....	6 04 27	1 39 27
Alice, G. Davis.....	6 03 48	1 39 58
Spider, Hendon Chubb.....	6 04 20	Disq.

Sloops, Class S—Start, 4:20—Course, 10 Miles.

Cyric, Dr. C. L. Atkinson.....	6 17 00	1 57 00
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Sloops, Class X—Start, 4:20—Course, 10 Miles.

Mouse, R. E. Dingman.....	6 13 20	1 53 20
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Bensonhurst Handicap Class—Start, 4:20—Course, 10 Miles.

Dixie, R. Rummell.....	8 01 52	1 41 52
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Joy, Le Sauvage and Geer.....	6 01 59	1 41 59
La Cubana, J. H. Ives.....	6 06 14	1 46 14
Mouse, R. E. Dingman.....	6 13 20	1 53 20
Cyric, Dr. C. L. Atkinson.....	6 17 00	1 57 00
Wahkan II., Robbins and Bassler ...	6 18 21	1 58 21
Corrected time—La Cubana, 1.37.04; Jay, 1.37.55; Mouse, 1.38.03; Wahkan II., 1.41.02; Dixie, 1.41.52; Cyric, 1.43.46.		

Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Start, 4:20—Course, 10 Miles.

Gunda, W. H. Hall.....	6 14 43	1 54 43
Loafer, H. M. Bullock.....	6 18 23	1 53 23
M. & F., C. M. Camp.....	6 27 17	2 03 17

Corrected time—Gunda, 1.54.09; Loafer, 1.57.14; M. & F., 2.03.17.

Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Aug. 24.—In the second class Osprey got the best of the start, but on going out of the harbor on a beat to the breakwater, Elizabeth overtook and passed her. On the second leg to windward Osprey rounded the second or westerly mark three minutes ahead and increased this steadily on the run home. In the third class Weasel got the advantage of the start, with Amoral and Sumaki following closely. At the southeast mark Weasel led, with Sumaki a close companion, and so on until the run home, when she was overtaken at the Barrel Buoy in the harbor by Sumaki. Arrow got the best start in the 18-foot class, Jane, Tid, Petrel and Privateer following in order. Privateer passed the breakwater in the lead, with Tid a half minute behind. The second leg was a beat to the western buoy. Petrel, Jane and Tid stood offshore to starboard, while Privateer and Arrow stood inshore on the port tack. At this juncture the wind shifted to the west, giving the offshore boats a big lift, Petrel being the best placed. She more than held her own on the run in and finished with a good margin, Jane slipping into second place. Tid protested Jane for alleged fouling near Tenpound Island. In the 15-foot class Oleta led the procession. The summary:

First Class.

Onda, John Greenough.....	1 25 00	1 27 00
Neread, C. S. Lunt.....	1 37 22	1 34 21

Second Class.

Osprey, C. R. Hanson.....	1 47 35	1 46 27
Elizabeth, W. A. Rowe.....	1 56 00	1 56 00

Third Class.

Sumaki, W. K. Harcourt.....	1 58 40	1 58 40
Weasel, E. W. Flyle.....	1 58 50	1 58 50
Amoral, Paul Week.....	2 03 00	1 59 05

18-Footers.

Petrel, R. J. Clelland.....	1 53 30	1 53 30
Jane, T. E. Fassett.....	1 56 00	1 56 00
Tid II., A. G. Leonard.....	1 57 40	1 57 40
Arrow, S. E. Raymond.....	2 09 45	2 09 45
Privateer II., F. W. Pollard.....	Did not finish.	

15-Footers.

Oleta, Jack Raymond.....	1 45 35	1 45 35
Meane, F. G. Hall.....	2 04 57	2 04 57
Lew Lom, Nai Choate.....	2 05 04	2 05 04

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

THE weekly regatta here on Aug. 17 brought out a goodly entry list. The winners were: Cabin class, Elvira; open cat, Siren; open cats, Class D, Joe; open power, Class F, Bill Morrison; open power, Class G, Thistle; semi-speed, So Long.

Cabin Catboats—Start, 11:35—10 Miles.
 Elapsed. Corrected.

Elvira, J. A. Anderson, Jr.....	1 55 00	1 55 00
Virginia, R. Rudolph.....	2 00 00	1 53 33

Open Catboats—Start, 11:40—10 Miles.

Siren, C. Merritt.....	1 44 50	1 42 41
Selfish, W. Smith.....	1 45 15	1 45 15

Open Catboats—Class D—Start, 11:40—10 Miles.

Joe, G. Lafonde.....	1 56 30	1 48 25
Girlie, E. Datzler.....	1 56 00	1 50 24
Alert, E. Esqurol.....	1 55 00	1 55 00

Open Power Boats—Class F—Start, 1:50—16 Miles.

Bill Morrison, H. Hamm.....	1 21 30	1 21 30
Margaret F., C. Faulkner.....	1 28 00	1 26 15
Smarty, L. Golly.....	1 27 45	1 26 43
Ella & Elsie, C. McDonald.....	Did not finish.	

Open Power Boats, Class G—Start, 11:55—16 Miles.

Thistle, E. Bunchard.....	1 40 15	1 40 15
Paul Jones, W. Jones.....	1 53 00	1 53 00
Elsie May, H. Eirman.....	Did not finish.	

Standing Cabin Launches, Class M—Start, 12:05—16 Miles.

Brisk, Yenger & Mathal.....	1 24 15	1 21 15
Maspeth, E. Hayward.....	1 27 00	1 27 00

Semi-speed Class—Start, 12:00—16 Miles.

So Long, A. Humphries.....	1 20 45	1 20 15
Valiant II., J. Sauer.....	1 23 15	1 23 15
Ray, M. Brett.....	Did not finish.	

New York Y. C.

YACHTS that won special prizes in the port-to-port runs during the New York Y. C. cruise and the number won by each are: Elena 3, Istalena 2, Vagrant 2, Rowdy 2, Winsome 2, Irolita 1, Princess 1, Enchantress 1, Cara Mia 1, Phantom 1, Shimna 1, Dorello II. 1, Miladi 1. The scores:

Schooners—Class B.

Elena.....	3	1	1	14
Enchantress.....	1	1	1	8
Irolita.....	1	3	1	12
Sea Fox.....	2	4

Schooners—Class D.

Taormina.....	2	..	3	9
Muriel.....	2	..	1	15
Princess.....	1	3	1	12

Schooners—Class F.

Vagrant.....	3	2	..	9
Miladi.....	2	2	..	6
Margaret.....	1	2
Verona.....	1	1

Sloops—Class K.

Istalena.....	2	1	2	10
Winsome.....	2	..	3	9
Aurora.....	1	4	..	11

Sloops—Class L.

Shimna.....	3	2	..	7
Avenger.....	2	3	..	8

Sloops—Class M.

Medora.....	3	2	..	20
Dorello II.....	2	3	..	19
Gardenia.....	3	11
Adventure.....	2	8
Phantom.....	1	5
Hermes.....	1

Sloops—Class P.

Joyant.....	3	..	2	12
Cara Mia.....	1	1	..	8
Corinthian.....	1	..	1	7
Windward.....	..	3	..	9

New York Yacht Club Thirties.

Rowdy.....	4	27½
Alera.....	1	18
Phryne.....	..	4	..	23½
Juanita.....	3	16
Panzai.....	12
Miriam.....	5

Schoonerettes.

Algol.....	1	12
Rival.....	1	10
Helen II.....	..	1	..	6
Alys II.....	1	1	..	12
Moir.....	2	11
Alicia.....	..	1	..	8
Vandalia.....	1	11

Seawanhaka Boat Club.

THE 15-mile annual power boat race held on Flushing Bay, Long Island Sound, Aug. 17, was won by F. Teves' Ethel May. The scores:

Annual Power Boat Race—15 Miles—Triangular Course.
 Elapsed.

Ethel May, F. Teves.....	2 26 00	2 26 00
Georgia, A. A. Novoy.....	2 31 04	2 31 04
Madeline, A. A. Lee.....	2 32 02	2 32 02
Willie, J. Effer.....	2 36 00	2 36 00
Anita, N. Geronimo.....	3 01 00	3 01 00
*Bertha V., C. Velt.....	2 02 00	2 02 00
*Albert, E. Peterson.....	2 27 00	2 27 00
Idle Hour, M. Violct.....	Did not finish.	

*Disqualified; time better than 5 per cent. more than handicap trial.

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY, Mass., Aug. 24.—Three of the Class D boats of the Quincy Y. C. held an exciting race this afternoon over the club's seven-mile course. Yarita defeated Polaris by nearly 1m., elapsed time, and Alpha by nearly 2m. All of the boats were sailed by youngsters. The summary:

Elapsed. Corrected.

Yarita, Holbrook Ayer.....	1 07 22	1 06 18
Polaris, W. B. Vose.....	1 08 08	1 06 50
Alpha, Edmund Whittemore.....	1 09 12	1 07 16

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Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARDS BAY, Aug. 24.—A strong north-west wind, shifting to west and to southwest, gave the Beverly Y. C. plenty of sport to-day. In the 21-foot class, Skate scored her fifth win of the year. Commodore Eustis' boat beat Saracen, her nearest competitor, by over 3½m. D. L. Whittemore's Foraminifer, the 21-foot class leader, broke her gaff and finished third. Phantom protested Foraminifer for fouling at one of the club buoys, and Saracen protested the Whittemore boat, claiming that her sails were over size. A mixup transpired in the Crane and Herreshoff classes. Course 19, which was assigned to these two classes, had to be changed because of the shifting of buoys by the Cape Cod Canal Company. Before the race notices were posted in the club house, calling attention to the changes made necessary by the work of the canal company, and Judge David Rice also announced them from the judges' stand.

The Crane boats and two of the Herreshoff 15-footers went wrong, however. As all of the Crane boats made the same mistake, the race in that class was allowed to stand, and Lestris, owned by Miss Priscilla Crane, won again. This was the most evenly contested race of the day, there being only about two minutes difference in the time of the first and last boat in the class. The two boats first home in the 15-foot class were Uarda and Tinker, which were right behind the Crane boats. It developed that these two had followed the Crane class over the wrong course, while the rest of the Herreshoffs had gone where the judges had sent them. As a result both Uarda and Tinker were disqualified and the race was given to Pronto, with Endeavor second and Vim third. The summary:

21-Foot Class.

	Elapsed.
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	1 49 50
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	1 53 29
Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore....	1 53 31
Terrapin, F. L. and G. B. Dabney.....	2 05 50
Phantom, F. W. Sargent	2 06 11

Sonder Class.

Seacoon, J. Lewis Stackpole.....	1 56 00
Peg, Galen I. Stone	1 58 47
Sally VIII., C. E. Hellier	2 00 09
Pin, Howard Stockton, Jr.....	2 06 55
Joyette, J. C. Edwards	2 10 15

Crane, One-Design.

Lestris, Miss Priscilla Crane	1 17 39
Pam, Miss Nanny Lionburger	1 18 19
Water Witch, Miss Isabel Coolidge.....	1 19 14
Pioneer, F. R. Austin	1 19 25
Charmion, Joshua Crane, Jr.....	1 19 45

Herreshoff, 15-foot Class.

Pronto, Miss Esther Hosmer	1 32 03
Endeavor, Gardner H. Fiske.....	1 35 34
Vim, Miss Eunice Taylor	1 39 09
Fly, Miss Margaret Slocum	1 39 33
*Varda, John Parkinson, Jr.....	Disqualified.
*Tinker, R. W. Emmons, 3d.....	Disqualified.

*Sailed wrong course.

Lynn Y. C.

LYNN, Mass., Aug. 24.—The annual open regatta of the Lynn Y. C. drew a big entry list and proved eminently successful. There was a breeze of fifteen miles an hour from west-southwest. In the Class P 31-raters for the Lipton cup of Massachusetts Bay, Amoret, owned by Commodore Wheelock, of the Corinthian Y. C., got a better start, but Italia, George Lee, owner, now leading the class in percentage, was close on her stern, with Vernon F. West's Sayonara overlapping. As the boats came to the line, there was not a length difference between the first and last boat. Amoret crossed the line first and Italia and Sayonara crossing exactly together, so far as the judges could see. The summary:

Class P, 31-Raters.

	Elapsed.
Amoret, H. S. Wheelock	1 40 55
*Italia, George Lee	1 40 56
*Sayonara, V. F. West	1 40 56

*Tied for second place.

Bar Harbor 30-footers.

Edjako, S. E. Raymond	1 46 04
Leenane, E. T. Connelly	1 48 07
Cricket, H. B. Whittier	1 48 19

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
*Meemer, J. T. Cavanagh	1 43 41	1 16 56

Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	1 49 39	1 17 58
Virginia, Joy and Patterson	1 49 37	1 20 26
Flirt, J. A. Dykman	1 54 39	1 24 18
Mignon, A. E. Coupal	1 57 54	1 29 20
Chewink III., Frizzell & Swenson....	1 51 59	1 30 29
Marie L., A. W. Finlay	2 06 12	1 34 47
Areyto, E. F. Drew	Withdrew.	

*Protested by Flirt for fouling, not decided.

Class B.

Olivia, Hollis Burgess	1 55 40	1 20 30
Sintram, O. L. Brambach	2 00 45	1 25 16
Quakeress, J. W. Damerall, Jr.	2 00 39	1 26 27
Winona, R. J. Murphy	2 02 52	1 26 31
Pirate, R. S. Landers	2 06 49	1 31 20

Class C.

Eleanor, W. L. Jefferson	1 52 48	1 21 34
H. Lindsey, Power & McCarthy	1 46 10	1 23 19
Violet, H. J. McKee	1 30 25	1 27 45

Class S.

Maritza II., C. H. Porter	1 11 50	0 49 53
Winniahdin, J. Spratt.....	1 14 00	0 51 41
Zoe, F. J. Stewart	1 20 40	0 56 58
Wawenock, G. W. Sargent.....	Disabled.	

Class II.

Marion III., R. C. Goudey	1 13 43	1 09 56
Tiger, G. E. Carroll	1 10 57	1 10 57
Idalia, D. M. Wiseley.....	1 15 15	1 11 30
Thordis, F. A. BuBrsler	1 15 40	1 11 55
Dorsyl, S. L. Gookin	1 16 22	1 12 37
Sinbad, Ralph Packard	1 21 41	1 13 11
Sentinel, Munroe Bros.....	1 19 47	1 15 47

Class D, Catboats.

Clara, H. W. Robbins	1 18 08	1 17 42
*Iris, F. F. Crane	1 18 42	1 18 42
Dartwell, I. M. Whittemore	1 22 32	1 22 28

Class I, 18-footers.

	Elapsed.
Scaler, E. W. Murphy	1 19 09
Cheroot, R. S. Mendrie	1 19 53
Moslem II., H. N. Bloomfield	1 19 55
Dorchen II., A. W. Finlay	1 20 35
Louise, A. E. Whittemore	1 20 42
Reina, W. P. Karshick	1 22 35

Class X, Dorics.

Barbara, J. J. Blaney.....	1 25 11
Terror II., C. H. Sass.....	1 27 09
Ko Ka, I. O. Watts	1 27 10
Sunny Jim, Sidney Doane	1 27 27
Elizabeth F., L. H. Brown	1 28 47
Naiad, Franson & Gillis	1 28 52
Pointer III., J. H. Farrell	1 31 23
Zuzu, C. H. Martin.....	1 33 49

Cabin Power Boats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gertrude, J. J. Tobin	1 02 15	0 51 30
C U Later, M. Schaffner	1 10 37	0 57 52
Lillian M., F. Maliff	1 13 40	1 02 55

Open Power Boats.

Pegasus, L. R. Cogswell.....	0 23 50	0 21 50
Stuart Co., John Stuart	0 45 55	0 40 55
Spark, Walter Kelley	1 02 34	0 43 34
Anabel, J. Farrell	1 22 49	0 49 49

*Dartwell protests Iris for fouling.

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, Mass., Aug. 24.—The Duxbury Y. C. sailed a race to-day before a fair west wind around the bay. Again, in the 18-foot class, had the best of the race all the way around and Wilhelmina, of the 15-footers, won by 4m. The summary:

18-Foot Class.

	Elapsed.
Again, L. B. Goodspeed	1 45 23
Osprey, A. R. Train	1 46 16
Aspinquid, M. Smith	1 50 15
Croatian, W. H. Potter	1 53 32
Answer, Brewer	1 55 15

15-Foot Class.

Wilhelmina, K. Hutchins	1 48 16
Kit, E. Ellerson	1 52 43
Elizabeth, Thomas Weston, Jr.....	1 53 14
Petrel, E. R. Benedict, Jr.....	1 53 23
Grechen, B. Harwood	1 53 53
Merlin, G. W. Benedict	1 54 06
Virginia, W. Winslow	1 55 21
Curlew, C. M. Rogerson	1 56 18
Thistle, W. Sheddon	1 56 33

Manchester Y. C.

MANCHESTER, Mass., Aug. 24.—Eleven one-design boats of the Manchester Y. C. were out for the weekly race. Ketchup was the winner for the first time this season. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Ketchup, George and Everett Fabyan	1 34 20
Clarise, John Caswell, Jr.	1 41 39
Kiowa, J. J. Jeffries	1 43 15
Bluegrass, D. O'Hara	1 44 15
Gnat, O. Ames	1 45 13
Minx, H. S. Grew.....	1 45 55
Hiccough, Edith Fabyan	1 46 55
Teal, Billie Dexter	1 47 37
Shad, Mason Sears	1 47 46
Ruth, R. T. Paine, 2d.....	1 48 16
Quak, Francis Motley	1 56 53

Boston Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., Aug. 24.—The Boston Y. C. closed its racing season to-day with a club race in which seventeen boats entered in three classes. In the first special class Norma sailed alone. In the second special class Chevy Chase won. Twelve boats entered in the Marblehead 17-footer class, Moslem III. finishing first. The summary:

First Special Class.

Norma II., A. McInnis	Elapsed.
	2 23 46

Marblehead 17-footers.

Moslem III., B. D. Barker	1 27 22
Squaw, G. S. Lawrence.....	1 29 01
Scarab, Caleb Loring	1 29 30
Daffy Dill, H. M. Sears	1 29 53
Orissa, George Atkinson, Jr.....	1 32 38
Dormirick, F. E. Peabody	1 32 50
Crocodile II., Edgar Crocker	1 33 13
Skiddewink, E. W. Clark	1 33 52
Jay Jay, J. J. Storrow	1 33 53
Lolita, C. H. W. Foster	1 34 20
Constance, George Lee	1 34 42
Atlanta, R. E. Stone	1 38 12

Second Special Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chevy Chase, W. Kelly	2 19 49	2 19 49
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead	2 38 38	2 23 17
Idol, Kimball & Van Pelt	2 26 42	2 25 05
Jansie, L. B. Lippett	Withdrew.	

Narragansett Bay Y. R. A.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 24.—The race week of the Narragansett Bay Y. R. A. ended this afternoon with the regatta under the auspices of the Newport Y. C.

Evelyn, in Class N, Mblem in Class D, and Yvonne, in the power boat class, sailed over the course alone. Dorothy beat Arrow by 5s. Swan won in Class S and Columbia in Class Q. The summary:

Class N—Start, 2:45.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Evelyn, H. E. Kimball	4 41 20	1 56 20

Class Q—Start, 2:51.

Columbia, C. E. Wood	5 16 50	2 25 50
Quakeress, George Emmons.....	5 23 55	2 32 55
Cazelle, J. H. Stone.....	Did not finish.	

Class D—Start, 2:45.

Mblem, J. H. Caton	5 39 05	2 45 05
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Class S—Start, 3:21.

Swan, L. G. Mason	4 38 10	1 17 10
P. D. Q., Dyer	4 47 40	1 26 40

Class I—Start, 3:00.

Dorothy, W. D. Wood	5 19 10	2 19 10
Arrow 2d, B. C. Hirst, Jr.....	5 19 15	2 19 15
Amore, J. W. Borden	5 24 15	2 24 15
Mouse, M. Possner	5 26 37	2 26 37
Wanderer VI., H. J. Flint	5 31 38	2 31 38
Bat, J. H. Caton.....	5 32 05	2 32 05

Power Class—Start, 3:14.

Yvonne, F. W. Townsend	4 09 00	0 54 40
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Warwick Neck Regatta.

RED RAVEN again won the Warwick Neck one-design class race off Nayatt Point last Saturday afternoon. Marie was second, a quarter of a minute behind. The summary:

	Start, 2:55:	Finish.
Red Raven, Thurber Brothers.....	4 00 50	4 01 05
Marie, I. B. Merriman	4 01 05	4 01 05
Arrow, Gordon Read	4 01 05	4 01 05
Snap, K. Wood	4 02 19	4 02 19
Ace, P. Nicholson	4 03 20	4 03 20
Elf, P. Richmond	4 03 32	4 03 32
Imp, J. C. McCoy	4 04 48	4 04 48
Orneon, G. Smith	4 05 50	4 05 50
Jane, H. D. Sharp	4 15 27	4 15 27

Spider Wins Dory Race.

NAHANT, Mass., Aug. 24.—The bug boats in the Nahant Dory Club raced off the steamboat landing this afternoon in a stiff wind. Spider won the leg and Woggleberg finished second. Weivell fouling a stake, withdrew. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Spider, T. Motley	1 07 30
Woggleberg, Dave Sigourney	1 08 00
Bambino, J. S. Lovering	1 08 15
Bugaboo, Nelson Whitney	1 09 00
Humbog, J. H. Foster	1 09 32
Brownie III., S. E. Guild	1 10 00
Grayling, F. Gray	1 10 50



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 4-5.—Wellington Mass.—Paleface G. C. merchandise shoot. Charles F. Mardin, Sec'y-Treas.
Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. Arthur Gambell, Supt.
Sept. 14.—Greenwich (Conn.) G. C. all day shoot. J. H. Finch, Capt.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

Sept. 2.—Hammond (Ind.) G. C. J. C. Becker, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Ft. Collins (Colo.) Shooting Club. Jos. Garst, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Tower City, Pa.—Sheridan G. C. W. E. Daub, Mgr.
Sept. 2.—Ogdensburg (N. Y.) S. A. J. M. Morley, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Western Connecticut T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Sea Side G. C. Earl R. Lewis, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Lima (O.) G. C. A. W. Fisk, Pres.
Sept. 2-3.—Fayette, Mo.—Afro-American Trapshooters' League Grand Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia State tournament, under auspices of Lynchburg G. C. W. R. Winfree, Sec'y, 1008 Main St., Lynchburg, Va.
Sept. 3.—Celina (O.) G. C. Geo. Kistler, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Bucklin (Mo.) G. C. Ed. Herriman, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Holdredge (Neb.) G. C. Thos. Hufford, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—London (O.) G. C. H. L. Hildinger, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-6.—Cumberland (Md.) G. C. F. Billmeyer, Sec'y.
Sept. 6.—Mechanicsburg (O.) G. C. tournament.
Sept. 10.—McKeesport, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Youghiohony Country Club. R. J. Caughey, Sec'y.
Sept. 10-11.—Caro (Mich.) S. A. F. W. Bowles, Sec'y.
Sept. 10-13.—Denver, Colo.—Rocky Mountain Interstate Sportsmen's Association; \$5,000 added money. Ambrose E. McKenzie, Mgr.
Sept. 11.—Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club. Jay Clark, Jr., Sec'y.
Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. A. B. Heyl, Pres.
Sept. 13-14.—Beverly, Mass.—Massachusetts State tournament, under auspices of Massachusetts State T. S. A. F. E. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.
Sept. 16-17.—Evansville, Ind.—Indiana State tournament, under the auspices of the Recreation G. C. Geo. A. Beard, Cor. Sec'y.
Sept. 17.—Huntingdon, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Alexandria G. C. L. M. Hagerty, Sec'y, Alexandria, Pa.
Sept. 17-18.—Brookfield, Mo.—Linn County G. C. Ed. Barton, Sec'y.
Sept. 17-20.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Westy Hogans of America tournament. Bernard Elsesser, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-19.—Bloomington, Ill.—McLean County G. C. C. A. McDermand, Pres.
Sept. 19.—Springfield (O.) G. C. Harry C. Downey, Sec.
Sept. 20.—Sangerfield (N. Y.) Country Club. R. H. Terry, Sec'y.
Sept. 23-24.—Lewiston (Idaho) G. C. P. T. Lomax, Sec'y.
Sept. 25.—Mt. Kisco (N. Y.) G. C. A. Betti, Sec'y.
Sept. 25.—Guernsey (Ia.) G. C. J. W. Dobbins, Pres.
Sept. 26-27.—Baltimore, Md.—West Forest Park G. C. Richard L. Collins, Sec'y.
Sept. 26-27.—Capron (Ill.) G. C. Alex. Vance, Sec'y.
Sept. 27.—Saginaw (Mich.) Canoe Club. T. A. Saylor, Sec'y.
Oct. 1-2.—Omaha (Neb.) G. C. F. T. Lovering, Sec'y.
Oct. 2.—Piedmont (W. Va.) G. C. G. N. Hoover, Sec.
Oct. 3.—Wapakoneta (O.) G. C. Chas. E. Zint, Sec'y.
Oct. 3.—Elkton (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worington, Mgr.
Oct. 5.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Meadow Spring G. C. Wm. F. Letford, Sec'y.
Oct. 8-10.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. Jos. Kautzky, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. Geo. Alig, Jr., Sec'y.
Post-Season tournament, on the grounds of the Cincinnati G. C.; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Oct. 15-18.—Cincinnati, O.—The Interstate Association's
Oct. 16.—Rising Sun (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Vice-Pres.
Oct. 16-17.—Tarboro (N. C.) G. C. R. E. L. Cook, Mgr.
Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
Oct. 22-23.—Scammon (Kans.) G. C. C. R. Ouarton, Sec'y.
Oct. 22-23.—Demopolis, Ala.—Demopolis Gun Club. W. C. Du Fue, Sec'y.
Oct. 30.—Medford (Okla.) G. C. Dr. I. V. Hardy, Sec'y.

1913.

Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

In the absence of Mr. L. D. Hill, secretary of the gun section of the Siwanoy Country Club, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Mr. G. L. Yates sends us the following fixtures of shoots: "Monday, Sept. 2 (Labor Day), practice 9:30 A. M.; competition 10:30 A. M. Saturday, Sept. 14, regular shoot at 2:00 P. M. Saturday, Sept. 28, regular shoot at 2:00 P. M. Oct. 12 (Columbus Day), practice 1:30 P. M.; competition 2:30 P. M. Oct. 26, regular shoot, at 2:00 P. M. Tuesday, Nov. 5 (Election

Day), practice 9:30 A. M.; competition 10:30 A. M. Saturday, Nov. 16, regular shoot at 2:00 P. M. Thursday, Nov. 28 (Thanksgiving Day), practice 9:30 A. M.; competition 10:30 A. M. Saturday, Dec. 14, regular shoot at 2:00 P. M. Wednesday, Dec. 25 (Christmas Day), practice 9:30 A. M.; competition 10:30 A. M. Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1913 (New Year's Day), practice, 9:30 A. M.; competition 10:30 A. M. Saturday, Jan. 18, 1913, regular shoot at 2:00 P. M. Saturday, Feb. 1, regular shoot at 2:00 P. M. Wednesday, Feb. 12 (Lincoln's Birthday), practice 9:30 A. M.; competition 10:30 A. M. Saturday, Feb. 22 (Washington's Birthday), practice 9:30 A. M.; competition 10:30 A. M."

W. G. BEECROFT.

Rochester Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 20.—For a first-timer the tournament held here to-day was remarkably successful. We had a good attendance, with many prominent shooters among those present. R. C. Kershner took high gun honors with 105 out of 115. There were three ties for place. A. C. Skutt, Jay D. Green and J. De Bee, each cracking 104. Mrs. Belknap took part and made 68 out of 115. Sim Glover and Harry Stevens each got 110 out of 115. The officers of the club who so successfully handled the shoot are: R. C. Kershner, President; Thos. F. Adkin, Vice-President; M. E. Wile, Secretary and Treasurer; Dr. J. L. Weller, Field Captain; Harry F. Gibson, Field Secretary. Scores:

R C Kershner..... 105	B B Wood..... 95
A C Skutt..... 104	G M Phillips..... 93
J D Green..... 104	W E Hookway..... 92
J de Bee..... 104	L P Evans..... 92
S H Loomis..... 103	C J Dalley..... 92
R G Wheeler..... 102	E A Wadsworth..... 92
C L Frantz..... 102	J N Bates, Jr..... 91
T E Clay..... 100	C Brown..... 91
Marcellus..... 100	J C Crandall..... 90
A R Miller..... 99	Fowler..... 88
G Burgman..... 99	F S Kinney..... 87
H W Smith..... 99	G Parsons..... 87
W W Vanderhoof..... 99	C S Clark..... 86
Broderick..... 98	Carey..... 86
G S Nichols..... 98	H B Blackner..... 81
C C Snook..... 98	Hunter..... 81
T F Adkin..... 97	Dr Weller..... 81
F P Hopkins..... 97	S Potter..... 70
King..... 96	Mrs Belknap..... 68
Lamphere..... 96	A Cassal..... 67
H Harrison..... 95	

Professionals:
H H Stevens..... 110 Geo H Hassam..... 103
Sim Glover..... 110

Canandaigua Sportsmen's Association.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 27.—The usual old guard was on hand to-day to carry out the scheduled shoot of the Canandaigua Sportsmen's Club. Kibbe was high gun on actual targets broken, and Stoddard second. Stoddard, Kibbe and Van Wormer were tied with perfect scores, including their handicaps, and shot off at 10 targets, resulting in Stoddard 9, silver spoon; Kibbe 8, cut-glass dish, and Van Wormer 7, Nyoil. Stoddard also won the Stevens gold watch fob trophy with 177 out of 200; Van Wormer scored 176.

Mason defended his championship successfully against Kibbe, 44 to 39. Two more shooting days, Sept. 6 and 20, will finish the season, comprising 600 targets. The first prize, a china vase, is conceded to Stoddard, who maintains an 80 per cent. pace, but the competition for the four other china prizes is close. Mason stands 73 per cent., Soule 69, Kibbe 68, and Eiseline 65.

The scores made yesterday follow:

	H. T.		H. T.
Stoddard..... 11	50	Eiseline..... 0	37
Kibbe..... 10	50	Stoddard..... 0	32
Van Wormer..... 15	50	Eiseline..... 0	14
Mason..... 11	47	Van Wormer..... 0	13
Eiseline..... 13	41		

Norfolk-Portsmouth Gun Club

THE following scores were made at our regular weekly shoot on Aug. 15. The attendance was small owing to a number of the members being out of town. Gallagher and Davis tied for first place with 45 out of 50 in the club shoot of 50 targets per man. Dr. Byrd made the best score with 87 out of 100:

	Shot at, Broke		Shot at, Broke
Dr Byrd..... 100	87	Talbot..... 100	73
Davis..... 100	83	Edmonds..... 50	41
Borrowdale..... 100	82	Gallagher..... 50	45
Capt Thompson..... 75	62		

PORTSMOUTH, Va., Aug. 23.—There was an awfully strong wind blowing yesterday afternoon, and the targets did some queer stunts. Good scores were at a premium. Dr. Corbell was high man in the club shoot with 46 out of 50, which was the best of the afternoon. The scores: Dr. Corbell 46, Dr. Byrd 42, Richardson 42, Talbot 41, Gallagher 41, Davis 39, Borrowdale 38, Edmonds 36, Winchester 35, Thompson 32, Wiggins 31.

W. T. E., Sec'y.

Chicago Interurban League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 19.—The fifth shoot of the Chicago Interurban League of Gun Clubs took place on the grounds of the South Chicago Gun Club, Aug. 18. The day being very sultry cut the attendance down, without a doubt, as it was fully expected there would be one hundred shooters in attendance; but then seventy-nine shooters is not so bad—that has been about the average attendance at the league shoots.

The fight for first place promised to be interesting, and no one present was disappointed. The Chicago Gun Club and Long Lake Club were tied with 24 points each, and the finish of this shoot found the two clubs tied with 232 each. On the shoot-off Chicago got 115 and Long Lake 112, giving Chicago first place for the day. South Chicago landed third place with 230, only 2 targets behind. The National scored 227, South Shore 217, Hammond 208, Arlington Heights 205.

The high individual score was made by C. E. Shaw, E. Silver, G. Hausler, Dr. Carson, C. Hoix, each breaking 48.

The shoot was well run off, the South Chicago Club having all arrangements in perfect running order.

The standing of the league to date is as follows:

	Points.		Points.
Chicago..... 31		South Shore..... 15	
Long Lake..... 30		Hammond..... 11	
National..... 24		Arlington Heights..... 4	
South Chicago..... 24			

The next league shoot will be held on the grounds of the Long Lake Gun Club, and the date has been changed from the scheduled date of Sept. 15 to Sept. 29. Full announcement will be made later. Scores follow:

Chicago G. C.		South Shore G. C.	
J Young..... 46		W E Phillips..... 41	
D Thomas..... 45		Dr Carson..... 48	
J Barto..... 45		C Antoine..... 41	
C E Shaw..... 48		Ben Donnelly..... 39	
E Silver..... 48-232		C Hoix..... 48-217	
Long Lake G. C.		Hammond G. C.	
J Graham..... 46		J Humpter..... 44	
F Stanton..... 47		Vestermaker..... 43	
R McDermott..... 47		J C Becker..... 43	
G McDermott..... 47		V Prokers..... 40	
P J Graham..... 45-232		P Warninont..... 38-208	
South Chicago G. C.		Arlington H'ts G. C.	
G Hausler..... 48		W Tesh..... 41	
C Emery..... 46		H Martin..... 39	
J Nerrbeiser..... 44		J Proctor..... 43	
D Stanton..... 46		F Smith..... 40	
E Hausler..... 46-230		H Hintz..... 42-205	
National G. C.		Professionals.	
B B Cook..... 47		Fred Bills..... 42	
B L Kammerer..... 44		Kirkwood..... 46	
C W May..... 47		E Graham..... 48	
J Schultz..... 44		R Clancy..... 40-176	
L M White..... 45-227			
Shoot-off:		Long Lake G. C.	
Chicago G. C.		J Graham..... 23	
J Young..... 24		F Stanton..... 23	
D Thomas..... 23		R McDermott..... 19	
J Barto..... 21		G McDermott..... 23	
C E Shaw..... 24		P J Graham..... 24-112	
E Silver..... 23-115			
		E. B. SHOGREN, Sec'y-Treas.	

North Side Gun Club.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 19.—In spite of the threatening weather, quite a number of the boys turned out for the monthly handicap tournament at the North Side Gun Club. The schedule called for 100 targets, but before running off half of the events a continued heavy rain set in, making it impossible to complete the balance of the schedule.

From Sept. 1 until Dec. 1 the club will shut down, so as to give the boys ample opportunity to take advantage of the open season for game. Chas. Groffy and Otto Imse tied for high honors in the tournament, both breaking 40 out of a possible 50. Frank Heiden was a close second with 39. Ernst Reichel tied A. Piepenhagen with 38 out of 50, the former trying out a new \$150 trap gun, with which he expects to clean up everything in sight, after becoming accustomed to the gun.

In a sweepstake before the tournament at the 16yd. line, Chas. Groffy, A. Piepenhagen and Geo. Obenberger tied with 24 out of 25. Scores follow:

In the 25-target sweepstake, all at 16yds., the scores were: C. Groffy 24, A. Piepenhagen 24, G. Himmelstein 22, G. Funnekus 23, G. Obenberger 24, E. A. Gies 23, O. Imse 22, M. Pretzel 21, B. Thien 20, H. Bierhmann 13, F. Heiden 22, G. Sell 19, E. Reichel 21, W. Radue 18, R. Hohnbach 16, E. Bruhy 19.

The scores in the regular events follow:

	Shot at, Broke		Shot at, Broke
C Groffy, 20..... 50	40	E Bruhy, 16..... 50	37
Piepenh'n, 20..... 50	38	A Strehlow, 16..... 25	10
Him'lstein, 20..... 50	34	G O Franke, 16..... 25	14
G Funnekus, 20..... 50	37	Clark, 16..... 35	19
Obenberger, 20..... 50	32	Wellach, 16..... 35	20
E A Gies, 20..... 50	37	Ruehn, 16..... 35	20
O Imse, 18..... 50	40	Huebschen, 16..... 35	20
M Poetzel, 18..... 50	34	Dietrich, 16..... 35	13
J Regner, 18..... 50	29	Wulf, 16..... 35	22
B Thien, 18..... 50	27	Engles, 16..... 35	14
Bierhman, 18..... 50	27	Dr Cohn, 16..... 25	11
F Heiden, 18..... 50	39	E Shoesson, 16..... 35	24
E Sell, 16..... 50	32	W Birnschein, 16..... 35	21
E Reichel, 16..... 50	38	C Lindner, 16..... 35	18
W Raduc, 16..... 50	29	A Krause, 18..... 25	19
F Zass, 16..... 50	37	F Bark, 16..... 25	16
J Mierswa, 16..... 50	28	C Lubenow, 18..... 25	17
W Lehnhoff, 16..... 50	28	Graber, 16..... 10	5
R Hohnbach, 16..... 50	32		

E. C. Cup Match.

THE match for the E. C. cup between J. S. Day, of Cincinnati, O., and H. D. Freeman, of Atlanta, Ga., was held on the Cincinnati Gun Club grounds on Aug. 24. The arrangements were perfect, and barring a slight delay, caused by the breaking of the pulling lever of the trap, not a hitch occurred during the afternoon. The match was witnessed by a large crowd, which included many ladies. Many of the old-timers were on hand, among them Jay Bee, whose name used to appear regularly in all shoots of the club, but who has not indulged in the sport for several years. The weather was ideal, not a breath of wind, and good light. C. O. Le Compte was referee and H. R. Irwin, of Fort Thomas, Ky., and Capt. George Dameron, of Bellevue, Ky., looked out for the interests of Day and Freeman respectively. R. Davies, the club secretary, worked the trap indicator and pulled the traps, in the round at expert rules. Before the match began there was considerable practice shooting indulged in by those who had come over to see the big event. At 2:55 the two contestants took their places for the round at 100 targets, unknown angles. Both men were in fine form, and the race was a close one, hotly contested to the finish. Freeman started the ball rolling, and after missing his sixth target made a run of 63 straight, missing his 75th target, and then his 82d, going out with 97. Day was never in better form than in this leg of the match. His first 80 targets were pulverized, and everyone looked for a straight score from him, but he let the 81st get away, and then dropped his 92d target, going out with 98, one target to the good.

In the round at 50 targets, expert rules, Day did wonderful work, his score being a record at this style of shooting, which will not soon be equalled. His first 10 were accounted for, then after missing the 11th target, he ran 35 straight, missing his 47th target, and going out with 48. Freeman did not put up the score in this leg that his friends expected, and was several short of that made in his match with C. A. Young. He lost 3 in each round of 25, getting a total of 44. This gave Day a lead of 5 targets, with the double still to be shot.

Freeman was a slight favorite for the doubles, but again he did not seem to be in his usual form, and after the first pair or two, the tide turned in favor of Day. The latter broke straight in his first 8 pairs, but then seemed unable to find his second target quickly enough, and went out with 42, a score which he seldom puts up in doubles. Freeman was not in his right form at the start, his best work being done in the last 15 pairs, when he dropped but 3 targets, and went out in a tie with Day, losing the match by 5 targets in the total. The winner was given a pleasant surprise by being presented with a ten years' paid-up membership in the Sarasota Fishing and Hunting Club, located on Long Boat Key, Florida, through the generosity of Dr. N. G. Long, of Atlanta, Ga., president of the club.

	100 Targets.	50 Expert Rules.	25 Pairs.	Total.
H D Freeman.....	97	44	42	183
J S Day	98	48	42	188
Practice:				
Le Compte	23	24	..	47
Young	25	24	24	96
Holaday	19	19
R Trimble	21	25	..	46
B F Bunn.....	13	21	18	69
Hammerschmidt	24	22	22	68
Irwin	21	19	23	63
Frohliger	16	16
Dameron	21	21
Dr Bird	21	17	..	38
Thoms	16	16
Coster	17	17
Wm Day	16	16

Expert rules, 25 targets: J. S. Day 23, Young 22, Le Compte 19.
Doubles, 24 pairs: Young 39, Le Compte 38.
Twelve pairs: Day 21, Holaday 13.

Akron Gun Club.

THE Akron Steel Bird Gun Club's shoot, held at the club's grounds, on North Howard street, Akron, O., on Wednesday, Aug. 14, and Wednesday, Aug. 21, created considerable rivalry among the participants. On each occasion there were visitors from other places to investigate this new bird, and judging from their enthusiasm, they must have been more than well pleased with the new sport.

Some of the birds flew with great speed, estimated by some of the old-time shooters who were present but not shooting to be more than twice as fast as ordinary live birds would fly. Nevertheless, there were some wonderful kills made, even if the scores are low. The scores follow, 25 birds per man: Gammeter 8, Metzger 6, Wagoner 8, Gammeter 6, Metzger 16, Wagoner 7, Thresher 15, Bittner 13, Hoefstetler 13, Sichley 9, Manning 9, Hamlin 4, Bittner 17, Wagner 10, Hoefstetler 14, Manning 10, Thresher, 8 out of 10.

Out of 25 doubles, Bittner scored 33.
Mr. Hoefstetler came all the way from Orrville to shoot artificial steel birds. He is a good shot. Come again, brother.
E. E. THRESHER.

Fulton Gun Club.

FULTON, Mo., Aug. 23.—Following are scores of Thursday's shoot:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke			
W B Everheart.....	100	72	R A Moore.....	50	46
E E Hope.....	100	71	G T Yancey ...	50	43
F C Wells.....	100	59	W H Chenoweth	50	36
C Doerreis	90	70	Bob Gregor	50	27
A Gengrich	75	62	J Brooks	35	24
L Frank	75	60	V Lyons	35	19
A Briglieb	75	55	John Kester ...	25	21

F. C. WELLS, Sec'y.



**World Beating Speed Shells
WIN WESTERN HANDICAP**

Fourth Consecutive Time

*This Makes It 16 of 19 Big National Handicaps
For Remington-UMC in Four Years :: :: ::*

Western Handicap Event: Won by Frank Campbell, Wauke, Iowa, 94 ex 100 from 20 yards, shooting *Remington-UMC* Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells.

High Professional Average: Won by W. H. Heer, 395 ex 400, shooting *Remington-UMC* Pump Gun and Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells.

2d. Lester German, 394 ex 400, shooting *Remington-UMC* Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells.

High Over All, Amateur: Including all 16-yard handicap and double target events, won by W. R. Ridley, 567 ex 600. H. E. Snyder was second, both contestants using *Remington-UMC* Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

High Amateur Average at Doubles: Won by W. R. Ridley, 89 ex 100, shooting *Remington-UMC* Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

2d, J. R. Graham, tied, 88 ex 100, shooting *Remington-UMC* Pump Gun and same ammunition.

STILL ANOTHER VICTORY

Report comes from Alabama State Shoot that Remington-UMC swept everything in sight—State Championship, High Amateur and Professional Averages, Long Runs—all won with the World Beating Speed Shells.

Remington-UMC Arms and Ammunition

Winners at Olympic Games

Winners at Grand American Handicap

Winners at Western Handicap

STILL WINNING!

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299-301 Broadway - - - - - New York, N. Y.

Roanoke Gun Club.

ROANOKE, Va., Aug. 18.—Twenty-five contestants took part at the traps of the Roanoke Gun Club yesterday afternoon, some good scores being made. The weekly medals were won by the following members:
Scratch—First, Jamison; second Dr. Richards.
Class A—First, J. W. Poindexter; second, Jones.
Class B—First Ferguson; second, Boyd.
Class C—First, Berkeley; second, Inge.

Broke.	Pr.	Ct.	Broke.	Pr.	Ct.
Jamison	49	98	Hooper	41	82
Dr Richards.....	48	96	Hunt	40	80
Watson	47	94	Wilkinson	39	78
Scholl	47	94	Fishburne	39	78
Jones	45	90	Berkeley	37	74
J Poindexter.....	45	90	Lightner	36	72
Boyd	44	88	Elliott	35	70
Ferguson	43	86	Holland	35	70
Price	43	86	Inge	32	64
Bloxtor	45	86	Dyer	31	62
Shepherd	42	84	Jennings	30	60
Howard	42	84	Goggin	20	40
E Poindexter....	41	82			

H. F. WILKINSON, Sec'y.

Abilene Gun Club.

ABILENE, Tex., Aug. 14.—Nic Arie topped 'em all in the two-day tournament just ended. His score was good as one could hope for under existing conditions. Day one he made 141; day two, 148—289 for two days. C. D. Payton was only 3 astern, while H. R. Bosley tracked up with 2 less. Guy Harrison, high pro., made only 283; L. I. Wade, another pink sheet exponent, going 282.

1st Day.	2d Day.	1st Day.	2d Day.		
N Arie	141	148	C Motz	133	135
Mrs Allen	127	121	M T McGehee...	133	126
J T Asburg.....	131	128	J Worthington..	138	133
H R Bosley.....	140	144	J Neece	120	104
A Davenport....	126	115	D O'Connell ...	135	136
J Gotcher	136	88	P E Payne.....	121	106
W D Girard.....	134	126	C D Payton.....	143	143
R W Haynie....	141	137	W O Yates.....	126	130
W H Lacy.....	129	133	W Mumiford....	..	132
Professionals:					
F L Baker.....	134	118	W E Fairless...	131	134
J H Bentley....	127	115	G Harrison	141	142
H J Borden....	145	143	B Schwartz ...	130	136
Cragg	135	115	L I Wade.....	141	141

Cleveland Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 18.—Regular weekly club contest of the Cleveland Gun Club was held Saturday afternoon, Aug. 17, at Shooting Park, Mayfield Road, and was all that could be asked for, twenty shooters turning out to honor F. D. Telling, one of the willing workers of the club. Frank was on hand and showed the boys that his many friends who had turned out had nothing to do with his nerve, as he handed in a card of 90 out of 100—not bad for a man in love. The next thing to Frank's score was the shooting of Geo. W. Radcliffe, who turned in a score of 99 out of 100—a remarkable score under the conditions. Shooting over two sets of traps, he made a run of 74 without a miss, a score that will take the wise men to beat.

The Labor Day shoot is what they are all looking for. They know that there is something good in store, and they want some of it, and so they think they must be good. But some of the other boys are looking for something, by the way the letters are coming in for programs, but there are some left, and if you want one, write the manager, F. H. Wallace, South Euclid, O., and you will have one sent you.

The next event will be held Saturday, Aug. 24. This shoot will be Doolittle Day, in honor of C. E. Doolittle, who will have full charge, so be on hand, boys, Charlie will meet you and give you a good time.

Event No. 1, monthly trophy, 50 targets, 16yds.: Radcliffe 50, Wallace 40, Judd 49, Hopkins 39, Williams 49, Thorp 36, Jones 48, Morman 35, Brown 47, Wm Telling 35, Doolittle 46, Walt Telling 33, Stepp 45, Cline 33, F O Telling 45, J Smith 32, Dibble 43, West 33

Event No. 2, annual trophy, 50 targets, 16yds.: Radcliffe 49, Wallace 40, Doolittle 47, Thorp 39, Williams 47, Hopkins 39, Brown 45, Beckley 38, F D Telling 45, Wm Telling 37, Judd 44, Wilt Telling 35, Stepp 44, Smith 34, Jones 43, Morman 32, Allin 43, West 29, Paine 43, Cline 27

Event No. 3, Blue Ribbon shoot, 25 targets, handicap: Judd 2 25, Hopkins 3 23, Stepp 1 25, Morman 2 23, Williams 0 25, Telling 4 22, Brown 0 25, Comfort 6 20, Doolittle 0 24, Wm Telling 6 20, Jones 0 23

Event No. 4, same as No. 3: Doolittle 0 24, Williams 0 24, Jones 0 25, Morman 4 22, Hopkins 3 25, Brown 0 21, Stepp 1 24, Allin 2 21, Comfort 6 22, Wm Telling 6 20, Judd 0 22

J. R. GRAHAM.

Gouverneur Rod and Gun Club.

GOVERNEUR, N. Y., Aug. 23.—H. H. Stevens, that irrepressible professional, has been doing this part of the State to a turn, and to-day topped his week's scores with 148 out of 150. Sim Glover smashed 144. Among the amateur aercauser stoppers, R. G. Wheeler was high with 140. H. W. Smith seconded the motion with 139, one more than C. W. Hobbie, J. C. Howland and Jerome de Bec, each of whom split 138.

R G Wheeler 140, A P Curtis 132, H W Smith 139, G R O'Connor 131, C W Hobbie 138, B J O'Grady 130, J C Howland 138, J E Thompson 127, J de Bee 138, F O Chapman 125, C C Snook 137, W E Hookway 125, J N Cunningham 137, W E Lytle 125, W R Patrick 137, H D Holmes 124, C L Frantz 136, J J Hamm 121, J Frateschi 136, D M Bacon 121, H V Fellows 135, W H Corbin 105, E P Wright 134, H Fuller 104, Fred Weiss 133, R W Bush 94, W E Corfield 133

Professionals: H H Stevens 148, Neaf Apgar 142, Sun Glover 144, Geo H Chapin 137

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., Aug. 10.—Following are the scores made to-day at the semi-monthly shoot of the Independent Gun Club. With the older members of the club taking a renewed interest, and the new members taking an active part in the shooting, the club bids fair to again take its place as one of the leading clubs of the Lehigh Valley. The shots are being well attended with on-lookers, which shows that they are interested in the art of smashing clay targets:

Shot at, Broke: Maurer 50 44, Stocker 75 55, Heil 50 42, Warner 75 46, Ivey 50 34, Elliott 30 17, Cross 50 36, Miller 25 15

W. R. IVEY, Sec'y.

Daniel Boone Gun Club.

MARTHASVILLE, Mo., Aug. 20.—Lewis cracked 145 at the tournament here to-day, missing one in each of the first three events and two in the ninth. Kite shot second, although he needed only 137 to get the place.

Ahmann ran one behind for third. Spencer pinnacled the pro. gentry with some score—just 2 misses being charged to him out of 150 opportunities. He missed one in seventh and ninth events. Barre, Clark and Freeman divided place with 146 each. The special events were mighty interesting. On ten pair doubles Fred Gilbert cracked 19, Spencer and Clark 18 each.

The scores in the regular program events follow: Lewis 145, Johannaber 115, Kite 137, Freeze 111, Ahmann 136, Luttmann 110, J Mutert 134, Koelling 109, Lichtenberg 131, Mutert 101, Langford 131, Fortmann 101, Harbaum 130, Howard 98, Bollman 128, Gardyne 95, Yocum 127, Wyatt 92, Wilson 125, F Mutert 82, Berg 120, Meyer 81, Underwood 117

Professionals: Spencer 148, Freeman 146, Barre 146, Gilbert 142, Clark 146, Killam 141

The scores in the special events were: Events: 1 2 3, Gilbert 15 15 19, F Paul 9 12, Spencer 15 15 18, Joerling 12 12, Clark 15 15 18, G Paul 9 12, Wilson 15 15 16, Harbaum 13 14, Ahmann 14 12 15, Luttmann 12 7, Kite 13 14 14, Langford 14 15, Lichtenberg 10 15 12, E Suhre 9 12, Bollman 12 14 12, Berg 10 10, Meyer 9 9 11, F W Suhre 8 6, Lewis 15 14 11, Howard 5 12, Underwood 11 14 10, R Gardyne 8, Freese 10 11 9, H Wyatt 6 8, Mutert 13 12 7, Johannaber 10, Wyatt 11 9 7, F Koelling 13, Fortmann 10 11 6, W Koelling 11, Yocum 14 13, Wm Koelling 13

Nos. 1 and 2 were at 15 singles each; No. 3, at 10 pairs doubles.

Smith Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 24.—Perfect scores were numerous to-day at Smith Gun Club traps. L. Colquit managed to break 25 straight twice during the afternoon. J. Baldwin and H. Higgs each made a perfect score. High gun honors for the day were captured by L. Colquitt and J. Baldwin, whose total scores were 143 out of 150 each. M. Apgar was second with 139 out of 150.

In a 25-bird match H. Higgs beat out Wm. Hassinger by breaking 22 against 20 by Hassinger. As the day was a prime one for shooting, a good turnout was on hand, and more than 1,500 clay birds were thrown from the traps during the afternoon. The following scores were made:

L Colquit 24 25 23 25 24 22, J Baldwin 23 25 25 24 23 23, F Apgar 29 19 21 18 23 21, M Apgar 23 22 24 24 23 23, E Sickley 20 21 22 24 24 24, P Keller 13 20 20 17 21 20, R L Shepherd 22 24 18 22, H Higgs 25 21 23 24 22 22, L Tompkins 10 13 16 20 19, W Hassinger 19 20 22 22 22 20

Garrison-Highland Gun Club.

GARRISON, N. Y., Aug. 22.—A wide range of visiting experts turned in scores here to-day, including Mrs. L. G. Vogel, who shot among the top five, tying that Bergen Beach artist Paul Von Boeckmann, at 133. John Martin looped the lucre, cracking rocks to the number of 143 out of 150. W. E. Cornfield slid under the wire second with 141, while Dr. Griffith made place on 138. Neaf Apgar and H. H. Stevens topped the pink sheet, for targets only, educators' bunch with 141.

Shot at, Broke: J Martin 150 143, W E Skidmore 150 116, W E Corfield 150 141, R Nevins 150 116, Dr A C Griffith 150 138, G C Hudson 150 120, Mrs L G Vogel 150 133, F Lundebjerg 150 109, P von Boeckman 150 133, P H Mason 75 65, R L Shepard 150 132, C E Chilton 75 54, A E Bason 150 131, C T Scott 75 40, H B Tuthill 150 128, J F Martin 75 28, S Strong 150 126, W C Gibb 30 8, F C Hall 150 123

Professionals: N Apgar 150 141, J S Fanning 150 136, H H Stevens 150 141, Tom Davis 150 127

Oakwood Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug. 20.—Fox and Daniels tied in the club event with 46 out of 50. In the added 50, Fisher shot beautifully, going his string without a miss. On the day's average, Daniels and Fisher broke even at 94 out of 100, while Fox fell back to 92.

No. 1 was the club event; No. 2, extra. Events: 1 2, Anderson 44 43, Edmunds 37 37, De Witt 34 37, Stockley 40 48, Lee 35 15, Schultze 32 41, Carter 31 35, Fox 46 46, Gannaway 37 28, Daniels 46 48, Terry 38 43, O Fisher 44 50, R A Owen 44 44, W R Winfree 44 46, Moorman 42 42, H L Winfree 40 42, Scott 43 43

Grand Afro-American Handicap.

THE big event of Missouri will be the ninth annual grand Afro-American handicap, scheduled for Sept. 2 and 3 at Fayette, Mo. Shooting begins 9 o'clock each morning. Money divided, in regular program events, Rose system, ratio points, 5, 3, 2, 1.

By competing in the ten regular program 15-target events each day you become eligible for the Squier money-back system. The \$100 donated by Interstate Association, the \$1 extra from each shooter, and one cent for every target shot at, creates a fund which goes to pay shooters, who, for these regular program events, have not as much as their entrance coming to them, less 2 cents for targets. White flyer targets thrown about 50yds. from Western automatic traps.

A committee will be selected from shooters present to allot handicaps from 16 to 22yds. in Grand Afro-American handicap event. Sliding handicap used in all prize events. All ties for prizes must be shot off. Plenty of all standard loads of shells for sale on the grounds.

A cordial invitation is extended to all white shooting friends, professional and amateur, to come and take note of work done.

Annual meeting of league at office of J. A. Tolbert, Sept. 2, at 8 o'clock P. M.

Sioux Falls Gun Club.

SIoux FALLS, S. D., Aug. 21.—Harvesting kept down the attendance at our two-day shoot just ended. Everything else, including weather, was ideal and pulled successfully. S. A. Huntley got the coin, his average being 288 out of 300. W. A. Brown took second with 279. There was a gala list of pink sheet entries. Lester German took high targets-only gun with 294, Snuff Taylor being next down with 2 less.

1st 2d, W A Brown 145 134, Ed Anderson 133 129, C E Ellis 127 136, J J Burns 130 135, S A Huntley 142 146, J E James 127 126, G L Taylor 136 134, J Berger 120 135, Al Wallace 146 142, G S Maxwell 127 126, E T Myers 130 135, J C Buzzell 128 140, F Hall 110 110, Walt Neil 138 144, N J Thompson 113 96, D Bragstad 86, F R Patch 124 120, H Piepgrass 104, H J Brown 128 125, Chas Look 76

Professionals: L S German 148 146, G A Olson 139 143, H G Taylor 147 145, R R Barber 142 139, Geo Kreger 144 146

Birmingham Gun Club.

Six shooters were at the weekly shoot of the Birmingham Gun Club. Most of our regulars were at the tournament at Montgomery, which accounts for the small attendance. A special car will leave Birmingham on Sept. 7 for the Denver shoot and handicap. All of the shooters throughout the Southern States will go on this car. In honor of these shooters the Birmingham Gun Club will give a special shoot on Friday afternoon, Sept. 6; program of six 20-target events and 15 pairs will be shot. Scores follow:

Shot at, Broke: J Fletcher 100 91, R H Baugh 100 66, Lee Moody 100 83, L M Norwood 75 61, Dick Leland 100 73, Carl 50 46

Charleston Gun Club.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Aug. 24.—De Gruyter shot like a Trojan to-day, getting 94 out of 100. Secretary Nicholson tied for second with Shepard on 89. Scores:

Shot at, Broke: De Gruyter 100 94, Moore 60 40, Nicholson 100 89, Crider 50 47, Shepard 100 89, Goshorn 50 44, Davis 100 83, Nottshcard 50 34, Counts 100 84, Briggs 40 26, Beardslee 100 63, Payne 25 8, Summerville 80 54

DR. G. NICHOLSON, Sec'y.

Guernsey Gun Club.

GUERNSEY, Ia., Aug. 17.—The Guernsey Gun Club's practice shoot this afternoon was limited to 56 targets, our supply of targets having been delayed somewhere on the road in transit. Three of us went to the grounds and shot the following scores, Mrs. J. W. Dobbins taking a hand at target shooting:

Shot at, Broke: A Dalezal 25 21, Mrs J Dobbins 20 14, J W Dobbins 15 9

J. W. DOBBINS, Pres.

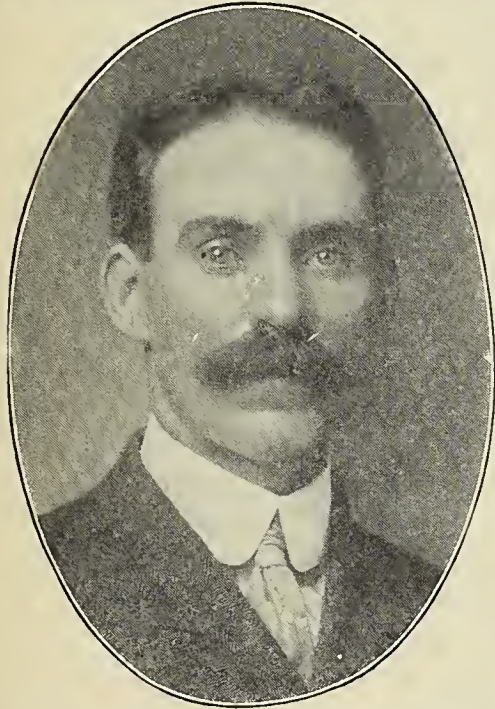
Capital City Club.

SACRAMENTO.—A trap shoot for three days for about \$4,000 worth of prizes will be held under auspices of Pacific Coast Blue Rock Association at the State Fair grounds, on Sept. 15, 16, and 17. In addition to the events on the daily program, there will be a final shoot in which the ten highest shots will compete for the ten extra trophies.

The official program includes fifty-eight 25-target events and one at 12 pairs double. Money divided Rose system.

Graham Graces Pro. Rank.

The following item will be read with interest: J. R. Graham, the well-known amateur from Long Lake, Ill., who is perhaps better known to the trapshooting fraternity as "Jay" Graham, has retired from the amateur ranks and become a full-fledged professional, as a representative of the Du Pont Company. "Jay" has made many wonderful records during the past few years, but none has rounded to his credit more than his recent win of the Olympic individual world's championship at Stockholm, Sweden, which was competed for under a style of shooting entirely different to anything we have in this country, and with which Mr. Graham was barely acquainted when the time came for the contest to start. It was at Chicago, in 1910, on Aug. 30-Sept. 1, inclusive,



that Mr. Graham made his wonderful record of 432 straight (417 in "registered" events and 15 straight in practice). The same year at the Westy Hogan tournament at Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 8-12, he won high average for the entire tournament, breaking 489 out of 500 targets, 97.8, also winning the Shaner trophy with 100 straight, and the Westy Hogan event with 96 out of 100, and 58 out of 60 in the ties. His records in 1910 and 1911 were uniformly remarkable for an amateur, but it is worth noting that in 1910 he made ten runs of 100 or better, and five such runs in the year of 1911. "Jay" is the second of the Graham family to join the professional ranks, his brother Ed., having for some years represented the interests of an ammunition company in Chicago and vicinity.

Northern Kentucky Gun Club.

THE attendance at the monthly money-back shoot on Aug. 25, was not up to expectations, the local shooters have had their fill of the sport lately, and several of them started to-day for the Indian tournament at Cedar Point. Among the out-of-town shooters present were: B. F. Bunn, of Boston, Mass.; J. A. Penn, I. Brandenburg and H. L. Monbeck, of Dayton, O.

The weather conditions were fairly good, a rather brisk wind at times affecting the flight of the targets and causing some of the misses. Capt. George Dameron was high amateur, and tied with J. S. Day, professional, on 143. Day shot in good form, breaking straight in the first four events. H. L. Monbeck put up a good race after a rather poor start in the first event, breaking 87 out of the last 90 targets, and going out in second place with 142. Ertel did better work in an event at 12 pairs of doubles than he did at his singles, breaking 22. Lord got 15, and Sears 13 out of 12 pairs.

The next money-back tournament will be held on Sept. 29.

Shot at.	Broke	Shot at.	Broke
C O Le Compte	150 138	Mather	75 61
C A Sheets	150 134	W H Bing	75 58
J A Penn	150 129	Stewart	75 57
I Brandenburg	150 132	Jamison	75 61
E Wuerdeman	150 72	Higdon	75 58
H L Monbeck	150 142	Lord	45 36
G Dameron	150 143	Ertel	45 36
H R Irwin	150 130	Sears	45 38
J S Day	150 143	Wuerdeman	24 30
B F Binn	150 122		

Riverside Gun Club.

RED BANK, N. J., Aug. 24.—The fall shoot at clay birds at the Riverside Gun Club for the John Frank James gold and diamond trophy, was decided this afternoon. It was a handicap event, the total number of birds being 200 per man. Albert D. Ivins, scratch man, was winner. Summaries: Ivins 192, G. Gallo 184, C. E. Throckmorton 183, J. Dietz 182, G. Candler 180, A. D. Cooper 179, C. R. D. Foxwell 178, C. R. James 177, A. D. Cooper 176, G. R. Bray 174.

A handicap shoot, 50 targets for the weekly trophy, with a dozen entries, was won by A. D. Cooper and W. M. Clayton, who tied on 50 each. On the shoot-off at 25 targets, Cooper made a clean score.

In the final events at 25 targets, the handicap was won by A. B. Dalby with 24, A. Bryant 21, T. F. James 18, Foxwell 13, Clayton 13.

**A NEW
WORLD'S
RECORD**

**MADE AT
WAKEFIELD**

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WINCHESTER
Rifles, Telescopes and Cartridges

Preliminary advices from the field of contest of the New England Military Rifle Association's Eighth Annual Meeting indicate that George W. Chesley, Conn., has again distinguished himself by hanging up a New World's Record, as shown by the following:

WINCHESTER MATCH: Individual. Open to all. 15 shots at 1,000 yards. Winner Geo. W. Chesley, making a possible score of 75 plus 8 bull's eyes, a total of 23 consecutive bulls, which constitute a **New World's Record** for such a match. The merit of Mr. Chesley's performance and the excellent shooting qualities of Winchester goods, become all the more apparent when it is stated that there were 190 entrants in this match.

INDIVIDUAL SMALL BORE RIFLE MATCH: Also won by Mr. Chesley. 20 shots at 25 yards. Position offhand. Winning score, 177. Number of entrants 39. In winning this match Mr. Chesley shot a Winchester .22 caliber Single Shot Musket and Winchester Factory Loaded Cartridges.

THEY MAKE NO STRAGGLERS

**RED W
GOODS
ALWAYS
LEAD**

La Crosse Gun Club.

LA CROSSE, Wis., Aug. 24.—The pot was divided here to-day into three parts. Wm. Schultz, G. F. Mueller and W. Dangers each cracked 135. Lester German busted 146 for high in pro. coterie. Scores:

C Bond	114	F Schwalbe, Jr.	108
C F Sutor	94	E H Allard	91
J Cary	99	R F Hanover	109
G Rose	118	W H Rowheder	118
L G Masters	91	Wm Schultz	135
F J Wolf	132	John Culp	134
L Halvorsen	131	W A Wager	127
C E Simpson	127	F Smith	134
F S James	118	H L Starr	123
W Dangers	125	L A Nelson	111
Ed Vutchera	128	C W Worth	78
E Shoengarth	106	C E Jack	129
F M Morris	124	Wm Saylan	101
E P Steffers	132	Wm Burford	88
G F Mueller	135		
Professionals:			
L S German	146	G E Matthews	137
E S Graham	141	Chas. Robbins	132
F H Siefken	140	F Gillman	131

Wildwood Rod and Gun Club.

WILDWOOD, Aug. 24.—Eugene Springer, of Cape May Courthouse, took high honors in the tournament here to-day. H. Johnson was second with 89, while H. Voorhees with 83 was third. A high wind interfered greatly with the scores of the contestants.

Springer also got first place in the special event, breaking 25 straight, Johnson and Voorhees tying for second place with 22 each. After the shoot, Johnson and Springer signed articles of agreement for a match with side bets, at 100 targets each, to be held next Saturday afternoon. The scores:

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	Total.
G Springer	17	19	17	20	20	93
H Johnson	18	19	16	16	20	89
H Voorhees	16	17	18	16	16	83
L Lewis	18	15	15	17	16	81
F Hineine	15	19	15	14	17	80
D Paul	10	15	16	16	11	68
C Huff	15	15	13	16	9	68
H Tompkins	11	11	9	14	14	59

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.



Great Scores Made With Peters SHELLS

“steel where steel belongs”

In Challenge Match for E. C. Cup

at the Cincinnati Gun Club, August 24, 1912, H. D. FREEMAN, holder, and J. S. DAY, challenger, contested for this trophy, emblematic of the **WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP**, with the following result:

	Singles	Expert Rules	Doubles	TOTAL
Day - - -	98	48	42	188 out of 200
Freeman -	97	44	42	183 " " 200

Both shot Peters **P** Shells, and both scores exceeded any ever made with other makes of ammunition in the history of this cup, which has been in competition since 1896.

Peters Shells will outshoot all others under any conditions

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NEW YORK: 98 Chambers St., T. H. Keller, Manager.

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Greenwich Gun Club.

GREENWICH, Conn., Aug. 24.—Following are the results of shoot held at Island Beach. Event No. 2, for leg on Du Pont trophy, was won by J. H. Finch. (The Du Pont trophy has now been shot for five times, and no one has won more than one leg.) Quite a number are expected to shoot here Labor Day, and from reports so far, there will be as many at the fall tournament, Sept. 14, as shot here July 4. Programs will be shot both days, rain or shine.

	Singles	Doubles	Shot at.	Broke
786.	25 25 25 25 15			
C Martin	20 16 24 15		24	14
F F Rogers	17 18 17 15		48	41
J H Finch	22 22 24 23		48	26
Miss L M Boles	13 14 15 16			
G Luke	18 19 16	11		
P A Raymond	21 23	13	20	19
H Thomas	9			
B G Saunders	19 12 6 11 10			

J. H. FINCH, Capt.

Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 18.—J. H. Minnick, with a straight score of 25, won the Du Pont spoon event in Class A, at the Du Pont Gun Club's grounds yesterday. H. W. Bush and Stanley Tughton tied at 23 in Class B. J. W. Anderson, Jr., won Class C by breaking 24 out of 25 targets, and J. A. MacMullen was the victor in Class D, with a score of 20. Minnick was also high man for the day, making the remarkable score of 99 out of 100. Other high men were: W. M. Hammond 95, J. B. McHugh 93, W. A. Joslyn 93, W. Edmanson 92.

The results in the challenge matches were: Class A—E. A. W. Everitt (holder), 41; J. H. Minnick (challenger), 49. Class B—Clyde Leedom (holder), 36; Stanley Tughton (challenger), 45. Class D—J. A. MacMullen (holder), 36; Albert Bird (challenger), 27. Other scores were: W. Edmanson 21, N. K. Smith 16, H. W. Bush 23, Thorpe Martin 20, Clyde Leedom 22, W. G. Wood 23, H. P. Carlon 20, J. A. MacMullen 20, T. E. Doremus 18, J. H. Minnick 23, J. B. McHugh 22, W. A. Joslyn 23, W. M. Hammond 24, F. P. Ewing 19, E. A. W. Everitt 23, J. W. Mathews 11, L. L. Jarrell 19, Dr. H. Betts 18, Stanley Tughton 23, W. H. Hitchcock 20, J. W. Anderson, Jr., 24, T. W. Mathewson 22, A. Bird 17, George A. Pierce 12, Dr. A. Paterson 21, J. H. Thomas 15, Dr. E. W. Kraiker 14.

Aug. 24.—Twenty marksmen took part in the weekly shoot of the Du Pont Gun Club to-day. The principal event was the shoot for the F. L. Connable trophy. H. W. Bush, shooting from 20yds., was the winner with 22 out of 25.

In a shoot for the Class B challenge cup, Mr. Bush also defeated the holder, Stanley Tughton, by a score of 42 to 40. J. A. MacMullen, the holder of Class D challenge cup, was challenged by Albert Bird. MacMullen won, the score being 36 to 34. H. L. Worthington, of Rising Sun, Md., was a visitor. He shot in several events.

The scores in the Connable cup contest, out of a possible 25, were:

	Hdcp.	Brk.		Hdcp.	Brk.
H W Bush	20	22	S J Newman	18	14
J Anderson, Jr.	20	21	R Whitworth	18	16
W A Joslyn	22	20	W Hitchcock	20	15
W Edmanson	21	10	J H Stademan	16	14
H P Carlon	22	10	Dr H Betts	18	13
R L Conner	18	19	R P Choate	18	18
C Leedom	20	20	T Mathewson	20	12
S F Tughton	20	17	L C Lyon	20	18
J H Minnick	22	17	F P Ewing	18	15

Twenty-five targets: W. Edmanson 23, W. A. Joslyn 24, H. W. Bush 22, H. L. Worthington 24, H. P. Carlon 22, S. J. Newman 14, R. L. Conner 19, J. W. Anderson, Jr., 21, S. F. Tughton 17, R. Whitworth 16, T. W. Mathewson, 21, Clyde Leedom 22, F. P. Ewing 15, W. H. Hitchcock 16, J. H. Stademan 14, Dr. H. Betts 13, L. C. Lyon 18, R. P. Choate 18, J. H. Minnick 23.

Rifle and Revolver

Dayton (Ohio) Sharpshooters.

THE club, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, organizations of riflemen in the country, will hold its fiftieth annual king medal shoot on Sept. 11 and 12. The range is located four miles south of the city on the Ohio Electric Line, and is probably the best equipped range in the State, barring that at Camp Perry. The shooting is all at 200yds., on seven targets, installed in a large cement pit, with telephone connections with the firing points. There will be \$100 in gold added in the percentage events, and several special trophies have also been donated. On the first day there will be six matches, with ten moneys in each—17, 13, 10, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3 and 2 per cent. of entrance money, respectively, with \$5 added to first money in each match, and \$5 added for best total of three tickets in each match. The first three matches begin at 9 A. M., and close at 12:30 P. M. No. 1, on targets 1, 2 and 3, off-hand, 200yds., German ring, 12in. black bullseye, 3/4in. rings, three shots, possible 75. No. 2, on targets 4 and 5, bench rest, 12in. black and 12in. white bullseye, 1/2in. rings, three shots, possible 72. No. 3, targets 6 and 7, muzzle rest, 12in. white bullseye, 1/2in. ring, three shots, possible 72. The last three matches begin at 1 P. M. and close at 5:30. No. 4, targets 1, 2 and 3, off-hand, conditions and prizes same as in No. 1. No. 5, targets, 4 and 5, bench rest, conditions same as in No. 2. Match No. 6, targets 6 and 7, muzzle rest, same conditions as in No. 3.

On the second day there will be four matches, in addition to the regular monthly cup and annual king events. These latter will be shot on targets 6 and 7, and are open to members only. Prizes, a \$20 king medal and merchandise. There will be no bench rest matches

on this day. Match No. 7, on targets 1, 2 and 3, off-hand, conditions and moneys same as in Match No. 1. Match No. 8, targets 4 and 5, muzzle rest, same conditions as in match No. 2, except that both targets will have the 12in. white bullseye. Matches Nos. 9 and 10 will begin at 1 P. M. and close at 5:30, and are under same conditions as Nos. 7 and 8 respectively.

High-power ammunition and palm rest are barred. Any sight except telescopic allowed, and any trigger pull. All ties must be shot off, one shot to decide. If again tied, then another until settled. Contestants can win but one prize in each match, except added money.

The president's special, a silver cup donated by D. D. Bergk, for two highest scores on record in the muzzle and bench rest percentage matches both days. Secretary's special, silver cup, donated by Chas. W. Sander, for two highest scores on record in offhand matches both days. These are open to all. Silver cups donated by the Schwind Realty Company and Frank G. Meyer, open only to club members. Hand-painted loving cup, donated by W. R. Wallaston, for most 24s recorded in the muzzle, bench and membership matches on both days.

The committee on arrangements consists of D. D. Bergk, J. C. Hahne, Gustav H. Sander, C. W. Sander and A. Schwind.

All riflemen are cordially invited to be present and participate, and help make this Golden Jubilee a success.

Colonial Revolver Club.

SCORES made at regular weekly shoot of Colonial Revolver Club, Aug. 17:

Target revolver or pistol, slow fire, in 10-shot scores, possible 100:

C C Crossman	96	85	91	88	89	449
W C Ayer	92	90	84	96	85	447
E A Krondl	97	87	91	86	84	445
W L Schrader	91	88	85	89	90	443
G C Olcott	90	89	82	90	88	438
Paul Frce	84	91	90	83	81	429
T E Bunding	87	85	82	88	86	428
L M Rumsey	82	80	84	79	86	411
E A Stosberg	81	79	83	84	80	407

Ayer used revolver, balance pistols. Military revolver, rapid-fire, in 5-shot scores, possible 250 per string of 25 shots:

W C Ayer	184	141	F G Ingalls	162	143
G C Olcott	171	13.			

Pocket revolver, timed fire, in 5-shot scores, possible 250 per string of 25 shots: R. J. Russell 188, 175, 183, 200.

Rifle balls, 50 per man: Crossman 36, Ingalls 19, Schrader 18, Olcott 18, Bunding 17.

Shotgun scores, figures in parentheses denote number shot at: Crossman (75) 55, Russell (50) 34, Bunding (50) 32, Ingalls (25) 17.

SECRETARY.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

LITTLE TRAILS AND WATERS.

Continued from page 262.

again continued upon our way, gathering new pleasures with the hour. There is something divinely appealing in these little jaunts into the realm of nature, to one who has an eye for more than the sordidly practical in the world. To that man, imbued with the love of nature, in her manifold charms, who is able to gather truth from her teachings, there is much awaiting him. He may combine his passion for angling with the study of nature; he may gain from life a variety of emotions that the average soul passes by as sentimental, and hence unworthy. Danny, dear fellow, is woefully in love with nature. Even I have the passion in its highest form, but Danny rises to the pinnacle of earthly joy. Be it in the light of the golden morning, in the silence of the summer noon day, or the ethereal tranquillity and glory of the twilight hour, it is all the same to him; he is in love with every moment of the day. A peaceful angler, one learned in the exquisiteness of the pastime, a man combining the beautiful with the practical in a very ingenious way—this is the make-up of Danny.

As we passed along the stream northward as it bent in its course, we found a wealth of beauty awaiting us. Clear, dusk-enveloped pools, where the fly was a welcome visitor and where success in its most appealing form rose to do us duty. Danny was fishing a placid stretch, quite hidden from view, letting his Coaxer fly drift with the barely noticeable flow of the water. The shadows were very deep there; a perfect nook, carrying to the mind the presentation of sylvan perfection, with the wind and the sunshine collaborating to make the scene sublime. There was a place where the shadows came to an end out in the water. You could plainly see the jagged rim, here the shadows dark and there the light prominent. The fly drifted by there with its feathers upright. Was it a quiver I noted? Yes, Danny had stirred it by the movement of the bamboo tip. We watched with breathless anticipation, when suddenly the water broke, and a trout had it in his lip.

Hoping to catch more in that identical pool, Danny, with a determined forethought, led the fish down to another pool, and there played him finally bringing him to net and exulting over his capture as only a poet can. I saw the light in his black eyes; the dreaminess has partially fled, the glint was there, and the fight had brought his soul into the present.

"A beautiful fish, truly the king of the deep," said Danny, as we stood looking upon it with kindred feelings. "Note the form and contour of him; there is poetry in the very make-up of this fish, the poetry of the wild in perfect life. It is a shame to bring death upon him, but it is the law of nature and the all-wise Creator who gave them to us."

Deftly he cut the head and with a sort of sigh put the fish away among the moss and leaves of his basket. The afternoon was wearing itself away, and the first hints of the approaching twilight were becoming evident. There was a gradual film of gloom lowering, the stillness had resolved itself into a matured shape; not one murmur seemed to break in upon the peacefulness of the day. Under the trees the shadows were stretching themselves lazily about. A bird now and then piped in some covert, but



CHAS. G. SPENCER, St. Louis, Mo.



**A
PERFECT
SHOTGUN POWDER**

Because of its light recoil, this brand of powder is

**Easy on the
Shoulder**

yet it gives a high velocity and remarkable patterns.

If other loads punish
**TRY
SCHULTZE**

**REMARKABLE
SCORES**

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Chas. G. Spencer

SHOOTING



**TARGETS
2225**

**BROKE
2168**

AVERAGING 97.45%

Date	Place	Score	Per cent.
June 1, 1912.....	Bunker Hill, Ill.,.....	146 x 150	97.33
" 2, "	St. Louis, Mo.....	144 x 150	96.
" 3, "	Mexico, Mo.	98 x 100	98.
" 9, "	St. Louis, Mo.....	96 x 100	96.
" 11, "	Desloge, Mo.	71 x 75	94.66
" 12, "	Bonne Terre, Mo....	99 x 100	99.
" 23-24 "	St. Louis, Mo.....	295 x 300	98.33
July 2-3, "	Milan, Mo.	289 x 300	96.33
" 7, "	Swansea, Ill.	293 x 300	97.66
" 23, "	Booneville, Mo.....	98 x 100	98.
" 25, "	Fulton, Mo.	97 x 100	97.
" 27, "	Clayton, Mo.	197 x 200	98.50
" 30, "	Brookfield, Mo.	99 x 100	99.
" 31, "	Bucklin, Mo.	50 x 50	100.
" 31, "	Marceline, Mo.	96 x 100	96.

Total Targets Broken, 2168

Total Targets Shot At, 2225

for that there was no breaking of the day's abandonment that seemed to be wrapped up around every feature of the scene. The sinking sun was on the direct downward slant; the waters that murmured further on our way over the rocks were touched to silver by the limpid sun rays. We paused, side by side, admiring it, finding time to put to word our ideas. Lower and lower sank the sun, and we knew that it was time to make our camp for the night. There was a graceful bend in the stream at a certain point, banked in by trees and bushes in back, with the stream before us, and a scene that could not have been more perfect.

The camp-fire was soon blazing and we were

content. The regulation bacon in the frying-pan, crisp and appetizing, and the old coffee pot on the coals made a delightful meal and prepared for the evening hour of reverie. Between the last hint of the dying light and darkness there is a moment of holiness, which the lover of nature finds much to his fancy. And we wandered together, smoking much, and taking note of what was constantly taking place on the stage of the wild. Thus had fled the first day in paradise; simple and sweet, with the burdens of life fled, and an awakened sense of the lofty taking its place. And we could only dream as we fell asleep of those coming days and the sweetness they would bring. It was a dream come true.



NEW
12 GAUGE **Marlin**

Hammerless Repeating Shotgun

This Model 28, 12 gauge *Marlin* shotgun is the finest repeating gun in the world. It has every up-to-date feature, perfected far beyond all previous standards, and it has exclusive advantages not obtainable in other guns.

Note these features: **Hammerless—Solid Steel Breech** (inside as well as out)—**Solid Top—Side Ejection—Matted Barrel** (as on our highest grade hammer guns)—**Press-Button Cartridge Release** (to remove loaded cartridges quickly from magazine without working through action)—**Double Extractors—Take-Down Feature—Trigger and Hammer Safety.** Price, \$22.60.

The Model 28 is a fine appearing, beautifully balanced gun, without any objectionable humps or bumps; its **Solid Steel Breech** (not a shell of wood) permits a thoroughly symmetrical gun without sacrificing strength or safety; **it is the safest breech-loading shotgun ever built.**

Our free circular gives large illustration of gun and full description. Our complete 122-page catalog of all other *Marlin* repeating rifles and shotguns mailed for three stamps postage.

Our 160-page **Ideal Hand Book** tells about re-loading all cartridges; mailed for 6c. stamps.

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KING'S SPORTSMEN'S GLASSES

are far superior to the old style ambers because they have lenses of **Akopos Crystal**—a double shade of amber and veridian. The **Akopos Crystal** eliminates not only all the violet but also all the violet and blue rays. Amber glasses are only 50 per cent. efficient in this particular and therefore are only worth 50 per cent. of what is charged for them. King's Sportsmen's Glasses are used and endorsed by such well known sportsmen as E. C. Crossman, Lieut. Townsend Whelan and Stewart Edward White.

The Ohio State Amateur Championship was won by F. W. King, wearing shooting glasses of his own design and patent. Write for catalog.

THE F. W. KING OPTICAL CO. 450 Ellastone Building, Cleveland, Ohio



(Patented, Feb. 20, 1912.)

NATIONAL ARCHERY ASSOCIATION.

Continued from page 271.

G. P. Bryant with 499 hits. This cup is to be competed for until won three times by the same man.

The Weston trophy, a gold loving cup, for most golds at any one end of any range and to be shot for till won three successive times by the same archer, resulted in a tie of four golds by several archers at different ranges and was won by C. P. Bryant with four golds at 40 yards, which were 9/16 of an inch closer in total measurement than Mrs. Witwer Taylor's four at thirty yards.

The Gillette water color of a trout went to Miss Lida Pendry and the Elmer carved wooden spoon was awarded to L. C. Smith, of Newton, for lowest scores. The winners being most fortunate in prize if not in scores. Following are the official scores in all events shot:

DOUBLE YORK ROUND.

One hundred and forty-four arrows at 100yds.; 96 arrows at 80 yds.; 48 arrows at 60yds.:

	100Yds.	80Yds.	60Yds.	Total.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	Glds.
G. P. Bryant, Boston, Mass.	51 217	37 167	24 154	112 538	11	11	11	11	11
	54 218	41 207	23 131	118 556	11	11	11	11	11
	105 435	78 374	47 285	230 1094	22				
W. H. Wills, New York city.	36 144	38 176	23 121	97 441	5				
	45 189	32 136	21 119	98 444	10				
	81 333	70 312	44 240	195 885	15				
H. B. Richardson, Boston, Mass.	41 193	40 166	23 121	104 480	8				
	30 100	40 188	22 92	92 380	8				
	71 293	80 354	45 213	196 860	16				
Dr. R. P. Elmor, Wayne, Pa.	37 121	28 108	23 129	88 358	3				
	27 97	41 159	20 98	88 354	5				
	64 318	69 267	43 227	176 712	8				

H. S. Taylor, Chicago, Ill.	33 131	30 120	21 103	84 354	9
	25 105	30 130	20 104	75 339	5
	58 236	60 250	41 207	159 693	14
W. L. Walker, Chicago, Ill.	27 85	30 130	16 54	73 269	1
	26 86	28 92	21 73	75 251	1
	53 171	58 222	37 127	130 446	7
C. E. Dallin, Boston, Mass.	27 77	23 71	23 71	73 219	4
	21 63	18 74	18 90	57 227	3
	48 140	41 145	41 161	130 446	7
Dr. O. L. Hertig, Pittsburgh, Pa.	17 73	22 78	12 60	51 211	4
	18 62	19 75	17 79	54 216	7
	35 135	41 153	29 139	105 427	11
E. W. Frenz, Boston, Mass.	22 64	27 91	20 80	69 233	1
	13 35	14 62	12 50	39 147	3
	35 99	41 153	32 150	108 382	4
B. P. Gray, Boston, Mass.	14 68	18 50	19 70	51 197	3
	16 60	15 45	14 48	45 153	2
	30 128	33 95	33 127	96 350	5
F. A. Edmands, Boston, Mass.	15 61	22 66	13 43	50 170	2
	12 48	16 58	18 68	46 174	2
	27 109	38 124	31 111	96 344	4
Ellis Spear, Jr., Boston, Mass.	16 76	10 30	15 69	41 175	4
	15 55	19 71	13 35	47 161	3
	31 131	29 101	28 104	88 336	7
Wallace Bryant, Boston, Mass.	26 98	27 123	21 81	74 302	6
	26 98	27 123	21 81	74 302	6
	26 98	27 123	21 81	74 302	6
J. H. Pendry, Chicago, Ill.	6 24	16 58	20 84	42 166	1
	8 30	11 33	15 71	34 134	2
	14 54	27 91	35 155	76 300	3
J. S. Jiles, Pittsburgh, Pa.	5 23	7 33	7 19	19 75	1
	12 60	12 56	15 51	39 167	2
	17 83	19 89	22 70	58 242	3
James Duff, Jersey City, N.J.	7 31	10 36	12 64	29 131	2
	11 39	9 31	4 14	24 84	2
	18 70	19 67	16 78	53 215	4
L. C. Smith, Boston, Mass.	11 35	8 32	12 42	31 109	2
	7 27	17 43	5 23	29 39	1
	18 62	25 75	17 65	60 202	3

Dr. E. B. Weston, Chicago, Ill.	12 26	13 63	25 89	0
	11 43	15 49	26 92	2
	23 69	28 112	51 181	2

DOUBLE AMERICAN ROUND.

Thirty arrows at 60yds.; 30 arrows at 50yds.; 30 arrows at 40yds.:

	60Yds.	50Yds.	40Yds.	Total.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	Glds.
G. P. Bryant, Boston, Mass.	30 186	30 200	30 232	90 618	31				
	28 152	29 173	30 210	87 535	23				
	58 338	59 373	60 442	177 1153	54				
Dr. R. P. Elmer, Wayne, Pa.	29 153	30 204	30 188	89 545	15				
	25 129	30 170	30 220	85 519	18				
	54 282	60 374	60 408	174 1064	33				
H. B. Richardson, Boston, Mass.	29 135	29 173	30 190	88 498	11				
	28 146	29 173	30 188	87 507	13				
	57 281	58 346	60 378	175 1005	24				
II S. Taylor, Chicago, Ill.	23 150	28 160	30 184	86 496	16				
	26 110	29 173	30 194	85 477	14				
	54 262	57 333	60 378	171 973	30				
II. L. Walker, Chicago, Ill.	25 97	29 163	29 167	83 427	9				
	28 132	29 147	28 178	85 457	13				
	53 229	58 310	57 345	168 384	22				
W. H. Wills, New York city.	23 123	24 142	29 151	76 416	8				
	27 149	26 150	27 165	80 464	14				
	50 272	50 292	56 316	156 880	22				
Wallace Bryant, Boston, Mass.	27 113	23 113	29 193	79 419	12				
	24 86	26 160	30 126	80 382	9				
	51 199	49 273	59 329	159 801	21				
J. H. Pendry, Chicago, Ill.	27 103	28 128	30 168	85 399	6				
	19 93	28 132	28 166	75 391	9				
	46 196	56 260	58 334	160 790	15				
Ellis Spear, Jr., Boston, Mass.	23 95	29 143	72 147	79 385	11				
	19 17	24 122	29 175	72 368	11				
	42 112	53 265	56 322	151 753	22				
B. P. Gray, Boston, Mass.	20 80	27 133	26 128	73 341	5				
	23 99	26 122	29 143	78 364	5				
	43 179	53 255	55 271	151 705	10				
F. A. Edmands, Boston, Mass.	20 68	26 118	28 148	74 334	4				
	21 81	23 93	29 155	73 329	7				
	41 149	49 211	57 303	147 663	11				
Dr. O. L. Hertig, Pittsburgh, Pa.	13 49	26 114	30 162	69 325	9				
	19 83	25 103	29 145	73 331	4				
	32 132	51 217	59 307	142 656	13				
C. E. Dallin, Boston, Mass.	24 90	24 110	28 144	76 344	5				
	21 109	21 91	27 109	69 309	7				
	45 199	45 201	55 253	145 653	12				
Dr. E. B. Weston, Chicago, Ill.	19 69	23 91	29 147	71 307	6				
	22 86	25 95	28 148	75 329	7				
	41 155	48 186	57 295	146 636	13				
James Duff, Jersey City, N.J.	13 53	15 71	20 86	48 210	1				
	17 69	23 101	25 107	65 277	6				
	30 122	38 172	45 193	113 487	7				
J. S. Jiles, Pittsburgh, Pa.	12 42	20 82	25 89	57 213	4				
	13 53	20 96	24 100	57 251	4				
	25 97	40 178	49 189	114 464	8				
L. C. Smith, Boston, Mass.	7 21	11 43	25 117	43 181	2				
	15 59	17 63	19 77	51 199	3				
	22 80	28 104	44 194	94 380	5				
W. A. Clark, Wyoming, O.	17 71	28 134	26 147	71 352	6				
	17 71	28 134	26 142	71 352	6				
	19 73	20 102	28 158	67 333	6				
E. W. Frenz, Boston, Mass.	19 73	20 102	28 158	67 333	6				
	19 73	20 102	28 158	67 333	6				
E. I. Cole, Stoddard, N. H.	7 29	10 50	20 76	37 155	3				
	7 15	11 55	19 67	37 137	3				
	14 44	21 105	39 143	74 292	6				
Rev. W. B. Gray, Cheyenne, Wyo.	1 1	6 26	9 25	16 51	0				
	2 12	3 7	7 17	12 36	1				
	3 13	9 33	16 42	28 88	1				

DOUBLE NATIONAL ROUNDS.

Forty-eight arrows at 60yds.; 24 arrows at 50yds.:

	60Yds.	50Yds.	Total.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	Glds.
Mrs. Witwer Taylor, Chicago, Ill.	35 151	22 104	57 255	4				
	31 153	24 116	55 269	0				
	66 304	46 220	112 524	4				
Miss J. V. Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.	29 123	21 117	50 240	5				
	32 126	21 109	53 237	4				
	61 251							

Miss M. A. Brownell, Wellesley College.	26 110 40 150	16 64 16 64	42 174 56 214	1 3
	66 260	32 128	98 388	4
Mrs. E. W. Frenz, Boston, Mass.	29 123 31 111	15 61 15 85	44 184 46 196	4 5
	60 234	30 146	90 380	9
Mrs. H. S. Taylor, Chicago, Ill.	29 107 16 90	10 46 13 59	39 153 29 149	2 3
	45 197	23 105	68 302	5
Mrs. B. P. Gray, Boston, Mass.	16 70 21 91	12 46 12 58	28 116 33 149	3 5
	37 161	24 104	61 265	8
Miss E. B. Spaulding, Chicago, Ill.	18 58 24 100	15 63 13 41	33 121 37 141	0 2
	42 158	28 104	70 262	2
Mrs. G. P. Bryant, Boston, Mass.	14 56 18 68	9 25 10 38	23 81 28 106	1 1
	32 124	19 63	51 187	2
Mrs. P. S. Fletcher, Chicago, Ill.	13 41 13 47	10 40 12 52	23 81 25 99	1 1
	26 88	22 92	48 180	2
Mrs. Dr. R. P. Elmer, Wayne, Pa.	8 28 15 57	7 23 9 41	15 51 24 98	0 2
	23 85	16 64	39 149	2
Miss Lida Pendry, Chicago, Ill.	7 39	13 55	20 94	1 ..
	7 39	13 55	20 94	1

DOUBLE COLUMBIA ROUND.

	50Yds.	40Yds.	30Yds.	Total.	
	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	Glds.
Mrs. Witwer Taylor, Chicago, Ill.	18 84 21 97	23 119 22 142	24 178 23 167	65 381 66 406	17 18
	39 181	45 261	47 345	131 787	35
Miss M. A. Brownell Wellesley Col.	21 75 17 71	21 113 23 129	23 147 23 159	65 335 63 359	11 9
	38 146	44 242	46 306	128 694	20
Miss J. V. Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.	20 100 21 87	22 96 20 96	24 146 24 130	66 342 60 309	6 5
	41 187	42 188	48 276	131 651	11
Miss F. M. Patrick, Wellesley Col.	16 70 15 69	20 102 18 84	23 141 24 132	59 313 59 285	6 8
	31 139	38 186	47 273	118 598	14
Mrs. E. W. Frenz, Boston, Mass.	14 66 20 72	21 130 19 67	22 104 23 125	60 300 62 264	4 5
	34 138	43 197	45 229	122 564	9
Miss E. Spaulding, Chicago, Ill.	11 29 14 48	13 59 17 85	22 128 21 107	46 216 52 240	6 8
	35 77	30 144	43 235	98 456	14
Mrs. B. P. Gray, Boston, Mass.	11 55 8 46	18 74 20 66	18 60 17 97	47 189 45 209	3 3
	19 101	38 140	36 157	92 398	6
Mrs. H. S. Taylor, Chicago, Ill.	11 33 13 57	20 64 15 59	16 74 22 108	47 171 50 224	1 2
	24 90	35 123	38 182	97 395	3
Mrs. P. S. Fletcher, Chicago, Ill.	10 60 10 42	13 49 13 59	22 96 22 84	45 205 45 185	8 2
	20 102	26 108	44 180	90 390	10
Mrs. G. P. Bryant, Boston, Mass.	16 62 8 38	14 52 14 70	16 66 17 73	46 180 39 181	4 3
	24 100	28 122	33 139	85 361	7
Mrs. Dr. R. P. Elmer, Wayne, Pa.	5 15 8 40	12 46 13 57	18 84 11 49	35 145 32 146	2 3
	13 55	25 103	29 133	67 291	5
Miss Lida Pendry, Chicago, Ill.	6 24 4 22	9 43 7 23	17 51 17 71	32 118 28 116	2 0
	10 46	16 66	34 122	60 234	2
Mrs. J. H. Pendry, Chicago, Ill.	1 3 3 13	9 27 5 7	16 74 14 62	26 104 22 82	2 1
	4 16	14 34	30 136	48 186	3

TEAM ROUNDS.

Gentlemen's 96 arrows at 60yds.
First Boston.

	H.	S.
G. P. Bryant	92	556
H. B. Richardson	83	407
Wallace Bryant	87	413
C. E. Dallin	62	242
	324	1618
Chicago.		
Dr. E. B. Weston	71	303
J. H. Pendry	75	287
H. L. Walker	77	363
H. S. Taylor	84	466
	307	1419

PARKER GUNS

Wear Well, Shoot Well and Handle Well

Wear well because they are made of the best material by the most skillful craftsmen. Shoot well because they hold the charge compactly together at extreme ranges. Handle well because the greatest attention has always been paid to the distribution of wood and metal, to insure perfect balance and the most symmetrical outline. Twenty-bore Parkers have set the pace for small bores in America, and are growing in popularity every year with the most progressive sportsmen.

For further information regarding guns in gauges ranging from 8 to 28, address

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New York Salesrooms, 32 Warren Street

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—Not Spasmodic Improvements

NOT occasional, spasmodic change or improvement made the L. C. Smith gun what it is today—the gun with no shortcomings.

The Concentration of Purpose of six men for 22 years did it.

The six Hunter Brothers keenly foresaw and held fast to one vital truth, i.e.: that any little shortcoming—seemingly but a trifle—in field or blind, will offset all your skill, wipe out all your well laid plans, and spoil a whole trip.

Concentration produced for the L. C. Smith gun

a firing pin of vanadium steel—unbreakable—gas proof.

Concentration produced a rotary, *clawing* type of bolt, which takes up all wear, in all directions, by the double wedging of its double claws. The limit of breech bolting strength is reached by these claws entering frame after passing through extension rib.

And so on through the list, Concentration of Purpose has solved long-standing gun troubles.

Write for catalog, showing grades from \$25 net to \$1500 list.



L. C. SMITH GUNS

"6 Times 22 Years' Experience"

HUNTER ARMS COMPANY, 76 Hubbard Street, FULTON, NEW YORK

Keystone.

Dr. R. P. Elmer	86	414
Dr. O. L. Hertig	78	308
J. S. Jiles	36	119
James Duff	42	181
	242	1022

Second Boston.

B. P. Gray	59	239
Ellis Spear, Jr.	62	266
E. W. Frenz	76	324
L. C. Smith	39	163
	236	1002

New York City.

W. H. Wills	83	403
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WOMAN'S NATIONAL ROUND HANDICAP.

	Allowance.	Score.	Total.
Mrs. G. P. Bryant	168	142	310
Miss M. A. Brownell	68	237	305
Miss Lida Pendry	240	55	295
Mrs. P. S. Fletcher	172	98	270
Mrs. Dr. R. P. Elmer	187	74	261
Mrs. Witwer Taylor	Scratch.	241	241
Mrs. B. P. Gray	129	109	238
Mrs. H. S. Taylor	111	124	235
Miss F. M. Patrick	50	179	229
Mrs. E. W. Frenz	72	122	144
Mrs. J. H. Pendry	31	31

COLUMBIA ROUND HANDICAP.

Miss Florence M. Patrick	94	330	424
Mrs. H. S. Taylor	196	228	424
Mrs. Dr. R. P. Elmer	248	169	417
Mrs. Burton Payne Gray	194	219	413
Mrs. P. S. Fletcher	198	203	401
Mrs. Witwer Taylor	Scratch.	386	386
Miss Lida Pendry	276	107	383
Miss Mary A. Brownell	46	322	368
Mrs. George P. Bryant	213	152	365
Mrs. J. H. Pendry	300	59	359

GENTLEMEN'S 80 AND 60-YARD HANDICAP.

Forty-eight arrows at 80yds.; 24 arrows at 60yds.			
	Allowance.	Score.	Total.
J. S. Jiles	269	107	376
C. E. Dallin	179	164	343
Dr. R. P. Elmer	83	257	340

LEFEVER GUN

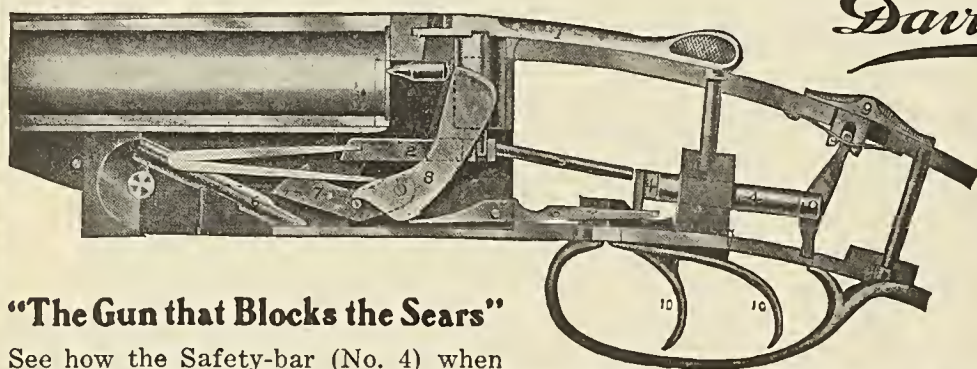
WINS HIGH AVERAGE OVER ALL

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192 ex 200
 in the hands of Mr. Woolfolk Henderson.

Lefever system of taper boring insures the maximum penetration and most even distribution of shot.

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A Handy Book for Devotees of Tent and Trail

This is that BIG little book of the open—America's new outdoor annual. It comes to you bound as you see here. It is "woody" from cover to cover—stirred by lake-breezes and redolent of pine.

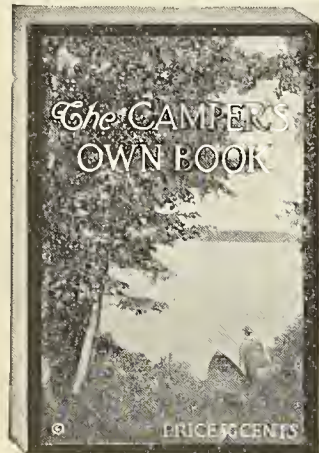
Authors of country-wide repute have, with their enthusiasm and familiar knowledge, aided its making. Stewart Edward White, Edward Breck, Frank A. Bates, Charles Bradford, F. C. Selous—these and others join this camp-fire council. They say their say about a hundred little practical details that hold close interest for you; and they spin a yarn or two by the way.

"The Camper's Own Book" measures 8x5 3/4 inches over all. It is a goodly generous volume, with 194 pages handsomely set in Scotch-Roman type, and 13 of the finest illustrations you've ever seen. Everybody should have a copy who believes that a day under the free sky makes the pomp of emperors ridiculous. And you're one—you know you are.

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Flight Shoot.
 George P. Bryant won with 229 2-3 yards.
 Mrs. C. P. Bryant won with 215 1-3 yards.

CHAMPIONSHIP MEDALS.

MEN.

York round gold medal, awarded annually to the winner of the double York round, won by G. P. Bryant with 230 hits, 1,094 score or 9 points.

American round gold medal, awarded annually to the winner of the double American round, won by G. P. Bryant with 177 hits, 1,618 score, or 7 1/4 points.

Mr. Bryant's score establishes a new double American round record.

WOMEN.

National round gold medal, awarded annually to the winner of the double National round, won by Mrs. Witmer Taylor with 112 hits, 524 score, or 6 points.

Columbia round gold medal, awarded annually to the winner of the double Columbia round, won by Mrs. Witmer Taylor with 131 hits, 787 score, or 5 1/2 points.

TROPHIES AND MEDALS.

MEN.

A. G. Spalding's gold medal, awarded annually to the archer making most golds at the York round, won by G. P. Bryant with 22 golds.

Potomac medal, awarded annually to the archer making highest individual score in the team shoot, won by G. P. Bryant with 92 hits, 556 score.

Flight shot medal, awarded annually to the archer making longest distance in three trials with any bow and arrow, won by G. P. Bryant with 229 2/3 yards.

Pearsall bugle, awarded annually to any team of four men representing any archery club in the association making the largest gross score, won by the first Boston team with 324 hits, 1,618 score.

Weston trophy, awarded annually to the archer making the most golds at any end of six arrows, to be the property of a thrice consecutive winner, won by G. P. Bryant with 4 golds at 40 yards.

Duff silver arrow, awarded annually to the archer shooting in his first tournament making the highest score in the double American round, won by Ellis Spear, Jr., with 151 hits, 753 score.

Chicago Archery Club trophy, awarded annually to the archer making the largest number of hits in the combined double York, double American and team rounds, to become the property of the one first winning it three times, won by G. P. Bryant with 499 hits.

Elmer wooden spoon, carved oak, presented by Dr. R. P. Elmer, of Wayne, Pa., to be awarded annually to the archer shooting all events in his first tournament, making the lowest score in the American round, won by Louis C. Smith with 71 hits, 669 score.

WOMEN.

A. G. Spalding's gold medal, awarded annually to the woman making most golds in the National round, won by Miss Florence M. Patrick with 11 golds.

Flight shot medal, awarded annually to the woman making longest distance in three trials with any bow and arrow, won by Mrs. G. P. Bryant with 215 1/3.

Ladies' team trophy, awarded annually to

G. P. Bryant	Scratch.	338	338
H. S. Taylor	98	234	332
Dr. E. B. Weston	232	92	324
H. B. Richardson	34	280	314
Ellis Spear, Jr.	214	99	313
L. C. Smith	247	66	313
Dr. O. L. Hertig	167	138	305
H. L. Walker	137	165	302
B. P. Gray	192	93	285
J. H. Pendry	179	104	283
W. H. Wills	24	255	279
James Duff	221	45	266
E. W. Frenz	150	112	262
F. A. Edmands	112	126	238

AMERICAN ROUND HANDICAP.

Thirty arrows at 60yds.; 30 arrows at 50yds.; 30 arrows at 40yds.

	Allowance.	Score.	Total.
Wallace Bryant	176	496	672
Dr. E. B. Weston	258	385	643
J. S. Jiles	344	275	629
Dr. O. L. Hertig	243	359	602
B. P. Gray	224	361	585
H. S. Taylor	90	491	581
G. P. Bryant	Scratch.	575	575

James Duff	333	242	575
J. H. Pendry	191	360	551
Ellis Spear, Jr.	200	344	544
W. H. Wills	136	388	524
C. E. Dallin	250	272	522
L. C. Smith	386	124	510
H. L. Walker	134	368	502

CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Double York Round.

George Phillip Bryant won with.....	Points.	9
Henry B. Richardson	1-10	

Double American Round.

George Phillip Bryant won with.....	7 1/4
Dr. Robert P. Elmer	2 1/4
Homer S. Taylor	0 1/4
Henry B. Richardson	0 1/4-10

Double National Round.

Mrs. Witmer Taylor won with.....	8
----------------------------------	---

Double Columbia Round.

Mrs. Witmer Taylor won with	5 1/2
Miss Julia V. Sullivan	4
Miss Mary A. Brownell	0 1/2-10

any team of four women representing any archery club in the association making the largest gross score, won by Boston team with 249 hits, 1,078 score.

Christian Science Monitor silver shield, presented in 1912. To become the permanent property of the woman who shall score the largest number of hits in any one of the five succeeding years, in the combined double National and double Columbia rounds. To be held each year by the woman making the most hits at the last tournament until it has been won outright, won by Mrs. Witwer Taylor with 243 hits.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

MEN.

Painting of Robin Hood by Vesper L. George, presented by Mr. George and awarded winners of the American round handicap, won by Wallace Bryant with a score of 672.

Haven prizes, awarded to archers not competing in York round making highest scores in double American round. First prize, diamond and ruby scarf pin, awarded Dr. E. B. Weston with 146 hits, 653 score. Second prize, scarf pin, awarded E. I. Cole with 74 hits, 292 score.

WOMEN.

Haven prizes—rings, necklaces, etc.—awarded woman making largest combined hits and score in the double National and Columbia rounds. First prize, awarded Mrs. Witwer Taylor with a score of 1,554. Second prize, awarded Miss J. V. Sullivan with a score of 1,362. Third prize, awarded Miss M. A. Brownell with a score of 1,308.

Teak wood arrow box, presented by E. W. Frenz, of Boston, awarded the winner of the National handicap, won by Mrs. G. P. Bryant, of Boston, with a score of 310.

Elmer carved leather quiver and belt, presented by Dr. R. P. Elmer, of Wayne, Pa., awarded the winner of the Columbia handicap, won by Miss Florence M. Patrick, of Wellesley College, with a score of 424.

Jessop Bow, presented by Joseph Jessop, of Coronado Beach, Cal., and awarded the winner of the wand shoot, won by Miss Mary A. Brownell.

Painting of a beautiful trout, presented by W. B. Gillette, of Averill Park, N. Y., awarded the woman making the lowest score in the combined National and Columbia rounds, won by Miss Lida Pendry with 80 hits, 328 score.

Junior medal, for best score in the double Columbia round, made by young woman under eighteen years of age, not competed for in 1912.

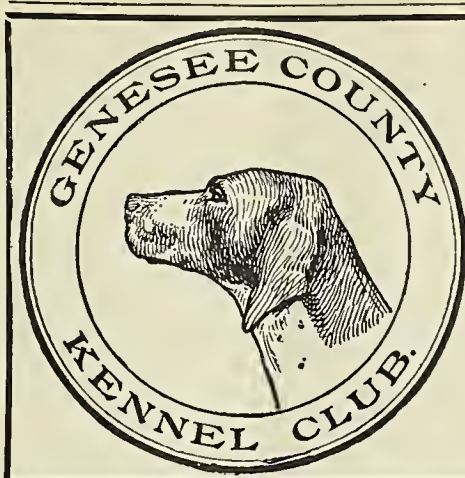
HOW HUMMINGBIRDS BATHE.

Nor being acquainted with the bathing habits of hummingbirds, I put out an abalone shell as the most artistic bathing dish for her, but never to my knowledge did she pay the least attention to it, says a writer.

One morning, in a shower, however, she crouched down on the wet blade of a dogwood leaf, and with head outstretched and rapidly fluttering wings, spattered the raindrops in every direction.

She went from leaf to leaf until she had succeeded in getting her feathers wet. Then she perched on a twig, shook off the drops and carefully preened her feathers. It is not improbable that in the absence of rain, hummingbirds use the dewdrops in early morning.

Kennel.



THE BATAVIA SHOW

EIGHTH ANNUAL DOG SHOW OF THE
Genesee County Kennel Club
SEPTEMBER 19th to 21st

Our premium lists are mailed. Did you get yours?
Seventy-one winners' classes. Money in all breeds assuring one point; \$1,500 cash. Over \$200 in cut glass prizes.

Judge all breeds, Mr. James Mortimer
ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 11th

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CHAS. W. GARDINER, Supt. . - Batavia, N. Y.

Kennel Department

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 28.—Southern Ohio Field Trial Association's second annual field trials. G. R. Harris, Sec'y, 15 West Sixth St., Cincinnati, O.

Baron Beaming Trophy.

BARON Beaming trophy, value \$50, offered by Inwall Kennels, Milford, Pa., for the best American-bred bulldog, get of the stud Baron Beaming. To be competed for at all A. K. C. license shows held to and including the Westminster Kennel Club Show of 1914, and to be awarded to the dog or bitch making the greatest number of points, each win of the special to count the number of points that the show receives rating. Open to all. Donor not to compete.

Batavia Show.

THE Bulldog Club of Western Pennsylvania, of which E. M. Joel, 23 Chapman street, Ingram, Pa., is secretary, offers a silver medal for the best local bulldog, a silver medal for the best local bull bitch owned by a member of the Bulldog Club of Western Pennsylvania. Anyone becoming a member prior to Sept. 19 will be eligible to compete. CHAS. W. GARDINER, Supt.

BEAR HUNTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

BEAR hunting will be good in Pennsylvania this fall, as judging from reports made to the State Game Commission's men bruin is not only abundant, but in some of the northern counties comes pretty near to being a nuisance. The appearance of specimens is reported from many camps this summer, including those on State forest reserves.

The bear season will not open until Oct. 1, and the law permits the killing of an unlimited number of the animals by hunters, and farmers and woodsmen probably will bag many through traps, although the use of steel traps is now prohibited.

Bears have been reported in many of the Central Pennsylvania counties the last few years, some being seen within a short distance of Harrisburg, and in mountain communities the farmers have been bothered by the depredations of bears close to barnyards and in gardens.—Harrisburg Correspondence Philadelphia Press.

PERILS OF PEACE.

"You have been in military service?"
"Yes."
"And where have you found the bullets fly thickest?"
"In the Maine woods, where I was recently acting as guide."—From the Washington Star.

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We manufacture specially prepared foods for
**Dogs, Puppies, Cats, Rabbits, Poultry, Birds,
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OXFORD KENNELS,
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Beagle and Rabbit Hounds.—Thoroughly trained and experienced hunters. Not gunshy. Satisfaction guaranteed. Puppies all ages. LEWIS MILLER, West Chester, Pa.

AN AIREDALE can do anything that any other dog can do and then lick the other dog. We handle high class Airedales, exclusively, for hunting dogs and "pals" for yourself and children and watchdogs in the country home. Puppies now ready to ship.

KENWYN KENNELS, Point Pleasant, N. J.

DOG FANCIERS, ATTENTION

Being over-stocked, I will offer my entire kennel of trained setters and pointers at \$30.00 each. Fox Hounds, \$30.00 each; Coon Hounds, \$30.00 each; Rabbit Hounds, \$15.00 each; Setter, Pointer and Hound puppies, \$10.00 each. Shipped on 30 days' trial. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue. BLUE GRASS FARM KENNELS, Stanley Blake, Mgr., Berry, Ky.

Irish Terriers and Belgian Hares—Pedigree and certificate of registration furnished with each dog sold. Bluest of blood. Wa-chanta Kennels, G. O. Rutledge, M.D., Danville, Ill.

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Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips, always light and cool and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. I make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, I make it to your order—send it to you—
—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to me and I will refund your money. The banks or any responsible citizen in Marshall will tell you that is the way I do business—always absolutely on the square and I have sold to thousands of people this way for the past 30 years. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. I just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.
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Resorts for Sportsmen.

Maine.



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HUNTING. FISHING. RECREATION

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RALPH BISBEE - - - Kokadjo, Maine

BALL'S CAMPS

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Landlocked Salmon, Lake Trout and Brook Trout

Camps have open fireplaces, piazzas, Kewanee Water System. Private baths and toilets. Sanitary plumbing and Blaugas lights. Write for Brochure "B," giving rates and details.

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Finest July, August and September fly-fishing. Machias and Musquacook regions of Maine. Largest trout, togue, and salmon.

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Parties guided in season on hunting or fishing trips in the best game section of western Montana. Bear, elk, goat, deer, fish and smaller game plentiful. Write early for arrangements, as only a limited number can be accommodated. References on application. Address

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Salmon fishing. Caribou hunting. Canoeing. Motor boating. Lovely scenery. Every comfort, out no frills. Terms moderate. Guides, licenses and all, provided.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Do you want good SALMON and TROUT fishing? Or to shoot the "lordly CARIBOU? Apply J. R. WHITAKER, The Bungalow, Grand Lake, Newfoundland.

FOREST AND STREAM reaches many fishermen and gunners in small towns, people with money to spend and who are influenced by advertisements.

Property For Sale.

TIMBERLAND ON LAKE AND RIVER.

Eight thousand acres of timberland, with several miles of lake and river front, situated on a large lake in the center of the game and fishing country of Northern and Central Maine. This tract of land would make an ideal reservation for a club, or for anyone desiring an investment in timberlands. For information, address Lock Box No. 11, Auburndale, Mass.

A RARE INVESTMENT

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Four hundred and eighty acres of beautiful level land in Keith County, Nebraska. Rich black loam, six feet deep, which produces all kinds of big agricultural crops. Forty bushels of wheat to the acre, and all other crops in proportion. These lands are located eight miles from the county seat, and six miles from the thriving, bustling town of Brule, on the main line of the Union Pacific Railroad. The town has church, high school, hotels, all kinds of stores, grain elevator, etc., etc. I will also sell 160 acres adjoining Brule, fronting on the Union Pacific Railroad, under cultivation, with all improvements. The climate is unsurpassed for all lung or throat difficulties. Elevation, 3,200 feet.

For terms and particulars address

E. H. BARTON, 32 Bank St., Batavia, N. Y.

For Lease—Nov. 1 to 15—Deer Season—FURNISHED COTTAGE.

500 acres perfectly protected deer preserve adjoining 12,000 acre preserve of the most exclusive hunting club in New York State. Lease includes service, table, guides. Property has private lake, excellent fishing. Price, \$599. Write DEERPARK, care Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

YACHTING NOTES.

Harlem Y. C.

EIGHTEEN sail and three power boats crossed the starting line in the 61-mile race here on Aug. 17. The event was won by R. B. Budd's Alert in the sailing class with Melrah, owned by H. Merz, finishing first in the power boat squad.

Sloops—Start, 5:00 P. M.—61 Miles.

	Elapsed	Corrected
Alert, R. B. Budd.....	2 12 06	8 02 48
Juanita, S. C. Hunter.....	8 26 55	8 05 36
Coot, H. Wennemer.....	10 18 00	8 05 59
Hyperion, W. N. Bavier.....	8 21 50	8 07 05
Sally IX., A. E. Black.....	8 53 31	8 07 52
Mist, H. T. Hornidge.....	9 35 35	8 13 05
Victory, H. A. Jackson, Jr.....	9 33 45	8 13 29
Elena, J. A. Crowley.....	8 19 00	8 19 00
Veda, Shults & Lannan.....	8 47 25	8 26 31
More Joy, P. V. Griffin.....	9 12 00	8 27 14
Malolo, C. A. Stoltz.....	9 41 25	8 32 51
Crescent, H. T. Southwick, Jr.....	8 43 55	8 39 24
Alyce, G. Branfuehr.....	9 31 10	8 42 51
Naiad, J. Brunn.....	9 37 38	8 51 59
Bobtail, E. H. Clark.....	8 53 50	8 53 12
Tallicum II., M. J. Early, Jr.....	10 04 20	8 55 49
Kenmuir, V. P. Krauss.....	9 48 25	9 12 11
Imp, W. Kramer.....	Not timed.	

Power Boats—Start, 6:00 P. M.—61 Miles.

Melrah, H. Merz.....	7 13 45	5 54 49
Empire, H. L. Luckenbach.....	6 16 10	6 16 10
Anna, J. Anderson.....	7 38 10	7 03 12

New Rochelle Y. C.

THE annual cruise of the New Rochelle Y. C., which left New Rochelle on Aug. 10, arrived home as per schedule. The cruise being discontinued at New London on Aug. 16.

On the first day the cruise covered a course between the New Rochelle Y. C. and Lloyd's Harbor. On Sunday the finishing point was New Haven, on Monday they continued to Stonington, Conn., and on Tuesday to Newport. On Wednesday and Thursday the yachts remained at Newport during the King's cup races. On Friday the cruise was continued to New London. The schedule called for a sail to Lloyd's Harbor on Saturday, but the fleet disbanded at New London on Friday. Okee, a New York Y. C. 30-footer, owned by Rear Commodore Mahlstedt, won the flag officers' cup.

Following are the boats which figured in the cruise, the owners and the number of points won by each: Okee, Rear Commodore J. A. Mahlstedt, 25; Amada, B. R. Stoddard, 22; Twilight, J. F. London, 18; Lady M., Commodore E. C. Myrick, 18; Surprise II., M. Kattenhorn, 2; Olwyn, A. B. Seymour, Jr., 2; Guardia, C. A. Marsland, 1.

NEW ROCHELLE, Aug. 24.—There were fifty-nine starters in the New Rochelle Y. C.'s special regatta to-day on Long Island Sound, and that which at first looked like a day of idle drifting eventually developed into a first class contest, with a brisk west by south breeze that caused the more tender craft to heel. The winners were Cara Mia, Nepsi, Moira, Sally IX., Kenmuir, Circe, Dolly, Lady M., Edmee, Aratheusa, Whiff, Turquoise, Drcna, Pixy, Vega and Echo.

Dorchen's Appeal Granted.

THE executive committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts gave a hearing on Aug. 19 on the appeal of Dorchen II. and others from the decision of the judges of the regatta of July 4 in Class I and voted that the race should not count for percentage owing to the misunderstanding of the buoys off the east end of Thompsons Island.

They also voted that the Manchester Y. C. race of July 26 should not count for percentage for Classes P and I.

These two decisions are of great importance to the racing boats of both classes affected. In the case of Class P it puts George Lee's 31-rater Italia far ahead in standing for the Lipton cup of Massachusetts Bay. In the case of Class I, the 18-footer Cheroot, R. S. Hendrie, is brought down from its commanding position in the race for the championship, so that now the boat is a small fraction of 1 per cent. ahead of Harry Bloomfield's Moslem II.

It was the contention of Italia's owner that

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the deed of gift of the Lipton cup distinctly stated that only open races should be counted for percentage. The Manchester Y. C. race was an invitation affair, so nothing was left but to throw out the race.

Cheroot was singularly unfortunate in the decisions and Moslem II. exactly the reverse. The former won the Manchester Y. C. event and was second on July 4. In both these races Moslem II. finished far down the list. Cheroot's owner has been loafing the last few races in the belief that the championship was his without any more racing this season, but from now on there will be one of the hottest scraps in the history of that scrappy Class I.

The judges of the July 4 regatta decided against the contentions of Dorchen II., which protested at the time on account of the fact that one of the buoys of the course had been cut off on a level with the water, giving some of the boats a chance to cut the course, while others sailed around the place where the mark should have been.

Anchored Boats to Carry Riding Lights.

OWNERS of motor boats along the Illinois River think that a new order from the Federal inspector requiring all motor boats not lying at a dock to display lights after nightfall is extremely oppressive. It is argued that boats lying at anchor are outside the course of all steamboat or other travel, and also outside the channel. The order, therefore, is characterized as foolish and unnecessary. So far as known there has been no accident on the Illinois River as the result of absence of lights on boats which have been moored close to the river bank, despite the fact that at some ports there are several hundred of these boats. It is asserted that the War Department officials responsible for the order are seeking to apply the rules of ocean navigation to the rivers and streams of Illinois. The new ruling is claimed to be a great hardship and calculated to drive many boats out of commission. Many boat owners cannot afford to employ a man to attend to the lighting of the lamps each night, a fine being threatened for omission, and the result, it is feared, will be a decision upon the part of many to dispose of their craft and retire from the sport.

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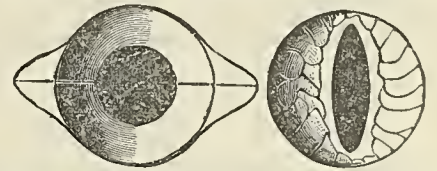
GAME-HUNTING CONCESSION.

THE contract of the Kamchatka Trading & Industrial Co., covering hunting rights on Commander Islands, will terminate on Sept. 1, 1912, and the rights will again be put up to public tender on a four-year contract. The contract is to cover the right to hunt polar fox and beaver only, as catching of seals is prohibited for five years in accordance with the convention of 1911.

A Russian hydrographic expedition to the North Polar Sea, composed of the vessels Taimir and Voigatch, left Vladivostok in June to proceed round the north of Asia to St. Petersburg. This expedition will endeavor to make correct maps and charts of much of northern and north-eastern Asia which contains considerable unexplored areas and great rivers, mountains and coasts which are not charted.—From Consul General John H. Snodgrass, of Moscow.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

The Index for Volume LXXVIII. of FOREST AND STREAM, covering the issues for six months from January 1 to June 30, 1912, is ready for distribution and will be sent free on application.

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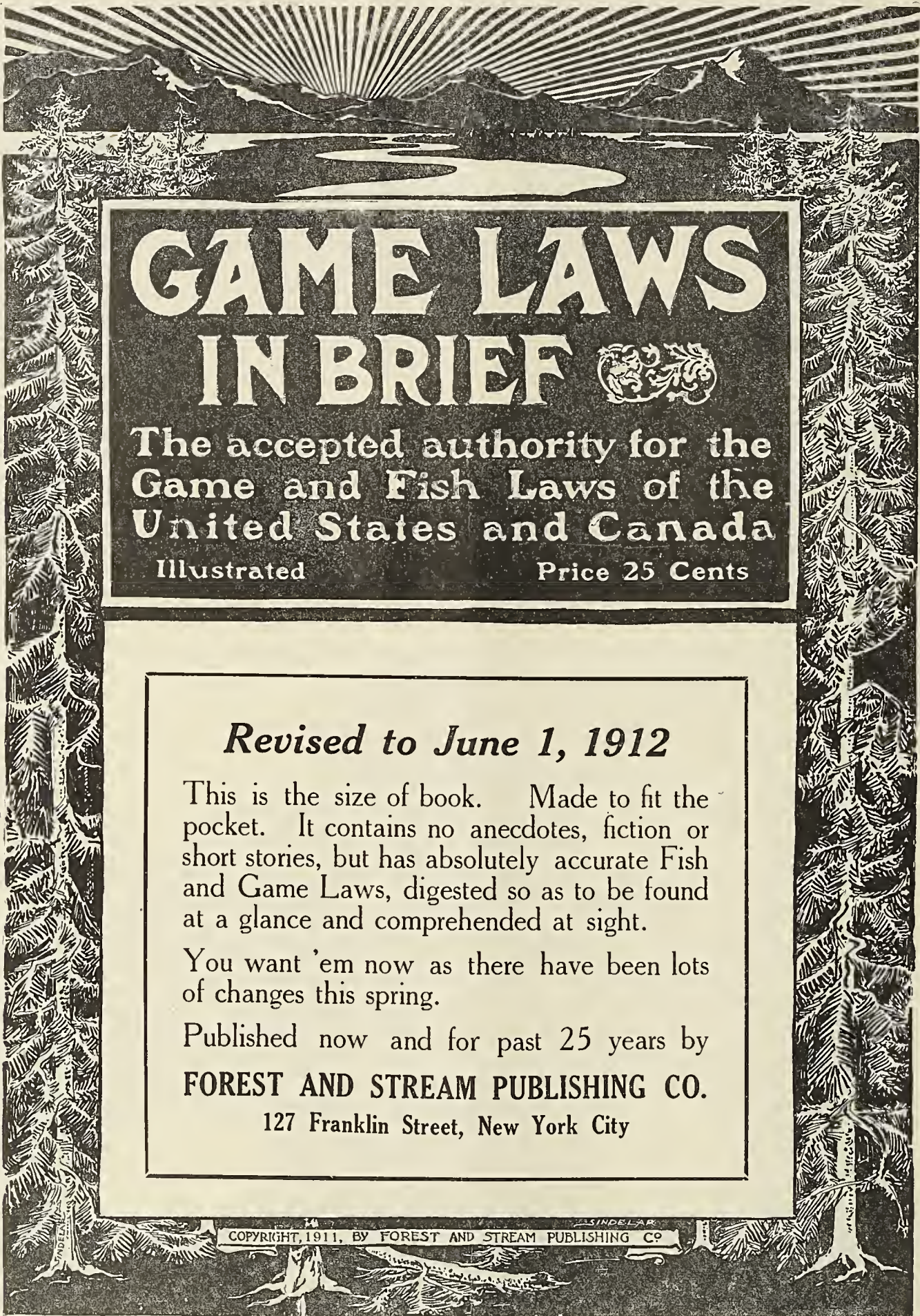
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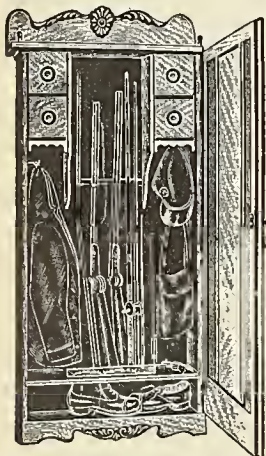
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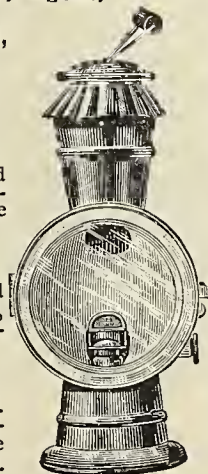
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VOL. LXXIX.—No. 10.
127 Franklin St., New York.

Through Unexplored Guerrero

By PROF. WILLIAM NIVEN

Chapter V.—Among the Cave Dwellers

FOR the next year I devoted myself to mining with scattered hunting trips through Guerrero, until one night, seated under a brush ramada in a little Indian village some hours back in the mountains from Oatlan, one of the Indians turned the subject to the prehistoric races of the country. He was what is known as a "mixed"; that is, of mixed blood, Spanish, Indian and possibly a trace of white from the mesalliance of his mother with some wandering American. In him was no trace of the superstition of the pure Indian, and he cared no more for his dead ancestors than he did for a dead dog. He had been with me at the buried town of Yerbabuena, and again had gone into the country of the mound builders. He had wearied of mining and wanted to loaf for awhile on the pretext of opening more ruins.

"Did you know, Patron," he said, "that people thousands of moons ago dwelt in caves in this country also?"

I had seen the cave dwellings of Colorado and Arizona and New Mexico, but for all my years in Mexico I had never heard of the Troglydytes of Mexico's Egypt, and we talked far into the night over this third mysterious race which had gone the way of the city makers and the mound builders.

The result was that the end of February, 1902, found me, accompanied by this Indian, by my own mozo and by another tribesman of the south, striking out on horseback from Puente de Ixtla for the caves of Cacahuamilpa. These holes in the ground or rather, the many chambers and ramifications of one entrance, are larger than Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, and probably will be found to be the largest caves in the world.

Riding four hours through the mountains, passing over a country sadly dry and in need of the summer rains, we came at length to a gaping hole 300 feet in circumference, driven into the mountain side, and later cut and chiseled to a noticeable extent by the hand of man. Establishing a permanent camp in the shade of a sheer cliff more than 500 feet high, at whose base a small spring broke from the mountain, we plunged at once into the cave.

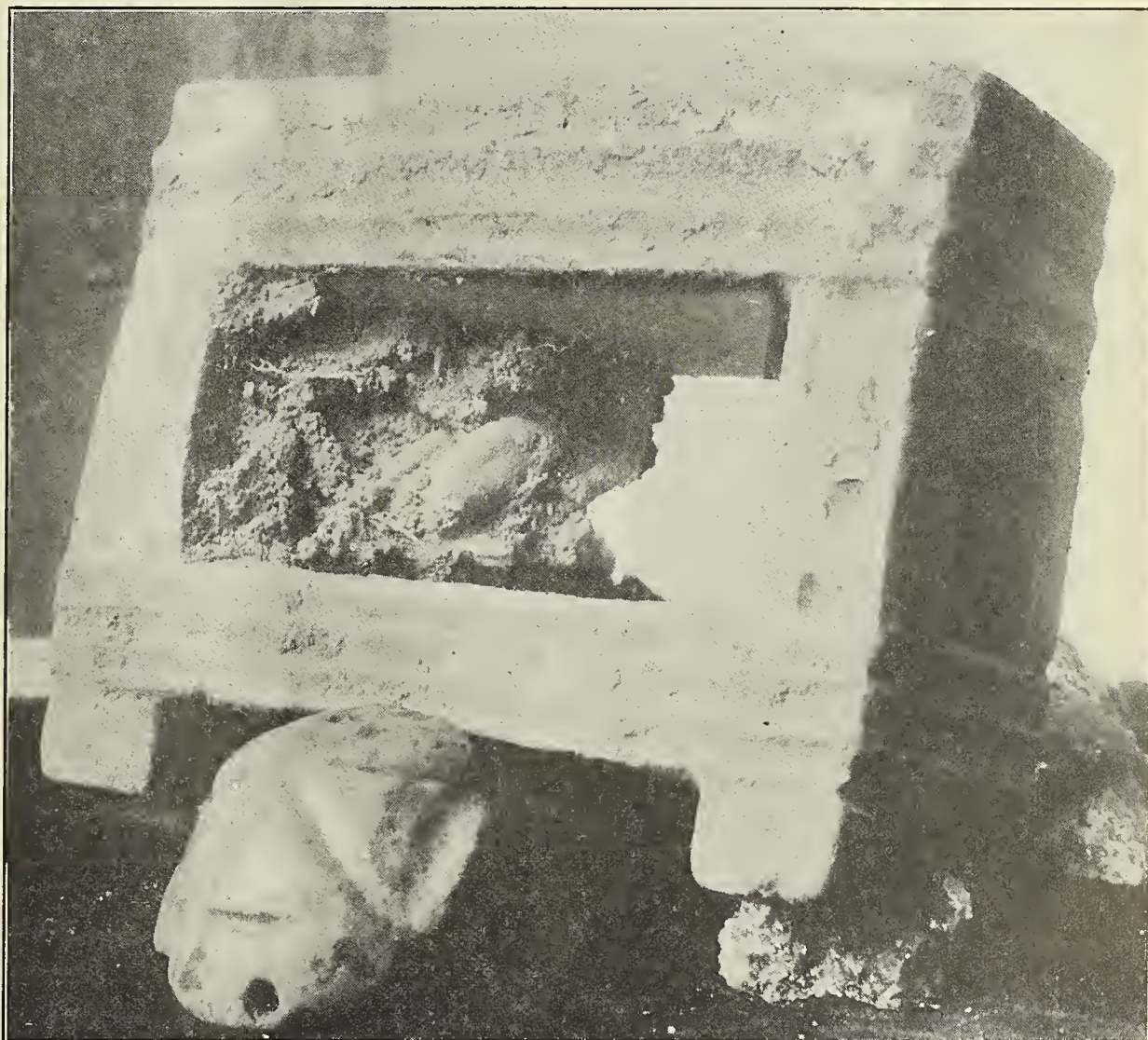
The entrance, large, and with a domed roof leading up probably 100 feet; further than the fitful light of our mesquite torches, would throw its reflection, led us into a labyrinth of chambers of gigantic dimensions, thousands of feet in extent and with roofs of unknown height. The passages were filled with stalagmitic furniture

and stalactitic draperies, while the walls were decorated with sparkling gems of arragmite and with other stalactites hundreds of feet in length.

In one chamber, which seemed only an ante-room to greater caverns beyond, the cathedral of Mexico City, with its two enormous towers, could be placed and still its spires would not touch the roof. Penetrating still further, walking from room to room for probably half a mile, we began to regret that we had not ridden, instead of walked into the monster underground world. There we seated ourselves on a long ledge running on one side the room, and were surprised to find that the bench was not natural, but had been carved and ornamented by the hand

of some Indian architect or stone mason. This set us exploring, and the further we got into the mountain, the more we became convinced that here, completely within the cave, had dwelt an entire tribe. Traces of fire-places, broken bits of pottery, spear and arrowheads, idols carved on the face of the living rock, seats hewn from the stalactites and stalagmites were found, and finally plain traces of stairways, now broken and impassable, but apparently leading to upper caves where the people of the lost tribe evidently had their separate and private homes.

By this time we seemed to have penetrated more than a mile, as I had unwound ten balls of string, each containing two hundred yards,



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TOMB OF GUERRERO IN TOWN OF TIXTLA.

one end of which was attached to a shrub at the mouth of the cave. Our torches were burning low, and so we decided to eat our lunch and then retrace our steps, feeling convinced that with so small a force and such short supplies, we could not hope to get into the real depths of the cave. While we were eating I noticed a dull roar, the source of which seemed distant, yet the sound of which was quite clear. I turned to the guide for explanation, and he replied: "The rivers, Patron, which flow beneath the cave. When we return to the outer world we shall see them."

True to his word, as we stepped out into the sunlight two hours later, he led the way down and around the corner of the mountain, and there, out of two other gigantic natural tunnels in the face of the cliff, gushed two good-sized rivers, neither of which could have been flowing less than 12000 inches of water, and this the dry season at that.

The Indians have named these streams the San Geronimo and the Coatepec Harinas, and they flow together to form one stream, the Amacusac, which in turn flows into the Balsas. The place where these streams leave the mountain is about 500 feet below the entrance to the great cave, and some 300 yards around the curve in the great hill. No one, not even the Indians, has ventured to explore the caverns whence flow the twin rivers, notwithstanding the fact that there are fairly good trails, apparently carved by man from the solid rock, following the streams back into the mountain.

There is a legend among the Indians that back on the subterranean course of the San Geronimo River there is a great lake on whose shores stands an ancient city of the cave or cliff dwellers, once peopled by a large band of aborigines, but in whose ruins no modern man has ever stood. There is probably some truth in this legend, as bits of water-worn carved wood come floating down both these streams at seasons of flood, and along their banks are occasionally found fragments of carved stone unlike any of the carvings found in the ruined cities of the surrounding country.

Determined that the real ruins of these lost tribes were along the underground course of the

river, and believing that there must be communication with the rivers below and the great caves of Cacahuamilpa above, I determined to attempt to reach the fabled lake by following the course of the San Geronimo, which we ascertained was about twelve feet deep at its point of exit from the cave, and which was running like a mill race when it broke from the mountain side, showing that its course underneath the mountain must be at a considerable down grade.

That afternoon we rested and explored the mountain, finding several small caves which showed evidences of having been walled up in ancient times, and in which I found shards of comparatively modern pottery, but nothing which I considered of any value. Probably these caves had been used as shelters by goat herds of days since the Spanish occupation.

Next morning, provided with a number of torches, our balls of string and food for two days, we struck out up the narrow stone trail beside the river. It was a silent procession, the roar of the water drowning our voices, and its spray so drenching the path that walking was precarious in the extreme. The cavern widened for a space after we entered, and the stream became correspondingly shallower. So far as we could see from the light of our combined torches cast on the shallow water, there were no fish, but caught in the riffles of the stone bed of the stream we found several rounded pellets of jade and a number of beads, both of diorite and of jade, giving some foundation for our hopes that further above we should find a city of the dead just as it was abandoned by its builders.

On and on we pressed for fully five miles, finding the trail perfect, though worn, and discovering carved hand-holds in the rock wall in places where the ledge narrowed. Bats fluttered about our heads, while an occasional owl, frightened from its day time roost by the glare of our torches, flew wildly down stream, almost fanning our faces with its downy wings. Again the roar of the waters increased, but the cave did not narrow. Gradually the roof raised until it was lost in the darkness beyond the arch of the glow of our torches. The roar became thunderous, bats and owls alike disappeared, I kicked

what appeared to be a small half-round boulder out of the path, and my foot went through it as though it was paper. It was a fragment of a skull, of which nothing but a thin shell of lime was left. Here was hope indeed and then the guide, who was perhaps a hundred yards ahead, shouted: "El salto del agua! El salto del agua!" ("The leap of waters! The leap of waters!") and we stood in the presence of a waterfall whose summit we could not see, but whose spray drenched us to the skin, even through our heavy khaki clothing, and whose torrent plunged into a pool worn deep by the ages of ceaseless wear of the waters; churning the great pot into foam, and finally coming out headlong through a crevice in the wall of the pool—the San Geronimo River which flowed past our feet.

From the light of our torches we could see up, up, perhaps 150 feet along the face of the sheet of water, but still there was no end, no sight of the beginning of the fall. Far up in the dome of the vast cavern, somewhere beyond the ken of man, the river started on its plunge over a buried cliff which is, at least, more than a hundred and fifty feet high. Nothing less than an electric searchlight of considerable power would reveal the top of the fall, but after half an hour's rest we determined to try to follow the worn trail around the fall, but the guide, going ahead, returned to report that while there had been a carved stairway, evidently leading on up the cavern, it had been broken, and it was impossible to go further.

I followed him on to the end of the ledge, about a hundred feet further, and right at the edge of the falling sheet of water. There I could see, across a gap of about twenty-five feet, a well-defined stairway, leading up, up, also in the very spray of the cataract, but there was no way of crossing the gap broken out of the trail,



VIEW SHOWING THE MOUNTAIN WALL ON THE SPURS OF WHICH ARE LOCATED THE RUINS OF QUECHOMICTLIPAN.

beneath which boiled and surged the cauldron of waters into which the cataract fell.

Convinced that here the journey ended, so far as we were concerned, I followed the ruined stairway upward with my eyes, and there, perched alongside the falling flood, stood a round tower, built of carved stones laid in cement. The tower, probably one hundred feet from where I stood, could be seen only dimly in the fitful glare of the torches, but from it I could see a great idol head, its features fixed in a fiendish stare, gazing directly at me. Evidently this was the guardian spirit of the cavern, and the tower into which the hideous head was built was the watch tower guarding something more valuable beyond, possibly the ruined city of which the Indians of the outside world have legends.

Better far than the protection of the idol or the watch tower, however, is the broken trail, beyond which no human being can pass without the aid of wings. In fact, I do not see, without changing the course of the river, how any expedition, no matter how well equipped, could reach the tower, though I am planning to try again to read the riddle of the city buried by nature in the great cavern, if such a city there be, and I fully believe it exists.

After returning to the camp my guide told me of still other caves situated some four days' further ride into the mountains, and which white man had never seen. To these I determined to go, and breaking camp early next morning we struck out, following a trail in some places scarcely visible, in others so overgrown with jungle that we had to cut our way, often requiring two or three hours to cover a mile.

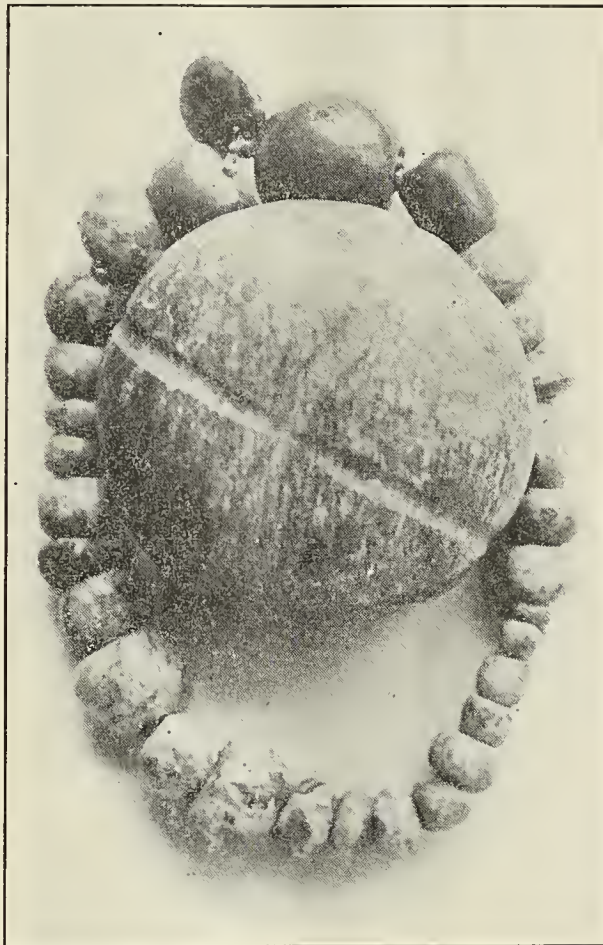
We passed the cuadrilla of Otatlan, then turned up the Teotepec to the Barranca de Chila, encountering several bad crossings, due not so much to the quantity of water in the river, as to the enormous boulders which everywhere filled its bed. We camped one night near the head of the barranca, at an elevation of 7,500 feet, and, rolled in our blankets around the fire, we could hear the pigs grunting in the jungle and the calls of jaguars roaming the hillsides far above us. Great owls, bent on their nightly hunting, flew over us, while we could hear all manner of animals drinking and fighting along the banks of the river both above and below the camp.

From this time on we had a constant battle with the jungle, often cutting with axes and machetes for hours before we could gain a single mile. In places where sheer dirt cliffs confronted us, we had to cut new trails with pick and shovel before we could even lead our horses up a few feet to catch the broken trail on the mountain side. Sometimes we had to unpack, the Indians carrying the mules' loads for long distances, while the animals were brought along slowly one at a time. Almost incessant rain began to fall in this section, greatly impeding our progress and increasing the danger from fevers and other diseases.

On the third night, however, we encamped in a forest of tall pines, most of them more than one hundred feet to the first limb and three to five feet in diameter. On consulting the instruments I found that our camp was 9,500 feet above the sea, and we noted with surprise that even at this elevation the jungle did not cease, but became even thicker among the giant pines.

We found countless tracks of wild animals—tiger, mountain lion, wild hogs, bear, deer and the little spotted, long-tailed ocelots—but weeds from six to ten feet in height, interlaced with vines and cane, made hunting an impossibility, though one of the guides did succeed in shooting a brace of wild turkeys from the branches of one of the pine trees.

We found no springs or pools, but the thick moss which everywhere coated the ground was so soaked with water that one practically stepped into a pool every time he put down his foot. We saw no evidences in the way of blazed trees or recent tracks in the trail that anyone had visited the place recently, and huge dead trees, fallen across the dim trail, added to our difficul-



DIORITE BEADS AND ORNAMENT, GREEN IN COLOR, SOMETIMES CALLED JADE, TAKEN FROM RUINS AT ZUMPANGO DEL RIO.

ties. Above our camp rose the peak of Cerro del Baul, companion mountain to Cerro de Teotepec, and so far innocent of the foot of white man on its ancient crest. When the guides told me this fact I made up my mind to digress from the trip to the caves long enough to stand on the summit of the mountain.

Accordingly we turned upward from the camp, reaching the top of the peak, 10,750 feet above the sea, shortly after noon. The jungle became clearer as we approached the top, until we found a comparatively clear space on the apex of the cone. It had been raining all forenoon, but just as we came out of the forest and stood on the summit, the sun burst from the clouds in unusual splendor, the curtain of the mists lifted from the lower levels, and I gazed on the most beautiful landscape it has ever been my lot to behold. It was a transformation scene of grand and incomparable beauty, exceeding even the views said to be obtainable from the summit of the neighboring peak—Teotepec.

Lying to the west was a labyrinth of moun-

tain peaks and barrancas, lying so far below as to seem to have been modeled in clay by a giant's hand on a giant scale. To the south was a wild, unbroken panorama of timber-covered firs. Beyond this flashed up an immense break in the divide, through which could be seen the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean, stretching out to the horizon in fascinating, level contrast to the wildly broken mass of earth lying below and nearer the base of the mountain. On the southeast, the great peak of Teotepec, rising 11,000 feet into the air, completed the picture, at which we gazed, spell-bound with admiration.

Here I secured a magnificent collection of large, vari-colored orchids, taken from the highest trees, and on the open spaces which we found on our descent of the other side, we could have killed scores of deer, chacalacas (a species of pheasant), wild turkeys and wild hogs. As it was, we feasted on their meat three times a day for two or three days, and then changed to ducks, which we killed along the water courses.

Although this mountain may not have been visited at all by modern men, its slopes were peopled heavily by the cave dwellers of prehistoric days. Hundreds of enormous masses of rock had fallen from the cliffs which scar one side of the mountain, and lay in all manner of positions down the slope. Beneath these the members of the dead race had scooped out commodious caves, walling the front, and in a few instances erecting stone buildings outside. Their civilization, however, apparently was low, and I found little aside from a few broken pieces of pottery to reward my short search. The best artifact found was an olla of terra cotta, thirty inches long by fourteen inches in diameter, with three handles, and roughly made.

From here we continued two days more to Tecomaxochitl, a small Indian village, in all respects like those I have described previously. Straight beyond this village for a mile or more the guide led the way, skirting the little town with the excuse that if we entered and made known the object of our visit, undoubtedly we would be forbidden to enter the caves. On the top of this hill I found a number of ruined buildings, all small, averaging only nine by twenty-four feet, and while digging into the floor of one of the ancient buildings, my pick went on through and into the entrance to what appeared to be a sealed cave.

Further investigation developed an opening, seven feet in length by three feet in height, its mouth closed with a thin wall of cut rock, bound together with a white cement of a hardness as great, if not greater, than that of the rock itself. Carving my way into this I found it to be a great tomb, some thirty feet long, the roof very little higher than the entrance, and the bottom covered with a thin layer of dust, evidently volcanic, which must have been in the cave before its use by the dead tribe which sealed up the entrance.

On top of this dust a ghostly sight met my eyes. Skulls covered the bottom of the cave so thickly that I could not put down a finger without finding a skull. There must have been hundreds of them with no other bones, and all were in a fine state of preservation. I lifted out a number of the skulls, and was surprised to see that they did not crumble to dust, though they must have been laid in their last resting

(Continued on page 316).

Days Off and Off Days

By F. G.

THE heat and humidity of Boston were oppressive on the afternoon of July 1, when we boarded the Dominion Atlantic steamer Prince Arthur, at Long Wharf. On the forward deck there was a breath of cool air, which grew into a delicious breeze as the voyage began. Down the bay a warship, a whaleback and a six-masted schooner were lying at anchor; an ocean steamer was just starting out—these were every day occurrences. A less familiar sight, however, was two aeroplanes off to the southward hovering over the water. Shortly afterward only one was visible, but it was several days later when we read in a Halifax paper how the other had fallen 500 feet, carrying two aeronauts down to their death.

The morning came cool and clear, so that there was no need of the foghorn on Cape Forchu to

Although in other years we have taken many fine trout from the two main branches of the Tusket and have heard more recently that there is good salmon fishing in their junction pool, with comfortable accommodations at a nearby farm house, we did not leave the train when it stopped at Tusket station, not even to enjoy once more the well-remembered hospitality of Mrs. Gilman of the American House. Neither did we get off at Port Clyde to cast a fly over the falls two miles above the railroad bridge where, coincidentally with the shutting down of the sawmills, the salmon and grilse are said to be coming back again. Nor at Shelburne, the gateway to the Upper Clyde district, sixteen miles away, where the streams abound with large trout. No, we did not stop at any of those good fishing places, but we went further and fared worse.

in its delivery. In the town there are many people of the same family name. Once upon a time one of them, a man of scanty locks, entertained an itinerant temperance lecturer so hospitably that at the close of his address the lecturer said: "We will now have a few words from Mr. Freeman, the one whose hair is thin." Whereupon, so our guide averred, seven bald-headed men arose in different parts of the hall.

The river itself is a small one. It has the name of being one of the very few streams in Nova Scotia where sea trout may be taken with the fly. Late in May or early in June, as the spirit moves them, they are found near the head of tidewater and are said to be attracted by any fly suitable for grilse, but in July one has to go up country in order to get them. On the afternoon of our arrival we took a few brook trout, enough for breakfast, from the east branch of the river, called Tom Tidney's brook. Late the next morning, with fishing tackle, cameras, blankets and provisions for three days, we set out on foot for an old lumber camp at Bethune's (pronounced Beeton's) meadow deadwater, eight miles from the hotel. The walk was a warm one, relieved by a cool breeze whenever the trail crossed a hilltop in the open, but oppressive in the brush and along low ground. Only a night or two before, however, there had been a frost which had nipped the tops of the ferns. Six miles from the start there was a halt for luncheon under an old yellow pine where water from a cold spring trickled across the wood road. The river broadened out there into a wide pond or deadwater, in which we fished for an hour or more without getting a rise. Then we went on to the camp.

Bethune's meadow deadwater is nearly a mile long, varying in width from fifty to two hundred feet, and in depth from two and one-half to fifteen or more. It has a gravel bottom, overlaid with mud along the edges where the meadow comes down to the shore. It is supposed to be the favorite spawning ground of the sea trout which ascend the river, but we saw no signs of them during the three days we were there. Before sunrise and late in the afternoon brook trout rose freely to natural flies and not so frequently to ours, although enough were landed to satisfy our needs. Dressed with a little butter and eaten from the plank on which they had been cooked before the live coals of the camp-fire, they were perfectly delicious.

Two miles further up the river there is a smaller deadwater called Coopertrap, after a Micmac trapper of earlier years, which Freeman was very anxious to have us try. But the extreme heat and the prospect of the walk back to town deterred us. Possibly this was a lost opportunity. At all events another angler, only two days earlier, when the weather was a little cooler, took nineteen sea trout, two of them weighing four pounds each, from one or both of the deadwaters.

In the middle of the forenoon of the third day we started down the other side of the river, taking enough brook trout from Oak Hill Pond, two miles below the deadwater, for a late din-



TOM TIDNEY'S BROOK.

guide the Prince Arthur to the entrance to Yarmouth Harbor and up the winding channel to the new pier. The custom house inspection was brief. The Halifax and Southwestern train was waiting, and soon we were speeding along the ocean shore of Nova Scotia.

To eyes wearied with a year of skyscrapers and narrow streets, the change to broad views grateful. It was pleasant to look out from the car windows on a panorama of farming and fishing villages of unpainted houses weathered to a silvery gray or painted white and with green blinds. At times the background was a white-capped bay, with fishing schooners tugging at their anchors, or a fragrant evergreen forest of spruce, hemlock and fir; and where the road bed skirted the shore there were broad, level beaches of firm white sand, or of pebbles, sometimes with a three-foot rampart thrown up by the surf a short distance back from the water's edge.

At Shelburne the Provincial Guides' Association had just held an annual meeting lasting two days. They had listened to addresses on conservation of fish and game and on kindred topics. They had amused themselves with contests of skill—moose calling, rifle shooting, log rolling and log chopping. Some of the guides came aboard the train at Shelburne, among others Spencer G. Freeman, whose home is at Sable River, which was our first destination. We esteemed ourselves fortunate in being able to secure his services.

Sable River is a town of few inhabitants, people in moderate circumstances, who wrest a living from the farm, the forest and the sea. Its hotel, kept by Mrs. Ida Harlow, has very comfortable accommodations for a limited number of guests and at a reasonable charge. Mail for anyone staying there should be addressed to West Sable River postoffice; if addressed to Sable River, there may be a delay of forty-eight hours



PLANKED TROUT.

ner in the woods, and arriving at the hotel in time for supper. During our absence a party of Sable River anglers had driven over to Port L'Herbert, five miles to the eastward, and had brought back forty trout from Timber Island Brook.

The next day we went by train to Liverpool and drove three miles up the Mersey to Milton, a quiet, attractive village extending for a mile along either bank of the river. On every one of six earlier visits, the first in 1892, the river and its affluents supplied an abundance of trout, grilse and salmon, but this year not a fish even rose to our flies during the five days

we were there. Even if there had been no rain for several weeks and the temperature varied from 98 to 101½ in the shade, and a steam dredge was at work in Liverpool Harbor, there ought to have been a few fish interested in the bright yellow fly which Forrest & Sons, of Kelso, tied last winter, copying our most successful fly in 1911.

Out of our eleven days in Nova Scotia only one was a good day for fishing—cool, cloudy, with gentle west wind and occasional showers—and that was the last day of all, when we were on the train coming home. Truly, those were "off days," which we hope will never be repeated.

In the Haunt of the Solomon Oaks

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THE evening before we had been sitting up sort of late by the fire discussing our plans for the coming day. It was October and the leaves were changing to gold and crimson upon the trees, beckoning to a change that would completely efface from the map of the earth this wondrous beauty, which truly seemed the supreme effort of nature, her fondest thought found life, to glow in the very expression of her mood. The time had now arrived on the calendar of sport for an annual hunt for those illusive little creatures of the Solomon oaks, the red and the gray squirrel, twin brothers of the wild. The silent woods were beckoning us, and true to the call we were now considering with very serious mien the forthcoming day, and the wealth it would bring to our store of experience. The hunting coats were hanging on their respective hooks, and our guns were down and had been oiled. The cartridges were there in their unopened boxes, ready for the moment when the cover of each would be slit open and the contents rustled out to do duty. What is a more

perfect manner of hunting for the squirrel than with the .22-caliber rifle? Truly, this is the gun for this especial pastime. One derives from its use in such a case vastly more of the true and genuine sportsmanship than with a gun of larger caliber, with the shotgun relegated to the oblivion where it belongs as far as being fit for use in squirrel hunting. This phase of the national pastime calls for much caution and much stalking, for a squirrel is a very wizard in hiding away among the leaves where, if one will remain concealed for a space of time and will be on the alert to all that goes on around him, he is sure to eventually locate his game.

Squirrel hunting is a sport that is annually resorted to by thousands of the sporting element who desire to use a little gun with a deadly effect, and who wish to sharpen up their shooting capacity by being given a long distance shot at a very small mark, as is only too often provided for in this branch of hunting. The satisfaction of scoring a kill nine out of ten shots under more or less unfavorable conditions is in-

deed a height worthy of attainment to, and those who have hunted the red and the gray squirrel in season will only too gladly vouchsafe the fact that it is pre-eminently one of the leaders of fall sport. Afield in the stubble, you hunt over your setters. This calls for the keenness to score a double with the shotgun, but there is no need of such a fine degree of care as that demanded in the shooting of squirrels with a long distance between the trigger finger and the quarry. You have your duck shooting from the blinds, which does not necessarily call for keen shooting, the matter being the correctness of the blind you have made, and how well you have hidden yourself. Then it is to up and blaze away as the leaders of the morning flight cleave whistling through the gray of the fog banks. You have your snipe hunting, and though there are often enough times when you are kept on the alert from the beginning to the end, still the present writer deems that of squirrel hunting much superior, as far as keen shooting is concerned. And so we might go on through all the various manners of game and game shooting, but lastly you will rest your thoughts upon a hunt among the oak thickets and remain there.

"When I want to go for squirrels, give me the .22." This was what Fred told me as he caressed his gun with one hand and took his pipe from his teeth with the other. "The .22 has the balance, the lightness, the perfect feel, and when I just get it leveled upon the head of a squirrel a-squatting there upon a branch, I believe I feel just correct. This gun I have had for years, and it has never failed me and it has been in not too careful hands at that. But to-day it is as good, if not better, than the day I purchased it."

Everything was made ready for the coming morning. The coffee pot with the right measure of grounds in it was set on the kerosene stove and the food placed where we could reach it best without any inconvenience. Then the alarm clock was set to the required hour, which happened to be four, and then we turned in to snatch a few hours in the arms of Morpheus. It seemed that I had hardly turned over, and the quilts had settled over my form, when far off in the distance I heard a voice bidding me awake. Then the alarm clock unwound its unmusical strain, and I arose, rubbing my eyes and wondering what had happened. Thus in the gray of the dawn I crawled out of a comfortable bed and slid into my garments, after which I gingerly made my way downstairs, being cautious enough not to awake the folks. A five minute session with the wash bowl soon cleared the nets off sleep from my befuddled brain, and I was ready for the breakfast Fred had made during my process of sleep elimination. With the hot coffee and a liberal supply of sandwiches we made a hearty meal, and then putting up our lunch and putting into the pack our coffee can and pail, we were ready to start.

The light of morning was just paling the east, and all was clear and gave promise of a beautiful day. The silence was intense, for the birds we had known in the summer had fled from the woods, save those few that stay till the very end of the season. Walking briskly down the road we drank deeply of the invigorating west wind, appreciating the glow of a new life springing through the body and feeling the sense of a great anticipation born in us. Soon we

would be cautiously treading the aisles of the woodland, moving along lightly, alertly, and then would follow a quick aim and a sharp report to split the quietude of the morning. It is not all of hunting to bring down so many birds or so many animals. It is much of the pastime to absorb all of the beauties around you and witness the various processes nature undergoes in bringing perfection to the heart of things. The billowing wind across the meadows, the stir in the leaves, and that sense of rejuvenation that spells its tale in your every effort toward a primitive upbuilding. Once again to feel the rifle in your hands after a long time. It seems like an eternity when you are in love with the royal pastime of hunting in whatsoever manner, and how once more the interest of it will awaken a new and more glorious appeal, when after long

out the heaviest thicket, and glancing up and standing still for a moment, I was glad that once more I was back to my beloved nature to drink of her sparkling elixir, truly the vitality of life.

An unconfined joy was beating in my breast. You will know it, who have trod the secluded ways and have stolen through the wild coverts with the gun held at ready. Enough! The woods are waiting, and somewhere in there the squirrels are up and sporting their red and gray coats in the morning dawn. Carefully making my way forward I peered into the branches and listened for that betraying signal that would mean the downfall of the squirrel. Cautiously drawing deeper in among the trees I paused and listened again, but could hear nothing. A moment later a shot rang out sharp and clear

missed. Again, and more careful this time, for I had located the creature's head, and the little fellow plumped out of his retreat as dead as a door nail. I had put an end to his thieving career. No more bird nests would he rob, no more lives would he pester and no more inconceivable cruelties would he perpetrate upon his brother, the gray squirrel, in making him unfit to propagate his kind, the kind which are truly the kings of this family. There I stood for a long time with the quietudes of nature around me to bear me witness. I held them up and admired them, the making of a dish fit for the nobility, if one would consider them foremost in the ranks of man. Note the beautiful tail and the sleekness of the gray. He has fed long and to repletion upon the wealth of the woodland, and he is rotund and prosperous appearing.



"THE SUREST PLAN TO PLEASE A MAN."



"FRED GOT HIS."

months you again start out to try your skill among the illusive folks of the woodland!

"We will try out the pasture woods first," suggested Fred as we neared our destination, "and after we have tried it there, we will take in the woods over at the big swamp."

Since I was perfectly in keeping with his plan we took our course toward the pasture woods. There it lay, as it had in the past, with not one seeming change marring its singular array of trees that skirted the hill on either side; great Solomon oaks, whose gnarled sides gave evidence of a respectable age. They stood there silent and immovable, the very personification of lordliness, in which nature is so prolific. As we made our way down the decline to the first trees, we heard deep in among the stands of ancient timber the barking of a hidden gray squirrel. The time had arrived.

On entering the woods I slipped a cartridge into the chamber of the gun and was ready for number one. Selecting my manner of procedure along the more unobstructed ways, I stealthily made my way into the shadows of the woods. The morning sun was gilding the tops of the trees with a dash of golden light that I have never seen so wonderfully clear and bright. The rays of that risen ball of fire seemed to search

across the hill, and I knew that my comrade was busy. Perhaps like as not he had recorded a clean kill. While I was standing there peering into the thick-leaved coverts, suddenly and without warning there was a swaying in the branches ahead of me, and before I knew it out popped a handsome gray squirrel closely pursued by a red. It is a well known fact that the red squirrel pesters the life out of his brother, the gray, and of the two my sympathy was wholly with the gray. As the larger squirrel ran out on the branch, I let out a shrill whistle and the two stopped in their tracks.

A bunch of fur on that bough! See! there is his head clearly shown by the rays of the down-pouring sunlight. The gun swung into position, the eye ran along the barrel and following the report the animal tumbled unceremoniously out of the tree. A clean shot; hit at the right mark, the head. The red squirrel wildly ran back into the tree and quickly retrieving the dead gray I made my way hastily forward, spotting the place where he had made his hasty exit. And I was on time, for a moment later I noticed a branch sway slightly, and there hidden in the thickest of the branches was my quarry.

Crack! The rifle spoke again, but I

I put them away into the pocket of the hunting coat with a contented smile on my face. I wondered what Fred was doing.

As if in reply to my question came the crack of that rifle again. A moment of silence and then another report that broke the tranquil calm of the morningtide. Two shots and I knew there was something taken into account, for Fred holds the rifle steady, so steady that the eye may not see it falter.

Slipping in a new cartridge I moved on ahead with my senses on the *qui vive*, and my eyes now taking on an acquired keenness, alert to every move and stir about me. Presently I arrived at a giant oak whose branches extended far out over me, as though to shield from mishaps its offsprings around it. Giant oak, and how I respect it! I would stand long and admire its iron strength and try to bring into my system some of its ruggedness and power. If I could but reach out so with my arms and shield those about me; if I could only stand so and watch the coming of the seasons and witness their going in fine weather and bad, in spring, summer, autumn and winter, when the hard winds are tearing through those mighty limbs. As I stood there running my eyes up and down that great length, suddenly I heard the dropping of

acorn shells near me. Instantly my reveries came to an end, and glancing up I searched my neighboring surroundings with a penetrating eye that took in all within my sight.

What a hidden creature, indeed! But not long would he go unseen, for sharp eyes were watching and waiting for the tell-tale movement. And soon it came. There he is in that tree next to me, a tinge of gray in between the leaves. He is sitting up, with a well selected nut in his two paws, turning it around the while he nibbles at it, presenting a humorous appearance of well-groomed body and well-fed complacency, thoroughly content with the world and all that is in it. The rifle slowly fell into position, the hammer dropped back, the fore finger curled around the trigger, and the shot rang out. Releasing his hold upon the branch he toppled down—down until he struck ground with a distinct thud. Got him clean through the head. Here, then, is the lord of them all; the very picture of luck—luck at its height and joyousness. I tucked him into the coat pocket and once more crept forward through the undergrowth.

Cobwebs tangled their networks over my face with that uncomfortable feeling that we all know. I was kept busy brushing them away and in keeping my eyes on duty. The morning sun was now creeping high up on the eastern slant of the heavens, and into the woods those downpouring rays marked my path. I paused to take in the intrinsic beauty of the scene before me, and to revel at the glorious picture that it presented. Here was the true wonder of creation; here was nature in her sublime magnificence, touched not by the tainted hands of man. Gone was the incessant rumble of the passing cars, the surging throngs of people on the city street, and I was given this in its place. The gentle murmur of the wind-stirred leaves and the cozy quietude that admitted of not the least disturbance. October was in her prime. My soliloquy was jarred.

I noticed him when I came down the path, strolling along leisurely with the gun in the crook of my arm. I had been too wrapt up in my reveries to think of the present, but now as I glanced up I saw him run across my path ahead, a good sprinting squirrel clad in the regulation coat of gray, and with his tail arched over his back. Up he scurried into the supposed safety of the tree, and commenced a harangue of excited scolding that told me only too well I was not desired in that locality. I paused under the tree and looked up. He was badly frightened, that was certain. He shook with rage and was quivering all over.

"Now, look here, Mr. Squirrel," I had occasion to remark as I planted the gun butt in the ground and stood there looking up at him. "I could drop you like a bolt of lightning from the sky from where you now sit, but being a dead game sport I am going to give you a chance. Can you sprint across the limbs as well as across the ground?"

The only remark he made to this was a continuation of his past performance of barking. Holding the gun in my hand ready, I threw a stick at him to get him started. With an excited jump he was off, and I was following. Up to the top of the tree he ran, and then paused for a moment ere he leaped to the next tree.

Crack! uttered the rifle spitefully, but the only result I got was a few leaves that eddied

slowly down, just as the squirrel frantically leaped, and was soon darting up the other tree and across to another before I was well prepared to give chase. Stooping low I ran along with my eyes concentrated upon the fleeing animal. Up, up, to the very tiptop branch of the tree, and there he rested. Crack! Again the rifle spit fire, but there was no evident wound. Hastily I slid in another cartridge. He leaped out into the air to cross a span of some ten feet. But he missed in his calculations and came crashing down through the tips of the outstretched branches. Thereafter followed a bustle of excitement, but I got him on a running shot by holding just a trifle before him as he fled out on a limb. Down he tumbled and I put him hastily out of commission.

Now, there, I had four squirrels, as nice a bunch as has ever happened into the big pocket in a hunter's coat. And there had been just enough excitement to make the bringing of them to earth exhilarating, and of such a nature as to warrant of the occasion being put down on the books of memory for a resurrection when the winter winds are howling over the gables and one is sitting before the fire. Truly a remembrance that I would treasure. I skirted the hill leisurely, taking my time, and looking over every inch of my way, listening to hear if there was any member of the tribe that I had left behind me whose bark would tell the tale. But there was no murmur in that direction, and before me I noticed the end of the woods, the open azure sky peeping through.

Without any further kill I made my way to the hill which overlooked the other side of the woods, and the surrounding country, and giving the agreed whistle, I got an answer from Fred, who was just rounding the edge of the woods. I saw the smile of elation upon his face and had a slinking notion his luck had been amply provided for. And there was a bulge in his pocket that told a story, mute evidence of a kill.

"What luck?" I propounded, tapping the bulge with the rifle, the while I searched his face. "That swell on your coat must be caused by something vastly larger than a squirrel. I should judge it were a rabbit."

"Wrong," said Fred, diving his hand into the oblivion of the outer pocket, and presently withdrew it and a partridge. And after the partridge followed three squirrels, all grays of about the size I had stowed away in my garment.

"I got that fellow down there this side of the fence where the bushes are so thick. He rose and dived down into the brush over here and I got him just ten minutes ago. Not so bad."

After comparing notes and sampling each other's tobacco, we lit up and started across the fields for the next woods, which was one that reached over a territory covering a half mile. The woods reached, we decided to follow former tactics, agreeing to meet on a path that ran through the woods, and then follow on together for a space. The woods at this point was not so thick but that it would make easy walking, and parting from each other, we started in. Barely had I parted the brush to make my initial step forward than a rabbit hopped out and made away along the edge of the woods. Despairing of a kill I swung the rifle up and took a snapshot and was plentifully surprised to see the animal topple over, get up and make away again. Putting speed to my legs I darted after, but try

as I would I could not find him. I muttered something unpleasant under my breath and vowed that from now on everything should fall beneath my aim, or I would know the reason why. This determination, however, did not carry as much fruit as I had expected, for I covered my end of the woods with the result that I only dropped three squirrels in a place where we had expected to eclipse all former efforts. I stood in the path waiting for Fred, when all of a sudden I heard "his whistle, and thereafter his call that I come over to him.

Wondering what was up, I hurried down the path to see him standing there before a giant oak at the bottom of which yawned a hole that seemed to be the entrance of one that ran the whole length of the tree.

"They are in here, Bob," he told me, with a smile on his face and a lifting of his eyebrows. "I chased three of the cusses into a hole above up there where the limbs meet. We will smoke them out and get the entire bunch."

I grasped the import of it at once. "We sure will," I slangily made remark, and suiting action to word, we began to accumulate leaves and small sticks for the purpose in view. When we had a sufficient store we filled the cavity and touched the match to it. Everything favored us, for the tree stood all alone so that a jump from one to another was quite impossible. A roll of heavy smoke descended and I pushed the leaves and sticks in further. When I was sure that everything was ready for the show, I ran out, grasped my gun, and took my position.

"Lord, here they come!" gurgled Fred gleefully, way down in his throat somewhere, and directly out of the upper hole appeared a squirrel. Bang! Fred's gun spat fire and the first squirrel dropped down from his perch. The next moment I was busy. As the smoke mounted higher, others began to come out, scurrying here and there, and one by one we got them, striving always to get them on the run, which at the best is a very hard and difficult shot, one that even an expert is sometimes fooled on. We dropped nine reds out of that tree, much to our amazement. Yet there was our kill as evidence, and there was the tree still smoking. We had caught the whole family at home.

"This," said Fred, after we had gathered them in, "amounts to a good morning sport, but there is yet time to add a few more to our bag before we cross to the creek."

"We will leave the rest of this woods, then, and take in the trees down there by the pasture," I suggested. "You remember we saw a bunch of them there just a while back."

Number one in the pasture trees we struck as soon as we got busy. Fred saw the animal run up a bare, dead oak, and telling me to run in and get him, he followed with the camera. There he sat on the end of a branch, with his tail nodding over his back. I crept up and caught him just as he was about to take flight across the limbs. He dropped to the ground and I retrieved him. All unawares, Fred had shot me with the camera.

The luck of the morning had been fifteen squirrels and one partridge for Fred and twelve squirrels on my part. This was sufficient, for the man who is not a game hog stops when he has killed the limit for his own use. And then the fire and the noonday. Thus ended a good day's sport.

Bird Preservation in Florida.

It does not take long for the birds to learn when they are safe from molestation. One of the most interesting sights I saw at Ft. Myers during a recent visit to that town was a flock of about 200 lesser scaup ducks that spent most of the time about the steamboat dock, and it required but a few moments at any time of the day to get them together by throwing food into the water. They would come within a few feet of you and seemed almost devoid of fear.

These ducks as well as the pelicans and gulls are protected and are an attractive feature of this beautiful town.

One photographer, whose studio is close to the river, sells pictures of the ducks feeding, and invests the proceeds in corn for them, a good thing for the birds as well as himself. The little blackheads are very numerous, both up and down the Caloosahatchie from Ft. Myers; in fact, they were the only kind of ducks I saw during my stay in that vicinity.

Crossing Tampa Bay immense numbers of this species were seen running up into the thousands, fairly blackening the water in large patches. Pelicans and gulls also appreciate that they are safe from harm and were seen in large numbers, the former being especially numerous at St. Petersburg where they frequent the docks and eagerly take any fish that happens to come their way, sometimes seizing the fish before they can be landed and occasionally swallowing hook and all. It is an interesting sight to watch these big awkward fellows fishing, but notwithstanding their unwieldy bulk and clumsy actions they manage to get all the fish they need and some to spare for the gulls at Pass-a-Grille. I noticed that the Florida cormorants were especially numerous, long lines of them flying toward "Bird Island" across the bay, where there is a Government reservation on which no one is allowed to trespass. This flight occurred late in the afternoon and probably contained several thousand birds. Herring gulls, laughing gulls and royal terns were very numerous here, while loons and grebes were always in sight.

The evident increase of all these birds in Florida waters is due largely to the untiring efforts of the Audubon Society, and is very gratifying to all who are fond of wild life, but the need of the hour is to save the remnant that remains of the once countless flocks of egrets that formerly adorned this State. Unless something is done, and that promptly, these beautiful birds will become a memory only. I noticed quite a good many of the large egrets around Ft. Myers. One bunch containing upwards of 200 were seen about ten miles up the river associated with large numbers of the little blue and Louisiana herons, but none of the little snowy herons was seen.

These beautiful birds are almost gone, one little bunch on an island on Orange Lake being about all that I know of. This breeding place now belongs to, and is guarded by, the National Audubon Society. It contains less than fifty acres of low-lying swampy ground, covered with a dense growth of willows and low shrubbery, but thousands of white ibis, glossy ibis and water turkeys, with some eight or ten species of herons, gallinules, rail, etc., make it their breeding ground, and under the careful protection of a warden it is hoped they will rapidly increase.

The fate of the parakeet, the ivory-billed woodpecker and, we might almost say, of the limpkin, will soon overtake the egrets, unless speedy protection is afforded the few that remain.

THOMAS H. JACKSON.

Wild Animals From Africa.

BY RALEIGH RAINES.

WIDE discussion of the plan to import into this country wild animals from Africa has been revived by the reintroduction of a bill in the House of Representatives by Representative Broussard, of Louisiana, which appropriates the sum of \$250,000 with which the Department of Agriculture is directed to import, domesticate and breed various species of deer, hippopotami and camels in the waste places of this country. The chief exponent of this policy was the late Dr. W. N. Irwin, of the Department of Agriculture, who really was the originator and foremost supporter of the idea. The scheme has met with considerable opposition, especially among the animal husbandry experts of the Department who have freely expressed their reasons in opposition to the idea.

Representative Broussard introduced his measure for the importation of these animals during the session before last Congress, but owing to the tariff and reciprocity measures occupying the energies and attention of the members, he failed to secure consideration of the bill, which condition of affairs generally prevailed during the recent session. Although the advocates of the proposition have been seeking to obtain an appropriation for more than two years, so far no steps have been taken to import any of the animals. Neither the Federal Government nor the individual States have brought in any foreign species to use for commercial purposes, and until the experts of the Department of Agriculture can be satisfied of the feasibility of the scheme, it is probable that the plan of Dr. Irwin and Representative Broussard will remain in abeyance. The objections to the plan as enumerated by the animal husbandry experts of the Department are threefold: First, that imported animals are a menace in spreading their own diseases among the cattle of this country; second, that hippopotami, one of the favorite species named, are too large and strong to admit of being kept properly in fenced inclosures; third, that the importation of wild animals will mean the extermination of the native game of this country.

The Department declares that we have in the United States at this time a number of valuable game animals, and no imported animal could add to the value of any of these. For example we have in the Rocky Mountains the Rocky Mountain sheep, which thrive there and are excellent food, and there is no other form of goat or sheep that would or could thrive more readily. In many instances similar to this we find native animals of value in the districts where wild animals would be placed. In addition to this fact the objection to the hippopotami is that it would be next to impossible to fence them economically, for they would break down an ordinary fence and do great damage to the surrounding country.

The possibility of infection was pointed out by one of the experts of the bureau of animal

industry who declared that many of the African animals are infected with the tsetse fly, and in addition have other ailments peculiar to their own country, and to bring these animals into this country might mean the exposure of domestic animals to similar dangers. "Of course there is a law preventing the importation of diseased animals, or those that have been exposed to disease," he added, "and although the Department of Agriculture would attempt to prevent the entry of any animal afflicted with disease, nevertheless the danger of infection would be great." It is pointed out that the future of the South and West lay in the development of the beef industry, rather than in the introduction of new animals. "A perusal of the series of papers published by Colonel Roosevelt," declared another official of the Department, "shows conclusively that it would be next to impossible to import hippopotami economically. Colonel Roosevelt then, too, tells how in Africa the animals pass over the farmers' land and thus inflict tremendous damage in a single night. It has been demonstrated by the Department of Agriculture that cattle can be cheaply raised in any part of this country, and especially so in the South and West where beef is being raised for three cents per pound. Of course these cattle have not yet been developed as highly as they can be developed if corn were fed, but considering their grade they compare favorably with any cattle in the country." The advocates of the plan including Representative Broussard, point out that if the hippopotami were introduced into this country, especially into the swamp lands of the South, they would live on the acres of aquatic plants which now serve to dam up the smaller streams, and which have at times seriously impeded navigation. The hippopotami would furnish a staple of meat food for surrounding districts, it is asserted, and would open up all of the smaller streams. Camels could be economically raised on the Southwestern plains, it is declared, and yaks and other mountain animals throughout the Allegheny range in the East and through the Rockies and Sierras in the West.

The chief claim of the advocates of the plan appears to be that through the importation and raising of the animals mentioned, the price of meat in this country would be reduced. In furthering this scheme for the introduction of wild game from Africa for the purpose of raising cheap meat, the advocates lose sight of the possibilities that might be secured through raising our own native game animals such as the deer, bison, caribou, elk and moose. These are acclimated to the various sections of the country, and in many cases could be raised cheaply with some of the inconveniences incident to the introduction of the African game mentioned. Of the animals just enumerated the deer are probably the easiest raised, the venison bringing from twenty-five to fifty cents per pound. A prominent game breeder quotes to-day red deer at \$60 each; axis deer, \$100 each; fallow deer, \$60 each, and Virginia deer, \$35 each. Buffaloes or American bison are quoted at \$250 each and elk \$75 each. The latter animals are of course not only expensive, but are not as easily domesticated as are the deer. Representative Broussard purposes bringing his measure before the House during the next session and should he fail to have it favorably considered there, he will try it in the Senate, to which body he has been elected.

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

A Sawmill River Trout.

ON July 26 last I could not resist a rush of the old feeling, and stole away from my work at midday. At 2 P. M. I was adjusting my rod on the bank of the Sawmill, about eight miles beyond the New York city limits.

Often I had gazed upon a short stretch of this stream and wondered if some of the old scarred veterans were not still standing sentry under its boulders and beneath its heavily fringed banks.

I waded out into a beautifully clear stream, running swiftly but quietly between banks brilliant with huge masses of Joepye weed.

My line was fatted and a No. 12 iron blue dun just touched with a mite of paraffin was affixed to a very fine six-foot leader.

I threw out above me close to the weeds, but the dainty little tempter brought no response. All through this stretch of clear, smooth water I would not gain a rise though I tried many flies. The stream then changed and became rocky and boisterous with swift runs and bubbling riffles. Between two rips, about thirty feet ahead, the current swirled under the right bank in a deep, quick flow.

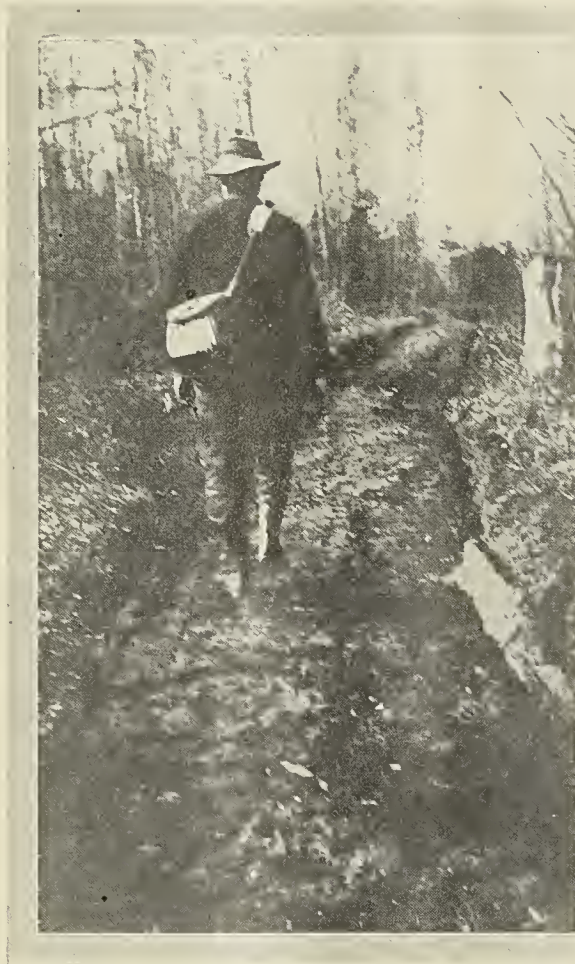
I dropped the fly below the upper rip, a foot from the bank. It came rapidly toward me, when like a shot came the boil of a rise. I struck like mad, for I will confess that I was taken entirely by surprise. Just for one second the line was taut and the rod bowed, then back came the fly. Well, from that moment I fished with every sense alert. That was a trout; there could be no doubt about it from the way he struck and the character of the water where he was lying.

A little further on the water rushed between two large boulders, one of them shelving from the edge of the run high and dry above the stream.

Right plumb in the middle of this run my fly drew a fine rise. This time I struck better and hooked him. The strain of the line was toward the shelving rock, and clear out of the water, well up on the rock, splashed the surprised fish. Then again my stupidity worked havoc, for I should have instantly slackened the line. I did not do so, and the mad flops of the trout tore the hook out and back he jumped into his element.

It was a trout, a beautiful trout, eight or nine inches long, but whether brown or native I cannot say. Well, I had four other rises in a quarter of a mile stretch and lost every one. Wretched, miserable fishing, you will say, and so it was, for I ought to have landed two or three. But wait a bit, here comes the point of my story. I was thoroughly disgusted with my inability to properly handle the dry-fly cast and left the stream. As I walked along the bank toward the station another fisherman made his appearance up stream. From his left hand hung a huge fish which nearly touched the ground. A sucker it must be, I said to myself. When he came close to me I was so startled that I nearly dropped my rod, for there before me was a magnificent brown trout, eighteen inches long.

I could not weigh him, having no scales, but my tape showed a full eighteen inches. He had caught him about 200 feet further up stream in a deep rocky pool with a small bass spoon, tied with a fly, which looked like a cross between a red ibis and a parmacheene belle. This was



ON THE ROAD TO SAWMILL RIVER.
Photo by Todd Russell.

rather a startling exhibit for the old Sawmill just outside of New York city.

Are there more? Can they be tempted with a fly? Or was that the last leviathan in that once famous old stream?

Well, I don't know, but I'm going to try again, anyway. TYRO.

Rod and Reel Chat.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the charming features of fly-fishing is the accompanying good fellowship which spreads a good taste over the whole thing. The willingness with which one goes into his extra supply of tackle when a companion is in distress, to aid with helpful suggestions, to cuss in sympathetic unison, when the big one gets away, are attractions distinctive of the sport which increase in value as the years pass, and we get the matter of good fellowship into clearer perspective.

Let me state some results of personal experience in furtherance of this spirit and the rule to "tell all you know that will enhance the good of the order." It has probably been worked out by all of the boys, but I've never seen the particular matter in print.

Frequently you see suggestions from various authors as to whether it is best to put the reel on with the handle to the right or left. Somewhat in this connection Mr. Wells advocated, many years ago, an independent handle which permits the rod to be turned and used in casting with the guides alternately below and above. He concludes with the assertion that this is the only way to preserve the rod and avoid a "set." He further doubted the theory that the set would be prevented by casting with the rings below and playing the fish with the rings above.

He was entirely correct in both respects. With reference to the last, casting with the rings down and playing the fish with them up, it will be obvious to any one who will examine a set rod that this course simply aggravates the injury. All rods set away from the rings; that is, the forward cast imposes a heavier burden upon the rod than the back cast, and therefore the cane yields in the direction of the greater strain and invariably sets back from the guides. As a fish stays in the water where it belongs and does no air ship stunts, the strain imposed with the rings down is directly opposed to this set of the rod and tends to counteract it and straighten the rod. If the rod is cast in the usual way and then turned over when the fish is on, the set is simply increased and the funeral of that rod accelerated.

With reference to his first suggestion, an independent handle, and the kindred discussion as to which is the best way to attach the reel, there is an efficient substitute for the whole. This being merely not to use a reel on the rod at all for any fish this side of whales, which isn't a fish, anyhow.

If an independent handle is used and the rings turned up, the line wraps around the rod, and if wet causes some annoyance, while the additional metallic joint affects the action of the rod. If the reel is taken off, the line held in the left hand, the rod used a few minutes in casting with the rings down and then the rod is turned, the strain is applied to both sides and thereby equalized. The same course should be pursued in playing the fish.

If this policy is continuously followed, the rod will not deteriorate in action nor assume a set. I own several excellent rods which have seen hard, rough service, and there is no trace of a set in any of them. Some of these have been in use for fifteen years, and their condition furnishes ample evidence in support of this fact.

But about the reel. If you are to fish from a boat, place the reel flat on the boat seat and mark on both sides where the barrel of the reel is attached to the base plate. At these points drive two long wire nails into the seat far enough to hold securely. Then slip the flange of the reel over the nails and you have a fastening which will hold the reel in place and permit the line to render freely. If it is not desirable to drive the nails into the seat, then use a small square of wood which, with the reel attached, can be placed in a convenient part of the boat where it will be out of the way.

When the reel is in place put on the click or a light drag to prevent overrunning. Pull out all the line needed for casting and let it fall on the bottom of the boat. A good line will not kink or tangle provided you do not step on or disturb the coils. See that the bottom of the boat is clean and free from small projections.

With a fish on, regulate the strain with the left hand, and when the rush is over, pull in the line, clamping it to the rod with the first finger of the right hand when reaching for another grasp with the left. The line can be drawn in far more rapidly in this manner than with even a multiplying reel, and fewer fish will be lost. It is merely tournament casting applied to fishing.

If the fish makes a long hard dash, retard the line with the left hand until the coils are out and the line is then drawn directly from the reel. The nails will hold it in place.

If you are wading, only a few yards of free line as a rule are necessary. On the left breast of your shirt, coat or sweater (all this assumes you are casting with the right hand) sew a small pocket large and deep enough to hold closely the lower flange of the reel. Over this sew a bit of elastic. Put the reel you intend to use in this pocket and mark where a loop of elastic is to be attached on the upper flange close enough to the barrel of the reel to hold it firmly and yet loose enough to let the reel be put in place. Your manly bosom will furnish an ample reel plate which will be movable in the sense that it will move whenever you move. Corpulent brethren with progressive "bay windows" can attach the reel to a different part of the anatomy for purely decorative purposes.

Or a strip of whalebone, light wood or metal five or six inches long and an inch wide can be sewed in at the bottom, and then at the top after slipping it through a ring of metal or elastic, and the reel seat is then adjustable to any ordinary reel.

When the reel is thus put in place, it is perpendicular, with the handle to the right and easy to get at. If the handle is within the outer rim of the reel so much the better, and in casting or playing the fish the line is drawn off and either allowed to drop into the water or held in coils in the left hand. When it is desired to put the line back upon the reel, the rod is held in the left hand, the reel steadied with the fore finger and thumb of the same hand, while the right winds the windlass.

If you wish to impart immortality to some staunch, beloved rod, don't put the reel on it. And turn it every few minutes both in casting and scrapping with your fish.

CHAS. T. HOPKINS.

From Olive to Biffed.

HOBOKUS, N. J., Aug. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I intended to be truly what my name indicates, ephemeral; that is, "lasting but a day," as one of the dictionaries defines it. But I cannot resist the temptation to ask why you headed the last letter from Mr. Ralph Bisbee "Biffed Bisbee." Why not "Bisbee, the Biffer"? Would not that be more appropriate? When it comes to hurling the English language in large lumps and with the utmost precision all "South Paw" artists might as well back off the stage when the "biffed" one, as you call him, or the "biffer," as I call him, makes his bow before the footlights. The words that he hurls at the "buggy" one now writing are so overpowering—I might say so overwhelming in their potentiality—that I can only say, in a weak voice: "That's good."

But seriously, I would like to say a few words to Mr. Bisbee, "bilious" and "buggy"

though I may be. If he really thinks that I was attempting to "shy any bricks" in his direction when I recently mentioned "fish hogs," or spoke of "teaching a young man to be a fish hog in one lesson," I am bound to believe that the strong intellectual force that makes possible Mr. Bisbee's trenchant sentences must have gone back on him temporarily. To tell the exact truth, I thought I recognized in Mr. Bisbee, after reading his first letter, something of a humorist. Surely, there could be no sting in his wildly absurd characterizations of some of our angling lights. A writer for the public press usually puts himself in a position where he is liable to receive more or less good-natured ridicule. That is one of the penalties of being in the spotlight. So, too, does the critic in turn lay himself open to retort.

Mr. Bisbee, it seemed to me at the time, was in a mood to criticize the fact that certain outdoor journals have opened their columns to the dry-fly scribbler. Being much interested in the dry-fly I was impelled to ask why in the world dry-fly fishing should not prove fully as interesting to the angling reader as the constant stream of wet-fly stories that we have been accustomed to reading for so many years. Nor did I intend to convey the impression that our angling writers are "fish hogs." But I do think that angling literature, which conveys the impression that the main idea of angling for trout is to catch fish in quantities by any means whatever that is within the law, is liable to start the young angler on an undesirable path. All may not agree, but I have always been grateful during an angling career of at least several years that the one who taught me to fish for trout also taught me that the only sportsmanlike way to take these fish was by means of the fly. When referring to certain kinds of angling stories containing teachings of another kind, I had no individuals in mind, but only certain types. Mr. Bisbee's type was not among them. Probably I was wrong in imputing Mr. Bisbee's "attack" on certain dry-fly literature to a bad stomach, similar to my own—not a bilious one, by the way. I still think that many anglers have a habit of carrying a chip on their shoulder, notwithstanding the fact that they are tolerant. Is it not a fact that if one advocates the use of the dry-fly, many wet-fly fishermen "put up their dukes," as they say in sporting parlance, in an uncalled for defense of something that has not been attacked at all—namely, the wet-fly. Who in the world has tried to shove down Mr. Bisbee's throat "a ten-foot rod" and told him he really must use it? As a man who has used the floating lure several years, and the wet-fly many years, I cannot remember once having had a member of any school try to "shove anything down my throat" like that, though arguments we shall always have; and what whiles away the time better around the evening camp-fire? As a matter of fact, is the intolerance sometimes shown about lures usually exhibited by the advocate of the dry-fly?

And I have also been accused of hinting at "plagiarism," merely because in an unfortunate moment I referred to the terms "bulging" and "tailing" as copyrighted English expressions? Of course I should not have used the word "copyrighted" in this connection, as this could mean nothing. The meaning that I intended to convey was that up to the present time, so far as

my somewhat limited experience has taught me, these words are peculiarly English. I cannot imagine how anyone could think for a moment that the use of such common terms could constitute literary theft. Surely, if one is not a great word artist, he should be very careful in his choice of terms when mixing up in an angling "controversy."

Having made amends to Mr. Bisbee (whom I still regard as a humorist), not for what I intended to say, but because of Mr. Bisbee's apparent interpretation of what I said, I now trust that I may be allowed to become a true ephemera, "lasting for a day only," and not be forced to become a perpetual dispenser of words.

OLIVE DUN.

Illinois Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The following scores were cast on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 24 and 25. Weather on Saturday was clear, wind southwest, velocity about twenty miles per hour. On Sunday wind was south, about seven miles per hour. The light tackle dry-fly accuracy was deferred until the evening and was cast in a very light south wind. Scores:

Half-ounce accuracy, bait:			
Amman	98.5	Kerr	99.3
Stanley	99.3	Swisher	99.0
Spencer	97.8	Nicholson	99.1
Baucr	98.0	Kernaghan	98.7
Cook	97.5	Huntley	98.8
Heston	98.8	*Amman	98.7
De Garmo	99.3	*Spencer	97.3
C W Grant	97.7	*Stanley	99.1
McFarlin	96.3	*Bauer	99.0
McCandless	98.8	*Cook	98.2
Kirk	97.7	*C W Grant	97.3
Wehle	97.9	*Pierson	98.9
Whitby	99.1	*Hartstall	98.0
Asper	98.0	*Kerr	99.4
Pierson	99.2	*Nicholson	99.2
Hartstall	99.0		

Salmon fly:			
	Feet.		Feet.
C W Grant	114	Stanley	123
W T Grant	112	*C W Grant	105
Swisher	102	*W T Grant	104
Amman	116	*Stanley	125
De Garmo	125		

L. T. dry fly, accuracy:			
Linder	98.12	*Linder	99.2
Whitby	98.13	*Whitby	98.9
De Garmo	99.5	*De Garmo	99.7
Heston	99.3	*Heston	99.2
Stanley	99.10	*Stanley	99.
Pierson	98.8	*Pierson	98.
Swisher	99.	*Swisher	98.11
W T Grant	97.7	W T Grant	97.14

Distance bait, one-half ounce:			
De Garmo	202 $\frac{1}{2}$	McFarlin	95 $\frac{1}{2}$
Amman	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	*Amman	146 $\frac{1}{2}$
Heston	172 $\frac{1}{2}$	*Stanley	200 $\frac{1}{2}$
Stanley	117		

*Re-entries.

While it is impossible to give an entire résumé of the scores, we will note a few of the honors won for our club. Mr. DeGarmo won the all around championship cup and also tied for first place in the salmon fly. Mr. Linder (whose honors we share with the Chicago Fly-Casting Club) was first in the quarter-ounce accuracy bait. Mr. Nicholson won first in the half-ounce accuracy bait. The championship pennant is a matter of a tie between our club and the Chicago Fly-Casting Club. This will make an interesting cast-off for some future date.

Two of our club records have been broken during the last few days. Brother Stanley, in casting the half-ounce distance on Aug. 24 made a single cast of 226 feet, the best previous record in our club being 221 feet. Again in the light tackle dry-fly accuracy on Aug. 25, Brother Stanley made a score of 99.10, our best previous record being 99.9. A. F. SWISHER, Sec'y.



GAME BAG AND GUN

A Canadian Outing.

CLEMENT L. WEBSTER.

MR. JOHN LAURIE, a relative of the writer, spent several months last season with the game in Canada, an account of which is here given as related to me.

I reached Regina, Saskatchewan, about the 15th of August last. In this region are many little lakes and ponds, generally partially filled with coarse grass and rushes. Several species of ducks breed and rear their young, stopping here each season instead of going further north and northwest as do a majority of their companions. In these little lakes and ponds I saw thousands of ducks, many of them too young to fly even at this late season of the year. This was the close season, and as is usual with ducks with young they were all very tame. Teal, mallards, spike-tail, blue-wing and other species were here and remained until ice formed on the water in November, when they left for the south.

I saw only a small number of cranes, and wild geese, none of which appeared to breed here. Prairie chickens in large numbers were present all over the country, especially in the stubble fields, and afforded splendid shooting during the open season. The Sunday hunting law is strictly enforced in this country, and the inhabitants generally appear to take an earnest interest in the protection of game and in the observance of the game law.

On the wild lands grows a gray bushy grass six to eight inches tall, generally called "wool grass," which cures on the ground and is exceedingly nutritious. Many of the settlers allow their stock to run during the winter and obtain their living from this grass, and they always come out looking sleek and fat in the spring.

Sixty to sixty-five miles north from Regina is a group of drift or moranic hills, called Last Mountains and Touchwood Mountains. These mountains are partially clothed with the northern poplar, to the exclusion apparently of all other species of trees. Here a few elk, white-tail deer and an occasional moose are reported.

As the open season here is short, the game is pretty well protected.

During the short open season, however, the hunting privileges are pretty well taken advantage of, especially by the people of the region. The big game keeps almost wholly to the hills and appear quite well able to maintain themselves here.

Prairie wolves are quite numerous and are of a different breed from the little coyote of the States. Toward evening one day as a friend of mine was driving home across the yellow prairies he saw a wolf not far from the trail and started after him with his team on the dead run. For a time the chase was exciting, but on coming within shooting distance my friend brought him down, and loading him into his wagon, drove home.

In this northern country as elsewhere the wild game is being driven back before the advance of civilization, and within a few years,

in spite of the excellent game laws, the wild life here will have become a thing of the past.

Closed Territory Increasing.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over up-State newspapers I cannot help noticing the steadily increasing tendency to post lands against hunters and fishermen. This is particularly noticeable in the Adirondack section where luckily, however, the State owns so much territory that there always will be room for those who are so fortunate as to be able to reach this public paradise.

And right here it may be well to say that the Adirondack region is not for the poor man, unless the poor man already resides there. It costs a lot of real money to reach the Adirondack country. It costs a whole lot more to stay there (because prices for the simplest necessities are far higher than in the cities), and it would be very hard indeed for any but the ablest men to get any sort of work. So it should be well understood that if ever the policy of renting camp sites in the Adirondacks is adopted, these sites can only be for the well-to-do, and that such a course will not result in any benefit to the sick and the needy.

Returning to the subject of closed lands, let me call attention to the last edition of the Elizabethtown Post, which is the newspaper which I see oftenest from Essex county. This carries no less than sixteen notices forbidding trespassing on as many different pieces of property. Some of these notices forbid hunting, some fishing, some both, and some add trapping and berry picking. But all shut out the men who are seeking trout and deer from places which, in many cases, have been free to the hunter and fisherman for generations. Occasionally a notice states that permission to fish can be had by paying fifty cents for each individual, not a prohibitive sum by any means, but sufficiently indicative of the thrift of the landowners. All the notices state positively that trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law, and some of them obligingly state in addition that the punishment of the trespasser is \$25 fine. In a couple of instances where the notice declares that the property posted "dedicated as a private park for the propagation and protection of fish, birds and game," the information is added that in addition to the penalty for the trespass, the hunter or fisherman is liable to be sued for damage to property.

If my recollection serves me, Essex county streams have been liberally stocked by the State in the past. If any stream is so stocked at the request of the owner of the land through which it flows, he is barred by that fact from excluding the public, for he must sign an application for the fish which could be set up as a defense in any suit brought for trespass on such property.

Possibly, however, the Conservation Commission is keeping track of such matters, since they seriously affect the rights of many people.

JOHN D. WHISH.

Reduced Price Improved Quality.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to yours of recent date inquiring in what form I sent money will say it was a \$1 bill. If it is lost in transit, the only thing for me to do is send you another. I will send money order next time.

You naturally ask why I wish to discontinue. For no reason, except I am not so enthusiastic as I was some years ago regarding everything that pertains to hunting; in fact, my guns are for sale, as game is so scarce near settlements that it is useless to chase the muzzle of a gun around, so much so that I have lost interest in the whole business. I have been a subscriber for five years as you say, but you will be some surprised when I inform you I have not been without FOREST AND STREAM for twenty-five years. I took it from news stands for years, but I surely could have saved some coin if it had been by subscription. In the halcyon days FOREST AND STREAM was \$4 per annum, but you have kept pace with the times and improved the paper and lowered the price.

The majority of your best writers to my fancy have crossed the bar, peace to them, as they were valued friends of mine through their writings. My favorites in order were Roland Robinson, Fred Mather, Cabia Blanco, Nesmuk Sears, Hermit Walton and a few lesser ones. Oh! and Schultz, whose Indian tales are classics. He is writing some for the Youth's Companion of late, I am pleased to note. I did not intend to try to preach a sermon when I started in, so will close.

CHAS. F. ORNE.

Illinois Shooting.

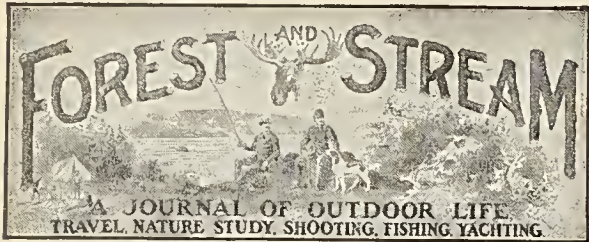
BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Quail hunting is to be excellent next winter, according to the farmers of Central Illinois. They say that the coveys seen this summer have been large and much more numerous than in former years. The weather conditions have been propitious and the birds have thrived. Rabbits are also numerous, and the supply will be unlimited by the time the season opens. Farmers say that the young rabbits now seen are almost large enough to eat. Prairie chickens are scarce and the efforts to protect them by four years of closed season appear to be without success. Young squirrels are numerous where the timber has extensive growth. The outlook for fall shooting promises to be satisfying to the nimrods of all classes.

E. E. PIERSON.

New Publications.

THE PURPLE SAGE, by Zane Grey, Harper Bros., price \$1.25.

Zane Grey hadn't lived many years at the time of his story, but he has nevertheless given an "among those present" touch to his latest book, "The Purple Sage." It tells graphically and interestingly the life on the Utah frontier in the early seventies. It relates the history of the Mormon plots against the too few Gentiles, weaving a charming story of love and romance throughout the narrative. It abounds with Zane Greyism and action. You will make a mistake if you don't read it.



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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL
 will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

THE WEEKS BILL.

ENLIGHTENED sportsmen throughout the country agree that such a bill as that presented by Representative Weeks, of Massachusetts, is necessary to prevent the speedy and total extinction of certain migrants. They point to at least two cases—that of the wild pigeon and the Eskimo curlew—in which shooting during the breeding season has resulted in annihilation. The woodcock and woodduck are in immediate danger of a like fate as a result of unrestricted shooting.

It is significant that of the twenty-four varieties of ducks, geese and swans breeding within our borders, the woodduck is the one most distinctly a resident of the United States. Protection for this bird would be sure to result in its increase, for it seldom leaves the confines of the Union. Many other species, which have been driven from their former breeding grounds, would stop with us again, if on their arrival in the spring they were not greeted with deadly fusillades which compel them to continue northward.

Since many of the individual States refuse adequately to protect migratory birds, the only way their extermination can be prevented is for the National Government to do so. It is held in some quarters that this would be unconstitutional, as interfering with the police powers of the States. But there is precedent for Federal control of matters which concern the nation as a whole when the States refuse, or are unable to control them.

The action of Representative Mondell, of Wyoming, in having the Weeks bill stricken from the calendar of the House a few days before adjournment was uncalled for, inasmuch as it was recommended by the American Game Protection and Propagation Association and all others who are qualified to pass judgment on such a measure. During the recess of Congress

every sportsman and bird lover should work in the interest of the Weeks bill, so that when it is presented at the next session of Congress, sentiment will be too strong to be upset by the gentleman from Wyoming.

PARCELS POST.

NEWS that the Parcels Post service goes into effect Jan. 1 gladly will be received by those who go South this winter to shoot quail, duck and other game birds. It will enable them to ship an eleven-pound package of birds, properly labeled, of course, to their home, and at about one-quarter the expense and half the time required to send by express. Then, too, every hamlet has its postoffice, while express offices sometimes are far apart.

The law admits to the mails practically all kinds of merchandise that can be safely transported, including products of the farm and garden, provided such articles do not weigh over eleven pounds, nor exceed seventy-two inches in combined length and girth. Above four ounces rates are by the pound or fraction thereof, and varying with distance as follows:

	First Pound.	Each Additional Pound.	Even Pounds.
Rural route and city delivery05	.01	.15
50 mile zone05	.03	.35
150 mile zone06	.04	.46
300 mile zone07	.05	.57
600 mile zone08	.06	.68
1,000 mile zone09	.07	.79
1,400 mile zone10	.09	1.00
1,800 mile zone11	.10	1.11
Over 1,800 miles12	.12	1.32

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

THE man or woman who never has enjoyed the delights of mountain climbing has yet another joy to live for. Few are the sports requiring such combined physical and mental resources as seeking altitude afoot. Strength and physical fitness are most useful to the climber, but while the former may be dispensed with to some extent, the latter is absolutely essential. The perfect mountaineer may be impossible at other sports, but he can beat James Thorpe, of Olympia, when it comes to climbing. Steady nerve, coolness in times of danger, ready resource, agility, perfect self-control, discipline, patience and long endurance are called for, if the sportsman would write his name in the history of mountaineering. Foolhardiness has no place in the climber's book, for that way danger lies. Difficult ascents are a tonic to the mountaineer of many seasons. There is nothing quite like the enjoyment of pitting your skill against the forces of nature, the skillful choice of route, the careful working round a precipice, the surmounting of a pinnacle that allows little foothold, the avoidance of an avalanche-swept slope, and then the final ascent of the summit. What is there in life that can equal it? No wonder climbing attracts so many of the most intellectual men of the day, for it exercises the mind as well as the muscles, and only those who appreciate the more subtle beauties of nature can empty

the glass of its joys. Climbing, too, teaches self-reliance and dependence upon one another. The members of a climbing party know that each is working for all and all for each. A failure to notice what the man ahead is doing, a momentary lapse of attention to the matter in hand, may bring disaster to all. It is indeed a sport par excellence.

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP.

COMMODORE J. STUART BLACKTON, of the Atlantic Y. C., has discovered that not to be a citizen of these United States denies him another privilege than that of helping to slay the Bull Moose on Election day. It took from him what he, so ardent a yachtsman, considers the yet more glorious opportunity to steer his marvelous little speed boat in the race for the Harmsworth trophy in the international races at Huntington Harbor.

According to the deed of gift of the trophy, presented by Lord Northcliffe, "helmsman and crew must be citizens of the country the boat represents." It turns out that, although Commodore Blackton, an Englishman, has resided in America for twenty-six years, he never has become naturalized.

This should have ended the matter, instead of which the Motor Boat Club of America cabled the donor asking him to waive the rule for these particular races. This, to our way of thinking, was most unsportsmanlike. It might be said to be looking a gift cup in the mouth. We believe Mr. Blackton, who has been tireless in his effort to improve the sport of motor boat racing in this country, would have been too much of a sportsman to have accepted the waiver had Lord Northcliffe been foolish enough to grant it.

ERRATA.

THROUGH error in the secretary's report in our issue of last week we gave the date of the fifth interstate tournament under the auspices of the Newark Bait- and Fly-Casting Club as Sept. 12. It should read Sept. 7.

The Ballade of the Seekers.

BY R. M. CLEVELAND.

FAR in the past when the world was small,
 Hemming the Mediterranean Sea,
 There sounded for men an elfin call
 To rise and search unceasingly,
 Beyond the farthest mountain cone,
 For the lands that uttered endlessly,
 The whispered call of the wide unknown.
 Men listened then and were held in thrall
 By that distant summons of mystery,
 Till they rose and obeyed, and leaving all,
 Went forth to find what they knew must be,
 In the South, where the happy birds had flown;
 In the North, which breathed so icily,
 The whispered call of the wide unknown.
 They followed their voices, some to fall
 In the burning desert in agony,
 And some to be lost in the spruces tall,
 Where the gray wolves hunted hungrily.
 But they marked their paths with a guiding stone,
 That men might follow more easily
 The whispered call of the wide unknown.

L'ENVOI.

Princes, hark to the wind in the tree,
 How through its branches there is blown
 To your hearts, Lords, and the heart of me,
 The whispered call of the wide unknown.

YACHTING

Larchmont Y. C.

IN spite of the vicious weather, thirty-six yachts started in the fall regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. last Saturday. The committee—Horace E. Boucher, Lawrence C. Dalley and Frederick D. Sperry—postponed the start, thinking the wind would moderate, but as it did not, they arranged new courses. The 65-footers were sent away at 2 o'clock and made a very pretty start. Istalena took the lead on the wind and held it to the end, beating Winsome 1m. 7s. and Aurora 1m. 56s., winning the Wilson Marshall prize offered for the race week series when the three yachts were tied. The 31-rater Windward defeated Joyant by 2m. 27s. In the race for the 30-footers, in which there were six starters, Rowdy, sailed by H. S. Duell, was the winner by 35s. Helen II., owned by E. Randolph, won the schoonerette class by 20s. E. F. Luckenbach's Suelew won in the Q class and won the sail-off of another time of the race week series. The Larchmont Interclub class was won by Whiff by 44s. from Hamburg II. Mlle. Boss sailed a match race with Virginia and won. Amethyst won the Jewel class and Cynosure won in the star class. The summaries:

Handicap Class, 1st Div.—Start, 2:35—Course, 9/4 Miles.		
Alert, R. B. Budd	4 07 58	1 32 58
Amanda, B. R. Stoddard	4 14 07	1 39 07
Dorinda, L. H. Dyer	4 20 42	1 45 42
Corrected time—Alert, 1.32.02; Amada, 1.36.48; Dorinda, 1.45.42.		

Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Start, 2:35—Course, 9/4 Miles.		
Mist, H. T. Hornidge	4 25 48	1 50 48
Corrected time—Mist, 4.45.49.		

Handicap Class, 4th Div.—Start, 2:40—Course, 9/4 Miles.		
Grace II., J. F. Lambden	4 01 40	1 21 40
Corrected time—Grace II., 1.17.35.		

Larchmont Interclub Class—Start, 2:45—Course, 5 Miles.		
Whiff, W. R. Manny	3 55 10	1 10 10
Hamburg II., M. M. Goldschmidt	3 55 54	1 10 54
Bella, G. S. Runk, Jr.	3 58 17	1 13 17
Babette, J. P. Clark	4 00 55	1 15 55

Match Race—Start, 2:50—Course, 5 Miles.		
Mlle. Boss, W. E. Lindeman	4 09 45	1 19 45
Virginia, C. Shields	4 19 46	1 29 46

Jewel Class—Start, 2:50—Course, 5 Miles.		
Amethyst, W. R. Truesdale	4 07 57	1 17 57
Brilliant, W. W. J. Bucknell	4 09 40	1 19 40
Jade, E. S. Willard	4 11 05	1 21 50

Star Class—Start, 3:00—Course, 4 Miles.		
Cynosure, H. Ford	4 44 52	1 44 52
Star Faraway, A. B. Fry	4 46 13	1 46 13
Gemini, W. S. MacIntosh	4 51 38	1 51 38

Sloops, Class K—Start, 2:00—Course, 20 1/2 Miles.		
Istalena, George M. Pynchon	4 40 46	2 40 46
Winsome, E. T. Hall	4 41 53	2 41 53
Aurora, C. Vanderbilt	4 42 42	2 42 42

Sloops, Class P—Start, 2:10—Course, 9 3/4 Miles.		
Windward, R. A. Monks	3 41 15	1 34 15
Joyant, W. H. Childs	3 46 42	1 36 42
N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 2:15—Course, 9 3/4 Miles.		
Rowdy, H. S. Duell	3 43 17	1 28 17
Nepsi, J. De Forest	3 43 52	1 28 52
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	3 47 25	1 32 25
Ibis, W. K. Busk	3 55 14	1 40 14
Caprice, R. N. Ellis	4 00 33	1 45 33
Carlita, G. B. Kulenkampff	Did not finish.	

Sound Schooners—Start, 2:20—Course, 9 3/4 Miles.		
Helen II., E. Randolph	3 57 16	1 37 16
Vandalia, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	3 57 36	1 37 36
Alicia, W. M. Baldwin	4 00 19	1 40 19
Moira, C. Cowl	4 01 04	1 41 04

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 2:25—Course, 9 3/4 Miles.		
Suelew, E. Luckenbach	4 01 55	1 36 55
Alice, G. Davis	4 02 40	1 37 40
Essex, J. L. Mitchell	4 03 47	1 38 47
Edinee, R. J. Schaefer	4 04 08	1 39 08

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, Aug. 20.—Eighteen yachts sailed in to-day's races to try out for the regular fall regatta. Istalena won the race for 65-footers, beating Aurora 1m. 35s. In the race for 31-raters, Windward finished 2m. 2s. ahead of Corinthian. Okee was the winner of the race for the 30-footers. Vandalia won the schoonerette race, and in the class for 15-footers Grilse, Flicker and Thelema were so close that the committee made Thelema a winner by 1s. with a dead heat for second place. The summary:

Sloops, Class K—Start, 12:40—Course, 20 1/2 Miles.		
Istalena, G. M. Pynchon	4 21 59	3 41 59
Aurora, C. Vanderbilt	4 23 34	3 43 34
Winsome, E. T. Hall	Did not finish.	

Sloops, Class P—Start, 1:00—Course, 15 1/4 Miles.		
Windward, R. A. Monks	3 19 28	2 18 28
Corinthian, H. C. Smith	3 21 30	2 21 30
Joyant, W. H. Childs	Disabled.	

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 12:55—Course, 15 1/4 Miles.		
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	3 20 37	2 25 37
Juanita, S. C. Hunter	3 21 07	2 26 07
Phryne, J. P. Morgan, Jr.	3 21 45	2 26 45

Sound Schooners—Start, 1:05—Course, 15 1/4 Miles.		
Vandalia, W. B. Duncan	3 43 02	2 38 02
Moira, C. Cowl	3 44 32	2 39 32
Rival, W. H. Judson	3 44 51	2 39 51
Alicia, W. M. Baldwin	3 48 09	2 43 09
Helen II., E. Randolph	3 48 33	2 43 33
Alys, F. R. Coudert	3 50 57	2 45 57

Seawanhaka 15-footers—Start, 1:10—Course, 6 1/2 Miles.		
Flicker, E. C. Henderson	2 25 24	1 15 24
Grilse, E. P. Roosevelt	2 25 25	1 15 25
Thelema, C. Mackenzie	2 25 25	1 15 25

Weather conditions last Saturday were far from satisfactory for the annual autumn regatta of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. at Oyster Bay. Everything considered, however, the regatta was quite a successful one. Chief interest as usual centered in the event for the big 65-foot racers—Istalena, Aurora and Winsome. Only the day before in the invitation regatta this trio of sailing craft had fought out a sharp struggle in a twenty-mile breeze, Istalena winning finally by a matter of nearly 2m. from Aurora. But the tables were turned yesterday. With W. Butler Duncan acting as skipper, Aurora took the lead at the start and was never headed. From third position in the Friday event for New York 30-footers, Phryne, owned by J. P. Morgan, Jr., moved into the winning sphere in Saturday's race over a shorter course. In the schoonerette class, Moira and Alicia left the other boats far in the rear. There was scarcely any daylight between the two as they passed the committee boat with Moira a winner by 6s. The summary:

Sloops, Class K—Start, 1:25—Course, 15 Miles.		
Aurora, C. Vanderbilt	4 32 52	3 07 52
Istalena, G. M. Pynchon	4 37 47	3 12 47
Winsome, E. T. Hall	5 02 02	3 37 02

Sloops, Class P—Start, 1:40—Course, 6 1/2 Miles.		
Corinthian, H. Smith	2 59 17	1 19 17

New York Thirties—Start, 1:45—Course, 6 1/2 Miles.		
Phryne, J. P. Morgan, Jr.	3 04 21	1 19 21
Caprice, R. N. Ellis	3 05 23	1 20 23
Okee, J. H. Mahlstedt	3 08 26	1 23 26
Alera, J. W. and E. P. Alker	3 09 44	1 24 44
Carlita, G. B. Kulenkampff	3 10 05	1 25 05
Nepsi, J. De Forest	3 10 40	1 25 05
Juanita, S. C. Hunter	3 11 12	1 26 12
Rowdy, H. S. Duell	3 11 20	1 26 20

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 1:50—Course, 6 1/2 Miles.		
Edmee, S. J. Schaefer	3 12 58	1 22 58
Alice, G. Davis	3 19 28	1 28 29
Essex, J. R. Mitchell	3 20 04	1 30 04

Schoonerettes—Start, 1:55—Course, 6 1/4 Miles.		
Moira, C. Cowl	3 23 22	1 28 22
Alicia, W. M. Baldwin	3 23 28	1 28 28
Helen, E. H. Randolph	3 32 23	1 37 23
Rival, W. H. Judson	3 33 04	1 38 04
Vandalia, W. B. Duncan	3 35 55	1 40 55
Alys, F. Coudert	3 43 21	1 48 21

Seawanhaka Fifteens—Start, 2:25—Course, 6 1/2 Miles.		
Flicker, E. C. Henderson	4 24 05	1 59 05
Thelema, T. MacKenzie	4 27 40	2 02 40
Imp, S. L. Landon	4 39 40	2 14 40

Nahant Dory Club.

NAHANT, Mass., Aug. 31.—By winning to-day's race, Francis Gray's Grayling won the pennant and the season's championship for bugs. J. S. Lovering's Bambino, which has been consistent in her work and admirably handled by her owner, gets second place. The summary:

Elapsed.	
Grayling, F. Gray	1 23 20
Stinger, W. O. Gay	1 23 35
Bambino, J. S. Lovering	1 23 45
Midge, A. S. Johnson	1 24 25
Humbug, J. H. Foster	1 24 28
Spider, T. Motley	1 24 30
Bugaboo, Nelson Whitney	1 25 52
Brownie III., S. E. Guild	1 27 30

Marine and Field Club.

THE annual regatta of the Marine and Field Club was held last Saturday under bad weather conditions, but was eminently successful nevertheless. In the first division of the handicap class, Claire had a long lead rounding the Fort Hamilton mark and was well up with the Q boats in the reach down the channel. The air was so light that the regatta committee ended the race for the majority of the classes at the end of the first round. At that hour Suelew and Claire had decided leads in their respective classes. Starting almost five minutes late, Blue Bill won the second division of the handicap class: The summary:

Finish.		Elapsed.	
Suelew, E. F. Luckenbach	4 32 40	1 32 40	
Spider, H. Chubb	4 34 30	1 34 30	
Grayjacket, F. C. Noble	4 36 48	1 36 48	
Soya, W. A. Barstow	4 37 27	1 37 27	

Handicap Class, 1st Div.—Start, 3:05—Course, 6.15 Miles.		
Claire, W. C. Van Clief	4 45 12	1 40 12
Joy, Le Sauvage and Geer	4 48 58	1 43 58
La Cubana, J. H. Ives	4 59 12	1 54 12
Corrected time on Claire, 1.39.54; Joy, 1.43.58; La Cubana, 1.48.23.		

Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Start, 3:05—Course, 6 Miles.		
Blue Bill, Zeb Mayhew	4 49 50	1 44 50
Gunda, W. H. Hall	4 55 12	1 50 12
Corrected time—Blue Bill, 1.38.35; Gunda, 1.44.45.		

Sloops, Class S—Start, 3:10—Course, 6 Miles.		
M. and F. H., Camp and Marchant	4 46 45	1 36 45
Cyrie, Dr. C. L. Atkinson	4 51 52	1 41 52

Gravesend Bay Knockabouts—Start, 3:15—Course, 8 Miles.		
Mouse, R. E. Dingman	5 24 50	2 09 50
Skylark, M. A. Howard	5 28 18	2 13 18
Slow Poke, F. L. Durland	5 29 07	2 14 07
Merry Widow, Bailey and Bailey	5 33 38	2 18 38

Beechhurst Y. C.

THE second annual regatta of the Beechhurst Y. C. was held on Aug. 25 at Whitestone Landing. The course was a triangular one, sailed twice over, ten and a quarter miles. On the run home in the star class, Commander Fry seemed assured of victory, until Star Faraway parted her headstays, leaving Corey's Little Dipper to carry off the honors. In the S class, Drena once more made an easy killing. In the Manhasset Bay class, Tixy turned the trick. The summary:

Class R—Start, 2:15.		Finish.		Elapsed.	
Virginia, C. Shields	Did not finish.				
Hamburg, W. H. Voth	4 29 17	2 14 17			

Bayside Bird Class—Start, 2:20.		Finish.		Elapsed.	
Teaser, A. Nesbitt	5 18 25	1 58 25			
Loon, A. G. Knapp	4 14 15	1 54 14			
Dedo, A. G. Andrews	4 15 18	1 55 18			

Class S—Start, 2:20.		Finish.		Elapsed.	
Nereid, J. R. Shephar	4 13 23	1 53 23			
Drena, Sam Shephar	4 07 10	1 47 10			

Manhasset Bay Old Class—Start, 2:25.		Finish.		Elapsed.	
Tixy, L. F. Eggers	4 42 27	2 17 27			
Avis, H. Gerber	4 45 00	2 20 00			
Chicakoker, F. T. Cornell	Did not finish.				

Star Class—Start, 2:30.		Finish.		Elapsed.	
Twinkle, J. Alley	Withdraw.				
Little Dipper, E. A. Corey	4 46 15	2 16 15			
Snake, F. S. Richards	4 55 02	2 25 02			
Gemini, W. S. McIntosh	4 49 16	2 19 16			
Star Faraway, A. B. Fry	4 50 09	2 20 09			

Red Bank Y. C.

RED BANK, N. J., Aug. 31.—Five yachts sailed a ten-mile handicap race this afternoon. On the last round Clinton R. James' No Name gained the lead and held it to the finish, winning the cup offered by the fleet captain, John F. James. The summary:

No Name, C. R. James		2 12 35
Widow, O. Wagner		2 12 45
May Win		2 15 14
Dolphine		2 16 56
J. G. Gillig's Papoose finished 12m. later than Dolphine.		

Annisquam Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Aug. 31.—To-day's winner was R. Hammond's Swallow. The summary:

Squam 15-Footers.		Elapsed.	
Swallow, R. Hammond	1 39 40		
Tabasco Jr., H. H. Wiggin	1 44 50		
Snipe, Wiggin Bros.	1 57 40		
Princess, J. P. Prince	2 10 03		
Nisan, D. H. Woodbury	2 11 00		

Bayside Y. C.

IN a drizzle that hovered over Little Neck Bay last Saturday, the Bayside Y. C. regatta was held. The winners were Arthur W. Knapp's Loon and William H. Johns' Betty. The summary:

Bayside Bird Class—Start, 3:45.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Loon, A. W. Knapp	5 43 45	1 58 45
Skylark, J. W. Dayton	5 50 05	2 05 05
Dodo, A. C. Andrew	5 50 05	2 05 05
Teaser, A. Nesbitt	5 51 30	2 06 30
Curlew, C. L. Willard	5 54 40	2 09 40
Clover, C. G. Meyers	5 59 49	2 14 49

Bayside One-Design Class—Start, 3:45.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Betty, W. H. Johns	5 50 10	2 05 10
Mary Jane, W. E. Banks	5 57 22	2 12 22
Edna J., A. Nesbitt	6 08 18	2 23 18
Rowdy, C. Medicus	Did not finish.	

The annual Labor Day regatta of the Bayside Y. C. was sailed under "wet" conditions. In the Bayside Bird Class the six yachts sailed the closest race of the season. Arthur W. Knapp's Loon won from Arthur C. Andrew's Do Do by 44s. William H. Johns's Bettie established a record for the course in the one-design class, making a triangular course in 1h. 30m. 10s. In the morning there was a race in which no owner was allowed to sail his own craft. Walter Dayton, at the helm of Charles G. Meyer's Plover, beat Loon, which was piloted by Arthur C. Andrews. The summary:

Skippers' Race—Start, 11:25.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Plover, Walter Dayton	12 41 10	1 14 10
Loon, A. C. Andrews	12 43 03	1 18 03
Do Do, C. G. Meyer	13 42 17	1 18 17
Skylark, C. L. Willard	12 44 25	1 19 25
Teaser, A. W. Knapp	12 44 40	1 19 40
Curlew, A. Nesbitt	12 48 18	1 23 18

Bayside Bird Class—Start, 3:45.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Loon, A. W. Knapp	4 59 20	1 14 20
Do Do, A. C. Andrews	5 00 04	1 15 04
Plover, C. G. Meyer	5 00 25	1 15 25
Curlew, C. L. Willard	5 02 05	1 17 06
Skylark, J. W. Dayton	5 02 25	1 17 25
Teaser, A. Nesbitt	5 05 20	1 20 20

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., Aug. 31.—The biggest fleet of the season tried to race in the doldrums here to-day in the open sweepstakes races of the Beverly Y. C. In the 21-foot class Saracen drifted over the finish line in the lead. In the sonder class, Galen L. Stone's Peg scored another win. Nine of the Crane boats started in which Pioneer won. In the race for power cats, Jennie won handily. The summary:

21-Foot Class.

	Elapsed.
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	3 30 25
Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore	3 33 27
Polliwog, F. C. Hood	3 34 32
Phantom, F. W. Sargent	3 42 28
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	3 48 45

Sonder Class.

	Elapsed.
Pioneer, F. B. Austin	3 10 31
Nahama, H. E. Warner	3 11 19
Charmion, Joshua Crane, Jr.	3 14 11
Waterwitch, Miss Isabel Coolidge	3 16 07
Pam, Miss Nanny Lionburger	3 17 00
T. D., P. De Normandie	3 19 20
Nabob, E. H. Bright	3 21 10
Gifted, George U. Crocker	Did not finish.

15-Foot Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vim, Miss Eunice Taylor	3 07 36	
Yolu, Miss Margaret Codman	3 08 43	
Pronto, Miss Esther Hosmer	3 09 33	
Fly, Miss Margaret Slocum	3 11 00	
Endeavor, G. H. Fiske	3 12 02	
Tinker, Robert W. Emmons, 3d.	3 19 20	
Pheasant, Robert Winsor, Jr.	Did not finish.	

Auxiliary Cats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jennie, Morton Long	1 51 18	1 49 16
Seavey, Harold Perry	1 51 35	1 51 08
Fanita, E. H. Stevens	1 51 59	1 51 59
Helena, W. W. Phinney	1 54 15	1 52 13
Hummer, Paul Gibbs	1 56 30	1 52 50

Sailing Cats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Spray, L. H. Fitch	3 37 27	3 34 57
Tatima, J. P. Seward	Time not taken.	

Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Aug. 31.—The last Saturday afternoon race of the season was sailed to-day. In the first class Edjacko won. In the second class Lila M. beat Osprey and Elizabeth. In the third class Weasel won easily. In the 18-foot class Jane took a closely contested race.

In the 15-foot class Oleta led all over the course. The summary:

First Class.

	Elapsed.
Edjacko, S. E. Raymond	1 27 12
Nereid, C. L. Lunt	1 28 25

Second Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lila M., C. M. Webster	1 37 18	1 28 07
Osprey, C. R. Hanson	1 30 55	1 29 22
Elizabeth, W. A. Rowe	1 33 26	1 33 26

Third Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Weasel, E. A. Fly	1 32 45	1 32 45
Sumaki, W. K. Harcourt	1 35 25	1 35 25
Amoral, Paul Wick	1 43 39	1 39 20

18-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Jane, F. E. Fassett	1 31 30
Tid, A. G. Leonard	1 31 50
Petrel, R. J. Cleland	1 36 59
Arrow, S. E. Raymond	1 40 10
Privateer 2d, F. W. Pollard	1 41 15

15-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Oleta, Jack Raymond	1 56 45
Meave, F. G. Hall	1 27 50
Tew Lom, Nat Choate	1 30 20

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, Mass., Aug. 31.—The second race in the Labor Day series of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed to-day. Author, a new 18-footer, won by 1m. In the 15-foot class Petrel got the gun. The summary:

18-Foot Class.

	Elapsed.
Author, C. Brewer	2 43 20
Again, L. B. Goodspeed	2 44 18
Croatan, W. H. Potter	2 46 45
Osprey, A. R. Train	2 51 53
Aspinquid, M. Smith	2 52 15

15-Foot Class.

	Elapsed.
Petrel, E. B. Benedict	2 53 20
Merlin, G. W. Benedict	2 54 00
Elizabeth, Thomas Weston	2 54 52
Kit, Eben Elerson	2 55 38
Wilhelmina, K. Hutchins	3 07 00
Gretchen, Sheddon	3 03 32
Virginia, W. Winslow	3 04 56
Cucu, H. W. King	3 29 00

Bristol Y. C.

RESULTS of last Saturday's races were as follows:

Q Class—Start, 3:00.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast	1 35 49	1 35 49
Idler, A. M. Chase	1 41 30	1 39 30
Nimbus III., F. P. Weaver	1 55 08	1 49 23

P Class—Start, 3:03.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gazelle, J. H. Stone	1 59 06	1 56 54
Momo, W. E. Butler	2 08 30	2 08 30

Class I—18-Footers—Start, 3:20.

	Elapsed.
Arrow, B. C. Hirst	1 28 52
Hugi, A. P. Brayton	1 30 52
Dorothy, W. D. Wood	1 31 19
Bat, J. H. Caton	1 34 12
Mouse, H. Possner	1 35 10
Question, A. Hoffman	1 37 25
Anore, W. Borden, Jr.	1 37 27

Motor Boats—Start, 3:03.

	Elapsed.
Nip, Jefferson Borden	0 26 10
Tuck, W. E. Fawcett	0 26 13

Class S—Start, 3:25.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marjorie, N. S. Potter	1 45 55	1 45 55
P. D. O. II., W. J. H. Dyer	1 47 22	1 47 07

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY, Mass., Aug. 31.—The Quincy challenge cup, which has caused a remarkably successful racing season here, was finally won to-day by Ellen, challenger, representing the Boston Y. C., when she took her third race. Harpoon, which has finished first in three races and disqualified for having too great sail area in two, finished second. Beaver, from the Beverly Y. C., took third place. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Ellen, C. P. Curtis (Boston)	2 17 00
Harpoon, C. F. Adams 2d (Quincy)	2 18 22
Beaver, G. B. Dabney (Beverly)	2 18 23

Peconic Bay Y. C.

At the fifth annual meeting of the Great Peconic Bay Y. C., held at the club house at South Jamesport, the following officers were elected: Commodore, Harry C. Dobler; Vice-Commodore, Clarence A. Ludlum; Rear Commodore, Frederick Wunder, Jr.; Secretary, Walter C. Smith; Treasurer, Albert E. Disney. Board of Directors, Harry C. Dobler, Frederick Wunder, Jr., E. H. Jones, C. A. Ludlum, James Ebb Weir, H. G. Streat, William Rasquin, Jr.

Hudson River Y. R. A.

TUSAYAN, belonging to F. D. Stewart, of the Tappan Zee Y. C., won the special interclub cruiser race from New York to Yonkers, held on Labor Day, in the eighth annual regatta of the Hudson River Yacht Racing Association. She finished 1m. ahead of the Minnie I., owned by A. Trevor, of the Poughkeepsie Y. C., and over 4m. before Seabright, owned by T. Donaldson, also of the Poughkeepsie Y. C. The summaries:

Sailboats, Class Z—1908 Boats—Start, 9:30 A. M.—Course, 5 Miles.

	Elapsed.
Mayfly, J. J. Wifler	0 58 23
Chub, Mitchell Brothers	0 59 40

Sailboats, Class Z—1910 Boats—Start, 9:46 A. M.—Course, 5 Miles.

	Elapsed.
Shattemuc, Shattemuc Syndicate	1 04 10
Rival, M. W. Collyer	1 05 40
Tappan, Tappan Zee Syndicate	1 12 47

Sailboats, Classes E, G and H.—Start, 10:00 A. M.—Course, 5 Miles.

	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, G. S. Angell	0 59 02

Racing Boats, Class I—Start, 10:30 A. M.—Course, 20 Miles.

	Elapsed.
Pronto, E. B. Walker	1 08 52

Racing Boats, Class II—Start, 11:00 A. M.—Course, 20 Miles.

	Elapsed.
Merlin, W. B. Seiden	0 57 57

Cabin Boats, Class A—Start, 11:30 A. M.—Course, 10 Miles.

	Elapsed.
Excelsior, T. Crolsen	0 58 11
Minnie I., A. Trevor	0 59 51
Seabright, T. Donaldson	1 02 02
Chestel, A. B. Cunningham	1 11 48
Not Yet, E. W. Marshall	1 15 55

Cabin Boats, Class B—Start, 12:00 M.—Course, 10 Miles.

	Elapsed.
Respite, Dr. V. C. Pederson	1 16 11
Isis, J. Hunt	1 30 24
Bathurst, R. P. Nalley	1 26 16
Beat It, J. Menke	1 22 29

Canopy Top Boats—Start, 12:30 P. M.—Course, 10 Miles.

	Elapsed.
Prescent, H. Kessler	1 21 51
Naiad, F. W. Wochoer	1 23 23

Open Boats, Class D—Start, 1 P. M.—Course, 5 Miles.

	Elapsed.
Gray Hare, A. Haas	0 45 57
Onoto, G. T. Byers	0 46 11

Open Boats, Class E—Start, 2 P. M.—Course, 5 Miles.

	Elapsed.
Eastern Star, E. R. French	1 50 26

Racing Boats—Free For All Class X—Start, 2:30 P. M.—Course, 20 Miles.

	Elapsed.
Peter Pan, J. Simpson	1 52 43
Tiny Tad, H. Z. Pratt	1 57 01

Racing Boats, N. Y. Motor Boat Club Trophy—Start, 2:45 P. M.—Course, 20 Miles.

	Elapsed.
Question, Tinken and Briggs	0 43 45
Edith M. II., W. Madison	1 07 00

Special Cabin Cruiser Race—Interclub—Start, 4 P. M.—Course, New York to Yonkers.

	Elapsed.
Tusayan, F. D. Stewart	0 48 30
Minnie I., A. Trevor	0 49 30
Seabright, T. Donaldson	0 52 55
Clara, Poughkeepsie Y. C.	0 55 15
Naiad, F. W. Wochoer	1 08 16
Chestel, A. B. Cunningham	1 08 50
Beat It, J. Menke	1 09 20
Bathurst, R. P. Nalley	1 10 47
Not Yet, E. W. Marshall	1 14 03
Arlington, J. Klitter	1 27 00

Stamford Y. C.

STAMFORD, Conn., Sept. 2.—The one-design fleet of the Stamford Y. C. sailed its final race to-day in a brisk east wind and a choppy sea. It was really two races in one, for Kelpie and Curlew were racing for the tournament cup, while the others were sailing only for the series cup. Kelpie beat Curlew by 37s., while Dart won the race, beating all the other boats handily. The summary:

Start, 3:01.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dart, R. H. Gillespie	4 25 12	1 24 12
Kelpie, Harold Buck	4 27 20	1 26 20
Killie, Bartholomew Jacob	4 28 51	1 27 51
Osprey, Douglas Elliman	4 29 33	1 26 33
Curlew, Gayer Dominick	4 27 57	1 26 57
Snapper, Edward Corning	4 28 27	1 27 27
Kitawake, H. C. Fleitman	4 33 31	1 32 31

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Atlantic Y. C.

THE forty-sixth annual regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, but the weather kept many skippers at their moorings. Hendon Chubb's Spider won in the Class Q boats. Claire led home the first division of the handicap class, the second division being taken by Blue Bill. M. and F. II. came across first in the S class, but was disqualified for sailing the wrong course, and the race was won by Cyric. Merry Widow won among the X boats. The summary:

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 11:20—Course, 15½ Miles.		
Spider, H. Chubb	2 15 07	2 55 07
Dixie, R. Rummell	2 17 57	2 57 57
Soya, W. A. Barstow	2 18 38	2 58 38
Grayjacket, F. S. Noble.....	Did not finish.	
Handicap Class, 1st Div., Start, 11:20—Course, 15½ Miles.		
Clarie, W. C. Van Clief	2 29 13	3 09 13
Joy, Le Sauvage and Geer.....	3 34 42	3 14 42
La Cubana, J. H. Ives.....	2 55 10	3 35 10
Corrected time—Claire, 3.09.13; Joy, 3.14.42; La Cubana, 3.23.49.		
Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Start, 11:25—Course 12 Miles.		
Blue Bill, Z. Mayhew	2 17 28	2 52 28
Careless, C. Byram	Not timed.	
Corrected time—Blue Bill, 2.44.11.		
Sloops, Class S—Start, 11:25—Course, 12 Miles.		
M. and F. II., C. M. Camp.....	2 05 51	2 40 51
Cyric, Dr. C. L. Atkinson	2 06 15	2 41 15
M. and F. II. was disqualified		
Sloops, Class X—Start, 11:25—Course, 12 Miles.		
Merry Widow, Bailey and Bailey...	2 17 13	2 52 13
Mouse, R. E. Dingman	2 19 08	2 54 08
Slow Poke, F. L. Durland	2 26 24	3 01 24

Boston Y. C.

HULL, Mass., Aug. 31.—To-day's race of the Boston Y. C. was sailed in an easterly breeze and a smooth sea. The summary:

Class A.		
Pegasus, L. P. Cogswell	2 45 58	3 34 17
Premier, J. D. McIntyre	2 55 41	3 37 38
Nimrod, J. S. Poyen	2 44 17	3 39 47
Peapod, George Stone	2 56 25	4 10 44
Presto, C. H. Conant	2 35 00	4 10 50
Class B.		
Beachcomber, Sheppard and Peterson	3 26 10	4 32 44
Doris G., E. P. Perrey	3 12 51	4 32 52
Mascot, F. H. Borden	3 47 31	4 30 02
Bazzoo, E. Lienemann	3 31 49	4 47 08
Class C.		
Sabes, S. P. Porter	3 30 00	4 59 17
Spark, F. L. Orta	3 49 06	5 02 17
Vera, A. C. Wallace	4 13 21	5 03 27
Signia, J. J. Connors	3 31 40	4 46 53
Marie, W. W. Smith	3 59 36	5 12 18
Stuart, John Stuart	Disabled.	
Windemere, W. H. Winsor	Did not finish.	
Hydroplanes.		
		Elapsed.
Why, A. A. Martin		0 46 30
Baby Boy, A. D. Iselin		0 55 46

Manchester Y. C.

MANCHESTER, Mass., Aug. 31.—Six boats sailed to-day in the one-design class. Gnat finished with a lead of 2m. on Minx. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Gnat, O. Ames	1 52 06
Minx, H. S. Grew.....	1 53 58
Kiowa II., J. Jeffreys	1 55 04
Clarise, John Caswell, Jr.....	1 55 22
Bluegrass, D. O'Hara	1 56 30
Shad, Mason Sears	1 57 05

Yachts Change Hands.

THE Hollis Burgess yacht agency has sold the following:

The 45-foot waterline yawl Siesta, owned by the Edward Hatch estate of Boston, to Maitland Alexander, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

The 45-foot motor boat Tern, owned by Edward Motley, of Nahant, Mass., to Frederic R. Kellogg, of New York.

The 25-foot waterline sloop yacht Multnomah, owned by Frank Drake, of Chicago, to Frederick Higginson, of Cohasset, Mass.

The 21-foot knockabout Pawnee, owned by George H. Collyer, of Boston, to Phillip L. Smith, of New York.

The 21-foot raceabout Lethe, to J. Justin Dyer, of the Hingham Y. C.

The 21-foot sloop Bohemia, to a prominent member of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

The 18-foot knockabout Anne, owned by C. Barton Pratt, of Manchester, N. H., to W. H. Canterbury, of the Boston Y. C.

Motor Boating

The Harmsworth Cup.

WHILE the matter of postponement of last Monday's race at Huntington was under discussion by the committee, there was a lot of talk about the sportsmanship of several of the competitors, says the New York Times. It was freely charged that two fins had been added to Baby Reliance III. after the race on Saturday, and that this addition was contrary to the deed of gift controlling the cup contests. It was also said that Commodore Blackton is the technical owner only of Baby Reliance II. and not the real owner, as the conditions require. These critics held that the fleet of Baby Reliance boats had been built on speculation and that Blackton held them on a contingency clause. James Simpson, owner of Peter Pan V., the boat that made the fastest time in the trials, but which was not selected by the committee as one of the three American defenders for the cup, said he would bet \$500 that his boat could defeat any of the Baby Reliance fleet.

An Englishman who came over here in the interest of the challengers said:

"Since the Americans were not anxious to race to-day, we agreed to a postponement. We English in the motor boat game are sportsmen. We could have had a walkover to-day, and can protest on a dozen different grounds if we desire to do so. But we are not desirous to win out on a technicality. We want to show the efficiency of our boats in comparison with the American craft.

"Since last night we have seen and heard at least a dozen things, each one of which, if true, would have enabled the British to file a protest. There is no need for that, however. The English boats are ready to race in rough or smooth water. I was present yesterday at the overhauling of Baby Reliance III., and saw the fins attached to the boat. Under the deed of gift we could protest, as this change constitutes a violation of it."

Tales were told which would tend to show that there has been more or less juggling with the names of the boats and the Roman numerals attached to some of them. It was said that in order to hide the identity of one, it had been repainted. These changes, it was alleged, had been made in the West. There is no registry of motor boats in this country and the identification of a boat cannot be made officially.

"I'm willing to go before a notary and swear that the Baby Reliance III. was known as the Reliance X.," said James Simpson. "I saw a picture of Reliance X. in the show window of a store in Chicago, and that picture corresponds in every detail with the present Baby Reliance III."

The fact that Commodore Blackton says he is the owner of Baby Reliance II. and his wife the owner of Baby Reliance III. is in spirit a violation of the rule which says that the owner or owners of one entrant in the race must have no interest in another contestant.

Delaware Championship.

THE speed boat championship of the Delaware was won by Al Par Nel, Jr., owned by Commodore Robert Smith, of the Keystone Y. C. J. C. Canderslice's XQOME was second. The Class B race for displacement boats went to Commodore Krusen's Rocallanna. The summary:

Class A.				
	Rating.	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Delphia	74.8	3 00 49	2 04 47	1 43 04
W. S. Vore	80.8	3 09 45	1 46 35	1 33 46
XQOME	81.5	3 10 43	1 34 42	1 22 51
Al Par Nel, Jr.....	91.3	3 22 34	1 18 03	1 18 03
Class B.				
Rocallanna	74.30	2 00 00	1 49 03	1 29 01
Vera II.	79.7	3 08 12	Did not finish.	
Swastika	89	3 20 01	Did not finish.	

Canoeing

Lakanoo Boat Club.

THE annual regatta of the Lakanoo Boat Club was held at Burlington, N. J., on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 24. The club house and grounds were profusely decorated with flags and lanterns which, with about 300 guests and fine weather, made it a great success from a spectacular point of view as well as an aquatic one.

The events of the afternoon were as follows:

Club Fours, Double Blades, Quarter-Mile.—Won by Lakanoo B. C.: Page, Sleeper, Gauntt, Sholl. Time, 1m. 13s. Second, Algonquin C. C.: Tidd, C. Gregory, Rose, M. Gregory. Third, Mohawk C. C.: Jordy, Lloyd, Hendrickson, Waite.

One Man, Single Blade, Quarter-Mile.—Won by B. A. Sleeper, Lakanoo B. C. Time, 2m. 7s. Second, L. Fine, Chippewa C. C. Third, J. Reeder, Yapewi A. C.

Tandem, Double Blades, Quarter-Mile.—Won by Gauntt and Sholl, Lakanoo B. C. Time, 1m. 35s. Second, Reeder and Reeder, Yapewi A. C. Third, Sleeper and Page, Lakanoo B. C.

Tandem, Single Blades, Quarter-Mile.—Won by Sleeper and Page, Lakanoo B. C. Time, 1m. 25s. Second, Gauntt and Sholl, Lakanoo B. C. Third, Reeder and Reeder, Yapewi A. C.

One Man, Double Blades, Quarter-Mile.—Won by Muschert, Chippewa C. C. Time, 1m. 22s. Second, Koenig, Yapewi A. C. Third, M. Gregory, Algonquin C. C.

Club Fours, Single Blades, Quarter-Mile.—Won by Lakanoo B. C.: Sleeper, Gauntt, Page and Sholl. Time, 1m. 23s. Second, Chippewa C. C.: Margerum, Black, Kemble and Fine. Third, Mohawk C. C.: Jordy, Lloyd, Hendrickson, Waite.

Tandem Overboard, One-Eighth Mile.—Won by Sleeper and Page, Lakanoo B. C. Second, Gauntt and Sholl, Lakanoo B. C. Third, Kemble and Fine, Chippewa C. C.

All events were open to members of clubs belonging to the Associated Canoe Clubs of the Delaware, and being the last regatta held by any of the clubs this season, the Lakanoo Boat Club clinched their claim to the holding of the association trophy for this year with a total of 100 points. The number of points scored by the other clubs in the season's regattas are as follows. Algonquin C. C., 8; Chippewa C. C., 28; Mohawk C. C., 9; Yapewi A. C., 44.

Following the races, lunch was served to guests and members, and in the evening a very enjoyable dance was held in the canoe room on the first floor of the club house.

HENRY B. FORT.

Storing Canoes.

NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you enlighten me in regard to the following matter?

I am a member of the Manhattan Canoe Club. We are about to change into new quarters, and considerable discussion has arisen over the best way to store canoes.

Some hold that a canoe is in the best position when supported upside down on the gunwales, while a few, myself included, think it best to set a boat on its keel. What do you think? Have you ever had occasion to look into this matter? If so, will you give us the benefit of your findings?

D. W. THORN.

A. C. A. Officers.

Frederick W. Cramphorn, 26 Winter street, Woburn, Mass., was elected Commodore, and B. L. Goodwin, 304 Atlantic avenue, Boston, Mass., Secretary of the American Canoe Association for 1913.



TRAP SHOOTING



Fixtures.

Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. Arthur Gambell, Supt.
Sept. 14.—Greenwich (Conn.) G. C. all day shoot. J. H. Finch, Capt.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

Sept. 10.—McKeesport, Pa.—Western Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Youghiogheny Country Club. R. J. Caughey, Sec'y.
Sept. 10-11.—Caro (Mich.) S. A. F. W. Bowles, Sec'y.
Sept. 10-13.—Denver, Colo.—Rocky Mountain Interstate Sportsmen's Association; \$5,000 added money. Ambrose E. McKenzie, Mgr.
Sept. 11.—Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club. Jay Clark, Jr., Sec'y.
Sept. 12-13.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. A. B. Heyl, Pres.
Sept. 13-14.—Beverly, Mass.—Massachusetts State tournament, under auspices of Massachusetts State T. S. A. F. E. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.
Sept. 16-17.—Evansville, Ind.—Indiana State tournament, under the auspices of the Recreation G. C. Geo. A. Beard, Cor. Sec'y.
Sept. 17.—Huntingdon, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Alexandria G. C. L. M. Hagerty, Sec'y, Alexandria, Pa.
Sept. 17-18.—Brookfield, Mo.—Linn County G. C. Ed. Barton, Sec'y.
Sept. 17-20.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Westy Hogans of America tournament. Bernard Elsesser, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-19.—Bloomington, Ill.—McLean County G. C. C. A. McDermid, Pres.
Sept. 19.—Springfield (O.) G. C. Harry C. Downey, Sec.
Sept. 20.—Sangerfield (N. Y.) Country Club. R. H. Terry, Sec'y.
Sept. 23-24.—Lewiston (Idaho) G. C. P. T. Lomax, Sec'y.
Sept. 25.—Mt. Kisco (N. Y.) G. C. A. Betti, Sec'y.
Sept. 25.—Guernsey (Ia.) G. C. J. W. Dobbins, Pres.
Sept. 26-27.—Baltimore, Md.—West Forest Park G. C. Richard L. Collins, Sec'y.
Sept. 26-27.—Capron (Ill.) G. C. Alex. Vance, Sec'y.
Sept. 27.—Saginaw (Mich.) Canoe Club. T. A. Saylor, Sec'y.
Oct. 1-2.—Omaha (Neb.) G. C. F. T. Lovering, Sec'y.
Oct. 2.—Piedmont (W. Va.) G. C. G. N. Hoover, Sec.
Oct. 3.—Wapakoneta (O.) G. C. Chas. E. Zint, Sec'y.
Oct. 3.—Elkton (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Mgr.
Oct. 5.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Meadow Spring G. C. Wm. F. Letford, Sec'y.
Oct. 8-10.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. Jos. Kautzky, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. Geo. Alig, Jr., Sec'y.
Post-Season tournament, on the grounds of the Cincinnati G. C.; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Oct. 9-10.—Tarboro (N. C.) G. C. R. E. L. Cook, Mgr.
Oct. 15-18.—Cincinnati, O.—The Interstate Association's
Oct. 16.—Rising Sun (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Vice-Pres.
Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
Oct. 22-23.—Scammon (Kans.) G. C. R. Quarton, Sec'y.
Oct. 22-23.—Demopolis, Ala.—Demopolis Gun Club. W. C. Du Fue, Sec'y.
Oct. 30.—Medford (Okla.) G. C. Dr. I. V. Hardy, Sec'y.

1913.

Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Secretary Schortemeier writes that the Bergen Beach Gun Club's next regular monthly shoot will take place on Tuesday, Sept. 10., at 1 P. M.; and, beginning Sept. 7, there will be shooting every Saturday at 1 P. M. The Cosmopolitan Championship, at 16yds., will be the main event on Saturday, Oct. 12, at 9 A. M. Added money as usual.

The annual registered tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club, will be held Sept. 12 and 13, but the grounds will be open on Sept. 11 for practice. Shooting on Sept. 12, the first day, will begin at 9:30 A. M.; on the second day, 9 A. M. The Interstate Association Trapshooting Rules, as revised in 1909, will govern. Targets, 2 cents each, included in all entrances. A good dinner will be served each day. Manufacturers' representatives will shoot for targets only. Grounds are located at Latonia, Ky. Take Rosedale car at Fountain Square, Cincinnati. A limited assortment of loaded shells will be on sale at the shooting grounds. Shells forwarded by express or freight must be prepaid and marked with the owner's name. They will be delivered to the grounds if sent in care of the following firms: The Powell & Clement Co., 410 Main street; Bumiller-Remelin Co., 432 Main street; Brendamour Sporting Goods Co., 17 E. Fifth avenue, Cincinnati, O. Further information relative to the tournament will be cheerfully furnished by R. F. Davies, Secretary, 2414 Copeland street, Cincinnati, O.

W. G. BEECROFT.

Indians' Tournament.

THE thirteenth annual tournament and pow-wow of the Okoboiji Tribe of Indians was held on the shores of Lake Erie, at Cedar Point, O., Aug. 27, 28 and 29. The Point is a beautiful summer resort, ten minutes' ride across the bay from Sandusky, and a more ideal spot for an outing would be hard to find. At this tournament social features take precedence, most of the participants bring their wives with them, and the squaws and papposes of the Indians are present to welcome and entertain them. It is the one shoot of the year at which all meet as one large family, the main point being to have a good time yourself and see that others enjoy themselves.

The arrangements for the shoot were in charge of R. O. Heikes and J. R. Taylor. Every detail was perfectly seen to, and during the tournament not a hitch occurred. The weather was not such as would have been selected, but as no committee can regulate this, no complaint can be made on this score. During the week the wind "boxed the compass" with varying degrees of violence, and created a greater variety of conditions affecting the targets than is usually seen at a shoot. There were frequent showers, but except on Wednesday, none severe enough to stop the sport. On this day it was impossible to begin the program until after dinner, and it was necessary to cut out the special event by the Indians in costume. J. N. Lindsey was ground manager. He served in this capacity when the tournament was held here four years ago, and is strictly "on the job" all the time. He got together a good field force, which is largely responsible for the smooth running of the affair. Three Ideal-Leggetts were installed on the beach, not far from the hotel. Targets were thrown toward the lake, the shooters facing almost due north. The office was in a room of a nearby cottage hired for the occasion.

At trap No. 1, Jake Horn was referee and scorer; Geo. Seigel puller. At trap 2, Lee Mciriam, referee and scorer; Frank Link, puller. Trap 3, Jesse Green, referee and scorer; C. J. Nesselhorf, puller.

The program consisted of ten 15-target events each day, entrance \$1.40 in each, money divided Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1. The Indians added \$600 to the purse, \$500 to the money back, and \$100 to the twenty low guns. On the last day the Mallory cup match was shot, being the only extra event during the week.

This tournament was the last one at which the professionals will be allowed to annex any of the simoleons; hereafter it is "targets only" for them. This step was initiated by the Indians themselves, and was done purely in the interests of the amateurs, and to advance the game. At the meeting of the Indians, the organization was handed over to the amateurs, no office to be filled by a professional. The professionals have by no means given up their interest in the tribe in taking this step, but will continue to work for its success and growth, and believe that both will be enhanced by their action.

The attendance this year was disappointing, as at least one hundred shooters had been expected. With the radical change made by the tribe this year, future tournaments should show a constantly increasing entry list.

In resigning as High Chief, an office he has ably filled for fifteen years, Mr. Marshall stated that after careful deliberation it had been thought best to eliminate every vestige of professionalism from the organization, but that every professional now an Indian would help cut in every way possible. He predicted a great future for the tribe, and thanked the Braves for their loyal support since the tribe was formed. The thanks of the Indians and their friends were extended to the Cedar Point management, for its courtesy during the tournament, and they anticipate with great pleasure being here next year.

Practice Day.

Twenty-nine of the big chiefs and their paleface friends assembled on Monday, and lacking better game, spent the afternoon in endeavors to kill the elusive clay bird, having more than average success. The day was some hot—a trip down the line emphasized that fact—and shady places were at a premium when the journey was finished. A high sand ridge back of the traps cut off the strong west wind and prevented it from having any noticeable effect on the flight of the clays. The program for practice day consisted of six 15-target events, entrance \$1.50 in each, divided Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1. Shooting began about one o'clock, and was finished before five, when most of the contestants made a quick change from shooting to bathing costumes and cooled off in the lake.

Geo. Maxwell (Chief Right Wing) bagged the most game during the afternoon, letting only 4 of the 90 birds get away. Roundy Chamberlain started off at a pace which put him in the lead for the first two events, but got lonesome and slowed down, finishing in a tie for second on 85. Wm. Ridley (Chief Silent) didn't get off right, but soon hit his gait, got 'em all in the last four events, and went out in company with Roundy and Painter. The latter (Chief Quick Paddle), shot a nice race, and but for a little error of pointing in the fourth event, would have been in Maxwell's company. Moore seemed to have a liking for the hoodoo number, 13; first, he'd break a straight, and then 13, alternating throughout the program, and scoring three of each. He was tied for third place on 84, with Dickey, who slipped up in the last two events and lost his chance for a higher position. J. R. Taylor (Chief Buckeye) got a bad start in the race, and could not catch up. He would

like to know how those four targets in the first event got away. T. A. Marshall (Chief Long Talk) came to grief in the fifth event. Up to that time he was tied with the leader, and it was certainly hard luck to lose four birds, and his chances for high honors.

The unexpected always happens; anything more unusual than to see Chief Bald Eagle (R. O. Heikes) drop 5 birds in an event is hard to imagine, but that's what he did in the second event, and all because his mind was working on the details of the management of the shoot. Jas. W. Bell (Chief Ding Dong) did not ring true, and only after the second event did he get properly toned up. H. D. Smart met with the usual fate of one struggling with the gun problem, but after the first event seemed to have solved it for a while, only to fall down again at the finish. Old guns, like old friends, are the best, and it pays to stick to them.

The scores of practice day follow:

Culver	75	Speer	73
Painter	85	Bell	81
Chamberlain	85	Dickey	84
Taylor	80	Hassam	77
Moore	84	Krupp	70
Ridley	85	Ebberts	76
Smart	76	Harts	48
Maxwell	86	Markham	72
D A Edwards	78	Doolittle	58
Loving	68	Donnelly	52
T A Marshall	82	Zinn	44
Kuebler	72	Hoffman	2
Johnson	74	Young	54
Spangler	79	Kellar	35
R O Heikes	81		

First Day.

The weather on Tuesday morning, the opening day of the tournament, was not exactly ideal. Heavy clouds obscured the sun, and the wind blew a gale from the north. Toward noon, however, the sky cleared and the wind moderated. The attendance was a great disappointment to the chiefs of the tribe, who have borne the brunt of preparation, and a surprise as well, that the very liberal added money should not have proven attractive to the many crackerjack amateurs residing within a radius of a few hundred miles of this place. In hopes that some might come on belated trains, the program was not started until 10 o'clock, and was held open until noon for late entries. Forty-three shooters visited the cashier, and faced the traps in all of the ten 15-target events. Everything worked smoothly, 6,450 targets being thrown without a hitch. The first squad finished in the tenth event at about 12:45, and three-quarters of an hour later the last squad sheet was passed in to the compiler of scores.

The scores made were not up to the average, only twelve shooters out of the forty-three broke 90 per cent. of better, and that is not a good showing for the men behind the guns. But the conditions were strange and somewhat hard. The strong wind had its effect, and the sound of the breakers, with the line of surf and white-capped rollers confronting the shooter, may have caused some of the goose eggs in the score sheets. However, a few of the contestants put up some good work. L. S. German led the bunch with 144 and a run of 77 straight. Then came J. R. Taylor, C. A. Young and R. W. Clancy with 142 each. An amateur, Horace Heikes, crowded the professionals out of third place with 141, defeating Rolla O. Heikes by one target. The next places were filled by amateurs, G. E. Painter scoring 139, C. M. Moore and J. W. Bell 138 each, and Wm. Ridley 137.

Long runs were made by C. F. Moore and Wm. Ridley, 52 and 56 each. A few of the boys wanted a little more shooting, but a majority had had enough, and the afternoon was spent in visiting the various amusements at the Point and in the surf.

J. R. Taylor and wife and W. R. Chamberlain and wife were comfortably located in a cottage close to the shooting grounds, and enjoyed home luxuries. F. W. Markham said the wind had the boys scared, and they couldn't call the bluff. Andy Meaders can hold his own with the young 'uns. Only once did he drop out of the money. Mrs. Johnston is an enthusiastic lover of trapshooting, and acquitted herself creditably at the score to-day. A crowd always assembled back of the firing line when her squad was up. Ira Krupp, of Sandusky, was too busy to shoot his best clip; he covered the shoot for the local papers, and did a little boosting for Ye Oak Meadow Gun Club, of which he is manager. Scores of first day:

D L Culver	131	A Meaders	130
G E Painter	139	*C A Young	142
*W R Chamberlain	134	C E Doolittle	132
*J R Taylor	142	E Beckwith	126
C F Moore	138	P M Keller	123
Wm Ridley	137	S S Johnston	103
H D Smart	129	Mrs Johnston	111
*G W Maxwell	136	C E Mowery	129
D A Edwards	123	*L German	144
Ray Loving	131	A B Jones	130
*T A Marshall	132	C T Stevens	123
*L J Squier	132	Otto Heyman	124
M H Johnson	124	John Deist	133
W I Spangler	129	Ira Krupp	116
*R O Heikes	140	R W Clancy	142
J S Speer	122	A Kuebler	132
J W Bell	138	F H Zinn	112
*O R Dickey	135	H Heikes	141
*G H Hassam	126	C W Sadler	119
F W Markham	129	Wm Hill	99
B S Donnelly	127	Lee Parrish	67
J Ebberts	118		

*Professionals.

MEETING.

A business meeting of the tribe was held on Tuesday evening, High Chief Tom A. Marshall presiding. D. H. Eaton was appointed secretary pro tem, with the approval of the Indians present. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. High Chief Marshall

then addressed the meeting, regretting that the tournament was not the success (in point of attendance) that had been expected. He said, in part, that there was considerable dissatisfaction with the custom prevailing of allowing the professionals to compete for the purses, and suggested that at future tournaments only amateurs should shoot for the money, and also that all officers in the tribe should be held by amateurs, thus practically making the tribe a purely amateur organization. In making these suggestions he wished it understood that not only he, but all other professional Indians would help push the interests of the tribe to the utmost of their ability. His suggestions were adopted, and at the next tournament it will be "professionals shoot for targets only."

Nominations for officers were next in order. S. S. Johnston, of Minneapolis, Minn., was nominated for High Chief. It was voted to close the nominations, and Mr. Johnston was elected. Nominations for secretary were called for. The question of separating the office of secretary and treasurer was advocated, and J. R. Taylor (Chief Buckeye) advocated keeping the two distinct, and nominated D. H. Eaton, Cincinnati, O., as secretary. It was moved by R. O. Heikes (Chief Bald Eagle) that Mr. Eaton be adopted into the tribe, which was done, and he was then elected secretary for the ensuing year. Jas. W. Bell (Chief Ding Dong), St. Louis, Mo., was nominated for keeper of wampum, and was duly elected. Geo. E. Painter (Chief Quick Paddle), Pittsburg, Pa., was nominated for vice-chief by J. R. Taylor, and was elected. J. R. Taylor moved that L. W. Cumberland, Columbus, O., be taken into the tribe, and the motion was carried. The following tournament committee was elected: J. S. Speer (Chief Black Stick), St. Marys, Pa.; Dr. D. L. Culver (Chief Long Smoke), Jersey City, N. J., and Ray Loring (Chief Shoot the Line), Marshall, Ill.

Then the question of a location for the 1913 tournament was brought up. R. O. Heikes and J. R. Taylor favored Cedar Point. High Chief Marshall explained that the custom had been to hold the tournaments two successive years in the West, and then for two years in the East. As the last two shoots had been in the West, it was up to the Indians to select a place in the East, and he knew of no better place than the spot where they were this year. Dr. Culver jokingly said that where he came from Ohio was considered to be a part of the "wild and woolly West," and thought the tournament might be held nearer the Atlantic. He was assured by the High Chief that Ohio was only on the very fringe of the real West, and thousands of shooters looked on the Buckeye State as very near the place where the sun rises. It was decided in favor of Cedar Point for the 1913 tournament and pow-wow.

R. O. Heikes and J. R. Taylor were added to the tournament committee by the High Chief, and were instructed to confer with the authorities at Cedar Point, arrange terms for 1913, and report at the regular meeting on Thursday. High Chief Marshall suggested that membership in the tribe should be limited to 100, and applications received after that number had been reached should be placed on the waiting list. He stated that the Indians was the only organization combining the social and shooting features, and attributed its success to this fact. On motion of Dr. D. A. Edwards it was voted that the membership be limited to 100.

The report of Keeper of Wampum C. W. Budd was read and accepted. The report showed the tribe to be in good financial condition, and the High Chief turned over a check for a substantial amount to the new Keeper of Wampum.

It was suggested by R. W. Clancy (Chief High Point) that a special event of 25 targets be shot by the Indians clothed in their tribal costumes on Wednesday, after the close of the regular program, only members of the tribe to participate. This was seconded by Dr. D. A. Edwards and carried. The members to meet at the hotel, array themselves in war paint and feathers, proceed to the dining hall in a body for dinner, and then march to the grounds for the shoot. The meeting then adjourned.

Second Day.

The real early risers on Wednesday enjoyed the only pleasant weather of the day. All the carefully laid plans of the High Chief and his lieutenants were spoiled by rain, which began falling about 7 o'clock and continued up to noon. It was a downpour, which precluded all possibility of a flight of clay birds, and the Indians stayed in the hotel, making weather predictions.

The afternoon was better, though it continued cloudy and there were two or three sharp showers. The wind was strong from the west, blowing toward the traps, causing the targets to duck badly and keeping the flight low.

At 1 o'clock the events were started, and at 4:30 the grounds were deserted by all except the cashier. The attendance was a little better than on Wednesday, forty-eight shooters going through the program. Among the new arrivals were C. D. Manahan, G. F. Round, E. O. Lothamer, J. K. Douglass and John M. Sperry.

The scores averaged lower than on the first day, though some exceedingly good ones were recorded. Pop Heikes led the field with 147, getting the last 62 straight. Next in order came Lester German with 145, breaking the last 63 straight. C. A. Young got third place among the professionals on 142. The amateurs were well up with the professionals, C. F. Moore being high man with 143, the third high score of the day. Wm. Ridley was second with 139. Five of the contestants, D. L. Culver, Ray Loring, John Deist, C. D. Manahan and J. D. Park tied for third on 139, and C. E. Doolittle and C. E. Mowrey were fourth on 137 each. Squad 1—Culver, Painter, Chamberlain, Taylor and Moore, made the squad record as a fitting wind up of the day, breaking straight in the last event. Geo. Maxwell made the day's record long run, 70.

The special event, to be shot by the braves in their tribal costumes, was declared off, a great disappointment to many who wished to see this annual feature.

There were 7,200 targets trapped, at the rate of 2,056 per hour.



**World Beating Speed Shells
Follow Western Handicap Victory**

with a

Clean-up at Canadian Tournament

Dominion of Canada Trapshooters' Association Tournament at Montreal, bristles with triumphs for the steel lined handicap winners.

Amateur Championship of Canada: The premier event of the big meet—won by S. G. Vance, 49 ex 50, shooting *Remington-UMC* Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells.

First High Aggregate: For Earl Grey Cup, presented by His Excellency, Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada, and gold medal: won by Roland Day, 371 ex 400, shooting *Remington-UMC* Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells.

Special Silver Cup: For High Man Preliminary: Tied for by Roland Day and H. D. Bates, 144 ex 150—both shooting *Remington-UMC* Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells. Mr. Day won in shoot-off, 24 ex 25.

Seven of Nine Trophies, together with High Professional and High Amateur Averages, at Nevada State Shoot go to *Remington-UMC*

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STILL WINNING!

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

299-301 Broadway New York, N. Y.

At 6 o'clock in the evening the members of the tribe gathered in their council tepee, arrayed themselves in full war paint and feathers, and led by Chief Long Talk Marshall, paraded through the hotel lobbies to the dining hall, marching to the music of the tom-tom, manipulated by Chief Bald Eable Heikes. After enjoying the "Dog feast" and listening to words of wisdom and good cheer from High Chief Long Talk, the braves returned to the lobby of the hotel, followed by the squaws and papooses. Here they seated themselves in a circle around the High Chief and his squaw, and were introduced individually to the assembled palefaces. Each brave was called upon to rise by High Chief Long Talk, and his name, title and a condensed history of his life given. It was a test of Indian impassiveness to stand up while all one's good qualities, physical, mental, moral and financial were recited, and if there was any point omitted by the High Chief it was an oversight. The ordeal successfully passed, the tribe took the trail and visited the various places of interest, finally locating in the dancing pavilion, where they created much excitement among the young palefaces. The braves taking part in the demonstration and at the feast were: Chief Long Talk, T. A. Marshall; Chief Black Stick, J. S. Speer; Chief Quick Paddle, G. E. Painter; Chief Bean

Eater, O. R. Dickey; Chief Shoot the Line, Ray Loring; Chief Right Wing, George W. Maxwell; Chief Long Smoke, D. L. Culver; Chief All Aboard, S. S. Johnston; Chief Bald Eagle, R. O. Heikes; Chief Reel Foot, Andy Meaders; Chief Sparrow, C. A. Young; Chief Hoochee Coochee, Horace W. Heikes; Chief High Point, R. W. Clancy; Chief Tennessee, D. A. Edwards; Chief Ding Dong, J. W. Bell, and the two newly adopted braves. At the table High Chief became reminiscent and told of the days when he was a papoose and used to see Chiefs Bald Eagle and Reel Foot hunting the buffalo on the vast "pre-aires," and killing them with bow and arrow.

D V Culver	138	C E Doolittle	137
G E Painter	140	E Beckwith	129
*W R Chamberlain ..	135	P M Keller	129
*J R Taylor	138	S S Johnston	114
C F Moore	143	Mrs Johnston	105
Wm Ridley	139	C E Mowrey	137
H D Smart	134	*L German	145
*G W Maxwell	140	A B Jones	131
D A Edwards	123	C T Stevens	129
Ray Loving	138	John Deist	138
*T A Marshall	140	Otto Heyman	123
*L J Squier	128	I Krupp	121

M H Johnson	126	*R W Clancy	139
W I Spangler	130	A Kuebler	114
*R O Heikes	147	F H Zinn	97
J S Speer	123	H Heikes	136
J W Bell	130	C W Sadler	133
*O R Dickey	137	C D Manahan	138
*G H Hassam	115	G F Round	117
F W Markman	133	J D Parker	138
B S Donnelly	130	E O Lothamer	123
J Ebberts	123	J K Douglass	133
A Meaders	125	J M Sperry	135
*C A Young	142	Lee Parrish	94

*Professionals.

Third Day.

Thursday, getaway day, was cloudy and cool. A northerly gale prevailed, and certainly had the boys guessing on the targets—first a towerer, then a duck—so that it was impossible to catch them all. It seemed to be Ridley's own particular brand of weather, as he broke the first 88 without a miss, and went out with a total of 143, the second high for the day.

The shooting was started at 9:30, and the regular events finished at 1:20. The scores did not average quite so high as on previous days. Heikes and German tied for first place on 145, with Maxwell third high professional on 140. Young and Clancy next with 138 and Taylor 137. The amateurs were well bunched, Ridley being first, followed by C. T. Stevens with 142, W. I. Spangler 141, and Ray Loring 140.

As quickly as the handicap committee, consisting of D. L. Culver, I. Krupp and Ray Loring, could assign the distances, the squads were made up and the Mallory cup race started. This was at 50 targets, handicaps 16 to 23yds. The race was over at 3 o'clock. After a hard-fought battle, O. R. Dickey proved the winner on 48. C. F. Moore, W. I. Spangler and H. Heikes finished in second place with 47 each. W. R. Chamberlain, H. D. Smart, B. S. Donnelly, L. German, J. Deist and R. W. Clancy, 46 each. High men for the three days were: L. S. German 434; R. O. Heikes 432, C. A. Young 422. The next three places were shared by the professionals and amateurs. R. W. Clancy and W. Ridley 419 each; J. R. Taylor and C. F. Moore, 417 each; G. W. Maxwell and G. E. Painter, 416 each.

In the division of high average money thirty-six participated. Sixteen of these also got low average money and several were in the money-back. This is the last of the Indian shoots in which the professionals will shoot for money. Hereafter it will be purely an amateur event, and the professionals will do their best to help make it the largest shoot of the season, next to the G. A. H.

The scores in the regular program were:

D L Culver	134	E Beckwith	116
G E Painter	137	P M Keller	120
*W R Chamberlain ..	131	S S Johnston	96
*J R Taylor	137	Mrs. Johnston	110
C F Moore	136	C E Mowrey	133
Wm Ridley	143	*L German	145
H D Smart	129	A B Jones	131
*G W Maxwell	140	C T Stevens	142
*D A Edwards	118	Otto Heyman	126
Ray Loring	140	J Deist	139
*T A Marshall	131	I Krupp	123
*L J Squier	126	*R W Clancy	138
M H Johnson	129	A Kuebler	124
W I Spangler	141	F Zinn	111
*R O Heikes	145	H Heikes	131
J S Speer	106	C W Sadler	138
J W Bell	138	E D Lothamer	125
*O R Dickey	130	B E Taylor	129
*G H Hassam	131	L Parrish	77
F W Markman	132	J D Parker	134
B S Donnelly	137	J P Traxler	124
J Ebberts	114	J P Neuman	118
A Meaders	132	L J Parker	135
*C A Young	138	Warner	11
C E Doolittle	126		

The match for the Mallory cup was at 50 targets, handicap, had scores as follows:

	Yds.	Tl.		Yds.	Tl.
D L Culver	20	36	A Meaders	18	44
G E Painter	21	45	*C A Young	22	44
*W R Chamberlain ..	19	46	C E Doolittle	20	40
*J R Taylor	22	44	E Beckwith	18	35
C F Moore	21	47	P M Keller	18	41
Wm Ridley	22	45	C E Mowrey	18	45
H D Smart	18	46	*L German	22	46
*G W Maxwell	22	44	A B Jones	19	43
D A Edwards	18	42	C T Stevens	20	43
Ray Loring	20	44	O Heyman	19	41
*T A Marshall	20	45	J Deist	20	46
M H Johnson	18	44	J Krupp	18	39
W I Spangler	19	47	*R W Clancy	22	46
*R O Heikes	22	42	A Kuebler	18	44
J W Bell	19	44	H Heikes	19	47
*O R Dickey	20	48	C W Sadler	18	45
B S Donnelly	20	46			

MONEY-BACK PURSE.

Added by Indians	\$50.00
Targets, first day at 1c. each	64.50
Targets, second day, at 1c. each	72.00
Targets third day, at 1c. each	72.30
Extra entrance first day at \$1 each	40.00
Extra entrance second day at \$1 each	45.00
Extra entrance third day, at \$1 each	43.00

Total	\$336.80
Total losses	259.70

Surplus to be divided among high guns.....\$577.10

The purse was divided into thirty-six moneys, as follows: L. S. German, first, \$51.90; second, R. O. Heikes, \$46.15; third, C. A. Young, \$40.40; fourth and fifth, R. W. Clancy and W. Ridley, \$31.75 each; sixth and seventh, divided by J. R. Taylor and C. F. Moore, \$26.45 each; eighth and ninth, G. W. Maxwell and G. E. Painter, \$23.10 each; 10th, John Deist, \$23.10; 11th, 12th, and 13th, Ray Loring, H. Heikes and J. W. Bell, \$17.30 each; 14th and 15th, T. A. Marshall and D. L. Culver,

Du Pont Long Run Trophies.

No one other inducement has been so attractive as the long run trophy offered by the Du Ponts, as may be attested by the following records made during 1912:

LONG RUN TROPHIES.

Name and address.	Date of Shoot.	Location.	Record.	Powder.
H D Bates, Ridgetown, Ont.....	July 2.....	Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.....	108.....	Du Pont
F G Bills, Chicago, Ill.....	April 11.....	Wichita, Kans.....	*159.....	Ballistite
H J Borden, Houston, Tex.....	July 11.....	Little Rock, Ark.....	188.....	Du Pont
Homer Clark, Upper Alton, Ill.....	June 24.....	St. Louis, Mo.....	*125.....	Du Pont
W H Clay, St. Louis, Mo.....	June 29-30.....	New Athens, Ill.....	118.....	Schultze
A C Connor, Springfield, Ill.....	May 17.....	Peoria, Ill.....	111.....	Du Pont
W R Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.....	April 24-25.....	Laurel, Miss.....	159.....	Schultze
Harvey Dixon, Oronogo, Mo.....	Aug. 13-14.....	Kansas City, Mo.....	100.....	Schultze
F A Dryden, Walla Walla, Wash.....	May 29-30.....	Salt Lake City, Utah.....	168.....	Schultze
E W Daniels, Lynchburg, Va.....	July 4.....	Roanoke, Va.....	*124.....	Du Pont
C B Eaton, Fayette, Mo.....	July 4.....	Marshall, Mo.....	109.....	Du Pont
E D Farmin, Sandpoint, Idaho.....	May 24.....	Walla Walla, Wash.....	103.....	Infallible
S M Forsgard, Waco, Tex.....	May 21-22.....	Waco, Tex.....	101.....	Infallible
E F Forsgard, Waco, Tex.....	May 21-22.....	Waco, Tex.....	144.....	Ballistite
H D Freeman, Atlanta, Ga.....	April 2.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	136.....	Du Pont
F G Fuller, Mukwonago, Wis.....	Aug. 15.....	Rio, Wis.....	106.....	Du Pont
J W Garrett, Colorado Springs.....	May 21.....	Iowa City, Ia.....	148.....	Du Pont
W T Garrett, Des Moines, Ia.....	Aug. 8.....	Livermore, Ia.....	139.....	Du Pont
L S German, Aberdeen, Md.....	June 23-24.....	St. Louis, Mo.....	138.....	Schultze
H D Gibbs, Union City, Tenn.....	Aug. 6-7.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	157.....	Schultze
E S Graham, Long Lake, Ill.....	Aug. 7-8.....	Springfield, Ill.....	142.....	Du Pont
J R Graham, Ingleside, Ill.....	May 9.....	Riverside, Ill.....	100.....	Du Pont
T E Graham, Long Lake, Ill.....	Aug. 3-4.....	Green Bay, Wis.....	151.....	Du Pont
G T Hall, Loami, Ill.....	May 15.....	Peoria, Ill.....	118.....	Du Pont
G H Hassam, Boston, Mass.....	Aug. 6-7.....	Lock Haven, Pa.....	147.....	Du Pont
Allen Heil, Allentown, Pa.....	June 1.....	Koversford, Pa.....	105.....	Schultze
W Henderson, Lexington, Ky.....	May 13-14.....	Columbus, Ga.....	135.....	Schultze
M P G Hillman, Birmingham.....	May 14-15.....	Columbus, Ga.....	121.....	Du Pont
W S Hoon, Jewell, Ia.....	June 12.....	Sicux City, Ia.....	149.....	Du Pont
A L Ivins, Red Bank, N. J.....	Jan. 25-26.....	Pinehurst, N. C.....	114.....	Ballistite
R A King, Delta, Colo.....	May 23-24.....	Delta, Colo.....	105.....	Ballistite
H C Kirkwood, Chicago, Ill.....	May 9.....	Riverside, Ill.....	*128.....	Du Pont
W T Laslie, Tuskegee, Ala.....	Aug. 7.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	*112.....	Schultze
L A Lehrbas, Pocatello, Idaho.....	May 28.....	Salt Lake City, Utah.....	103.....	Schultze
Barton Lewis, Auburn, Ill.....	May 3.....	Kankakee, Ill.....	120.....	Schultze
G K Mackie, Scammon, Kans.....	May 27-28.....	Salt Lake City, Utah.....	104.....	Du Pont
Geo Maxwell, Hastings, Neb.....	May 14-15.....	Columbus, Ga.....	147.....	Du Pont
A J Mengle, Mohnton, Pa.....	June 22.....	Newmanstown, Pa.....	*126.....	Schultze
G J McDermott, Waukegan, Ill.....	May 9.....	Riverside, Ill.....	136.....	Schultze
C E Orr, East Alton, Ill.....	July 6.....	Swansea, Ill.....	141.....	Schultze
H B Pottinger, Charleston, Mo.....	May 28.....	Benton, Ill.....	101.....	Ballistite
L H Reid, Seattle, Wash.....	July 18.....	Seattle, Wash.....	125.....	Du Pont
Wm. Ridley, What Cheer, Ia.....	July 2-3.....	Milan, Mo.....	104.....	Schultze
F C Riehl, Tacoma, Wash.....	July 21-22.....	Bellingham, Wash.....	128.....	Du Pont
D R Rishel, Ottawa, Pa.....	July 17.....	Jersey Shore, Pa.....	116.....	Ballistite
M Skeen, Ogden, Utah.....	May 28-29.....	Salt Lake City, Utah.....	123.....	Du Pont
H E Snyder, Kansas City, Mo.....	July 5.....	Marshall, Mo.....	129.....	Schultze
C G Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.....	June 5-6.....	Mexico, Mo.....	132.....	Schultze
H H Stevens, Rochelle Park, N. J.....	May 29-30.....	Wilmington, Del.....	147.....	Schultze
G L Taylor, Sioux City, Ia.....	July 10-11.....	Ft. Dodge, Ia.....	101.....	Du Pont
E W Varner, Adams, Neb.....	May 29.....	Omaha, Neb.....	121.....	Du Pont
Geo. Volk, Toledo, O.....	July 9-10.....	Bradford, Pa.....	103.....	Du Pont
J P White, Watertown, S. D.....	July 11.....	Fort Dodge, Ia.....	105.....	Ballistite
W N Wise, Noblesville, Ind.....	June 13-14.....	Indianapolis, Ind.....	113.....	Du Pont

ADDITIONAL LONG RUN TROPHY BARS.

Homer Clark, Upper Alton, Ill.....	June 29-30.....	New Athens, Ill.....	139.....	Schultze
W R Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.....	May 28-29.....	Benton, Ill.....	125.....	Schultze
W R Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.....	June 4.....	Mexico, Mo.....	143.....	Schultze
W R Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.....	June 5-6.....	Mexico, Mo.....	148.....	Schultze
W R Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.....	July 24-25.....	Mason City, Ia.....	154.....	Schultze
W R Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.....	July 8-9.....	Bradford, Pa.....	137.....	Du Pont
Harvey Dixon, Oronogo, Mo.....	Aug. 15-16.....	Kansas City, Mo.....	165.....	Schultze
C B Eaton, Fayette, Mo.....	July 10-11.....	Little Rock, Ark.....	110.....	Du Pont
C B Eaton, Fayette, Mo.....	Aug. 15-16.....	Kansas City, Mo.....	216.....	Du Pont
H D Freeman, Atlanta, Ga.....	Aug. 6-7.....	Boham, Alabama.....	157.....	Ballistite
J W Garrett, Colorado Springs.....	June 12-13.....	Sioux City, Ia.....	162.....	Du Pont
L S German, Aberdeen, Md.....	July 9.....	Bradford, Pa.....	126.....	Du Pont
Allen Heil, Allentown, Pa.....	July 6.....	Nicholson, Pa.....	*101.....	Du Pont
W Henderson, Lexington, Ky.....	July 23-24.....	Paragould, Ark.....	179.....	Schultze
W S Hoon, Jewell, Ia.....	July 21-25.....	Mason City, Ia.....	113.....	Du Pont
R A King, Delta, Colo.....	June 18-19.....	Salida, Colo.....	132.....	Du Pont
Barton Lewis, Auburn, Ill.....	June 16-17.....	Peoria, Ill.....	129.....	Schultze
Barton Lewis, Auburn, Ill.....	June 1.....	Bunker Hill, Ill.....	101.....	Schultze
Barton Lewis, Auburn, Ill.....	June 4-5.....	Mexico, Mo.....	111.....	Schultze
Barton Lewis, Auburn, Ill.....	July 6-7.....	Swansea, Ill.....	176.....	Du Pont
Geo. Maxwell, Hastings, Neb.....	July 10-11.....	Bradford, Pa.....	174.....	Du Pont
H B Pottinger, Charleston, Mo.....	June 24.....	St. Louis, Mo.....	*114.....	Du Pont
H B Pottinger, Charleston, Mo.....	July 10-11.....	Little Rock, Ark.....	126.....	Du Pont
Wm Ridley, What Cheer, Ia.....	July 4-5.....	Marshall, Mo.....	148.....	Schultze
H E Snyder, Kansas City, Mo.....	Aug. 7-8.....	Concordia, Kans.....	138.....	Du Pont
H E Snyder, Kansas City, Mo.....	Aug. 15-16.....	Kansas City, Mo.....	169.....	Schultze
C G Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.....	June 23-24.....	St. Louis, Mo.....	125.....	Schultze
C G Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.....	Aug. 7-8.....	Princeton, Mo.....	*264.....	Schultze
J P White, Watertown, S. D.....	Aug. 7.....	Mitchell, S. D.....	105.....	Ballistite

*Indicates unfinished runs.

\$14.40 each; 16th, 17th and 18th, O. R. Dickey, W. R. Chamberlain and W. I. Spangler, \$11.55 each; 19th to 24th, C. E. Mowrey, C. E. Doolittle, B. S. Donnelly, C. T. Stevens, H. D. Smart and A. B. Jones, \$11.55 each; 25th to 36th, C. W. Sadler, L. J. Squier, A. Meaders, F. W. Markman, M. H. Johnson, Otto Heyman, G. H. Hassam, P. M. Keller, E. Beckwith, A. Kuebler, D. A. Edwards and Ira Krupp, \$5.75 each. There were twenty-four losers, who were reimbursed in sums ranging from 45 cents to \$30.40.

MEETING.

A business meeting was held at the hotel in the evening, High Chief Long Talk (T. A. Marshall) in the chair.

The names of a number of candidates for admission to the tribe were presented, and as there were no objections, all were elected.

The following resolution was introduced by the High Chief and adopted:

Whereas, Chief One Wing (John A. Flick) is unable to be present at the annual pow-wow of the Okoboji Indians, on account of ill-health, we, the tribe in council assembled, extend to our brother chief our sympathy, and ask the Great Father to send him speedy recovery.

With a hope that Chief One Wing may be seated with us in the council tepec at our next conclave, we send our best wishes by the fastest runner of the tribe by the nearest trail to Chief One Wing.

A proposition was received from the Cedar Point Association, which being acceptable to the tribe, it was voted to hold the 1913 tournament at Cedar Point, and that July 8, 9 and 10 be at once claimed for the next annual meet.

It was voted that \$750 be added to the purse, a portion of which should be invested in suitable trophies, and High Chief Marshall and Chief High Point (R. W. Clancy) were made a committee to purchase these trophies.

It was voted to add two local shooters to the tournament committee, and Ira Krupp and A. Kuebler, Jr., were named. The tournament committee was also made a committee on entertainment.

Chief All Aboard (S. S. Johnston), Chief Buckeye (J. R. Taylor), and Chief Shoot the Line (Ray Loring) were appointed a committee to select suitable names for the new members, and the result of their efforts is given below.

Before the meeting broke up, S. S. Johnston, on behalf of all the Indians, presented a memorial of esteem

to the retiring High Chief, T. A. Marshall, eulogizing his services in that position for the past fifteen years, expressing the regret of the tribe that it was to lose him as its honored head, and trusting that he would be with them for many years as an active member. Mr. Marshall responded fittingly, but the surprise and expression of good will deeply affected him, and his remarks were short.

The new braves were rounded up Thursday night, and their tribal appellations were given as follows: B. S. Donnelly, "Wealthy Water"; C. F. Moore, "Have 'Em Brought Up"; Everett Beckwith, "Road Builder"; Ira Krupp, "Ye Oak"; A. Kuebler, Jr., "Cedar Point"; W. R. Chamberlain, "Round Head"; C. T. Stevens, "Muskingum"; H. D. Smart, "Happy Day"; O. E. Lothamer, "No Pain"; W. I. Spangler, "Buzz Wagon"; F. W. Markman, "Hammock Ducker"; C. E. Doolittle, "Late Father"; F. H. Zinn, "Fusser"; C. W. Sadler, "Skipper"; A. B. Jones, "Much Rest"; Lee Parrish, "No Gun"; J. D. Parker, "Cure 'Em All"; L. W. Cumberland, "Grizzly"; D. H. Eaton, "Write 'Em Up"; J. M. Sperry, "Marietta"; J. B. Barto, "Welcome Joe"; C. J. Mowry, "Shoot Finger."

Portland Gun Club.

PORTLAND, Me., Aug. 14.—Yesterday and to-day celebrated our midsummer tournament, and it was some shoot. They came from all points of the compass, and they shot like they knew how. Day one went to S. W. Putnam, from the Palefaces, round Boston town. He toppled 187 out of 200. A. L. Dow and E. A. Randall tied for place on 183, while little Brother Charley Randall took the even dimension with one less. On Day two the inimitable Charley Newcomb from Quakerville, did most remarkable breaking, losing only 8 of his 200. Brother Newcomb got one of those fine Du Pont medals for running 108 straight. E. A. Randall got second with 188, with R. L. Spotts, of N. Y. A. C., and Olympia, third with 185. High pro. on day one was Neaf Apgar with 182. On Day two, Darnton and Hill tied at 184, with "Blue Hen" Banks two behind for place.

The two days' high gun average went to Newcomb with 372 out of 400, with E. A. Randall second with 371, and Ralph Spotts third with 365. High pink sheeter was Hill, with 364.

Portland three-man team trophy went to Portland Gun Club with 272 out of 300.

New England trophy was taken by E. A. Randall with 97 out of 100. W. W. Mumford and C. A. Randall tied for second with 88. Scores:

First Day.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the first day of the tournament.

Second Day.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the second day of the tournament.

The general averages for the two days, 400 targets, are as follows:

Table showing general averages for 400 targets across various categories.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

WINCHESTER

Red W Goods Make a Clean Sweep

at the

Pacific Coast Handicap

A good man will always rise to the top. Likewise the best guns and shells will carry off most of the winnings. Winchester Guns and Shells are doing this all the time, and have again done so in decisive fashion at the Pacific Coast Handicap. Just read the following:

Pacific Coast Handicap: Won by Dr. M. M. Bull, shooting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Score, 93 x 100, and 19 straight on shoot-off.

High Amateur Average: Won by F. M. Troch. Score, 379 x 400. Walter McCormack, second. Score, 374. Both gentlemen shot Winchester Guns and Shells. M. Abrams and P. P. Nelson, third. Score, 373, both shooting Winchester Shells.

High General Average: Won by Lee R. Barkley, shooting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun and Winchester Loaded Shells. Score, 383 x 400.

High on Dougle Targets: Won by Lee R. Barkley, shooting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun and Winchester Loaded Shells. Score, 85 x 100.

High on all Targets Trapped: Won by Lee R. Barkley, shooting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun and Winchester Loaded Shells. Score, 561 x 600.

So runs the record of this important Interstate tournament, and if this alone were consulted, little knowledge of any other make of guns or shells would be acquired. It proves conclusively that

Winchester Guns and Shells Make a Superior Equipment

North Side Gun Club.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 25.—It seems that most of the boys were in need of a little practice for the hunting season, which opens next Sunday; hence the attendance for the wind up. The extreme heat and humidity figured materially in the scores, being somewhat below the standard, nevertheless the boys made the best of it, and everybody had a good time. C. Groffy carried off high honors with 94 out of 100; E. Bruhy was second with 85. Scores:

Table with 2 columns: Shot at. Broke and names/scores for the North Side Gun Club.

Oakwood Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug. 27.—Some shooting was done in our weekly shoot here to-day. Daniel busted 97 out of 100. H. L. Winfield cut down 95, while Fox and Dunn each did 91. Scores:

Table with 2 columns: Events and names/scores for the Oakwood Gun Club.

Marshall Gun Club.

MARSHALL, Ia., Aug. 26.—It was only a practice shoot, but they all turned in pretty good scores. Tucker made 47 out of 50, E. Brown and A. Brown each tucked away 46. Scores: E. Page 43, F. Brown 40, A. Brown 46, Tucker 47, Tillery 39, O. Page 42, E. Brown 46, Radford 37, Bryant 36.



Great Scores Made With Peters SHELLS

"steel where steel belongs"

In Challenge Match for E. C. Cup

at the Cincinnati Gun Club, August 24, 1912, H. D. FREEMAN, holder, and J. S. DAY, challenger, contested for this trophy, emblematic of the **WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP**, with the following result:

	Singles	Expert Rules	Doubles	TOTAL
Day - - -	98	48	42	188 out of 200
Freeman -	97	44	42	183 " " 200

Both shot Peters P Shells, and both scores exceeded any ever made with other makes of ammunition in the history of this cup, which has been in competition since 1896.

Peters Shells will outshoot all others under any conditions

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

NEW YORK: 98 Chambers St., T. H. Keller, Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO: 608-612 Howard St., J. S. French, Manager.

NEW ORLEANS: 321 Magazine St., Lee Omohundro, Manager.

Massachusetts State Trapshooting Association.

The second annual tournament of the Massachusetts State Trapshooting Association will be held on the U. S. M. A. A. grounds, Beverly, Mass., Sept. 12-14. There will be \$400 in prizes. Targets 2 cents each. Shooting begins at 9:30 A. M., rain or shine. Practice before and after program if time permits. All shooting, 16yds., unknown angles. Popular brands of ammunition for sale on grounds. Interstate rules to govern. Referee's decision final in all cases. Contestants are requested to make entry for the day. Money will be returned for events not shot in. Trade experts are cordially invited to attend and to shoot for targets only. Dinner served at the United Shoe Machinery Co.'s restaurant, or at the new club house. All guns and shells shipped to the United Shoe Machinery Co., Beverly, Mass., in care of W. R. Hurd, 2d, express prepaid, and arriving not later than Sept. 11, will be delivered at the grounds free of charge.

The program for practice day will include five 20-target events. For Day one, ten 15-target events; five-man team event for State championship. Second day, same program, with individual State championship.

Money will be divided Rose system in regular program, ratio of points, 5, 3, 2, 1. Optional sweepstakes, percentage system, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., class shooting. Ten entries and under, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. To be eligible for the Squier money-back system a contestant must compete in all regular program events.

The optional sweeps are separate from the regular program, and it is optional with the contestant whether or not he makes entry for them. The Squier money-back system does not apply to the optional sweeps.

Du Pont Gun Club.

It was "spoon" day at the Du Pont Gun Club, Sept. 2, and the Coleman du Pont trophy spoons were well won with exceptional scores. W. M. Hammond was the winner in Class A, breaking 24 out of 25. Clyde Leedom won in Class B with 25 straight. S. J. Newman with a score of 24 out of 25, carried off the Class C trophy spoon, and J. A. MacMullen with 21 out of 25, won in Class D.

The most interesting match of the afternoon was that between J. A. MacMullen (holder) and D. E. O. Bullock, (challenger) for the 1912 Class D cup. The race was exciting from start to finish. The Doctor, who has been shooting remarkably well, won by a score of 36 to 32.

Another event of interest was the struggle between W. G. Wood, of Guyencourt, and the local "shooting star," J. H. Minnick, for the 1912 Class A cup. In the first string of 25 targets, Minnick went straight, while Wood dropped one, a difficult right-quartering bird. The second left no room for doubt as to the real class champion, and Minnick retains his hold on the cup. He made the splendid score of 49 out of 50, to Wood's 45.

Among the visitors who took part in the shooting were W. J. Arrants, champion of the Chesapeake City Gun Club, and C. A. Stevens, of the same organization, who lost out in their recent club race by one

target. Mr. Arrant's score in the championship match was 97 out of 100. Messrs. Corman and W. M. Armistead, of Philadelphia, with Major T. K. McIlroy, of Ohio, motored from Philadelphia and shot during the afternoon. Mr. Armistead made several good scores, being one shooter to make a straight. The other fortunate contestants making perfect scores of 25 were: J. H. Minnick, W. Edmanson, of Newport, and Clyde Leedom.

Several good scores on 100 targets were made, J. H. Minnick leading the field with a 95 on his second 100 and 93 in his first. W. Edmanson made 92, Dr. Steele and W. M. Hammond 89, H. P. Carlon 86, R. F. Willis 84. This was Mr. Willis' first shooting over the Du Pont Gun Club traps.

The Du Pont Gun Club is planning for a "fall opening" on Sept. 14. A new classification of shooters will be made effective on that date. Special features will be introduced, including several merchandise prize events. This shoot, coming just prior to the Westy Hogan event at Atlantic City, will give those who contemplate taking in the "city by the sea" tournament a chance for some good practice.

A number of shooters from the South will stop off on their way to the Hogan shoot and take part in the different matches.

Following are the scores: W. Edmanson 23, R. F. Willis 20, Dr. S. Steele 22, T. E. Doremus 20, J. A. MacMullen 21, S. J. Newman 24, W. F. Jensen 18, Clyde Leedom 25, J. H. Minnick 24, Harry Reed 17, T. W. Mathewson 17, H. P. Carlon 23, Dr. E. O. Bullock 19, J. W. Anderson, Jr., 23, Thorpe Martin 20, S. Tuchten 21, D. Lindsay 20, Albert Bird 14, W. B. Smith, Jr., 15, C. A. Stephens 19, W. J. Arrants 18, Z. H. Lofland 19, W. M. Armistead 22, T. K. McIlroy 11.

Akron A. S. B. Gun Club.

AKRON, O., Aug. 24.—The regular shoot of the Akron Artificial Steel Bird Gun Club was held at Mr. Thresher's private shooting park, Wednesday afternoon, and although it rained all the afternoon, the following took part in this exceedingly interesting game of field shooting at actual birds on the wing, although they are made of steel. Their great speed and unsurpassed killing qualities create intense excitement and develop the highest degree of skill among those who practice sufficiently to get on to the erratic flights, such as outgoers, incomers, right and left ascending and descending angles, and yellow hammer flights. No wonder the scores are low.

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Bittner	50 40	Shafter	50 9
Thresher	50 30	Smoke	25 6
Hermon	50 19	Novice	25 5
Bonfey	50 11	Bittner	25 17
Keiser	50 10	Thresher	25 16

The continued downpour of rain broke up the game at this time, and everybody hastened to cover. Our club is contemplating opening up a shooting parlor for winter evening practice. If we do this, we will use .44-caliber shotguns with brass shells loaded with less than a dram of smokeless powder and 5/8oz. of No. 8 shot at 26yds. rise, for "indoor wing shooting."

Tracy City Gun Club.

TRACY CITY, Tenn., Aug. 14.—'Twas a big event and most enjoyable. W. M. Griffith and W. K. Bowling tied for top with 151 out of 160, with W. P. Lea in place with 144. Scores:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
C E Werner....	160 139	Dr G D Hayes..	160 123
W M Griffith....	160 151	L M Hines	160 133
W F Campbell..	160 141	W J Jossi.....	160 142
W I Stoner ...	160 124	W K Bowling..	160 151
O Rothe	160 130	H J Bowers....	100 72
G T Linn	160 117	E W Wepf	100 60
B Marugg	160 86	W Tidman	100 54
W P Lea	160 144	Ed Hampton ...	100 64
Dr Lasater	160 124	E C Norvell... 100	79
R Hall	160 142	R B Roberts....	100 85
W R Lea	160 123	J C Henley.....	100 78
A A Gunter.....	160 136	L G Henderson..	100 76
Sam Werner ...	160 124	E B Finney ...	100 57
E W Patterson.	160 134		
Professionals:			
P B Plummer..	140 135	E L Moss.....	140 133
C O Le Compte	140 134	Porter	140 130

Columbia Gun Club.

COLUMBIA, Mo., Aug. 29.—The following is the score made by members of the Columbia Gun Club to-day:

Trophy shoot, 50 targets: E. F. Heidman 41, winner of trophy; I. C. Adams 39, Dr. E. H. Smith 37, L. B. Stevenson and George Reeder 35 each, M. J. Dorsey 34, J. L. Stephens 31, S. R. Barnett 30, J. M. Long and Jack Daily 29 each, J. C. Holloway 28, W. E. Dailey 25, J. S. Rollins 24, J. E. Gillespie 22, Dr. H. I. Bragg 20, Eugene Gauss 18, W. W. Garth, Jr., 15. Twenty-five targets: W. J. Perry 20, Ben Elley 15, M. L. Young 14, A. Pickett 10, O. G. Heidman and B. G. Clark 9 each, H. H. Banks 7, L. Kreutz 3. Doubles, 24 pairs: Dr. R. L. Lockridge 34, I. C. Adams 28, W. J. Perry 26, J. C. Holloway 22, George Reeder 16.

Doubles, 12 pairs: E. T. Heidman 15, M. J. Dorsey 14, Dr. E. H. Smith and W. E. Daily 9.

Dr. R. Lockridge, captain, did not shoot for trophy, but broke 43 out of 50.

DR. R. L. LOCKRIDGE, Sec'y.

Meadow Springs Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 31.—Charles H. Newcomb visited the Meadow Springs Gun Club yesterday to the tune of 99 out of 100 aerosaucers, shooting a wonderful race. His miss was due to an unusually gyratic target. H. H. Sloan, with 90, was second, and was credited with one point in the yearly prize point test.

Turner and Wylie, aided by their handicaps, tied for the club dipper with straight scores, but on the shoot-off Wylie won with 25 straight. Wylie also got a win on the Harvey trophy along with Renner. In the yearly prize point shoot, Turner and Wylie were each awarded five points, Letford got four, Pierce three, Renner two and Gerber and Sloan one apiece.

A SWEEPING VICTORY FOR

SEVENTH
PACIFIC COAST
HANDICAP



PORTLAND,
OREGON
Aug. 27-29, 1912

SMOKELESS POWDERS

In the Handicap Event, every one of the 124 starters selected the "Old Reliable" brands to insure success

ALL USED DU PONT POWDERS

The Pacific Coast Handicap, won by Dr. M. M. Bull, Eugene, Oregon, 93 x 100 from 19-yard mark.

Dr. Bull tied with R. H. Bungay, Ocean Park, Cal., and won in the shoot-off with 19 x 20.

High Amateur Averages on ALL 16-yard Single Targets

F. M. Troehm, Vancouver, Wash.....	379 x 400
W. McCormack, Eugene, Ore.....	374 x 400
P. P. Nelson, Yacolt, Wash.....	373 x 400
M. Abrahams, Portland, Ore.....	373 x 400
F. C. Muller, Eugene, Ore.....	372 x 400
Harry Ellis, Portland, Ore.....	372 x 400

High Amateur Averages on ALL Double Targets

R. H. Bungay, Ocean Park, Cal.....	83 x 100
Hugh McElroy, Spokane, Wash.....	82 x 100
B. Kompp, Eugene, Ore.....	78 x 100
J. A. Troeh, Vancouver, Wash.....	78 x 100

High Professional Averages on ALL 16-yard Single Targets

L. R. Barkley, Seattle, Wash.....	383 x 400
L. H. Reid, Seattle, Wash.....	381 x 400
P. J. Holohan, Portland, Ore.....	380 x 400
J. T. Skelly, Wilmington, Del.....	376 x 400

High Professional Averages on ALL Double Targets

L. R. Barkley, Seattle, Wash.....	85 x 100
Hugh Poston, San Francisco, Cal.....	84 x 100
Frank Reihl, Tacoma, Wash.....	78 x 100

It Pays To Shoot Du Pont Powders

LEFEVER GUN

WINS HIGH AVERAGE OVER ALL

Blue Grass Championship, Winchester, Ky., July 4th

192 ex 200

in the hands of Mr. Woolfolk Henderson.

Lefever system of taper boring insures the maximum penetration and most even distribution of shot.

Send for catalog

LEFEVER ARMS COMPANY Syracuse, N. Y

to C. Moore and W. Ridley on 143. The regular events were started promptly at 9 o'clock, and were finished at 3:30. Soon after four the winners had been paid by Cashier Chamberlain, and the grounds were deserted. The grounds were in charge of John Lindsey. Not a hitch occurred during the day, the squad hustlers—F. H. Zinn, R. H. Parker and C. W. Sadler—keeping things moving and bringing the shooters to the score promptly. The club officers are: Aug. Kuebler, Jr., President; E. Lea Marsh, Vice-President; Dr. J. K. Douglass, Treasurer; Ira C. Krupp, Secretary and Manager; Dr. J. D. Parker, Field Captain. All are deserving of credit for their efforts in making the tournament a success.

MONEY BACK PURSE.

Added by Interstate Association..... \$50.00
 Added by Ye Oak Meadow Gun Club..... 25.00
 For 11,745 targets at 1c. each..... 117.45
 Extra entrance, \$1.00..... 67.00

Total \$259.45
 Losses 204.40

Surplus \$55.05

Divided in six moneys: G. Valk, first, \$16.50; second and third, divided by J. Deist and B. S. Donnelly, \$11.00 each; fourth and fifth, divided by C. Moore and W. Ridley, \$6.60 each, sixth, D. L. Culver, \$5.50.

The winners of the bronze medals given in the events were, in order of events: J. Deist, C. Moore, A. B. Jones, B. S. Donnelly, G. Valk, W. I. Spangler, C. E. Doolittle, D. L. Culver, B. W. Bricker and J. W. Bell. The silver medals for high amateur score and long run were both won by Geo. Valk, of Toledo. Similar medals for professionals were won by O. R. Dickey, Boston, Mass.

The scores, 150 targets per man, follow:

D L Culver	142	R R Shull	114
G E Painter	139	B F Gunn	114
M Johnson	137	J S Champion	115
C Moore	143	A Madison	136
W Ridley	143	J Cullenen	117
H D Smart	128	J Madison	122
D A Edwards	134	J D Parker	135
Ray Loving	135	I C Krupp	130
J Ebberts	117	A Kuebler	119
W I Spangler	137	F H Zinn	122
P G McCarthy	129	B Taylor	124
V Valk	147	G B Van Thorn	124
F Brint	134	W A Magoon	115
F Markman	135	C F Donahue	82
J Schmidietz	136	J K Douglass	134
C W Sadler	139	R K Ramsey	115
H Feudner	128	R D Mitchell	105
C E Doolittle	129	C Bogart	109
E Lothamer	125	J Strohmer	137
C T Stevens	133	J Neuman	120
C Mowrey	125	J Deist	144
B M Warner	42	C J Krupp	78
A B Jones	132	B F Bunn	109
H Hart	111	R Hamilton	55
E Beckwith	124	A F Miller	105
A Meaders	126	W W Beckwith	138
B Donnelly	144	B W Bricker	125
J W Bell	133	G C Maxwell	125
J P Traxler	126	G Burns	135
G C Schmitkons	123	T G Cathan	113
H H Freese	111	L J Parker	136
C D Manahan	128	N R Holzapfel	59
L Burton	133	H Haley	131
G F Round	121	K T Bates	(45) 30

Professionals:

J R Taylor	142	L S German	140
G W Maxwell	139	R W Clancy	139
T A Marshall	140	O R Dickey	147
R O Heikes	139	G Hassam	134
J H Mason	117		

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You can buy no better gun for target work and all small game up to 200 yards. Without change of mechanism it handles .22 short, long or long-rifle cartridges, perfectly. The deep Ballard rifling develops maximum power and accuracy and adds years to the life of rifles.

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The Ohio State Amateur Championship was won by F. W. King, wearing shooting glasses of his own design and patent. Write for catalog.
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Ye Oak Meadow Gun Club.

The second annual registered tournament was held at Cedar Point, Sandusky, Ohio, on Aug. 30, immediately following the Indian shoot. The same traps were used and many of those attending that shoot remained for this. The club was favored with fine weather in the morning, but it clouded up and a little rain fell in the afternoon, though not enough to interfere with the shooting. The wind was still in evidence, and blew a gale from the north, with the usual effect of making the targets duck and soar in a puzzling manner. R. W. Chamberlain had charge in the office, a position that "Roundy" is well qualified to fill. All winnings were promptly paid.

The program was the usual one of ten 15-target events, and the club added two 25-target specials, \$2.50 entrance, in each, making a total of 200 targets for the day. The club also gave ten bronze medals (miniature blue rocks) for the winner in each of the ten events, and four silver medals of the same design, one each for high professional and high amateur average, professional

long run and amateur long run. Ties for the event medals were decided by scores in the following event.

There was a good attendance, twenty-eight shooters taking part in the program. The club expected a few more shooters, but should not feel disappointed, as the tournament was one of the best club affairs from all points of view which has been held this season. Ira C. Krupp, the secretary, is a hustler, and was at the grounds early and late. He received the help and backing of the other officers, and their efforts resulted in success.

The specials were shot first, and were started at 8:30 with thirty entries. W. Ridley was high in both with straight scores. Geo. Valk, D. L. Culver and C. Moore had a total of 49. In the regular events the amateurs put it over the professionals in all but first place. Geo. Valk tied with O. K. Dickey on 147, a fine score at any time, and doubly so here with the hard weather conditions. J. R. Taylor was second high professional with 142. T. A. Marshall and L. German tied for third on 140. Second high amateur place honors were divided by J. Deist and B. S. Donnelly on 144. Third went

Frontier Rod and Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 24.—Ideal weather favored the Frontier shooters and good scores were numerous. Dewald was high with 85 per cent. Messrs. Harry Harrison and Woolsey motored from Rochester to attend competition in the point events. Hewitt and Eichberg tied for Class A with 21 points; Hewitt won out in the shoot-off with the same score.

In the handicap race, Dewald, H. Utz and G. McKenna tied, and in the shoot off Utz and McKenna again tied with 23. McKenna won final shoot-off with a straight score.

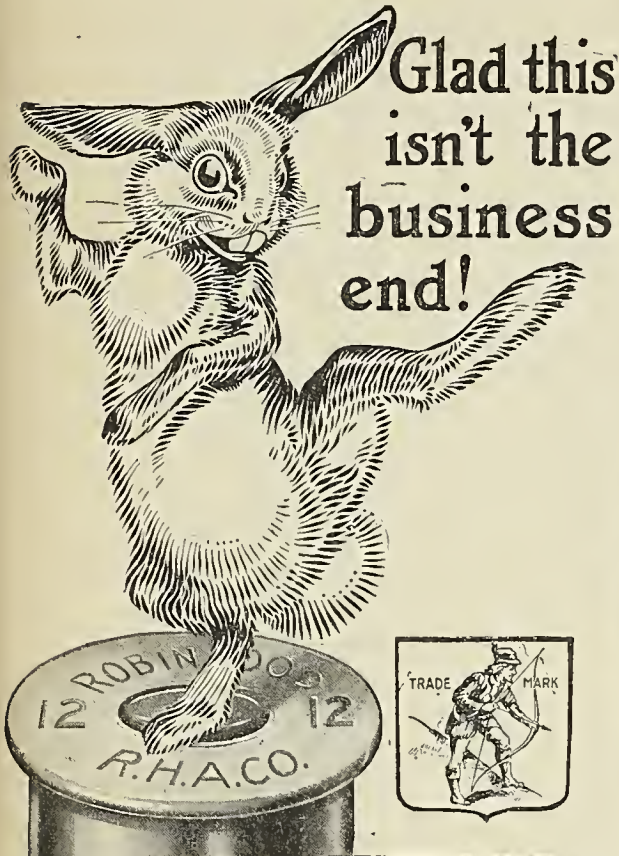
Spoons were won by Dewald, G. McKenna and H. Utz. Dewald also won a \$5 cash prize for 25 straight. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	25	25	25
Harrison	2	9	20	23	24
Wakefield	5	10	19	19	..
Tompkins	9	16	20	..
G McKenna	8	15	20	25	20
H Utz	8	13	17	25	23
Lawson	7	13	21	22	20
Woolsey	9	9	20	20	12
Rappich	8	12	19	16	15
Dewald	6	13	19	25	23
Eichberg	7	11	21	22	21
W Uz	3	11	7
E Ketter	8	7	15
Hewitt	21	23	21

Event 3, cup race, was won in Class A by W. O. Hewitt, 21; Class B, by H. C. Utz, 17; Class C, George McKenna, 20.

Event No. 4 was the handicap, and was won by George McKenna, with 25.

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Rod and Gun Club of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 30.—At the second annual shoot of the Rod and Gun Club of Baltimore to-day, which was held at their grounds, Highland Electric Park, with adverse wind conditions before a large and representative gathering, the following members entered the 50-target contest: Wm. E. Bowers won first prize; David Rielly won second prize, and Augustus Gross won third prize.

In the intercity shoot between Washington and Baltimore, the winner was James H. Hawkins, of Washington, D. C., and H. I. Brown, of D. C., second. The scores:

W. E. Bowers 36, David Rielly 35, Augustus Gross 34, H. N. Williams 33, R. H. Butler 32, Dr. R. G. Baker, 30, Roger Nolan 30, Wm. T. Turner 18, H. I. Brown 18, J. H. Hawkins 18, Jerome Dolman 17, Luther Tucker 10, J. Terrell 8, D. Madden 8, H. Burkett 6, Henry Davis 5, Wm. Taylor 5, Henry Brown 5.

The officials were: Captain Wm. A. White, referee; Wm. Washington and A. L. McBeth, judges; Henry Brown, scorer.

WM. MURRAY, Sec'y.

Flat River Gun Club.

THE trapshooting contest for the Du Pont trophy, by the Flat River Gun Club, begun Saturday, July 20, and continued on for six straight Saturdays, allowing one practice shoot between each Saturday. Saturday's score only to count. Du Pont system of handicap adopted. The trophy was won by Frank Cunningham after a tie with his brother and a good fight generally:

W H Miller...	1 21	5 23	5 22	6 19	4 22	1 18—134
H D Reuter...	3 19	7 20	10 25	7 25	3 22	4 20—135
L E Merriman...	3 24	2 21	4 23	4 22	5 22	6 25—137
D A Nelson...	3 25	0 23	0 17	6 25	4 24	3 21—135
F Cunningham	9 23	9 25	4 18	9 25	6 22	7 25—138
A Payne	6 25	4 21	6 22	7 25	4 19	8 23—135
H R Wahl.....	9 21	11 21	13 25	7 21	9 25	7 17—130
J Kishlar	13 25	10 24	9 18	14 24	13 22	14 21—134
W I Wilson...	13 25	9 25	3 14	12 25	3 22	4 24—135
W Cunningham	5 23	5 25	2 23	2 23	2 25	0 19—138
L E Miller....	18 25	5 22	6 15	14 24	13 25	8 21—132
S La Rue	3 20	6 25	3 21	5 20	8 25	5 21—132
Reed Bell	11 23	11 25	9 25	7 17	13 20	16 25—135
W M Greer....	6 23	6 22	7 24	6 16	13 25	7 23—133
Perry Moore ..	7 23	7 24	6 17	12 19	16 25	10 24—132

D. A. NELSON, Sec'y.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

Four of the eleven men practicing over the traps of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Aug. 24, beat 90 per cent., Parry leading with 93%; Dixon second. Moller was in good form for awhile, and made a run of 48.

	Shot at.	Broke		Shot at.	Broke
Dixon	185	171	Lewis	120	93
Edmonson	185	168	Van Nest.....	100	79
Moller	185	159	Wilson	100	72
Parry	160	150	Ensminger	100	63
*Hymer	160	128	Neighbors	100	47
Alig	125	113			

No Shortcomings

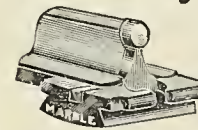
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Maryland State Sportsmen's Association.

THE second annual tournament of the Maryland State Sportsmen's Association, held in Baltimore, Aug. 27-29, under the management of Mr. H. L. Worthington, has passed into history, and it was a complete success. The weather was all that could be desired, and the attendance was fair. The season of the year at which the shoot was held does not suit a great many of the State shooters, and it is planned to hold the shoot later next year. Sixty-five shooters took part in the shoot, and there wasn't a hitch from start to finish. On Tuesday (practice day), thirty shooters tried themselves out, and on the opening day, Wednesday, the 28th, the real sport began. Mr. J. W. Ewing, of Rising Sun, Md., was the star of the shoot. He won the average for the tournament (amateur), was high man in team race, and won the State championship with 48 out of 50. He broke 277 out of 300 for the two days, and was followed by Huseman, of Washington, D. C., with 273. Third place went to Ford, of Washington, with 270, with Rose, of Rising Sun, and Hoover, of Luke, next, 269 each. The State team race went to the Anolostan Club, of Washington, with 139 to 150 (three men to a team), while

Rising Sun Gun Club's teams Nos. 3 and 2 captured second and third prizes.

In the State championship, O. D. Williams, of Luke, Md., went out early with 47, and it looked good too, but they forgot Ewing, who on his first score slammed out a bang-up 25 straight, and made a 23 on his second total 48. Shabb, of Baltimore, and Steubener, of Bladensburg, Md., went 24 and 25 respectively in their first strings, the latter going to pieces in his second, while Shabb went out with 47. G. Diffendal, of Hagerstown, also broke 47, and in the shoot-off for second place between he, Shabb and Williams, Shabb was placed first, Diffendal second.

The annual meeting of the Association was held at the Hotel Emerson (headquarters for the shoot) on Wednesday night, and Mr. H. D. Billmeyer, of Cumberland, Md., was re-elected President; Jos. S. Gifford, of Rising Sun, Md., Vice-President, and Basil Wagner, of Baltimore, Secretary and Treasurer, vice Geo. P. Mordecai, resigned.

All reports showed the Association in good shape. Mr. H. A. Farnham, of the American Game Protective and Propagation Association, was present, and delivered an address on game conditions, which was very in-

structive and enjoyable.

J. M. Hawkins was high professional with 289. E. H. Storr second with 285.

First Day.

Eyler	123	G Diffendal	131
Hoover	131	T Diffendal	124
Shaw	137	Malone	129
F Billmeyer	128	Gipe	126
O D Williams	132	Krautz	120
*Hawkins	145	Cooper	123
*Welles	142	Cochran	110
*Lewis	130	Brehm	112
*Storr	144	Reynolds	133
*Stevens	136	Minnick	136
Leister	117	Stubener	132
Purdum	123	Ridgely	129
Wagner	111	Mallory	126
Riale	129	Gosnell	126
Leland	114	Holland	123
M Taylor	129	C Williams	133
Monroe	124	Rose	132
Ford	133	Shaab	134
Huseman	139	Whiteford	127
Stine	114	Hargest	124
Ewing	142	C Kirk (45 tgts)	31
Gifford	105	Hargest (45)	37
Keen	120	Chew (30)	27
Anderson	128	Bowen (30)	27
H Kirk	127	Stansbury (30)	27
Gaylor	123		

Second Day.

	State Champ.		State Champ.
Eyler	128	Gaylor	128
Hoover	137	G Diffendal	133
Shaw	130	L Diffendal	136
Billmeyer	132	Malone	129
O D Williams	131	Gipe	133
*Hawkins	144	Krantz	109
*Welles	138	Whiteford	128
*Lewis	132	Hartenstine	42
*Storr	141	Brehm	111
*Stevens	141	Reynolds	123
Leister	126	Rose	136
Purdum	120	*Thomas	93
Wagner	108	C O Williams	120
Riale	134	Donkas	89
Holland	137	Hargest, Sr.	125
Taylor	131	Ridgely	123
Munroe	130	Steubener	131
Houseman	134	Shaab	131
Stine	125	Mallory	129
Ewing	135	Ferstell	133
Gifford	129	Hopkins	43
Ford	137	Olyo	43
Keen	112	Benner	32
Anderson	127	Waller	39
Kirk	79		

*Professionals.

Big Game Rod and Gun Club.

WHEELING, W. Va., Aug. 29.—Too much weather reduced the shooting strength here to-day. R. Gerstell took first gun honors; A. S. Anthony second. High pro. was J. S. Day with 143 out of 150.

R Gerstell	145	R E Shubert	118
A S Anthony	136	H F Fredricks	116
W A Wiedebusch	133	W C Harrison	113
G Cochrane	132	D V Orrison	110
A M Beck	123	N Hillinger	102
D Smith	120		

Professionals:

J S Day	143	J W Hawkins, Jr.	131
E Taylor	142		

Guernsey Gun Club.

GUERNSEY, Ia., Aug. 25.—Our regular practice day, Aug. 24, found a few of the boys at the ground. The weather was fine, and a good evening to shoot targets. We shot for our Du Pont trophy again, and it was won by A. Grabin on a score of 24 out of 25. A. Dalezal and J. W. Robbins close on with 23. Scores:

Shot at, Broke		Shot at, Broke	
A Grabin	25 24	Mrs J Dobbins.	20 14
A Dalezal	35 30	*E E Dobbins.	25 19
J W Dobbins.	40 33	O Sherlock.	15 9

J. W. DOBBINS, Pres.

THROUGH UNEXPLORED GUERRERO.

Continued from page 295.

place long before Cortez set foot in America's Egypt. The eyes of each and every skull were fixed on the entrance, and a momentary feeling of something akin to superstition came over me as I met the gaze of those hundreds of sightless sockets when I first thrust my torch and my head into the opening we had made in the stone wall across the mouth.

The mozos refused to enter the cave, because in effecting an opening they found a large black scorpion, and immediately declared there must be a nest of the deadly insects in some one of the skulls inside the cave. A peculiar feature

of the cave was the fact that not a single artifact of any kind was with the skulls, which would indicate that the Indians, who buried these heads, knew nothing of any metal worker's art. There was some pottery of a rude sort of manufacture, and pieces of dry wood, which may have been intended as torches with which the dead were to light their way in the other world. It is well known that the prehistoric tribes, which peopled this region at the time of the conquest, had knowledge of silver and gold and copper, but as none of these metals was found with the dead, it is reasonable to suppose that their race knew nothing of these metals, and therefore must have existed and perished before the coming of Cortez and his white conquerors.

A curious feature about these skulls is that they appear to belong to several different types. More than this, not one of them is of the type which now persists in the heads of the present dwellers in this part of Mexico. One of the skulls, in particular, has a curious conformation, dissimilar to any skull I have ever seen, not only among Mexican Indians, but in museums in various parts of the world. Both the frontal and occipital bones are so flattened as to give the skull a pyramidal appearance when viewed in profile. The nearest approach I have ever seen to this is in the skulls of some of the head-binding Indians of lower South America. The two parietals on the same skull bulge out and form a noble arch up to the bump of Venus. The rest of the skulls show a more than average intellectuality, and the general formation would seem to indicate the square-headed Teutonic type.

Many more of these caves were in sight along the slope of the hill, and undoubtedly there were others still retaining the sealed front, and therefore invisible without the aid of pick and shovel. The caves were new to science, however, and I do not believe the race that made them has been described, at least not from Mexico, though it may have been a branch of some South or Central American tribe which came up into Mexico during one of the numberless migrations which have swept this country.

My time at these caves was limited, however, and I soon set out on the return journey, stopping at the mine at Otatlan, and doing some geological work on the way. One of the curious things I noted, both going and coming on that trip, and that was that the Indians of this part of Mexico have no idea of protection for these mysterious graves and ruins, such as have the people who dwell near the ruins of the mound builders. It does not appear that any of the present day tribes, which people these sections, are descendants of either the cave dwellers or the mound builders, yet the Indians who live near the great mounds protect them in every possible manner, while those who have their villages near the cave dwellings take little or no interest in the mystery of the strange Troglodytes who preceded them.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

FREIGHT RATE ON IVORY FROM ADEN.

CONSUL WALTER H. SCHULZ reports that the freight rate on ivory from Aden, Arabia, to London via the British India Steam Navigation Co. has been reduced from five-eighths of 1 per cent. to one-half of 1 per cent. of the value of the ivory shipped. The rate between Aden and the United States, however, remains 1 per cent.

Kennel Department

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 28.—Southern Ohio Field Trial Association's second annual field trials. G. R. Harris, Sec'y, 15 West Sixth St., Cincinnati, O.

The Batavia Show.

BATAVIA, N. Y., Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have opened the following classes and thank you to inform your readers:

Newfoundlands.—25a, Novice dogs and bitches, 60 and 40 per cent of entry fees; 25b, limit, dogs and bitches, 60 and 40 per cent.; 25c, open, dogs and bitches, 60 and 40 per cent.; 25d, local, dogs and bitches, ribbons.

Belgian Sheepdogs.—156a, novice, dogs and bitches, 60 and 40 per cent.; 156b, limit, dogs and bitches, 60 and 40 per cent.; 156c, open, dogs and bitches, 60 and 40 per cent.; 156d, local, dogs and bitches, ribbons.

Fox Terriers, Smooth.—246a, puppies, dogs, 60 and 40 per cent.; 251a, puppies, bitches, 60 and 40 per cent.; 256a, puppies, dogs, 60 and 40 per cent.; 261a, puppies, bitches, 60 and 40 per cent.

CHAS. W. GARDINER, Supt.

PITCH SPRINGS.

On the island of Zante, Greece, there are to be found what are locally called pitch springs. They are at the southern end of the island in a broad swampy basin, shut in on three sides by mountains and open on the fourth side to the sea. They are really springs of crude petroleum which, according to analysis, is of a very high degree of purity.

The petroleum issues from the earth in water basins, oozing up through the mud in drops which break and spread upon the surface of the water. The flow is very slow in the several springs, not amounting to more than a few gallons a day. The springs were mentioned by a Greek historian some four centuries before Christ. They seem to have been considered merely as a curiosity until about fifty years ago.—Consular and Trade Reports.

THE CATS OF ENGLAND.

HUXLEY once stated that the prestige of England on sea and land depended on the old maids of England, and for why? Because the maiden sisterhood cared for innumerable cats. The cats destroyed the field mice and so the mice could not destroy the bumblebees and without the bees no clover could be grown.

And no clover, no good English beef and therefore no English yeomen to man the ships or fight on land and sea for the great nation on whose possessions the sun never sets and whose war drums are heard around the world.—Our Dumb Animals.

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VALUE OF BIRDS ON THE FARM.

BY CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME COMMISSION.

PROBABLY no class of birds has been more often misjudged or misunderstood than the birds of prey; in fact, the time is not long past when the name hawk or owl was enough to convict any bird. In these days, however, we are beginning to realize that, with a few exceptions they are "among the most valuable, if not the most valuable birds, that wage war against the foes of the agriculturist." While the smaller birds destroy the insect foes of the farmer, the hawks and owls help to hold in check the small animal life, which, when uncontrolled, works such havoc in the crops.

It has been estimated that every hawk and owl in the course of a year, kills at least a thousand mice or their equivalent in insects. If each mouse, or its equivalent in insects caused the farmer a loss of only two cents per annum, this would make each hawk and owl worth at least twenty dollars a year to the farmer.

For convenience we may divide the birds of prey into the general classes: (1) Those almost wholly harmful, and (2) those almost wholly beneficial.

In the first class, among the hawks, are the Cooper's sharp-shinned and duck hawks. The Cooper's and sharp-shinned are very similar in appearance, the sharp-shinned being simply a "smaller edition" of its larger cousin. These are the two species commonly known as "hen and chicken hawks," being especially destructive in the poultry yard. Aside from the direct loss which they cause the farmer in this way, they also add to this loss by killing great numbers of the useful insect and seed-eating birds. The decrease of certain game birds in some localities can also be laid at the door of "these desperados in feathers." The duck hawk being found chiefly about large bodies of water, confines its depredations almost entirely to waterfowl, so it is of little interest to the farmer.

One practical farmer has suggested that shelters which will enable chickens to escape from hawks can be easily made by putting forked sticks in the ground and over all a layer of brush a foot or eighteen inches from the ground.

Among the most common of the beneficial hawks may be placed the marsh hawk, the Western red-tailed hawk and the sparrow hawk. While these birds may occasionally invade the poultry yard or destroy birds, the harm done in this way is very little compared with the good which they do in the destruction of injurious rodents and insects.

The following quoted from Dr. A. K. Fisher of the U. S. Biological Survey serves to show the economic value of the marsh hawk. "It is probably the most active and determined foe of meadow mice and ground squirrels, destroying greater numbers of these pests than any other species. * * * It preserves an immense quantity of grain, thousands of fruit trees and innumerable nests of song birds by destroying the vermin which eat the grain, girdle the trees and devour the eggs and young of the birds." The distinguishing mark of this hawk is the large white patch at the base of the tail above, which shows very plainly when the bird flies.

The western red-tailed hawk is probably one of the best known of all the hawks. Un-

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fortunately it is often killed under the misleading name of "hen hawk." Only about 7 per cent. of the food of this hawk is chicken, while 66 per cent. of it consists of ground squirrels, mice and other injurious rodents, which places the bird decidedly among the farmer's friends. The ground squirrel not only preys on the crops, but is a chicken thief as well, and is so sly that it often carries on its work entirely unnoticed.

While most of the hawks are especially useful as rodent destroyers, some of them feed largely on insects. One of these is the little sparrow hawk, its food being chiefly such insects as grasshoppers and crickets. At certain seasons it also feeds largely on mice and other small animals. The sparrow hawk is often confused with the sharp-shinned hawk. It may be distinguished by the lighter color and black markings on head, by its habit of hovering in the air, and also by the fact that it is found out in the open, often on telephone poles, while the sharp-shinned usually remains hidden until ready to dart out after its prey.

Another bird very similar to the sparrow hawk in its food habits is the California shrike or "butcher bird" as it is commonly called. Although this bird is placed on the black list because of its habit of destroying birds, in an examination of 124 stomachs only two birds were found. On the other hand the injurious animals eaten far outnumber the birds, while about 83 per cent. of its food for the year is insects. According to Mr. Grinnell, of the University of California, "as it is such a persistent destroyer of the Jerusalem cricket and other injurious insects, it is undoubtedly one of the most beneficial birds from the agriculturists' standpoint."

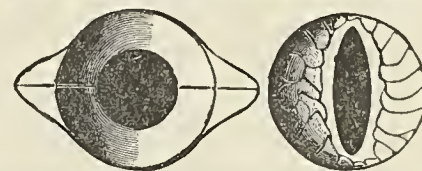
Space prevents the discussion of the food habits of other hawks to be found in the State, but suffice it to say that the farmer who protects all members of this family, with the exception of the harmful species named, will get more than "value received," by seeing a marked decrease in the rodent pests on his farm.

CUCKOO FED BY HEDGE SPARROW AND WREN.

ONE day in July I went to watch some hedge sparrows feed a young cuckoo seventeen days old. As I was watching I noticed that there was a wren's nest some six yards away in the same fence, and that the young were getting feathers by their cries. After some twenty minutes it dawned on me that only one wren was going to the wren's nest, and that the other was helping the hedge sparrows to feed the cuckoo. I had my glasses with me, and believe that the cock wren was feeding the cuckoo. Shortly afterward I was joined by three of the boys, and together we made certain that only two wrens were present. We made an opening round the nest containing the cuckoo, and put a screen to protect the bird from the sun, and took it in turns to watch it being fed, using the glasses, about ten yards away. The wren came on an average between from two and a half to three minutes. The hedge sparrows were more shy and refused to come while the boys were there, but remained hopping about a cross fence some thirty yards away. My interpretation of the strange affair is this: The wrens always entered the hedge to get to their nest about a yard to the left of where the cuckoo is situated. They then passed along the fence to their own nest. As one of them passed, the cuckoo heard it and clamored for food and got it from the compassionate wren, who afterward kept on feeding it.—J. H. Owen, in London Field.

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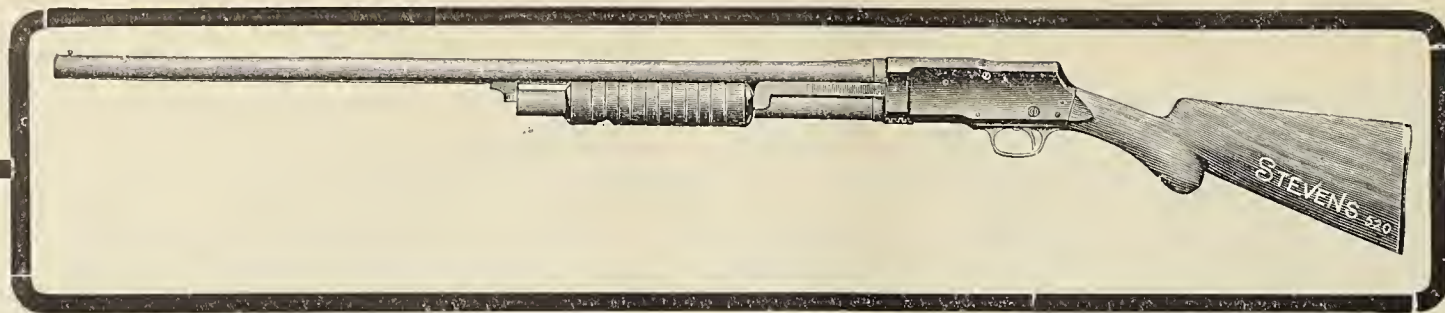
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Part I contains descriptions with plates of each species.

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ALFRED P. LANE, CHAMPION.

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For several days last month the cables were weighted with the achievements of young Lane, who successively won the world's individual pistol championship, the world's individual duelling championship, took high place in the team pistol competition at thirty meters, and made a new world's record, 509 x 600, in the team competition at fifty meters.

In conferring a gold medal for each of the three winnings, the King of Sweden congratulated the youthful marksman on the fact that he only, of all the American team, had won more than two gold medals. Lane had not only made himself indoor pistol champion of the United States Revolver Association, but had earned three world's records previous to his clean-up at Stockholm.

The new world's record maker is not apt to do much of his own advertising. Reporters who interviewed him at the dock on his arrival found a quiet, modest lad, with the steady, light blue eye and cool manner of the born marksman, but who spoke only when directly questioned and then very briefly.

"No, there is no marked evidence of shooting ability in my ancestry—any more than there was in my own life up to within a couple of years ago," said Lane. "True, my mother's line extends back to Miles Standish, but it's a long way back. In more recent days it is related that one of my grandparents, finding it necessary to shoot a calf, had a negro hold the animal while the execution took place. When chided for his poor marksmanship, my ancestor retorted that he had positive proof of a reputation as a sharpshooter in the fact that the negro had dared to hold the calf.

"My first shooting was done with a .22 caliber rifle in the cellar of my New York city home where my father fixed up a gallery for me. One day he found me firing a .38 pistol and it was then he decided that I would have to find another place to practice. The Manhattan Revolver Club was nearby and I took up there the systematic practice which enabled me later to make my way to world's records.

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MOTORIST POISONS FISH BY CARBIDE.

AN American tourist had a peculiar experience recently in Southern Bavaria. Passing by a small stream, after a long trip, he stopped his car to empty the old carbide from his acetylene generator and refill it. A few days later he received a note from the supervisor of the county, notifying him of a suit for damages entered against him for poisoning the fish in the river with carbide. It seems that the part of the river had just been stocked with bass, and many had been killed by the gases developed by the carbide residue.—Scientific American.

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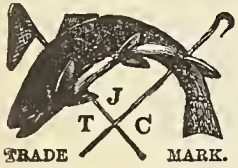
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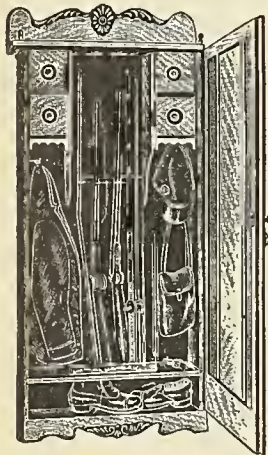
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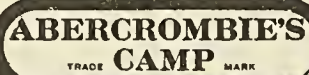
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Through Unexplored Guerrero

By PROF. WILLIAM NIVEN

Chapter VI.—The Tablets of Life and Death

I COME now to the strangest of all my discoveries in the mystery-laden land of Guerrero—a find which may prove to be the Rosetta Stone of all Mexican archæology, yet which has been deciphered only to a limited degree, though many archæologists and ethnolo-

gists in extent, which is literally covered with ruined dwellings, temples, pyramids and other remains of a vast race, whose capital this city was, the inhabitants of which could not have been less than half a million in number.

I went to Placeres del Oro—"The Places of

spot where these pyramids have been built, until at the present time, about one-fourth of each one of the pyramids has been worn away. This has exposed to view the foundation of the pyramids, which is a flat, thick platform of laid stone extending up and down the river for 500 yards.

Having pitched my camp in the midst of these ruins, I set out one brilliant day of summer to study the work of the primitive masons as exposed by the river along the base of the pyramids. On the north side of the center pyramid, about twenty feet above the river and fifteen feet from the surface of the ground, I saw the corner of a large cut stone, projecting about six inches from the perpendicular bank. This proved to be an unornamented slab of diorite, forty-two inches long, twenty-four inches wide and three inches thick, lying directly on top of another slab of similar material and dimensions.

These tablets, which appeared to have been set up at one time to form the walls of a movable box or tomb, excited my curiosity, and clinging precariously to the bank of the river, I began to dig with my small geological hammer, until I uncovered a third tablet, this time made of clay, which had metamorphosed into stone. It was thirty inches long, eighteen inches wide, and three inches in thickness, the lower side being covered with strange figures or hieroglyphics similar to those found on some of the clay tablets of the Old World, but unlike anything I have ever seen in other ruins of Mexico. This has since been found through thorough investigation to be a tablet of life, and a better idea of it can be gained from a glance at the accompanying photo than from any words I might be able to write.

Beneath this tablet in turn was another, also a sculptured tablet, lying face down and carved with different figures, which I have since found to represent death. In the intervening space between the two tablets were the following objects closely and carefully packed together:

A gray diorite incense burner, seven inches by four inches and about two inches thick, representing the profiles of two animals' heads, with their mouths open. Possibly these heads are of snakes, but it is impossible to state with accuracy just what they are intended to represent.

A smaller incense burner three and one-half by two and one-half by one inches, of the same material, the lower portion being filled with human teeth. On one corner of this burner was a flat green jade amulet, on which was rudely



TABLET OF LIFE, FOUND IN RUINED CITY OF PATAMBO, NEAR MODERN TOWN OF PLACERES DEL ORO.

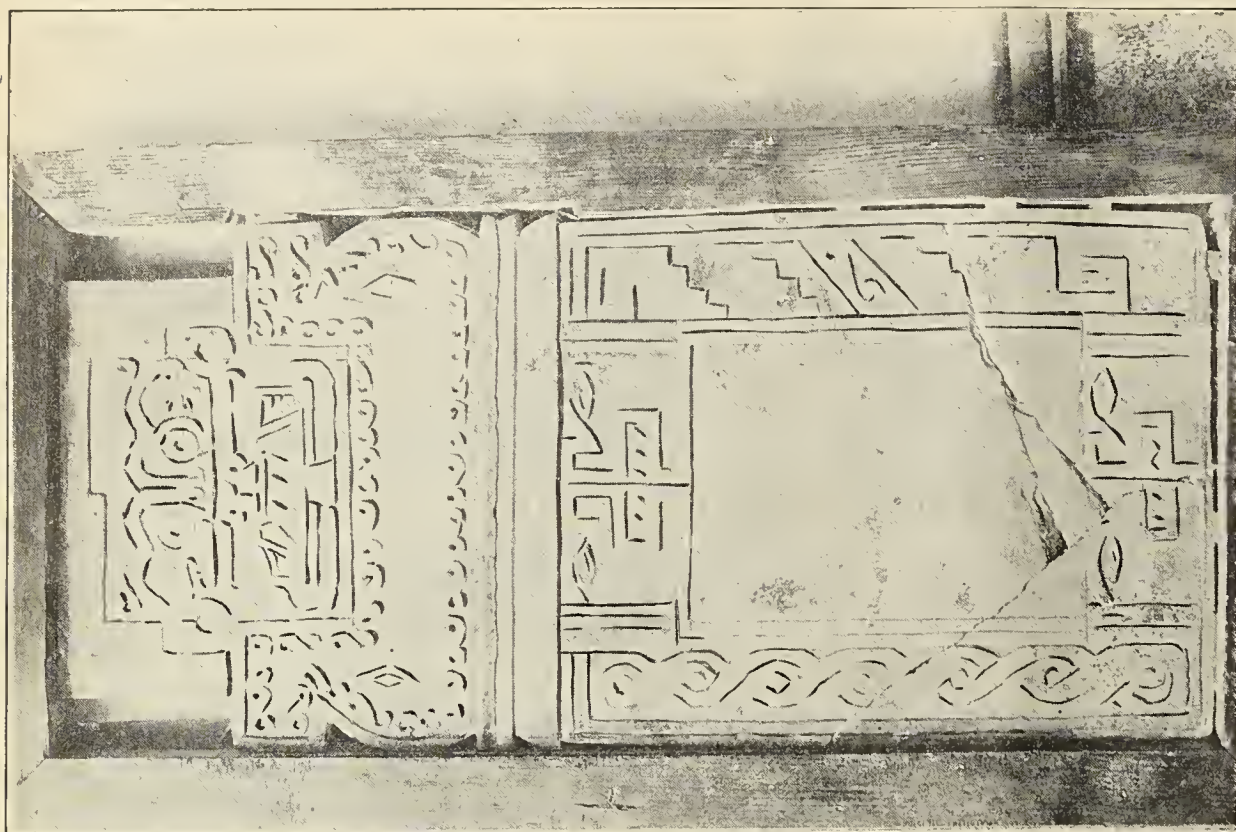
gists of note, both from the United States and Europe, have devoted much time to it.

This find consists of two tablets, found in the grave of one who was once evidently an emperor or cacique among the strange tribe which constructed the city in which they were found. Their discovery, made no later than 1910, came about in this manner:

The country in which they were found is a section of Guerrero seldom visited by white men, even miners, and still less often by those who have any knowledge of archæology or ethnology. It lies about 300 miles southwest of Mexico City, in the district of Mina, and comprises the greater portion of the municipality of Coyuca de Catalan. Here, along the shores of the Balsas River, lies a section fifty square miles

Gold"—from which Montezuma received the vast quantities of gold with which he presented Cortez, on the strength of a story which I heard from an old Indian in Cuernavaca. This Indian told me of these ruins, but so large did he make the place that I could scarcely believe him, yet when I arrived I found that he had not told the half of the extent or size of the structure which had once constituted a great and civilized municipality.

One mile north of the town of Placeres del Oro, at which I arrived without adventure worth recording, I found three great pyramids, averaging, respectively, thirty, thirty-five and forty feet in height, built in a row along the river shore. The yearly floods of the Balsas have been for ages encroaching on the western shore near the



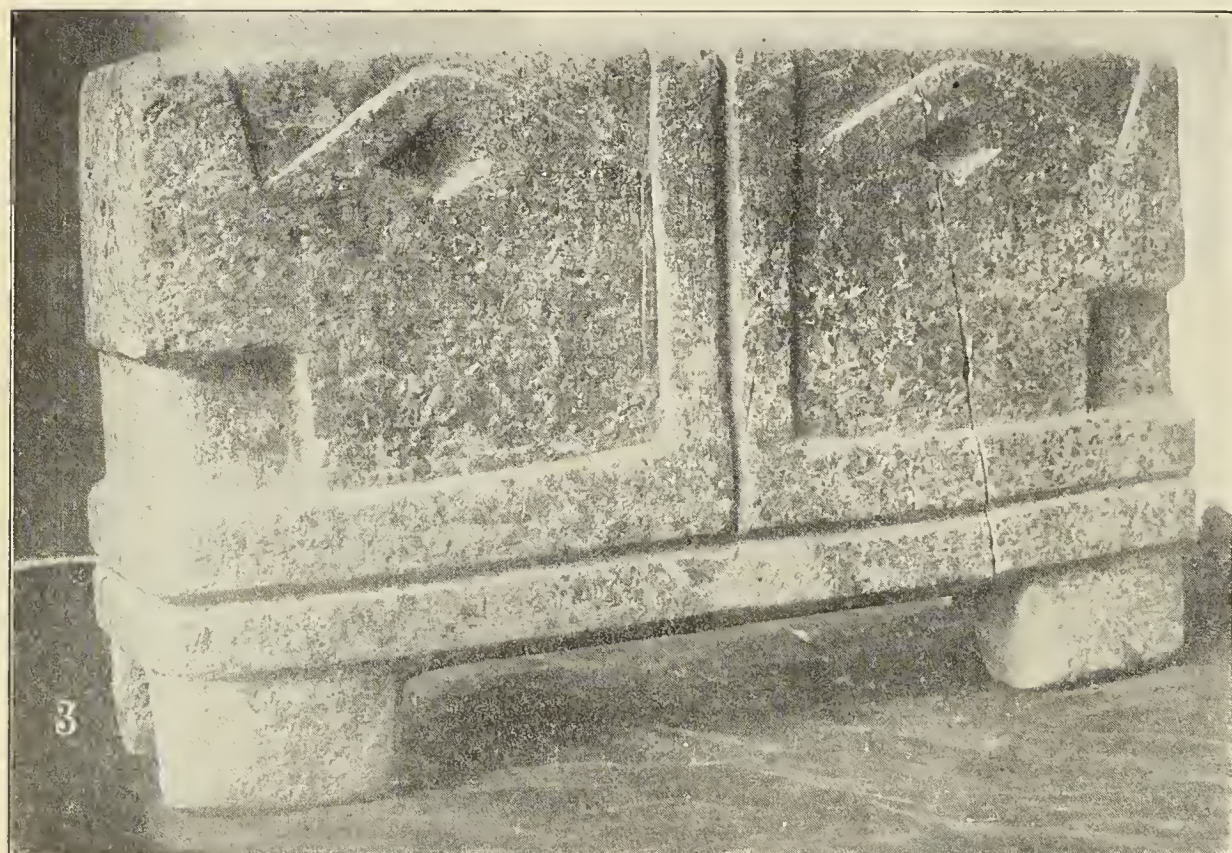
TABLET OF DEATH, FOUND IN THE RUINS OF PATAMBO, NEAR MODERN TOWN OF PLACERES DEL ORO.

carved a human face, with perforations for a string at top of forehead and tip of chin. On the center of the lower tablet was a small metate of diorite, nine inches by five inches with a turtle-shaped head. A slight depression in the center shows that it had been used for grinding paints or herbs, and undoubtedly was the paint-mixing dish of the chieftain whose remains had been buried there.

A diorite cylinder, finely carved, was also found, and may have been used either as an amulet across the breast, or may contain some hidden message for the spirit world, as do some of the clay cylinders of Babylon and the Nile

Valley. I have found it impossible so far to decipher the hieroglyphics on this cylinder.

Most elaborately had this tomb been prepared by its primitive builders. Twelve shells, each almost exactly three inches in diameter, were found in two rows, close to the metate, each shell containing fifty flat, circular shell beads, making a total of 600 beads. These probably were used for money, as they are of the same type as the shell "wampum" of the Indian tribes of the United States. The twelve large shells fell to pieces on being removed from their resting place, but the wampum held in perfect condition, and is, I imagine, about as good as



INCENSE BURNER, MADE OF DIORITE, OR MEXICAN JADE, FOUND IN TOMB AT PATAMBO.

when first made. Quite evidently the idea of the chieftain's friends was to provide him with plenty of funds for his journey into the shadow world which they believed to lie beyond the confines of Guerrero.

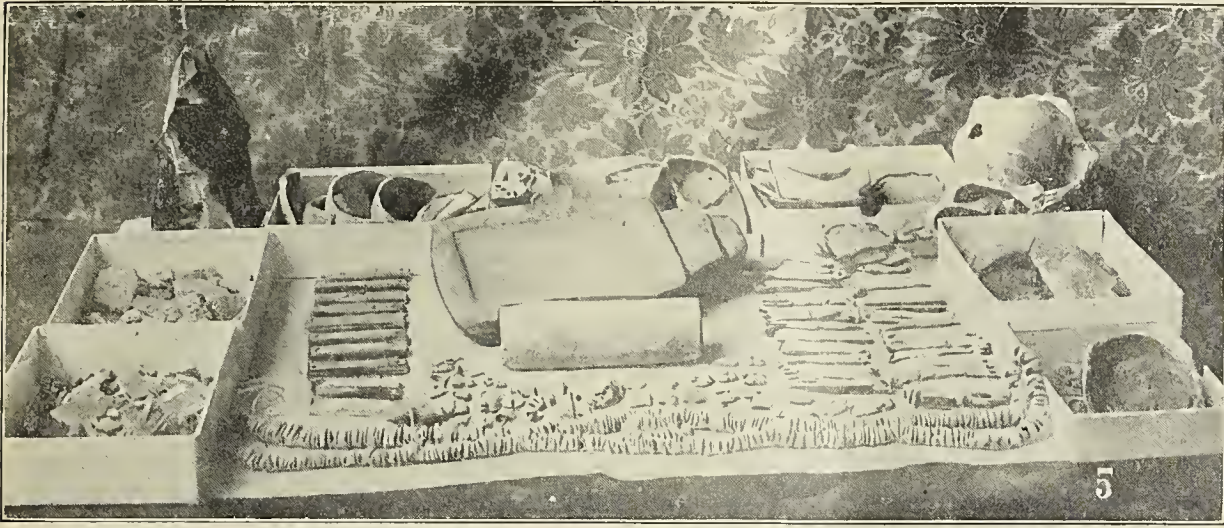
Fourteen small perforated shells, three-quarters of an inch long, and four shell beads, or amulets, three inches long, with holes drilled through the entire length, and thirty-one shell beads or amulets with holes at each end, were also discovered. Among other things found in the tomb were one oval shell amulet, two inches long; two perforators or stone drills, eight greenish diorite amulets, three inches long, perforated at each end; twenty-six square shell buttons, perforated through ridges on the back side, showing that these people knew the principle of the button and the buttonhole, a knowledge probably possessed by no other Indian tribe on the North American continent; two conch shells, one eight inches and the other five inches in length (one of these contained the small bones of a very young child, and the other was filled with tiny beads); an irregular fragment of black obsidian, from which arrow and spear heads were made. This was to provide the dead man with the means for making his weapons on the other shore.

By far the most interesting objects found on the tablet, however, were two shell bracelets or armlets, one of which is shown in the photo reproduced herewith. These shells, only one of which is perfect, were five inches in diameter and are covered with carefully made engravings, mostly of monkeys and other animals. Different savants who have studied these artifacts believe that these carved bracelets will be of the greatest aid in deciphering the age and meaning of the other hieroglyphics.

After careful investigation, comparison and study, I have arrived at the conclusion that the two large, carved tablets are meant to tell some story, that what they tell may be grouped under two heads, both being stela or mortuary tablets as follows:

Tablet of Life.—The straight lines at the top were made to represent the hair of a living figure. The eye sockets contain the residue of a sulphur-like pitch, which, if it had been used as a fire offering at the time of the death of the man whose tomb this was, would account for the destruction of the upper part of the face. The open mouth, showing two rows of teeth and the seven rays depicted below the chin, would indicate the living being, the rays coming from the mouth showing speech. Two snakes darting out from just below the eyes, probably also indicate life, though possibly life leaving the body, as the snakes appear to be very much alive. The four key-like characters on this figure probably represent arms and legs, and the holes in the upper key characters may be meant for eyes, with the sunlike circles above for eyebrows.

Tablet of Death.—This tablet has the same carving at the top as the first, but lacks the hair, and want of hair was one of the indications of death in the carvings of all the prehistoric tribes of Mexico. Two double-fanged snakes are approaching the eyes of this figure, evidently preparing to strike. The snake figures strongly in all the carvings of the Indians of Mexico, and has many meanings, so that its combination in this may mean any one of several ideas. The mouth of the figure is closed, another indication



PORTIONS OF SKULL, TEETH AND BODY ORNAMENTS FOUND IN GRAVE AT PATAMBO, ALONG WITH TABLETS OF LIFE AND DEATH, ILLUSTRATED ON PREVIOUS PAGES.

of death, and there are no speech rays emanating from the face. Just under the neck and at the bottom of the tablet, may be seen two double faces each with mouth closed. Two ornamental borders on the lower portion of this slab are as puzzling as they are interesting. The left hand border appears to be entwined snakes, often seen in codices in the ruins of Mexico, and that of the right border appears to be a pattern often found in blankets made by the Navajo Indians of the United States.

I may be asked here why I am so confident that this was a tomb? First of all I found fragments of a skull of an adult male human being; then there were the bones of the child, and in addition the general form of the structure, which while torn and practically wrecked by the slipping of the earth under the action of the water during past centuries was still the same as that of other tombs into which I looked in the same ruined city. This, however, was by far the richest of all the tombs found, and evidently belonged to a man of the rank of a Montezuma of the Aztecs, though it must be remembered that these people far antedated the Aztecs and were in no way kindred to the tribe of Montezuma.

The stone incense burner filled with human bones, and the general condition of the bones found would indicate that the body had been first cremated and then the fragments of the skeleton unconsumed had been placed in the tomb. If so, it would seem that these tribesmen were fully conversant with one of the most modern of practices—cremation.

From the depth of the sepulchre and the depth of the channel of the Rio del Oro below the foundation of the mounds, more than twenty feet in solid formation, and the extent of the region over which the ruins are scattered, the race which inhabited them must have been of great antiquity and of considerable size. It could be only a conjecture to say who these mighty people were, when they lived, and when they passed away, leaving these silent witnesses of their knowledge and culture to puzzle us of the present day.

My explorations in this ruin would fill a volume were they written down in detail, and though I was the first white man ever to gaze on this great ruined city, and the first of all scientists to bring to light any of its treasures, I barely scratched the surface. To-day it lies a ruin greater than ever was Palenque, or Mitla,



ARMLET MADE FROM HUGE SEA-SNAIL SHELL AND FINELY CARVED, FOUND IN TOMB, EVIDENTLY OF CHIEFTAIN IN RUINS OF PATAMBO, DESCRIBED ON PAGE PRECEDING.

or Chichen-Itzla; a city that was, in its day, more magnificent than was Tenochtitlan when Cortez demanded admittance to its portals.

[THE END.]



THE TOP RAIL.

Down on the plains of Texas, north of Big Springs, is a Soash Ranch, owned by the C. C. Slaughter Company. R. L. (Bob) Slaughter, a merchant, clubman and all-around good fellow, of Dallas, Tex., is president and general manager of the ranch, and incidentally is interested in the automobile trade. His favorite sport, it seems, is hunting animals.

Now, as a matter of fact, it is against the law to shoot antelope in Texas. Slaughter is a law-abiding citizen, so he wouldn't shoot one for anything. He simply gets out his trusty motor, loads it with gasoline, and a lariat, and goes out after the game. He ties one end of the lariat to the steering post of the auto. He handles the rope with one hand and the steering wheel with the other. When he sights a bunch of antelope he simply throws the throttle wide open, goes down among them and deftly plants his noose over the best one in the herd. To prove that this isn't a fish story, Bob has plenty of trophies and witnesses.

In a recent letter to his brother, telling of a trip made in the early part of the month when he took his father out to Soash, he says: "My tires are giving wonderful satisfaction. I got two more antelope last week. This makes six we have caught without even a puncture, and you can imagine what a hardship that turf is on tires at the speed antelope generally force you to use. Anyway, I do not want any better tires than the 'New Republic Staggard Tread.'"

If skeptics think this is a Wild West story, drop in on Slaughter any time you are in Dallas. He is used to meeting people from Missouri.

* * *

THEY are laughing yet, in Houston, over a story told by William Breen, an enthusiastic hunter—even for a Texan. Bill was strolling over Big Thicket one day with his Winchester repeater over his shoulder, every now and then adding to his bag. Coming over the clump of a hill, he met a fellow huntsman packing an old single shot rifle.

"What yo' all huntin,'" queried Bill.

"Might pot a deer," answered the other laconically.

"Seen any?" said Bill.

"Only three, so far," returned the stranger.

"Get a shot?" persisted the Houstonite.

"Yas, they was two got pretty nigh—but I ain't got but one load for my gun, and I want-a hunt all day," was the startling explanation that still amuses Bill and his friends.

GRIZZLY KING.

Committee Report on Uniform Game Legislation

AT the sixth biennial convention of the National Association of Game and Fish Commissioners, held in Denver, Aug. 31, 1910, a motion was made by Commissioner H. C. Davis, of Delaware, that a standing committee of five be appointed to promote greater uniformity of the game laws of the several States. This motion, after general discussion, was unanimously adopted, and the president appointed as members of the committee the commissioner of Tennessee as Chairman; the commissioners of Delaware, Georgia and South Dakota, and the president of the American Game Protective and Propagation Association.

The committee, after careful consideration of existing provisions in the several States, and after consultation with members of the National Association of Audubon Societies, and the United States Biological Survey, concluded that it would be impractical, on account of constitutional limitations and diversity in the form of State laws to attempt to draw up a game law suitable for adoption in all of the forty-eight States. The committee does not feel that with the limited time at its disposal for the preparation of a preliminary report that it can do more than make a few recommendations, regarding certain important principles, and must leave to the officers in each State the formulation of amendments covering such points as may meet with their approval in such manner as will best conform with the statutes of that State.

Commissioners are urged to consider these recommendations in connection with their annual reports, to suggest to the committee other subjects in which greater uniformity is most needed, and to send a copy of such suggestions to the U. S. Biological Survey.

RECOMMENDATIONS—GENERAL.

(a) That in drafting game laws, the plan of a permissive law, as originated in Colorado and recently incorporated in the conservation law of New York and other States, be adopted so far as possible. This plan simplifies the law, directs attention to proposed amendments and avoids special legislation to meet new methods of hunting, or changes in the condition of game.

(b) That local legislation be reduced to a minimum, and in order to meet the demand for such legislation, broader powers be conferred upon State authorities to provide when necessary, after due notice and public hearing, special protection for certain kinds of game or for closing the seasons in certain sections of the State.

(c) That the game laws be made as simple and as few in number as possible, except in special cases, single propositions should not be made the subject of separate bills, but bills for the protection of fish should ordinarily be kept separate from those providing protection for game.

(d) That modern comprehensive, general game laws are greatly needed in a few States, notably in Arkansas, Florida, Maryland, Mississippi, Nevada, North Carolina and Virginia.

ADMINISTRATION.

(a) That provision be made for the en-

forcement of the game laws by State officials or commissioners in Arkansas, Florida, Mississippi, Nevada and Virginia.

(b) That the term of office of commissioners should be not less than four years in the States of Arizona, Connecticut, Georgia, Idaho, Maine, Utah, New Mexico, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont and Wisconsin. No man, however active, can accomplish effective work within two years, one of which is necessarily spent in becoming familiar with the duties of the office. Frequent changes in the head of the department are not conducive either to efficiency or economy of administration.

(c) That the only satisfactory enforcement of fish and game laws can be secured through the game warden system. Merit and efficiency only should be considered in the appointment of wardens or their retention in service.

(d) That the warden service should be divorced as far as possible from politics. In making this recommendation, the committee invites attention to the merit system as now applied to the appointment and promotion of regular salaried wardens in the States of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Wisconsin.

SEASONS.

(a) That shooting in the breeding season in summer, or during spring migration, be universally prohibited, especially in the case of ducks, woodcock and other migratory birds.

(b) That so far as possible the opening dates of the hunting season in neighboring States be made identical.

(c) That in order to secure uniformity in the legislation of the Northern States and to insure the permanent preservation of migratory birds on their former breeding grounds, spring shooting in the States north of latitude 37 degrees be absolutely prohibited, notably in the States of New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, South Dakota, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, Colorado and Wyoming.

(d) Prairie Chickens.—That the open season for hunting prairie chickens should not in any case exceed thirty days. These birds have now become so generally reduced in numbers, and their range so restricted that hunting should be so limited as to enable them to increase in the States where they still remain.

(e) Doves.—That in the States which now provide no close seasons for doves, namely, Virginia, Florida, Kansas, Oklahoma and Nevada, adequate protection should be given these birds. That in the States north of latitude 38 degrees doves should be protected throughout the year, namely in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska, Colorado and Oregon, in order that they may have the same protection which they enjoy in other States in this zone. That in the Southern States where seasons are so varied in point of time, the open season should be restricted to three months or less, the dates to be determined by the respective States.

(f) Shore Birds.—That the upland plover and the smaller shore birds, including the killdeer and other small plover and sandpipers, be

removed from the game list and given protection at all seasons.

(g) Woodduck.—That on account of the rapid decrease in numbers and danger of extermination in some States, the woodduck should be treated separately from other ducks and waterfowl in the game law, and whenever possible should be protected throughout the year, particularly in the New England, Middle and Lake States. Summer shooting should be prohibited, and the bag limit should not exceed fifteen birds per day.

(h) Ducks and Geese.—That reasonable seasons should be provided for ducks and other waterfowl in the States of Arkansas and Texas, which hitherto have provided no close seasons for these birds.

(i) Swans.—That on account of its increasing rarity, swans and sandhill cranes should be removed from the game list and protected throughout the year.

BIG GAME.

(a) That female and young of all big game should be protected at all seasons in every State. Twenty States have already enacted the so-called doe law, with eminently satisfactory results.

(b) That due provision should be made for the propagation and transfer of big game in each State.

(c) Elk.—That a definite and comprehensive policy should be adopted by the several States and the general government looking to the permanent preservation of elk now remaining in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific States; that due provision should be made for propagation and for adequate winter range, but in transferring animals from one State to another, elk of one species should never be liberated in a region inhabited by a distinct species.

(d) That seasons for antelope should be kept closed for the present in all the States.

SALE.

That sale of any game where permitted should be carefully regulated under some comprehensive tagging system similar to that recently adopted in New York and Massachusetts in order to prevent illegal traffic in game, and to simplify the enforcement of laws relating to sale of game.

LICENSES.

That a mandatory dollar resident hunting license be provided in the States of Maine, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas and Ohio, as the best and most satisfactory method of raising revenue for the protection of game, or establishing a salaried warden system and for properly regulating hunting.

(a) That a seasonal limit on deer be established in every State where deer hunting is permitted, and that this limit should not exceed two deer a season, particularly in the States of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Missouri and Oregon.

(b) That reasonable bag limits be provided for game birds in the States of Arkansas, Kentucky, Rhode Island and Virginia, which now

have no restriction on the amount of game which may be killed or captured in a day or a season.

(c) That the daily limit should not exceed twenty-five birds a day, and that in the case of waterfowl a weekly bag limit should be provided in addition to the daily limit.

NON-GAME BIRDS.

(a) That the model law recommended by the National Association of Audubon Societies for the protection of non-game birds be enacted in the States of Maryland, Kansas, Nebraska, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico, in order to make legislation of this character uniform throughout the Union.

(b) That legislation regulating the traffic in egret or heron plumage be enacted in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Georgia, Illinois and such other States as have not yet extended proper protection to these birds now nearly extinct.

PROPAGATION.

It is recommended that encouragement be given for the propagation of fish and game animals and game birds in the various States under the provision of the State game authorities.

GAME REFUGES.

Inasmuch as game refuges afford the most effective means of protecting the scattered remnants of our native game, it is strongly recommended that every State should have one or more State refuges. Commissioners and wardens should be given adequate authority to arrange for refuges on private or State lands, and to co-operate with the proper officers of the Federal Government in the establishment of such refuges on public lands not now utilized for other purposes.

FEDERAL LEGISLATION.

Attention is called to certain bills now pending in Congress providing for Federal jurisdiction of migratory birds, and the establishment of National game preserves. The Weeks bill (H. R. 36) and the McLean bill (S. 647) relating to migratory birds are now on the calendars of the House and Senate. The Catron bill (S. 6942) establishing a game preserve at the headwaters of the Pecos River in New Mexico has already passed the Senate, and the Kent bill (H. R.) and the Perkins bill (S. 6109) providing for Federal game refuges, are in the House Committee on Agriculture, and on the Senate calendar respectively. Commissioners should carefully consider these measures and give them such support as they can through their senators and representatives.

J. H. ACKLEN, Chairman,
Commissioner of Tennessee.

H. C. DAVIS,
Commissioner of Delaware.

JOHN B. BURNHAM,
President American Game Protective
and Propagation Association.

JESSE E. MERCER,
Commissioner of Georgia.

JAMES HENRY RICE, JR.,
Commissioner of South Dakota.

The general sentiment of the convention was against the sale of native game and also against the spring shooting of wildfowl.

Sport in Florida

By J. A. L. WADDELL

IT is such a long time since I last wrote for your paper that I fear you are beginning to feel like cancelling my name from your list of regular correspondents. The main reason for my long silence is that my professional work of late years has been so exacting that I have been able to take but little time for outings—far less than I deem I am entitled to or than is advisable from the point of view of health maintenance.



YOUNG PARTRIDGE, RAISED ON GAME FARM OF AMERICAN GAME PROTECTIVE AND PROPAGATION ASSOCIATION.

In my opinion, every hard-working professional man should take at least two vacations per annum, and the longer he makes them, the better for both his physical and his mental welfare. It is my ambition in my old age to devote nine months of the year to work and three months to fishing and shooting, but I greatly fear that adverse conditions will prevent the materialization of this desire.

Business calling me to Jacksonville about the middle of January, I invited my son, Leonard, to join me on the trip and try both the fishing and the shooting of Florida after the completion of my work there. For many years I had been desirous of investigating for myself the sport possibilities of that State, having read so much about it in *FOREST AND STREAM* and in the standard books of Holder and others, but until this year no opportunity to do so had offered.

Before leaving home my arrangements were made to go from Jacksonville to Bartow, join a small party of sportsmen there, and proceed by automobiles or wagons eastward to Kissimmee Lake for shooting quail, ducks and jacksnipe, and for black bass fishing, but before our arrival at Jacksonville the whole Florida peninsula had

received a heavy fall of rain, which made the roads very bad, hence we concluded to go first to Long Key for the sea fishing and then return north to Bartow.

We were well prepared for all kinds of sport, having with us four shotguns, one rifle and an abundance of all kinds of tackle for both fresh and salt water fishing. It has been my experience in times past that it never pays to go on a long shooting trip with less than two shotguns per man, as something nearly always happens to one gun, which puts it out of condition; in fact, I once returned from a trip in Mexico and Texas with only one barrel out of four in shape for business.

As for tackle, one cannot well have too much of it or too many kinds, because the big-game fishes break roads, reels and lines; different localities require different kinds of baits, and one often has unexpectedly to provide an outfit for another sportsman.

Being an old traveler, I took the precaution, when leaving Jacksonville, not only to locate our five pieces of baggage and see that the checks were properly attached thereto, but also to tip liberally the baggageman as an inducement for him to see that all the said pieces were shipped on our train, but alas! I should have gone still further by seeing it put on the car myself, for upon our arrival in the morning at Long Key the trunk containing all the rods was missing. It was necessary either to wait for the trunk or to rent tackle at four dollars per day per man. The boy who acted as station agent and telegraph operator was requested to locate the missing piece and insure its being forwarded at once, but neither persuasion, tips, nor threats produced any information concerning it. Thinking that it might come by the afternoon train, which was eight hours late, I gave my check to the hotel porter with a liberal tip and instructions to look out for it. Sure enough, it arrived at midnight, but as the station agent was not there, the baggageman on the train refused to put it off on the plea that there was nobody to receipt for it, consequently it was carried to the end of the line and did not get back till next afternoon. In this way two days of good fishing weather were lost.

Launches were scarce and expensive. Those that are safe for going outside where the fishing is, rent for \$12 to \$20 or more per day. After waiting some time for more launches to come to the camp, we succeeded in securing one belonging to a fisherman, but it was really too small for comfort, although probably safe enough. At any rate we used it four days, then after it was laid up for repairs to the machinery, we took another and larger one for our last day.

Although the weather conditions were fairly good, the fishing was not. We took with our two rods on the average not more than a dozen fish a day, but they were small. A few of them averaged between thirty and forty pounds, and the smallest down to about three pounds, the average certainly not exceeding fifteen pounds and possibly as low as twelve. We caught kingfish, Spanish mackerel, barracouda, jackfish,



PELICANS IN TAMPA BAY.
Photo by Thos. H. Jackson.

amberjack, three kinds of grouper and muttonfish. One kingfish must have weighed thirty-five pounds, and an eighteen-pounder that I hooked in the back put up a most wearying fight before coming to gaff. There were some large barracouda also, but as usual the biggest one hooked got away. Leonard had it on and brought it near the launch, which had an unfortunate habit of going slowly backward, when it was not moving ahead. The fish ran under the boat and tangled the line and snell in the revolving screw, escaping of course. It took a full hour for our boatman to clear the mess, and as he had to go overboard to do it, and as he swallowed considerable salt water during the operation, his temper—a disagreeable one by nature—was by no means improved.

How much the pleasure of an outing depends upon the disposition of one's guide or boatman! A disagreeable fellow can almost entirely spoil one's sport by his surliness. No man who is not blessed with a cheerful disposition and a pleasant address should ever aspire to guide or handle a boat for sportsmen, because he will surely fail to make a success of his calling.

In the five days that we fished at Long Key we worked faithfully and tried every fishing ground within reach, going as far as the lighthouse on Alligator Reef, some fourteen miles distant from camp, but no place was very good, and the other sportsmen had similar luck, excepting that one day one of the boat brought in twenty-two fish, mostly kingfish, and good ones. The kingfish are generally found from one to three or four miles from shore, the jackfish close to land, and the other fishes out on the reefs, which are five or six miles from the island.

We caught but one amberjack, and this I took on light tackle, as the tarpon reel that I had been using failed me. This fish weighed between thirty and thirty-five pounds, and put up a tremendous fight for its size. I believe it is a harder fighter than the yellowtail of the Pacific. What it would have done on the tarpon outfit I cannot say, but it gave me all I could do to bring it to gaff with light rod and line, especially as

the reel was not fitted with a drag of any kind, but merely a simple click.

I was specially glad to take this amberjack—my first—as it settled in my mind a question of seven years' standing, for that long ago I had caught in the Panuco Ricer at the mouth of the Pumisi, some four miles above the city of Tampico, both within an hour, two jackfish which were so much larger than any that I had ever seen that I imagined them to be amberjacks, but they were not. I now know that they were only overgrown jackfish. They were both of the same size, an even four feet long, and very chunky. I estimated their weight at fifty pounds each, and I am prone to underestimate a little the weights of fishes instead of overestimating as many do.

The muttonfish I caught at Long Key was a beautiful fish—yellow body, pink fins and tail, and bright red eyes. It is one of the choicest table fishes in those waters, being considered quite as good eating as the red snapper. We caught also two Nassau groupers, a mottled variety of the pargo having a pinkish tinge.

After five days of this fishing, Leonard and I concluded that we could get better sport elsewhere for twenty dollars per day, but before seeking it, we decided to go to Havana, where I have a number of old college friends, and see what we could of the island of Cuba in a week's visit. We were pleased to have had the experience at Long Key, although the sport there is nothing like as good as I have had at Aransas Pass, Texas; Tampico, Mexico, or La Jolla, Cal. Moreover, it is by no means as good as certain writers in the sporting papers of late have claimed. The camp is prettily located among cocconut palms, and is comfortable enough, although the table leaves much to be desired—possibly because all the food except fish is brought from a long distance and has a chance to become stale before being served. The rooms are all that any sportsman could ask for, and each camp house is provided with a salt water shower bath that is simply a delight. The hotel rates for room and board run from \$3.50 to \$5 per day. Nevertheless, the resort is a place best

suitable to millionaires, as boats, bait, tackle, etc., are very expensive. Later in the season—April and May—the fishing is better, and there are some tarpon to be had, but it is hot there in the summer, and I imagine the mosquitoes must get pretty active then. We saw but few of them. The whole place is kept scrupulously clean and very attractive.

As our doings in Cuba did not involve any sport, there is no need to say much about them here, except that Leonard and I had the time of our lives there, seeing my old friends, making new ones, entertaining and being entertained, taking long automobile rides into the country, inspecting the wreck of the *Maine*, seeing the sights of the city and steaming around Havana Harbor on a Government vessel. After a week of it we tore ourselves away, took steamer to Key West, another from there to Tampa, and train to Bartow, where, after a day spent in clearing up accumulated business correspondence, purchasing supplies, hiring vehicles, securing dogs and making other preparations, we started on our trip to Lake Kissimmee.

There were four of us in the party besides the negro teamster, viz., my old friend, Mr. W., to whom we are indebted for having planned and organized the trip; Mr. R., the proprietor of the livery stable, who is a good sportsman, an excellent shot and a first-class fellow, and ourselves. Mr. R. contributed three excellent hunting dogs—two pointers, Lass and Di, mother and daughter, that were great fielders, and a setter called Max. Mr. W. took his old setter Joe, a good retriever and a fine worker on single birds or scattered coveys, but rather old for ranging. Max had an excellent nose, but was inclined to come to a stand on birds too far distant. However, he found us a number of fine coveys by means of his supersensitive power of smell. Di was a good dog, but being young was not quite so staunch as the others, requiring an occasional correction from her master.

Lass was our main standby, for she ranged afar, and when she found a bunch she held it until we hunted her up, which sometimes was no easy matter in the high palmettos.

Our teamster left town about seven in the morning with instructions to camp at some convenient spot in the sandhills near water and have a fire to guide us and a meal prepared for our arrival after dark. We did not leave town till after ten, and drove some fifteen miles in about three hours before stopping for lunch, passing over territory that had been shot out and not seeing a single quail on the way. However, we kept the dogs in the buggies all the time, which may account for our failure to see birds, because during the entire ten days spent on this trip we found only one bevy of quail without the aid of the dogs.

Soon after lunch we left the well traveled road and took a more unfrequented one, letting the dogs run; and in the course of three hours we put up seven bunches, some of which, though, were mere remnants. Our friends very kindly left practically all the shooting to Leonard and me, with the result that we bagged twenty-four—not a very good record for so many bunches. As I had not put gun to shoulder for two and a half years, I anticipated doing some bad shooting, but I found that although I missed some easy shots, I had not forgotten how to shoot, and that I could hold my own with Leonard and his

automatic gun. The reasons why we did not make a better record were—first, the broken coveys, and second, the fact that being unused to the country, we did not mark the flights well.

The ground was ideal for quail shooting, consisting of pine forest with trees from twenty-five to fifty feet or more apart, the space between being generally covered with scrub palmetto, but sometimes with clumpy grass. Owing to the recent rains the walking was wet, but that cut little figure; in fact, in one sense it was an advantage in that the dampness enabled the dogs to find without difficulty. With one exception the conditions were perfect, but that was an important one, for we were in a rattlesnake country where both the little sand rattlers and the big diamond backs abound, and it is certainly unpleasant to have to watch continually for snakes, knowing that a bite from one of them almost certainly means death. They say that one can recover sometimes from the bite of a sand rattler, but that when a diamond back hits one, he is doomed. We had provided ourselves with canvas leggings, but we knew that they were likely to prove ineffective, because we were informed at Bartow that the only material which can be relied upon for turning a rattler's fangs is tin, and as there was no armor for sale in that district, we had to content ourselves with canvas. Fortunately for us (at least as far as snakes were concerned) the weather just preceding and during the larger part of our trip was such that no self-respecting rattler would during its continuance be found away from home, consequently we were not troubled much with them during the trip. A few of them were encountered, but of those more anon.

One feature of this shooting was most satisfactory. We did not have to walk from one covey to another, because the dogs were so trained that we could drive till they found game, then we got out and shot till the covey was either bagged or too scattered to warrant further hunting. Occasionally when the dogs winded old scent, we got out, hitched the horses and helped the dogs locate the bunch, but this was necessary only once in a while. Ordinarily a good bird dog knows better how to find birds than its master does, but Mr. R. had had such a wide experience in Florida quail shooting that sometimes he knew better than the dogs.

At 5 o'clock we had to cease shooting and make for camp. We struck the sandhills about dark, but as there was a full moon, the drive was a pleasant one, although a trifle cool. Owing to our wheels sinking into the soft sand, we had to travel at a walk, the load per buggy of two men and two dogs being somewhat heavy for the horse. In respect to horses we were very fortunate, for they were absolutely unafraid of the shooting and would stand when left, although we generally took the precaution to tie up at the nearest tree, but the mules were an "ornery" pair, requiring two men to hitch them to the wagon. Our mule, a big, powerful beast, had a habit of standing on end for a few moments each morning when starting out, but she soon settled down to business and took us over the ground in good shape.

We passed several watering places and must have traveled seven miles in the sandhills before we found our teamster, and even then we nearly missed him. He had turned off the road and we did not discover his camp-fire until after

we had passed it, having mistaken the camp of another party for his. The fire was welcomed, as we were a trifle chilled, and we soon had a good supper, consisting of boiled gritz—termed hominy in the North—potatoes baked in the ashes, bread, butter, coffee and a dozen fried quail which our thoughtful friend, Mr. W., had plucked while Leonard and I were shooting.

As a camp cook John, the teamster, proved himself second to none. He knew exactly how to season things, how much to cook game to suit the taste of each member of the party, and how to make everything taste good, but it was not advisable to watch too closely his methods of manipulating the utensils and food, unless one were blessed with a strong stomach. John was certainly the best working negro that I have ever run across. It seemed to me that on this trip John was working constantly from daylight till bed time. Not only did he cook for the party, which after our arrival at the ranch generally numbered nine or ten, but he groomed, watered and fed the horses and mules, gave the dogs their meals, cut and hauled firewood, plucked—not skinned—some fifty or more birds per day, mended harness, and made himself generally useful in various little ways to all members of the party. In spite of all this work, no one from start to finish heard him make a single complaint or say an unpleasant word. Moreover, he looked after our belongings with the same care as he would have employed had they been his own. In short, he was an ideal servant—barring the sole item of cleanliness in cooking—and I fear that I shall never look upon his like again.

After supper we were visited and serenaded by several young men and women from the neighboring camp. We enjoyed listening to their music and talking to them for a half hour, then we turned in for the night, W. and I as the elders of the party being given the two cots, and the others sleeping on the ground. As the supply of bed clothing was ample, and as fortunately for us it did not rain, we all passed a very comfortable night, arising shortly after day-break to take a wash at the shore of the little

lake and to enjoy a bountiful breakfast of oatmeal, porridge, gritz, coffee and the remainder of the two dozen quail, which we all had joined in plucking before we retired.

The day promised to be fine, hence we made haste to pack our belongings and get across the remaining three miles of sandhills to reach the shooting ground. We had no sooner turned the dogs loose than they found a broken covey of four, but as there was a house nearby, the owner of which objected to our shooting, we flushed the birds and passed on without firing a shot. In order to comply with the Florida laws, which permit of the shooting of only forty quail per day per party, we divided that day into two parties, Mr. W. and Leonard composing one and Mr. R. and I the other. And what a day's shoot we had! The dogs worked to perfection, the weather was clear and cool, the timber was open, the underbrush was seldom dense, the walking was good though quite wet, the birds were fairly plentiful and lay well to the dogs, we shot creditably, and—thanks to R.'s experience and trained eyes—we were able to mark down the birds, not only after the first flush, but often once or twice more, enabling us to bag occasionally as many as ten birds out of a covey and on the average about seven. The dogs retrieved the dead birds and the cripples in fine style, and everything tended to as perfect a day's sport as I have ever enjoyed. Mr. W., who is an ardent fisherman, but not so keen on shooting, left most of the sport to Leonard, and as between us we put up all told a dozen coveys, we succeeded in bagging the limit.

Mr. R., who was using my full-choke double gun, proved himself to be a good shot, and notwithstanding the handicap of the choke, he could easily have outshot me, but he was courteous enough to give me the best of the shooting and generally contented himself with taking the long shots; in truth, he had to do so or else blow the birds to atoms. I was using my little open gun with its 26-inch barrels that I had had made to order some sixteen years previously, and with which I have done most of my shooting ever since.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WILD DUCKS AT FORT MEYERS, FLA.
Photo by Thos. H. Jackson.

GAME BAG AND GUN

A Morning With the Sage Chicken

By R. W. RATHBORNE, Jr.

THE snow-capped peaks of the Medicine Bow Range look down on my humble little cabin in the Laramie River valley. One side of my fence is in Colorado, the other in Wyoming. My neighbors are few and far between. Two men and a boy make a crowd, and one woman makes a multitude. The late Mr. Bill Nye remarked that the only things raised here were heifers, hay and a place "which they say is paved with good intentions." Nevertheless, the late William had a reputation, in this his adopted country, of having been a mighty good old

but remembering the old adage, "Rain before seven, clear before eleven," I was not disheartened, as I had no intention of starting out much before nine.

It is about at that hour that the chicken come down to water, and at most of the springs up the different draws one or more old hens and their broods of youngsters may be surprised. It was the young ones that I wanted for my bag.

About half after eight I left the river and started up through the sage brush. It had cleared up and was quite cool. The brush still

vanced a few yards for better range and got two in quick succession that started to the hillside on my left. I made a clear miss of another young one that flew to my right, but succeeded in bagging two retreating birds, one a rather long shot. Four out of the five were young ones—two good feeds for even a healthy man. As five is about all I can keep without spoiling, and I had no one to share them with, I retracted my steps toward my cabin. I was home in half an hour dressing them. It is best to draw sage chicken as soon after they are killed as possible, or they will have the sage taste a trifle too strongly, particularly for some people. They are easy to dress. You pull the feathers off with the skin as readily as one would skin an eel. They are about the size of a small fowl, and one can easily get his hands inside. Who cooks them, do you say?

Every ranchman is a good cook. If he were not he would soon starve, and when it comes to cooking game, well come out here and try some of it; we not only cook it to suit the most fastidious tastes, but also furnish the appetite.

They were the first sage chicken I had eaten this season, and the amount I did away with would have made a vegetarian hold up his hands in holy horror.

Our National Parks.

BY RALEIGH RAINES.

THE policy of setting aside tracts of land in various sections of the United States to be used as pleasure grounds for the people was inaugurated by Congress on March 1, 1872, the date of the act creating and establishing the Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming, and thereafter from time to time other lands in various sections of the country were set aside for such purpose, as well as a practical means of preserving the natural wonders from desecration. These national parks now aggregate twelve in number, embracing over 4,500,000 acres, to which should be added the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River, with its awe-inspiring gorges, which will probably be set aside as a national park by executive order. The areas of these parks, with locations and dates of establishment, are as follows:

	Acres.
Yellowstone, in Wyoming, Montana and Idaho, March 1, 1872.....	2,142,720.00
Yosemite, in California, Oct. 1, 1890.	719,622.00
Sequoia, in California, Sept. 25, 1890.	161,597.00
Gen'l Grant, in California, Oct. 1, 1890..	2,536.00
Mt. Rainier, in Washington, Mar. 2, 1899	207,360.00
Crater Lake, in Oregon, May 22, 1902	159,360.00
Wind Cave, in South Dakota, Jan. 9 1903	10,522.00
Sullys Hill, in North Dakota, April 27, 1904	780.00
Platt, in Oklahoma, July 1, 1902, and April 21, 1904	848.22
Mesa Verde, in Colorado, June 29, 1906	42,376.00
Five-mile strip for protection of ruins, June 29, 1906	175,360.00
Hot Springs, in Arkansas, June 16, 1880.	911.63
Glacier, in Montana, May 11, 1910....	981 681.00
Total	4,606,153.85

Public interest in these national reservations, not only in this country, but abroad as well, is increasing constantly, as is indicated by the num-



THE AUTHOR IN HIS CABIN.

wagon, and the above burst of eloquence referred to when two or three were gathered together, while I, at the time of which I write, was as solitary and alone as an Indian Mahatma in the Himalayas.

For the time being I was as free as air. I had read all the literature of which my cabin boasts, Congress had at last adjourned, and I sat that evening debating as to what should be my program for the morrow. I was tired of fish and fishing. The brackish bacon and the bountiful bean did not satisfy. I longed for a change of sport and something more palatable for the inner man.

Should it be grouse or sage chicken? Grouse necessitated a ride up to the timber, and as I have plenty of riding to do without doing it for pleasure, I decided to spend the morning among the chickens. Besides, I prefer them to grouse. After looking to my gun and shells I turned in.

I awoke to the patter of rain upon the roof,

wet gave out that pungent, though delicious odor so familiar to the cow-puncher and so exhilarating to the alien. My trail led up a small cañon where the stream bed was dry, and the prairie dogs chatted to each other from their separate mounds, disappearing as if by magic at my approach. I was familiar with the country, and knew that at my next turn in the trail the little valley broadened out into a green flat, irrigated by a cool spring that spread out underneath a large clump of willows. Proceeding as noiselessly as possible I made the turn and was rewarded by the sight of a covey of about ten young birds and a couple of old hens.

One of the old birds rose first and I let her go unmolested. Unlike most birds, sage chicken seldom if ever rise together, generally five or ten seconds intervening between birds, so that one can bag a good many out of one covey.

The second bird, a young one, came toward me, and I dropped him without difficulty. I ad-

ber of visitors annually. During the past year the total number of visitors to all these parks aggregated 224,000, compared to 198,606 during 1910. There is every reason to believe that the number will be greatly increased during the present season, and in each coming season, especially during 1915, when the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will be held in San Francisco. The various transcontinental roads will doubtless provide a rate calculated to induce visitors to include a visit to the various national parks as well the exposition. These great national play and recreation grounds are the property of the people to be used for pleasure and play, but it has been felt that the great majority of the traveling public on pleasure bent have not known of the beauty and attractive features of the national parks and monuments. It was to supply descriptive information relative to them that the Secretary of Interior caused illustrated pamphlets of the various parks to be published for distribution to those interested. "See America first" is a growing belief among our traveling public, a doctrine that the Government is encouraging by every means within its power.

In addition to the national parks there are twenty-eight national monuments, which embrace historic landmarks, historic and prehistoric structures, and other objects of historic and scientific interest that have been set aside for the use and enjoyment of the public by executive proclamation. These tracts embrace several million acres and include such natural landmarks as the Petrified Forest in Arizona, Lewis and Clark Cavern in Montana, Devil's Tower in Wyoming, the Natural Bridges in Utah, and numerous other scientific and historic structures.

The main distinction between a national park and a national forest is that while the latter is created primarily for the conservation of economic resources, the first is created for esthetic purposes and recreation uses. There are many notable natural wonders and scenic attractions in the national forests which might be segregated in national parks, care being taken to discriminate between lands valuable primarily for economic uses and those on which such use would be secondary. Where the need exists, however, for merely local recreation grounds, the forest service provides public camping grounds and issues special permits for summer camps, cabins, cottages and boat houses. Great care has been taken to see that adequate recreation facilities are provided for the public, and to prevent monopoly of the best places by a few persons who may endeavor to shut out many or levy tolls by holding exclusive privileges. The use of these pleasure grounds is free to the public, the Government being the guardian and caretaker for the people.

It is estimated that half a million people enter the national forests annually for recreation purposes, which includes hunting, fishing and boating. Probably owing to the attraction furnished by Pike's Peak, the Colorado forests take the lead in popularity with 150,000 visitors. California has over 100,000, of whom half are credited to the Angeles, covering the San Bernardino Mountains, which rise so attractively above the low lying and densely peopled Los Angeles plains. The Tahoe, Sierra and Sequoia national forests are also popular resorts for Californians as well as others. Arizona, Oregon, Idaho and Montana are other States in which

recreation use of the forests are heavy. At present the national forests number 165 and embrace approximately 160,000,000 acres, the total acreage having been diminished 20 per cent. during the present administration.

It is not only for recreation purposes that the national forests and parks are valuable to the people, but to the sportsman and lover of wild life it is the opportunity offered to preserve and propagate the native game animals such as deer, elk, moose, antelope and all other kinds of wild life in the national reservations that adds to the attractive features offered by the Government. With a liberal support from the public, and an inclination on the part of the people to meet the Government half way, the millions of acres of public reservations may be made to serve the purpose of added pleasure and profit to the present and future generations.

Woodducks in Missouri.

DONIPHAN, Mo., Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will make after my return this week a long trip in the Upper Current River country of the Ozarks and will try and get many good pictures. The fishing up there is exceptionally good, and the scenery wild and attractive. Later I will be in the Sunken lands, where I will get plenty of interesting matter. Have already material from that country, but my pictures were not good. I want to get you several flocks of wild woodducks and also scenes of the greatest mallard country.

There has been a splendid woodduck hatching this year. They came through their nesting period during the big flood, and during a trip there through the overflow country I saw at least 500 flocks of young woodducks and many young mergansers.

J. B. THOMPSON.

Wyoming Sage Grouse.

JELM, Wyoming, Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sage chicken are very plentiful this year, but it was not till the other day that I had time to go after any. I can always fish, as the river is within twenty feet of my cabin door. Some time next week I intend going after some grouse. They are coming down now and are good eating. As you probably know, in this country when the grouse feed on the pine cones exclusively, they taste as if they had been cooked in turpentine. I suppose a sage chicken is a species of grouse. They differ from the prairie chicken in that they are larger and have a distinct taste of sage.

R. W. RATHBORNE, JR.

Archery Contests.

G. PHILLIPS BRYANT was high man in the national championship in the archery contest held at Newton Centre on Sept. 7 with 94 hits for a total of 506. Henry B. Richardson, ex-national champion, was second with 83 hits for a total of 405. Burton P. Gray, of Newton Centre, president of the National Archery Association, was third. There were ninety-six arrows shot at 60 yards. The scores:

	Hits.	Total.
G. P. Bryant	94	506
H. B. Richardson.....	83	405
B. P. Gray.....	85	389
Wallace Bryant	76	352
F. W. Wilder.....	77	351
E. W. Frenz.....	68	310
Mrs. E. W. Frenz.....	71	297
Miss F. M. Patrick.....	61	281
Miss M. A. Brownell.....	74	276
Mrs. B. P. Gray.....	46	178
Mrs. R. M. Clark.....	43	169

Song of the Wild Geese.

Written by Harry R. Peterson for the Old Farmer's 1912 Almanac.

We love the whirl of the bitter gale, and the northern sleet and snow,
Our flight can pierce the thickest fog, or the strongest winds that blow,
For we are the masters of sea and sand, the lords of the land and sky,
And we fear no bird nor beast nor man with our flying wedge on high.

You can hear us call in the April dawn, or the chill of an autumn night,
As we rest in the lee of a lonely dune, or swing in our rushing flight,
Or see us pass like specks in the blue, while we circle a breakered shore,
To light in a creek by the Southern Seas, or a bog in Labrador.

No foe can live in our endless swamps, where we dwell by the Polar shed,
Where the low-hung sun winds round and round, and the Bear is overhead,
Where a quicksand waits for the fool who dares to enter our mis-hid fen,
And we're safe by a good three hundred leagues from the tiny cities of men.

No land can keep us as its own, no climate's bonds we feel;
When the Northern sedges fade and chill, on wings as strong as steel,
Past forests, coasts and bays we fly, to the South, we know not why,
But we fear no bird nor beast nor man with our flying wedge on high.

Coyotes and Watermelons.

LAS ANIMAS, Colo., Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Joe came in the other day and remarked that the coyotes were eating the watermelons in the upper field. Now, Joe often makes statements seriously, the result of his conclusions that appeal to the humorous side of the rest of us. To our shouts of laughter he only replied with a smile and entered the discussion with us as to what animal was committing the havoc among our melons that we had all remarked for some time.

I thought it might be a badger, for although carnivorous they are very destructive, and one I had in captivity had really eaten grain. Sam thought it was a hawk or an eagle, and for the reason that a chicken will eat anything, we finally laid the depredations to some kind of a bird, although it was plain that the melons had been crushed instead of pecked. As we followed Joe outdoors to take up with him the afternoon's work, we stumbled over a dead coyote on the doorstep. This was the thief. Joe had shot him with a .22 while he was devouring a melon. His chops and head up to his eyes were wet with melon juice. He was a self-confessed culprit.

I have trapped and poisoned coyotes for thirty-five years, and in all that time no one lacking the proof and veracity which Joe furnished and embodied could have convinced me that a coyote would eat melons.

A hard winter destroyed one-half our quail and meadow larks, but a favorable season has replenished the ranks, and quail are daily seen from the size of those just off the nest to almost full grown birds.

The curlew that used to nest here in numbers is seen no more until its return from the North late in the season. Game fowl of all kinds are decreasing in numbers, while each season brings us new song birds.

F. T. WEBBER.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Salmon Fishing in California.

CAPITOLA, Cal., Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the past week there has been a great run of those royal fish, the quinnat salmon, in the waters of Monterey Bay, off Santa Cruz and Capitola, and in consequence the local, as well as visiting sportsmen and summer visitors, have been enjoying the "sport of kings," and salmon, the finest of food and game fish, have been caught by hundreds on hook and line during the past few days. A catch of one hundred of these beautiful fish is an ordinary one and many of the catches are very much greater.

Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Cowell, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Athern and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Linn caught fifty-four salmon, Wm. Kirk and E. West, 54; A. Googins and party, 127; Geo. Ripp and party, 60; H. Uhdin and party, 65; Louis Benerino, 54; Wm. Johnson, 83; Samuel Scott, 181; James Strang and party, 100; Geo. Mitchell and party, 157; C. W. Stewart, 46; R. Menzel, 27; L. H. Hill, 17; Joseph Lorenzo, 24; Arthur Develin, 60; E. A. Mocked, 17.

The above are the catches of salmon made by a few of the fifty odd boats that were out on the bay after salmon yesterday. Many of the anglers used very light tackle and took their fish on rod and reel. It is very pleasing to watch the little fleet of salmon fishing boats as they move back and forth over the fishing grounds and to hear the shouts of the amateur angler which are caused by the excitement of landing a large and fighting salmon.

Many of the salmon caught during the past few days weighed thirty pounds and over, and many inexperienced anglers were "cleaned out" of their tackle.

Steelhead trout have begun to appear in the waters of the bay off the mouths of the streams and no doubt but what within the next ten days great sport will be had angling for these gamy fish.

WALTER R. WELCH.

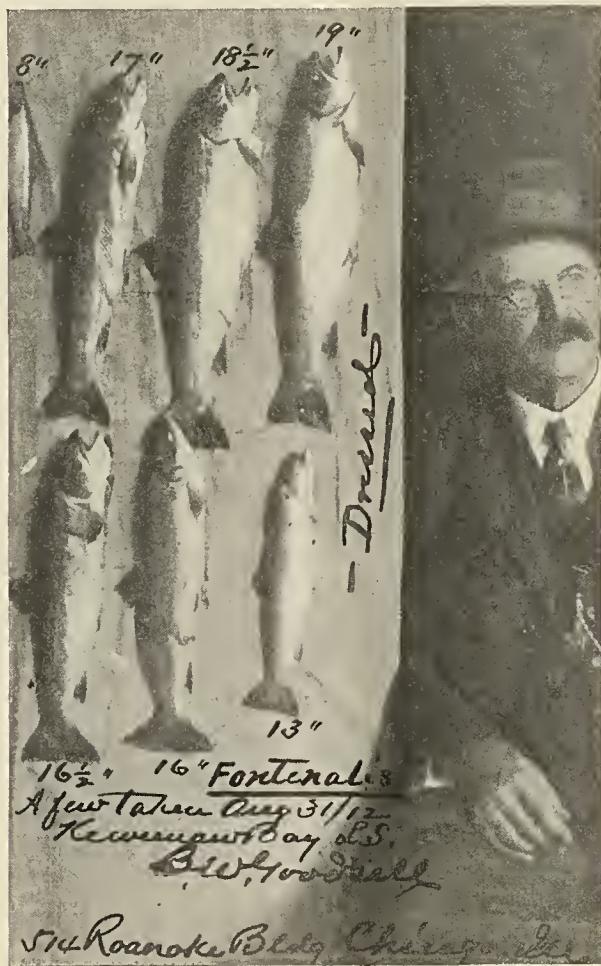
Dry Flies and Dead Bait.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S., Sept. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is delightful to see a man champion his favorite thing, be it a dog, a virtue or an art, with the enthusiasm displayed by my friend, Mr. Gill, my very good and respected friend, I may say, when his cocked ear catches the echo of aught against his beloved method of angling with the dry-fly. In his last letter in FOREST AND STREAM he asks me the following conundrum: "Has Dr. Breck seen many *Ephemera* floating on the surface down stream dead, and at the same time with wings 'cocked' or upright in the air?"

Probably not in great numbers, Brother Gill, and for that very reason the trout were gorging themselves on them during nearly every hatch of May flies I can remember. For example, this spring a friend and myself took occasion to watch the trout feed on May flies, and we especially noticed that the flies that wriggled most were most promptly taken. In the midst floated

our dry-flies, which, except once in a great while, no doubt half by mistake, remained immobile.

Now, why was this? Because those artificial dry-flies (May flies and others) were practically motionless compared with the real May flies, which were by no means quiescent, but wriggling in a more or less lively manner. In just what degree our Northern trout like dead, sunken flies cannot be told. Surely, the point seems quite clear, and the inference just that non-moving, or to all purposes dead, food or bait is neglected by the trout I know, the fish preferring something that appears alive. A proof is that I have repeatedly caught trout with a dry-fly used wet



after trying in vain the method of allowing it to float down over a rising fish. When I said above that the flies preferred by our trout wriggled, I do not exactly mean squirming about, but making quite visible motions with wings, feelers or legs. That a trout can distinguish this wriggling insect from a quiescent one is clear.

Come again, Brother Gill, and more power to your pen. By the way, if he, or the editor of FOREST AND STREAM, or somebody else of authority in angling matters, will receive them, I will send him specimens of as many of our local spring flies as I can capture next season. Possibly others will do the same. The flies will be tabulated and in a short period of years we shall have the nucleus of an American angling etymology. I made this proposition some years ago in your journal, and no slightest notice was ever taken of it, except very lately by my genial inquisitor, Mr. Gill, who I am sure is "a very par-

fait gentle knight," as the ancient border poets would have said.

EDWARD BRECK.

[Mr. Breck's suggestion is accepted with alacrity. FOREST AND STREAM will accept and preserve specimens of flies. Such a collection should be of great value to the fly tier.—EDITOR.]

North Shore Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Saturday, Sept. 21, has been designated as the day we entertain all of the city casting clubs at our grounds for the finish of the inter-city casting tournament. The games to be played are: Half-ounce accuracy bait and the accuracy fly. You are especially asked to participate. After the tournament those wishing to do so will take dinner at the refectory. Bring your ladies with you, as we intend to have a jolly evening.

The usual one dollar a plate will be charged. I am especially anxious that you attend, as the North Shore Casting Club must win this contest. Our one pennant is so lonesome for company, that we must give it the city pennant for an associate. The secretary has a card open to inspection at any time, showing just how you stand as regards your score. The scores cast Aug. 24 follow:

	¼-ounce Accuracy.	¼-oz. Dist.	Distance L. T. Fly.
Dorchester	97.5	128	113
Goodwin	...	104	91
Adams	98.5	123	102
Lambert	98.9
Church	97.3	115	98
Keppler	97.1	130	100
Hess	97.6	120	110
Hinterleitner	99.2
Paulson	98.0	120	101
Ercanbrock	97.9	103	95
Forsyth	98.1	...	105
Hall	98.1	140	123
Hall	...	145	113
Adams	99.0	140	98
Paulson	97.9	140	119

C. O. DORCHESTER, Sec'y-Treas.

New Publications.

STORIES OF SOME SHOOTS. Arms and the Man Publishing Company, Washington, D. C. Price, \$1.25 net.

Stories of Some Shoots, the breezily-narrated experience of an American sportsman in the Scottish Highlands, where he stalked the Scotch stag in its native heath and shot the Scotch pheasant in real Scotch heather, told in a graphic, agreeable style, bring the atmosphere and environment of the story clearly before one.

The foundation for the story is furnished primarily by an invitation from a landed Scotchman to the author to shoot ducks on his vast game preserves. The incredulity and reluctance of the American at the idea of shooting "tame ducks" and the subsequent opportunities afforded him for the stalking of stags and the long days of perfect sport with various native game birds make a story which every American, in fact, any sportsmen in the whole world would wish to read.

A PARTY of young men were out camping. As none of them liked to cook, they made the rule that anyone asking a question he could not answer would have to cook for a week. One night a fellow asked: "Why isn't there any dirt around a fox's hole?" As none could answer, he said: "Because it starts at the other end." One of the party laughed and said: "How does he get to the other end?" "That's your question," answered the wise one.—From The Babbler, West Newton, Mass.

Interstate Fly-Casting Tournament.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fly-casters were in attendance at the fifth annual interstate tournament, held to-day at Weequahic Park Lake under the auspices of the Newark Bait and Fly-Casting Club. The program consisted of six events, which were held throughout the day.

The silver trophy cup, presented to the winner having the largest number of points, was captured by Charles T. Champion, of Bloomfield, a member of the local club. Champion was credited with 555 points, which topped Fred T. Mapes by four credits, the second man having a score of 551. John Dougherty, of Plainfield, was third with 532 points. The fight between Champion and Mapes for the trophy was exceedingly close, and the final standing of the two nearest contenders was not certain until the last event, the half-ounce distance bait-casting, the accuracy dry-fly casting competition. Champion had the edge and was credited with only twelve demerits. Mapes fell behind and was marked with thirty-five demerits, which cost the trophy.

Mapes set a high mark in the first event, the half-ounce distance bait-casting. He was credited with 174 feet for his longest cast and totaled 806, with an average cast of 161 feet. In this event the casters were divided into two classes, those who had set a mark of 175 feet in previous competitions composing the first division.

In the first of the afternoon events accuracy half-ounce casting, Champion made a record score, having only twenty-six demerits. Contestants made one cast each consecutively at 60, 70, 80, 90 and 100 feet, then reversed the order, from 100 feet back to 60 feet, and again same as first five casts, from 60 feet out to 100 feet, making fifteen casts in all. The next best score to that of Champion was made by R. E. Eichlin, with thirty-eight demerits.

During the running of the fifth number a stiff wind blew across the lake, which made accurate casting impossible, and for a time the tournament committee considered postponing these events. After thirty minutes' delay, the conditions became feasible to resume the sport.

Mapes bested Champion in distance trout fly-casting, having a cast of 87 feet, which surpassed Champion's throw by four feet. The summary:

Class 1.			
	Average.	Total.	Longest Cast.
F. T. Mapes.....	161	806	174
A. J. Neu.....	141	707	154
J. Dougherty.....	127	638	144
P. J. Muldoon.....	117	585	132
P. D. Frazer.....	61	306	127

Champion and Dougherty tied for third place, and on the cast-off, Champion won.

Class 2.			
	Average.	Total.	Longest Cast.
G. A. Endersby.....	126	625	140
L. L. Sands.....	113	567	135
Smith.....	116	583	146

Distance fly-casting, unlimited rod: Frazer, 102 feet 6 inches; Champion, 101; Mapes, 89; Dougherty, 88; Muldoon, 84; Smith, 73; Eichlin, 69.

Accuracy trout fly-casting, at 50 feet, 55 feet and 60 feet, five casts at each target: First, J. Dougherty, 15 demerits; second, Smith, 17; third, F. J. Mapes, 20; fourth, P. J. Muldoon, 29; fifth, C. T. Champion, 33; sixth, P. D. Frazer, 45.

Accuracy half-ounce bait-casting: First, C. T. Champion, 26 demerits; second, R. R. Eichlin, 38; third, P. J. Muldoon, 40; fourth, John Dougherty, 44; fifth, A. J. Neu, 44; sixth, Gano,

44; seventh, F. T. Mapes, 46; eighth, G. A. Endersby, 70; ninth, A. J. Neu, 44; tenth, J. Jacobus, 87.

Distance trout fly-casting, five-ounce rod: First class, Mapes, 87 feet; Champion, 83 feet; Frazer, 80 feet; Doughty, 78 feet. Second class, Mercer, 80 feet; Gano, 73 feet; Eichlin, 72 feet; Muldoon, 71 feet; J. Dougherty, Jr., 77 feet.

Accuracy dry-fly casting, five-ounce rod: Won by Mercer, 9 demerits; second, Champion, 12; third, Doughty, 14; fourth, Frazer, 35; fifth, Mapes, 35; sixth, Muldoon, 42.

Northwestern Fall Fishing.

BY AMOS BURHANS.

WATERVILLE, Minn., Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In nearly all the Northwestern lakes that are fed by creeks and rivers, there appears during the months of May and June a tiny green bit of weed seed or castoff portion of a stream water weed which, as it gains age, floats to the surface and clouds the water. Before it rises it hangs in the water close to the top. This, with the other marine growth along the shores of most of these lakes, make the fishing very nasty during July and August.

On a lake close by one end of it contains about twenty acres of this nauseating mass during the warmest weather. I have seen fish fight to get out of this mess and shift their feeding grounds as the weeds and floating muck was shifted about the lake. This weed was carried in this particular valley from one lake to another by the outlets or thoroughfares. Nearly every small lake empties into another. There is no bait-casting along the shore of our best bass grounds until this weed growth is nipped a few times by the frost and the water gets cold enough to kill it out.

During the early portion of the season, while these weeds are gaining density in our waters, bass often work about in them and lay where the morning sun can strike them. At such times I have taken two to four bass from one spot in this moss. This is before the weed gives off its seed and stanches the water. It is no trick to approach stealthily and cast beyond the spot to be fished, dragging the weedless surface lure directly over the spot.

Later in the season, say the fore part of September, the moss begins to die and settle or be thrown upon the beaches, this according to the storms and direction of the wind. It rolls in the water like the western sage brush on the prairie and piles up where there is an obstruction. Then we begin again with the surface lure on the rather shallow shore waters in the best feeding grounds near mouths of creeks or along patches of rushes and coarse water grasses.

Frogs are good bait at this time if they are scarce. If they are plentiful, the fish can get a quantity of them from about the stones along shore, under which the frogs ensconce themselves for the night, taking advantage of the heat the rocks draw and store during the day. Flies are good at this season, too. Anything with white and red on it seems to be good.

If the fall rains have been copious and the rivers and creeks are full-banked yet clear, casting is good in them. Two to the boat is the ideal number, one to hold it in midstream and advancing gently while the other wields the rod.

Last fall I did some bass fishing on a lake

that I had never been able to do any good upon during the best days of the season. One round point covered with water grass and rushes shoved itself out into the lake with a deal of prominence. The water was probably three feet deep outside the line of dense weeds and grass. Back in the closely growing weeds it was not more than half this deep, and among the jungle was a deal of this moss or water weed, which was growing still, this owing to its protection by the taller grass from the frosts. It was the first of October.

During the whole day I had been working about the shores of the lake among the lily-pads and pickerel weed with only meager success. At 4 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon we started to try the waters about the point again. Into the edge of the grasses we cast our frogs. They were big, live greenbacks that kicked and splashed about in fine style. Back among the weeds we could hear the bigger bass jumping for the frogs that were taking shelter in the tangles.

"Throw a frog over into the water where that big one made the splash," softly suggested my companion.

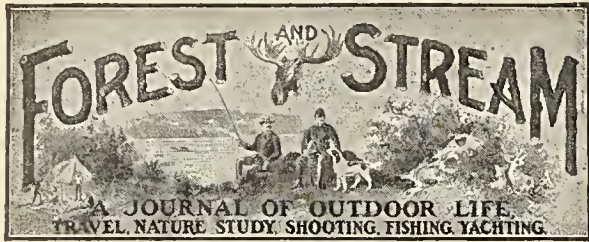
"I think too much of my tackle for that," I said, knowing that a fair sized fish could not be led through the weeds and grass for forty feet or even half that. However, my friend would try it.

The frog lighted on top of a bunch of weeds two feet above the water. By gently working the line he managed to cause the frog to drop slowly into the water, where he worked it about cautiously, just enough to make the frog kick and swing about a little. Getting no strike, he raised the frog up out of the water (for the line was still resting in the top of the grasses) and slid it down again. This time there was a rush for the bait and a series of splashes that indicated a good one on the hook.

By careful working of the line and taking advantage of the rushes of the fish in the small space he had to disgorge the torturing hook he finally worked the fish out of perhaps twenty feet of tall weeds and grass into the open water where he came to net easily, being exhausted. Three times more did the same thing happen in the same or nearly the same spot. The splashing of the frogs as they dropped from the weeds to the water attracted the fish, it seemed, and he landed four after some mighty exciting moments. The fifth broke the hook and we quit.

We tried the same idea three or four more times during the fall and failed to duplicate the trick. This summer we worked the same lake again and failed at it. The fish seemed to have taken up their headquarters on the opposite side of the lake in a bit of pickerel weed and lily-pads, where during the early morning we had very fair sport.

The coming spring our local organization is going to buy crushed rock salt and distribute it about the bottom of the lake where the weeds I have mentioned begin to grow. The pickerel weed does not multiply as fast as this finer weed and along the shores protects the fish to make trolling good. It is said that rock salt will dissolve slowly and kill out water weed of all kinds as it sinks to the bottom and does its work, and though we have never tried it, we want to use a carload next spring. I would be glad to hear through these columns from those who have tried it.



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ADVERTISEMENTS: Display and classified, 20 cts. per agate line (\$2.80 per inch). There are 14 agate lines to the inch. Covers and special positions extra. Five, ten and twenty per cent. discount for 13, 26 and 52 insertions, respectively, within one year. Forms close Monday in advance of publication date.

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL
 will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

OUR LETTERS.

To err is human, to forgive—well, we have forgiven, but—one of our office boys has erred with the result that many letters sent us and sent by us have been destroyed or otherwise deprived of the purpose for which they were intended. If you have written us or have expected to hear from us via Uncle Sam's route and have not had satisfaction, please write us again.

HERRESHOFF—CRANE.

THIS country has developed only one sail yacht designer whose product may be depended upon to return the win almost invariably. Gardiner was tried on Michigan and was badly beaten by Patricia from Canada. We have also produced only one designer of power boats upon whom Clinton H. Crane, designer of the Dixies, which we might be moderately dependent. That man is invariably have "brought back the bacon." The recent races at Huntington showed that the Ryan boats may not be depended upon. They lack stability, seaworthiness and consistent speed. A rough sea puts them out of the running, while on the turns great care must be taken to prevent their turtling. To be sure, the Ankle Deep was a Crane boat, but she was a tiny model and not built for the international races. She was not a Dixie by any means and was not constructed along cup defender lines. Had Crane been given an order for a cup defender, it is pretty certain we still would have had the trophy in this country. Maple Leaf was a remarkably dependable boat. She won her first race in a heavy sea and her second in the kind of weather prayed for by those behind the Reliances. She had no engine trouble and won with a broken rudder. Her owner showed real sportsmanship, refusing to take advantage of the Labor Day storm, when he could have planed home an easy winner.

Crane has an order for a challenger for next year, which makes the return of the cup to this country probable. So we reiterate: There are only two real race yacht designers in this country—Herreshoff and Crane.

RECOMMENDATIONS OF GAME AND FISH COMMISSIONERS.

IN the report of the National Game and Fish Commissioners, appearing exclusively in FOREST AND STREAM this week, are many suggestions worthy the attention and consideration of all sportsmen. The suggestion that laws be few, simple and enforced is admirable. That the term of commissioners be in all States four years instead of two, as at present in twelve States; that politics and game wardens be kept beyond reaching distance; that spring shooting north of latitude 37 degrees be absolutely prohibited; that a close season be provided for ducks and geese in Arkansas and Texas, where at present there is no protected time on waterfowl; that sale of game in all States be regulated; that the daily bag be limited to twenty-five birds in Arkansas, Kentucky, Rhode Island and Virginia where at present no limit is placed on number of birds that may be killed; that Audubon recommendations be adopted; that egret and heron laws regulating traffic in plumage be enacted in certain States—all are remarkably sensible suggestions and deserve your support. In closing the most successful meeting of its kind thus far held, suggestion was made that all sportsmen and bird lovers join in support of the Weeks bill (H. R. 36), McLean bill (S. 647), Catron bill (S. 6942), Kent bill (H. R.) and the Perkins bill (S. 6109). In the last suggestion in particular and all others in general we heartily concur.

ANTI-REVOLVER LAW.

It begins to look as though Massachusetts would frame a law along lines of the Sullivan law for presentation to the Legislature this winter. In his annual report, Secretary William C. Adams, of the Massachusetts Gunners' Association, starts the idea in incubation through his hope that a law be passed prohibiting all unnaturalized persons carrying firearms in the Commonwealth. It is hoped each of these unorganized movements may be brought into unison toward the formation of a Federal bill, embodying many good points to be found in the Sullivan law, the Sisson bill and the law at present in force in Pennsylvania. We then will have a firearms law that will work the greatest benefit to the greatest number.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

IN another column appear scores made at the September meet of the National Archery Association. Indications, though due only to the power of suggestion, seem to say, archery is "coming back." Burton Payne Gray, President of the National Archery Association, sends us the following evidence:

"Ellis Spear, Jr., the new secretary advised me that he received a letter from a gun club in Missouri asking information regarding archery and what books to read on the subject, stating that they had seen an account of the tournament in a recent copy of your magazine. Two or three have written me on similar lines referring to your paper."

AMMUNITION BY PARCELS POST.

IN Germany, where everything that could possibly harm anyone is not allowed, both loaded cartridges and powder may be sent by parcels post like anything else, except that the wooden boxes they are packed in are somewhat stouter and have a green label stating that the contents are loaded cartridges. Powder is packed in a cloth bag in a tin can and embedded in wood straw. Only the old-fashioned pin-fire cartridges are held to be too dangerous to send by parcels post.

It is quite certain that this has not proved to be dangerous in Germany, and it would be a convenience to almost everyone who has to do with ammunition in America to be allowed to send it by parcels post, and so we suggest that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM write to this effect to their senator, or to Senator Bourne, who is in charge of the committee now making the rules for the coming parcels post in America.

OVER THE BAG LIMIT.

THE following news item appeared in the Portland Oregonian on Aug. 29:

"Dr. Francis E. Ferrill, accompanied by Mrs. Ferrill, returned yesterday to Portland after a seven days' hunting and fishing trip in the Nehalem country.

"Dr. Ferrill killed seven deer and Mrs. Ferrill killed two."

This would seem to be a case upon which the game warden should sit. The Oregon game law allows only five deer to one person in a season.

WARNING.

THE early season shooter should look up the law in his State before going out this year. There are important changes in many States, especially New York State, wherein the deer season opens and closes fifteen days later than last season. It now is Oct. 1 to Nov. 15. The grouse or partridge season in New York State is Oct. 1 to Nov. 30, while cottontail rabbits may be shot from Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, though snowshoe hares, or varying hares, may be taken from Nov. 1 to Jan. 31. It will be worth your while to paste these dates in your gun cabinet.

The Angler's Appeal.

BY WARD W. ADAIR.

WILDEST salmon of the school,
 Lordly, gamy, silvery, cool,
 Hear my plea down in the pool
 Where you lie.

Over you my cast I fling—
 Hackle, gnat and grizzly king.
 Rise, and with a mighty spring,
 Swat the fly!

Watchful trout, beneath the shade,
 Just ahead of where I wade,
 Let me start you on a raid,
 Leaping high.

Over your devoted head
 Now my dainty cast is spread,
 Willow, hackle, ibis red—
 Swat the fly!

Silent bass 'neath rushes green,
 I will visit you, I ween,
 And I hope to find you keen
 For a try.
 With my cast of silken down,
 Henshall, dun and fairy brown,
 Up, thou warrior of renown,
 Swat the fly!

YACHTING

Beverly Y. C.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you with this report of our races Nos. 477, 478 and 479, also report of two special races held by the Beverly Y. C.

It is pleasing to note that the races continue to be well attended, and that the sport has been excellent. The special race on Aug. 3 was held off the property recently bought by the club on Ruggles Point in order to give the members an opportunity to judge of the merits of the property as a site for a new club house, and to compare the courses starting from Ruggles Point, with the courses starting from the present club house. The race among the larger boats was for a Memorial cup, offered by Mrs. G. Griswold Van Rensselaer. In this race all yachts competing sailed in the same class, and the cup was awarded to the yacht making the best corrected time. The measurement was the water line length, except that all yachts in regular classes sailed at the upper limit of their respective classes. Time allowance was computed according to the tables formerly used by the Beverly Y. C. In our ordinary races we have no time allowance, the races being governed by the actual time of each yacht. For a number of years past Mrs. Van Rensselaer has offered a memorial cup, and the races have been sailed as in the present case, on time allowance basis, all yachts under 30 feet competing in one class. The event being different in this particular from our ordinary races has always proved an attractive feature of the season. This year's race had the added advantage of being sailed over the new courses, which were almost unanimously approved by the competing yachtsmen. Since this race the club has held an informal meeting to consider the advisability of moving the club house to the new location at Ruggles Point, and has appointed a committee to canvas the club and find out fully the views of members in regard to the proposed move. The probability of the early completion of the Cape Cod Canal, with the resulting increase of traffic in the bay, is one of the reasons that has led the club to consider the question of moving its headquarters, but it is also believed by many members that the location at Ruggles Point will be more central and afford more open and better courses for racing.

F. A. EUSTIS, Sec'y.

Four hundred and seventy-seventh regatta; eighth club race; club house, July 27, 1912. Judge: David Rice. Wind southwest, light.

21-Footers—Course No. 9, 133½ Miles.	
Phantom, F. W. Sargent	2 17 43
Foraminifer, D. L. Wittemore	2 21 07
Terrapin, F. L. and G. B. Dabney	2 21 17
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	2 21 32
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	2 23 14
Polliwog, Frederic C. Hood	2 25 02

Sonder Class—Course No. 11, 11¼ Miles.	
Peg, Galen L. Stone	1 54 30
Seacoon, J. L. Stackpole	2 07 17
Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr.	2 10 03
Joyette, J. C. Edwards	2 10 15
Sally VIII., C. E. Hellier	2 10 39

Crane 15-Footers—Course No. 13, 8½ Miles.	
Lestris, Joshua Crane	2 03 33
Charmion, Joshua Crane, Jr.	2 04 09
Pioneer, Francis B. Austin	2 04 47
Water Witch, C. A. Coolidge	2 05 28
Nabob, E. H. Bright	2 06 20
Gifted, George U. Crocker	2 06 31
Niobe, Moseley Taylor	2 09 25
No Name, Ann Shepley Lionberger ..	2 09 30

Herreshoff 15-Footers—Course No. 15, 8½ Miles.	
Vim, W. O. Taylor	1 42 45
Pronto, Sidney Hosmer	1 42 58
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske	1 44 00
Fly, W. H. Slocum	1 45 40

Van Rensselaer cup race; Ruggles Point, Aug. 3, 1912. Judge: David Rice. Wind, W.S.W., 1 reef.

Van Rensselaer Class—Course No. 3, 13 Knots.	
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	1 49 01
Peg, Galen L. Stone	1 53 20
Seacoon, J. L. Stackpole	1 53 40

Polliwog, Frederic C. Hood	1 53 45
Foraminifer, D. L. Wittemore	1 53 58
Gifted, George U. Crocker	1 57 26
Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr.	1 57 58
Lestris, Josua Crane	1 58 46
Joyette, J. C. Edwards	2 00 56
Selwonk, L. J. Knowles	2 01 49
Makabaro, Galen L. Stone	2 02 13
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	d. n. f.
Phantom, F. W. Sargent	d. n. f.

Allowance: Peg, Seacoon, Fin and Joyette, 1m. 42s; Gifted and Lestris, 10m. 5s.	
Crane 15-Footers—Course G, 10 Knots.	
Pioneer, Francis B. Austin	1 30 10
No Name, Miss Ann Shepley Lionberger ..	1 31 40
Charmion, Joshua Crane	1 33 05
Nabob, E. H. Bright	1 34 09
Water Witch, C. A. Coolidge	1 34 25

This class did not sail Course G as laid out, but rounded another bush buoy some three-quarters of a knot to the westward of their correct mark, making a much shorter course.

Herreshoff 15-Footers—Course G, 10 Knots.	
Polly, Donald T. Hood	2 08 02
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske	2 13 58
Vim, W. O. Taylor	2 14 45
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	Dismasted.
Fly, W. H. Slocum	Withdraw.
Pronto, Sidney Hosmer	Withdraw.

Vim protests Polly for fouling No. 15 on first round. Pronto protests race; claims judge did not hoist proper course number, and they did not know the course. Judge refused to sustain, as proper notice had been given. Pronto appeals to Regatta Committee.

Four hundred and seventy-eighth regatta; ninth club race; club house, Aug. 10, 1912. Judge: Chas. Whittemore. Wind, S.S.W.

21-Footers—Course No. 10—12½ Miles.	
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	1 39 34
Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore	1 41 07
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	1 41 33
Terrapin, F. L. and G. B. Dabney	1 44 04
Selwonk, L. J. Knowles	1 44 31
Polliwog, Frederic C. Hood	1 44 43

Saracen was disqualified for crossing the line too soon.

Sonder Class—Course No. 10, 12½ Miles.	
Peg, Galen L. Stone	1 47 28
Seacoon, J. L. Stackpole	1 42 57
Sally VIII., C. E. Hellier	1 43 20
Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr.	1 44 55
Joyette, J. C. Edwards	1 48 33

Crane 15-Footers—Course No. 14, 8½ Miles.	
Lestris, Joshua Crane	1 38 02
Pioneer, Francis B. Austin	1 39 57
Water Witch, C. A. Coolidge	1 40 31
Pam, Ann Shepley Lionberger	1 43 08
Nahma, Henry E. Warner	1 43 47
Charmion, Joshua Crane	1 47 34
Nabob, E. H. Bright	1 47 46
Gifted, George U. Crocker	1 48 47
T. D., Philip Y. DeNormandie	1 51 48

Herreshoff 15-Footers—Course No. 14, 8½ Miles.	
Pronto, Sidney Hosmer	1 48 20
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske	1 49 05
Vim, W. O. Taylor	1 50 17

Special race; club house, Aug. 17, 1912. Judge: H. Nelson Emmons. Wind, S.W., whole sail.

21-Footers—Course No. 11, 11¼ Miles.	
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	1 53 44
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	1 55 32
Polliwog, Frederic C. Hood	1 56 28
Phantom, F. W. Sargent	1 57 18

Sonder Class—Course No. 11, 11¼ Miles.	
Peg, Galen L. Stone	2 01 14
Joyette, J. C. Edwards	2 01 48

Crane 15-Footers—Course A.	
Pam, Ann Shepley Lionberger	1 15 02
Nabob, E. H. Bright	1 17 55
Pioneer, Francis B. Austin	1 18 20
Water Witch, C. A. Coolidge	1 18 48
Charmion, Joshua Crane	1 19 31
T. D., Philip Y. DeNormandie	1 20 15

Herreshoff 15-Footers—Course A.	
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	1 19 17
Uarda, John Parkinson, Jr.	1 20 28
Fly, W. H. Slocum	1 20 43
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske	1 21 42
Pronto, Sidney Hosmer	1 22 50
Fiddler, Mrs. Augustin H. Parker	1 23 11

Four hundred and seventy-ninth regatta; tenth club race; club house, Aug. 24, 1912. Judge: David Rice. Wind, S.W., whole sail.

21-Footers—Course No. 8, 13½ Miles.	
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	1 49 50
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	1 53 29
Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore	1 53 33

Terrapin, F. L. and G. B. Dabney	2 05 50
Phantom, F. W. Sargent	2 06 11
Sonder Class—Course No. 8, 13½ Miles.	
Seacoon, J. L. Stackpole	1 56 00
Peg, Galen L. Stone	1 58 47
Sally VIII., C. E. Hellier	2 00 09
Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr.	2 06 55
Joyette, J. C. Edwards	2 10 45

Crane 15-Footers—Course No. 19, 5¼ Miles.	
Lestris, Joshua Crane	1 17 39
Pam, Ann Shepley Lionberger	1 18 19
Water Witch, C. A. Coolidge	1 19 14
Pioneer, Francis B. Austin	1 19 25
Charmion, Joshua Crane	1 19 45

Herreshoff 15-Footers—Course No. 19, 5¼ Miles.	
Pronto, Sidney Hosmer	1 32 03
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske	1 35 34
Vim, W. O. Taylor	1 39 09
Fly, W. H. Slocum	1 39 38
Tinker, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d.	Sailed wrong course.
Uarda, John Parkinson, Jr.	Sailed wrong course.

Bayside Y. C.

For the first time the birds sailed over the new triangular course in the annual fall regatta of the Bayside Y. C. Starting at the same time, five of the Bayside birds and two of the Manhasset Club's specially designed boats competed, and at the finish three of the modern design boats of the Bayside Club were in the lead. The summary:

Bayside Bird Class—Start, 3:15.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Skylark, J. Dayton	4 58 57	1 43 57
Curlew, C. L. Willard	4 59 36	1 44 36
Dodo, A. C. Andrews	5 00 00	1 45 00
Loon, A. W. Knapp	5 02 08	1 47 18
Teaser, A. Nesbitt, Jr.	5 04 10	1 49 10

Manhasset Bay One-Design—Start, 3:15		
Scylla, E. A. Sierck	5 00 26	1 45 26
Mlle. Bess, W. H. Lindeman	5 01 40	1 46 40

Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Start, 3:20.		
Avis, H. Gerber	4 30 42	1 10 42
Pixy, L. A. Egger	4 30 51	1 10 51
Edith, Smith and Volking	4 31 24	1 11 24

Manhasset Bay Bug Class—Start, 3:30.		
Scarab, H. Christie	4 51 02	1 21 02
Skeeter, R. H. Rodman	4 53 03	1 23 03
Hornet, George Paxton	4 51 07	1 28 07
Grasshopper, R. A. Freeman	4 59 30	1 29 30

Handicap Class—Start, 3:30.		
Dart, Thomas Bell	4 47 31	1 17 31
Sport, George Hopewell	4 52 20	1 22 20

Manhasset Bay Stars—Start, 3:25.		
Evening Star, A. Newman	4 37 32	1 12 32
Little Dipper, G. A. Corry	4 33 40	1 08 40

Old Bay One-Design—Start, 3:30.		
Mary Jane, W. E. Banks	4 42 12	1 12 12
Edna J., A. Nesbitt, Jr.	4 45 37	1 15 37
Rowdy, Charles Medicens	4 46 09	1 16 09
Betty, W. H. Johns	Disqualified.	

Stamford Y. C.

STAMFORD, Conn., Sept. 7.—The annual race between the one-design class of the Stamford Y. C. and the one-designs of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. was sailed this afternoon off Stamford Harbor in a fresh southerly breeze. A Stamford boat finished first, but the Seawanhaka fleet won the race on points, 41 to 37. Inasmuch as the cup, offered by the Stamford Y. C., was won by the Seawanhaka Club a year ago, that club retains possession of it. The summary:

Start, 3:25—Course, 6 Miles.		
	Elapsed.	
Osprey, Douglas Elliman, Stamford Y. C.	2 18 50	
Imp, Mr. Langdon, Seawanhaka Y. C.	2 21 32	
Hen, Mr. Nichols, Seawanhaka Y. C.	2 22 48	
Killie, B. Jacob, Stamford Y. C.	2 23 32	
Grilse, Mr. Roosevelt, Seawanhaka Y. C.	2 24 49	
Iris, Mr. Tuckerman, Seawanhaka Y. C.	2 25 22	
Curlew, Gayer Dominick, Stamford Y. C.	2 25 24	
Thelma, Mr. MacKenzie, Seawanhaka Y. C.	2 26 09	
Kittawake, Mr. Trowbridge, Stamford Y. C.	2 26 18	
Snapper, Edward Corning, Stamford Y. C.	2 26 28	
Kelpie, Harold Buck, Stamford Y. C.	2 26 46	
Fiddler, Weber and Weed, Stamford Y. C.	2 26 59	

New York Y. C.

It is generally conceded that W. Butler Duncan, Jr., is a chip of the old block. He proved beyond conjecture that as a sailor he differs from father only in that he is younger. On Sept. 5 he sailed his father's schooner yacht Vandalia across the line a winner in the sixty-fifth annual regatta of the New York Y. C. There were five other entrants, with the usual number of high class skippers in charge. Master Duncan is only nine years old.

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY, Mass., Sept. 7.—The open regatta held to-day by the Quincy Y. C. off the club house at Hough's Neck brought out forty-three entries and exciting sport. The absence of Nutmeg took considerable competition out of the Class A contest, but in Class B the rivalry twice brought contestants into tight places. One of these was a near shipwreck, while the second brought out some very clever seamanship and ocean craft on the part of Hollis Burgess whose Olivia was a winner. The winners in the other classes were: Meemer, Class A; Lindsay, Class C; Thordis, Class H; Iris, Class D; Maritza II., Class S, and Why and Gertrude in the open and cabin power boat classes respectively. The summary:

Class A.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Meemer, J. T. Cavanagh	1 35 13	1 10 59
Virginia, Joy and Patterson	1 42 04	1 15 32
Chewink II., Frizzell and Swenson	1 46 23	1 19 34
Mignon, A. E. Coupal	1 51 52	1 23 18
Marie L., A. W. Finlay	1 56 46	1 28 12
Areyto, E. F. Drew	Did not finish.	
Flirt, J. A. Dykman	Disqualified.	
Class C.		
Lindsay, Power & McCarthy	1 43 22	1 22 36
Eleanor, W. L. Jefferson	1 52 35	1 24 11
Violet, H. J. McKee	1 47 28	1 26 15
Class H.		
Thordis, F. R. Bussler	1 51 19	1 46 19
Sinbad, Ralph Packard	1 58 15	1 47 05
Iralit, D. M. Wisley	1 55 30	1 48 50
Tiger, G. E. Carroll	1 51 31	1 50 41
Dorsyl, S. L. Gookin	1 57 34	1 51 44
Sentinel, Munroe Bros.	2 01 42	1 55 02
Millie, G. McDonald	2 00 52	1 55 02
Newshoy, A. C. MacLean	2 18 07	2 01 27
Marion III., R. C. Goudy	2 08 08	2 05 38
Class B.		
Olivia, H. Burgess	1 52 32	1 20 34
Chevy Chase, W. Kelley	1 54 10	1 22 54
Quakeress, J. W. Dammerall	1 54 48	1 23 43
Sintran, O. L. Brambach	1 56 52	1 24 37
Pirate, R. S. Landers	1 58 26	1 26 11
Winona, Murphy Bros.	Disqualified.	
Class G.		
Iris, F. F. Crane	1 54 08	1 54 08
Dartwell, I. M. Wittemore	1 54 16	1 54 11
Clara, H. W. Robbins	1 56 00	1 55 25
Mudjekewis, E. W. Emery	1 57 56	1 57 35
Dolly, W. W. Arnold	Disabled.	
Busy Bee, Tupper and Hardwick	Disabled.	
Class S.		
Maritza II., C. H. Porter	1 40 20	1 20 04
Zoc, F. J. Stewart	2 02 13	1 30 26
Wawenock, G. W. Sargent	2 05 40	1 38 35
Winniahdin, James Spratt	Did not finish.	
Open Power Boats.		
Why, A. A. Martin	0 41 06	0 41 06
Pegasus II., L. R. Cogswell	0 46 00	0 43 30
Gerard, J. W. Dearton	1 41 53	0 49 08
Anabel, J. E. Farrell	2 06 28	1 02 03
Spark, Walter Kelley	1 53 40	1 03 50
Cabin Power Boats.		
Gertrude, J. J. Tobin	1 36 58	1 21 58
Lillian M., F. Maliff	1 39 25	1 24 25
C. U. Later, M. A. Schafuer	1 51 25	1 33 15

Indian Harbor Y. C.

FIFTY-TWO yachts raced in the Indian Harbor Y. C.'s autumn regatta off Greenwich, Conn., last Saturday, the winners being Aurora, Corinthian, Rowdy, Vandalia, Edmee, Alert, Ogeemah, Natoma, Arathusa, Hamburg II., Brilliant, Twinkle and Tautog.

A light east-southeasterly breeze shifted to the southward, as the yachts finished a windward leg to the first marks of the respective courses and were thus given second windward legs, with broad reaches to the finish, and despite the large amount of weather work, the finishes were indicative of excellent speed over the respective courses.

The victory of Cornelius Vanderbilt's Class K sloop Aurora over Istalena by 2m. 17s. and over Winsome by an even five minutes again places this trio on even terms at the end of the season of racing.

The regatta committee, consisting of Messrs. E. Burton Hart, Chairman; Henry C. Pelton and Abbott P. Brush, conducted the races from the tug W. H. Childs, without missing a start or finish, and the racing season of the Indian Harbor Y. C. ended successfully. The summary:

Sloops, Class K—Start, 1:00—Course, 20 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Aurora, C. Vanderbilt	4 37 24	3 37 24
Istalena, G. M. Pynchon	4 39 41	3 39 41
Winsome, E. T. Hall	4 42 24	3 42 24

Sloops, Class P—Start, 1:10—Course, 15 Miles.		
Corinthian, H. C. Smith	4 09 43	2 59 43
Joyant, W. H. Childs	4 17 15	3 07 15
Windward, R. A. Monks	4 13 42	3 03 42

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 1:15—Course, 15 Miles.		
Alera, J. W. and E. P. Alker	4 21 46	3 06 46
Rowdy, H. S. Duell	4 21 32	3 06 32
Nepsi, Johnston de Forest	4 22 54	3 07 54
Carlita, G. B. Kulenkampff	4 27 01	3 12 01
Juanita, S. C. Hunter	4 23 48	3 08 48
Ibis, M. H. Bersk	4 28 44	3 13 44
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	4 22 16	3 07 16
Caprice, R. N. Ellis	4 22 22	3 07 22

Sound Schooners—Start, 1:20—Course, 11 Miles.		
Rival, W. H. Judson	4 09 31	2 49 31
Daffodil, A. H. Morris	4 16 38	2 56 38
Alicia, W. M. Baldwin	4 10 09	2 59 09
Vandalia, W. M. Duncan	4 06 49	2 46 49
Helen II., E. Randolph	4 08 01	2 48 01
Maira, C. Cowl	4 07 39	2 47 39
Alys II., F. Coudert	4 36 11	3 16 11

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 1:25—Course, 11 Miles.		
Edmee, Emil Schaefer	3 58 15	2 33 15
Essex, J. L. Mitchell	4 02 50	2 37 50

Handicap Class—1st Div. Start, 1:25—Course, 11 Miles.		
Sally IX., A. E. Black	4 09 10	2 44 10
Sue, Fred Ewing	4 02 24	2 37 24
Alert, R. R. Budd	3 53 31	2 28 31
Dorinda, L. H. Dyer	4 11 42	2 46 42
Corrected time—Alert 2.27.02; Sally, 2.39.43; Sue, 2.35.55; Dorinda, 2.45.13.		

Sloops, Class R—Start, 1:30—Course, 11 Miles.		
Ogeemah, A. B. Clements	4 44 36	3 14 36
Wave, W. G. Rockefeller	Not timed.	

Handicap Class, 3d Div.—Start, 1:35—Course, 11 Miles.		
Natoma, W. F. Clark	4 20 27	2 45 27
Circe, I. S. Appleby	4 23 03	2 48 03
Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	4 16 31	2 41 31
Robin Hood II., Geo. E. Gartland	4 29 50	2 54 50
Corrected time—Natoma, 2.41.25; Rascal III., 2.41.31; Circe, 2.44.01; Robin Hood II., 2.45.09.		

American Y. C. Raceabouts—Start, 1:35—Course, 11 Miles.		
Cliphora, C. D. Mallory	4 34 33	2 59 33
Maryola, A. F. Bradley	4 28 06	2 53 06
Arethusa, A. G. Hanan	4 18 47	2 43 47

Larchmont Interclub Class—Start, 1:40—Course, 11 Miles.		
Whiff, W. E. Manny	4 45 39	3 05 39
Bella, G. S. Runk, Jr.	4 41 33	3 01 33
Festina, A. B. Alley	4 32 24	2 52 24
Hamburg II., M. M. Goldschmidt	4 28 38	2 48 38
Yukan, W. D. Weir	4 34 50	2 54 50

Jewell Class—Start, 1:50—Course, 8 Miles.		
Sapphire, H. F. Whitney	3 55 07	2 05 07
Emerald, Fred Johnson	3 59 39	2 09 39
Topaz, F. B. Davison	3 43 22	1 53 22
Brilliant, W. W. J. Bucknall	3 41 54	1 51 54
Jade, E. S. Willard	3 53 49	2 03 49

Star Class—Start, 2:00—Course, 5 Miles.		
Mayfly, A. B. Fry	3 46 19	1 46 19
Vega, W. S. Johnson	3 50 23	1 50 23
Twinkle, I. Alley	3 39 55	1 39 55

Dory Class—Start, 2:00—Course, 5 Miles.		
Squaw, King Hoyt	4 26 04	2 26 04
Lebster, E. J. Lucas	Did not finish.	
Tautog, G. G. Fry	4 14 37	2 14 37

Special Class, Start, 1:35—Course, 11 Miles.		
Natoma, W. F. Clark	4 20 27	2 45 27
Arethusa, A. G. Hanan	4 18 47	2 43 47

Crescent A. C.

UNDER the auspices of the Crescent Athletic Club, the eleventh race to count on the yacht racing championship of the Lower Bay was decided off the Atlantic Y. C. last Saturday. The winners were Spider, Joy, M. & F., M. & F. II. and Metcor. The summary:

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:00—Course, 12 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Spider, Hendon Chubb	5 06 38	2 06 38
Suelew, E. T. Luckenbach	5 07 31	2 07 31
Grayjacket, F. C. Noble	5 07 45	2 07 45
Dixie, R. Rummell	5 09 13	2 09 13
Soga, W. A. Baistro	5 10 55	2 10 55
Alice Gherardi Davis	5 10 28	...
Alice fouled Sea Gate mark.		

Handicap Class, 1st Div.—Start, 3:05—Course, 8 Miles.		
Joy, Le Sauvage and Geer	4 33 52	1 28 52
Claire, W. C. Van Clief	4 37 23	1 32 23

Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Start, 3:05—Course, 8 Miles.		
M. and F., C. M. Camp	4 50 55	1 45 55
Blue Bill, Zeb Mayhew	4 51 17	1 46 17
Careless, C. V. Bryan	4 53 58	1 48 58
Gunda, W. H. Hall	4 56 02	1 51 02
Corrected time—M. and F., 1.41.41; Blue Bill, 1.41.41; Gunda, 1.45.45; Careless, 1.48.58.		

Sloops, Class X—Start, 3:10—Course, 8 Miles.		
M. and F. II., Camp and Marchant	4 49 07	1 39 07
Cyric, Dr. C. L. Atkinson	4 51 21	1 41 21

Sloops, Class X—Start, 3:15—Course, 8 Miles.		
Mouse, R. E. Dingman	4 55 23	1 40 23
Skyark, M. A. Howard	4 56 00	1 41 00
Slow Poke, F. L. Durland	4 59 07	1 44 07
Merry Widow, Bailey and Bailey	4 59 48	1 44 48

Sailing Dinghies—Start, 3:45—Course, 4 Miles.		
Meteor, J. C. Erskine	4 42 52	0 57 52
North Star, Maurel and O'Riff	Withdrew.	

Pastorel's Rubber Boat.

In one of our earlier issues we published an article describing the non-sinkable rubber boat invented by Joseph Pastorel, at that time of Asbury Park, N. J., now of New York city. This boat has since that time created considerable comment, and bids fair to become part of the equipment of ocean liners. Mr. Pastorel's invention will be exhibited at the Rubber Show, to be held in the Grand Central Palace, Sept. 23.

Motor Boating

Maple Leaf Unable to Race.

SOME of the members of the New York Produce Exchange are of opinion that the committee of the Motor Boat Club of America erred in passing over the Peter Pan V. when the American team to race against the British motor boats was selected, says the New York Sun. Peter Pan V. is owned by James Simpson, a member of the Produce Exchange. W. J. Brainerd, also a member of that Exchange, at once offered to put up a prize worth \$500 for a race between Maple Leaf IV. and Peter Pan V. and he sent a telegram to E. Mackay Edgar, telling him of his offer and suggesting that the race be at Huntington, Larchmont or on the Hudson River or anywhere Mr. Edgar might suggest.

Mr. Edgar replied, thanking Mr. Brainerd for his offer. He regretted, he said, that he must decline a race, as Maple Leaf has engagements at home and must be shipped at once by steamer. He hopes to meet Peter Pan V. next season when the American team visits England.

Peter Pan V. will be raced against the Baby Reliances during the carnival of the Motor Boat Club on the Hudson River off Yonkers during the week beginning Sept. 16. Commodore Blackton has promised to race his boat, and in a measure this meeting will settle the differences of opinion about the speeds of Peter Pan and Baby Reliance.

New York-Poughkeepsie Record.

A NEW record was established for motor boats of the cruising type over the New York-Poughkeepsie course last Saturday when Squaw, owned by P. Duffy, of the Columbia Y. C., made the round trip in 8h. 4m. Squaw is a cabin cruiser.

Bunk III., owned by C. Firch, of the Hudson River Motor Boat Club, won the open boat race in 13h. Cutting this by two hours' handicap, Bunk remained the winner both on the corrected time and the actual sailing time. Greyhare was second. No Name, owned by Capt. A. Simpson, of the Hudson River Motor Boat Club, was far behind the running time of the other two in this class. The finish:

Cabin Cruisers.—Squaw, P. Duffy, Columbia Y. C., actual time, 8.04.00; Excelsior, J. Torsen, Hudson River Motor Boat Club, 12.58.00; Idle Time, M. P. Behrman, Colonial Y. C., 13.02.00; Spindrift, C. R. Butler, 13.21.00; Lady Betty, H. J. Russell, 13.27.10.

Open Boats.—Bunk III., C. Firch, Hudson River Motor Boat Club, 13.00.00, corrected time, 12.00.00; Greyhare, A. Haas, Hudson River Motor Boat Club, 13.03.00.

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International Motor Boat Race.

THE great International Motor Boat race for the trophy offered by Lord Northcliffe has come and gone, and with it the trophy emblematic of the motor boat championship of the world.

To say that the event was unsatisfactory is not to exaggerate one iota. First of all there was grumbling and dissatisfaction over the selection of the boats, the question arising as to whether the two Baby Reliances, built by the same concern, should have been selected in preference to Peter Pan V. as one of the defenders. Then it was discovered that J. Stuart Blackton, owner of one of the possible winners, was not a citizen of the United States, therefore was ineligible under the rules laid down by the donor of the cup and instead of accepting this as final, the Motor Boat Club of America cabled the donor for permission to waive this rule, which request naturally was turned down. Then on the morning of the first race the defenders had not been selected, and after unsatisfactory trials and within a few moments of the time when the race should have been started, Baby Reliance III., Ankle Deep and Baby Reliance II. were selected to defend the cup. This race was won by Baby Reliance II., owned by J. Stuart Blackton, driven by Bernard Smith with W. Bugh as mechanic. The challenger and final winner, Maple Leaf IV., made no great effort to win this race. The order of finish and time were as follows:

with at the wheel and A. Stapleton at the engine. The summary:

Third Race for British International Trophy—Start, 2:00—Course, 30 Nautical Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Maple Leaf IV., E. Mackay Edgar...	2 48 16	0 48 16
Baby Reliance III., Mrs. Blackton	2 51 46	0 51 46
Ankle Deep, Count C. S. Mankowski	Disabled.	
Baby Reliance II., J. S. Blackton ...	Disabled.	
Mona, Marquess of Anglesey	Disabled.	

The elapsed times over each leg of the course, figured from the actual start of each boat, is as follows:

	1st Leg.	2d Leg.	3d Leg.	4th Leg.	Full Course.
Maple Leaf IV..	0 11 51	0 12 00	0 11 55	0 12 00	0 47 46
Baby Reliance III..	0 12 13	0 12 14	0 12 16	0 12 08	0 48 51
Ankle Deep	0 11 34	0 11 40	0 11 22	Broke shaft.	
Baby Reliance II....	0 11 17	0 12 12	Broke clutch.		
Mona	0 14 47	0 19 21	Broke oil pipe.		

Maple Leaf averaged 37.90 nautical, or 43.63 statute miles an hour. Her fastest lap was the first, when she averaged 38.28 nautical, or 44.10 statute miles an hour. Baby Reliance III. averaged 37.11 nautical, or 42.68 statute miles over the course and her performance was a very consistent one. Ankle Deep in her best lap as long as she lasted averaged 38.71 nautical, or 44.51 statute miles an hour. For the three laps of 22.5 nautical miles her average speed was 38.71 nautical, or 44.57 statute miles an hour. Baby Reliance II. made the fastest lap. It was her first and she raced her head off. Then she averaged 40 nautical, or 46.06 statute miles an hour.

The win by Maple Leaf appears to have

Boat, Owner, Length, Horsepower, Driver and Mechanician.	3d Round.		2d Round.		3d Round.		4th Round.		Total Elapsed	
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Finish.	Elapsed.	h. m. s.	Finish.
Baby Reliance II.; J. S. Blackton; Bernard Smith; W. Bugh; 20ft.; 90 h. p.....	2 41 43	0 11 43	2 53 44	0 12 01	3 06 10	0 12 26	3 18 39	0 12 29		0 48 39
Mona; Marquess of Anglesey; M. Batting; F. Murtagh; 26ft.; 150 h. p.....	2 44 10	0 14 10	2 58 22	0 14 12	3 12 29	0 14 07	3 26 38	0 14 09		0 56 38
Maple Leaf IV.; E. M. Edgar; Tom Sopwith; A. Simpleton; 39ft. 11in.; 700 h. p. }	3 03 56	0 33 56	3 16 18	0 13 38	3 28 37	0 12 19	3 41 01	0 12 24		1 11 01
Baby Reliance III.; Mrs. P. Blackton; J. Smith; W. Van Nostrand; 26ft. 150 h. p. }	2 43 16	0 13 16	3 17 56	0 34 40	3 36 53	0 18 07	3 59 58	0 23 05		1 29 58
Ankle Deep; E. N. Mankowski; Owner F. Grenon; 32ft. 150 h. p.....	2 44 17	0 14 17	3 38 26	0 54 09	4 19 10	0 30 34	4 58 38	0 39 28		2 28 38

Baby Reliance II., average speed, 37.113 knots; Reliance III., 20; Ankle Deep, 12.121 knots.

The second race, scheduled for Labor Day, Sept. 2, was postponed because the sea was too heavy for the American boats, but was run on Sept. 3. This was won handily by Maple Leaf IV. with 3m. 4s. to spare over her team mate, Mona, Ankle Deep finishing 3s. behind Mona. The summary:

Second Race for British International Trophy—Start, 2:00—Course, 30 Nautical Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Maple Leaf IV., E. Mackay Edgar..	3 06 50	1 05 50
Mona, Marquess of Anglesey.....	3 09 54	1 09 54
Ankle Deep, Count C. S. Mankowski	3 11 29	1 11 29
Baby Reliance III., Mrs. J. S. Blackton	3 12 10	1 12 10
Baby Reliance II., J. S. Blackton...	3 14 16	1 14 16

The elapsed times over each leg of the course and the actual time for the full distance, figuring from the actual time of starting, are:

	1st Leg.	2d Leg.	3d Leg.	4th Leg.	Full Course.
Maple Leaf IV..	0 15 42	0 15 36	0 15 46	0 14 43	1 01 47
Mona	0 17 10	0 14 59	0 16 48	0 17 28	1 06 25
Ankle Deep	0 21 34	0 17 51	0 15 02	0 16 43	1 11 10
Baby Reliance III..	0 20 25	0 17 42	0 17 21	0 16 20	1 11 48
Baby Reliance II..	0 15 46	0 18 29	0 17 45	0 19 13	1 11 13

Maple Leaf averaged 27.06 nautical or 31.16 statute miles an hour. Mona averaged 28.34 nautical, or 32.64 statute miles an hour. Ankle Deep averaged 25.17 nautical, or 28.98 statute miles an hour, and the Baby Reliances were just a fraction slower. Mona led the first round of the triangle. This was her best, and then she averaged 30.76 nautical, or 35.43 statute miles an hour. Maple Leaf on her best round averaged exactly 30 nautical, or 34.54 statute miles an hour.

The final race, on Sept. 4, was also won by Maple Leaf IV., thus giving the cup to her owner E. Mackay Edgar, representing the Royal Motor Y. C. of England. In the last race Maple Leaf won through consistent performance, and was handicapped by a broken rudder. There was no luck about it—simply due to reliability of the engines in the winner and to the stability and lines of construction of the hull, together with careful and competent handling by Tom Sop-

been a popular one throughout the country, as her owner showed great sportsmanship and made weather concessions in favor of American boats, when he was not compelled to do so.

A challenger has been ordered from Tams, Lemoine & Crane, designers of Dixie IV., which won so easily last year, which will be ready in time to make the trip abroad in the hope of returning to this country with the cup.

National Carnival Program.

THE program for the National Carnival to be held on the Hudson River, off Yonkers, during the week of Sept. 16, is extensive and interesting. The program follows:

Monday, Sept. 16, 10 A. M.—Series races. Classes D, E, F and G (cruisers and open launches). 2 P. M., series race. Class C (speed boats). 2:30 P. M., series race. Class B (speed boats). 3 P. M., series race. Class B (speed boats). 3 P. M., series race. Class A (speed boats).

Tuesday, Sept. 17, 10 A. M.—Second series races. Class D, E, F and G (cruisers and open launches). 2 P. M., second series race. Class C (speed boats). 2:30 P. M., second series race. Class B (speed boats). 3 P. M., second series. Class A (speed boats).

Wednesday, Sept. 18, 10 A. M.—Third series races. Classes D, E, F and G (cruisers and open launches). 2 P. M., Class L (speed boats 20 feet and under). 3 P. M., Class M (speed boats over 20 feet and not over 26 feet). 4 P. M., Class O (speed boats over 26 feet and not over 32 feet).

Thursday, Sept. 19, 10 A. M.—Long distance race for high-speed boats, New York to Poughkeepsie and return. 10:10 A. M., long distance race for cruisers, New York to Peekskill and return.

Friday, Sept. 20, 10 A. M.—Races for all classes of speed boats, 60 miles. Open only to boats that have started and finished in one or

both of the series races of Monday, Sept. 16 and Tuesday, Sept. 17, with handicaps based on the speed made in those races.

Saturday, Sept. 21, 10 A. M.—Mile time trials (all speed boats). 2 P. M., final series race. Class C (speed boats). 2:30 P. M., final series race. Class B (speed boats). 3:30 P. M., final series race. Class A (speed boats).

Tech Jr. Makes Mile Record.

IN the race over a measured mile, six trials, three with the tide, three against it, for a trophy offered by Otto H. Hein, manufacturer of the Bosch Magneto, and held at Huntington Harbor on the 5th, Col. T. Coleman DuPont's 150 horsepower hydroplane Tech, Jr., made the phenomenal speed on her first trial of a mile in 1:11 1/5, or at the rate of 50.7 nautical or 58.3 statute miles an hour. This is at about 85 feet in a second. Weather conditions were not absolutely perfect. Tech was built from designs by Adolph A. Apel, of Vantor, N. J. For the average on the six trips Tech made 35.45 nautical or 44.4 statute miles an hour. The time in each trial was as follows: 1:11 1-5, 2:08, 1:40 1-5, 1:35 4-5, 1:41 3-5, 2:38 1-5.

Canoeing

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—H. C. Daniels, 336 Singer Building, New York city, by L. B. Palmer, I. V. Dorland, Louis Reichert, et al.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Northern Division.—6523, Charles H. Sparrow, 72 Wilson avenue, Toronto, Ont., Can.; 6524, Bruce MacKendrick, Galt, Ont., Can.; 6525, Wellington A. Peck, Gananoque, Ont., Can.

STRATEGY OF A WASP.

A MUD wasp was seen to alight within an inch or two of a spider's nest on the side opposite the opening. Creeping around toward the entrance to the nest the wasp stopped a little short of it, and for a moment remained perfectly quiet. Then reaching out one of his antennæ, he wriggled it before the opening. A moment later he withdrew the "feeler." This overture had the desired effect, inasmuch as the head of the household, a big spider, came out to see what was wrong and to set it to rights.

No sooner had the spider emerged to that point at which it was at the worst disadvantage than the wasp with a quick movement thrust its sting into the body of its foe, killing it easily and almost instantly.

The experiment was repeated by the wasp, and when there was no response from the inside, he evidently became satisfied that he held the fort. At all events he proceeded to enter the nest and slaughter the young spiders, which were lugged off one at a time.—From Harper's Weekly.

NEW EMERALD MINE.

THERE is a report current that two Austrians have discovered a mine of emeralds in the Department of Cuzco in Peru. The best known emerald mines to-day are those in Colombia, and it is not unreasonable to admit the possibility of these stones being found in Peru.

In an interview with J. M. Colmenares, the mining and patent agent, the news is confirmed. Mr. Colmenares has denounced the property under P. A. from Mateo Kalafatovich and Dusan L. Ylich. The sample shown is very beautiful stone, though its value has yet to be determined.—From Peru To-Day.



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

- Sept. 16-17.—Evansville, Ind.—Indiana State tournament, under the auspices of the Recreation G. C. Geo. A. Beard, Cor. Sec'y.
- Sept. 17.—Huntingdon, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of Alexandria G. C. L. M. Hagerty, Sec'y, Alexandria, Pa.
- Sept. 17-18.—Brookfield, Mo.—Linn County G. C. Ed. Barton, Sec'y.
- Sept. 17-20.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Westy Hogans of America tournament. Bernard Elsesser, Sec'y.
- Sept. 18-19.—Bloomington, Ill.—McLean County G. C. C. A. McDermid, Pres.
- Sept. 19.—Springfield (O.) G. C. Harry C. Downey, Sec.
- Sept. 20.—Sangerfield (N. Y.) Country Club. R. H. Terry, Sec'y.
- Sept. 23-24.—Lewiston (Idaho) G. C. P. T. Lomax, Sec'y.
- Sept. 25.—Mt. Kisco (N. Y.) G. C. A. Betti, Sec'y.
- Sept. 25.—Guernsey (Ia.) G. C. J. W. Dobbins, Pres.
- Sept. 26-27.—Baltimore, Md.—West Forest Park G. C. Richard L. Collins, Sec'y.
- Sept. 26-27.—Capron (Ill.) G. C. Alex. Vance, Sec'y.
- Sept. 27.—Saginaw (Mich.) Canoe Club. T. A. Saylor, Sec'y.
- Oct. 1-2.—Omaha (Neb.) G. C. F. T. Lovering, Sec'y.
- Oct. 2.—Piedmont (W. Va.) G. C. G. N. Hoover, Sec.
- Oct. 3.—Wapakoneta (O.) G. C. Chas. E. Zint, Sec'y.
- Oct. 3.—Elkton (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worington, Mgr.
- Oct. 5.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Meadow Spring G. C. Wm. F. Letford, Sec'y.
- Oct. 8-10.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. Jos. Kautzky, Sec'y.
- Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. Geo. Alig, Jr., Sec'y.
- Post-Season tournament, on the grounds of the Cincinnati G. C.; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Oct. 9-10.—Tarboro (N. C.) G. C. R. E. L. Cook, Mgr.
- Oct. 15-18.—Cincinnati, O.—The Interstate Association's Oct. 16.—Rising Sun (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Vice-Pres.
- Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
- Oct. 22-23.—Scammon (Kans.) G. C. C. R. Quarton, Sec'y.
- Oct. 22-23.—Demopolis, Ala.—Demopolis Gun Club. W. C. Du Fue, Sec'y.
- Oct. 30.—Medford (Okla.) G. C. Dr. I. V. Hardy, Sec'y.

1913.

Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.

Michigan State Tournament.

BAY CITY, Mich., Sept. 3.—Largest and best shoot ever held in Michigan. The grounds where the shooting took place was ideal, fronting on Saginaw Bay and clear sky background. Verona Beach is a beautiful place to hold a shoot of this kind, and was voted by all visiting shooters to be the best ever. The shooters were pleased with the trophy, as when once won they belong to the winners. No strings attached. Twelve beautiful cups constituted the trophies.

Squad No. 3, composed of Ridley, Day, Heikes, Galbraith and Volk, was the banner squad. Twice they broke 74 out of 75.

Monday was a nice day, but Tuesday a high wind prevailed, and the targets did all kinds of stunts. The harder the wind blew the better the shooting—at least, it seemed that way by the records made in the championship events. Next year 150 shooters for Michigan State shoot.

The five-man team championship of Michigan was won by Bay City No. 2; prize, five silver cups; each man shot at 25 targets:

Bay City No. 2.....	112	Cadillac	104
Bay City No. 1.....	110	Saginaw	104
Munising	106	Owosso	102
Caro	104		

Wm. Ridley, of What Cheer, Ia., won high amateur average cup. G. W. Fortledge, of Cadillac, won high Michigan amateur cup for high average on all regular events. H. Maxon won Bay City cup. C. A. Galbraith won class championship cup, and Owosso two-man team won two silver cups.

Two-man team championship of Michigan.

Owosso.		Saginaw.	
Wesner	49	Helfrecht	42
Burt	47-96	Krogman	43-85
Bay City.		Saginaw.	
Maxon	48	McAvoy	44
Galbraith	46-94	Carpenter	42-56
Munising.		Cairo.	
Acker	45	Vermilvea	42
Schell	46-91	Atwood	41-83
Owosso.		Munising.	
Rosevear	44	McCann	42
Gaylord	45-89	Broughton	38-80
Cadillac.		Caro.	
Sawyer	46	Stuart	43
Fortledge	41-87	Bowles	35-78

Amateur championship of Michigan, 50 targets, 16yds.:

A W Wesner.....	47	Benson	43
G W Fortledge.....	47	Bradfield	42

Galbraith	46	Burt	42
Braddock	46	Schell	41
Sawyer	45	Johnson	39
Atwood	45	Broughton	39
Krogmann	44	Allen	34
Maxon	44	Helfrecht	35
Peltier	44	Ballard	32
McAvoy	44	Gonyean	28
Gaylord	43	Wright	23

Fortledge was called away before the event was finished. Tie will be shot off at 50 targets, next Sunday afternoon, Sept. 8.

Class championship of Michigan; Class C at 16yds., Class B at 18yds., Class A at 20yds., 50 targets:

C A Galbraith.....	47	Krogmann	38
C H Burt.....	47	Acker	38
Fortledge	46	Rosevear	39
Braddock	44	Benson	37
McCann	44	Peltier	36
Stuart	44	Reame	35
Maxon	43	Sparr	35
Broughton	43	Mohr	35
Wesner	42	Swartout	35
Helfrecht	42	Ballard	34
Gaylord	41	Patterson	34
Maxon	41	Parker	33
Sawyer	40	Wilson	31
Schell	39	Wright	28
McAvoy	38		

C. A. Galbraith won with 47 at 20yds. Bust tied but lost in the shoot-off.

The average money paid under the money-back system was a surprise to most of the shooters of Michigan, as this was only the second tournament ever held in Michigan under the Squier money-back system. Everybody went away satisfied and voted the money-back purse a dandy. The following received average money:

Total money left in purse, \$292.15, divided into 18 moneys: Wm. Ridley, \$46.80; J. W. Fortledge, \$40.95; A. M. Wesner, \$32.15; H. Maxon, \$26.30; C. A. Galbraith, \$21.90; F. D. Peltier, \$21.90; Geo. Volk, \$17.55; J. McAvoy, \$14.60; B. S. Gaylord, \$14.60; E. Carpenter, \$11.70; H. Benson, \$8.75; G. Schell, \$8.75; G. McCann, \$8.75; M. Broughton, \$5.85; R. Stevens, \$2.90; C. Vermilvea, \$2.90; C. H. Burt, \$2.90; F. Helfrecht, \$2.90.

The slogan for Michigan trapshooters is, "Now altogether for 1913."

The scores made in the regular program of 150 targets, each day, follow:

	First Day.		Second Day.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
A M Wesner.....	150	134	150	142
B C Cahow.....	150	123	150	132
E Babcock	150	131	150	125
H D Baker	150	103	150	110
F D Peltier.....	150	134	150	139
J Rosevear	150	120	150	128
B S Gaylord.....	150	128	150	139
C H Burt.....	150	128	150	130
F J Douglas.....	150	90		
J R Parker.....	150	129	150	116
Wm Ridley.....	150	146	150	146
C A Galbraith.....	150	134	150	139
G Volk.....	150	137	150	135
B R McLean.....	150	132		
W L Acker.....	150	127	150	123
H Benson.....	150	133	150	130
G Schell.....	150	132	150	131
M Broughton.....	150	132	150	130
F Hagerman.....	150	132		
C Vermilvea.....	150	139	150	119
R Stevens.....	150	132	150	129
W A Lennox.....	150	119	150	124
A T Swarthout.....	150	125	150	117
E D Robinson.....	150	117	150	108
D F Blair.....	150	109		
H Maxon.....	150	134	150	140
J McAvoy.....	150	133	150	137
E Carpenter.....	150	135	150	131
H Krogman.....	150	124	150	127
W L Helfrecht.....	150	129	150	124
W F Ottersky.....	150	124		
C Sawyer.....	150	128	150	129
G W Fortledge.....	150	139	150	140
J W Ballard.....	150	110	150	106
J Long.....	150	115	150	119
G Dunlop.....	150	118	150	113
G McCann.....	150	131	150	132
J B Fladung.....	150	89		
Dr W R Ballard.....	105	83	150	110
W L Bailey.....	120	95		
Wm Stoddard.....	150	114		
M L Ward.....	150	115		
R E Wright.....	150	118		
R P Hanson.....	150	99		
W H Bennett.....	150	121		
Dr A F Stone.....	150	101		
J A Keho.....	45	32		
F Johnson.....	60	52		
W Berling.....	60	42		
F St Mary.....	15	10		
M T Atwood.....	75	62	150	129
J W Patterson.....	60	45	60	47
A C Wilson.....	60	49	45	22
A Lockwood.....	15	10		
F W Bowles.....	30	24		
C Bradfield.....	15	15		
A W Stuart.....	60	49	150	114
W Ream.....	60	52		
H F Sparr.....	60	51		

D Thompson	150	129		
N N Wright.....	75	39		
J J Peacock.....	15	11		
Professionals:				
F G Bills	150	147	150	145
R O Heikes.....	150	146	150	144
J S Day.....	150	143	150	140
W D Stannard.....	150	141	150	139
G E Matthews.....	150	142	150	135
T Parker	150	112	150	130

BOOSTER.

Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 2.—Under auspices of Sea Side Gun Club a mighty successful tournament was held by the Connecticut Trapshooters League to-day. There were exactly 100 gunners present in active participation, of whom 95 were from among the best amateurs in New England. Five of the most popular for-targets-only shooters were among those present.

The general score average was low, the winner, E. G. Southey getting 141 out of 150. Second went to C. G. Holmes on 140, while third was shared on 139 by C. W. Van Stone, R. McPetridge, W. W. Rice and E. W. Mumford.

The pink-sheet targets-only educators, in two instances outcracked their amateur brothers. H. S. Welles won top honors with 144, with Ed. Banks runner-up with 142, trailed slightly "in arrears" by Neaf Apgar and E. M. Funk, each of whom chalked up 137 aerosaucers.

E C Stolz.....	128	F E Metcalf.....	132
J Mahoney.....	114	H Ridge.....	109
W D Blatz.....	121	W B Judd.....	78
W B Smith.....	109	J Kyle.....	123
L S Ferris.....	127	R McPetridge.....	139
J Treadwell.....	125	A L Chamberlain.....	137
H Sherman.....	131	Dr C C Smith.....	135
T M Adams.....	121	W W Rice.....	139
H Y Billings.....	104	L H Bradley.....	129
R W Higgins.....	88	Ed. Kelly.....	134
F H Rodgers.....	117	J F Moran.....	113
C S Elwood.....	69	R A Steeler.....	124
A C Colepaugh.....	82	M W Hubinger.....	114
L H Goddard.....	126	J Clarkson.....	117
W L Rowe, Jr.....	114	M Hepburn.....	136
C S Purdy.....	120	E W Mumford.....	139
A W Wolfinger.....	124	E R Lewis.....	131
R L Shepard.....	134	Geo Graham.....	62
L W Burr.....	45	H C Judd.....	118
B Robertson.....	128	W Thorpe.....	105
F W Smith.....	135	L G Vogel.....	108
E W Dann.....	124	John Dreher.....	135
Geo Alling.....	134	C A Holmes.....	140
R H Smith.....	127	W J McElligott.....	121
W H Morgan.....	124	R A Lewis.....	122
H B Kellogg.....	99	A F Sauer.....	135
B Crane.....	129	Mrs L G Vogel.....	131
F G Clark.....	136	W A Gregory.....	128
A J Williamson.....	105	W B Leigh.....	130
H Fiske.....	109	C H Daley.....	133
H Bishop.....	105	Miss Jessie Thorpe.....	81
S T Kellogg.....	114	A Jenks.....	94
C Hull.....	124	W E Day.....	122
C B Cutter.....	134	E H Bailey.....	109
H Way.....	118	George Hall.....	121
B F Bishop.....	125	Thos Carey.....	89
W F Alcorn.....	131	S A Wakeman.....	100
L L Norton.....	118	Miss M Hyland.....	100
R D Cate.....	138	A E Lavery.....	102
S P Senior.....	123	A Hull.....	117
C W Vanstone.....	139	F O Hoagland (60 tgts).....	51
L C Wilson.....	134	P Seery (120).....	62
D H Hall.....	133	C D H Kellogg (120).....	54
E G Southey.....	141	E Jennings (120).....	73
J Williams, Jr.....	130	S E Lobdell (120).....	84
W H Lyon.....	114	H Cooper (60).....	39
Chas Sherwood.....	136	D D Smith (60).....	40
C S Fox.....	118		

Professionals:			
H S Welles.....	144	E M Funk.....	137
N Apgar.....	137	H A Keller.....	121
Ed Banks.....	142		

Birmingham Gun Club.

ELEVEN shooters were at the weekly shoot of the Birmingham Gun Club on Friday. John Warren shot high with 119 out of 125, some from 20yds. He was also high on doubles. Ten shooters went out on Saturday for practice, mostly new shooters.

The Birmingham Gun Club will be opened for practice on Saturday afternoon for the benefit of those who cannot get out to our regular Friday afternoon shoot for the balance of this season. Scores made on Friday were as follows:

Shot at.		Brk.		Shot at.		Brk.	
L M Norwood.....	200	179	Stollenwerk.....	150	78		
J K Warren.....	125	119	Geo Hillman.....	100	76		
Jas Hillman.....	100	89	O L Garl.....	75	67		
R R Skinner.....	100	87	R L Kennon.....	100	61		
E Cornwell.....	100	85	Mrs Garl.....	50	43		
Dr Jourdan.....	100	78					

Doubles:					
John Warren.....	25	43	R R Skinner.....	25	31
Jas Hillman.....	25	35			

Marshall Gun Club.

THE Marshall Gun Club held their weekly practice shoot on Monday afternoon, Sept. 2. But few of the members came out. As the weather was fine, some good scores were made. The scores, 50 targets per man: F. Brown 43, E. W. Brown 45, Bagnell 45, Page 35, Tillery 45, Tucker 45, Radford 42.

E. W. BROWN, Sec'y.

Virginia Trapshooters' Association.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 3.—Two days of tournament were well attended and highly interesting. On the first day the regular program of 150 targets returned a triple tie, Dr. Watson, Clark and Storr, each getting 141. Gibbs was ace high on second day with 146 out of 150. High gun for the tournament was Dr. Gibbs with 287. The scores:

First Day.

J King	150	50	J J Richardson ..	150	50
Cochran	125	34	W G Senton	110	38
N S Peters	133	48	W S Hurtwell ..	111	44
S W Rea	103	35	E C Gunther ..	111	37
A M Hatcher	124	48	E W Sanford ..	133	44
Dr Watson	126	42	J W Dunnington ..	90	28
M S Battle	141	46	W J Hillsman ..	108	34
W S Jones	125	46	A C Ogburn	122	31
P L Price	125	45	J M Venable ..	113	44
Dr Richards	125	42	Isaac Anderson ..	121	43
Lyon	119	43	D W Richards ..	62	..
Clark	140	47	C W Scott	99	..
Willis	141	45	W L Moormon ..	101	40
Hawkins	132	44	R S Terry	114	39
Goodrich	136	50	E Lengle	124	43
W A Hammond ..	134	41	J A Anderson Jr	116	40
W A Hammond Jr	120	45	A B Dawson	136	44
V Hechler	113	39	A B Dawson	136	44
W L Boyd	113	38	J D Owen	117	..
H Brown	129	43	R A Owen	132	44
R A Hall	120	40	T H Fox	139	47
J Craig	130	..	E M Daniel	142	48
B Doolittle	117	38	J O Fisher	129	41
W E Page	122	40	W R Winfree ..	133	42
S T Day	124	44	H L Winfree ..	134	46
A M Sheppard ..	124	42	T L Couch	110	32
W A Bloxton ..	128	49	A Boyd	104	32
P T Jameson ..	95	40	C W Robinson ..	124	40
S H Holland ..	127	42	C H Ferguson ..	105	..
S C Atkinson ..	100	41	J E Edmunds, Jr	103	38
Storr	120	39	S P Sillings ..	136	46
Newcomb	141	46	Steinbrick	125	43
Schol'	136	46	Anderson	122	13
O F Byrd	122	40	Runnels	127	47
Baskerville ..	128	40	Middekouff ..	114	38
H E Gibb	122	46	W J C Stockley	124	..
Shelton	142	50	C C Richards ..	127	..
Williams	113	34	E A Watson	98	..
Passons	129	43	C C Wheat	31	..
Gallagher	108	36	Schultz	41	..
H D Wenton ..	116	47			
	113	39			

Second Day.

J King	150	100	Golloghon	150	100
A H Cochran ..	123	..	Wenton	135	39
N S Peters	134	89	J J Richardson ..	122	..
S W Rhea	105	..	Senton	111	..
A M Hatcher ..	126	81	Hartwell	128	..
Dr. Watson	132	91	J S Easley..(90)	66	..
M S Battle	134	94	E W Sanford ..	125	89
W S Jones	131	82	Dunnington	88	..
P I Jameson ..	128	82	W J Hillsman ..	105	..
Dr Richards ..	135	85	Ogburn	96	52
Lyons	133	95	Venable	127	..
Clark	140	..	Andrews	124	85
Willis	143	88	W T Mitchell(15)	10	85
Hawkins	141	86	Spraul	114	74
Goodrich	144	..	C C Richards ..	131	65
W A Hammond ..	135	89	Watson	100	..
W A Hammond, Jr	121	80	W J Stockley...	128	82
C W Scott	121	71	E Lingle	133	81
W L Moorman ..	115	68	A B Dawson ..	136	86
R S Terry	110	70	J D Owen	119	79
R A Hall	129	83	R A Owen	127	78
J Craig	117	79	T H Fox	145	63
B Doolittle ..	120	..	E M Daniel	142	83
W E Page	135	88	J O Fisher	135	80
S F Day	132	86	W R Winfree ..	132	83
Storr	140	93	H L Winfree ..	137	69
Newcomb	141	..	Sellings	132	..
Scholl	127	73	Stembock	119	..
Byrd	123	..	W B Anderson ..	132	83
Baskerville ..	125	79	Runnels	121	81
Gibbs	146	97	H Middenouff ..	117	..
Shelton	108	70	Shultz	64	..
Williams	128	..	J A Anderson, Jr.	..	72
Passon	124	..			

Hammond Gun Club.

HAMMOND, Ind., Sept. 2.—Jesse Young had the eye to-day, "seeing things" to the tune of 142 out of 150. L. Fetherstone was only one behind for place, while J. Cory cracked 140 for third pin money. E. S. Graham missed only 4 out of 150, getting top professional perch very handily, leading H. C. Kirkwood by 7 flower pot saucers. Scores:

C C Emery.....	137	J C Becker.....	135
E N Morris.....	127	Frank Probert ..	102
E Silver	122	P M Warnimont...	115
F M Meisner.....	121	J Humpfer	129
Geo Eck	126	B L Kammerer.....	110
J Young	142	O P Goode.....	131
C R Seelig.....	134	C W May.....	123
D Barto	139	H A Collins.....	128
D Thomas	136	L B Funk.....	116
W A Davis.....	128	J W Stanton.....	72
J D Pollard.....	129	R Colwell	75
L Fetherston ..	141	J Cory	140
Frank Gappa ..	119	F Cory	126
W B Fenstermaker	129		

Professionals:
 Ward Burton 127 | E S Graham..... | 146 || Jay Graham..... | 136 | H C Kirkwood..... | 139 |

Sedalia Gun Club.

SEDALIA, Mo., Aug. 30.—The two days' tournament here was eminently successful. C. B. Eaton, that steady dependable amateur, took high gun boquets with 287 out of 300, his nearest follower being Alex. McLaughlan with 282, while third place went to Winzenreid with 279. C. G. Spencer shot like he knows how to bust 'em, getting 295 out of 300. Eaton also went home with the high on pairs, getting 40 out of 24 doubles, while Brother McGrath missed just one more and tied with high pro. on team stuff. Scores:

Amateurs:		1st Day.	2d Day.	Shot at.	Broke.
C B Eaton.....	146	141	300	287	
A McLachlan ..	139	143	300	282	
H Winzenreid ..	139	140	300	279	
J McGrath	139	139	300	278	
H Grindle	140	130	300	270	
F E Hoffman ..	137	132	300	269	
M T Jordan.....	123	132	300	255	
G W Anderson ..	127	127	300	254	
W A Smith.....	119	127	300	246	
Jas Paradis	128	115	300	243	

H M Bryan.....	116	114	300	230
Matt Wilson	122	102	300	224
F A Hickerson ..	110	100	300	210
Chas Tourtillott	132	56	210	188
O H McGhee.....	58	..	75	58
John Alspaugh ..	122	..	150	122
W H Hightlyman..	54	..	75	54
G J Kinsinger.....	22	..	75	22
Harry Hale	30	..	45	30
Geo Baker	29	..	45	29
Dan Jones	9	..	15	9

Professionals:
 C G Spencer..... 147 | 148 | 300 | 295 || D J Holland | 141 | 141 | 300 | 282 |
A Mermod	141	138	300	279
D Elliott	137	132	300	269
A Killam	139	130	300	269

The event at 24 pair doubles resulted as follows:
 Professionals—D. Elliott 39, A. Killam 39, C. G. Spencer 36, A. Mermod 31.
 Amateurs—C. B. Eaton 40, John M. McGrath 39, Tourtillott 37, H. Winzenreid 36, F. E. Hoffman 34, A. McLachlan 33, T. A. Hickerson 31.



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with a

Clean-up at Canadian Tournament

Dominion of Canada Trapshooters' Association Tournament at Montreal, bristles with triumphs for the steel lined handicap winners.

Amateur Championship of Canada: The premier event of the big meet —won by S. G. Vance, 49 ex 50, shooting *Remington-UMC* Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells.

First High Aggregate: For Earl Grey Cup, presented by His Excellency, Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada, and gold medal: won by Roland Day, 371 ex 400, shooting *Remington-UMC* Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells.

Special Silver Cup: For High Man Preliminary: Tied for by Roland Day and H. D. Bates, 144 ex 150—both shooting *Remington-UMC* Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells. Mr. Day won in shoot-off, 24 ex 25.

Seven of Nine Trophies, together with High Professional and High Amateur Averages, at Nevada State Shoot go to *Remington-UMC*

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The Pacific Coast Handicap

Special Report

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 30.—In the Interstate Association's record of 1912 tournaments, the seventh Pacific Coast Handicap will be written as a most notable success.

The dates chosen, Aug. 27-29, were not the most favorable to a large attendance because of the nearness of the approaching game season, and of other big shooting events shortly following at Denver and Sacramento; but nevertheless this proved a record in the list of events on the seaside slope of the Great Divide.

There was one other disappointment in the lack of the usual delegation of sportsmen from the Middle West and Eastern States. Always they have been welcome with us, and their absence this trip was regretted by many. However, we were more than glad to have with us the genial president of the Association, Mr. J. T. Skelly, and of course, without our one and only Elmer Shaner, we could not have gotten along.

To those who did not come, we can but say that, boys, you missed one of the finest, most enjoyable gatherings that the noble sport of trapshooting has ever brought about, here or anywhere else. To begin with, it is a pleasure to be able to come to Portland, to the point of confluence of the Columbia and Willamette—two of the finest rivers on earth—in this midsummer season. Although envy hath written that it rains more or less in the Northwest, the ever growing army of visitors who have heeded the advice of those who came before, know that there is not in all the wide reaches of this fair land of ours a climate more congenial, harvests more bountiful, or welcome more cordial and genuine to be found than greets and cheers the comers to Portland's gates from the fragrant month of June to harvest-crowned September.

The gun club is decidedly new in its present organization, having only within the past year acquired most excellent grounds at Kenton, through the courtesy of the Union Stockyards people, and cleared out of the naturally rank woodland growth there one of the most pleasant and adaptable ranges to be found in the West. There was much to be done in preparation for this big event; but the officers of the club, the grounds superintendent, Mr. Wagner—and we must not fail to give due credit to the resident trade representatives—went at it with the determination to leave nothing undone that would conduce to the success of the meet; and how well they succeeded, the favorable comment of all who attended amply testified. This is of course no news to the old-timers in the Oregon-Washington country; but even our California friends were, in a measure, surprised to find what they did, and more than one was heard to remark, "I never saw clearer, and I feel so good that I have to pinch myself to know it's me," or words to that effect.

Practice Day, Aug. 26.

Preliminary shooting began on the grounds three days ahead, and when on the 25th, sixty men faced the traps, even before they were entirely ready for the week's work, it became evident that there would be no disappointment in point of attendance.

Monday morning every train brought its quota of shooters, representing every State on the west coast from Mexico to the Canadian border. When the first squad was called at 1 o'clock for the regular 100 targets official practice, there was assembled the biggest and best bunch of amateurs that ever came together for a Western Interstate handicap, while a broad and happy smile spread itself all over Elmer Shaner's genial countenance.

The trade was also generously represented in behalf of the interests behind the Association, as follows:

Du Pont Powder Co.—J. T. Skelly, C. A. Haight, P. J. Holohan, W. A. Robertson and G. E. Holohan.

Peters Cartridge Co.—J. S. French, L. H. Reid, F. V. Berger, H. W. Veatch and M. O. Feudner.

Selby Smelting & Lead Co.—W. F. Willett, I. M. Fischer, E. I. Mitchell and Chas. Stadfeld.

Winchester Repeating Arms Co.—L. R. Barkley and E. B. Morris.

Remington-U. M. C. Co.—H. E. Poston, W. A. Hillis and Abner Blair.

Marlin Fire Arms Co.—C. A. Porter.

Parker Bros.—Capt. A. W. du Bray.

The office work was ably handled by Mr. R. A. Tyler and Mr. Chas. Stadfeld, assisted, as always, by Mr. Shaner and Mr. Charlie North.

Ninety-one shooters faced the score at trap No. 1 for the day's events of five 20-target events, optional sweeps for amateurs, and it became evident from the start that an unusual number of good scores would result. The race was finished before 4 P. M., with honors to be credited as follows:

Amateurs: V. H. Francis, of La Conner, Wash., high with 96; R. P. Knight, D. Holohan, Fred Moellen, E. Staunton, Hugh McElroy and F. A. Dryden, tied for second with 95; W. W. Caldwell and Frank Howe third with 94.

Professionals: Fred Willett 96; Lee Barkley, Peter Holohan, Lester Reid, Ike Fischer and Frank Riehl 95; Hugh Poston 94.

Following the regular events came a diversion that is worthy of mention here. The Chingren challenge trophy, which has the distinction of having been more contested for than any other challenge trophy in the history of the game, was again brought into the limelight in a record contest. Fred Moellen, who won it in the last Pacific Indian shoot, was challenged by twenty men, and all contests were merged into one, each man shooting at 100 targets from 18yds. rise. The rules gov-

erning this permit no distinction as between professionals and amateurs, and in this race the classes were about balanced as to numbers. It was, as a bystander expressed it, "A shootin' match from beginning to end." But it soon became evident that that the plucky young shooter from Eugene would look well to his laurels, and when the last shot was scored, it was found that he had led and defeated the entire field, finishing with a score of 96. Next to him was Lee Barkley with 95, while J. T. Skelly ably accounted for Eastern talent with 94.

The scores of practice day follow:

*H E Poston	94	*J E Reid	85
Al Cook	85	O D Thornton	88
W W Caldwell	91	P P Nelson	93
Percy Knight	95	Chas Wagner	87
Chas Fuller	87	B J Bell	73
C E Groat	89	M E Hall	90
F O Joy	72	A R Remick	75
B K Short	78	*Fred Berger	89
L Reyburn	90	Morris Smith	88
Frank Howe	94	Chas Fleming	88
Dell Cooper	84	R L Dalke	84
R H Miller	87	A N Woodward	93
J E Rice	88	*Fred Willett	96
V H Francis	96	F Stall	92
J H Hulbert	80	T D Riley	86
*L R Barkley	95	E Staunton	95
D J Holohan	95	G Stall	86
A Bishop	88	W A Sears	93
Dr Day	92	*Ed Morris	91
C E Owens	74	J Edmondson	80
P O'Brien	90	*I M Fisher	95
F M Troeh	93	H P Jacobsen	75
E P Troeh	90	H M Williams	78
J A Troeh	89	J F Murphy	58
F Van Atta	84	H B Quick	79
*P J Holohan	95	H Gilchrist	88
*T J Skelly	92	J G Francis	81
W Simonton	87	J A Dague	90
G E Stacey	85	J C Jensen	89
R M Welshon	83	A Z Smith	78
*W A Robertson	93	H H Cofoid	82
*L H Reid	95	C A Sage	92
E J Chingren	86	S T Bell	82
*W A Hillis	93	T Shortreed	90
J E Cullison	90	P Baltimore	79
F C Mullen	95	C H Deierein	85
W McCormack	92	*C A Haight	87
J W Seavey	92	M D Campbell	80
B Kompp	93	A J Winters	59
M M Bull	91	A A Schwartz	87
*Guy Holohan	92	L G Ferris	77
E M Sweely	89	D E Brockbank	57
*F C Riehl	95	Hugh McElroy	95
M Abrahams	90	F A Dryden	95
E A Bean	89	J. French	30
*H H Veatch	82	G W Thomas	15
B W Brady	83		

*Professionals.

First Day, Aug. 27.

Weather fine and still in forenoon, but varying to occasional light showers and stiff gusts of wind that injected the spice of uncertainty into the game and kept down the averages, which would otherwise have been exceptionally high.

On the regular program Barkley proved the professional champion with a total of 145; Peter Holohan and Lester Reid tied for second, 143; while Willett accounted for 142, and Skelly bagged 141.

The amateur race was of particular interest, and at the half-way point looked like a walkaway for Fred Moellen, still fresh from his laurels of the previous day. Continuing his unfinished run of the day before, he passed the century mark and earned one of those coveted Du Pont long-run medals; but when the strain of working for this prize was over, he relaxed a little, losing his 98th target on the day's program. Meanwhile Mr. E. Staunton was grinding them out with wonderful regularity, and came down off the firing line one target to the good over the bunch with 144. Right after him was E. M. Sweely with 143, while five men shared third honor, but another mark behind with 142—Harry Ellis, F. M. Troeh, F. C. Moellen, J. W. Seavey and W. McCormack.

The singles disposed of early in the afternoon, the boards were cleared for action in the race at 50 doubles, shot in strings of 10 and 15 pairs. This again proved a fine race in both classes, with several weather changes mixed in to give spice to the game. Herein Poston and Barkley took first professional honors with 44; Riehl second with 39, and Willett, Robertson, Fischer and Veatch third at the 38 mile post. In the amateur class 42 to 39 took the four moneys, as follows: Bungay 42, D. Holohan, Nelson, Fuller 41; McElroy, Thornton, Sears and D. Reid 40; Chingren, Moellen, Bull and Dague, 39.

The usual optional sweep was also carried along, with about 30 entries, the places paying fairly well and adding zest to the day's work for those participating therein.

This day set a record of first day attendance at Pacific Handicap tournaments, with a total of 113 entries. This result was very pleasing to the Portland Gun Club and its friends, and everyone, from Shaner to the smallest trap boy, wore a gratified smile, promising to do yet a little better before the last day.

The scores of the first day follow:

150	25	150	25
Reg.	Prs.	Reg.	Prs.
*H E Poston	138	*Otta Feudner	132
Al Cook	130	O D Thornton	122
W W Caldwell	130	*Fred Berger	134
R P Knight	135	M Smith	131
C Fuller	134	Chas Fleming	121
B K Short	97	R L Dalke	125
A N Woodward	136	H McElroy	135
R M Welshon	131	W A Sears	135
F O Joy	113	*C A Haight	133
*F Willett	142	Geo. Franzen	115
F Stall	134	G W Thomas	120
T D Riley	134	H P Jacobsen	117
E Staunton	144	Ed Morris	127
G Stall	125	Harry Ellis	142
*L R Barkley	145	Frank Howe	130
D J Holohan	137	*I M Fisher	136
S Bishop	129	C H Deierlein	125
Dr Day	131	J A Dague	132
C E Owens	128	J C Jensen	128
P O'Brien	135	A Z Smith	106
F M Troeh	142	M E Hull	123
E P Troeh	133	C A Sage	133
J A Troeh	136	P P Nelson	139
F Van Atta	127	Chas Wagner	136
*P J Holohan	143	B J Bell	118
*J T Skelly	141	J W Edmondson	121
W Simonton	117	A R Rennick	126
G E Stacey	122	H Gilchrist	127
F A Dryden	134	E W Cooper	135
Dell Cooper	128	E D Farmin	132
R H Miller	135	H Quick	114
J E Rice	133	H M Williams	111
V H Francis	136	E D Brackney	138
J H Hulbert	100	J Kienast	125
*W A Robertson	128	H Junkers	114
*L H Reid	143	L Rayburn	129
E J Chingren	136	D Reid	136
*W A Hillis	132	Geo Miller	136
J E Cullison	136	H W Spratley	133
F C Mullen	142	J Wade	120
W McCormack	142	F Wade	122
J W Seavey	142	G E Hughes	136
B Kompp	132	S T Bell	118
M M Bull	133	T Shortreed	124
R H Bungay	140	J F Murphy	70
T W Neil	140	P J Baltimore	121
C E Groat	121	M D Campbell	120
S R Smith	135	L G Ferris	109
*Ed Mitchell	134	W R Thomas	132
*Guy Holohan	135	J J Law	139
E M Sweely	143	D W Fleet	126
Dick Carlson	137	A A Schwarz	60
*F C Riehl	136	H Stearns	82
M Abrahams	136	T Noguchi	35
E A Bean	137	"Ritzen"	25
*H H Veatch	121	J S Malloy	29
B W Brady	126		

*Professionals.

Second Day, Aug. 28.

Much the same weather conditions prevailed as on the opening day, but it rained harder during the afternoon, and at times it was necessary for squads to retire to shelter.

On the regular 150 targets, the Holohans (father and son) led the experts with 142, Reid and Poston tied for second at 141, while Barkley accounted for 140, Riehl falling one below place with 139.

The amateurs came up strong again from the first, and F. M. Troeh put up a total of 144, which was the best of the day. Abraham and McCormack tied with 142, while Caldwell and A. Troeh locked horns at 139.

In the double events Bob Bungay dropped one below his first day's work with 41, which gave him the double honors in that class with 83. Fred Moellen today captured the double honors with 43 and thus totaled 82 on a tie with Hugh McElroy. The latter, with J. A. Troeh and B. Kompp scored 42, while J. A. Dague got third with 40 to-day, and a total of 79.

The experts were likewise bested in this work for the day, the honors going to Barkley, 41, and Poston and Veatch 40, and Riehl 39. For the two days Barkley led his class with 85; Poston took second at 84; Riehl and Veatch third with 78.

The Pacific Indians' challenge medal was again brought forward as a special event with 36 shooters in the competition. This contest following the big day's program, was finished rather late under adverse conditions, and average scores were low. Fred Moellen, the holder, again gave a splendid account of himself and put up a score of 95 for the boys to go against. This was a mark that none succeeded in topping, though Walt McCormack and Lester Reid equalled it, and in the three-cornered shoot-off Reid proved the winner. The money places under winning score went to E. D. Farmin 94, P. Holohan 92, Fischer, Hillis and Riehl 91.

Attendance for the day totaled 111, but there were four new names, thus bringing total attendance above the record mark. The scores of the second day follow:

150	25	150	25
Reg.	Prs.	Reg.	Prs.
*H E Poston	141	*M O Feudner	140
Al Cook	127	O D Thornton	136
W W Caldwell	139	*F Berger	133
R P Knight	135	M Smith	123
Chas Fuller	121	Chas Fleming	126
M D Campbell	108	R L Dalke	123
W R Thomas	131	H McElroy	124
A N Woodward	126	W A Sears	130
R M Welshon	135	*C A Haight	128
F O Joy	117	Geo Franzen	118
*F Willett	135	G W Thomas	112
F Stall	130	H P Jacobsen	108
T D Riley	130	*Ed Morris	130
W E Staunton	138	Harry Ellis	135
G Stall	127	Frank Howe	120
*L R Barkley	140	*I M Fisher	137
D J Holohan	139	C H Deierlein	136

A Bishop	134	30	J A Dague	132	40
Dr Day	124	36	J C Jenson	116	..
C E Owens	121	..	A Z Smith	96	..
P O'Brien	135	31	C A Sage	121	28
F M Troeh	144	33	P P Nelson	142	34
E P Troeh	119	..	Chas Wagner	135	33
J A Troeh	139	42	B J Bell	115	38
Frank Van Atta	116	..	J W Edmondson	121	30
*P J Holohan	142	..	J J Law	131	34
*J T Skelly	140	..	H Gilchrist	133	..
W Simonton	125	31	T Cooper	140	..
G E Stacey	126	28	E D Farmin	140	31
F A Dryden	138	35	H Quick	129	..
Dell Cooper	130	..	H M Williams	105	30
R H Miller	137	34	E D Brackney	137	..
J E Rice	128	..	J Keinast	107	..
V H Francis	128	27	D W Fleet	133	..
S F Bell	103	..	L Rayburn	120	..
*W A Robertson	123	32	D Reid	128	31
*L H Reid	141	..	Geo Miller	138	..
E J Chingren	133	35	Dr Spratley	132	..
*W A Hillis	136	36	J Wade	123	36
J E Cullison	128	30	F Wade	118	30
F C Mullen	136	43	G E Hughes	125	28
W McCormack	137	34	G E Grieff	121	..
W J Seavey	136	32	T Shortreed	122	..
B Kompp	139	42	T Murphy	55	..
M M Bull	136	34	P J Baltimore	122	22
R H Bungay	139	41	L G Ferris	99	..
T W Neil	131	39	H Stearns	106	..
E G Groat	125	..	Ed Humberstone	22	..
S R Smith	131	..	J Jines	44	..
*E L Mitchell	138	..	O B Wilkins	50	..
*Guy Holohan	142	36	F G Dirgel	36	..
E M Sweely	131	32	G E Gregory	49	..
Dick Carlon	130	..	J E French	23	30
*F C Riehl	139	39	A J Winters	21	31
M Abrahams	142	35	*J S French	24	..
E A Bean	129	..	D E Brockbank	12	..
* H H Veatch	129	40	"Templeton"	18
B W Brady	126	..	"Rice"	34

Third Day, Aug. 29.

Almost perfect weather conditions prevailed for the final and record-breaking day of this big meet. Sky generally cloudy, but clearing in late afternoon, gave the marksmen every encouragement to do their best work, and some of them surely took advantage of the opportunity.

The fondest hopes of friend Shaner and the management were surpassed, when 126 men qualified for the crowning event of the week.

Promptly at 9 the first squad was called for the third installment of 16yd. shooting, and this was finished shortly after noon. Herein Lee Barkley led the field with a flying start that promised a century run; but in the finals, Guy Holohan came up strong and the two tied with 98, Reid breaking 97 and P. Holohan and J. T. Skelly 95 each, for the professional honors. In the amateur class Earl Farmin came in first with 96, Harry Ellis and J. Sears, M. Abraham, Maurice Smith and Walt McCormack accounting for 95, while Dr. Bull, Moellen, Geo. Miller and Archie Bishop tied for third place with 94.

The decks were cleared for action in the premier event, the Seventh Pacific Coast Handicap, at just about noon, and though there was never a hitch anywhere, the last round was not fired until late evening. Intense interest marked the progress of this race, the attendance of visitors was unusually large, and hundreds followed the favorite or specially strong competitors up and down the field from trap to trap.

Early in the race R. M. Bungay, the popular southern California sportsman, developed great promise as a winner, and he led the field right up to the final event. Then came Dr. M. M. Bull, a new enthusiast and relatively new shooter, belonging to the notable Eugene, Ore., squad, who shot a consistent race throughout, and in the finish these men tied on a score of 93, which proved to be high over all others. Other likely men were Con. Hilgers, of Portland; Earl Farmin, of Sand Point, Idaho; and Everett Sweeley, of Twin Falls, who tied on 92, while Percy Knight, W. E. Staunton and J. Sears each made the 91 mark. When it became apparent that 92 would be high, Messrs. Bungay and Bull agreed to divide the purse and shoot off for the trophy, which this year took the form of a fine solid gold watch. The issue was decided on one string of 20, Bull scoring 19 and Bungay 18. It was a popular win, and Doc. Bull was literally "taken up in the arms of his friends."

On the week's totals the honors were worthily won as follows:

Professionals—Barkley, 385 out of 400, Reid 381, Peter Holohan 380.

Amateurs—F. M. Troeh 379, W. McCormack 374, P. P. Nelson and M. Abraham 373.

The average moneys paid in this tournament under the money-back system paid out splendidly and won much praise from the shooters of the West, who, here for the first time, came to thoroughly understand it. There was left over in the fund a total of \$650.20, which was paid in thirty average places to thirty men in amounts ranging from \$71.50 for first, to \$4.35, on total scores of from 379 down to 357. The extra added money donated by the club also helped the general purses out materially, and made it altogether one of the best paying as well as biggest of the year's events, here or anywhere. The boys were all greatly pleased and went away happy, promising themselves and us to come again.

In their exuberance over the week's accomplishments, the boys again shot for the Indian challenge trophy, with twenty-seven entries, and this kept the guns popping literally until dark. Lieut. Fred Berger repeated himself in this event and lifted the honor of possession from his colleague, Lester Reid, with the beautiful score of 99. And so endeth the story. May there be more like it. The scores of the third day follow:

R P Knight.....	93	D Reid	86
Geo Miller	94	J E Rice	78
T W Neil	93	C A Sage.....	89

WINCHESTER

Red W Goods

Make a Clean Sweep

at the

Pacific Coast Handicap

A good man will always rise to the top. Likewise the best guns and shells will carry off most of the winnings. Winchester Guns and Shells are doing this all the time, and have again done so in decisive fashion at the Pacific Coast Handicap. Just read the following:

Pacific Coast Handicap: Won by Dr. M. M. Bull, shooting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Score, 93 x 100, and 19 straight on shoot-off.

High Amateur Average: Won by F. M. Troeh. Score, 379 x 400. Walter McCormack, second. Score, 374. Both gentlemen shot Winchester Guns and Shells. M. Abrams and P. P. Nelson, third. Score, 373, both shooting Winchester Shells.

High General Average: Won by Lee R. Barkley, shooting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun and Winchester Loaded Shells. Score, 383 x 400.

High on Dougle Targets: Won by Lee R. Barkley, shooting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun and Winchester Loaded Shells. Score, 85 x 100.

High on all Targets Trapped: Won by Lee R. Barkley, shooting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun and Winchester Loaded Shells. Score, 561 x 600.

So runs the record of this important Interstate tournament, and if this alone were consulted, little knowledge of any other make of guns or shells would be acquired. It proves conclusively that

Winchester Guns and Shells

Make a Superior Equipment

J A Dague	83	S R Smith.....	89	G Stall	83	J A Troeh.....	91
H Gilchrist	91	E M Sweely	87	F O Joy.....	92	W R Thomas	89
Dick Carlon	91	J J Law.....	88	J Killnast	81	J W Seavey.....	92
B W Brady.....	86	R H Miller.....	92	J T Murphy.....	57	W McCormack	95
F M Day.....	83	H McElroy.....	92	C E Owens	83	B Kompp	93
L Rayburn	86	*Ed Mitchell	91	*I M Fisher.....	92	P O'Brien	95
*Ed Morris	82	T D Ryley.....	89	F Howe	89	V H Francis.....	87
S F Bell.....	81	*C A Haight.....	93	G Holohan	98	F A Dryden.....	87
P J Baltimore.....	77	Chas Fuller	90	*W A Hills.....	94	E J Chingren.....	88
B J Bell.....	86	C H Dierlein	90	D J Holohan.....	93	M Abrahams.....	95
M D Campbell.....	82	F Stall	93	R H Bungay.....	93	Geo Stacey	83
Dell Cooper	79	G W Thomas	79	M M Bull.....	94	M Smith	95
Al Cook	84	*F Willett	93	E W Cooper.....	83	*W A Robertson.....	90
J W Edmondson.....	74	*L H Reid.....	97	J E Cullison.....	87	H M Williams.....	82
G Franzen	85	*H E Poston	93	W W Caldwell	87	A N Woodard.....	91
L G Ferris	79	*L R Barkley	98	*J T Skelly	95	E P Troeh	84
D W Fleet	88	O D Thornton.....	85	P J Holohan.....	95	J Wade	80
C Fleming	63	F M Troeh.....	93	E D Farmin.....	96	F Wade	89
C E Groat.....	77	*F C Riehl.....	92	H Ellis	95	O B Wilkins.....	70
Con Hilgers	90	F C Mullen	94	W E Staunton	88	Ed Bean	65
J C Jensen.....	86	*M O Feudner.....	89	P P Nelson	92	G E Hughes.....	89
H P Jacobsen.....	83	H W Spratley.....	86	W P Sears	95	F J McPherson	68
A R Rice.....	77	F Van Atta	92	*F Bergen	94	J E French	47
T Shortreed	76	*H H Veatch.....	84	A W Bishop	94	A J Winters.....	48
A Z Smith.....	72	Chas Wagner	89	Ed Brackney	93	*J S French.....	51
W Simonton	87	R M Welshon	92	*Professionals.



THE WINNING HABIT



COMES EASY TO USERS OF

PETERS

"steel where steel belongs"

SHELLS

Here's just a sample of what they've been doing lately:

VIRGINIA STATE CHAMPIONSHIP } Won by Dr. L. S. Richards, of Roanoke
Lynchburg, Sept. 2-3 } **95 ex 100**

HIGH GENERAL AVERAGE } Won by W. S. Hoon, **338 ex 350**
Orleans, Ia., Aug. 29-30 } Including **195 Straight**

HIGH GENERAL AVERAGE } Won by H. R. Bosley, **377 ex 400**
Wichita Falls, Tex., Sept. 1-3 }

HIGH GENERAL AVERAGE } Won by W. R. Chamberlain
Mechanicsburg, O., Sept. 6 } **149 ex 150 Unfinished Run-161**
Straight Including extra events

Pacific Coast Handicap, Portland, Ore., Aug. 27-29, Second General Average, 381 ex 400, won by L. H. Reid
Indian Shoot, Cedar Point, Ohio, Aug. 27-29, Third General Average, 422 ex 450, won by C. A. Young

Use the *Quality* Shells—the **P** brand—and *get the habit of winning*

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

NEW YORK: 98 Chambers St., T. H. Keller, Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO: 608-612 Howard St., J. S. French, Manager.

NEW ORLEANS: 321 Magazine St., Lee Omohundro, Manager.

The Seventh Pacific Coast Handicap.

	Yards.	Targets				Total.
		20	20	20	20	
R P Knight.....	18	18	19	19	16	91
Geo Miller.....	18	17	16	18	19	86
T W Neil.....	18	17	16	18	19	89
J A Dague.....	18	18	16	16	17	83
H Gilchrist.....	18	17	17	17	18	88
Dick Carlon.....	17	18	18	16	19	89
B W Brady.....	17	20	15	15	18	87
J S Malloy.....	17	14	18	19	17	85
L Rayburn.....	17	17	18	17	15	84
*Ed Morris.....	17	19	19	17	17	91
S F Bell.....	16	15	11	17	16	75
P J Baltimore.....	16	17	16	16	18	83
B J Bell.....	16	18	16	17	19	87
M D Campbell.....	16	16	18	15	19	79
Dell Cooper.....	16	18	18	18	14	83
Al Cook.....	16	18	17	19	19	89
J W Edmondson.....	16	16	15	18	19	84
Geo Franzen.....	16	14	18	15	16	80
L G Ferris.....	16	11	15	14	16	68
D W Fleet.....	16	15	17	19	16	84
Chas Fleming.....	16	16	16	19	15	83
C E Groat.....	16	17	18	18	16	87
Con Hilgers.....	16	18	19	18	19	92
J C Jensen.....	16	16	16	16	18	84
H P Jacobsen.....	16	17	17	14	16	78
R A Rice.....	16	17	18	17	15	83
T Shortreed.....	16	17	15	14	17	80
A Z Smith.....	16	16	15	13	16	77
W Simonton.....	16	17	17	17	18	86
G Stall.....	16	17	18	19	16	88
F O Joy.....	16	16	18	15	17	80
J Kienast.....	16	14	18	19	18	86
J T Murphy.....	16	12	10	7	9	48
C E Owens.....	16	19	17	19	17	90
H Quick.....	16	16	18	16	14	79
*I M Fisher.....	19	18	17	18	18	89
Frank Howe.....	19	15	18	17	16	84
*G Holohan.....	19	19	18	17	16	88
*W A Hillis.....	19	19	17	16	20	90
D J Holohan.....	19	19	16	18	16	86
R H Bungay.....	19	19	20	18	17	93
M M Bull.....	19	18	18	19	19	93
E W Cooper.....	19	19	15	13	15	80
J E Cullison.....	19	17	19	19	15	86
W W Caldwell.....	19	17	18	17	17	85
*J T Skelly.....	20	16	14	17	20	87
*P J Holohan.....	20	16	18	19	17	87
E D Farmin.....	20	20	18	15	19	92
H Ellis.....	20	18	17	19	16	88
W E Staunton.....	20	18	17	19	18	91
P P Nelson.....	20	18	16	19	18	90
W P Sears.....	19	20	18	18	19	91
*F Berger.....	19	15	16	17	13	80
A W Bishop.....	19	15	14	17	15	78
Ed Brackney.....	19	17	17	19	16	89
D Reid.....	18	15	16	19	18	86
J E Rice.....	18	16	17	18	18	82
C A Sage.....	18	20	17	16	16	80
S R Smith.....	18	19	14	18	18	89
E M Sweely.....	18	18	16	20	20	92
J J Law.....	19	18	18	16	19	88
H McElroy.....	19	18	18	16	20	89
R H Miller.....	19	15	19	18	20	89
*Ed Mitchell.....	19	18	16	16	19	84
T D Riley.....	19	17	15	18	17	84
*C A Haight.....	17	17	16	13	16	79
Chas Fuller.....	17	18	17	19	18	91
C H Dierlein.....	17	19	17	19	15	89
F Stall.....	17	18	16	17	19	88
G W Thomas.....	17	14	19	18	13	82
*Fred Willett.....	22	16	13	19	13	80
*L H Reid.....	22	18	19	17	19	89
*H E Poston.....	22	17	14	18	16	82
*L R Barkley.....	22	18	20	17	19	93
F M Troeh.....	21	16	15	17	19	86
*F C Riehl.....	21	19	14	19	18	88
F C Muller.....	21	18	17	16	17	86
*M O Feudner.....	21	17	15	17	18	84
H W Spratley.....	18	18	17	17	20	88
F Van Atta.....	18	18	19	16	18	87
*H H Veatch.....	18	15	14	14	17	78
Chas Wagner.....	18	18	19	16	14	81
R M Welshon.....	18	18	16	18	17	88
J A Troeh.....	20	15	16	17	16	81
W R Thomas.....	20	17	17	13	19	81
J W Seavey.....	20	18	18	15	17	86
W McCormack.....	20	19	17	16	18	89
B Kompp.....	20	19	18	14	16	85
P O'Brien.....	20	18	18	17	17	85
V H Francis.....	20	11	15	17	17	76
F A Dryden.....	20	17	17	17	15	81
E J Chingren.....	20	12	18	17
M Abrahams.....	20	17	16	18	18	85
G E Stacey.....	17	16	15	17	16	...
M Smith.....	17	15	18	18	19	88
*W A Robertson.....	17	16	17	16	17	84
G E Grieff.....	17	18	17	17	16	84
*J E Reid.....	17	17	17	17	16	84
H M Williams.....	16	19	15	18	19	86
A N Woodward.....	16	18	16	17	16	...
O D Thornton.....	16	17	18	17	19	89
C L Holcomb.....	16	18	15	15	16	79
H Spark.....	16	14	13	16	17	76
*C A North.....	16	16	19	20	18	89
*C F Stadfelt.....	16	12	15	14	10	59
J A Addleman.....	16	13	14	8
J E French.....	16	17	16	17	14	81
*J S French.....	16	14	14	14	16	...
A J Winters.....	16	13	16	19	17	80
*A W du Bray.....	16	18
D E Brockbank.....	16	16	16	17	20	...
Ed Lewis.....	16	12	13	18	13	70
Ed Humberstone.....	16	14	18	14	17	75
J Champion.....	16	17	14	16	13	72
S L Beck.....	16	10	18	18	12	...
F Peterson.....	16	14	16	11	16	75
L Beno.....	16	12	17	13	14	75
A Parret.....	16	16	12	16	17	78
F G Owen.....	16	16	17	13	15	76
F J McPherson.....	16	15	16	18	18	...
G M Anderson.....	16	18	17	15	17	82
R Sleight.....	16	12	13	11	9	57
T O Withee.....	16	10	12	7	5	...

*Professionals.

PACIFIC COAST HANDICAP PURSE.

80 entries at \$7.....	\$560.00
46 entries for targets only.....	...
126 entries.....	...
Added to purse.....	\$200.00
One penalty entry for targets only.....	2.00
Total purse.....	\$762.00

WINNERS.

Score.	Win- nings.	Score.	Win- nings.
M M Bull..... 93	\$250.00	P P Nelson ... 90	26.65
R H Bungay .. 93	106.65	T W Neil 89	10.10
C Hilgers 92	71.10	Dick Carlon ... 89	10.10
E M Sweeley .. 92	71.10	Al Cook 89	10.10
E D Farmin... 92	71.10	Ed Brackney .. 89	10.10
W E Staunton. 91	43.80	S R Smith 89	10.10
R P Knight ... 91	43.80	H McElroy 89	10.10
W P Sears 91	43.80	R H Miller ... 89	10.10
Chas Fuller ... 91	43.80	C H Dierlein . 89	10.10
C E Owens.... 90	26.65	W McCormack.. 89	10.10

SQUIER MONEY-BACK PURSE.

90 entries, first day, at \$1 each.....	\$90.00
86 entries, second day, at \$1 each.....	86.00
87 entries third day, at \$1 each.....	87.00
Added by Interstate Association.....	200.00
50,000 targets at 1 cent each.....	500.00
Total purse.....	\$963.00
Losses paid back.....	312.75
Surplus divided among high amateurs.....	\$650.25

WINNERS.

Score	Win- nings.	Score	Win- nings.
F M Troeh.... 379	\$71.50	R H Miller ... 364	6.50
W McCormack. 374	65.00	B Kompp 364	6.50
M Abrahams .. 373	55.25	T W Neil 364	6.50
P P Nelson .. 373	55.25	R P Knight ... 363	6.50
H Ellis 372	45.50	M M Bull ... 363	6.50
F C Moulten.. 372	45.50	E W Sweeley . 361	6.50
R H Bungay .. 372	45.50	W P Sears ... 360	6.50
W E Staunton 370	32.50	Chas Wagner 360	6.50
J W Seavey... 370	32.50	F A Dryden .. 359	6.50
D J Holohan.. 369	26.00	R M Welshon. 358	6.50
E W Cooper.. 368	18.00	Dick Carlon .. 358	6.50
E D Farmin... 368	18.00	J J Law 358	6.50
Ed Brackney .. 368	18.00	F Stall 357	4.35
Geo Miller ... 368	18.00	A Bishop 357	4.35
J A Troeh ... 366	6.50	E J Chingren.. 357	4.35
P O'Brien ... 365	6.50		

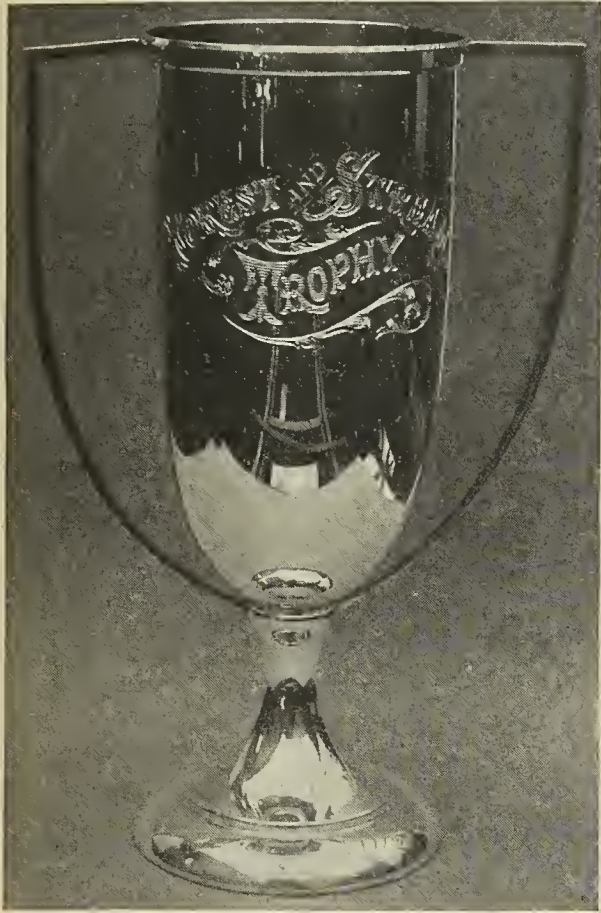
There were 80,640 targets trapped during the tournament.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., Sept. 7.—The Independent Gun Club held its sixth regular shoot for the Forest and Stream Trophy this afternoon, on its grounds at Cedarville. J. Maurer was high with 46 out of 50, Neil being second with 42.

J. Maurer has been doing the most consistent shoot-



FOREST AND STREAM TROPHY.

ing for the trophy, and leads to date with a total of 266 breaks out of 300. The next shoot for the cup will be held on Sept. 21. Below are the scores made to-day. Events Nos. 1 and 2 were for the trophy:

Targets: 25 25 25 25	Targets: 25 25 25 25
Maurer 23 23 .. .	Ivey 18 16 .. 11
Heil 21 21 .. .	Stocker 21 19 21 12
Wenner 18 21 .. 20	E Warner 9 10
Cross 19 19 15 ..	

W. R. IVEY, Sec'y.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 8.—Thirteen of the braves faced the traps of the Indianapolis Gun Club in spite of the disabling heat and made all kinds of scores. Parry got 95 of the first 100, but thereafter was not so strong, and finished with 93 and a fraction per cent. Edmonson, Barr and Alig did 90. The scores:

Shot at. Brk.	Shot at. Brk.
Barr 140 126	Britton 100 89
Dixon 140 124	Foland 100 81
Parry 120 112	Neighbors 100 60
Edmonson 120 109	Wilson 60 46
Smoke 120 107	Bell 80 66
Alig 100 90	Appel 60 43
Lewis 100 89	

R. R.

The Labor Day tournament of the Indianapolis Gun Club was well attended, considering the many attractions offered elsewhere. Edmonson led with 94 per cent. Hillis and Britton tied for second with 93. Others to beat 90 were Parry and Nickle. Blessing made a run of 59. Scores:

Shot at. Broke	Shot at. Broke
Edmonson 200 188	Parry 175 161
Hillis 200 186	Britton 150 139
Dixon 200 179	Golden 150 105
Arvine 200 179	Moller 110 94
Howard 175 145	Gephart 85 73
Lewis 200 170	Blessing 80 69
Nickle 175 162	Teegarden 60 48

Shooting at sparrows, resulted as follows, Dixon leading: Edmonson (shot at 76) killed 54, Hillis (55) 40, Parry (45) 33, Nickle (45) 38, Dixon (40) 34, Moller (40) 27, Arvine (40) 31, Blessing (40) 23, Gephart (30) 20, Golden (25) 19, Alig (15) 12, Lewis (30) 16.

Rain, wind and a murky sky were combined against the target breakers of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Sept. 7. Britton led and made a run of 56. Lewis brought up in second place.

THE Westy Hogan Tournament

"A SHOOT FOR AMATEURS"

Atlantic City, N. J.

September 17-21, 1912

TO BE A WINNER AT THIS TOURNAMENT

— USE —

Du Pont Sporting Powders

THE Winners at Every Westy Hogan Tournament of the past used Du Pont Brands of Smokeless Powders

— THE —

Seventh Pacific Coast Handicap Tournament

Portland, Oregon, August 27-29, 1912

124 Starters in the Main Event

EVERY MAN USED

DU PONT POWDERS

WHAT POWDER ARE YOU GOING TO USE

? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Hudson Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Sept. 8.—Appended are scores of our regular bi-monthly shoot, held this morning. There were eighteen shooters in attendance, and Carl von Lengerke was high gun with 81 per cent. The day was bright and cool, with a good stiff wind blowing across the traps, which made the targets cut up all kind of antics, making it necessary to shoot very quickly to get a fair percentage of them. W. Hutchings in the fourth frame broke 24, which was the best individual score of the day, getting his targets right in the center and making a cloud of smoke out of them.

Billy Emmons, one of our old members, blew in from Hartford, Conn., where he now makes his home, to take a try at the game again. Billy had a chip on his shoulder and was looking for blood. He shot several matches with G. Emmons and A. Emmons, and won out by a small margin. The boys say that they were stalling, so as to make Billy feel good and go back to Hartford and tell his friends what a remarkable shot he is. Come soon again, Billy, and we will trim you to the Queen's taste.

Kelley tried to get a match with Joe Whitley, but I guess "Whit" knows that Kelley is too strong for

him, as he refused to take a chance of another defeat.

Our next shoot will be held on Sept. 22, and we would like to have a good attendance on this date. Everybody is welcome, so come out and look us over.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5
Targets:	25 25 25 25 25
W Hutchings	15 17 16 24 21
A Emmons	14 15 16 15 16
J Williams	16 19 18 18 16
J Williams Jr.....	16 18 19 .. 15
T Kelley	20 19 19 18 20
W Emmons	20 20 22 20 20
W Roach	17 19 17 19 20
C von Lengerke	20 22 21 20 22
T F. Moynahan.....	16 19 14
R P Young.....	19 18 19 15 21
W Raymond	16 11 17
R J O'Connell.....	17 19 15 12 ..
J I Saul.....	22 10 11 21 19
Ed Cherry	18 16 15 14 19
W Richmond	16 15 17
H Blotstein	11 19 16 18 18
G Emmons	16 16 19 19 16
Flemington	11 15 15

T. H. K., Sec'y.

LEFEVER GUN WINS HIGH AVERAGE OVER ALL

Blue Grass Championship, Winchester, Ky., July 4th
192 ex 200

in the hands of Mr. Woolfolk Henderson.

Lefever system of taper boring insures the maximum penetration and most even distribution of shot.

Send for catalog

LEFEVER ARMS COMPANY Syracuse, N. Y

The *Marlin* Pump Action REPEATING RIFLE

Model 20, \$11.50
Model 29, 8.50



The 136 page *Marlin* catalog will help you decide what rifle best suits your individual desires. Send 3 stamps for it today.

You can buy no better gun for target work and all small game up to 200 yards. Without change of mechanism it handles .22 short, long or long-rifle cartridges, perfectly. The deep Ballard rifling develops maximum power and accuracy and adds years to the life of rifles.

The solid top is protection from defective cartridges—prevents powder and gases from being blown back. The side ejection never lets ejected shells spoil your bead and allows quick, accurate repeat shots. With simple take-down construction, removable action parts—least parts of any .22—it is the quickest and easiest to clean. A great vacation rifle. Ask any gun dealer.

The Marlin Firearms Co.

27 WILLOW STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Cumberland Shooting Club.

CUMBERLAND, Md., Sept. 7.—The Cumberland Gun Club held their registered tournament on Sept. 5 and 6, with twenty-two shooters facing the trap, fifteen shooting the entire program through, the Squier money-back system was used. By courtesy of the Du Pont Powder Co., Mr. Ed. H. Taylor, of Fairmont, W. Va., handled the office, assisted by Mr. John M. Hawkins, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

Lester German, of Aberdeen, Md., representing the Du Pont Powder Company, on the first day broke the entire program of 150 targets, adding another bar to his Du Pont medal. H. D. Gibbs, from Tennessee, representing the U. M. C. and Remington Arms Co., shot the entire program both days. This was Mr. Gibbs' first visit to our city and made many friends among the shooters by his genial and friendly ways, and the boys all want him to be with us again next year.

In the professional class Mr. Lester German broke 297 out of 300; H. D. Gibbs, second, with 294; J. M. Hawkins, third, 292. R. Gerstel, of Grafton, W. Va., was high amateur with 290 out of 300; O. D. Williams, Luke, Md., second, with 283; R. S. Denniker, Ruffsdale, Pa., third, with 277. The club members shooting the entire program were Frank Billmeyer, with 272; W. Rockwood, 264; Wm. Hubbs, 256.

In the first day's merchandise of 25 targets, O. D. Williams carried off first prize by breaking 25 straight; R. Gerstell and Clay Shaw, second, with 24 each. On the second day the merchandise event of 25 targets was won by A. K. Moreland, the popular young shot from our home club on 25 straight; J. M. Hawkins, R. Gerstell and W. Rockwood, 24 each.

On the first day squad No. 3, composed of Denniker, Holderbaum, Hubbs, Rockwood and Hawkins, made a perfect score of 75 targets. Squad No. 1, composed of Gerstell, German, Taylor, Gibbs and Gaylor, made a perfect score of 75. Col. N. W. Russler, of our home club, certainly worked hard to make this shoot a success, but was unable to shoot on account of a severe cold and being on the Home Coming Committee. The weather was perfect, except the sun being a little hot during the middle of the day.

H. C. Beck, formerly a Cumberland boy, now located in Richmond, Va., made his first attempt at the trap, breaking 12 out of 25. This is the first time Mr. Beck ever handled a gun, and with a little practice would make all the boys stand up and take notice.

J. M. Hawkins, the popular representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., got busy and succeeded in getting a few members for the American Game Protective and Propagation Association.

The scores of the tournament are as follows:

	First Day.		Second Day.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
R Gerstell	150	143	150	147
H C Shaw	150	136	150	135
G M Hoover	150	140
C D Williams	150	143	150	140
F Billmeyer	150	135	150	137
A H Morland	150	132	150	122
R Denniker	150	133	150	144
J A Holderbaum	150	123
W C Hubbs	150	128	150	128
W R Rockwood	150	134	150	130
H Beemcyer	150	127	150	127
Dr Harris	150	106	150	110
M Wallace	45	38	45	39
Dr Gerstell	15	5
E Kaufman	45	35
McFarland	30	25
Wm Montegnoni	15	5
C A Gaylor	150	131	150	131
Professionals:				
L S German	150	147	150	147
H D Gibbs	150	147	150	145
J M Hawkins	150	147	150	138
Ed H Taylor	150	145

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THERE was a little doing at the grounds on Sept. 8, though the weather was too hot for much activity. Lou Ahlers, one of the old regulars, was out and showed that he hasn't forgotten how to point, even if he has not done any shooting for a long time. Sampson showed some of his old form, and in the last 50 dropped but 2 targets. Schreck was the only one to go straight in any of the events. Secretary Davies went in with the boys, but has not yet got to going at his right pace.

The club officers are looking for a big crowd at the tournament this week. Luther J. Squier will have charge. On Oct. 5, a match will be shot between T. H. Clay, Paris, Ky., and E. Hammerschmidt, Covington, Ky., for the State championship cup, now held by Clay. This match is the result of a challenge issued by Hammerschmidt, but any Kentucky shooters can take part, and win the trophy and title, if they break enough targets. The scores follow: L. Ahlers (50) 43, Schreck (75) 68, Sampson (100) 90, Davies (75) 54, McArdle (50) 38.

Northern Kentucky Gun Club.

A FEW shooters gathered at the grounds on Sept. 8 and braved the heat for the sake of their favorite sport. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and conditions were good. Richards was high man with 93. His last 50 targets were shot from 16, 17 and 18 yds., and he missed but 2. His score included runs of 25 and 32. Supt. Taggart is improving in his work at the traps, and only needs a little consistent practice to hold his own with most of the frequenters of the grounds.

The scores were: Ward (shot at 50) broke 43, Simpson (50) 40, Kussion (50) 42, Williams (100) 80, Rhode (100) 74, Haskins (100) 83, Taggart (50) 39, Richards (100) 93.



(Patented, Feb. 20, 1912.)

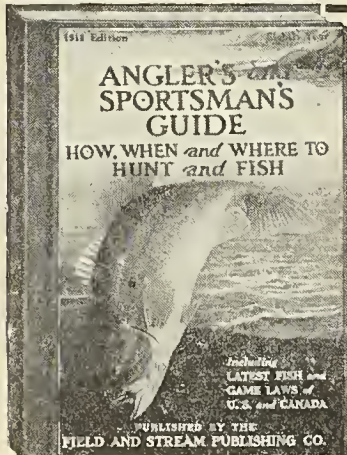
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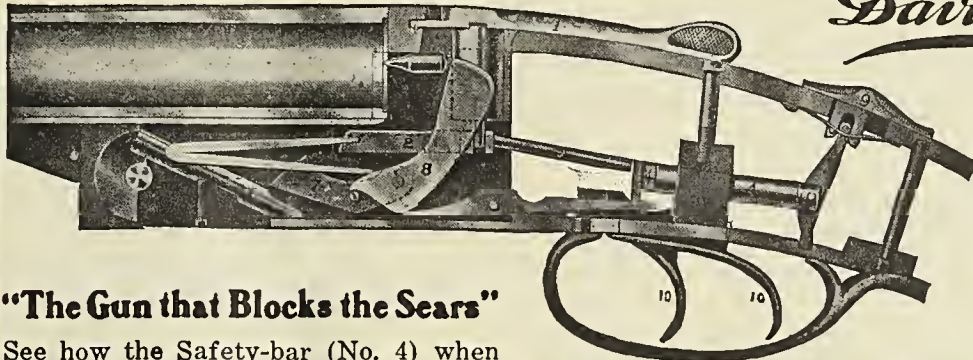
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Buffalo Audubon Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 7.—The regular shoot of the Audubon Club, held to-day, resulted as follows:

Targets:	15	20	20	20	25
Cannon	10	15	15	12	24
Imhoff	9	16	19	13	20
Ebberts	9	13	15	14	21
Fletcher	2	2	4	10	7
Immel	13	16	17	18	23
Lambert	14	16	18	14	20
Ward	12	15	12	19	22
Rogers	13	14	16	18	17
Kelsey	12	17	13	18	23
W Acker	12	18	14	16	22
Hammond	13	16	16	19	20
Rappich	12	14	11	14	18
Blackmer	12	18	13	16	22
Reynolds	7	14	11	17	..
Dr Wilson	10	19	15	14	15
Suckow	11	12	12	14	14
Smith	..	18
Lodge	12	20	..	18	19
Eaton	21

run off a program of 100 targets on the same afternoon, in five strings of 20. \$2 optional sweep on each event; money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., percentage system; targets 2 cents each. Shooting for targets only will also be allowed.

This program is specially arranged for visiting shooters wishing to get a little practice before the Westy Hogan shoot, which starts on the 17th inst. Come down and join us. Grounds are located end of Pennsylvania avenue and the meadow.

Johnson-Springer shoot: Springer 93

Shoot-off: Johnson 24 Springer 25

Other scores: Hoopes 18 18 21 22 Rossell 11 19
Cook 23 23 23 23 Gray 18
Westcoat 20 20 20 20 Hurff 13
Powers 21 23 24 25 Deemer 14
Hackett 19 19 21 .. Sheppard 17
Herman 12 15

A. H. SHEPPARD, Sec'y.

Atlantic City Gun Club.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Sept. 6.—On the new grounds of the Atlantic City Gun Club a special match was shot this afternoon, which resulted in a victory for Springer, only after a great piece of shooting. Up to the 50th target Johnson led with 2 targets. On the third frame both men broke 24, leaving Johnson still in the lead by 2. In the fourth frame, Johnson missed his 7th and 13th targets, while Springer with a great spurt broke his string straight, making a tie on the 100 of 93 each.

On the shoot-off at 25 targets, Johnson dropped his third bird, while Springer again broke the 25 straight, which won for him the purse of \$1,000 by the narrow margin of 1 target. The shoot was the most beautiful race witnessed in South Jersey in many years and drew a large gallery.

The men, before leaving the grounds signed articles of agreement to shoot another race of 100 targets for a purse of \$1000, on Sept. 14, on the grounds of the Atlantic City Gun Club, and there is no doubt but that this race will be witnessed by several hundred people. The shoot will be run off in the afternoon, starting at 2 o'clock sharp.

The Atlantic City Gun Club have also arranged to

Smith Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 7.—First prize went to Louis Colquit to-day at the regular monthly merchandise prize shoot of the Smith Gun Club. His score was 49 out of 50 from 19yds. William Hassinger was second with 48 from 18yds. W. Compton, B. M. Shanley, Jr., and J. G. Geiger tied for third place with 46. Compton got the place "on draught."

Twenty-six shooters faced the traps. Those making straight during the practice shoot were: J. Baldwin, 3; C. J. Corbitt, 2; F. Hall, 1; C. W. Billings, 1, and F. Sickley, 1.

The following scores were made: B. M. Shanley, Jr., 22, 23, 46; G. J. Corbitt, 24, 25, 47; P. Keller, 15, 17, 16, 37; F. Compton, 20, 23, 46; J. Baldwin, 25, 25, 23, 25, 44; Dr. Moeller, 21, 21, 41; F. Hall, 25, 23, 23, 24, 43; A. L. Collins, 17, 17 38; L. Trowbridge, 19, 41; L. Young, 21, 21, 48; F. Apgar, 20, 44; M. Apgar, 18, 42; T. Fryor, 15, 33; J. Erb, 23, 21, 36; Sam Thornton, 13, 22, 43; E. Gardiner, 22, 21, 43; P. Kling, 18, 24, 24, 47; William Hassinger, 18, 20, 48; H. Hassinger, 24, 23, 39; J. Geiger, 23, 22, 46; C. W. Billings, 22, 22, 26, 42; L. Colquit, 24, 23, 49; C. T. Day, Jr., 23, 21, 44; H. S. Sind e, 24, 23, 44; J. Murphy, 21, 20, 40; E. Sickley, 25.

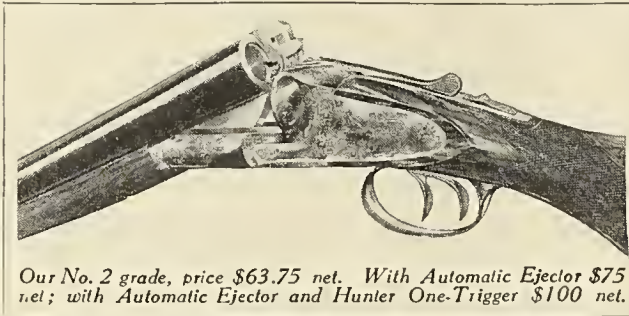
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Portland Gun Club.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 2.—For the second time within one week Edgar Thurston, of the Portland Gun Club, was high man at the shoot held at the Nonesuch Gun Club to-day. His score was 90 out of 100. A. Reed was runner-up with 87. The weather conditions were unfavorable, rain coming down while the men were in the middle of their strings. Thurston started in with three strings of 22 and finished with a score of 24, while Reed killed 20, then two strings of 21, and wound up with a perfect score. Tapper, Noyes, Stanworth, Ross, H. O. Dyer, Brackett and Cash all showed much improvement in their work on the traps.

The one feature of the afternoon's shooting was the killing of 19 consecutive birds for the William N. Taylor cup. Mr. Taylor is a member of the Nonesuch Gun Club, and has put up a cup to be awarded to the member of the Nonesuch Club making the highest number of successive killings. Up to yesterday, Mr. Ward held the high score with 16, but E. H. Dyer made 19 pigeons bite the dust yesterday and seems in a fair way to win the cup. The men have until November to shoot for it.

New Hanover Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Sept. 3.—At the regular weekly meet of the New Hanover Gun Club, held Friday, Aug. 30, the following scores were made:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	Total.
Grant	24	24	24	23	95
Penny	24	22	46
Pierce	22	24	24	..	70
Taylor	24	19	43
Dreher	21	20	19	19	79
Miller	17	24	21	..	62
Boylan	18	22	40
Christian	17	19	36
Underwood	16	17	14	13	60
Cooper	14	13	27
Robbins	15	15

An extra event of 10 pairs doubles was shot with the following result: Pierce 16, Grant 14, Dreher 12, Taylor 10. J. H. DREHER, Sec'y.

Lima Gun Club.

SOUTH LIMA, O., Sept. 2.—To-day's tournament was the biggest and most successful held in Ohio this year, excepting, of course, the State tournament. Celina sent over the winner in George Kistler, who cracked aerosancers tunelessly up to 130, which was all but five of his allotment. C. A. Young trotted close up with 127, tied by K. P. Johnson.

Les. German pinnacled the pro-cession with 128. The scores of those who shot at 135 targets were:

W A Miller	89	B Keesaer	115
D L Sherwood	99	W H Sherer	96
J H Mason	115	Jas Frazee	105
A E Marshall	111	C A Young	127
A F Sinclair	126	J I Hymer	107
C D Coburn	123	A W Fisk	121
R B Guy	126	H Y Haley	122
J E Cain	109	B R Hamilton	101
H E Bay	105	C G Steinle	104
A E Heyman	115	Ed Brune	103
C A Sheets	206	George Kistler	130
H Hirth	126	C O Carothers	118
J A Penn	116	A J Ritter	118
H L Monbeeck	117	K P Johnson	127
R R Shull	97	R Weaver	80
L S German	128	H D Duckham	112
J A Smith	121	C H Wagner	104
A B Jones	108	W H Snyder	101
Alf Hill	125	J W Blackburn	101
A B Shobe	121	R R Pugh	107
F Joloff	101	J I Brandenburg	107
M Witz	124	J R Dennison	107

The scores of those who shot at 120 targets were:
Wm Webster 112 F Schindewolf 88
J R Taylor 103 W D Wagner 107
W T Johnson 79

Siwanoy Country Club.

Mt. VERNON, N. Y., Sept. 3.—The cut-glass handicap shoot of the Siwanoy Country Club at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., on Labor Day, Sept. 2, developed the keenest kind of competition. Four men tied for first prize and two tied for fifth prize. The standings shown below were only ascertained after three shoot-offs, first prize being won by G. L. Yates; second, J. G. Wintjen; third, T. W. Fine; fourth, J. S. Congdon, and fifth, C. G. Stone. The scores:

	Practice.		Competition.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Hdep.	Total.
G L Yates	125	107	6	50
J G Wintjen	100	78	8	50
T W G Fine	175	112	15	50
J S Congdon	50	34	10	50
C G Stone	50	31	16	47
Dr W E Barnard	50	35	7	47
H V Morgan	25	18	8	46
H D Lent	25	10	12	46
Z C Offutt	175	151	3	46
G A Wylie	100	87	4	44
A M Dalton	275	218	4	42
Dr R J Held	65	55	0	35
Geo F Pelham	125	93	0	34
M R Guggenheim	50	22	13	29
C R Babson	105	87
J R Wettstein	55	32
Dr C S Medler	175	158
Dr J Metzmler	150	133

L. D. HILL, Sec'y.

London Gun Club.

LONDON, O., Sept. 5.—High scores predominated here to-day. H. E. Smith won with 147 out of 150, while two amateurs, J. A. Smith and Lon Fisher, with pro. J. R. Taylor tied for place on 146. Sixteen shooters made 140 or better. The day was fine, and the management's attention to detail and visitors perfect.

C D Coburn	145	H L Hildinger	135
R B Guy	142	H R Irwin	132
J E Cain	132	H N Smith	135
H Hirth	140	A Baughn	133
R R Shull	135	H Corder	126
B S Cooper	137	H E Smith	147
J A Smith	146	G H Slaughter	141
F M Edwards	141	Wm Webster	141
C L Culbertson	137	W P Brown	100
C T Stevens	141	A E Brown	117
W I Spangler	138	A B Shobe	129
J S Ritt	135	H C Downey	139
E M Stuart	144	A Hill	136
J L Ernst	140	C E Winkler	140
J J Brandenburg	122	Lon Fisher	146
F C Koch	144	O Shilling	139
P A Cartmell	130	C H Wagner	137
H Slagle	133	F Kilgore (75 tgts)	44

Professionals:

J R Taylor	146	W R Chamberlain	140
L J Squier	134		

Daniel Boone Gun Club.

MARTHASVILLE, Mo.—The weekly practice shoot of our club for Aug. 31 was postponed because many of the members were too busy to turn out, and a few who had time wished to go out into the country to attend a shooting match for mutton. Those who went to the match were: Ahmann, Lichtenberg, Gardyne, Berg and Wilson, and they brought home five hindquarters and one forequarter of mutton. There were twenty shooters who took part. Two sheep were put up at a time, and were divided into twelve parts. There were really two matches, for there were four sheep put up. Wilson was high man with only 1 bird down in the afternoon, including practice. Ahmann was next with only two birds down. The high gun system was used.

J. O. WILSON, Sec'y.

Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Sept. 7.—The reed bird season and the extremely sultry conditions on Saturday afternoon had a good deal to do with cutting down the attendance at the weekly shoot of the Du Pont Gun Club. Many of the Club's members were in the marshes, so that only twenty-one faced the traps in the eighth contest for the F. L. Connable silver cup. Dr. Stanley Steele scored his second win for the cup, and since H. P. Carlon has also scored two wins, there are only six possible contestants so far in the final competition, although eight contests have been held. The conditions of the competition call for twelve monthly contests, the winners in those twelve contests shooting off for final ownership of the handsome cup. In addition to Dr. Steele and Mr. Carlon, the following have a chance in the final shoot: W. M. Foord, W. Edmunson, A. B. Richardson and H. W. Bush. Dr. Steele did not score his win without a fight for it, as he and W. Edmunson tied on 21, Steele winning in the shoot-off by 20 to 18.

In the match between J. H. Minnick, holder of the Class A cup, and Edward Banks, challenger for the trophy, Banks came out ahead by one target with 46 to 45. On the first half of the match the scores were 24 to 23 in Banks' favor, and both men broke 22 in the second half.

H. W. Bush, the holder of the Class B cup, was challenged by J. W. Anderson, Jr., and successfully defended the cup by breaking 43 to 36.

The 1911 Class D cup was also up for open competition, and was won by H. P. Reed, who now has the right to have his name engraved on the cup and to shoot off for final ownership of the trophy. Mr. Reed and the nine other members of the gun club who have at different times won and held the Class D trophy, will shoot off for final ownership of the cup some date in the near future, to be fixed by the management of the club.

Several of these present shot at 100 or more targets, H. P. Carlon being high with 94, J. B. McHugh being next to him with 93.

The scores in the F. L. Connable cup event were as follows: *Edward Banks (22yds.) 22, Dr. St. Steels (19) 21, W. Edmunson (20) 21, *R. P. Willis (16) 21, J. H. Minnick (22) 20, H. W. Bush (21) 20, J. W. Matthews (18) 20, Clyde Leedom (20) 19, H. P. Carlon (22) 18, W. G. Wood (22) 18, T. W. Matthewson (20) 18, Stanley Tuchton (20) 18, H. P. Reed (16) 18, *E. M. Ross (16) 18, J. A. McMullen (18) 17, W. B. Smith, Jr. (18) 17, J. W. Anderson, Jr. (20) 17, S. J. Newman (18) 17, L. L. Jarrell (18) 17, O. V. Ort (16) 17, J. B. McHugh (22) 16.

*Not eligible for the trophy.

Fort Collins Gun Club.

FORT COLLINS, Colo., Sept. 3.—The second annual registered shoot at Fort Collins on Labor Day was a great success. More than thirty shooters were in attendance. C. G. Spencer was high professional with 198 out of 200. Capt. Hardy was second with 191. J. H. McDuffee and Burt Moritz tied for high amateur average with 187 out of 200. Scores:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
C G Spencer....	200 198	C R Kennedy..	200 172
A H Hardy....	200 191	A Klingenberg	200 174
P Murray.....	200 198	J McPherson ..	200 165
J H McDuffee..	200 187	D Peasley.....	200 137
B E Moritz....	200 187	C Gunning.....	150 142
Carl Nelson....	200 198	Speigle.....	150 120
A Sarcander ..	200 184	Meller.....	150 109
W Bowman.....	200 183	Vogt.....	150 128
H J Rose.....	200 182	Vaugh.....	150 92
Dutch Moore... 200	175	C Williams ..	150 26
Max Weick.... 200	174	Brown.....	150 122
Tyler Rogers .. 200	172	Briscoe.....	75 56

Grand Afro-American Trapshooters' League.

FAVETTE, Mo., Sept. 2.—The scores made in the Grand Afro-American handicap follow:

Yds.	T'l.	Yds.	T'l.
Roundtree.....	20 21	Edwards.....	16 19
Dr Caston.....	20 22	Walker.....	16 20
Cohron.....	20 20	Yocum.....	16 22
Johnson.....	18 23	J Eaton.....	16 23
Tolbert.....	17 20	Chestee.....	16 19
Monday.....	16 24		

The scores in the regular program follow:

1st Day.		2d Day.		1st Day.		2d Day.	
J W Roundtree.	134	133	G M West.....	101	105		
C L Walker....	92	106	J Eaton.....	98	89		
S Edwards, Jr..	110	110	J T Caston....	121	131		
J A Tolbert....	120	123	H Chestee.....	109	...		
T H Cohron....	119	103	S L Yocum.....	116	...		
C Johnson.....	118	112	D A Holmes....	117	...		
R H Monday....	108	116	Mrs J A Tolbert	101	103		
F J Goodrich... 113	99						

Analoatan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 7.—Many good scores resulted this afternoon in the weekly shoot of the Analoatan Gun Club, held on the club grounds, on the eastern branch of the Potomac. Singles, doubles and the monthly spoon shot made up the program, fourteen members being on the firing line.

Frank Huseman, one of the best shots in the club, and who is looked upon as a winner at the Westy Hogan's tournament, to be held in Atlantic City, Sept. 17, carried off high honors this afternoon and won first prize in Class A of the spoon shoot, as he missed only one target out of his first 50. At the single he killed 97 out of 100, which is a splendid record. He also did well at the doubles, getting 19 out of 24 shots. A. B. Stine and James A. Brown tied for first place in Class B of the spoon shoot, each breaking 38 out of 50. On the shoot-off at 15 targets, each brought down 11, and

finally Stine won out on the second trial at 10 birds, when he missed only one. Brown got 8 out of 10. A. V. Parsons was the winner in Class C, as he smashed 33 bluerocks out of 50, while Arthur C. Moses was best in Class D, getting 25 out of the same number. Each winner received a handsome silver spoon suitably engraved commemorative of the event. George W. Peck, Jr., was second at the singles with 92 out of 100, while E. W. Ford got 89. A. B. Stine, who shot at 110, managed to break 89, which is a percentage of .809. A. M. Rivero, a visitor from the Cuban Legation, broke 36 out of 65.

The scores follow: Frank Huseman (shot at 100) broke 97, Geo. W. Peck, Jr. (100) 92, E. W. Ford (100) 89, A. B. Stine (110) 89, James A. Brown (100) 77, W. W. Barnes (75) 66, Sam Luttrell (75) 53, A. V. Parsons (85) 55, W. D. Dulauey (75) 63, Fenton Bradford (50) 36, Arthur C. Moses (50) 25, A. M. Rivero, visitor (65) 36, Miles Taylor (30) 27, A. Hind (25) 12.

The scores at 12 pairs doubles follow: W. D. Dulauey 21, A. V. Parsons 19, Frank Huseman 19, Miles Taylor 18, Sam Luttrell 16, E. W. Ford 16, Jas. A. Brown 15.

Spoon shoot, 50 targets: Class A—Frank Huseman 49. Class B—A. B. Stine 38, Jas. A. Brown 38. Class C—A. V. Parsons 33, Arthur C. Moses 25.

RALEIGH RAINES.

Mt. Kisco Gun Club.

MT. KISCO, N. Y., Sept. 7.—Our second annual registered tournament will take place on Sept. 25. The program will be finished by Sept. 13. The merchandise prizes are very valuable, and at present we have over \$250 worth in hand.

Inclose report of our last club shoot on Labor Day. Lester C. Remsen was high, score 230 out of 250 for the Du Pont trophy. Scores:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
G A Benedict...	145 121	A M Cornell ...	145 93
L C Remsen....	145 128	Chas Briggs ...	145 105
A Betti.....	145 127	Dr F M Dunn..	145 98
G E Sutton....	145 126	O B McCall....	145 89
G H Miller....	145 108	C Russell.....	145 92
C H Banks....	145 121	G R Gorham....	110 78
R B Crawford..	145 126	B Brown.....	110 71
F B Smith....	145 118	G Tietjen.....	70 28
F Sherwood ...	145 113		

Mechanicsburg Gun Club.

W. R. Chamberlain, a professional, had a run of 161 unfinished in the regular program and special events of the Mechanicsburg Gun Club registered tournament on Sept. 3. Scores:

C H Osburn.....	150	H Kelly.....	104
R B Guy.....	146	F J Coburn....	144
J A Smith.....	146	H Slaygle.....	135
H L Hildinger..	118	A Baughn.....	115
H E Bay.....	133	J L Ernst....	135
B S Cooper.....	140	A B Shobe....	143
H Hirth.....	141	H C Downey..	134
W T Spangler..	144	Alf Hill.....	144
L Fisher.....	139	C E Winkler..	137
R P Johnson....	146	F M Edwards..	146
F Schindewolf ..	128	C E Hays.....	118
C D Carrothers..	126	L Coburn (15)	12

Professionals:

W R Chamberlain	149	L J Squier.....	129
J R Taylor.....	147		

Meadow Springs Gun Club.

MEADOW SPRINGS, Pa., Sept. 7.—Al. Renner was the star of the weekly shoot of the Meadow Springs Gun Club to-day, scoring his third win on the pump gun offered for the member getting three wins on it. His straight for the Thompson prize was the third consecutive time he had been high for the trophy, although Keenan also got a leg on it. Renner showed remarkable speed, which was not to be wondered at, as the birds were slow and tended to high scores. Renner also tied Keenan for the club spoon, but in the shoot-off Keenan broke 24. Henry, who came late, let up Keenan by getting a straight. The two tossed for the prize and Henry won. Scores: Lindley (0) 73, Stevens (0) 75, Turner (16) 95, Clegg (0) 88, Keenan (16) 100, Renner (8) 100, Letford (8) 100, Fish (5) 45, MacAlonan (25) 68, Ocheltree (0) 83, Hinkson (28) 95, Lynch (0) 41, Lester (4) 97, Henry (7) 69.

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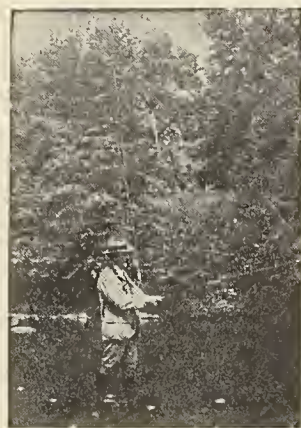
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Charleston Gun Club.

CHARLESTON, W. Va.—There were sixteen members out to-day. Shaul and Goshorn tied for upper gun on 150 with 142 breaks. Shepherd filled place with 137. Scores:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Shaul	150 142	Geo Cochran.....	100 81
D W Goshorn....	150 142	W F Goshorn....	100 80
Caunts	150 134	F Cochran	90 70
Shepherd	150 137	Black	100 76
Nicholson	150 131	W P Bond.....	50 42
De Gruyter ...	100 92	W L Savage....	50 31
Crider	100 91	Davis	15 9
Fultz	100 85	Craig	10 1

Davis was high gun at our weekly shoot last Saturday, getting 133 out of 145. Scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Ct.
Davis	145	133	92
Nicholson	100	94	94
De Gruyter	100	90	90
Sheppard	100	82	82
Mottsheard	50	35	70

DR. G. NICHOLSON, Sec'y.

Holland Gun Club.

BATAVIA, N. Y., Sept. 3.—At our Labor Day merchandise shoot yesterday we had fourteen shooters, including several from Elba, Byron and Bergen, whom we were glad to welcome, and hope they will come again. Gardiner was high gun with 138 out of 150 and high run of 38, with Tomlinson and Walls tied with 136 for Class A. In Class B, Brumber was first with 117, and Warboys second with 115. In Class C Feary was first with 98, a good margin over Leonard with 66. Leonard was shooting a new gun, and only found one target in event 1, which hurt. There were two cut-glass prizes in the three classes. Scores:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Gardiner	150 138	Leonard	150 66
Tomlinson	150 136	Childs	150 63
Walls	150 136	Baker	100 73
Brumber	150 117	Howland	45 38
Warboys	150 115	Sands	60 38
Fisher	150 106	Wood	45 20
Feary	150 98	Tomlinson, Jr....	15 5

C. W. GARDINER, Sec'y.

Sheridan Gun Club.

TOWER CITY, Pa., Sept. 2.—W. E. Daub took away first gun trophy at our registered tournament here to-day. He deserved his win with 142 out of 150. E. Reed came along the line second on 137, while R. J. Budd broke two less for third. O. S. Sked trotted across with upper pro. glory, getting 138. The tournament was well managed and enjoyed by all entrants.

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
W E Daub.....	150 142	W Witmer	150 122
E Reed	150 137	R Weaver	150 128
R J Budd.....	150 135	L Schreiner ...	135 100
W Unger	150 132	A F Thompson..	150 95
A Thompson...	150 131	R Gable	90 82
J Daub	150 131	W Kopp	45 33
J Hand	150 130	J Houtz	15 8
W Bendigo	150 128		

Professionals:
O S Sked..... 150 138 R Klotz 150 135

Menominee Falls Gun Club.

MENOMINEE FALLS, Wis., Aug. 31.—Attendance was small because of the opening of the duck season on Sept. 1, and because of Labor Day and Primary Election Day following, giving the hunters three days on the marshes. Wulf was top gun with 143 out of 150, while E. S. Graham did same number for high pro.

F J Wulf.....	143	G A Held.....	129
J Terry	140	J H Felsing.....	129
J A Pike	138	W H Evans.....	119
P Leister	136	C Horn	118
A F Caesar.....	132	W B Campbell.....	98

Professionals:
E S Graham..... 143 G E Matthews..... 139
F G Bills

Maplewood Gun Club.

MAPLEWOOD, N. H., Sept. 7.—B. H. Scott, captain of the Yale Gun Club, was winner in yesterday's scratch trapshooting tournament, breaking 96 out of 100. In practice he broke 98. A. T. Skinner, Yonkers, was second with 84; G. H. Story, New York, 80; Loring Coes, Worcester 77; J. W. F. Moore, Boston, 71; A. M. Champion, New York, 51.

George H. Story won the gold medal for the season's high average with a percentage of 85.

Robin Hood Gun Club.

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.—Rowley won first at Labor Day shoot of the Robin Hood Gun Club. Six gunners turned out in the rain to shoot the sixth leg on the 1912 cup, with scores as follows: C. Rowley 85, W. Curry 87, G. Schofield 86, J. Martinitz 81, Dr. Groll 85, W. Bush 79.

GEO. CONNELLEY, Sec'y.

Rifle and Revolver

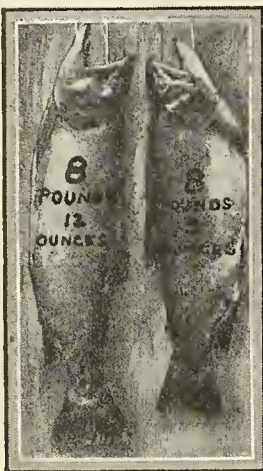
San Francisco Schuetzen Verein.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 1.—The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, held its fifty-third annual eagle-kong shoot in Shell Mound Park to-day.

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The following returned winning scores: Fred Pape, first prize, king of Schuetzen Verein; crown, William Morken; apple, H. Boruholdt; scepter, Lieut. John F. Mues; ring, Hermann Dohemann; head, Edward Doell; neck, George Tietjen; right wing, John Plath; left wing, John Tiedemann; right talon, Henry Dierks; left talon, Dr. William Peters; tail, William Schulte.

George Hetzel, shooting king of the Deutscher Krieger Verein, scored 109 points out of five shots, the best score of the current year in that organization.

A. Lemaire, the oldest member of the verein, who participated in every king shoot in the past fifty years, made a speech at the annual dinner of the verein during the noon recess.

L. S. Hawxhurst made 244 out of a possible 250, scoring ten consecutive bullseyes in the competition of the Shell Mound Pistol and Rifle Club, breaking the record of the club for the year. The following are the principal scores of the day:

Deutscher Krieger Verein, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, Lieut. Chas. Weggenmann, 375; champion class, Lieut. Xavier Silberzahn, 337; second class, Fred. Hemmelskamp, 332; third class, Charles Metzger, 341; fourth class, W. Pfister, 324; first and last best centers of the day, Fred Hemmelskamp; most centers, Lieut. Xavier Silberzahn; most red flags, Lieut. Chas. Weggenmann.

Deutscher Krieger Verein, bullseye shoot, prize winners: Lieut. X. Silberzahn, Lieut. C. Weggenmann, King George Hetzel, W. Pfister, O. Dammer, J. Bender, Chas. Metzger.

Oakland Turner Schuetzen, monthly medal shoot: H. W. Kleinenbroich 335, M. Bechtel, Jr., 195, H. Loeffler, Jr., 356, R. Heinemann 315, H. Loeffler 302, H. Purrmann 302, B. Brunje 273.

Bullseye shoot winners: B. Brunje 170½, H. Loeffler, Jr., 192, H. Purrmann 102, H. W. Kleinenbroich 197½, R. Heinemann 294.

Independent Rifles, monthly medal shoot.—Winners: T. P. Lorenzen 30, A. Williams 42, W. Healy 30, F. Schohag 48, H. Lunsman 22, J. H. Kuhlke 30, B. Hassler 56, Capt. H. Gaetjen 48, H. Reinhard 44, C. H. Wittig 20, H. C. Meyer 45, J. Siebe 24, T. Schlink 35, R. F. Fleischauer 48, P. H. Schonig 68, Corp. B. Healy 56, Sergt. L. C. Schneider 28, Lieut. C. Iverson 54, Sergt. J. C. Moore 47.

Shell Mound Pistol and Rifle Club, monthly competition, rifle scores, 200yds.: Champion Class—C. W. Seeley 195, L. S. Hawxhurst 221, 166. First class—F. Poulter 195, 201; J. Bauman 184, 170; C. M. Kraul 183, 154; L. Erickson 164, 166; F. A. McLoughlin 175, 165; H. W. Kleinenbroich 210, 192; A. Thompson 204. Second class—B. Brunje 148, 149; M. Nielsen 161, 184; G. R. Hauser 184, 174. Third class—O. P. Peterson 175, 205; W. Guild 161. Unclassified—A. Oldag 92, W. Nielsen 173, 166.

Shell Mound Pistol and Rifle Club pistol scores, 50yds.: Champion Class—Dr. R. A. Summers 84, 89; Geo. Armstrong, 89, 91; A. M. Poulson 7; C. W. Linder 86, 90; R. S. Wixson 83, 89; W. A. Siebe 87, 91; C. Whaley 86, 87. First Class—C. W. Seeley 87, 89; F. Poulter 82; L. Erickson 75, 75; W. H. Christie 80, 85. Second class—L. S. Hawxhurst 81 83; J. A. Jones 80, 80; M. Nielsen 72, 73. Third class—A. Hartmann 75, 83; W. Guild 67, 74; O. P. Peterson 55, 57; C. M. Kraul 73, 75.

Shell Mound Club scores in competition against the Portland Revolver Club, of Portland, Ore.: C. W. Whaley 422, R. S. Wixson 433, W. H. Christie 427. Revolver scores: Frank Poulter 394, L. Erickson 387, W. A. Siebe 392; total 2455.

Scores of the re-entry match were as follows: First Class—John Frei 217, 214, 214, 212; J. A. Sutter 217, 198, 155, 192; L. Wille 209, 204. Second Class—F. A. Garbrant 211, 206, 204; Charles Ott 202, 195, 192. Third Class—John S. Leutenegger 203, 185, 180. Veteran Class—Capt. Joseph Straub 188, 172.

Zettler Rifle Club.

The thirty-eighth annual shooting festival of the Zettler Rifle Club (A. Begerow, president), will be held at Union Hill Schuetzen Park, New Jersey, Sept. 24, rain or shine. Everything under cover.

The shooting program will comprise the following events:

Ring Target—Distance 200yds., ¾ in. (25) German ring target, open to all covers; tickets \$1. Two best tickets to count for first five prizes; single tickets for the others. Tickets unlimited. Only one prize obtainable by any one shooter. Twenty prizes, ranging from \$30 down to \$1.

Bullseye Target—Open to all comers, ten shots for \$1; the best bullseye by measurement to count. Eighteen prizes, ranging from \$20 to \$1.

Target of Honor—Three shots, open to members only, for the prizes presented by judges and members and \$75 donated by the club.

Special 25-ring Target—Open to everybody; 3 shots free. Only one ticket allowed to each shooter. A fine trophy presented by Zettler Bros.

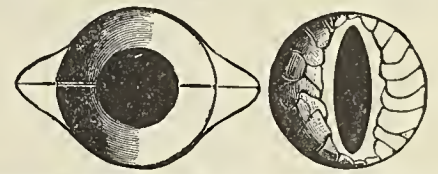
United States Marksmen to Compete at Ottawa.

The United States rifle team to compete at Ottawa, Canada, Sept. 9, for the Palma international trophy, has been selected. Lieut.-Col. W. Brookhart, Iowa, is captain of the team, and Capt. M. C. Mumma, U. S. A. is team adjutant. The other members of the team and their high scores at the conclusion of the tryouts are: Sergt. F. H. Kean, Massachusetts, 595; Capt. E. W. Eddy, Ohio, 587; Capt. K. K. V. Casey, Pennsylvania, 585; Lieut. Ralph Alderman, District of Columbia, 577; Major W. B. Martin, New Jersey, 576, George W. Chesley, Connecticut, 575; Lieut.-Col. Wm. A. Tewes, New Jersey, 573; Sergt. J. H. Kneubel, New York, 573. Sergt. H. F. Teat, Alabama, 573; Capt. G. C. Duff, Texas, 573; J. W. Hessian, Connecticut, 572, J. H. Keough, Massachusetts, 572.

Of the twelve members of the party, other than the team officers, eight will be selected as shooting members, two as alternates and two as coaches.

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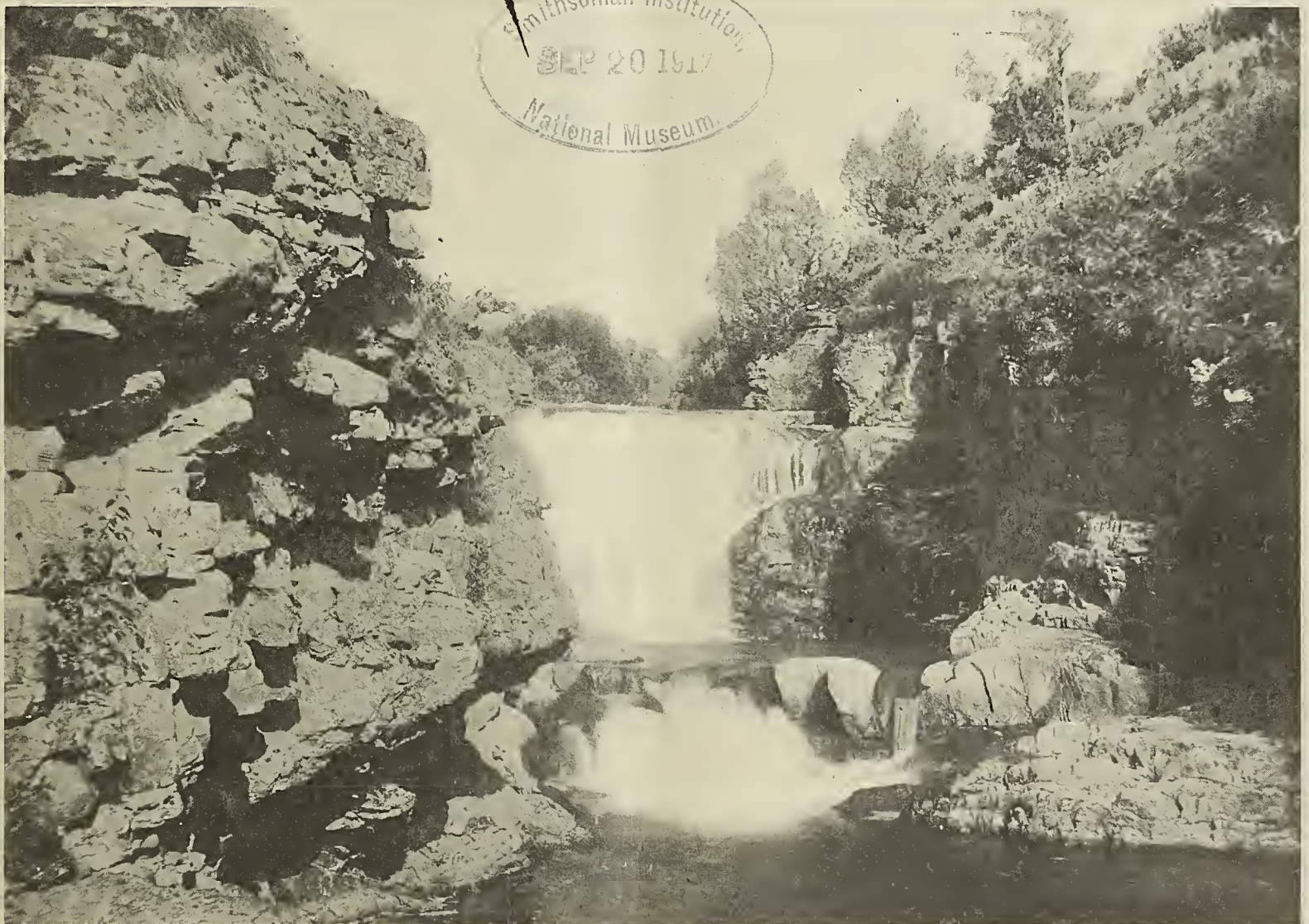
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CANYON CREEK FALLS, MONTANA

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FATTER BLUEBERRIES.

WHILE the New England blueberry is justly famous, its systematic cultivation until recently has been neglected, largely through the belief that it was impossible.

The large bushes in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington are probably more than fifty years old, and many such bushes in the Arnold Arboretum near Boston demonstrate the fallacy of the idea that the blueberry cannot be transplanted and cultivated.

Some years ago Dr. Frederick D. Coville, a Government botanist, started upon a series of investigations of the culture of the berries, which, according to the Scientific American, has continued to the present time with somewhat remarkable results.

Proceeding with the idea that previous failures along the same line had been due to a misunderstanding of the soil requirements of the blueberry, which are radically different from those of our common cultivated plants, the doctor, whose interest in the subject was attracted as far back as 1906, has made a careful study of the soil requirements with important results.

The doctor found it necessary to devise a gauge. This huckleberrymeter, or blueberry gauge, as it is more prosaically known in the Department, is used for measuring the berries and in noting the progress of the cultivation. The possibility of culture has not only been demonstrated, but the size development as well. Starting with a normal size of the opening No. 11 of the gauge, the berries have been developed to size No. 15, and doubtless a further cultivation will result in a much larger size, the flavor and fruitiness of the berry being improved rather than impaired by the cultivation.

BUSHMASTER AND LANCEHEAD SNAKES.

FROM R. R. Mole, who sends us many interesting South American reptiles and insects, we have just received a fine example of the fer-de-lance and a large specimen of the South American bushmaster. These two serpents represent the deadliest species of reptiles of the new world. The lance-head snake is about six feet long and the bushmaster is about eight feet in length. The latter is of a beautiful salmon hue, the body crossed by sooty-black bands. The scales are so rough as to suggest the surface of a pineapple. In his letter relating to these serpents, both of which were captured on the Island of Trinidad, Mr. Mole explains that the great pit vipers of that island are now becoming very rare, owing to the activity among their numbers of the Indian mongoose, which was imported to Trinidad some years ago. Despite its habit of killing poisonous snakes, the mongoose is not rated as a very valuable mammal in Trinidad, owing to its habit of frequently killing poultry.—New York Zoological Society Bulletin.

A LONG-LIVED BEETLE.

ALTHOUGH the small insects are supposed to live for comparatively short periods, we have an interesting record of a beetle that was captured on the borders of the Sahara Desert by a lady visiting the Pyramids. This lady picked up the beetle and placed it in what she believed to be an air-tight tin box, her intention being to have the insect mounted upon arriving in America as a souvenir of her trip to the desert. She believed that the insect would die immediately after being placed in the box. Arriving in America three months later she discovered the box in her trunk, and upon opening it, was astonished to find the beetle, which had been all this time without food and water, in a lively condition. She presented the insect to the society, asking that it be installed in one of the cages of the insect collection. This creature died on April 10 of the present year, after having been in our possession for seventeen months. Curiously enough it was seldom noted to partake of food during the period it was exhibited here, although it remained uniformly lively up to the time that it died.—New York Zoological Society Bulletin.

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Like its predecessors, the present volume is devoted chiefly to the great game and outdoor life of Northern America; yet it does not confine itself to any one land, though it is first of all a book about America, its game and its people.

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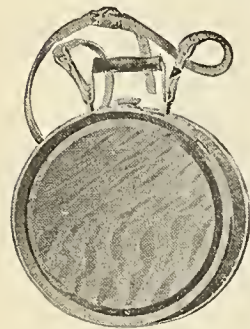
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1912.

VOL. LXXIX.—No. 12.
127 Franklin St., New York.

Our Daily Bread

A "Bakers' Dozen" of Some of the Representative Characteristic Breads and Crackers of the Globe Used by Campers, Travelers, Fisher-Folk, Motoring Tourists, Trappers, Etc.—Pointers for the American Camping Supply Trades

By L. LODIAN

In Two Parts—Part One

ABOUT a couple of years ago the writer suggested to a recreation periodical an article on the above subject, to be profusely illustrated. The reply was negative: that they limited the articles inserted to American topics. A rather insular view, it was thought, because manifestly we Americans don't "know it all." Other nations' campers inevitably have kinks and wrinkles and notions which are worth looking into. Moreover, almost all the exhibits illustrated in this article on camping hard-tack breads and biscuits and crackers are made by bakers in this country, and are in daily use among our millions of foreigners on the farm, in the forests, among lumbering parties, pot-shooters, fishing smack folk, fur hunters, etc.

OF INTEREST TO THE CAMPING SUPPLY TRADES.

Our camping-out supply houses are ever on the alert for articles and provisions which offer superior advantages to the outdoor lifer. It is the life of their business. The present paper on

different types of camping breads and hard-tacks of the nations, limits itself to the useful and the scant-known in camp and army breadstuffs. Thus, the sliced pumpernickel in cans—a splendid standby of the Teutonic outdoor lifedom—is not illustrated, because too well known. Nor the acorn bread of the Pacific Indians, because not obtainable in commerce. Nor the bark-powder-compounded bread of the Norge people, or their fish roe bread, for the same reason. Nor any patented breadstuffs or semi-breadstuffs. Of course I recognize our own high-grade pilot hard-tacks—some retailing at fifteen cents a pound—are unsurpassed as a camp food, although they are very liable to break and make a litter and some loss, unless ordered in small "fit-the-mouth" squares. The small plain fare "nigger crackers" exported by some Manhattan concerns to plantations in the South for negro use, are much more handy as to size and far less crumbable, than the bigger and brittle pilot ware, and they only cost a nickel a pound. While

somewhat coarse, it is doubtful if they compare unfavorably, nutritively, with their "white bruders'" crackery costing three times the price.

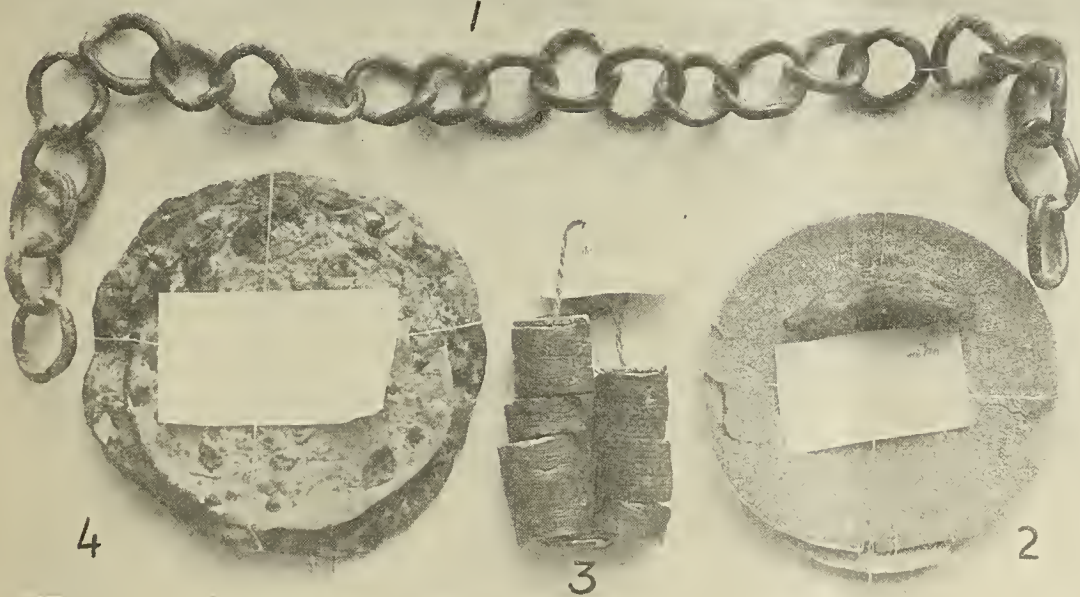
Fancy breadstuffs, like rusks and zwiebacks, are not worth carrying, as they occupy bulk and are unsatisfactory, leaving one with a peculiar, disappointed, inflated, unsatisfied, "blown-out" feeling. On and off I have had years of experience with them, both in Europe and here. But there is a Boston-produced canned brown bread, keepable for years, which is eminently satisfactory, obtainable at most campers' stores, although the makers might advantageously copy the idea of the sliced canned pumpernickel imported from Germany (mentioned above), and give us a ready sliced, canned brown bread. (If they do, there's one idea prompted by or copied via this journal—to start!) The advantages of machine-sliced bread are uniformity and convenience for handing round in a party, dispensing with the not always available knife.

It is noteworthy that the only two ready sliced camping breads sold in this country are both imported products—the aforementioned sliced pumpernickel and the Niponese sliced bamboo bread, as photographed.

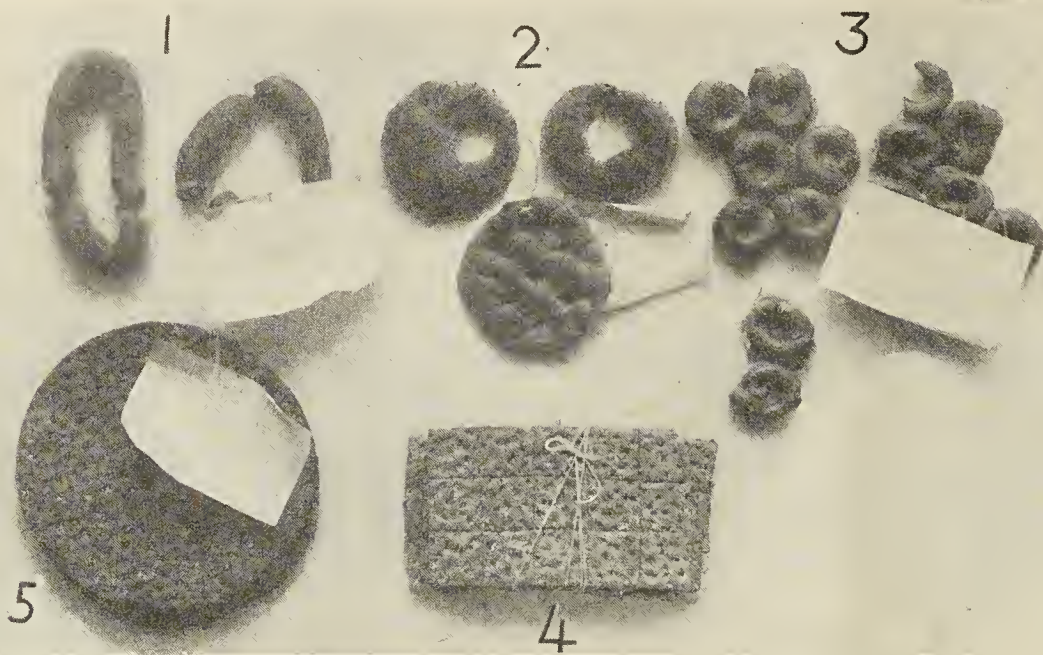
The paper-thin big oat crackers or biscuit disks of Copenhagen (Denmark), are not described or illustrated, because no longer imported, nor the tallow-impregnated rye bread of Siberia; same with the superb potato flour pilot crackers of the Scandinavia shipping world. But methinks all the same, despite these omissions, the writer's specialist knowledge of the army and travel and camping hard-tack breads, biscuits and crackers of the globe will be sufficiently attested by the present illustrated paper.

THE ORIGINAL CRACKER BREAD OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

The kasava bread of millions of Latin Americans is made from the root called kasabi (Indian name). The bread is eaten dry as it is, but swells considerably on liquid contact, so that a hungry person fancying he can "polish off" impromptu one of those large disks of kasava, finds he can only get through half a one. It is of pleasant, slightly potato-like taste, and the tuber from which it is made ranges from thirty centi-



1—Chain cracker-breads (Duorkin). Balkan States, south and west Russia, Kabkaz region. 2—Kasava huge disk-crackers of Latin-America and short specimen root from which made. This is the original cracker and bread of the American continent and is still to-day the chief breadstuff of millions throughout the tropics. 3—Japanese bamboo-shaped, ready-sliced bread-biscuitry. 4—The at-once bread-and-hard-tack crackery of the Holy Land and all Arabic-speaking countries.



1—Oat-bread in sausage form (Celtic countries), containing some fat-seasoning. Is the most sustaining of all breads, and probably the earliest known form extant of the so-styled "meat biscuit." 2—The peculiar sesame-seed-covered cracker-breads of Palestine, Turkey and Egypt, affecting the crescent form and many other odd shapes. 3—"Lattice-work" army hard-tack crackers of Sicilia, Tripoli, Syria, and central Asia; made in a great variety of bread-biscuit forms and sizes. 4 and 5—The pulped-rye army and travel biscuits of Scandinavian countries. They are among the crudest-looking and toughest-appearing crackers of the globe, yet very nutritious.

meters to a meter in length. This is also boiled and eaten as is a sweet potato. Kasava is also imported in four-inch diameter disks.

A peculiarity of the kasava bread hard-tack is that a use can be made of it of which no other breadstuffs of the globe is capable. Thus, the vaquero (herder) of the Sierras and Andes can make a fairly passable dessert out of kasava bits, leavings or other broken fragments, or lacking those, he will deliberately crumple up one of the disks and use the pieces. These he drops into a two-quart sized seamless leather bag, pours in enough cold water to swell the débris to a paste, and a few squeezes of the bag in his hand completely homogenizes it. In his pocket dish—made of non-rusting thin black iron and of universal use—the vaquero has about half an inch of water bubbling atop the embers, already sweetened with a few pieces of raspadura (the small cone of pot-boiled crude sugar obtainable at the village bazars). Into this goes the kasava mush—enough for one human—and he slowly stirs as it quickly thickens and puffs up and flops down with the escaping steam bubbles. Now its color visibly changes to the milky bluish-white semi-transparency of our own cornstarch, and it is done. Then it is placed anywhere to cool off, and can be either turned out on to a wood plate (or a maize tortilla serving as one) as a molded blanc-mange, or eaten from the same vessel in which cooked. The latter is the more usual course, and the two fingers used (the cloying stuff being cold) much as a Chinaman uses his chop-sticks. Those vaqueros have an expressive saying that "Dios hecho dedos antes tenedores" (God made fingers before forks).

* * * * *

The chain bread (Duorkin) of the Balkans, South Russia and Polonia is sold from the neck and arms of itinerant bread peddlers in the bazars (market places). In tent life in Balkania, the isolated rings, but thicker, are often used for fun as quoits, or as temporary awning or curtain rings, or for suspending a portière to serve a semblance of privacy for the harem part

of the natural-black, Angora-worsted tents (often as big as one of our houseboats). Then, when they get hungry, the ladies of the harem, if pushed, chew up their curtain rings!

This chain bread is useful about camp in that it is always cleanly to handle, can be hung up anywhere out of the way, dispensing with the stuffy bread bag. I have a melancholy recollection of camp breads impregnated with the nauseating odor of foul stale bread air in an impermeable bag. Once on the Trans-Baikal, on the borders of Eastern and Central Siberia, I jettisoned into the lake near Chita a whole bag of engineers' bread because thus fouled. As the bread tumbled out and spread upon the water, it was a sight to see within five minutes the nibbling and bubbling from seething fish life!

QUEER JAPANESE BISCUITRY.

In Japan I came across the singular so styled bamboo bread, so named from its shape. It is already sliced for convenience in detaching and eating. It is always sold in strings. These are suspended from or carried on the arms of the bread peddlers. The bread is very light, and is sold by Nipon groceries in Manhattan at twenty cents per. It is not made anywhere in America, but imported via Yokohama, thus being the longest distance imported bread on our market.

Niponese campers carry this along for two reasons: as a light cracker with their amber-colored delicate tea, or for the soup. It is one of the most singular combination cracker and bread foodstuffs on this mundane sphere. The statement which has been published that Japan is changing from a rice-eating nation to a bread-eating nation is—well, not so. But in another half century things may be different.

THE BREADS AND BISCUITS OF THE CARAVAN AND HAREM (TURKEY).

The bread of the Holy Land and all Arabic-speaking countries is ever made in thin disk form, and has not varied since the days of Pontius

Pilate the just. Experienced travelers consider this among the best of the breads of the globe. Made fresh daily just before noon, it has dried to a hard-tack by evening, and becomes the Turkish cracker, and is keepable for years. It is quite brittle, however, and very hard, and requires—like much sailors' hard-tack—slight softening when eaten with the coffee or soup. It makes an excellent soup stock.

There are some Turkish bakeries in Manhatta for their own tribes, and they bake the bread while you wait near the oven door. Fresh, with sweet butter, and a couple of glasses of milk, these form an ideal lunch which the hungry Yankee dropper-in at nomadic tents in the lands of the Faithful will preserve as a mental souvenir through life. All these breads and hard-tacks are of course used in common from harem to hovel in the land of the piping hot Turkey-trot.

Some types of Turkish small breads—current from Stamboul, on the Bosphorus, to Cairo and Mecca—are also shown. These are sesame-seed-covered, affect the crescent and various fantastic forms, and are the fresh daily "hot rolls" of the Levant countries. Dried out by evening, they form a permanent hard-tack or cracker for domestic and army use.

It is a pointer for the camping outer in the historic Tigris-Euphrates regions, to always remember that the local breads are at once the fresh breads and travel breads of the caravan parties. And, though plain fare, there's more good plain solid stock and staying power in them than in the whole gamut of our fancy crackers.

HARD-TACK PLATE-LIKE BREADS USED AS EXTEMPORARY DISHES (SCANDINAVIA).

The unmilled or just pulped rye hard-tack breads of Scandinavian countries are met with by all observant tourists to the midnight sun land, on the coastwise steamers, among the fisher folk, at the isolated inns in the fjord regions, and scattering. It is the only bread of the Norse timber parties, surveyors, railroad workers, and in fact all outdoor life. Note the hole in the middle of the biscuit. This was not intended for the purpose to which the forester and camper utilizes it—as to be mentioned now—but for convenience in racking away on poles in farm houses and suspending near the roof. The camp worker or camp sporter, however, uses it as a makeshift plate for his bits of hot stewed meat or steak or broiled fish, finding the center hole useful for holding the plate more steadily, per stretched-out digit, much as an artist handles his color palette.

These pulped rye hard-tacks are very satisfying and nutritious, and at the same time useful "interiorly" (due to the coarseness of the grain) as a slight aperitive. Hence their use by old and young alike.

A wheat flour macaroni hard-tack "knacker-brod" is also made, and can be used eaten dry as it is, or put into soups. It retains well the macaroni-like flavor in either use. (Note: The word macaroni is not of Italian origin, as dictionaryally supposed, but is Asiatic. Both Nipon and the present Republic of China have had macaroni, since time lost in antiquity, in many forms, as rice macaroni, bean macaroni, buck-wheat macaroni, etc., and they themselves call it macaroni, spelling the word with a k, or at least their symbols give the power of k. All these

(Continued on page 378.)



Sport in Florida

By J. A. L. WADDELL

(Continued from last week.)

WE still had the same dread of stepping on a rattlesnake, excepting that as soon as the dogs pointed, we forgot all about the danger and pushed on just as we would have done in perfectly safe country. We did not see a single rattler all day, the ground probably being too wet, but about noon I almost stepped on a big cottonmouth moccasin. I will give the creature credit, though, for trying to get out of my way, as most snakes will, if they are permitted, but as on general principles I kill all poisonous reptiles, I fired quickly at a yard's distance and missed, whereupon it stopped crawling away and raised its head, which I blew off at the muzzle of my gun.

About the time that we found our third covey, John and I parted company, he taking the direct road to the Lightsee ranch, and I following an old road through the forest so as to reach shooting ground which had not been hunted that season, and we found it, for all the coveys which we flushed were large ones. Our last covey for the day we raised near the place where we had decided to quit shooting, because it was getting late, and we did not know exactly how far we were from our destination. It was a splendid lot of birds, and after we had taken toll out of it we marked it well, scattered close to a dense thicket that they term "bay" in Florida or "mott" in Texas. The temptation to follow was too great, and Leonard having joined us, all three pushed on a quarter of a mile, finding the birds one or two at a time and bagging a goodly number in spite of the increasing darkness and the proximity of the thicket, to which of course each bird flew as it rose. After we got back to our buggies from this round-up, it was decidedly late, far too late for the distance ahead of us and the condition of the roads, hence we pushed on as rapidly as possible, trotting the horses wherever the road permitted. After a while we passed a farm house where we were told that the Lightsee ranch was about six miles ahead, and after we had gone a mile and a half or two miles further, we were informed at another farm house that our destination was still eight miles off—and it was!

By this time it had become quite dark, and the moon had not risen; in fact, it was clouding up in the East for rain. We pushed on as fast as possible, but the road was either too rough or too wet for trotting, and we could scarcely see it at times. Generally we could trust to the mare's keeping in it, but occasionally she would wander off, then R. would have to get out and

find it by lighting matches. At one place the trail followed a barbed wire fence, and we kept in proper place by traveling close thereto, but presently we struck a small pond or lake with a heavy forest beyond, and in crossing it the mare turned to the left and got out of the road. Just as we reached the timber we brought up suddenly with a crash. Something had broken, and it proved to be the whiffle-tree, of which the end had been snapped off. R., however, was equal to the emergency, for by means of baling wire, some of which he invariably made a practice of carrying in each of his luggies, and using torches prepared from paper that we had in our pockets, he managed to repair the damage and get the buggy back into the road, which meanwhile W. had located by means of matches and burning paper. Had the latter not been a smoker and consequently well supplied with matches, we might have had to stay in the swamp all night. That would have been decidedly unpleasant, because when we were making the repairs, the rain, that for some time had been threatening, struck us. Fortunately we were provided with waterproof coats and consequently escaped a soaking.

The rest of that drive seemed interminable, but there were no more mishaps, and after passing through a mile or two of forest we struck a somewhat smoother road where we made better time, although in our crippled condition it was not good policy to trot much. Occasionally we would see a light and think that the ranch house was near, but it proved to be either a burning stump on some ground that was being cleared or else a jack-o'-lantern. Our fireflies in the North produce quick, bright flashes, and in Mexico I have seen a kind that gives a continuous shine from its eyes, but I had never seen fireflies like these, for their glow was not only continuous, but it appeared like a ball as big as one's fist or even bigger. These lights generally moved along slowly a dozen feet or more above the ground, but once there was one on a fence post, and for a while I felt sure that it was a lantern placed on a gateway to guide us to the ranch.

It must have been 9 o'clock when we reached our journey's end. John, who had gotten there in good time, soon prepared a fine and a hot supper, the principal feature of which was a fry of some of the birds that he had taken from us in the morning. He had found the ranch deserted and the door locked, but had crawled through a window and started a fire in the

kitchen stove. John Lightsee, who was across the lake at the other ranch house where the famous Lightsee orange orchard is located, saw the smoke and surmised that some sportsmen had arrived, consequently he plucked half a gunny sack full of oranges and came across in the motor boat, a distance of one mile by land and two by water. From that time on he stayed with us at the West ranch house, and others dropped in both by land and water, as the natives there like company and our food was good. In purchasing the provisions at Bartow, Mr. W. had ordered enough for eight men for ten days, and I had added a lot of articles to the list after he got through, although at the time I did not see why he wanted such a lot of provisions. It seemed that he had been there before and knew the customs of the country. It was a great pleasure and satisfaction to us all to keep open house and to provide a good, square meal for each comer. Had it not been for the abundance of game that we secured, our provisions would have run short; in fact, they did toward the last, but I managed to buy some from the captain of the steamer on its way up to Kissimmee at the head of the lake.

We had expected to catch plenty of fish, as the lake is a good one for black bass and two or three other kinds, but the weather was unpropitious and we did not take a single fish during the six days we were there, although we tried on two or three occasions. During our entire stay we were supplied with all the oranges that everybody cared to eat, and were told to gather what we wanted from the orchard—and what excellent oranges they were! I have eaten fine ones in Japan, China, California, Louisiana and Mexico, but I have never tasted any that could compare with those of the Lightsee orchard. They were very juicy, unusually sweet, and just acid enough. We used to eat from four to six apiece several times a day. I sent a box of them to Iowa, where it arrived in good shape, and each season in the future I shall leave a standing order to have one box per week sent to my home during the entire orange season. Anyone who likes fine oranges and who does not mind paying high express charges can do the same.

The sleeping accommodations at the ranch were comfortable, though limited. Leonard and I were given a bed in the granary and W. one in John Lightsee's room, and the others slept in cots on the covered porch, which ran around three sides of the house.

During the night the weather turned much colder and the rain continued, but in the forenoon next day it quit at intervals. We all tried for jacksnipe and managed to bag fifty and a brace of ducks, but the walking was bad and the birds wild, besides which the rain made shooting uncomfortable.

We sent some of our game across the lake to the other ranch house and had no difficulty in getting rid of the rest, as we had numerous visitors at meal time. Quail were so plentiful in the larder that John, under my directions, prepared a thick soup or stew of some of them. Poured over well buttered toast (made of the last of our loaves of bread) it was a dish fit for a king. John cooked some more quail in a Southern style, which I believe he called "puldoo"—the chopped-up birds were boiled with rice and highly seasoned. They made a tasty dish which all appreciated.

The next day was stormy and I did not go out, but Leonard did, and in spite of the rain and the bad walking, managed to pick up a fair bag of jacksnipe. I amused myself by shooting from the porch enough blackbirds to make a fine stew. They were plentiful and comparatively tame, and I fear I took an unfair advantage of them by baiting with oats.

That evening the weekly boat came down, bringing from Bartow Captain G., his young son, and Mr. W.'s son, a welcome addition to our party, especially as we were able to get up a fair game of bridge each evening. Captain G. brought his dog with him, but she had gotten a front foot hurt en route; moreover, Lass had been suffering from a festered toe since our trip in, consequently next day we left the three pointers at home, took the two setters, and went across the lake, Captain G. and I, to try for

snipe and quail with old Joe's aid and Leonard and the boatman to look for larger game with their rifles. The weather turned warm, the walking was bad, and the snipe were very scarce and wild, besides Joe disgraced himself by leaving us to run rabbits, hence after two or three hours' walking, the captain and I gave it up and went to the ranch, taking in a small bag of snipe and quail. After resting a little we tried again to the south and east with no better luck. We got a few birds apiece, and Captain G. bagged a fine, fat 'possum.

The country on the east side of the lake is quite different from that on the west side, the land being more sandy and partially covered with high, thick palmetto infested with rattlesnakes. There were occasionally grass swales and once in a while a live oak mott, but there was no pine forest. The snakes are so troublesome that it is found impracticable to keep dogs at the ranch.

About 2 o'clock Leonard and his companion returned without any game. They had seen two or three deer, but no turkeys. However, each of them had killed a rattlesnake, Leonard's being five and a half feet long with thirteen rattles, and the other one somewhat smaller. The boatman discovered his between his feet just as he was putting one leg over a barbed wire fence. It was a close call for him, because the reptile was coiled all ready to strike. Leonard, who was close at hand vows that the man jumped ten feet when he heard the warning note. One cannot hunt in country like that without taking his life in his hand, and it is too dangerous for employing dogs. There are quail, but the palmettos are too high and dense for sport.

After eating all the oranges we wanted, we

filled a gunnysack with them and made our way back across the lake, having spent the day very pleasantly, although not profitably as far as game was concerned. The two boys had a good time shooting blackbirds and crows, the latter being exceedingly destructive to the orange crop.

Next day Leonard, Captain G. and the latter's boy took the two setters in one buggy and went southwest, while R. and I took his two pointers in the other buggy and went northwest. Both parties found plenty of coveys and easily bagged the limit, returning home before dark. The boy shot two or three quail (his first) and was much elated thereby. One of the party killed a kingrail, a rather rare bird in that part of the country. Once during the day the two parties met, and as one of them was following a scattered covey, we lost the best part of an hour in separating the dogs who were insistent on hunting together. The weather was cool, but comparatively clear, the wind continuing to blow from the north.

That night John served us for supper among other good dishes the 'possum roasted with sweet potatoes in true darkey style, and we voted unanimously that we had never eaten anything more toothsome.

Next day we went for quail again, Leonard and R. going to the southwest and Captain G. and I making a long drive northwest before turning west, then south so as to reach some undisturbed shooting ground. Again both parties had no difficulty in bagging the limit, and I picked up another kingrail.

That evening the steamer came up-river, tying for the night at the wharf across the lake, and early the next morning Mr. W., Captain G. and the two boys left us for home, taking a good bag of birds with them.

The dogs being tired, we decided to retain the launch and go up the lake for wildfowl. Just as we started it began to rain, and when we reached the island I concluded that I had not lost any ducks that day, consequently L. and R. stepped out into the water and waded ashore while I went back to the ranch, where I spent most of the day in bed keeping warm and amusing myself by reading magazines. L. and R., to whom I had sent back the launch, stuck it out and succeeded in securing a dozen ducks—mostly mallards—as many jacksnipe, and a 'coon, which John skinned, but failed to cook for the reason that we broke camp too soon. Our young men truly earned all the birds they got that day, for they were soaked to the skin, and the temperature was pretty nearly down to the freezing point.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

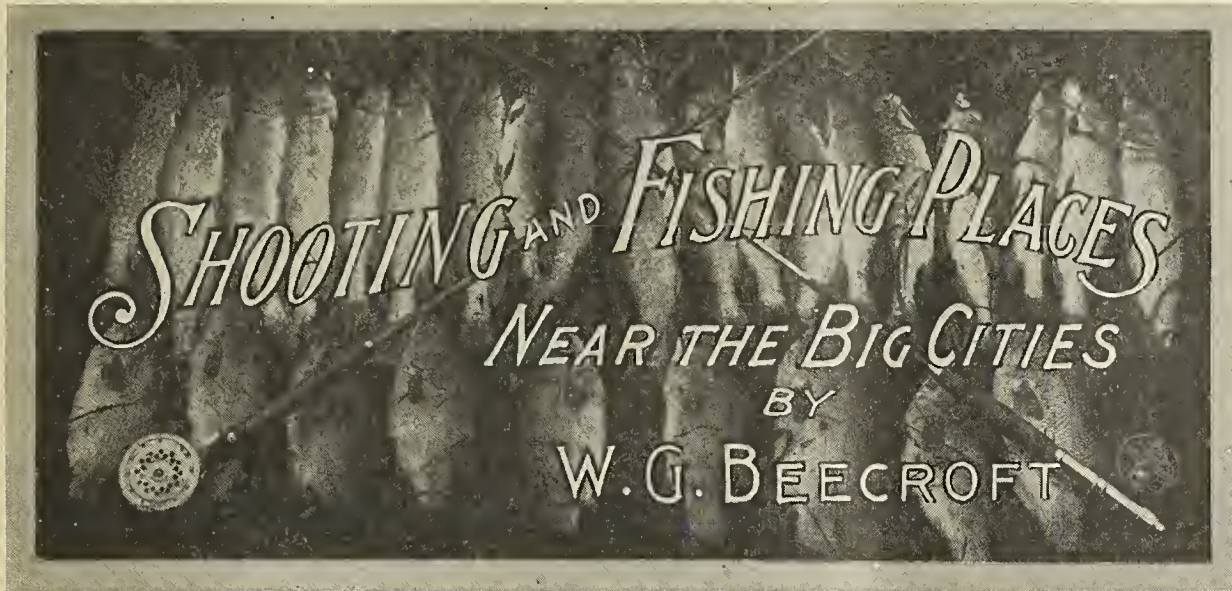
Woodpeckers Destroying Ohio Church.

THE Oak Hill Church in Belmont county, about fifteen miles north of St. Clairsville, is threatened with destruction by a vandalistic horde that has already rent great holes in its sides, and the board of trustees has been called to meet to devise ways and means of checking the onslaught and saving the edifice.

The attacking army is composed of woodpeckers, and so extensive have been its ravages that some action by the church board is regarded as imperative. Holes large enough for a man to crawl through have been made in several places and the birds are literally destroying the church.—Philadelphia Record.



STEALING UP ON A FLOCK.



Number One—New York.

WANTED: Thousands of fishermen who can keep a secret. Assuming that you are among this number, I am going to invite you to membership in the esoteric affinity and tell you and the several hundred who have written to know, "Where is the best fishing near New York city?" When a fisherman finds a real fishing place he keeps it dark. He will tell you about all sorts of good places—excepting the one he fishes.

Accidentally I got an admission from an old and ardent piscatorial artist, one Job Sherman, that he "went to a place near Troy," so I went on a hunt for it. I took the boat to Troy, train to Greenwich, thence by automobile to Cassayuna Lake, about a half hour's ride from Greenwich. The illustration will show how good the catches are when the "lake is not a-workin'." Izaak Walton wasn't born in any of the houses in that section, but he has an enthusiastic colony of disciples who gather there year after year to revere his memory. It was with this "gang" that I "landed" and by whom I was shown the "good places" after being treated to the following verse—the password of the clan—written by one of founders of the order of "The Cassayuna Fish Line":

THE SAME OLD LIE.

BY DR. F. J. TOMPKINS.

The Old Sport sat in the stern of the boat,
And the sweat ran down till the seat was afloat,
And he wiped his brow on the tail of his coat,
And says he, "This lake is a-working."

His face was red and his neck was a sight,
And he longed for the cooling shades of night,
And says he, "The reason the fish don't bite,
Is because this lake is a-working."

Then he got a strike and his line ran out,
And he upset his bait as he galloped about,
And he split the air with a gladsome shout,
"Who says this lake is a-working?"

He played that fish for an hour or more,
And he tangled his line and he lost an oar,
Then his leader parted, and Lord! how he swore,
At the blamed old lake and its working.

Then back to his home went the fisherman bold,
And his h'ide was the color of rich red gold,
And he told the same lie that we all have told,
For says he, "The lake is a-working."

There may come a time in the bye-and-bye,
And hope we will see it—you and I—
Where a man will invent an original lie,
And let up on the lake that is "working."

One day's fishing convinced me that I had located the best large- and small-mouth black bass fishing within a day's trip of New York city. The next day I wanted a try with the dry-fly, although most of the Cassayuna ardents ran to bass.

There only are two guides on the lake; they represent two of the ages of man—youth and three score. Both are good and reliable, and strange as it may seem—are deferential. They work for your pleasure and work all the time you are with them.

Roy started me at daylight on a trip along the streams. At the end of the day, with a full creel, we motored back to the Oaks at Cassayuna, where by the log fire the accompanying map was born. It shows only places, general locations and their direction one from another, with their relative position. There is no accompanying scale of miles—a fisherman knows no miles. When you get to Salem, Greenwich or East Salem, ask at the livery stable and you will have no difficulty in locating a guide. The natives all are anglers and work only when the lake enjoys the same process.

To the hunter there comes a call from this section. From Tefft Flats to Salem he will find ruffed grouse, woodcock, rabbit and an occasional deer, but from Tinkey's Pond, around the upper end of Cassayuna to Hebron Pond and down to Carter's Lake the sportsman fond of bird shooting will find the bag limit every day. The deer hunter here will get a chance at a buck most likely.

Most of the territory is unposted, while some of the forbidden territory may be shot over on payment of fifty cents a day to the owner. Here then, is—near New York city—a great game and fish country, very little known to sportsmen. Don't tell my secret to those outside the fraternity.

THE HOODOO.

BY DR. F. J. TOMPKINS.

Where the waving arms of the forest
Tossed wildly to and fro,
And nod to themselves in the limpid lake,
In the time of long ago;
Where the white man's foot had never trod,
And Dame Nature held her sway,
An Indian sat on the grassy sod,
And his eyes looked far away.

A wise old man was this Indian chief—
A medicine man, they say—
And his gaze pierced the veil of the centuries
Forever and a day;

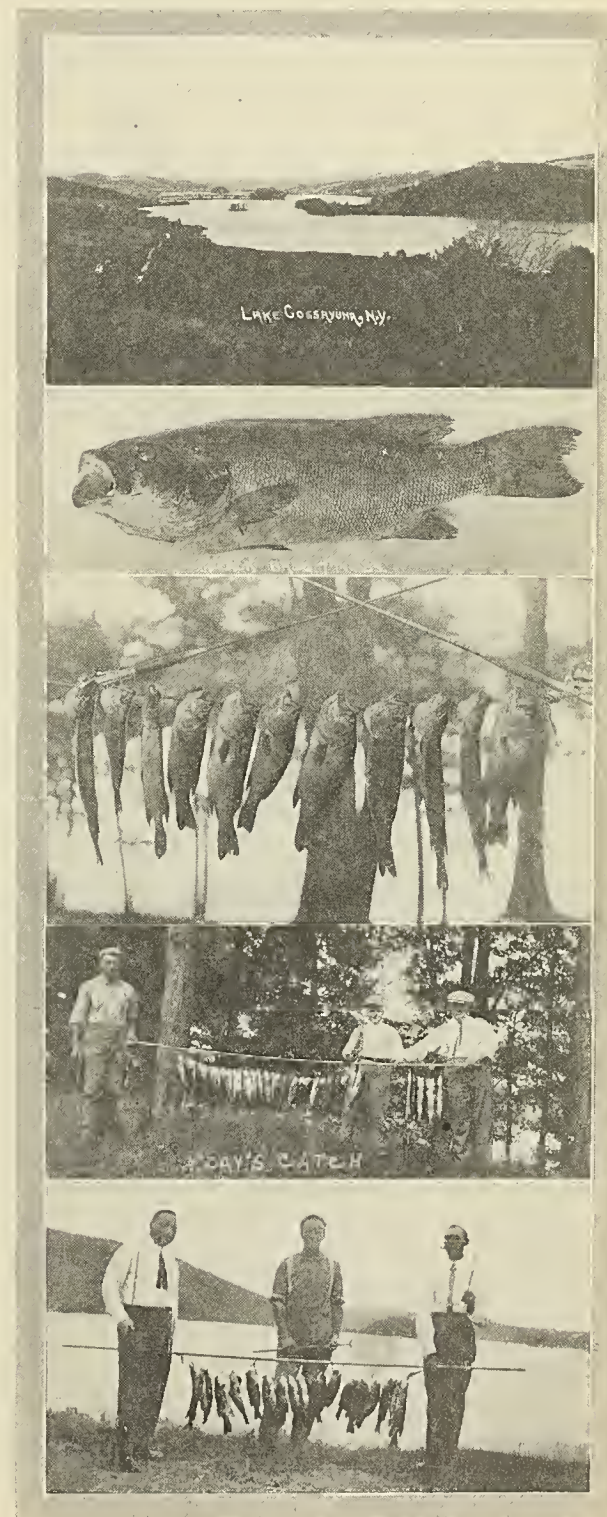
And the future rolled back before him
Like mist from the morning sun,
And his heart grew bold and his face was sad,
For he saw that his race was run.

And what do I see before me?
And where is the forest gone?
And where is the bounding roebuck?
And the scream of the panther's song?
And where are my people's wigwams?
And where can the Nessmuk lay?
Alas! for the things that mine eyes have seen
In the centuries far away!

For he saw the white man toiling
And he heard the crash of the oak.
And the air was filled with the furnace dust
In place of the wigwam smoke—
The canoes on the shining water
Bore wings like a wondrous gull,
And some breathed fire till the water boiled
Like a torrent, beneath the hull.

Then, suddenly, close beside him
He saw a wigwam grand,
It had pressed the forest before it,
Away down to the shining strand;
And now, like a dream from the distance,
Came a palface, who calmly spoke:
"I like this spot, I'll be hanged if I don't;
I'll call this place 'The Oaks.'"

Now the heart of this wise old chieftain
Was furrowed and seared with woe,



Massachusetts Gunners Association

Secretary's Annual Report, 1911-1912

THIS association has been in active existence since June 15, 1910, and was incorporated under the laws of the Commonwealth on Dec. 21, 1910. It was formed, as set forth in the agreement of association, "for the purpose of preserving recreative gunning in this Commonwealth, protecting and propagating game and game birds, promoting equal opportunities for all gunners and representing their interests in legislation."

The original membership of two score has so increased that every district of the Commonwealth is fully represented. Conditions demand that a State-wide organization exist which will be alert and aggressive in matters beneficial to sportsmen. There must be a working force of picked men to represent such an organization, who in turn will voice the sentiment of the sportsmen as expressed at meetings of local clubs and sessions of the State association. Our record of the past two years shows the possibilities of this plan. Increased recreative gunning is our aim, and this demands positive action in at least two directions.

First.—Gunners must practice self-control and be willing to observe short seasons, with small bag limits until the supply of game birds and animals shall begin to increase in numbers above the yearly quota which is taken by the gun, vermin and other causes.

Second.—The existing stock must be increased by placing in the covers and upon the waters birds and animals raised on preserves, and by providing means to satisfy the large non-shooting but game-eating public.

To support the first proposition, the following changes have been made in the laws:

The sale of all wild birds and game quadrupeds, protected by law in any part of the United States is prohibited. The only exceptions being rabbits, together with deer, moose, caribou and elk, legally killed outside the Commonwealth. Chap. 567, Acts of 1912. This law goes into effect Jan. 1, 1913. The secretary on his own initiative introduced a bill at the last session to stop the sale of game, and this bill was later approved of by the executive board. The law as it now stands is a consolidation of this bill with two others introduced for the same purpose.

By the bag limit law each hunter may kill five gray squirrels in any one day and fifteen in any one year; three ruffed grouse in any one day and fifteen in any one year; four woodcock, or quail in any one day and twenty in any one year.

The deer law remains the same as last year, except that deer may be shot in the additional counties of Bristol, Essex and Middlesex.

The restriction on hunting wildfowl at night, Chapter 187, Acts of 1911, has been entirely removed.

Changes in the seasons as follows are very important:

The season on partridge, quail and woodcock opens three days earlier and closes three days earlier this year, namely Oct. 12 to Nov. 12, both dates inclusive. This does not apply to rabbits and squirrels.

Additional game wardens may be provided upon application of a city or town, providing said city or town will pay the salary, fifty dollars a year, to the warden.

Some greatly needed legislation was not enacted.

The substance of a bill presented personally by the secretary of the association to permit the shooting of cock pheasants, subject to a day and season bag limit, was provided by the Committee on Fisheries and Game, but was defeated in the Legislature. The opposition was along purely sentimental lines by legislators who know nothing about gunning and who overlooked two very important facts—these birds are being raised and liberated for this very purpose and a restricted open season would direct attention away from the native birds, particularly partridges.

The bill to keep self-hunting dogs out of the covers during the mating and breeding season was defeated on a technicality and not on the merits.

The bill to license all cats was made the butt of some mirth in the Committee on Agriculture, whereas if the same legislators would seriously consider the loss of bird life each year by the hordes of unowned, neglected and uncontrolled cats of the Commonwealth, such a bill would quickly become law.

Repeal of the law prohibiting the use of live decoys on the waters of and adjacent to Nantucket.

A law should be passed similar to the one in Pennsylvania prohibiting all unnaturalized persons from carrying firearms in this Commonwealth. This would make it easier to control the camps of foreigners, who lay waste the

country around them, for no guns would then be allowed in and around such camps.

There should be a reasonable bag limit on shore birds and wildfowl.

The appropriation of the hunter's license fee to the use of the Board of Commissioners on Fisheries and Game, in addition to the annual appropriation.

The creation of a single-head commission with two deputy commissioners. This last should be insisted upon by every sportsman. It is not the object of this report to make any unfair criticism, for considering the present form of organization, the Commission on Fisheries and Game has done good work. But granting this, its results have not been so large as could have been obtained, considering the exceptional opportunities of this commission during the past two years at least, under a more direct form of organization. The control is now equally divided among three men, and it is impossible to obtain decisive action as quickly or to lay positively on any one man the responsibility for failure to obtain results which should be realized.

In support of the second proposition advanced above, the following action has been taken:

Last year, \$10,000 was appropriated to establish and maintain one or more game farms. Five game farms are now in operation at Foxboro, Sharon, Sutton, Wilbraham and on the Vineyard, respectively. These farms embrace, all told, over 4,000 acres of leased or posted land on which all varieties of game birds and wildfowl are being raised. The reservation on the Vineyard, which heretofore has harbored only the heath hen, is being made a breeding ground for quail and wildfowl. It is estimated that the other farms will collectively produce this year about 2,800 pheasants, 1,000 quail and a hundred or more ducks, including wood, mallard and black ducks. The commissioners point with pride to a flock of forty-two young Virginia wild turkeys which were raised from one pair of



MALLARD RAISING BY AMERICAN GAME PROTECTIVE AND PROPAGATION ASSOCIATION.

birds at the Wilbraham farm. At Palmer, where a fish hatchery has been established, attention will be given to raising ducks, and quite likely quail and grouse. In these places the commissioners have planted considerable quantities of the western sunflower, buckwheat and other food.

The American Game Protective and Propagation Association, the national association which every sportsman should join and assist, has acquired an extensive preserve near South Carver, Mass. While large numbers of ducks and pheasants will be raised, the problem of rearing quail and especially ruffed grouse will be studied. At present a number of grouse that have been hatched out under hens are thriving nicely.

The greatest work of the national association has been to arouse the country to action on the Federal bills to protect migratory birds. The bills were introduced in the House by Congressman Weeks and the Senate by Senator McLean. These bills were argued before the House and Senate committees in Washington last March, and the Secretary was present on behalf of the association and urged the passage of such a law. Most of the States were fully represented and practically all of those not represented have since approved of the measure. The bills have been favorably reported by both committees, and each member is urged to write to his congressman and senator asking their active support when the bills come up to be voted on in the House and Senate.

For years thoughtful sportsmen have been lamenting not only the cutting of the timber, but also the vastness of destructive forest fires in this Commonwealth. These fires come at the time of year when thousands of young game birds are helpless. State Forester Rane, during the past five years, has converted several thousand acres of barren land into flourishing plantations of white pine. The lover of the grouse knows what this means. This work is being rapidly carried on.

The forest fire protective system now in charge of a State fire warden is made up of town forest wardens and deputies numbering more than fifteen hundred men well informed as to their duties. Observation stations on high ground manned day and night, and with telephone connections, are now arranged so as to cover the entire forest region of the State. No one but the man who has seen the ravages of the axe thoughtlessly or ignorantly laid to our forests, and the terrible waste of a forest fire, can appreciate the far-reaching benefit of this work.

The secretary of the association was present at all the hearings held at the State House during the year, and was present at many important conferences with representatives of other associations. As legislative counsel for the association he opposed various bills which the executive committee believed were against the interest of the sportsmen.

Notably among these matters was the bill (which comes up every year and is strongly supported) to give to all city and town clerks a sum ranging from 15 to 25 per cent. of the hunters' license fee as compensation for their work in issuing licenses.

He opposed a consolidation of the departments of State Forester and Fisheries and Game. Also a law to lengthen the present season on quail, woodcock and partridges. Also a law to

open the black duck season on Oct. 15. Also a law to increase the license to hunt deer. Also a law to prevent minors from shooting deer. Also a law to put a close season and bounty on foxes.

Each year, since the shooting of wildfowl after Jan. 1 was prohibited, great efforts have been made to extend the season on certain birds, particularly coot, whistlers and shelldrake. The executive committee has always favored these bills subject to sharp limitations. But the beneficial results of this regulation are now so apparent that it is strongly urged that this matter be allowed to remain in *statu quo* for a few seasons to give a full opportunity to test the value of this law.

The experience gained by being constantly on the ground during the past years has convinced your secretary that if the sportsmen of this Commonwealth would really get together and proceed in concerted action, they could absolutely control the situation as to game, and could make laws such as only their understanding of the real conditions can dictate. This matter should never be considered as a political question, but in some cases it amounts to just that, and the best legislation is therefore lost.

For instance, men in last year's committee in the Legislature frankly admitted to me that they never packed a gun and knew nothing of game conditions in this State. There were others who, if the sportsmen had insisted on a statement of views as to gunning before election, never would have been elected. This is what 45,000 gunners (most of them voters) sat by and tolerated last year. There is just one fact—the sportsmen must organize; they must support a State association that will fight for their rights, be vigilant as to proposed wrongs and truly represent their interests without fear or favor.

After this it is up to every man to be honest with himself in the sport, to give the game a square deal and to obey the law. Sober reflection will show him these are for his benefit, and ultimately will give him larger opportunities to gun. It is a hackneyed expression, but every year it becomes truer that every man must be a game warden—certainly unto himself, if not unto the other fellow.

Finally every one of us should read at least the first volume of Frank Forrester's "Field Sports of America" and try to develop within us some of the old-time etiquette and courtesy of a day afield and thus idealize the sport to make it just what we have pledged ourselves to make it—recreative gunning of a high and noble sort.

WILLIAM C. ADAMS, Sec'y.

Disappearance of the Wild Pigeon.

FLORAL PARK, N. Y., Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to the article of Herman L. Collins in your issue of Aug. 24, regarding the disappearance of the wild pigeon, I would say that there is no doubt in my mind as to the cause of its extinction. The habit of this bird nesting in vast colonies was the secret of its wonderful abundance, for a pigeon and its nestlings and eggs are the prey for many birds and animals, and if they had nested singly, scattered about all over the country, their natural enemies would have kept their number down to a very small limit, but by collecting in such vast quantities

to raise their young, their natural enemies of the vicinity were not abundant enough to do them any perceptible damage. It was different, however, when man appeared upon the scene and visited these nesting colonies, killing the birds and shipping them to the market by the carload, diminishing their numbers at a fearful rate and preventing them from breeding. Under these conditions this noble and beautiful bird, like the buffalo of the plains, diminished so rapidly that before anyone realized it, it was practically extinct.

During the later years of the wild pigeon's apparent abundance, it is probable that all there were in the country were assembled in one flock, and all there were left probably made up the last two or three large nesting colonies of which we have record.

When this colony was reduced to a few hundred pairs, the bird no longer had a chance to increase, for its natural enemies would easily prevent it.

The last nesting in Vermont was in 1898. A dozen pairs were found building nests in a piece of woods near Lunenburg, but within two days an enterprising local hotel keeper had them all served up to his guests.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS.

MADelia, Minn., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your paper of Aug. 24, the article by H. L. Collins, on the disappearance of the wild pigeon, reminds me that five or six years ago, while up in Northern Minnesota, a lumber jack came to our camp, staying over night. In talking over the disappearance of the wild pigeon, he said: "Some years ago I was a sailor on Lake Michigan. One spring (I forget the year) it thawed early and we had several weeks of nice warm weather. Then it got cold and foggy. So dense was the storm that we had almost to lie still, and during that time clouds and clouds of wild pigeons flew all around. A few days later, when it cleared up, the surface of the lake was covered with dead wild pigeons."

He said he never saw such a sight and had intended to write to some game paper about this, but never did, and I told him I would.

I shot many wild pigeons years ago and know them well. One day, going through the woods near here by the Watouwan River, I saw two wild pigeons flying along the river. After that I went there a dozen times, but did not see them again.

I thought I would send you this, as it may lead to someone remembering the incident.

HENRY JOERG.

Giant Spiders.

THE collection of giant spiders of the tropics is of marked interest. Some of our examples have been exhibited considerably over a year, and all of them have spun intensely white silk tubes in their cages. These spiders regularly shed their skins. When the old skin is about to be cast, it splits up the back, the spider withdraws its legs from the original casing, leaving the former covering so intact as to appear like another spider. The keepers have several times been deceived in cleaning the cages by cautiously poking aside the shed skin of one of these creatures, while the living inmate of the cage was actually hiding in its silk tunnel.—New York Zoological Society Bulletin.



An Amateur's Experience.

Fishing for Trout in the Adirondacks.

BY CHAS. D. DAVIS.

ON reading an interesting magazine story in which the catching of a six-pound trout was the principal feature, I became imbued with the notion that trout fishing with the "seductive fly" must be a very fascinating and exciting sport.

I had never handled a rod nor heard the music of a running reel in my life. I at once sought the best authorities on this particular sport and began reading with eagerness FOREST AND STREAM. The more I learned the theory of the "gentle art," the more enthusiastic I became to put it into practice. My next move was to visit a sporting goods establishment and modestly express my ambition to catch trout, and to possess an inexpensive, but serviceable outfit for that purpose. My actual possession of the slender rod, dainty reel, line, leaders, split shot, and beautiful flies, aroused visions altogether new to my imagination. From that moment I had great expectations. Knowing a few friends who talked fishing I thought it wise to ask them a few leading questions concerning fly-fishing, of which I knew absolutely nothing in a practical way. To my surprise not one of ten who prided themselves on being fishers could give me the least information on how to "cast" and when to "strike" when a trout took a fly. Oh, yes, they knew all about the kind of bait and everything else to be used for catching many other kind of fish, and even reptiles like alligators, eels and frogs, but of how to lure the "monarch of the brook" they reluctantly admitted their ignorance. It seemed to me that fly-fishing for trout must be a rare accomplishment. This, however, did not discourage me, and so on the advice of a friend, I packed my grip and made off for Cranberry Lake in the heart of the Adirondacks.

On my arrival there, July 27, I was cheered with the promise of some good trout fishing. This promise was qualified by the statement of others that my coming a month or six weeks earlier would have been better. I was surprised to find many guest at the "inn" interested in fishing. Whether these people recognized in me a tyro I cannot say, but they certainly entertained me with some remarkable fish stories hard to believe. One was that a large lake trout had been caught with a speckled trout inside him. I failed to verify this story. From the start I was warned not to waste time fishing in the lake because the water was warm and the trout were seeking the cooler spring-fed brooks and streams. With no intention of ignoring this good advice, I sought a secluded and advantageous spot on the lake bank, free from impediments, where I could practice the art of casting.

It was early in the morning, July 28. The sky was overcast. The mountains in their silent majesty almost surrounded the lake. All

nature seemed to linger in her awakening. There was not a sound except the ripple of the water as it lapped the shore at my feet. The air was fragrant with the breath of the forest. The grandeur of the scenery and the quiet solitude beguiled me.

At each cast of the fly I drew a foot or more of the line from the reel. The little success that attended my interested efforts in this practice engaged all my thought and attention. The hope of catching a trout at this time did not suggest itself. Suddenly my rod tip bent to the water. There was a trembling at the end of the line and a tremor shot through me like a mild electric shock. The clicking of the reel as the line ran out got me so excited that I came perilously near falling off the bank into the lake. Whatever it was at the end of my line, it kept me busy. My rod was a rainbow. I kept letting out and reeling in, remembering that I must keep a taut line, until, perhaps, more by luck than judgment, I landed a fish twelve inches long. Oh, joy! it was my first catch—a speckled trout. I need not say I was very much elated. Fifteen minutes after I hooked another beauty not so large. Thus was I initiated into the brotherhood of fishers. While at the lake I had the good fortune to fall in with Mr. Le Grange, of Bainbridge, N. Y. A genial fellow and expert in fly-fishing. He taught me much from his long experience.

Before leaving Cranberry Lake I heard there was good fishing in Grass River. To reach this river one could either take the open road for ten miles or the forest trail of five miles. I decided to take the trail, remembering the words of Byron, that, "there is a pleasure in the pathless woods." I was cautioned, however, not to leave the trail or lose sight of it. I plunged into the forest at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. I entered also upon a new experience. The trail was well defined, but rough and narrow, in places. The great trees on both sides interlocked their branches over the trail, almost shutting out the light of day. The dense undergrowth restricted my vision to a few feet. In the more open places beautiful flowers were blooming which, though new to me, I dared not gather for fear of missing the trail. On emerging from the wood I came out on a broad plateau that commanded a glorious view of vast reaches of the Adirondacks. Close by I found the camp of "Bill" McIlise, a noted guide of that section. To me, a tenderfoot, he was very considerate, and drew from me my unconcealed admiration of his ability as a guide, a fisher and a canoeist. The following morning, by arrangement, he took me four miles down the Grass River in his canoe. Within this short distance we passed through three rapids. In shooting these "Bill" took the narrow passages between rocks with the unerring skill of an Indian scout. It was a lively experience. On our way "Bill" pointed out the likely places to cast the fly. From the still waters under the shade of overhanging trees, and at the base of a rock where the stream ran swiftly, I brought to our basket six beauties. I lost three large

trout through my inexperience in "striking" and bringing in.

A perfect treat was the lunch that Bill prepared on the bank of the river. Coffee, bread and butter, broiled trout, fruit, and then a pipe and some thrilling hunting stories from Bill's experience.

I never returned from a vacation so much rested and strengthened in body, and with such delightful memories of both forest and stream.

Illinois Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following scores resulted from the contests of the 7th and 8th insts. Weather clear, wind northeast, about twelve miles per hour:

Quarter-ounce accuracy bait:		
	Score.	Re-entries.
Hartley	98.4	98.5
Tournier	98.2	98.2
Stanley	99.2	99.6
Bauer	97.8	98.4
Linder	99.3	99.4
Whitby	98.9	99.0
Heston	98.3	98.7
Jamison	99.1	98.4
McCandless	98.0	97.2
Asper	97.8	98.8
Spencer	96.8	96.5
Tice	97.6	97.6
Kirk	96.8
De Garmo	98.6	99.4
Humphreys	98.8	98.5
Huntley	97.3
Kernaghan	98.5	99.3
Nicholson	90.6	99.3
Kerr	98.9	99.5
Pierson	99.3
Accuracy Fly:		
Stanley	99.1	99.7
Heston	99.10	99.5
Jamison	99.3	99.1
Whitby	99.7	99.5
W T Grant.....	98.2	97.14
De Garmo	99.9	99.9
Linder	99.3	99.8
C W Grant.....	98.2	98.12
Swisher	98.7	98.8
Pierson	99.6	99.2
Huntley	98.12	98.9
Quarter-ounce distance bait:		
De Garmo	140 1/2	131 3/4
Stanley	133 3/4	114 3/4
Jamison	125 1/2	114 3/4
Whitby	71 3/4	91 3/4

Only two more days remain before the close of the season, viz.: re-entry day, Sept. 28. There is no prearranged rotation of events for these days. All the games will be played in order that every member who wishes to may complete his score, provided that his re-entires do not exceed the legal limit. In order that this may be done, it will be necessary that contests be started promptly at 2:15 P. M. Saturdays and at 9:15 on the day following.

As soon as possible after last re-entry day—probably the first or second week in October—will be held our annual fall club tournament. Details concerning this important event will be given in a later communication.

Minnesota Bass.

PELICAN RAPIDS, Minn., Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the 5th of this month at Lake Lizzie, Otter Tail county, Minnesota, I caught a small-mouthed bass 20 1/2 inches in length, 16 1/2 inches in circumference and weighing 6 pounds 2 ounces.

Have you record of any large one of that kind being caught this year?

SCOTT MONTEITH.

[This is the largest catch reported to us this year.—EDITOR.]

HAVE you observed the improvement in FOREST AND STREAM?

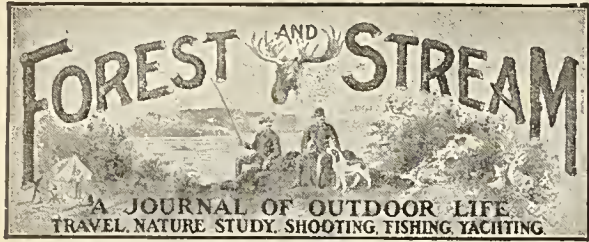
Open Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada, 1912

COMPILED BY T. S. PALMER, C. E. BREWSTER AND FRANK L. EARNSHAW, U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.

The following table shows the open seasons for game in the United States and Canada arranged on a uniform plan. The first date of the open season and the first date of the close season are given, so that close seasons may be found by reversing the dates. When the season is closed for several years, the first date on which shooting is permitted, as Oct. 1, 1913, appears in the table. A few unimportant species and the numerous local exceptions in Maine, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Maryland, North Carolina, Florida, Arkansas, California, Washington, Oregon and the numerous local exceptions in Maryland and the most general of the county laws of North Carolina have been followed. "Game Laws for 1912," except the county seasons of Maryland No. 510, "Game Laws for 1912," except the county seasons of Maryland and North Carolina, which are published in Posters Nos. 28 and 29 of the Biological Survey. These publications may be had free on application to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. The term rabbit includes "hare" of the Canadian laws; quail, the bird known

as "partridge" in the South; grouse, includes Canada grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse (known as "partridge" in the North, and "phasant" in the South), and all other members of the family except prairie chickens, ptarmigan, and sage hens; introduced pheasant is restricted to the Old World pheasants; and goose includes "brant." States are arranged geographically and grouped according to the Hallock Code.

STATE.	BIG GAME.				UPLAND GAME.						
	DEER. ♂	MOOSE.	RABBIT.	SQUIRREL.	QUAIL.	GROUSE.	PRAIRIE CHICKEN.	INTRODUCED PHEASANT.	WILD TURKEY.	DOVE.	WOODCOCK.
1	Oct. 1-Dec. 15 ♀	Oct. 15-Dec. 1 ♂	Sept. 1-Apr. 1	Sept. 1-Nov. 1 †	No open season	Sept. 15-Dec. 1		Apr. 28, 1913		No open season.	Sept. 15-Dec. 1
2	Oct. 1-Dec. 19	No open season.	Oct. 1-Apr. 1	Oct. 1, 1913	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 1-Dec. 1		No open season		No open season.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1 †
3	Nov. 15-Nov. 26 ♂	No open season.	Sept. 15-Mar. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	Sept. 15-Nov. 15		Oct. 1, 1913		No open season.	Sept. 15-Nov. 15
4	No open season.	No open season.	Oct. 16-Mar. 1	Oct. 15-Nov. 16	Oct. 12-Nov. 13	Oct. 12-Nov. 13		Permit.	Sept. 1, 1915	No open season.	Oct. 12-Nov. 13
5	No open season.	No open season.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Oct. 15-Dec. 16	Oct. 15-Dec. 16		No open season.		No open season.	Oct. 15-Dec. 16
6	June 1, 1917	Oct. 1-Nov. 16 ♂	Oct. 1-Jan. 1 †	Sept. 16-Nov. 24	Oct. 8-Nov. 24	Oct. 8-Nov. 24		Oct. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 ♂		No open season.	Oct. 8-Nov. 24
7	Oct. 1-Nov. 16 ♂	No open season.	Oct. 1-Jan. 1 †	Sept. 16-Nov. 1	Oct. 1-Nov. 16	Oct. 1-Dec. 1		Nov. 1-Jan. 1 ♂		No open season.	Oct. 1-Nov. 16
8	No open season.	No open season.	Oct. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1		Nov. 1-Jan. 1 ♂		No open season.	Oct. 15-Dec. 1
9	Nov. 1-Nov. 6 ♂	No open season.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1		Nov. 1-Jan. 1 ♂		Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Oct. 15-Jan. 1
10	Nov. 15-Dec. 1 ♂	No open season.	Nov. 1-Dec. 16	Nov. 1-Dec. 16	Nov. 1-Dec. 16	Nov. 1-Dec. 16		Nov. 1-Dec. 16		Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Oct. 1-Dec. 1
11	Local laws	Local laws	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Sept. 15-Jan. 1 †	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 15-Jan. 1		Nov. 1-Dec. 25		Aug. 1-Jan. 1 †	July 1-Sept. 1 a
12	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Local laws	Nov. 1-Dec. 25	Sept. 1-Dec. 2	Nov. 1-Dec. 25	Nov. 1-Dec. 25		Nov. 1-Dec. 25		Aug. 15-Dec. 25	Nov. 1-Dec. 25 a
13	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Local laws	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Mar. 15	Nov. 1-Dec. 26		Sept. 1-Mar. 15		No open season.	July 1-Jan. 1
14	Oct. 15-Dec. 1 ♂	No open season.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Five local laws c	Nov. 1-Feb. 1 c	Nov. 1-Feb. 1 c		No open season.		No open season.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1 c
15	Sept. 1-Mar. 1	No open season.	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Sept. 15-Oct. 21	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 15-Jan. 1		No open season.		No open season.	July 15-Feb. 1
16	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	No open season.	Oct. 15-Mar. 2	Sept. 15-Oct. 21	Oct. 15-Dec. 5	Nov. 15-Dec. 5		Nov. 15, 1913		Sept. 1-Dec. 5	Oct. 15-Dec. 5
17	No open season.	No open season.	Nov. 15-Dec. 5	Oct. 15, 1914	Oct. 15, 1915	Oct. 15-Dec. 5		Nov. 1, 1915		No open season.	Oct. 15-Jan. 1
18	June 15, 1919	No open season.	Nov. 10-Oct. 1 d	July 1-Nov. 16	Nov. 10-Jan. 1	Nov. 10-Jan. 1		Mar. 6, 1915		No open season.	July 1-Jan. 1 d
19	Nov. 11-Dec. 1 ♀	No open season.	Oct. 10-Feb. 1 †	Oct. 10-Feb. 1 †	Nov. 11-Dec. 10	July 1, 1915		July 1, 1913		Aug. 2-Nov. 30	July 1, 1915
20	Nov. 10-Nov. 30	Nov. 10-Nov. 30 ♂			Oct. 1, 1915	Sept. 10-Dec. 1 †		Oct. 1, 1915		No open season.	Sept. 10-Dec. 1
21	No open season.	No open season.	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 1-Dec. 1		No open season.		Sept. 7-Nov. 7	Sept. 7-Nov. 7
22	Local laws	Local laws	July 1-Dec. 22	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	Nov. 1-Dec. 15		Oct. 1, 1915		No open season.	July 10-Jan. 1
23	Mar. 24, 1931	No open season.	Sept. 1-Jan. 1 †	Sept. 1-Jan. 1 †	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 15-Jan. 1		No open season.		Sept. 1-Jan. 1	No open season.
24	No open season.	No open season.	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	Nov. 15-Dec. 2	Oct. 1-Nov. 2		Mar. 24, 1917		July 15-Sept. 1	Sept. 10-Oct. 10
25	Nov. 10-Dec. 1	No open season.	Nov. 15-Dec. 5	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 1, 1912	Sept. 10-Oct. 10		Jan. 1, 1915		No open season.	Sept. 7-Nov. 2
26	Sept. 1-Dec. 1	No open season.	Nov. 10-Oct. 1 d	Sept. 15-Oct. 21	No open season.	Sept. 7-Nov. 2		No open season.		No open season.	No open season.
27	Sept. 1-Dec. 1	No open season.	Oct. 10-Feb. 1 †	Oct. 10-Feb. 1 †	Sept. 25-Dec. 1	Oct. 1-Nov. 1		Sept. 25-Dec. 1		No open season.	No open season.
28	Sept. 1-Dec. 1	No open season.			Oct. 1, 1924	Sept. 25-Dec. 1 †		Sept. 1, 1914		Aug. 1-Sept. 1 †	No open season.
29	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Sept. 1, 1914		Nov. 1-Mar. 1	Local laws
30	Sept. 1-Jan. 1 †	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1, 1916		Dec. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Feb. 1
31	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Nov. 1-Mar. 1		Dec. 1-Mar. 1	Dec. 1-Jan. 1
32	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
33	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
34	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
35	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
36	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
37	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
38	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
39	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
40	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
41	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
42	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
43	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
44	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
45	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
46	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
47	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
48	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
49	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
50	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
51	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
52	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
53	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
54	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
55	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
56	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
57	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
58	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
59	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
60	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
61	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
62	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15
63	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Dec. 1-Mar. 1		Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 15



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ADVERTISEMENTS: Display and classified, 20 cts. per agate line (\$2.80 per inch). There are 14 agate lines to the inch. Covers and special positions extra. Five, ten and twenty per cent. discount for 13, 26 and 52 insertions, respectively, within one year. Forms close Monday in advance of publication date.

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

UP WE GO.

ABOUT a month ago we made a short statement showing that, according to the records compiled by Printers' Ink, FOREST AND STREAM carried 2,215 agate lines more advertising in June, 1912, than any other sportsman's publication, and that in July it did better, having 2,920 more lines than its nearest competitor. For August we are pleased to report, as per following table, a still further gain. This month we are up 4,057 lines more, indicated by—

AGATE LINES OF ADVERTISING.

(Compiled by Printers' Ink.)

Publication.	August, 1912.
1. Forest and Stream	14,949
2. Field and Stream	10,892
3. Outing	9,864
4. Recreation	9,072
5. Outer's Book	8,736

WANTED—MORE MONEY.

THE United States Fish Commission is acknowledged to be one of the most valuable adjuncts of the country, bearing as it does an economic relation to the food of the people, yet Congress appropriates only the modest sum of \$564,000 for its maintenance and support. With this sum the commission supports and maintains thirty-nine fish hatcheries and fishcultural stations in thirty States. In addition to these stations there are six fishing steamers in commission engaged in surveying, studying and propagating fish life. The commission gave away over a million dollars worth of fish last year, distributing almost four billion fish and eggs. For many years the scientists of the commission have been prosecuting inquiries and investigations into the causes of the decrease of food fishes in the waters of the United States, and they have also been engaged in experimenting with aquatic animals, plants and waters in the interest of fish

culture, all with the idea and purpose of propagating and increasing the supply of food fishes. Along this line of investigation experiments have begun to create new races of food and game fishes of large and better quality than any now in existence. Such work cannot be done without considerable expense, and as it is a valuable work, Congress should curtail elsewhere rather than stint the fish commission. Elsewhere in this issue an article by Raleigh Raines describes minutely the work of the commission. It is well worth reading.

REPRESENTING THE INTERESTS.

NEW YORK, September 11, 1912.

Publisher Forest and Stream, New York City:

DEAR SIR—Has FOREST AND STREAM a new editor, or has the old editorial staff gone to seed? Your editorial on the "Sullivan Revolver Law" in the August 24 issue, indicates one or the other.

Just how you can afford to champion a law so absurd and so dangerous as this law, is beyond my comprehension. The only people it has benefited are the thugs. Has FOREST AND STREAM been subsidized by "Monk Eastman" or "Gyp the Blood"?

Perhaps you think a law which encourages degenerates to shoot, and stab, and kill, and outrage young girls, is no concern of sportsmen. Has it occurred to you that we sportsmen who support your paper and pay your salary are also citizens; that we are the very ones who are compelled by this law which you so beautifully uphold, to calmly fold our arms while we are batted over the head or stabbed in the ribs by any one of the multitude of crooks which your law has drawn to New York, and which you tell us are so harmless?

No, we need no weapons in our homes. The millennium is here. Angels walk the streets of New York at night, chanting hymns and guarding the lives of her sleeping citizens.

AN OLD READER.

It having been a law for years among publishers to pay no attention to anonymous communications, we feel the necessity of an apology for printing the above, for of course we know it does not emanate with a FOREST AND STREAM subscriber. We deny that any such condition exists as mentioned in the accompanying letter, and further reiterate that those who need revolvers and are entitled to them will have no difficulty in obtaining them. In the mean time those of us sportsmen who have always gone without a revolver in our homes will continue to do so regardless of any suggestion from the interests. In the mean time we would refer "An Old Reader" to an editorial in our issue of Sept. 14, entitled "Anti-Revolver Law."

THE CHANGING SEASON.

WHEN we were boys, summer meant vacation and baseball, fall led to opening of school and football, then skating, and so on through the line of youthful pleasures, through vacations and school, into college with its older, though somewhat similar recreations and ambitions, with four years' preparation for business and bigger sports. And so with the boy after he reaches man's estate. His pleasure becomes secondary to his business, but in these days of prosperity more time is devoted to recreation, so that the man who years ago was proud to bequeath to his heirs the statement that "he hadn't had a vacation in thirty years," now delights in not allowing one year in thirty to pass without making time and money enough to enable him to take, not only one, but several vacations. Many, perhaps most men of satisfactory income, turn to yachting or to motor boating in the summer. Here he finds pleasure and competition. When fall comes, the grown boy, like

his younger self, rotates with the season, and in the case of yachtsmen, almost invariably it is rifle or shotgun that he substitutes for the tiller. The rifle and the big-game hunt attracts the attention of the big boat sailor, for in these days big game is synonymous with distance and expense. The yachtsman who has kept his boat in tune for at least one regatta a week and his club's cruise, has drawn heavily on his purse and time, perhaps too heavily on the latter. To this man field and trap shooting offer opportunity for greatest and most certain pleasure. A week or two at birds in a place, of which there are many at no very remote distance from almost any city, and then the balance of the winter with the clay bird. Here is a man's sport second to live bird shooting only in the fact that you miss the joy that comes through studying the working of your dog.

Clay bird shooting offers all the exhilaration and compels all the accuracy of the live bird game, knows no bag limit, and causes legislators no new worry in an endeavor to avoid protecting the animated targets. Here is a sport wherein great skill doesn't mean diminution of the feathered folk. It is an evolution of one of our earliest pleasures, shooting clays. Now, instead of calling "knuckle down," "fen everys" and the like, when the other fellow shoots, we call "pull" in order that we ourselves may get a shot. It's a great rejuvenator, is clay target shooting.

ALABAMA GAME REFUGES.

STATE GAME AND FISH COMMISSIONER JOHN H. WALLACE, JR., of Alabama, will ask the Legislature, when next in session, to pass a bill declaring all lands owned by the State, whether held in fee or in trust, State Game Refuges and Forest Preserves.

Alabama holds in trust swamp and overflowed lands, school lands and tax redemption lands, amounting to thousands of acres. State game refuges and forest preserves would cease to be such the moment the State disposed of any part of the lands declared therein.

Under Mr. Wallace's plan these refuges and forest preserves, if established, would be patrolled by wardens to see that the State's property was not vandalized and the birds and game were given ample opportunity to rear undisturbed their young.

This proposition has been submitted to Gov. O'Neal, Superintendent of Education Willingham, State Land Agent Martin and Col. Samuel Will John, of the Board of Trustees of the Brice Insane Hospital, and has received their endorsement.

Commissioner Wallace is so sincere in pushing his policies and is so tireless in formulating them that he deserves support of voter, hunter and legislator.

COCK OF THE ROCK.

WE all know "duck on the rock" and each of us has met a "cock of the walk," but Leon E. Miller has gone us all one better by securing a number of specimens of cock of the rock.

This bird is a sort of crow of many colors that has a home construction habit not unlike the swallow, though the nest is a trifle more ornate in that it has a dangling fringe of roots. Mr. Miller's cock of the rock addition to the American Museum of Natural History will make the collection there very complete.



YACHTING



Atlantic Y. C.

THE racing season of Gravesend Bay ended last Saturday with the fall regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. Eighteen yachts started. Joy defeated Claire in the first division of the handicap class by 16s., and the Q division went to Spider; M. and F. II. won in the Class S, and Mouse won the knockabout event. The dinghy class was won by Viva and the second division of the handicap class was taken by Gunda. The Atlantic Y. C. went out of commission last Sunday after the most successful year in its history. The summary:

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:00—12 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Spider, H. Chubb	5 14 21	2 14 21
Grayjacket, F. S. Noble	5 17 20	2 17 20
Suelew, E. F. Luckenbach	5 18 58	2 18 58
Dixie, R. Rummell	Did not finish.	
Alice, G. Davis	5 22 42	2 22 42
Handicap Class—First Division—Start, 3:05—12 Miles.		
Joy, Le Sauvage & Geer	5 39 50	2 34 50
Claire, W. C. Van Clief	5 40 06	2 35 06
Handicap Class—Second Div.—Start, 3:05—12.6 Miles.		
M. and F., C. M. Camp	5 40 39	2 35 39
Gunda, W. H. Hall	5 41 40	2 36 40
Careless, C. B. Byram	5 45 29	2 40 29
Blue Bill, Zeb Mayhew	5 50 43	2 45 43
Corrected times: Gunda, 2.29.40; M. and F., 2.30.59; Careless, 2.40.29; Blue Bill, 2.40.35.		
Sloops—Class S—Start, 3:10—12.6 Miles.		
M. and F. II., Camp & Marchant	5 42 10	2 32 10
Cyrc, Dr. C. L. Atkinson	Did not finish.	
Gravesend Bay Knockabouts—Start, 3:15—8 Miles.		
Mouse, R. E. Dingman	4 48 23	1 33 23
Merry Widow, Bailey & Bailey	4 51 59	1 36 59
Skylark, M. A. Howard	5 01 13	1 46 13
New York C. C. Dinghies—Start, 3:55—4 Miles.		
Viva, D. D. Allerton	4 51 05	0 56 05
Meteor, J. E. Erskine	4 53 36	0 58 36

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

THE big fall regatta of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. was held last Saturday with fifty-two yachts crossing the starting line. Two of the big sloops, Istalena and Aurora, took part, the latter winning by only 13s. over the 21¾-mile course. Joyant won in Class P. Seven of the New York Y. C. thirties finished within 4m. 5s. and Okee won. Five of the schoonerettes finished with but 3m. 3s. between the first, Helen II., and the last. Winners in the others classes were Edmee, Alert, Malolo, Cliphora, Arethusa, Brilliant, Kanaka, Mlle. Boss, Dodo, Little Dipper, Echo, Tautog, and Gemini.

The race committee was James W. Alker, A. W. Wilson and William Gardner, who used Vice-Commodore Walbridge's steamer Walucia as the committee boat. The summary:

Sloops—Class K—Start, 12:10—21¾ Miles		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Istalena, G. M. Pynchon	2 52 10	2 42 10
Aurora, C. Vanderbilt	2 51 57	2 41 57
Sloops—Class P—Start, 12:20—Course 15¾ Miles.		
Windward, R. A. Monks	2 27 20	2 07 20
Corinthian, H. C. Smith	2 27 21	2 07 21
Joyant, W. H. Childs	2 25 38	2 05 38
N. Y. Y. C. 30-Foot Class—Start, 12:25—15¾ Miles.		
Alera, J. W. and E. P. Alker	3 39 46	2 14 46
Caprice, R. N. Ellis	2 37 17	2 12 17
Ibis, W. K. Busk	2 41 02	2 16 02
Rowdy, H. S. Duel	2 37 28	2 12 28
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	2 36 22	2 11 22
Juanita, J. T. Pratt	2 37 43	2 12 43
Carlita, G. B. Kulenkampff	2 41 27	2 16 27
Sound Schooners—Start, 12:30—9 Miles.		
Helen II., E. Randolph	2 03 00	1 33 00
Vandalia, D. Duncan	2 04 30	1 34 30
Moirra, C. Cowl	2 05 28	1 35 28
Alicia, W. M. Baldwin	2 05 45	1 35 45
Daffodil, A. H. Morris	2 06 03	1 36 03
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 12:35—9 Miles.		
Edmee, Emil Schaefer	2 11 41	1 36 41
Essex, J. L. Mitchell	2 13 37	1 38 37
Handicap Class—First Division—Start, 12:40—9 Miles.		
Sally IX., A. E. Black	2 20 58	1 40 58
Amada, B. R. Stoddard	2 12 16	1 32 16
Alert, R. B. Budd	2 09 46	1 29 46
Corrected times: Alert, 1.28.52; Amada, 1.29.07; Sally IX., 1.37.13.		
Handicap Class—Second Division—Start, 12:40—9 Miles.		
Mist, H. T. Hornidge	2 21 29	1 41 29
Red Wing, Grace and Loewy	2 19 14	1 39 14
Kenmuir, V. P. Krauss	2 22 31	1 42 31
Malolo, C. A. Stoltze	2 21 18	1 41 18

Corrected times: Red Wing, 1.38.14; Kenmuir 1.41.02; Malolo, 1.36.20; Mist, 1.37.01.

American Raceabouts—Start, 12:40—9 Miles.		
Cliphora, C. D. Mallory	2 21 31	1 41 31
Maryola, A. F. Bradley	2 24 00	1 44 00
Handicap Class—Third Division—Start, 12:50—9 Miles.		
Sierce, J. S. & E. S. Appleby	Did not finish.	
Amanita IV., A. E. Fountain	2 36 19	1 46 19
Arethusa, A. G. Hanan	2 30 06	1 40 06
Glen Cove Jewel Class—Start, 12:55—9 Miles.		
Jade, E. S. Willard	2 48 45	1 53 45
Sapphire, H. F. Whitney	2 49 33	1 54 33
Brilliant, W. W. T. Buchnall	2 45 55	1 50 55
Sloops—Special Class—Start, 12:55—9 Miles.		
Kanaka, W. J. McHugh	2 46 15	1 51 15
Ogeemah, A. B. Clements	2 49 01	1 54 01
Manhasset Bay 20-footers—Start, 12:55—9 Miles.		
Stylla, E. A. Sierce	2 56 25	2 01 25
Mlle. Boss, W. E. Lindeman	2 49 13	1 54 13
Bayside Birds—Start, 12:55—9 Miles.		
Teaser, A. Nesbitt	2 48 37	1 53 37
Loon, A. W. Knapp	2 50 58	1 55 58
Curlew, C. L. Willard	2 46 16	1 51 16
Skylark, C. Dayton	2 46 03	1 51 03
Dodo, A. C. Andrews	2 44 43	1 49 43
Star Class—Start, 1:00—6 Miles.		
Little Dipper, George Corry	2 29 56	1 29 56
Solilik, M. M. Loorem	2 32 30	1 32 30
Star Faraway, A. B. Frey	2 30 39	1 30 39
Twinkle, J. Alley	2 33 43	1 33 43
New Rochelle Class—Start, 1:00—6 Miles.		
Echo, T. C. Press	2 36 00	1 36 00
Nereid, George Fuller	2 42 47	1 42 47
American Y. C. Dorries—Start, 1:00—6 Miles.		
Tautog, G. G. Fry	2 57 29	1 57 29
Sloops—Special Class—Start, 1:15—6 Miles.		
Trix, R. B. Hultz	2 56 30	1 41 30
Gemini, W. S. MacIntosh	2 45 33	1 30 33

Lynn Y. C.

LYNN, Mass., Sept. 14.—The Lynn Y. C. held its closing races this afternoon and went out of commission to-night, when cups were awarded by ex-Commodore "Billy" Russell, oratorical dean of yachtsmen. Commodore Joseph D. Houghton's cup was won by the auxiliary La Villa, sailed by ex-Commodore Robert A. Strong. Allowances placed the scratch boat Aeolis fourth. The boats went over an eight-mile triangular course with a beat, reach and a run home. The bang-and-gobang race of power boats for the vice-commodore's cup provided some close finishes. It was the first trial of this novelty in Lynn Harbor. No one appeared to challenge Maritza II. for the cup presented by the crew of the flagship Trixie for the special sailing race, and the interclub champion sailed the course in a walkover. The summary:

Auxiliaries—Commodore's Cup.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
La Villa, R. A. Strong	1 18 06	1 00 45
Strideaway, W. A. Tillotson	1 13 53	1 03 59
Truant, Frank Jones	1 23 34	1 05 38
Aeolis, Thomas P. Gard	1 07 48	1 07 48
Ruth, F. E. Thornton	Withdraw.	
Success, W. Thurlow	Withdraw.	
Power Boats—Vice-Commodore's Cup.		
Nellie M., William Murphy	0 48 41	
Salome, Bert Herbert	0 48 58	
Igo, Hall & McCabe	0 49 37	
Dream, A. D. Grover	0 49 43	
Lucky John, John Daigle	0 50 34	
Helena, John Walton	0 50 43	
Rube, Wylie and Dunbar	0 50 52	
C U Later, M. A. Schaffner	1 10 40	
Special Sailing Race—Trixie Cup.		
Maritza II., Chester H. Porter	1 02 37	

Bensonhurst Y. C.

THE final cruising race of the Bensonhurst Y. C. was decided. Dixie, of R. W. Rummell, was the first to cross the finish line. On corrected time, however, Joy won. Dixie captured the season's sailing prize, presented by Commodore Le Sauvage. The summary:

Cruising Race—Start, 11:30—Course 10 Miles.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dixie, R. W. Rummell	4 42 10	4 42 10
Joy, Le Sauvage & Geer	4 42 15	4 26 44
Careless, C. V. Byram	5 12 12	4 32 43
Mouse, R. E. Dingman	5 25 07	4 35 46
Cyrc, Dr. C. L. Atkinson	Did not finish.	
Hike, R. W. Rummell, Jr.	Did not finish.	
Wahkan II., Robins & Bassier	Disqualified.	

South Shore Y. C.

THE members of the South Shore Y. C. have elected the following officers and committees for next season: Commodore, Charles H. Stoddard; Vice-Commodore, D. S. Mackay; Rear-Commodore, Thomas Forbes; Recording Secretary, Henry L. Maxson; Treasurer, James Dean; Financial Secretary, Clarence E. Jones; Measurer, A. Sidney Malcomson; Directors, Nicholas Cunningham, Louis J. Hall, Fred C. Southard, J. Wesley Miller, William G. Schumacher, George P. Patterson, Arthur Nosworthy, F. A. Myrick, William P. Miller and David A. Kennedy; Regatta Committee, Louis J. Hall, David A. Kennedy, Charles G. Hill, Paul Halpin and Franklin P. Alcorn.

Stamford Y. C.

LAST Saturday was the closing day for the Stamford Y. C. after a mighty interesting season's series. The one-design class cup was won by Dart, owned and cleverly sailed by Schuyler Gillespie. Yesterday's results were:

	Elapsed.
Dart, Schuyler Gillespie	2 18 30
Snapper, Edwards Corning	2 18 40
Killie, Bartholomew Jacobs	2 20 10
Kittaway, E. C. Trowbridge	2 20 10
Osprey, Mr. Elliman	2 21 21
Kelpie, Harold Buck	2 25 04

Larchmont Y. C.

THE Larchmont Y. C. went out of commission last Saturday after a most successful season. As a closing incident the Larchmont one-design class, so popular this year, held a parting race over the 9¾-mile course. A. B. Alley's Festina won handily. The summary:

Larchmont Interclub Class—Start, 2:10—9¾ Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Festina, A. B. Alley	3 46 56	1 36 56
Yukan, W. D. Weir	3 48 14	1 38 14
Bella, C. S. Runk, Jr.	3 48 58	1 38 58
Whiff, W. F. Manney	3 49 46	1 39 46
Lewanna, L. G. Spence	3 56 05	1 46 05
Hamburgh II., M. M. Goldschmidt	3 51 17	1 41 17

Motor Boating

Motor Boat Club of Buffalo.

J. STEWART BLACKTON's Baby Reliance II. redeemed herself after her dismal showing at Huntington Harbor by taking everything of importance at the third annual power boat regatta of the Motor Boat Club of Buffalo, held Sept. 12, 13 and 14. She won the 30-mile event of the first day in record time of 39m. 35s., an average speed of 46.15 miles an hour. Baby Reliance III. was second and P. D. Q. third—all three from New York city.

Gretchen III., owned by John W. Hubbard, of Pittsburgh, broke down within a quarter of a mile of the finish. The Toronto entry, Heloise, finished fourth. Eight boats started, Question, U. U. V. and Reliance IV. all broke down on the first leg.

In the speed mile trials, in an attempt to lower the world's record, Baby Reliance II. and P. D. Q. failed by a considerable margin.

Baby Reliance III. averaged 44.44 statute miles an hour; P. D. Q. averaged 36.73 and Heloise averaged 33.07.

The second day was marred by two serious accidents, not however to be unexpected in the race between these shells. The unfortunates were Reliance IV., owned by C. Crawford, of Lakewood, N. Y., and Question, owned by H. L. Trebert, of Rochester, N. Y. When the nine speeders started across the line at the opening of the race, Reliance IV. was swamped. Her crew, Lautenslager and Ham, were thrown into the river, and the former suffered a punctured kidney, while the latter's face struck the gasoline tank and his nose was badly gashed and broken. While the two injured men were being rescued, Question struck a submerged log and went to the bottom. Her crew were rescued.

Baby Reliance II. covered the thirty-mile course in 43.39, a rate of forty-two miles per hour. Baby Reliance III., owned by Mrs. Paul A. Blackton, of Brooklyn, came in second, and covered the course in 45.38, a rate of forty miles per hour.

The third day was another Blackton triumph. Baby Reliance lowered world's power boat racing record by over a minute when she won the 35-mile international inter-lake championship race for the E. R. Thomas trophy at the rate of 46.15 miles per hour. This gives her first place in all of the races held during the regatta. Baby Reliance III. and Neptune, owned by Lawrence Buell, of Detroit, for second place, was the center of interest. Neptune won the coveted position. Heloise and P. D. Q. fought hard for fourth place. The latter won. Baby Reliance II. made wonderful time. In her last lap she covered the five miles in 6:20, which was at the rate of 47.37 miles per hour. The fastest lap made by Neptune IV. was on the second leg, when she went nearly 45 miles per hour. The racers finished as follows: Baby Reliance II., of Brooklyn, first* in 45.20; Neptune, of Detroit, second, in 48.30; Baby Reliance III., of Brooklyn, third in 50.09; P. D. Q., of New York, fourth in 56.09, and Heloise, of Toronto, fifth in 56.54.

Colonial Y. C.

THIRTEEN power boats started last Saturday in a final race for the trophy offered by E. L. Mahnken, of the Colonial Y. C. The course was from 140th street to Rockland Light and return. W. Lindeman's Snapshot, the scratch boat, made the fastest time over the course, covering it in 4h. 27m. 50s. A. Robinson's Abby May, which took 18m. 12s. longer to cover the course, had a time allowance of 2h. 18m. 9s. and probably will be declared the winner unless a protest which is threatened is lodged. The summary:

	Finish.	Corrected.
Abby May, A. Robinson.....	3 46 02	3 27 53
Au Revoir, F. Ellsworth.....	3 38 16	3 59 11
Irena, J. Peterson.....	3 41 27	4 05 37
Scotland, Charles Stone.....	3 49 08	4 06 40
Alma II., F. P. Pratt.....	3 35 32	4 06 42
Annart, A. J. Bendix.....	4 23 18	4 09 48
Virginia, Harry Betts.....	2 54 16	4 17 26
Canisteo, Dr. H. Baker.....	3 23 22	4 24 44
Snapshot, W. Lindeman.....	2 27 50	4 27 50
Lady Betty, H. J. Russell.....	2 36 23	4 27 57
Allowances: Abby May, 2.18.09; Au Revoir, 1.39.05; Irena, 1.35.50; Scotland, 1.42.28; Alma II., 0.28.50; Annart, 2.13.30; Virginia, 0.36.50; Canisteo, 0.58.38; Snapshot, scratch; Lady Betty, 0.08.26.		

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—James Tully Farrelly, 182 West Fifty-eighth street, New York city, by Louis Reichert.

MEMBER TRANSFERRED.

4663, Joseph E. Zdankiewicz, Fort Sheridan, Ill., care of Telegraph Office, from Atlantic Division to Western Division; formerly of New York city.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Mrs. Oscar J. West, Kenilworth, Ill.; Miss Charlotte Friese and Miss Elizabeth Friese and Miss Charlotte Mount, the Misses Friese, of Chicago, Ill., and Miss Mount, of Lexington, Ky.

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Through Algonquin National Park by Canoe

By C. F. STRATFORD

HOW persistent is the call of those North Woods. It is a challenge to the soul to free itself from the bondage of routine and enjoy nature's best in the atmosphere of liberty. And who, having heard it, could but obey that call. And obedience is a guarantee of joy and happiness. To follow track and trail in the mystic charm of uncertainty; to trek over rough portages, developing courage, grit, endurance and to see in the forest growth and lake expanse the evidence of a Divine Power; to hear the plaintive call of the loon and the long drawn howl of the wolf; then when the last story has been told the final song has died away among the pines, and the camp fire extinguished; then to rest upon a spring bed of boughs—this is the joy of the North Woods and the reward of him who obeys its call.

It was on the evening of the 30th day of July, 1911, that our party of twelve young business and professional men met at the railroad station in Buffalo. We made the trip to Joe Lake without incident, arriving there late the following morning. After having our last civilized meal at the supply station, we set to work getting canoes, provisions, tents, etc., ready for the start. The little wharf was a busy and exciting spot for about an hour.

Down Joe Lake and through beautiful Joe Creek we paddled, getting our first glimpse of the magnificent forest kingdom in which we were to live for two weeks. About an hour after Joe Lake station was left behind, we were in the bosom of an unbroken forest, Algonquin National Park, a glorious area of pine lands set aside by the far-sighted Canadian Government as a timber reserve. It was along Joe Creek that one of our canoes caught sight of a deer.

"Oh, portaging does not amount to much," was the general sentiment expressed at the first "lift-over" around a beautiful waterfall in the creek, but little did the men realize how quickly their sentiments were to change. Another short paddle over the sinuous course of the creek brought us to the second portage, which our leader, who had traveled the country before, guessed to be three-eighths of a mile in length.

The five minute trip over the last section of Joe Creek landed us at the third portage. The last portage of the day was over and we were convinced that the joys of portaging were only outrivaled by the joy of Atlas when he bore the earth on his back. Hardly had we begun to move along the small expanse of water leading from this third portage when we passed through the narrows and beheld stretched out before us Island Lake. Moving noiselessly over the quiet waters, with the afternoon sun still beating down upon us, we passed by the slopes of pine, balsam and fir, almost losing ourselves among the many islands, inlets and coves which stretched to the right and to the left for a long distance. Sundown brought us to the island furthest north, where we found an ideal camp site. Here we landed and established our first camp, named by our boarding house squad "Camp Feed-'Em-Up." It was about 6 o'clock and the call from our leader "All in, fellows, the water's fine" was received with general approval, and we all went to

work with a will when the various crews were announced—four cooks, four tent erectors and four bough and wood cutters. That supper of bacon and eggs, potatoes, bread and butter and coffee disappeared like magic. It was about 9 o'clock when we got our camp in ship shape order. Then we all gathered around the campfire for a few songs and stories, but one by one the fellows stole away to their tents. Every one felt the effects of that first day's hard travel. That first night in the woods was a peculiar experience for many of the fellows who had never slept under canvas in the woods before. Our leader was kept busy answering many questions regarding the various calls and noises familiar to those who have lived in the woods.

We were all up with the birds next morning. Our first night on balsam boughs had been a very restful one. A few complained of stiff backs, but upon examining their beds we found they had been lazy the evening before and had not cut enough boughs to keep them off the hard ground, nevertheless they soon got the kinks out and all ate a hearty breakfast of coffee, bread, flapjacks and syrup.

Early in the afternoon two of our men made a trip over a three-quarter mile portage to explore the lake beyond. They discovered a deserted logging camp, and while rummaging around in one of the cabins found a big fat porcupine. He showed no inclination to notice their arrival on the scene, so they got him cornered and photographed him. They found so many other interesting things that they lost track of the time and did not get started on their return trip until after sundown. They arrived at the portage at dusk. Shouldering their canoe they started back over the trail. When nearing the end they were startled at the sight of a big black bear. They hardly knew just what to do, but finally decided their best course was to make a retreat and wait for Mr. Bear to disappear.

Several fellows had been fishing during the afternoon, but had not been successful in landing any. "Cheer up, fellows," someone said, "you know the old song, 'There's lots of fish down in the brook; all you need is a rod, a line and a hook.'" Then the answer came back in sad tones. "But all I get is sympathy." About this time the dinner gong was sounded and we all partook of a sumptuous meal of potatoes, beans, cheese, coffee, bread and butter.

On Wednesday morning it rained. Poncho blankets were hauled out and breakfast cooked under difficulties. The camp optimist saw possible good fishing in the showers, and this helped create good spirit. Cornmeal mush, bread and coffee, with a liberal sprinkling of rain drops in our tin plates helped to drown out that blue Monday feeling.

"I wonder what fish live on when no one is fishing," asked one of our innocent, unsophisticated city chaps. Suddenly, while the joking was going on something tugged at one of the lines and swept off into deep water. Unfortunately the trout had chosen a tenderfoot's line, and he had no trouble in making his escape, but the blue Monday spell was broken. Ambition ran high. Everybody got out their trolling lines and in

less than twenty minutes there were several canoes moving back and forth on the lake. The fishing was great. One bad feature about going such a distance from home to fish is that you can't show them to your neighbors. The lake fishermen brought back with them five whoppers ranging from four to eight pounds apiece. It proved to be just enough for the party. My, how those fish tasted. Great big salmon steaks coated with a layer of corn meal; it was a feed fit for a king.

Thursday morning saw us up bright and early, as plans for breaking camp had been made the night before. The sad news that one of our number was seriously ill and had to be sent back to Joe Lake for medical treatment changed our plans. The stay on the island was prolonged. Our two huskiest members volunteered to take

the lake. We arrived in due time at the portage where the trail led through a beautiful woods quite swampy in some sections and high and rocky in others. It was somewhat harder and longer than the other portages, but the fellows were beginning to harden up and were anxious for this portage to test their improved physical condition. About an hour later we were ready to start our trip over the beautiful little Otter Slide Lake. Through Otter Creek we went, then past the beautiful beaver dam and into Otter Slide Lake. On all sides were enchanting little islands which almost tempted us to select a camp site on this lake, but our destination was White Trout Lake by Saturday.

At sundown we arrived at the shelter huts at the head of the lake. While the cooking crew were preparing supper, some of the fellows

head the fragments of cloud broke, rejoicing into bits and sailed off into the horizon. Flecks of living flame rose against stratum after stratum of vivid cloud gradually fading in an infinity of distance. Overhead every shred of vapor burned with intense coloring. Just above the spot where the sun disappeared was gold fire only a few shades less bright than the sun itself, and it lingered after the rest had faded. Then the purple cloud banks broke into smouldering shades of red and crimson. Suddenly every color faded and the purple hills grew darker against a faint, nondescript brightness still lingering. Then there came into view the clear majestic outlines of the great pines and balsam shading into the less stalwart birch, hemlock and cedar. Shadows grew longer and longer, the voices grew quiet, then all was still. Twilight had come and after



THE RIGHT WAY.



THE WRONG WAY.

the sick man back to a camp on Joe Lake where a physician was in attendance. It was the first trip back to civilization, and the mail sack was part of the luggage. With good-byes and good luck the canoe started southward.

Algonquin National Park is full of numerous species of birds, but of all of them the loons were most interesting to us. All of our water trips had been paddling trips, but a tantalizing breeze tempted two of the men to try sailing. They improvised a poncho sail and started southward to meet the ambulance crew. In about half an hour all returned to the island, and we heard the disappointing news that our sick friend would have to stay at the Hotel Algonquin under the doctor's care for a few days.

Friday morning the weather conditions did not permit moving. We had rain and thunder and lightning all morning. No difficulty was experienced, however, in cooking the morning meal because our foresighted leader had stored away some dry wood the night before. It cleared up about noon, and there was great bustle and excitement on the island, for orders had been given to break camp and move to the head of the lake to the dreaded big portage. At 1:30 we said good-bye to "Camp Feed-'Em-Up" and soon were in the middle of the big northern bay of

erected the tents and prepared balsam beds. For some reason I had not slept very heavily during the night, and about 4 o'clock in the morning I heard something stirring near the fireplace. I crawled carefully to the front of the tent, which was about ten feet from the fireplace, and there beheld a beautiful buck that had been attracted by some salt which had been spilled the night before. His instinct soon told him that he was being observed. He looked up, his gaze met mine, and we stared for a full minute at each other, then he bolted into the underbrush.

That day was an ideal one and soon after breakfast we were on our way over the creek. Arriving at the second portage we struck over a path that led through a beautiful dense woods, up hill and down hill, through swampy ground and over rocky outcrops, over trees and around stumps, a distance of one-half mile. The third portage began to have its telling effects. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. Nevertheless we finally entered White Trout Lake, none the worse for our strenuous exercise. It had rained during the morning and most of the afternoon. At about 6 o'clock a hopeful brightening of the gray roof suggested a clearing. About seven a glorious newly created sunset streamed out under a straight rift, and over-

a few minutes around the camp-fire we crawled into our blankets for the night. Together with the cry of the loon, the call of the deer, and the howl of the wolf, we fell into that delightful sleep only known to the lover of the wild.

Next day being Sunday we did nothing but eat, rest and read and write letters. During the afternoon the cook prepared a treat in the form of a batter of candy which "panned" out all right. That evening, after I had retired, I was awakened by a scraping noise on the beach. An investigation proved that it was one of the fellows taking a midnight paddle. It was an impressive sight, that canoe moving noiselessly among the moon's silvery water and then vanishing in the darkness. The report from a very reliable source stated that it was 3 A. M. when he took off his shoes and sneaked into his tent, a child of habit. Camp awoke earlier than usual and breakfast was all over at 6:30. The last lap of the trip north was called off on account of a lumber jam in the Pitewawa River. It was just as well, for most of the fellows were inclined to stay at the beach camp a few days. About nine in the morning five of the fellows started out in two canoes for McLaughlin's Depot, some five or six miles up the lake. They

(Continued on page 380.)



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

- Sept. 23-24.—Lewiston (Idaho) G. C. P. T. Lomax, Sec'y.
 - Sept. 25.—Mt. Kisco (N. Y.) G. C. A. Betti, Sec'y.
 - Sept. 25.—Guernsey (Ia.) G. C. J. W. Dobbins, Pres.
 - Sept. 26-27.—Baltimore, Md.—West Forest Park G. C. Richard L. Collins, Sec'y.
 - Sept. 26-27.—Capron (Ill.) G. C. Alex. Vance, Sec'y.
 - Sept. 27.—Saginaw (Mich.) Canoe Club. T. A. Saylor, Sec'y.
 - Oct. 1-2.—Omaha (Neb.) G. C. F. T. Lovering, Sec'y.
 - Oct. 2.—Piedmont (W. Va.) G. C. G. N. Hoover, Sec'y.
 - Oct. 3.—Huntingdon, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of the Alexandria G. C. L. M. Hagerty, Sec'y, Alexandria, Pa.
 - Oct. 3.—Wapakoneta (O.) G. C. Chas. E. Zint, Sec'y.
 - Oct. 3.—Elkton (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Mgr.
 - Oct. 5.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Meadow Springs G. C. Wm. F. Letford, Sec'y.
 - Oct. 6.—Chicago Gun Club championship.
 - Oct. 8-10.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. Jos. Kautzky, Sec'y.
 - Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. Geo. Alig, Jr., Sec'y.
 - Oct. 9-10.—Tarboro (N. C.) G. C. R. E. L. Cook, Mgr.
 - Oct. 12.—Temple, Pa.—Hercules G. C. A. K. Ludwig, Sec'y.
 - Oct. 13.—Arlington Heights, Ill.—League shoot of the Chicago Interurban League of Gun Clubs. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y-Treas.
 - Oct. 15-18.—Cincinnati, O.—The Interstate Association's Post-Season tournament, on the grounds of the Cincinnati G. C.; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 - Oct. 16.—Rising Sun (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Vice-Pres.
 - Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
 - Oct. 22-23.—Scammon (Kans.) G. C. C. R. Quarton, Sec.
 - Oct. 22-23.—Demopolis, Ala.—Demopolis G. C. W. C. Du Fue, Sec'y.
 - Oct. 30.—Medford (Okla.) G. C. Dr. I. V. Hardy, Sec'y.
 - Nov. 7.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
 - Dec. 2-6.—St. Thomas, (Ont.) G. C. W. J. McCance, Asst. Mgr.
- 1913.
- Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.
 - July 8-13.—Cedar Point, O.—The Indians' tournament. D. H. Eaton, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

P. B. Plummer advises us that there will be an unregistered tournament at Rhea Springs, Tenn., Oct. 10 and 100. Programs may be had from J. Hardie Johnson, President.

E. Reed Shaner, manager Department of Records writes: "In accordance with a resolution adopted by the Interstate Association at its annual meeting in 1910, I beg to advise you that Mr. M. M. Bull, of Eugene, Ore., was the winner of the seventh Pacific Coast Handicap, shot at Portland, Ore., Aug. 29. Mr. Bull used a Winchester gun and Du Pont powder."

West Forest Park Country Club registered tournament will be held Sept. 26-27 at West Forest Park, Baltimore, Md.; \$100 added money. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Shells forwarded by express or freight, in care of the Alford Sporting Goods Co., 212 East Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., will be delivered to the grounds. For further information, address R. T. Collings, 4207 Maine avenue, West Forest Park.

The second annual county shoot of the Hercules Gun Club will be held on its grounds, Temple, Pa., Oct. 12, under the management of Lloyd R. Lewis. The program calls for ten events of 15 targets each and an extra event of 10 pairs of doubles. Numerous prizes will be awarded to high and low guns. This is a registered tournament, and the scores will figure in the yearly average. Programs are on the press, and will soon be ready for distribution. Address Secretary A. K. Ludwig, 936 Second street, Reading, Pa. W. G. BEECROFT.

Guernsey Gun Club.

GUERNSEY, Ia., Sept. 7.—The following scores were made on the grounds of the Guernsey Gun Club Saturday, Sept. 7. Our next shoot is Sept. 25.

Shot at, Broke		Shot at, Broke	
A Dalezal 25	20	W Sherlock 45	34
W L Rieck 25	12	F Mohr 15	3
J W Dobbins... 75	65	Rowe 10	7
Mrs J Dobbins. 70	31	E E Dobbins... 5	3
		J. W. DOBBINS, Pres.	

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE registered tournament held on Sept. 12 and 13 was pulled off successfully, although the small attendance of local shooters was a great disappointment to the club's officers, who had looked to them for a far more generous support. During the two days there were almost forty shooters present, twenty-eight shooting through the entire program. Of these, six were professionals. The program was the regular one of ten 15-target events, and there was an extra event at 10 singles and 5 pairs each day. Optional 75-cent sweeps were provided in each event, and a \$2.50 sweep in each day's regular program, but none of the contestants seemed to care for this opportunity to annex a little wealth. The weather, barring a trifle too much wind on Thursday, was fine, a delightful change from the heat of the previous few days. Len Shepard and R. Ward acted as referees and scorers. The office was in charge of L. J. Squier. Supt. Arthur Gambell watched the progress of the shoot from a wheel-chair on the house veranda. It will be several weeks yet before he will be able to get around.

The dinners served by Mrs. Gambell were pleasant reminder of the old St. Bernard days, and were enjoyed by all.

The grounds were open for practice on Wednesday, but only half a dozen shooters availed themselves of the opportunity, and they only shot at a few targets. The grounds have been put in fine condition, new traps installed and everything in readiness for the Post-Season tournament next month.

First Day.

Thursday, the opening day, was pleasant. Thirty-three shooters registered, and twenty-nine shot through the program. An unsteady, incoming wind made the targets exceedingly difficult, and scores fell below the average of most of the contestants. High gun honors for the day went to F. C. Koch, an amateur from Phillipsburg, O., who broke 144. J. A. Smith, South Solon, O., was second with 142, and F. M. Edwards, Columbus, and Lon Fisher, Huntsville, O., divided third on 137.

J. R. Taylor led the professionals with 143, C. O. Le Compte 138 and W. Henderson 137.

At the close of the fifth event, J. A. Smith was the favorite with only 2 down in 75. He kept up his good work until the ninth event, when he struck a snag and lost his chance for high average.

The special event had twenty entries, Cain winning first money on 24, his lost target being in one of the pairs. His score was tied by Henderson, a professional, Smith, Hill, Edwards and Fisher divided second on 22 each. Shattuck and Lallance took third new shooters and gives promise of making good. His score of nearly 85 per cent, on the hard targets trapped to-day being an excellent showing. The program was started at 10:20 and was finished at 4:15. A recess was taken at noon for dinner. The scores in the regular program follow:

C D Coburn..... 131	M J Welsh..... 131
J A Smith..... 142	A S La Follette..... 121
A H Hill..... 131	H S Connelly..... 110
W M Shattuck..... 124	*J R Taylor..... 143
C L Culbertson..... 135	F M Edwards..... 137
J E Schreck..... 125	L D Arndt..... 106
E J Sampson..... 132	J B Lallance, Jr..... 127
E J Sampson..... 132	*R O Heikes..... 134
*C O Le Compte..... 138	*L J Squier..... 132
Medico..... 120	Wm Dull (75 tgts).... 59
E Hammerschmidt... 125	Dr R L Bird (60 tgts.) 44
*Guy Ward..... 123	W F Porter (15 tgts)... 9
H R Irwin..... 107	J B Clement (75tgts).. 75
*W Henderson..... 137	I I Brandenburg..... 129
J Carter..... 111	F C Koch..... 144
G W Dameron..... 127	J E Cain..... 131
F C Dial..... 126	Lon Fisher..... 137

Special event, 15 singles and 5 pairs, \$2 entrance, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.: Coburn 18, Smith 22, Hill 22, Shattuck 21, Culbertson 19, Schreck 19, Medico 15, Hammerschmidt 19, *Le Compte 20, *Ward 18, *Henderson 24, Carter 18, La Follette 19, *Taylor 23, Edwards 22, Lallance 21, *Heikes 19, Fisher 22, Brandenburg 18, Cain 24.

*Professionals.

Second Day.

Friday was partly cloudy, and the return of the heat wave made it uncomfortable. Two or three new men replaced those who left Thursday night, so that the number of entrants remained the same. Shooting began at 9:30, the events being finished at 4 o'clock. At noon a recess was taken for dinner, and in the afternoon two traps were used, Len Shepard and R. Ward refereeing and scoring at Nos. 1 and 2 respectively. John R. Taylor was the star performer, a role often filled by him. He went out with a total of 149. His first 77 targets were broken straight, and this, with the last 60 of the first day, gave him a continuous run of 137, and entitled him to a Du Pont professional long run trophy. After missing his third target in the sixth event, he ran 87 more, including the 15 singles in the special event. R. O. Heikes was second high professional with 144, and Guy Ward third with 141. High amateur average was again captured by F. C. Koch with 145. His first 54 targets were broken, and with the last 48 of the first day, gave him a run of 102 and won him a Du Pont amateur long run medal. Lon Fisher was second with 142, and F. M. Edwards third with 140. The latter was tied with Koch at the end of the fifth event, getting his first 71 straight, and scoring 73 out of 75, but failed to keep up his gait

in the last half. High professional average for the two days went to J. R. Taylor with 292. R. O. Heikes 278, C. O. Le Compte 276. With the exception of first place, the amateurs had it over the pros, F. C. Koch being first with 289. J. A. Smith 281, and Lon Fisher 279.

Several of the shooters left early to get the boat for Louisville on their way to the Indiana State shoot at Evansville. Among them were R. O. Heikes, J. R. Taylor, Guy Ward, Lon Fisher and C. D. Coburn. That interest in trapshooting is not quite extinct here was proven by the good attendance of spectators, the fair sex being well represented.

The money-back system worked out satisfactorily for both the topnotchers and the poorer shots. Losses were paid in sums ranging from 80 cents to \$15.45, and the high average moneys were worth contesting for.

The special event had sixteen entries. First money was divided by Hill, Cain, Edwards and Fisher on 23; Schreck got second on 22; Coburn, Smith and Culbertson third on 20; Welch fourth on 18.

Coburn..... 133	*L J Squier..... 127
J A Smith..... 139	F C Dial..... 129
Alf Hill..... 136	M J Welsh..... 128
W M Shattuck..... 123	A S La Follette..... 128
C L Culbertson..... 135	H S Connelly..... 118
J E Schreck..... 114	*J R Taylor..... 149
E J Sampson..... 138	F M Edwards..... 140
*C O Le Compte..... 138	J B Lallance, Jr..... 132
Medico..... 126	*R O Heikes..... 144
E Hammerschmidt... 135	Fairhead (75 tgts).... 68
*Guy Ward..... 141	J I Brandenburg..... 129
H R Irwin..... 118	F C Koch..... 145
*W Henderson..... 134	J E Cain..... 135
J Carter..... 121	Lon Fisher..... 142
G W Dameron..... 133	D Pohlar (120)..... 106

The special event at 15 singles and 5 pairs, \$2 entrance, had scores as follows: Coburn 20, Smith 20, Hill 23, Shattuck 15, Culbertson 20, Schreck 22, Le Compte 20, *Ward 22, Welch 18, *Taylor 22, Edwards 23, *Heikes 21, Cain 23, Fisher 23, Pohlar 21, *Henderson 21.

MONEY-BACK PURSE.

Added by Interstate Association.....	\$100.00
4575 targets first day at 1c. each.....	45.75
4590 targets second day, at 1c. each.....	45.90
\$1.00 extra entrance first day.....	23.00
\$1.00 extra entrance second day.....	22.00
	<hr/>
Losses.....	\$236.65
	95.85
	<hr/>
Surplus.....	\$140.80

Nine moneys were distributed as follows: First, \$35.20, F. C. Koch on 289; second, \$23.90, J. A. Smith on 281; third, \$19.70, Lon Fisher, on 279; fourth, \$15.50; F. M. Edwards, on 277; fifth and sixth, \$14.05 and \$11.25, divided by C. L. Culbertson and E. J. Sampson on 270; seventh, \$8.40, A. Hill on 267; eighth, \$7.00, J. E. Cain on 266; ninth, \$5.60, C. D. Coburn, on 264.

Ogdensburg Shooting Association.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Sept. 2.—Fifty-two is no small number for a tournament, when every one of them shot the entire program, as they did here to-day. High gun was divided between A. W. Thorpe and W. H. Patrick, each of whom bagged 138 out of 150. Place was also twins, going to G. R. O'Connor and B. Beattie on 137. High professional was Sim Glover with 142, Harry Stevens coming up the trail with 139. The scores:

A W Throop..... 138	T J Turner..... 118
W H Patrick..... 138	Fred Frateschi..... 118
G R O'Connor..... 137	J Hunter, Jr..... 116
B Beattie..... 137	E P Wright..... 116
C W Hobbie..... 136	Geo S Meagher..... 115
Joseph Frateschi..... 136	Fred Weiss..... 115
J C Howland..... 135	W C Little..... 112
W E Corfield..... 134	E E Lytle..... 112
C H Simmonds..... 132	N Rattray..... 111
Geo Mason..... 132	W W Slaney..... 110
W B Corby..... 131	R Tulloch..... 110
H S Fuller..... 130	John N Cunningham 108
B O Grady..... 130	C Scott..... 103
W H Green..... 130	Geo Lavic..... 103
E Turner..... 129	John M. Morley..... 103
C A Lewis..... 127	L C Jackson..... 101
W W Overton..... 126	A S Gay..... 99
Sid Griffin..... 126	Herbert Frateschi... 97
John H Evans..... 126	D M Bacon..... 97
J E Thompson..... 124	P A Larue..... 89
F A Willis..... 121	Chas Flos..... 87
W D Holmes..... 121	N Jarvis..... 86
R B Hunter..... 120	E T Marney..... 79
J B Geddes..... 119	W F Stevens..... 77

Professionals:		
Sim Glover..... 142	G H Chapin..... 137	
H H Stevens..... 139	W B Darton..... 132	

Oakwood Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 10.—To-day's shoot was a crackerjack. We had two events, the regular club shoot at 50 targets and an extra event at 50. W. H. Winfree, Daniels and Single tied for upper gun average on club event. Fox won extra event with 49; also took long-run gun. Anderson won Silverthorn medal.

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Moorman..... 40	30	W R Winfree..... 47	43		
Single..... 47	45	H L Winfree..... 44	43		
Watson..... 38	35	Stockley..... 37	44		
Anderson..... 43	47	Scott..... 30	28		
G O Lee..... 39	45	Terry..... 31	43		
Fox..... 45	49	R A Owen..... 40	44		
Daniel..... 47	43	Dawson..... 46	46		
O Fisher..... 46	46				

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 7.—The pleasant weather to-day was quite a relief from the blistering heat of the past few weeks, and fifteen marksmen came out to the park for practice. Doc. May took them all by surprise when he cleaned up the bunch in the first program event of 50, in which he broke 49. He also did well in the practice event by scoring 21 out of 25, and made the same score in the handicap from the 20yd. mark.

Goode was high amateur for the day, scoring 22 out of 25 in practice, 95 out of 100 in the two 50-target events, and finished up with 23 out of 25 from 20yds. in the handicap. Barto did unusually splendid work in the double event, when he broke his 24 straight.

Although McDougal has done very little trapshooting, he put up very creditable scores. Fred Bills managed to lose 3 targets out of the 125 singles he shot at, Ed Graham being close on his heels in the first two events.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	50	50	25	12p
O P Goode, 20	22	49	48	23	18
C W May, 20	21	49	40	21	13
J B Barto, 20	21	43	43	22	24
J B McDougal, 20	20	41	46	17	11
C B Barnes, 16	12	43	42	..	14
Dr R A Griffith, 16	18	44	38	..	18
Dr. T H Lewis, 16	16	39	44	..	11
L B Clark, 16	15	36	41	..	11
J G Parker, 16	17	39	38
M E Bosley, 16	17	28	32	..	13
P O'Malley, 16	14	26	34	..	8
Dr F W Belknap, 16	18	32	33	..	17
J M Miles, 20	35	13	8
F G Bills, 16	24	48	50	..	20
E S Graham, 16	24	47

Event No. 4 was the distance handicap.

Sept. 8.—Although the weather was very hot to-day most of the marksmen who came out put up very excellent scores. Dave Thomas topped the field by breaking 99 out of 100 in the two 50-target club events, and then broke 47 out of 50 from 20yds. in the handicaps, after which he broke 21 out of 12 pairs in the doubles.

Fred G. Bills broke 49 out of 50 in the first 50, and then went straight in the two handicaps. Silver was also going along at a fast clip, taking second place in the practice event with 23, scored 48 and 45 in the two 50-target events, and again made 48 in a match race with Taggart, the latter breaking 45. Taggart scored two straight frames of 25 each, one 23 and a 21 for a total of 91 out of 100, with a strange gun, which he had never shot. Seelig, Jr., was right up close with the leaders in the first 50-target race, breaking 45.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	50	50	25	25	12p	12p	50
D E Thomas, 20	20	50	49	24	23	21
F G Bills, 20	..	19	..	25	25	21
E Silver, 18	23	48	45	17	48	..
C F Seelig, 16	..	45	16	9
T P Bue, 16	24	44	44	23
F M Meisner, 18	20	43	..	21
H S Hanson, 16	21	43	..	22	..	13
C R Seelig, 18	..	42	42	23	22
P Miller, 18	20	41	..	20
Geo Eck, 20	..	39	17	20	19	..
John Eck, 16	..	35
J W Keller, 16	..	31	..	16	23	11	15	..
R J Smith, 16	..	35	..	12
J A Taggart, 16	25	21	45
W J O'Brien, 16	17

Nos. 4 and 5 were the distance handicaps.

Roanoke Gun Club.

THE regular weekly shoot of the Roanoke Gun Club was held Sept. 7, with eighteen participants facing the traps. The weekly medals were won by the following members:

Scratch—First, P. T. Jamison; second, A. M. Shepherd.

Class A—First, W. S. Jones; second, E. W. Poindexter.

Class B—First, C. H. Ferguson; second, D. W. Richards.

Class C—First, H. Holland; second, B. Berkeley.

The scores at 50 targets, per man, were:

	Per		Per
	Broke.		Broke.
	Cent.		Cent.
Jamison	46	Hooper	37
Jones	46	MacFerrin	35
Shepherd	44	D Richards	35
Holland	43	Beyd	35
Ferguson	43	Bringman	34
Lingle	42	G C Cumbie	33
E Poindexter	41	Berkeley	31
J Poindexter	40	Johnson	19
Hunt	38	Kinnier	19

Only eighteen members were present on the 14th inst., not many of them shooting up to their usual form. The weekly medals were won by the following:

Scratch—First, E. C. Watson; second, L. G. Richards.

Class A—First, J. W. Poindexter; second, E. W. Poindexter.

Class B—First, A. H. H. Boyd; second, R. G. Dalby.

Class C—First, R. E. Lightner; second, B. Berkeley.

The scores at 50 targets, per man, were:

	Per		Per
	Broke.		Broke.
	Cent.		Cent.
Watson	43	Dalby	37
Jones	43	MacFerrin	36
J Poindexter	43	Holland	36
Boyd	42	Atkinson	34
L G Richards	41	D W Richards	33
E Poindexter	40	Fishburne	32
Wilkinson	39	Berkeley	31
Ferguson	39	Hunt	30
Lightner	39	Fisher	15

H. F. WILKINSON, Sec'y.

World Beating Arms and Ammunition



Again Victorious



In Michigan and Virginia State Shoots

Remington-UMC Guns and Steel Lined Speed Shells make decisive clean-ups in two more important tournaments. :-:

Majority of Michigan Shooters Choose *Remington-UMC* and Sweep Field. 81 shooters—51 shoot Steel Lined Shells, 49 shoot *Remington-UMC* Guns,

Michigan State Championship: Tied for by D. Fortledge and A. M. Messner, 47 ex 50, both using *Remington-UMC* Guns and Steel Lined Shells.

High Professional Average: Second and third places won by shooters of *Remington-UMC* Guns and Shells.

High Amateur Average: Won by Wm. Ridley, 292 ex 300, shooting *Remington-UMC* Steel Lined Shells. All successful amateurs—from second to seventh place—shot *Remington-UMC* Guns and Steel Lined Shells.

High (Michigan) Amateur Average: Winners of first and second places shot *Remington-UMC* Guns and Steel Lined Shells.

Five and Two Man Team Championships and Class Handicap: All won with *Remington-UMC* Arms and Ammunition.

Virginia Laurels Easy For Handicap Winning Guns and Shells

Virginia State Championship: Won by Dr. L. G. Richards, 95 ex 100, shooting *Remington-UMC* Pump Gun.

High Professional Average: Won by H. D. Gibbs, 288 ex 300, shooting *Remington-UMC* Pump Gun and Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

High Amateur Average: Tied for by T. H. Fox, 284 ex 300, shooting *Remington-UMC* Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

Remington-UMC—a century's experience to back up your aim.

Winners at Olympic Games, Winners at Grand American Handicap, Winners at Western Handicap, Winners at 16 ex 20 Interstate Handicaps. STILL WINNING!

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299-301 Broadway - - - - - New York, N. Y.

Paducah Gun Club.

PADUCAH, Ky., Sept. 7.—We abandoned our registered shoot, but held our regular weekly merchandise to-day. Rouse tripped along in the 96 per cent. class, with Curry going at 95, while Mercer cracked among the 93 percenters. Ward was high pro gun.

	Shot at.	Broke		Shot at.	Broke
Rouse	125	121	Ogilvie	125	100
Curry	125	119	Dipple	50	39
Mercer	200	186	Irwin	25	19
Purcell	50	46	Metcalf	125	93
Williams	100	92	Esker	75	55
Lindsay	225	205	Burnett	25	18
Hardy	175	159	Holt	25	18
Jewell	125	110	Storr	75	46
Kennedy	225	195	Hamilton	75	46
Armstrong	175	149	Lockwood	125	70
Gardner	100	83	Beyer	25	13
Wylie	150	120	Freeman	25	12
Professionals:					
Ward	225	221	Erskine	125	114
Lc Compte	175	166	Cassidy	150	117
Head	200	186			

Holbrook Gun Club.

HOLBROOK, Ariz., Sept. 8.—Disagreeable weather cut down the attendance terribly at the annual shoot of the Holbrook Gun Club to-day, and the boys who did venture out contended with the most difficult conditions ever experienced at the local range, a high wind from the left rear made shooting extremely difficult.

M. R. Smith took first place in both sweepstake events, with Hulet second. Hulet and Rencher tied in the medal events, Hulet winning in the shoot-off. Rencher was high in the double event. The scores:

	Sweeps.		Medals.		Ten Pairs
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20
Smith	20	20	14	18	9
Rencher	15	16	18	16	12
Hulet	16	19	14	20	11
Meyerhoff	13	15	10	11	8
McCleve	12	15	13	15	8
Scorse	15	15	15	17	..
Blum	5	9	9	9	..

Shoot-off in medal event, 10 birds: Hulet 9, Rencher 7.

Carlville Gun Club.

NILWOOD, Ill., Sept. 12.—On Friday, Sept. 6, the Carlville Gun Club held their annual shoot, at which the following clubs were represented: Shelbyville, Bunker Hill, Carrollton, White Hall and Nilwood. Although the thermometer reached 101 in the shade, the weather otherwise was ideal, and the scores made, while not up to the mark in some cases, were as good as could have been expected.

The Carlville Gun Club is made up of a bunch of the finest, and their entertainment of the visiting enthusiasts is seldom equaled and never excelled. The regular program consisted of ten events of 15 targets each, in which the high guns were Daley and Hamlin, each scoring 138 out of 150. J. B. Warren, representing the Remington Arms Co., scored 138 out of 150, and A. H. Ammann, for the Winchester Arms Co., broke 142. In the handicap, which followed the regular event, Robley, shooting from the 18yd. mark, and Bates, from the 17yd. mark, each broke 24 out of 25 and divided first money.

The following scores were made at 150 targets each:

Warren	138	Bates	116
Wolfe	117	Grovo	116
Derrington	134	Costley	113
Herrick	119	Daley	138
Hamlin	138	Dufner (60 tgts.)	35
Amman	142	Wilson	92
R. M. Anderson.....	109	Smith	130
Weiss	135	Robley	130
Fahrenkrog	134	Simpson	132
Pettingill	136	Edwards	134
P. B. Anderson.....	124	Watts	134
Foster	112	Snell (30tgts.)	28
Roberts	129	Woods (30 tgts.)	26
King (75 tgts.)	42		

Following are the scores in the handicap shoot, 25 targets each man:

Yds.	T'l.	Yds.	T'l.
Wolfe	16 20	Roberts	18 20
Derrington	19 20	Bates	17 24
Herrick	17 19	Grovo	17 22
Hamlin	20 22	Costley	16 19
Ammann	20 19	Daley	20 19
R. M. Anderson..	16 17	Wilson	16 21
Weiss	19 22	Smith	19 22
Fahrenkrog	19 23	Robley	18 24
Pettingill	16 20	Simpson	19 22
P. B. Anderson..	17 23	Edwards	20 22
Foster	16 21	Watts	19 21

Du Pont Gun Club.

FIFTY marksmen took part in the fall opening shoot of the Du Pont Gun Club, Sept. 14. One of the principal events was an exhibition match between Homer Clark, of Upper Alton, Ill., and W. S. Colfax, Jr., of the Du Pont Club. It was won by Mr. Clark, who was in excellent form. He broke 49 out of 50, while Mr. Colfax made a score of 45.

E. S. Richards, H. H. Sloan and L. C. Willis were among the visiting shooters who made good scores, as did also O. Groff, of Avondale, Pa.

W. A. Joslyn, who has been shooting at a great clip lately, distinguished himself by breaking 49 out of 50.

The Coleman du Pont spoon contest was the first event on the program. It had a large entry list, interest having increased since the addition of Class E for novices.

The second event was for merchandise prizes, and created considerable enthusiasm, especially in the manner in which the prizes were drawn. Thirty-one contested in this event, and there were nine prizes. The nine high men each made (with added targets) perfect scores of 25.

The final contest for the 1911 Class D challenge cup brought out nine of the ten men eligible for this event. It was a handicap affair from 18 to 16yds., and was won by I. A. MacMullen, who scored 41 out of 50, shooting from the 18yd. mark. The cup now becomes his property.

Ten teams contested in the Eugene E. du Pont team trophy shoot. Four teams with added targets made perfect scores, thereby gaining four points each. The scores of the four teams follow:

W. H. Hitchcock and N. K. Smith 50; Clyde Leedom and Eugene du Pont 50; W. M. Hammond and L. L. Jarrell 50; R. F. Willis and L. H. Hoopes 50; W. Edmanson and J. H. Minnick 49; H. P. Carlon and Dr. E. O. Bullock 47; J. B. McHugh and Stanley Tughton 47; Dr. H. Betts and L. C. Lyon 40.

The scores in a novice race, the men shooting at the traps for the first time, were: W. D. Sillitoe 4 out of 10; W. S. Matchett 1 out of 10. The scores in detail were: O. Groff 21, H. W. Bush 21, L. H. Hoopes, Jr., 20, W. M. Hammond 22, Eugene du Pont 24, R. F. Willis 22,

H. H. Sloan 24, N. K. Smith 18, John E. Miller 10, P. H. Iddings 19, G. F. Lord 19, J. A. MacMullen 17, L. L. Jarrell 23, W. Edmanson 22, J. B. McHugh 23, Stanley Tughton 20, Clyde Leedom 20, W. A. Joslyn 25, W. S. Colfax, Jr., 24, J. H. Minnick 23, S. G. David 18, L. C. Willis 23, Homer Clark 24, L. C. Lyon 23, Charles Holliday 18, J. W. Mathews 18, John Grier 21, Dr. H. Betts 14, H. T. Reed 18, William Coyne 20, W. J. Highfield 17, E. S. Richards 19, D. A. Grier 19, W. H. Hitchcock 22, J. G. Highfield, Jr., 22, Dr. E. O. Bullock 16, D. J. Dougherty 21, H. P. Carlon 19, W. B. Smith, Jr., 12, W. G. Wood 20, D. Lindsay 17, S. J. Newman 14.

Du Pont Doings.

OCTOBER promises to be a busy month at the Du Pont Gun Club. In addition to the regular contests for the Connable cup, the Eugene E. du Pont team trophies, the different class cups, etc., as well as a match between A. B. Richardson and J. H. Minnick for the championship of the State of Delaware, a team of at least ten men will visit Boston for the return match between All-Delaware and All-New England on Oct. 5.

Oct. 12 is in the nature of a double bill. Being the last day of Old Home Week, the management of the club will offer a special trophy, Old Home Week Cup, to be competed for at 50 targets per man, open to all amateurs, and with a handicap allowance of misses as breaks, and an entrance fee of the price of the targets, 50 cents. The same day a delegation from the home club will visit the grounds of the Highland Gun Club at Edgehill, Pa., to take part in the opening shoot of the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League, all the clubs in the league having agreed to meet on the grounds on that date to open the season in a fitting manner.

On the trip to Boston for the match on Oct. 5, ten or more of the best shots in the club will be the guests of the Boston Athletic Association. Among those who will go are W. M. Foord, J. H. Minnick, J. B. McHugh, A. B. Richardson, H. P. Carlon, Eugene du Pont and enough of the other good amateur shots of the club to make things interesting for the New Englanders. It will be remembered that when the New England team visited Wilmington on June 29 last, the two teams made a tie race of it, both teams breaking 919 out of 1000 targets. This fact of itself promises a good race, and the management of the club will do its best together to get the best team possible to make the trip to Boston on the night of Oct. 4.

Last week a delegation from the Plug Hat Association, of Elizabeth, N. J., an organization composed of prominent (Elizabethans called upon T. E. Doremus, secretary of the Du Pont Gun Club, for the loan of the gun club's shooting grounds and rifle range for Oct. 31, when the members of the Plug Hat Association propose visiting this city in force. The committee was composed of Messrs. Fred Bender, Fred Grummart, Patrick McGurn and Frederick Krauss. The members of the Association will compete for prizes on the rifle ranges, and the Du Pont Gun Club will put up a special prize to be shot for by such of the visitors as care to try their hands at the flying clay targets. The association visited Wilmington a year ago, and were so well pleased with the day's outing that they have decided to give it another try this year.

Chicago Interurban League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 16.—The scheduled shoot of the Chicago Interurban League of Gun Clubs, which was to be held on the grounds of the Long Lake Gun Club on Sept. 29, has been changed, and said shoot will be held instead on the grounds of the Chicago Gun Club.

The next League shoot will be held at Arlington Heights on Oct. 13, and there will be no shoot on Nov. 3.

The Chicago Gun Club championship is open to members only, and will be held on Sunday, Oct. 6. This event will be conducted on the lines of last year's event. Several nice trophies have been secured for the winner of the championship, as well as the consolation event.

The Chicago Gun Club will hold its second annual Middle West amateur championship on the grounds of the Chicago Gun Club, on Oct. 20. This event is open to any amateur in the United States. Programs are now being prepared, and will be mailed to any one on application to Mr. E. B. Shogren, Secretary, 840 First National Bank Building. This event will be conducted on practically the same lines as the last year's event, and a qualifying round will be shot by all, after which the high guns will be paired. A silver trophy will be given to the winner, as well as all of the surplus target money at one cent, will be placed in the event and divided among the winners of the championship and consolation

events. This event is something unusual in trapshooting. The program will be conducted more on the lines of golf and tennis championships. Everyone taking part in this event last year declared it was one of the most interesting events in trapshooting. We expect to make this a very big day.

Every arrangement will be perfect, and all of the traps will be in readiness. There will be plenty of practice shooting for all, and special events will be arranged for those who do not qualify. Every trapshooter within a short radius of Chicago should make it an object to attend this shoot.

The officers of the Chicago Interurban League of Gun Clubs, are now making preparations to hold an informal banquet on Saturday evening, Oct. 19. Further announcement of this banquet will follow. The object of this banquet is to bring trapshooters in closer touch with one another. Invitations will be extended to any trapshooter in the United States desiring to attend. Thomas A. Marshall has been selected as toastmaster. The trophies of the League will be presented to the winners at this banquet. The price of tickets will be \$2, and same will be ready in a few days. Any trapshooter desiring to attend this banquet should address E. B. Shogren, 840 National Bank Building, Secretary of the League.

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 11.—S. W. Putnam shot a great string to-day, breaking 147 out of 150, falling down on two in third frame and one in the fifth. E. W. Mumford seconded the motion with 143, while H. S. Searles came into place with 138. Steele and Doten tied on 47 out of 50 in the extra event, Emory getting third on 45. High pro. was H. D. Gibbs with 142.

S. W. Putnam.....	147	W. R. Newsome.....	125
E. W. Mumford.....	143	A. M. Arnold.....	123
H. S. Searles.....	138	J. Clark, Jr.....	119
C. W. Doten.....	137	H. Knights.....	117
G. R. Steele.....	137	P. Letendre.....	113
I. M. Archibald.....	136	J. S. Sterer.....	111
John Martin.....	134	H. M. Wright.....	106
H. L. Snow.....	133	C. R. Blanchard.....	105
H. P. Emory.....	132	C. Letendre.....	96
H. E. Burgin.....	131	A. T. Larkin.....	91
G. C. Prest.....	130	I. L. Poirier.....	87
A. L. Chamberlain.....	130	J. F. Powers.....	83
C. A. Dodge.....	127	A. A. Knights.....	73
A. C. Gray.....	127		

Professionals:			
H. D. Gibbs.....	142	F. E. H. Sheldon.....	133
E. M. Funk.....	139	J. S. Fanning.....	131
A. E. Sibley.....	138	O. R. Dickey.....	133
H. H. Stevens.....	138	G. M. Wheeler.....	128
Ed. Banks.....	138	M. Ballou.....	128
G. M. Chapin.....	137	H. A. Keller.....	124
W. Appar.....	136		

The extra event at 50 singles had scores as follows: Geo. R. Steele 47, C. W. Doten 47, H. P. Emory 45, H. T. Secon 43, A. T. Chamberlain 42, E. W. Mumford 42, J. Clark, Jr., 42, H. W. Knights 42, *M. Ballou 42, P. Letendre 39, Geo. Prest 36, C. A. Dodge 36, H. S. Powers 36, F. Bucklin 36, C. Letendre 34.

*Professional.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

THE practice shooting of the Indianapolis Gun Club on Sept. 14 showed a marked improvement over recent scores. Moller broke 60 and Lewis 47 straight, both runs being unfinished. Parry had a clear lead in percentage of targets broken. Edmonson and Lewis tied for second place.

An attractive program for the two-day tournament, Oct. 9 and 10, is now ready for mailing.

The scores made on Sept. 14 follow:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per C't.
Parry	120	115	96
Edmonson	140	131	94
Lewis	140	131	94
Foland	100	93	93
Moller	140	128	92
Hofer	100	88	88
Dixon	120	105	88
Alig	120	104	88
Britton	100	87	87
*Hymer	140	118	85
Truax	140	113	81
Wilson	100	78	78
Neighbors	100	76	76
Stille	120	90	75

R. R.

Daniel Boone Gun Club.

MARTHASVILLE, Mo., Sept. 9.—On account of the hot weather and the busy season on the farm in this section only five members of our club got out to the regular practice, Saturday, and they did not feel like shooting.

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
J. O. Wilson.....	20	12	G. Lichtenberg	19	17
H. W. Meyer.....	16	11	L. Struebbe	17	..
A. F. Ahmann.....	23	15			

No. 1 was at 25 singles; No. 2 at 10 pairs doubles.

Sept. 14.—Inclosed find the scores a few of the boys made at our traps to-day. Busy work on the farm and a neighboring county fair kept our shooters away. We cannot expect much shooting here until after the farmers get wheat sowed, as the most of our members are farmers.

Event No. 1, 10 pairs: G. Lichtenberg 15, A. F. Ahmann 11, H. W. Meyer 8, J. Mutert 10.

Event No. 2, 15 singles: Wilson 14, Mutert 14, Ahmann 10, Lichtenberg 12, Meyer 11.

Event No. 3, 15 singles: Wilson 11, Mutert 13, Ahmann 11, Lichtenberg 15, Meyer 10.



TOURNAMENT OF DANIEL BOONE GUN CLUB, MARTHASVILLE, MO.



W. R. CROSBY

Another Clean Sweep

And

A New World's Record

Made with

WINCHESTER

Red W Goods

At the

GREAT BIG DENVER HANDICAP

\$5,000 ADDED

W. R. Crosby, the dean of trap shooters, and acknowledged Champion of the World, nailed up another World's Record at the Denver Handicap, by breaking 98 x 100 clay targets from the maximum handicap distance, 23 yards, in the Preliminary Handicap. He shot the usual accompaniment of all World's Records—Winchester "Leader" Loaded Shells. Every event on the program was won with the ever-winning Winchester goods, making a wide, clean sweep for the dependable Red **W** Brand, as shown by the following:

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP: Won by Harry Whitney. Score 98 x 100 from 19 yards. He shot "Leader" Loaded Shells. W. R. Crosby broke 98 x 100 from 23 yards in this event, establishing a new World's Record.

HIGH FOR ALL TARGETS: Won by Chas. G. Spencer. Score 769 x 800. He shot "Leader" Loaded Shells and a Winchester Repeating Shotgun.

DENVER HANDICAP: Won by C. B. Eaton. Score 97 x 100 from 23 yards, 20 straight and 19 x 20 in the shoot-off. This was phenomenal shooting. He shot "Leader" Loaded Shells.

HIGH AMATEUR FOR ALL TARGETS: Won by S. H. Huntley. Score 760 x 800. He shot a Winchester Repeating Shotgun.

The straight out and out winning of all the events of this big and widely published tournament with Winchester Red **W** Goods and the altogether remarkable shooting of C. B. Eaton and W. R. Crosby, who suffered the greatest handicap allowed, are proofs that need no further support of the absolutely dependable shooting qualities of Winchester Loaded Shells.

WORLD'S RECORDS AND WINCHESTER GOODS GO TOGETHER

Peters Shells

WIN A GREAT VICTORY AT THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL., JUNE 18-21

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP—Won by Wm. S. Hoon, 94 x 100 and 18 x 20 in shoot off.
 AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP—Wm. S. Hoon tied for 1st place, 192 x 200.
 GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP—C. A. Young made High Professional Score, 95 x 100 from 22 yards.
 PROFESSIONAL DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP—J. S. Day and Walter Huff tied for 1st—84 x 50 pairs.
 AMATEUR DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP—Harry W. Kahler 2d—88 x 50 pairs.

There were no 16-yard targets at the Grand American, and therefore, no targets that will figure in the season's average. It must be apparent, however, that in figuring the average at Springfield, the scores made on practice day, the double target event, and the Consolation Handicap should be eliminated—the Consolation because it was not open to all. The real Amateur Average was therefore won by Mr. Hoon, on his score of 380 x 400.

HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE—All single targets, W. S. Hoon—380 x 400.

Practice Day: 2d Professional Average, H. D. Freeman, 192 x 200. 2d Amateur Average, Bart Lewis, 191 x 200.

All the above used the Red P Ammunition. A fitting climax to a wonderful succession of winnings. The superior quality of "steel where steel belongs" shells absolutely proven.

For Field or Trap, there is no shot-gun ammunition that gives the unalloyed satisfaction that can be gotten with the Red P Brand.

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Birmingham Gun Club.

THERE was shooting at the Birmingham Gun Club Friday and Saturday afternoon of last week. Several professionals were in town seeing the special car of shooters going to the Denver handicap. Walter Huff shot high in Friday's shoot, breaking 98 out of his 100. Mr. Overbaugh was shooting his 20-gauge, so did not make a good score. Several of our regular shooters are at Denver handicap, and consequently our attendance was less than usual. The Saturday shoot was well attended, twenty shooters being present. The feature of the day was the shooting of P. B. Plummer, who broke all of the program without a miss, in addition to helping the secretary. The shooting is held on Saturday for the instruction and practice of beginners, consequently these scores will not be published. Ed. Cornwell, P. B. Plummer and O. L. Garl will look after the comforts, etc., of these new shooters. Every one who wishes to learn trapshooting is invited to attend these Saturday afternoon practice shoots. Scores of Sept. 6 follow:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
W Hiff	100 98	E M Cornwell.....	100 67
P B Plummer..	100 93	J Lester	100 67
E R Holt.....	100 93	M Overbaugh... 100	58
L L Sellman..	100 82	M Grant	50 46
R L Kennon... 100	79	John Dresher .	50 44
M Jourdan	100 72		

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 14.—The trapshooting season started at Bergen Beach Gun Club to-day. The opening event was at 100 targets, with added handicaps, for merchandise prizes. The best actual score was made by John H. Hendrickson with a handicap of 2, which gave him a total of 96. Fourth prize was the best that the figures took. W. L. Groll, with a handicap of 7, took first with 98. Second prize went to M. Wynne with 97. H. Voorhees took third prize with the same total. The scores:

W L Groll.....	7 98	H Allyn	7 89
M Wynne	4 97	C Medler	5 88
H Voorhees ..	7 97	Dr McEvitt	20 88
J H Hendrickson...	2 96	C Sach	10 86
W Skidmore	10 95	Dr Welzmler	7 86
Dr Sauer	2 92	J Voorhees	7 86
H D Bergen	8 91	G Kelley	2 84
J Dannefelser ..	20 91	D Moeller	10 82
P von Boeckman..	2 91	G Remsen	2 82
J Langhan	9 90	H Montanus	8 79
A Mietz	12 90	A V Suydam	8 78
L Schorty	2 89	L Whorton	20 72

Massachusetts State Tournament.

BEVERLY, Mass., Sept. 13.—The Paleface team No. 1 captured the team championship to-day at the opening day of the tournament of the Massachusetts Trapshooting Association, held under auspices of the United Shoe Machinery Gun Club. The Paleface team broke 457 out of 500 against 438 for Worcester, 430 for the Paleface second team, and 393 for the Beverly Gun Club. Each of

the men on the winning team received a silver trophy. The team comprised S. W. Putnam, of Fitchburg; J. L. Snow, of Boston; E. A. Staples, of Franklin; W. Steele, of Newburyport, and R. N. Burnes, of Cambridge.

At a meeting of the Trapshooting Association, S. W. Winslow, Jr., of this city, was elected president, and W. F. Clarke, of Roxbury, vice-president. W. R. Hurd, of Worcester, and F. E. H. Sheldon were respectively re-elected treasurer and secretary.

High amateur gun to-day was won by Putnam with 143. J. L. Snow was second with 141; G. M. Proctor third, 137. Gibbs took top pink sheet gun with 144.

The program consisted of 150 targets, and resulted as follows:

*Gibbs	144	*Banks	133
Putnam	143	Dr Newton	132
*Stevens	143	Doten	132
*Dickey	142	*Sheldon	131
J L Snow.....	141	*Sibley	130
G M Proctor.....	137	Moulton	129
*Apgar	137	Martin	129
H E Burgin.....	136	Emory	129
H L Snow.....	136	Burnes	128
*Fanning	136	*Wheeler	128
Staples	135	*Ballou	128
*Chapin	135	Sweet	127
W F Clarke.....	134	Burr	127
A G Gray.....	133	Bowen	127
Steele	133	Archibald	125
A C Spencer.....	124	W Hurd	118
H Eaton	124	F F B Chapman.....	118
S W Winslow.....	122	Fred Chapman	118
Marden	122	T A Whidden	116
A J Foster.....	120	Carson	100
J Spofford	119	W H Proctor	93
J L Hall.....	118	Geo Goddon	91
*Keller	118	E R Purdy.....	79
J Clark	118		

Team championship, 100 targets per man, 16yds.:		Paleface No. 2.	
Paleface No. 1.		Dr Newton	91
Putnam	97	Marden	86
J L Snow.....	94	W F Clarke.....	86
Staples	90	Proctor	85
Steele	90	Sweet	82-430
Burnes	86-457		
Worcester G. C.		Beverly Gun Club.	
Burgin	91	H H Eaton.....	88
H L Snow.....	90	S W Winslow, Jr..	88
Doten	89	Hurd	81
Emory	88	Spencer	71
J Clark	80-438	Whidden	70-393

Portland Gun Club.

THE Portland Gun Club's regular weekly shoot was held on the 14th inst. Among the shooters was C. S. Randall, who tied W. N. Taylor for high with 95 out of 100. Don Webster took place with 94. Five men tied for the Spotts badge—Don Webster, Al Dow, Blanchard, Weymouth and W. N. Taylor.

Following are the scores: C. S. Randall 95, Osborne 92, Webster 94, Blanchard 93, Weymouth 88, Hayden 75, N. Taylor 74, A. Dow 93, Gilman 76, Hunt 90, W. Taylor 95.

Smith Gun Club.

IN the last of the ten shoots for the cup presented by Frank Hall, of Ridgefield, N. J., Louis Colquitt, of the Smith Gun Club, retained his lead and won the cup. The five highest scores out of the ten 100-bird shoots decided the winner. From the first shoot, held at Jersey City last March, to the last one, held at the Smith Club Sept. 14, the race has been a close one between Colquitt and A. L. Ivins, of Red Bank. The latter was defeated by only two birds out of 500. The score, made by the winner, Colquitt, was 476 against 474 by Ivins.

The cup, which is of sterling silver, stands 16in. high and is valued at \$150. It is engraved with the following inscription: "New Jersey State Sportsman's Association, Amateur Championship of New Jersey. Clay Pigeon, 1912. Presented by Frank Hall."

More than forty shooters started, but the race became so hot that several dropped out. In spite of this, fifteen shooters faced the traps in the final shoot on Sept. 14. The five high men and their scores are as follows:

L Colquitt	94 96 95 96 95	476
A L Ivins.....	92 98 93 94 97	474
Chas T Day, Jr.....	91 97 94 90 96	468
W H Trowbridge.....	91 92 94 91 89	457
A B Brickner.....	95 95 88 86 88	452

Previous to the final shoot, the matches were held at Jersey City, Freehold, North Caldwell, Orange, Hudson, Newton, Riverside, Phillipsburg and Mt. Holly. Aside from the Hall event, some interesting sweepstakes were shot off, which resulted as follows:

C W Billings	24 24 22
F Hall	22 22 24
B M Shanley, Jr.....	22 21 21
A B Brickner.....	22 21 21
E Gardner	18 19
A P Kinney.....	18 16 20
M Wynne	23 23
J G Ropes.....	21 21
T Pryor	7
J Morford	21 21 23 21
J Baldwin	24 24 21
L Colquitt	24 25
Dr Moeller	21 19 21 21 18 22
J Zollinger	17 20 17
M Apgar	12 15 20 19
F Apgar	15 23 21 21
E Sickle	24 22
A L Ivins.....	24
R L Shephard.....	19 18 20
W Hassinger	22
J Wilson	22
H Hassinger	17 18 18 18

The scores made in the cup event were as follows:

L Colquitt	94	W Hassinger	91
C Day, Jr.	96	R Shephard	67
A L Ivins.....	57	E Sickle	88
A B Brickner.....	88	M Wynne	87
J Baldwin	91	B M Shanley, Jr.....	91
F Hall	93	A Kinney	81
J Billings	92	W Trowbridge	89
E Gardner	83		

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Greenwich Gun Club.

THE following scores were made by the Greenwich Gun Club, and include the last shoot for Du Pont trophy, which was won in shoot-off by Miss L. M. Boles:

	Singles		Doubles	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
H E Dickerman.....	150	139	20	27
P A Raymond.....	150	133	30	42
C Martin.....	150	126
F F Rogers.....	175	130	20	29
A E Ranney.....	150	135
J H Finch.....	175	154	10	14
J R Talcott.....	150	119
Mrs Vogel.....	150	128	10	13
A M Dalton.....	175	118	10	10
N Apgar.....	150	138
L Vogel.....	150	94	10	5
Miss L M Boles.....	175	102
A Betti.....	150	133	10	14
G C Remsen.....	150	123	30	44
F B Smith.....	150	111
C H Banks.....	150	71
E Weed.....	80	43
J Henderson.....	80	34
J Meyer.....	80	22
C Eddy.....	80	39
E Chard.....	80	49
R Snyder.....	75	60
O Tuthill.....	50	31	10	12
A E Soley.....	50	34
C S Purdy.....	150	127

J. H. FINCH, Capt.

Rifle and Revolver

Palma Trophy Comes Back.

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 14.—The United States rifle team to-day defeated the Canadian team for the Palma trophy, emblematic of the international championship, by 8 points. Their total was 1720, and that of the Canadians, 1712 out of a possible 1800. This score breaks the previous record, 1695. The United States had voluntarily surrendered the trophy and sent a team to Canada to compete for it, with the understanding that, whatever the result, a Canadian team shoot at Sea Girt next year.

The match was at 800, 900 and 1000 yards. Canadians led by 3 points at the first range, lost by 10 on the second, and one on the final. The highest individual score was Sergt. Russell, of Ottawa, with 222, making a world's individual record.

The total scores of the United States team were:
 Lieut. W A Tewes, New Jersey..... 214
 Capt Casey, Pennsylvania..... 216
 Maj J W Hessian, Connecticut..... 216
 Maj. W B Martin, New Jersey..... 213
 Musician G W Chesley, Connecticut..... 212
 Capt E W Rody, Ohio..... 216
 Sergt. Keough, Massachusetts..... 217
 Sergt Kean, Massachusetts..... 216—1720

The Canadians scored as follows: O. M. S. McInnes 214, Capt. N. Smith 218, Sergt. Russell 222, Lieut. Morris 216, Sergt. Freeborn 211, Sergt. Kelly 205, Lieut. Steck 215, Sergt. W. A. Smith 211; total 1712.

At the first range the Canadians made bullseyes in every one of their first fifteen shots, while the Americans made one less.

The Palma trophy was established in 1876, being won by the United States in that year at Creedmoor, L. I. Since then the trophy has been held by Canada and Great Britain. The trophy, which the United States surrendered and then won back to-day, was captured at the competition in 1907 at the Rockliffe range, where to-day's match was held.

PRAIRIE FISH HATCHERIES.

By the first of next month the new State fish hatcheries at Pratt, which it is claimed will be the largest plant of its kind in the world, will be completed.

"The fish hatcheries will contain eighty-three ponds in addition to eleven ponds that existed before. Its building includes the construction of a concrete dam 500 feet long across the Ninnescah River, which will furnish a supply lake of ten acres," said Prof. L. L. Dyche, State Fish and Game Warden, who has charge of the plant.

"Water from the supply point will be carried to the hatchery ponds through a twenty-one-inch clay pipe 6,875 feet long. The building of the hatchery will necessitate the moving of 150,000 cubic yards of dirt. Twenty thousand feet of eight- and ten-inch pipe has been laid for the drainage and water supply system. The system also includes 190 sluice gates, ninety-four concrete structures, 300 wire mesh screens and other appurtenances for controlling the water supply.

"Around the ponds and between them are automobile drives. The place is being made a beauty spot and will be visited by thousands of persons each year.

A Sweeping Victory at Denver

SEPTEMBER 10-13, 1912

Won by Shooters Using



SMOKELESS POWDERS

THE DENVER HANDICAP

Won by C. B. Eaton.....with 97 out of 100 from 23 yards
 Mr. Eaton tied with six others and won out in the shoot-off with 39 out of 40.

THE PRELIMINARY HANDICAP

Won by H. E. Whitney.....with 98 out of 100 from 19 yards
 High Professional Score made by W. R. Crosby,
 98 out of 100 from 23 yards

LONG RUNS OF THE TOURNAMENT

R. H. Bruns, 283; E. W. Varner 184 and 177; John W. Garrett, 182;
 W. R. Crosby, 149; C. B. Eaton, 157; H. J. Rebhauer, 144; W. R.
 Tarrant, 139; W. S. Hoon, 109; Allen Heil, 106; W. T. Laslie, 102.

HIGH AVERAGE WINNERS

On the Entire Program

Charles G. Spencer, shooting SCHULTZE.....769 out of 800
 (Including 50 pair).

On the 700 Single Targets, including Handicaps

R. H. Bruns, shooting DU PONT.....683 out of 700
 W. R. Crosby, shooting SCHULTZE.....683 out of 700

On the 500 Single 16-yard Targets

Amateurs

R. H. Bruns, shooting PU PONT.....494 out of 500
 E. W. Varner, shooting DU PONT.....491 out of 500
 C. B. Eaton, shooting DU PONT.....490 out of 500

Professionals

Chas. G. Spencer, shooting SCHULTZE.....492 out of 500
 W. R. Crosby, shooting SCHULTZE.....491 out of 500
 H. C. Kirkwood, Shooting SCHULTZE.....488 out of 500
 (tie for third place).
 Geo. Maxwell, shooting DU PONT.....487 out of 500
 John W. Garrett, shooting DU PONT.....487 out of 500

High Professional Score on Doubles, Fred Gilbert....91 out of 100

The High Average Winners Shoot the Regular and Reliable Brands

WHAT POWDER DO YOU SHOOT?

"Fish will be selling in Kansas markets three pounds for a quarter before we are through. Fish now is regarded as a luxury, but we will soon change all that. The 'fins' will be within the pocketbooks of all.

"We are stocking the hatcheries with bass, croppie, catfish, sunfish and the other varieties common to the Missouri River basin. Anybody can produce these kinds of fish with proper care, and they are might fine eating. There is nothing better than catfish fried brown, I can tell you that. Even German carp, much despised, is mighty good to eat when a person cooks it properly. I would like to conduct a tour of education on the art of cooking German carp. I would redeem that fish from the stigma sportsmen have cast upon it.

"When our hatcheries are completed, we will

furnish fish to any person who cares to attempt to produce them for his own table or for the market. We already have on hand enough two-year-old catfish in our old hatcheries to stock the new. And any farmer enterprising enough to go into the business will be given these.

"Our hatcheries cover 100 acres of water and we can produce enough fish for every person in the State. When we have succeeded in spreading our idea, which we can easily do by showing a farmer without a lake another farmer's pond alive with fine fish, we will have dealt the death blow to the high price of meats.

"Catfish in place of high priced steak. Croppie in place of pork chops. Sunfish in place of veal and mutton chops—and the people of Kansas will be healthier, richer and happier."—Hutchinson News.

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in the hands of Mr. Woolfolk Henderson.

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OUR DAILY BREAD.

Continued from page 358.

Oriental macaronis are obtainable any time in Manhattan. From the cleanly-to-handle speckled buckwheat macaroni, the chicness of bona fide buckwheat cakes can be had any day in tentdom by briefly soaking and making into a paste the little sticks, about twenty centimeters long or eight inches.) The buckwheat cakes in our restaurants are mostly a cheap grade of common wheat flour.

The macaroni hard-tack is also used by campers as a makeshift plate. In timbering parties in the Norge semi-Republic—and timber-

men are not over-particular—the débris often remains after a repast of miscellaneous fragments of these impromptu bread plates. These are gathered up by the thrifty cook of the party, and appear resurrected in the next meal's soup—of course, a nutritious relash, undoubtedly. Our own restaurants do the same thing with bread leavings, it appearing as the "bread pudding" of mystery. In frequenting restaurants I have ever taken care to avoid these bread pudding resurrections.

WHEAT EVER SUPERIOR TO RYE.

As between wheat and rye hard-tack breads, be it known that wheat is ever the superior cereal for the outdoor life toiler. For a score of years I have personally experimented and tested the two. Just try a few times to row a boat up-stream hour on hour on a "fuel" of rye as against wheat bread. In all rye countries wheat is looked up to as the superior bread, but rye is cheapest, hence its predominance in certain lands. A solid wheat flour pumpnickel is also made. Try it against the rye!

THE OAT BREAD IN SAUSAGE FORM IN CELTIC COUNTRIES.

There is no compounded bread in the world to compare in sustaining power to the oat bread sausage of the Scotch. It has already been described at length in a previous issue of this journal. Now a picture is given of it. The thing of compressed powdered salt with some pea meal added, called the Deutsche erbswurst, is a thing of poverty compared to this Celtic production. This last can be eaten any time as it is, having been thoroughly steam-cooked before entering trade, whereas the Teutonic counterfeit requires fire and water and time to make it edible. And how about arriving in camp, jaded out with fatigue at night, in a drenching rain, with every stick of fire wood around sodden through! Your sausage of mainly powdered salt (yclept erbswurst) is inedible *per se*, and if you attempted it, you would probably be tortured anon in the night with the horror of unsatiated thirst. But now with the kindly oat sausage from Dundee-side (originally), that you can munch in your sleeping bag even, and slumber through the night in peaceful repose. True, I will admit that warming up the oat sausage, or slight steaming, enormously improves its flavor and tastiness. I never met with anything in the universe which was more improved, gastronomically, by slight heating than this oat sausage.

The oat bread sausage can be obtained anywhere in America where the Scotch oat bread disks, or tri-cornered flat cakes, are obtainable. All our larger cities have their Scotch bakeries turning out good goods, and even some Irish bakeries make and sell them if the baker hails from Northern Erin, where the oat breadstuffs are common enough from farm hovel to city. Nobody who has ever tried the cleanly oat sausage (sometimes nick-named by Glasgow people "oat pudding"—just as some pig's blood compounded sausages are dubbed "black pudding") as a life-sustaining article of camping diet will have much faith in the powdered salt Teutonic excuse thereafter.

* * * * *

Any reader requiring more detailed information about any of these camping foods of the nations is requested to drop a line direct to the

editor, even if only a postal. Don't imagine the editor is a telepathist capable of gauging the thoughts and desires of thousands of readers. Too many subscribers are prone to think: "I would like more information on a couple of those subjects," but dismiss the idea of writing to say so, with the thought: "Oh, somebody else may be writing," but that "somebody else" may never write! Then—maybe after the appearance of a writer's three-line post obit in the paper—a belated request for more information is received!

As it is, the details given are necessarily fragmentary, so as to condense the subject, and yet have it complete as possible within the dimensions of the usual magazine article (although the present paper appears in two parts).

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

OPEN SEASON FOR GAME.

Continued from page 367.

Bridge and on the Virginia shore of the Potomac.

*c*VIRGINIA.—Squirrel: Brunswick and Greensville counties, Nov. 1-Feb. 1; Isle of Wight and Southampton counties, Sept. 1-Jan. 15; Warren, Nov. 15-Jan. 1. Quail, grouse, wild turkey, woodcock, west of Blue Ridge: Nov. 1-Jan. 1. Dove: Brunswick and Greensville counties, Aug. 15-Jan. 15.

*d*INDIANA.—Hunting any game except waterfowl prohibited Oct. 1-Nov. 10 (Laws of 1905, ch. 169, sec. 608).

*e*CALIFORNIA.—Deer (males only): First and third districts, Aug. 15-Nov. 1; sixth district, Aug. 15-Sept. 15. Tree squirrel: Mendocino county, unprotected. Valley quail: Sixth district, Oct. 15-Nov. 15. Dove: Second and fifth districts, Aug. 1-Oct. 15; fourth and sixth districts, Sept. 1-Nov. 1. Duck: First and sixth districts, Oct. 1-March 1. Black brant: First district, Oct. 1-April 1. For definition of the six game districts see Farmers' Bulletin No. 510.

*f*BRITISH COLUMBIA.—South of latitude 55° seasons for Columbian deer, quail, grouse, prairie chicken, ptarmigan, pheasant, snipe, duck and goose are fixed by proclamation.

*g*DEER.—Maine: Applies to Aroostook, Franklin, Hancock, Oxford, Penobscot, Piscataquis, Somerset and Washington counties. Season, Oct. 1-Nov. 1 in Androscoggin county; Nov. 1-Dec. 1 in other counties, with local exceptions in Hancock, Knox and Waldo counties. New Hampshire: Applies to Coos county. Season Nov. 1-Dec. 15 in Carroll and Grafton counties; Dec. 1-Dec. 16 in other counties. Massachusetts: Season only in Berkshire, Bristol, Essex, Franklin, Hampden, Hampshire, Middlesex and Worcester counties; no open season in rest of State. New York: Applies only to the Adirondacks and wholly inclosed parks; season in Ulster county and nine towns in Sullivan county and in Deer Park, Orange county, Nov. 1-Nov. 16; no open season in rest of State. Wisconsin: Applies to Pierce, Dunn, Eau Claire, Trempealeau, Jackson, Juneau, Wood, Marathon, Langlade, Oconto and all counties north. Virginia: Oct. 1-Feb. 1 in Brunswick and Greensville counties. South Carolina: Aug. 1-Feb. 1 in Berkeley county. Tennessee: Dec. 1-Jan. 1 in Fentress county. Oregon: Sept. 15-Nov. 1 in Wallowa, Union, Baker, Malheur, Umatilla, Grant and Harney counties. Oklahoma: No open season in Caddo, Comanche, Delaware, Kiowa and Swanson coun-

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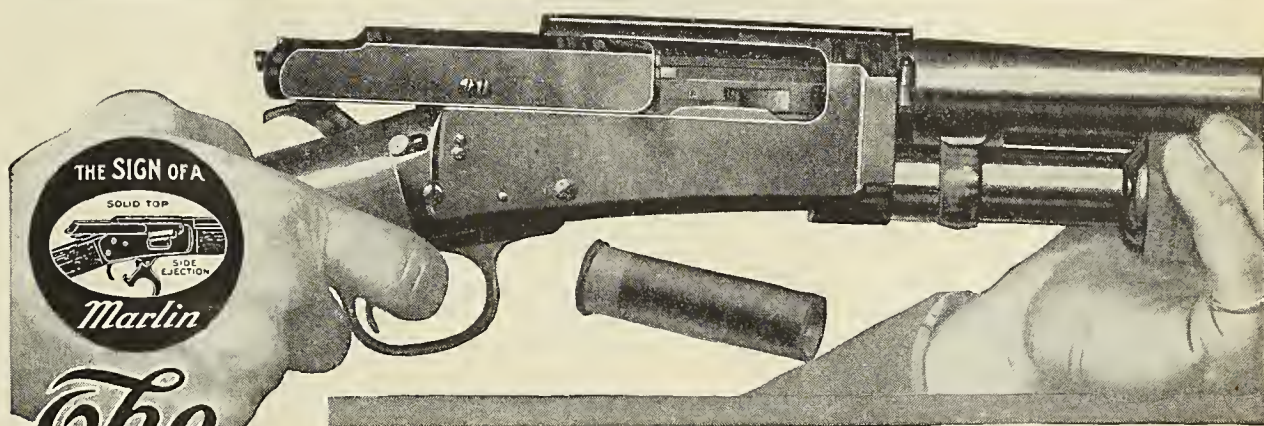
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*k*SHEEP.—Alaska: North of latitude 62°, Aug. 2-Dec. 11. British Columbia: Sept. 1, 1913, in Yale, Okanagan and Similameen districts; no open season south of the Canadian Pacific R. R. between the coast and the Columbia River, from Revelstoke to the international boundary.

*l*MOOSE AND CARIBOU.—Alaska: North of latitude 62°, Aug. 1-Dec. 11; caribou on the Kenai Peninsula, Aug. 1, 1914. Ontario: South of the Canadian Pacific R. R. between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 1-Nov. 16. Quebec: Moose, Oct. 1-Dec. 1 in Ottawa and Pontiac counties. Nova Scotia: Moose in Cape Breton, Oct. 1, 1915.

*m*MOOSE.—Alaska: North of latitude 62°, Aug. 1-Dec. 11; caribou on the Kenai Peninsula, Aug. 1, 1914. Ontario: South of the Canadian Pacific R. R. between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 1-Nov. 16. Quebec: Moose, Oct. 1-Dec. 1 in Ottawa and Pontiac counties. Nova Scotia: Moose in Cape Breton, Oct. 1, 1915.

*n*QUAIL.—California: Mountain quail, Sept. 1-Dec. 1. Oregon: Oct. 15-Dec. 15 in Jackson and Josephine counties; Oct. 15, 1913, in seven counties east of Cascades.

*o*GROUSE.—Idaho: North of Salmon River, Sept. 1-Dec. 1. Oregon: No open season in five counties east of Cascades.

*p*WOODCOCK.—New Hampshire: Coos and Grafton counties, Sept. 15-Dec. 1.

*j*ELK.—Idaho, in Fremont and Bingham counties: Sept. 1-Jan. 1; in Bonner, Clearwater, Idaho, Kootenai, Latah, Nez Perce and Shoshone counties, protected to Sept. 1, 1916.

*k*SHEEP.—Alaska: North of latitude 62°, Aug. 2-Dec. 11. British Columbia: Sept. 1, 1913, in Yale, Okanagan and Similameen districts; no open season south of the Canadian Pacific R. R. between the coast and the Columbia River, from Revelstoke to the international boundary.

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"THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN AND LAND AND WATER"

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PLOVER.—New Hampshire: Killdeer, upland plover, Bartramian sandpiper, Oct. 1, 1917. Pennsylvania: Law applies to upland plover only. Separate seasons for upland plover as follows: Vermont: Aug. 1, 1915; Massachusetts: July 15, 1915, (no season for killdeer or piping plover). New Jersey: Aug. 1, 1916. Louisiana: July 1-April 1. Manitoba: July 1-Jan. 1. Separate season for killdeer. Nebraska: Sept. 1-May 2.

CURLEW, RAIL.—Curlew protected under term "shore birds." Virginia: Law does not apply to sora.

DUCK.—Separate seasons for teal in Tennessee, Aug 1-April 15; mallard and black duck,

Nov. 1-March 16, and shelldrake, Nov. 1-April 11, in New Jersey; blue-winged teal in Louisiana, Sept. 15-April 1; black mallard in Louisiana, Aug. 1-March 1; and woodduck as follows: Maine, to 1915, except Oxford county, Sept. 1-Jan. 1; New Hampshire, Oct. 7, 1917; Vermont, Sept. 15, 1916; Massachusetts, Sept. 1, 1916; Connecticut, Sept. 1, 1919; New York, no open season; New Jersey, April 1, 1915; Delaware, Sept. 1-Nov. 1. Virginia, Aug. 1-Jan. 1; West Virginia, no open season; Tennessee, Aug. 1-April 15; South Carolina, Sept. 1-March 1; Louisiana, Sept. 1-March 1.

GOOSE.—North Dakota: Goose and brant may be shot more than one-half mile from permanent waters. Separate seasons for brant as

follows: California, Nov. 1-March 15 (except first district, Oct. 1-April 1; see foot note *c*); Prince Edward Island, April 20-Jan. 1.

BEAR.—Alaska: Large brown bears, Oct. 1-July 2.

THROUGH ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK BY CANOE.

Continued from page 371.

had a very interesting experience at the French lumber camp, being given a hearty welcome and an invitation to partake of a lumber camp dinner. Just before we retired there were signs in the sky of an approaching storm. Hardly were we under cover when the storm broke and what a storm it was. Anyone who has never laid awake in a frail tent and heard a heavy storm can realize what it is.

The following day was set aside for our regatta. All of the men were entered in one or more of the various events. The jousting contest proved to be the most exciting. Two canoes were matched, each canoe had one man paddling and the other man holding a long pole. The best two tips out of three won the joust. It was great sport to see the fellows scramble in the water after having been tipped over. I think perhaps it was more amusing to the spectators than to the participants. The following morning was one of those damp mornings when fellows rather stay under dry blankets than stand under dripping trees, so most of us slept until 9 o'clock.

The largest camp-fire of the week had been built on the eastern shore of our camp ground, and here we spent one of the most enjoyable evenings of the trip in song, recital and jest. Orders were given to break camp early, and by 7:30 we were off on our trip homeward. White Trout Lake was quite rough, and it was a stiff breeze that we had to buck, but after a few hours heavy paddling, our line of canoes filed up the picturesque creek inlet. The homeward journey over the five portages was like play for the fellows who had now become hardened to the sport. They shouldered their canoes as though they were gas bags.

By 6 o'clock we reached our camp site at the head of Island Lake. Tents were soon pitched and supper under way. Our supper that night was one of the best of the whole trip. The fishermen had been fortunate during the day and we were plentifully supplied with salmon trout.

We all retired early because the following day was to be a strenuous one. This day was our last in the woods. Next morning, after packing up, we started down beautiful Island Lake past our old camp site on the island through the narrows, over those memorable first portages, through the Joe Lakes and reached our starting point late in the afternoon, the trip having been accomplished without incident. That evening we took the train for Scotia Junction where we were to meet the through train which would carry us to Toronto.

That night, as I lay on my pillow at home, the first pillow in over two weeks, it all came back to me as in a dream—the eternal vastness of the forest, the beauty of the wildwood and the silence of the wilderness. I heard the dip, dip, of the paddles and saw the somber-coated islands and felt the magic spell of the water. Somehow I seemed to carry a canoe from one

dream to another and dream of the evening meal. The meal was over, and I was lying under the trees on a soft bed of pine needles, gazing up into the infinite meadows of the heaven and saw the stars come out one by one and finally the moon. I turned on my pillow and there on the sands was a camp-fire. Its embers were still glowing; every now and then it sent up a flickering light. One more spark and it had gone out. The trip was done.

PHEASANT NURSERIES IN FRANCE.

To Louis XIV., France is said to be indebted for the importation of its pheasants. On that side of the forest of Compiègne nearest to Compiègne itself is a faisanderie covering many hundreds of acres in which the breeding of these birds, begun under his protection and further encouraged by Charles X. and Louis Philippe, is now carried on by a private person, who rents his right to do so from the State. I have never seen a place so shut in and protected by wire fences and locked gates, stone walls and more gates, special guards in special houses, police dogs, guns and traps. There is even a thick kind of double mattress made to cover the guards, who in winter must sleep out of doors in watching for poachers. I have never seen institutions for human beings better planned in the way of nurseries and attendants, hygienic laws and systems of feeding. The pheasants when finally shot must have a wonderful flavor, and in a single day as many as a thousand are often shot within those walls, each one of the thousand having cost its owner the sum of forty francs to raise.—From the Century Magazine.

LEGENDS ABOUT DEW.

In many places dew is looked upon as tears of the angels and of the souls in purgatory shed on account of the sins of human beings upon earth; and dew is collected to be used to cure certain diseases, especially those of the eyes, etc., freckles, baldness, cramps, open wounds and cuts, rheumatism, skin diseases, burns, etc.

The virtues of dew as a beauty wash are also well known. One legend tells how by licking the dew off the plants on a certain morning when all the birds drink it one can learn their language.

Another folk belief is that "naked, or with only their shirts on, the witches, at the time of the new moon, collect the dew from the grass with bark sieves; by this means they deprive of their milk the cows that have been pastured on the grass, and as soon as their sieves are full of dew they know that their pots at home are full of milk. The Polish people of Wongrowitz call the dew on which the birds are supposed to feed ptasie mleko, i. e., "birds' milk."—From Journal of Religious Psychology.

CANARIES ATTACKED BY ANTS IN CHINA.

I HAVE just received from friends in Hong Kong an account of what to me appears to be a tragic example of the destruction caused by ants, says W. Radcliffe-Saunders (Torquay) in the London Field. A cage containing a pair of full grown canaries and four fully fledged young birds was hanging in the verandah. It was dark and my friend on returning home noticed a disturbance in the cage. Turning up the light he found only one bird (the cock) remaining, and at the bottom of the cage were the remains of the other five, almost entirely eaten. He took out the cock bird, and on examining it found it to be infested with very small red ants. The remains of the other birds were also so covered. The cage was hanging on a wire some distance from the ground, and everything was quite in order when the lady of the house retired and turned off the light about two hours previously.

Kennel Department

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 28.—Southern Ohio Field Trial Association's second annual field trials. G. R. Harris, Sec'y, 15 West Sixth St., Cincinnati, O.

From Fluff to Rough.

REGINS KENNELS, owned by Miss Ruth A. Beardsworth, has moved from Ashland, Ohio, to Pasadena, Cal. Miss Beardsworth, although having made a great success as a breeder of Pomeranians, has decided to give up the fluffy toy pet



DOBERMAN DORUSSIA.

Sold by Dobberman Kennels to Dr. W. H. Potter, Kootenai, Idaho.

for something more substantial—the Airedale, a companion for man or woman. Miss Beardsworth offers a pert opinion. Says she: "Most men will pay a high price for good dogs for their own use, but get economical when it comes to buying dogs for their women folk." We wonder.

ALBINO ALLIGATORS.

THROUGH the interest and courtesy of Geo. L. McVey, the Reptile House possesses five albino alligators. So much of the coloring pigment is lacking in the skin of these reptiles that they are of a pinkish white hue, while the eyes are very pale, though apparently as sharp and alert as those of any normal saurian. These little alligators were captured near Miami, Fla. They are now about nine inches long, lively and healthy, and indicate a disposition to rapidly develop.—New York Zoological Society Bulletin.

Kennel.

The American Kennel Gazette

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Gives all official news of the American Kennel Club, including registrations, with addresses of owners and breeders, fixtures, club officials, active members, official awards of shows, and cancellations and corrections.

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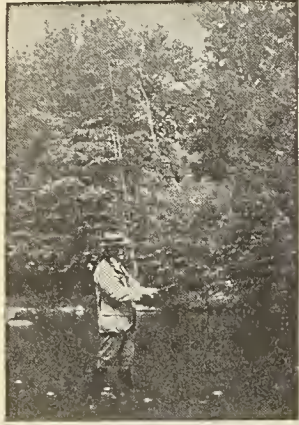
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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

The Index for Volume LXXVIII. of FOREST AND STREAM, covering the issues for six months from January 1 to June 30, 1912, is ready for distribution and will be sent free on application.

FOREST AND STREAM
127 Franklin Street - New York

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- USE -

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A BUTTERFLY FARM.

In a recent issue of the Yorkshire Evening Post appeared the following:

One of the best known entomologists in Yorkshire is H. W. Head, who now lives on his butterfly farm at Burniston, near Scarborough, but who did all his pioneer work while residing in Dandler street, Scarborough.

Mr. Head was the first to breed the butterfly in captivity, and to-day he owns the largest butterfly farm in the British Isles, covering between three and four acres, mainly devoted to the breeding of butterflies and moths. * * *

Able and keen entomologist as he is, Mr. Head confesses that the pleasures of collecting are lost when one has to make a business of it, and he probably knows better than anyone else the pleasures and the pains of an entomologist. His successes have been striking. * * *

After five years' hard work he has got the haven into very good order, and now only waits favorable summers to reap the reward of his labors. For a matter of twenty-eight years he has made a business of butterfly breeding, and he has now a wonderful collection of between 300 and 400 varieties of British and foreign butterflies and moths, and a set-up stock of 400,000 all produced on his farms at Scarborough and Burniston, respectively.

The farm is stocked with all kinds of trees and weeds—indeed one part is a veritable jungle—for the purpose of providing caterpillars and butterflies with the particular food they require. One species of caterpillar thrives upon one kind of plant and another species upon another, and Mr. Head has taken infinite trouble to provide himself with the rarest plants in order to produce the rarest of moths and butterflies.

In the rearing of hybrids, Mr. Head has been remarkably successful. He has raised altogether well on to a dozen, and he showed our representative specimens of a yellow form of the green-veined white butterfly, the sale price of which is about 30s. (\$7.30) each. But what he is always on the lookout for are "sports," i. e., butterflies or moths of well-known types, but differently marked than the ordinary. There is a good demand for these, and a single specimen will fetch pounds. It is all a matter of luck. Since he has been in the business, Mr. Head has tried to breed a black variety of the tiger moth, but he has not succeeded.

At the haven live butterflies are not supplied. The live stock does not go beyond the caterpillar, or the fertile eggs of any particular kind of butterfly or moth in stock, but his clientele is cosmopolitan and world-wide in extent.—From Consul Benjamin F. Chase, of Leeds, Eng., Aug. 8, 1912.

BRANDED YOUNG HALIBUT.

A REMARKABLE incident happened during the recent trip of the schooner Avalon, which arrived in Gloucester, Mass., the other day from halibuting, there being included in the craft's catch a small halibut which bore a distinction very much out of the ordinary. Two years ago one of the crew of the Avalon brought up a baby halibut on his trawl while fishing on Green Bank. The fish weighed about fifteen pounds and was thrown overboard. Before releasing the fish, however, the fisherman cut the initials "L. R." plainly upon its back, and nothing more was thought of the incident. A few weeks ago, while fishing on Western Bank, some of the crew were surprised when a halibut was hoisted on board bearing the familiar initials "L. R." Instantly some of the crew recalled the incident of two years ago, which nearly had been forgotten, and singularly enough the fish had been caught again by the crew of the same craft. To give an idea how fast a halibut will grow, the baby fifteen-pounder of two years ago had grown to four times his former size, tipping the scales at sixty pounds.—Lewiston Journal.

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are well adapted to Eastern waters. Try stocking with some of the nice yearlings or fry from our hatchery, and you will be pleased with the results.

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Why suffer on your outing from chiggers, when for 25c. you can procure an effective remedy and preventive sufficient for a month's trip.

Anti-Chiggerine prevents chiggers from getting on one, also allays the irritation of the bite. It is non-poisonous, will not injure the most delicate skin, not offensive to use, not sticky, no smell. Outdoor life in beautiful September and October is marred only by chiggers. If you use Anti-Chiggerine as directed, you can sit on old logs or stumps, have your lunch on the grass, and roam the woods without discomfort from chiggers.

Send 25c., coin or stamps, for a box by mail prepaid.

ANTI-CHIGGERINE COMPANY

1800 S. Broadway - - - - - St. Louis, Mo.

THE HOODED SEAL OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

EXCLUSIVE of the walrus, there are five distinct species of seals inhabiting the Atlantic waters contiguous to Northeastern America—the harbor or rafter seal (*Callocephalus vitulinus*, Linnæus), a small coastal breeding seal which frequently ascends fresh water streams; the ringed seal (*Phoca hispida*, Sehr.), also a small coastal breeding seal; the harp seal (*Phoca guenlandica*, Fabr.), somewhat larger than the two preceding seals, and unlike them, breeding upon the north Atlantic ice floes; the bearded or square-flipper, sometimes called the big seal (*Phoca barbata*, Fabricius), a very large seal, breeding along the northern coasts; and the hooded or bladder-nose seal (*Cystophora cristata*, Erxleben), which, like the harp seal, gives birth to its young upon the winter-formed ice floes of the North Atlantic.

The five young seal pups which I brought from the north in May, 1912, and which are now in the New York Zoological Park, belong to this last species, and a brief description of the species, its habits and its economic value, may be of interest.

In size, the hooded seal ranks second to, and sometimes rivals, the bearded seal, which is classed as the largest of the Atlantic seals. A full grown hood "dog" will not infrequently measure from eight to nine feet in length, and tip the scale at one thousand pounds, while an old female hood will often weigh between eight hundred and nine hundred pounds.

In color, the adult is bluish-black on the back, with a belly usually of lighter shade, varied with paler spots, though sometimes the belly is of a light grayish tinge, with darker spots.

The male has a muscular sac or bag extending from the nose backward to the center of the head. This bag may be inflated at will, forming a hood-like covering to the head. It is this hood which gives the species its name.

The hooded seal has one other distinctive feature. While each of the other four species mentioned has six front teeth or incisors in the upper jaw and four in the lower jaw, the hooded seal has but four above and two below.

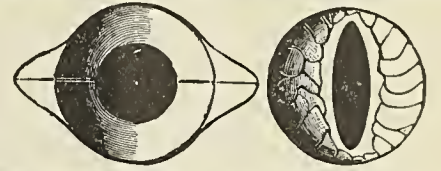
Both males and females will attack their enemies with boldness and savage ferocity, and in all my experience I have never encountered a more determined or dangerous antagonist among wild beasts than an angry hooded seal brought to bay. I have seen an old dog hood seize a gaff between his teeth and chew it into splinters. They travel upon the ice with remarkable speed, and the hunter must always be alert, prepared to meet their vicious charge.

Hood pups are nursed by their mothers until about two weeks old, when they are left to forage for themselves. After capturing the five little pups now in the Bronx Zoological Park, and taking them aboard our ship, the Neptune, I was confronted with the difficulty of securing proper food for them, and it occurred to me to examine the stomachs of the carcasses of several of the old ones which had been killed. To my surprise I found that all I examined contained perfectly fresh herring, and in nearly every instance the fish were whole and entirely free from injury without a tooth mark or scratch. From a single one of the old dogs I secured in this way six large fish. It is claimed that the seal herds off the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts destroy more codfish and herring each year than are taken by the entire fishing fleet.

The hooded seal is migratory in its habits. During the summer the greater herds are found along the southeast coast of Greenland. In February and March they appear in countless numbers on the winter-formed ice floes off the Labrador and Newfoundland coasts, both in the open Atlantic and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.—Harry Whitney, in New York Zoological Society Bulletin.

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THIS PICTURE GRATIS



JOHN PEEL.

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The picture measures 11 in. x 7½ in. (frame 17 in. x 12 in.). The original was painted by Mr. Joseph Simpson, R. B. A., from old photographs and prints of the famous huntsman. It is said to be the finest representation of John Peel ever published, and is worthy of a place in every sportsman's home.

The subscription to "The County Gentleman & Land & Water" is \$9.50 per annum, payable in advance, for which the paper will be sent, postage free. Checks should be made payable to the County Gentleman Publishing Co. and crossed the London County & Westminster Bank, Hanover Sq. Branch.

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"The County Gentleman & Land & Water"
36-38 Southampton St., Strand, London, W. C.

WORK OF FOREST RANGERS.

It begins to look as if the forest rangers in this part of the State had at last gone about the settlement of the forest fire question in the right way. A force of men is now engaged in building a telephone line through a great area of the State wild lands for the purpose of affording a means of communication between point and point on the reserves, so that a fire-fighting force can be assembled in a short time.

This means of communication has been badly needed a long while. The central station of this unique telephone system is in the top of a tall tree on the very top of the highest mountain in the Pine Creek region. This is at a point a half mile out of Waterville. In that tree a platform

has been built, and from it a range of survey of a dozen miles in every direction can be had. This "crowsnest," or lookout, is State Forester Evans's headquarters almost steadily during the seasons when fires are liable to break out, and the "crowsnest" will be equipped with a telephone connecting with the rangers' homes, and by this means the alarm can be sounded quickly when the first whiff of smoke is seen over the range.

The forest rangers who spent the time during the summer chopping out fire lines report that more snakes of all kinds were killed by them this summer than ever before. Copperheads appear to be on the increase. The men are really more afraid of copperheads than they are of rattlers, for the latter give a warning. Both bear and deer on the State preserves are reported unusually plentiful.

Last week, while a force of fire lane cut-

ters was working along above Cammal, one of the men ran across an old beer keg. Its position under a tree and in so remote a part of the country interested him, and he made an examination. He found that somebody some time had rigged the keg out as a bear trap. He had driven log spikes through the entering end of the keg, which was without the top, the spikes being bent in such position as to permit a bear's head passing inward all right, but when the animal started to back out, the ruffled flesh of the shaggy neck would come in contact with the protruding spikes and make the creature a prisoner with his head inside the keg.

This is an old way of capturing bear, the tempting bait of honey being placed at the bottom of the keg, so that bruin would push his head greedily to the bottom. This means of taking bear, however, is no longer allowed by law.—Williamsport Correspondence North American.

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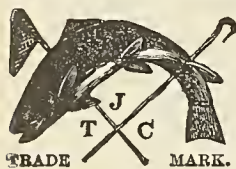
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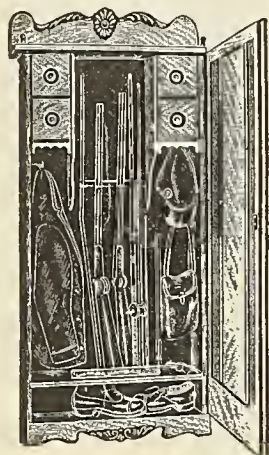
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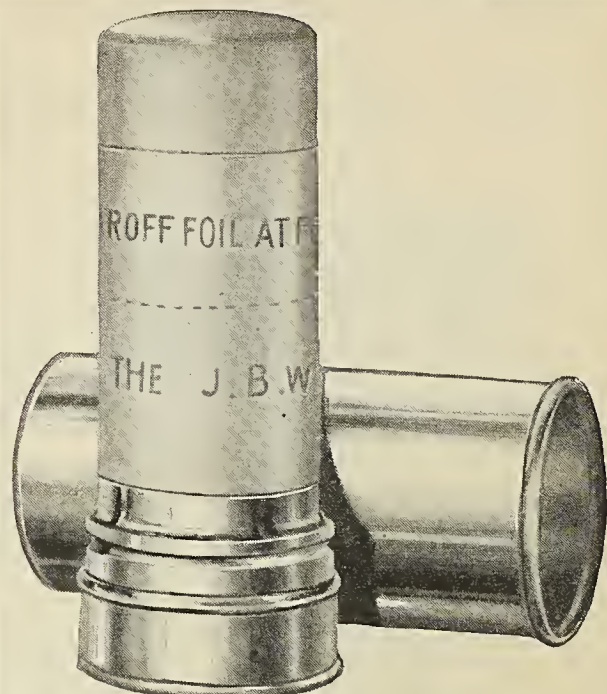
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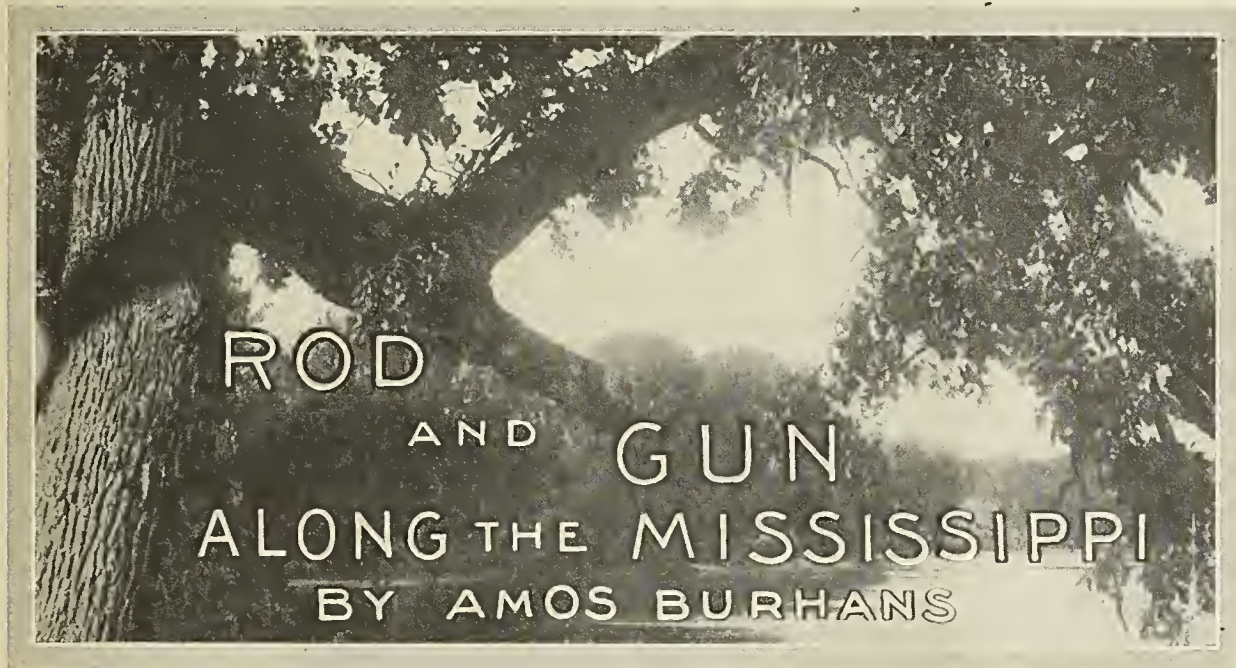
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1912.

VOL. LXXIX.—No. 13.
127 Franklin St., New York.



DOWN the artery of a continent!

There was no mistaking our senses. After years of planning we were on the way and chugging along the waterfront of St. Paul, supplies aboard, gas enough to carry us to St. Louis, and good spirits to accompany the weakest body on the 2,000-mile journey.

We were amateur navigators. If we had not been amateurs, we would have left undone some of the things we did. But we meant well and generally this got us through. Before we left St. Paul a Government official told us we would not need a license for the craft which was 30 x 9 by an average of three feet draft. This gave us an eight-ton boat, but when we got to Rock Island, Ill., we had to take out a license for her, as she was over five tons.

The first license a navigator can get is an operator's license for boats under five tons. The good character of the operator and two witnesses to that effect got this one. The second one is for vessels of fifteen gross tons or less, and one takes a license through examination; I refer to an engineer's license. The skipper secured these before he started the trip.

Down the swift current past the noted Mounds Park, through the savory or unsavory odors of South St. Paul and her porcine traffic we headed. All along the route friends waved us farewells. Though there are hundreds of craft at the head of navigation of the Father of Waters, it is curious that but one to three each year make the trip southward from this point. Generally the fall rains begin in September and swell the river until it is easily navigable.

But we were anxious to get down where the fishing and hunting commenced, and before we knew it, were at the palisades of the upper Mississippi, known as Robinson Rocks, where we swung about bow up-stream and entered between

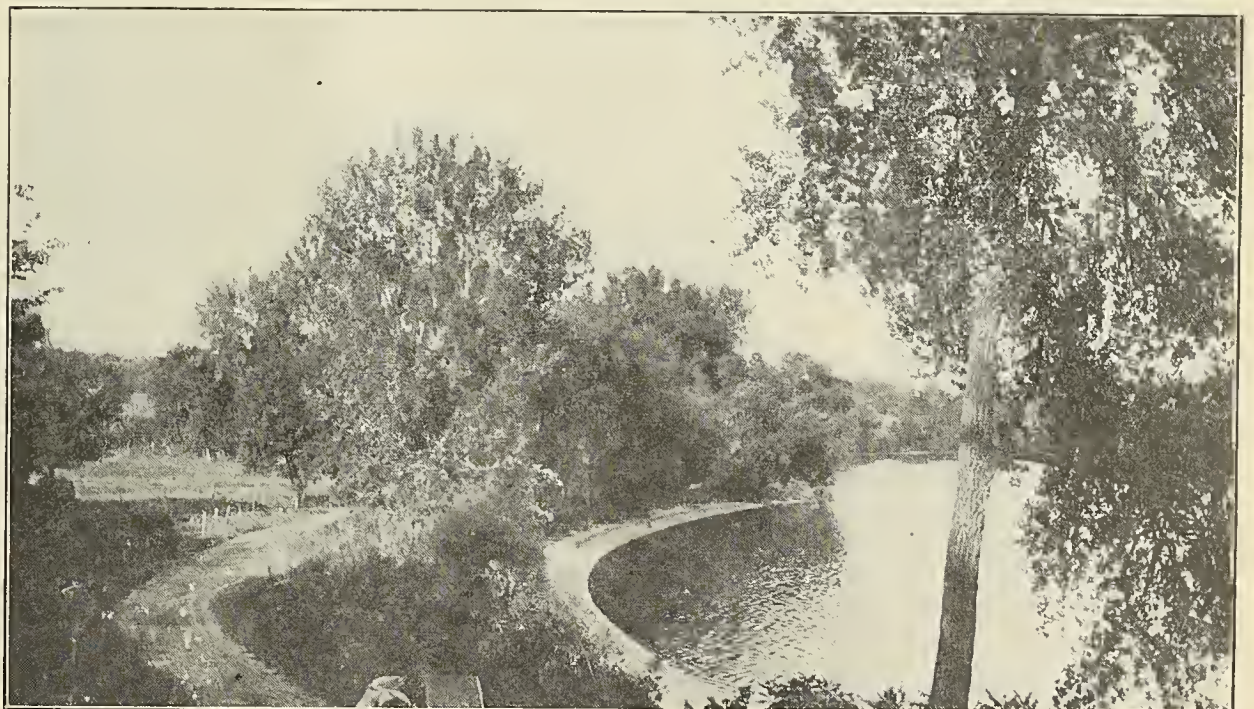
two wing dams, out of the main channel and current. Fishing was the first thing we all demanded. Something to make the skillet smell in good form was the desideratum.

Across the river from where we were moored opened a little bayou at the further end of which was a dam to prevent the current changing the channel during high water. It looked deep, was deep, had plenty of reedy places for big-mouth bass, and a lot of mud turtles among the lily-pads. Coaxers and flies and other baits, however, refused to dislodge a fish, though late that evening we saw many jumping and playing on the surface.

A set line from the stern of the boat with a couple of hooks on it got a five-pound catfish that was relished for breakfast. The September morning was beautiful. We knew a big steamer was due along near us that morning and made ready to drop down to Prescott, Wis., the seat of the best small-mouth bass fishing on the St. Croix or the upper river. Casting off we soon passed a shanty-boater we had seen sail through St. Paul a week before, but who could get no further on account of the wind, and came upon the Government work just above the town of Hastings, Minn. At Hastings we halted a while, then followed the little gasoline ferry-boat across and down the river to Prescott as we did not know the channel.

Prescott lies at the foot of Lac St. Croix, named after Father St. Croix, one of the earliest missionaries in the Northwest, a remnant, some say, of the Catholic missionaries who paddled up the river from New Orleans. Very little can be seen of the pretty town from the river. As you swing down the Big Wet across the mouth of Lac St. Croix, you get a wonderful glimpse of the lake that makes you port the helm and circle and take a turn up the lake, going under the Burlington bridge and through the great brails of logs that are being made ready to float down the Mississippi to the mills south. The sight, for the first time one beholds it, is beautiful and sublime. We could not get enough of it.

Friends at Prescott were watching for us. Hardly had we arrived until they were aboard. Charley Stapf, with his motor-equipped fishing boats, insisted that we try the evening fishing. Up the lake we struck, making for the sun-kissed rocky shores where the warmer waters beckoned



ALONG THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

to the small-mouthed bass as he fed. The latter part of September it was. The waters were getting cool at night, and the fish seemingly favored the more temperate water along the shores where the sun heated it during the afternoons.

Most of the fishing along the upper Mississippi is with the fly. The greatest numbers of fish caught are small-mouths. Occasionally some big-mouths are taken from the wing dams and the mud banks. From Prescott to Read's Landing we found excellent sport with the rod. Fisher flies were taken best by the bass. The type of fly liked best is that with one or two small spinners just ahead of the feathering. Striped bass, white bass, big- and small-mouths all took it avidly. I remember taking three from one point on a projecting wing dam.

The following day we again went up the lake after supper. A point at the mouth of a creek, said point being of mud and reeds, rushes and pads, gave us the excellent big-mouths shown in the illustration. We wanted to tarry along the lake and river until the quail season should open in a couple of days, trying all the fishing points, and cruising up to Hudson and Stillwater. Afton and other villages that were crowded with summer folks from the Twin Cities.

Of all the river and lake fishing, the best is just below Prescott among the wing dams and along the ripraps that border the river. If the weather is hot, you will find the small-mouths and the big-mouths as well making for the deeper

holes. It is no use to fly-fish for them on the surface then, as they are deep down in cool water. Moon-eyed minnows, shining like so much beaten silver, their eyes large, dark spots that make them particularly attractive, may be put on gutted bass hooks, and your boat anchored above the deeper holes in the channel of the river. The water is generally clear, or just clear enough to make the fishing good. Drop the minnow down current and let a heavy sinker carry the minnow to the bottom or nearly to it. Working the minnow back and forth will soon get you a strike if there is anything in the holes. Small boys can guide you to the best fishing if you are not acquainted with the river.

And our ice-box stocked with fish we rested, watching the snorting little steamers at the head of the great rafts of pine and fir and spruce swing them at their heads, while the larger stern-wheelers backed and came ahead, and came ahead and backed, to prevent the raft from going to pieces at the various points along the river's channel. A few cruisers from further south, open-boats, closed-boats, trunk-cabins, cabin-boats, raised-deckers and crosses between house-boats and steamers, they all came and went and passed the time of day with us.

Every morning the whistle of the quail across the river reminded us that in another day or so the season would be open. A slight frost set us to gathering walnuts and butternuts and trying to dry them out on the sandy shores.

Pike fishing was good at any time along the bar that had built up at the mouth of Lac St. Croix, and odd hours were spent after them and gathering mooneyes that we might keep the ice-box stocked. Strangers came and went to and from this mecca of the fly-fisherman, we doing our share in return to entertain them.

The day before the season opened for quail the writer made a trip with a pearl buyer through twenty miles of sloughs and spots of backwater along which lived an army of clambers and pearl traders. It was a trip that cannot be forgotten. Down a chute between two cornfields and into a clump of willows brought us face to face with a gang dipping their catch in hot water preparatory to opening the shells. Then around a bend we came upon a town of floating shanties. One labeled Groceries would always be in their midst. Other legends were also flaunted upon the traveler. Hope, eternal hope, hope for a thousand dollar pearl or one that would even bring a hundred, was the main nourishment of each and every mortal we found. Clammers with almost worthless slugs implored the buyer to purchase. Others with fine pearls of from fifty to a hundred dollars value refused to sell until they got their prices. Farming, stock-raising, pearl-trading, clamming and mixtures of these and a dozen other occupations employed the nomadic people along the upper Mississippi.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Daily Bread

A "Bakers' Dozen" of Some of the Representative Characteristic Breads and Crackers of the Globe Used by Campers, Travelers, Fisher-Folk, Motoring Tourists, Trappers, Etc.—Pointers for the American Camping Supply Trades

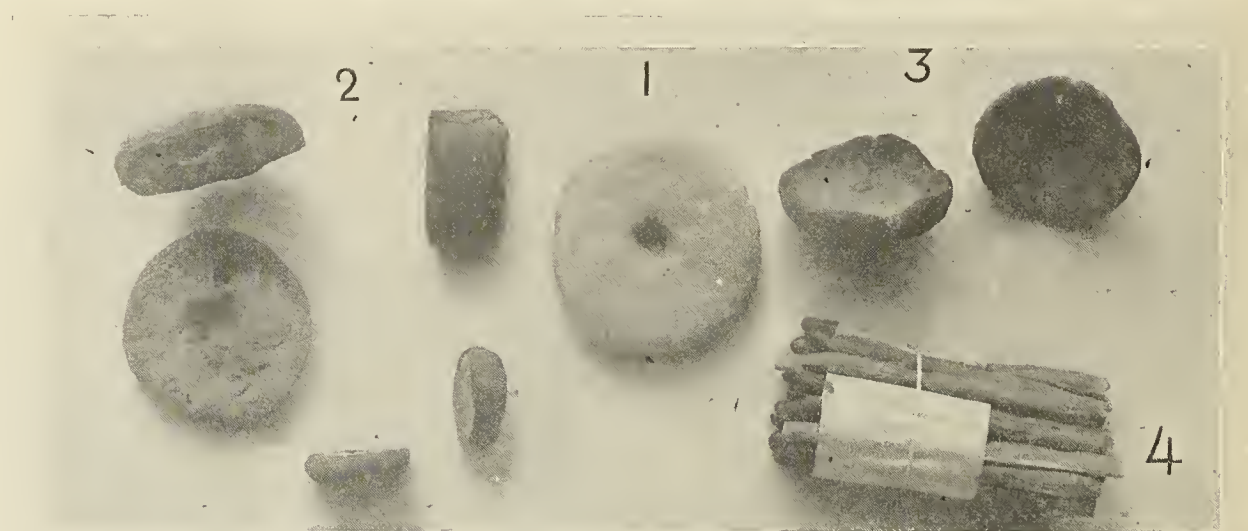
By L. LODIAN

In Two Parts—Part Two

THE pretzel family of breads—fresh and as hard-tacks—is a large one. There are about 100 known varieties of pretzels in the world, nearly all of which have been collected and illustrated in a learned German work on pretzels, or bretzels (derived from the Italian word *braceletto*, or bracelet, as they originally had somewhat the form of a bracelet when the Ligurians of centuries ago originated them). In America we have some two-score kinds of pretzels. One of them is known as the solid pretzel and is saucer-shaped—for a reason. It is much used by Russians with their glass of tea. If the tea is too hot, the pretzel is used as an extempore saucer. After a couple of "pours," it softens somewhat, and is all the more edible. It is well to know of these makeshift devices of the nations, as they may all come in handy some time or other in camping life. For example, a form of Italian trellis work or lattice work hard-tack is often used in camp as an improvised shelf for holding light articles.

centuries ago, and to this day they make the same biskots in a dozen different forms. We illustrate various of them, with one of the fresh-daily little

round breads from which, on staling, the biskots are made—just sliced atwain, and lightly rebaked to a nicely browned crisp. It is an eco-



1 and 2—What the original biscuits of centuries ago looked like. They are still made thus by the Italians—the originators of the biskot—in various forms. (Specimen marked 1 is the fresh bread, which, on staling, is halved and re-ovened to a slight crisp, as shown at Fig. 2—left.) These biskots, of course, are the original travel hard-tacks of the world. 3—Saucer-shaped solid pretzels, often used with the Russian glass of tea as a temporary saucer, for cooling. (There are about 100 pretzel forms in Europe.) 4—The "battered toast" stick biscuitry (Koda) of the Italian lakes region—Novara, Como, Milan, and much carried by Alpinists.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BISCUIT.

The Ligurian Mediterraneans originated the biscuit, which they termed biskot ("twice-baked"),

nomical way for the Italian baker to utilize his stale bread returns and left-overs. For sustaining qualities, these biskots are any time the equal of our high-grade pilot hard-tack crackers, and superior as plain fare to any fancy biscuit. (Let us call these stale bread hard-tacks by the Italian name of biskot.)

And to this day this original biskot has successfully endured among the Italian soldiery and navy and Alpinists. Biscuits as we know them are scarcely known in the boot-shaped peninsula.

The biskot is an all-purpose or multi-usable biscuit—serviceable alone, or for the soup, or with wine or coffee or milk or tea or water.

HOW ANY CAMPER CAN MAKE HIS OWN STALE BREAD BISKOTS.

Every camper should have a "speaking acquaintance" with these biskots, since they are so easily obtainable of Italian bakeries throughout our land. Further, any camper can get an idea from them to make his own stale bread biscuits if necessary. Thus, if having any farmhouse or city fresh bread on hand, or that once was fresh, which is in danger of molding, or has acquired the repulsive confined-air taint, just slice it and nicely brown it by toasting, or lightly Dutch-oven it to a gentle crisp. This kills any fungus growth, or the heat dissipates any foul-air suspicion, and your camp-made biskots, properly dried out and packed in transparent impermeable tissue paper, will stand you in good stead for months for use as they are, or as a fine soup stock. Most every store sells some wrapped bread. Save those wrappers for your biskots, if making any.

* * * * *

Good reader, did you ever, when camping and returning to camp jaded out of an afternoon, get a whiff of the fragrance of buttered toast? Didn't it smell good? Well, our friends the mountaineers and campers of the Italian lakes region, carry their own buttered toast along in impermeable transparent paper packages. It is in the form of little bread sticks, about the thickness of those long and brittle fresh bread sticks you see in some restaurants. But these buttered toast breads are more convenient to handle, being only twenty centimeters long (about eight inches). In the making, the pure unsalted butter is compounded with the dough, and the whole baked in big batches of sticks to a nicely browned crisp. This butter content causes the cracker or biscuit to be somewhat staining if packed away in ordinary paper bags or cartons, so wax paper coverings must be used, which can be placed in anything—leather wallet, paste board case, or paper bag even.

Conveniences over ordinary buttered toast: No waiting, no slicing, no toasting, no knife; no butter-can to have to dig out from the duffle bag; and freedom from the greasy hands as after munching the ordinary buttered toast slices. Our hosts of Italian-speaking citizens do not know of our American buttered toast slices, but use these buttered toast sticklets. All our cities of import without exception contain Italian bakeries, and all sell biskots—these among them. Due to their shape, they are ideal with eggs spooned or eaten from the shell, to steep into the yolk. In our boyhood days on a Connecticut farm we used finger-length cuts of bread for this purpose, and called the pieces "fingers."

THE WORLD'S ONLY SUN-BAKED BREADSTUFFS (CENTRAL ASIA).

The sun-dried bread-sheets of Central Asia, looking like so much chamois leather, has already been noted in this journal, and a fragment of it illustrated. Now we can show a regular commercial size specimen of it, for this raisin-syrup-compounded sheeting is made in pieces up to bed sheet sizes, and is often used in the bazars of the caliphates at the stalls, as temporary awnings to defeat the caloric-energies of old Sol.

At the caravansaries of the inland Asiatic marts it is much esteemed by the coffee drinkers; and if a layer of the apricot-fruit-sheeting is sandwiched between, this constitutes the chic "fruit-cracker" of the feminines of the caravan-sary harem.

One of the most puzzling forms of hard-tack outing and recreation biscuits is the singular pulley-wheel-shaped cracker represented by the group of three specimens depicted in the cut. It is known that the hole through the center is for convenience in stringing and carrying, but why the pronounced pulley-wheel-like groove on the periphery or rim is a mystery. Briefly, the origin is not known. I never found an Italian baker who could explain, either here or on the Mediterranean. But there, they are usually literally the submerged tenth in ignorance. Most bread forms have some *raison d'être* or significance. Thus, in works on phallic-worship we read of the origin of the shell-shaped morning rolls which are brought to the guest at continental hotels and restaurants. In remote ages, when bread was made in nunneries, the nuns molded the bread shell-shaped as an offering to the gods, as exemplifying what they regarded as all that was most sacred to themselves physiologically.

RUSSIAN BISCUITRY.

The huge Russian dominions, extending from the Baltic to the Pacific—some 8000 miles right across—still see to-day a vast amount of posting travel. By this is meant per horse conveyances from stancia to stancia. To meet the requirements of commissariat travel, all the travel food

conveniences of Europe and Asia have been drawn upon; and for small-arms and tools, almost every American idea has been appropriated that was worth while: the goods made wholesale in Moscow and St. Petersburg, but labeled with American lettering as if made here, and of course the United States makers never find it out. No sooner is our bulky weekly official Patent Office Gazette published, than copies are dispatched to regular pirating firms in the chief manufacturing cities of Russia, and often the counterfeit goods are selling on the Russian markets months before they are here! I saw evidence enough of this during a couple of years' meanderings over the Russian domain.

So if Americans appropriate a few Russian ideas in travel-bread conveniences, it will be but a "mutual exchange."

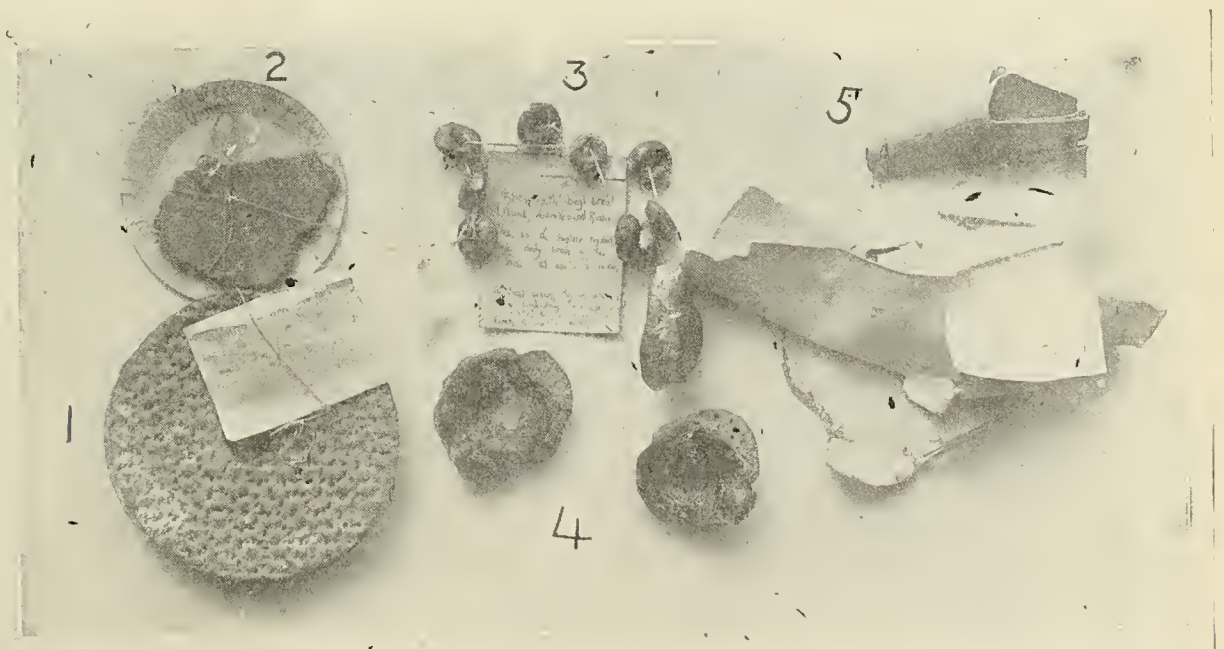
TINY RING BISCUITS USED AS WEDDING RINGS.

There is a class of Russian small hard-tack ware known as the fit-the-mouth begl. It is always circular, like a ring. The center bore is for stringing. Indeed, instances have occurred where this bread ring—although clumsy for the purpose—has been actually utilized as an extempore ring for marrying poor peasants with whom the gold ring was lacking (just as door keys have been utilized occasionally for marrying poor couples). I never saw the ceremony performed, but my friend Franzi Taormina, who knows all about these biscuits, has thus repeatedly informed me.

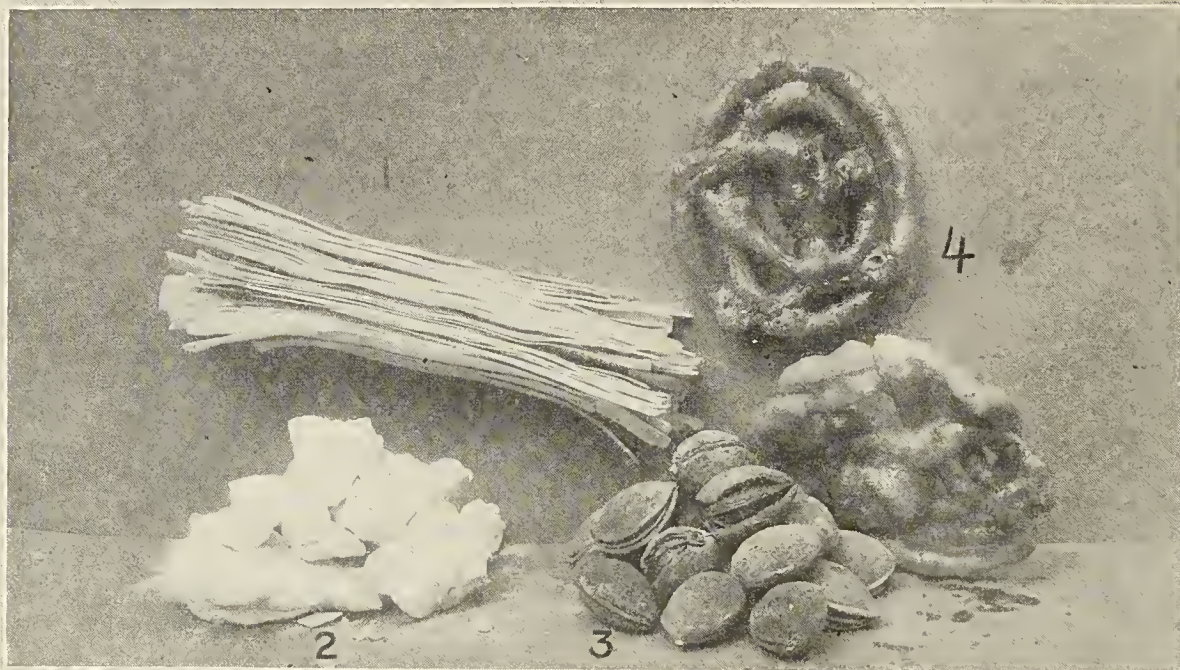
This begl is cleanly to handle, and there is never any waste due to breakage. It is much appreciated by the Russians with their tea drinking. In the bazars it is often used by the petty merchants ignorant of the three r's as a make-do abakus, or counter—a lower string of one unit (10) serving for kopeks and an upper row of the same number representing rubles.

CHESTNUT FLOUR BISCUITRY (ITALY).

The chestnut flour bread of the Italian peninsula is a great standby of campers, mountaineers, fisher folk, campaigners and smugglers. It is the only breadstuff in the universe which is



1—Macaroni hard-tack cracker, available as biscuit or as a soup stock. 2—Oat-bread (fragment), famed in Celtic pastoral communities. 3—Fit-the-mouth begl crackers of Slav regions (sometimes dubbed in the vernacular "wedding rings," because marriages have actually been performed among the indigent peasants with these small biscuit rings). A great standby of Slav excursionists as a clearly portable, loose-in-pocket travel cracker. 4—Pulley-shaped crude appearing hard-tack biscuits of South Europe—a standby of the Sicilian smugglers and fisher folk. Origin unknown.



1—The most curious cracker of the universe: A tree pith biscuit (Republic of China), which is laundered out, or ironed (but never baked), just as a collar is ironed. In vogue among oriental travelers as a biscuit de luxe. 2—Chestnut flour self-caking chunks, used as both a breadstuff and a naturally sweet flour patty in lieu of sweetened biscuits or cakes. The daily fare of millions in Italy. Is the only cracker or biscuit stuff of the globe thus eaten in its uncooked, flour form. 3—Sweet almonds in the husk from the valley of the Jordan. The almond meal hard biscuits of the Levant are made from the oil-pressed debris of these. 4—The singular fantastic syrugged cracker of the harems of Arabic-speaking countries (many sizes).

regularly eaten in its dry flour form. Due to its saccharin content, chestnut flour is very liable to "cake," the natural sugar of the nut (about 7 per cent.) attracting moisture; just as, in fact, all crude sugars draw humidity. The flour is found in commerce in the chief Italian-importing groceries throughout Uncle Samdom in about twenty-pound nearly square boxes, and retails at a dime per pound. Break the sides away from the box, and you have a caked block of chestnut flour of a slight yellowish-white, and the pronounced odor and taste characteristic of the chestnut. It is of surprisingly sweetish taste when mouthed thus in its desiccated form, freed of the natural water present in the fresh nut.

This natural "caking" of the flour is advantageous in that it can be easily broken up per finger and eaten piecemeal without need of a spoon. In country inns in Italy of a morning the maid brings in a bowl of milk with the little chestnut chunks floating atop the *latte*. Due to their lightness, caused by air particles, they do not sink, unless left in the milk about a quarter of an hour, when they gradually subside. As a light repast—but nothing else—this chestnut-and-milk porridge is an agreeable occasional change and surprise to the tourist, but it is a mistake to have it too often, for fear of a surfeit. The necessity of change in provisions is keenly realized by the hardened globe circler and camper.

Chestnut flour is principally useful as an adjunct to the camper's commissary bag, because it can be eaten without cooking, and for the reason that, due to its sweetness, it almost takes the place of a sort of after meal dessert or semicandy. But milk is always necessary with it—just plain milk. Cream makes it too rich-tasting, and not refreshing enough as does simply milk. No other beverage seems to go with it satisfactorily, as tea, coffee, wine or water. The latter makes the whole thing too "disinteresting."

The writer has had many years of experience with chestnut flour as an occasional camping food, both in Italy and out of it, and while

the native Italian outdoor-lifers and sunk-in-poverty farm peasants use it as a regular daily fare, its constant use to one not accustomed to it cannot be suggested. In other words, it would be a mistake to carry a bag of it on a trip in lieu of wheat flour. Wheat flour contains the life-sustaining gluten, lacking in chestnut flour.

In Leghorn, Milan, Florence, Naples, Como, Turin and other regions of Cavour-land, chestnut bread is often found for sale in the bazars as a pan-baked article, of a dingy brown. This bread-form is termed *castagnacio*. It is less palatable thus than in the flour-form. But an acceptable biskot or cracker is also made from the flour, and is esteemed at the afternoon halt for and with tea. This biscuit is made without a particle of sugar, yet it has a sweet enough taste. This saccharinity may remind one somewhat of the peculiar and not unpleasant sweet-bitter taste of Spanish licorice.

A chestnut macaroni is also come across in some Ligurian cities, and is served as a delicacy boiled in milk. But it is not an all-chestnut product, since some wheat flour has been necessarily added in the making.

ALMOND MEAL BISCUITS (ASIA MINOR).

The almond meal bread of Central Asia is not shown in the photograph, because unobtainable in Manhattan. The writer purchased specimens some years ago, but they were too good to last long. It should be said that this hard-tack almond bread is made from the residue cake left in the oil presses. The oil is valued for export; the refuse meal is relished by hogs and—humans! It is nutritious and satisfying. But unable to show the actual almond bread which the motorist and tourist will happen across throughout the caliphates of the Faithful, to make up, we will show a small heap of the actual husk-covered almonds which are the base of the plain almond hard-tack bread. The sweet almond is protected by nature with a downy, semi-plushy olive-green husk. When fresh, the Arab immerses these husks in vinegar for a few weeks,

and they constitute the acceptable almond salad appearing at the cold viand table.

CRACKERS FROM TREE-PITH (REPUBLIC OF CHINA).

Truly, the most singular bread and cracker of the Lord's footstool is the peculiar pith bread of China. It is made from the pith of the tree *fatsia*. The misnamed "rice-paper" is made from this pith also. There is an illustration of the *fatsia* preparation in the Standard dictionary (see that word). This curious cracker bread, or whatever it may be termed, is of a creamy whiteness, has a pithy taste, and is much esteemed by the citizens of the flowery Republic with their little cups of watery unsweetened tea, or as a soup stock. It is of scant nutritive value, yet retails in Manhattan at sixty cents a pound. I have often used it and made little gifts of it as a novelty to appreciative acquaintances.

Its use cannot be recommended to the camper, because it contains scant more nutrition than dried cucumber slices or evaporated celery, but it is noted here as a "luxury" (?) of the most hardened campers of the globe—the camel caravan parties plying for centuries of time between the marts of vast inland China.

* * * * *

The following breads were unobtainable for illustration in Manhattan. Doubtless somebody retails them, but on repeated inquiry the writer failed to ascertain whom. An effort was made to round up a collection of the whole lot, so as to have this article more fully representative of the camping-out breads of the globe. The missing breads, then, are: Barley bread, much used in various North European countries; the *palt-brod* of the Laplander, made originally of reindeer blood and rye, and forming the darkest of the breads of the universe; the tortilla, the national maize bread disk of Iberic-America, and the polenta or corn bread of the Italian lakes region. The mundane tourist comes across all these breads in due course; that is, if sufficiently interested in foreign peoples to note how they live among themselves. But if he makes the fatal mistake of finding out and associating only with Americans wherever he goes, and loafing around clubs (another evil), he will find he will learn precious little!

In conclusion, be it stated that every one of the biscuit and hard-tack bread exhibits illustrated in this brief discourse on the camping crackers, etc., of the nations (or some of the countries of the globe), have all been photographed direct from the actual goods rounded up and purchased at retail among the foreign colony bakers of Manhattan and turned over to the office of this journal. Anybody is free to inspect the collection in the liner's "den", as they make a capital souvenir collection, and can be preserved for years in a dust-proof glass wall case. Being almost all the hard-tack variety of travel-bread and biscuit stuffs (necessarily), they will naturally keep almost indefinitely. And what the writer has accomplished any other would-be collector can accomplish in any of our greater cities, or instruct his city representative or agent to do so.

FOREST AND STREAM has for years been a factor of importance in promoting the cause of good sportsmanship and the conservation of natural resources.

Still-Hunting Mountain Lions

An Interesting Tale of a Day's Sport Hunting Big Game in the Rocky Mountains Near Yellowstone Park

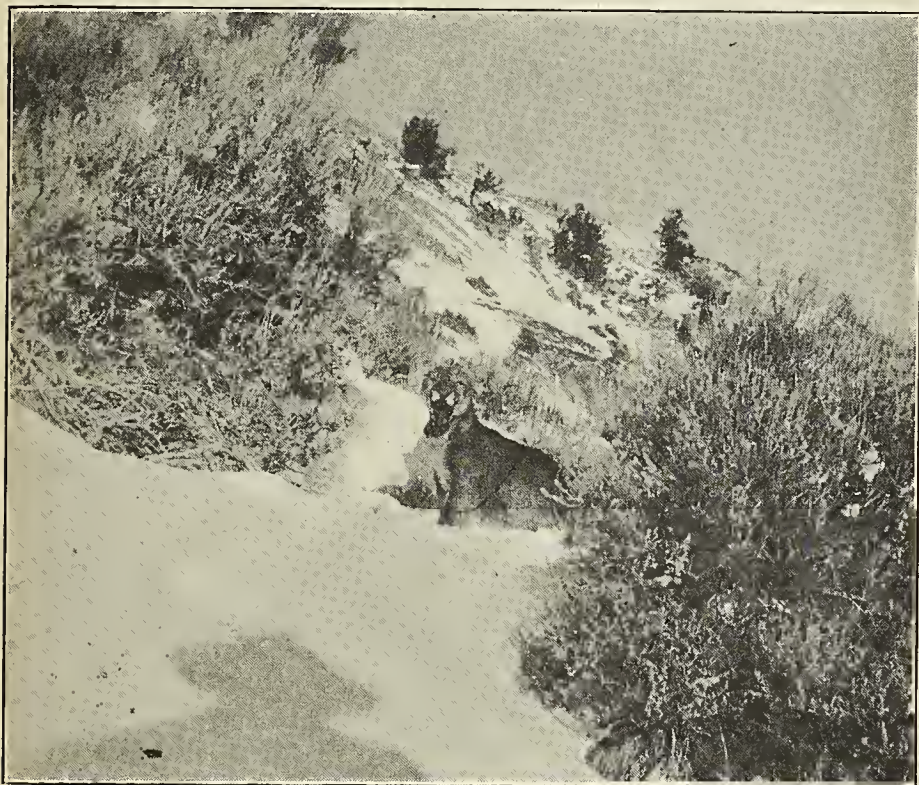
By WALTER C. DALLAS

JIM WILLIAMS, my partner, and I were camped at the Crystal Creek cabins in January, 1912, for the winter, trapping coyotes, lynx and marten, with wolf hunting as a side issue. We had brought our grub and outfit up from Jackson in the latter part of December and got out our wood, fixed up the cabin, and after a trip down with the team, we snowshoed thirty miles back to the ranch and started to string out our traps. We had thirty traps of sufficient size for coyote, lynx and wolf, a few fox traps, size

meadow below the house, with our webs creaking in the cold and our breaths leaving clouds of steam as of miniature engines, it seemed, as I remarked to Jim, "Good to be alive." The day was perfect and we felt as if we could go several hundred miles without a stop.

"I've got a hunch, Jim," I said, "that we're going to have some tales to talk about when we get back to-night." "I hope so," replied Jim, who is not much given to any very great flights of fancy.

where a long ridge ran up to the top of the main "rim," where we expected to find lions, if there were any in the country. After striking the foot of the ridge, we removed our snowshoes, the snow having been blown off, leaving the ground bare, slung them on our backs and started climbing. Resting at intervals, for it was a long climb and steep, we finally came to where a spur ridge joined into the main cliffs. Here we stopped, ate our lunch, filled our pipes and looked out over the country. Across the Gro-



EL LEON AT BAY.



THE AUTHOR AND LIONS.

2, and a string of jump traps Nos. 1 and 2 for marten.

We put in the first week setting coyote and wolf traps, after which we scoured the hills for a few days looking for wolves, but without success, as they, for a time it seemed, had all gone down below around the settlement. So, rolling out one cold morning, with the logs of the house snapping with the frost, we cooked a meal of elk steak and "sour dough" pancakes, and during our post-breakfast smoke our talk drifted to the subject of mountain lions. "I'll bet you my plug hat, Jim," said I, "that we can scare up a lion or two in the Slate Creek cliffs." "We might find some," he replied, as he refilled his pipe; "let's try 'em a whirl." "All right, and we'd better be making tracks, too," said I. So, after stowing away some lunch in our pack-sacks, we buckled on our snowshoes, took our rifles and started.

The day was one of those still, sunny ones of the cold, sparkling variety which in Jackson Hole are rather scarce in winter time. As we swung down across the smooth expanse of

As we rounded a bend of the creek we "jumped" a bunch of about a hundred elk out of the willows, who ran up the hill a few hundred yards, stopped and stared at us, one old cow "barking" at us as if angry for disturbing them at their morning meal.

The shoeing was perfect that morning and we swung across the big flat toward Grovont at a fast clip. Crossing the ice at the old ford we climbed the low hills on the north side of the river and soon stood on the low divide between Grovont and Slate Creek, where we stopped to adjust our shoes and get some more "steam." As I bent over, tugging at a refractory knot, Jim asked: "What's that standing up there?" Looking up, I took the glasses and made it out to be an old sheep standing outlined against the sky at the topmost point of a high cliff, probably two and a half miles away, and looking down at us. As I watched, around the point came four others, one of them a small ram three or four years old. They watched us a few minutes, then bounded away over the rocks.

We then continued on our way across to

vont, far below, we could see bunches of elk scattered here and there over the country, pawing out a precarious living. At our backs rose the straight walls of a long cliff some 200 feet high. "This sure looks like a good lion country, Jim," said I, as I readjusted my pack. "You're right; let's go," said he, and we started climbing again. We soon neared the top, and as I stepped out of a narrow "notch" between the rocks I exclaimed: "Here's what we're looking for," for there at my feet was the print of a large lion, made probably two days before. "That's him," said Jim, and slid a cartridge into his rifle.

Taking the trail I soon found his direction and said to Jim: "Which do you want; above or below?" for we had a sort of system for lions which I had learned from an old hunter on Grovont. "Makes no difference," said Jim, and he climbed down through the rocks, while I, waiting until he stood in a small game trail at the foot of the cliff, started on the trail of the big lion, which led straight up the rim. Jim meanwhile was making his way along the foot of the cliffs.

The Impulse to Fish

By COLEMAN RANDOLPH

The trail topped the raise beyond a small "saddle," and I saw where the lion had stretched out on the sunny side of a large boulder and taken a nap. Going a few feet further I came on to the fresh tracks of two lions following up the rim. Following the trail I noticed at times blood in the footprints of the big one. After trailing about 300 yards the tracks turned and went down through the rocks under the cliff. Motioning to Jim to come up close underneath, I stepped out to a small point and stood looking down toward the lower edge of the cliff. As I stood watching I heard the report of Jim's rifle, and whirling around I caught full view of a large lion as he sprang out of the rocks some thirty yards away and throwing up my rifle, a .25-35 repeater, I fired just as he cleared the ridge toward the timber—a snapshot at his flank. Running hastily to the top I was gratified to find him down, clawing and biting. As I drew on his neck he gave an enormous bound, and clearing the edge of the cliff, fell tumbling and clawing to the foot, almost on top of Jim, who was looking for his lion among the rocks. The lion continued down the side of the hill, which was very steep at this point, and as he was making pretty fair time, although unable to use his hind legs, I fired again at about 200 yards, striking him in the back, when he rolled down the hill into a steep gulch, finally bringing up under a large sage brush.

Knowing that he was about "all in," I helped Jim search for his lion, which we found in the course of a few minutes at the foot of a large rock. It was a female, probably about three years old, with a beautiful skin. Dragging her, we went down to where the big lion had stopped. He was unable to go far, but still was very much alive, snarling wickedly as I adjusted my camera and snapped him as he growled at me. Then a well-planted shot under the chin finished him and his record of deer killing.

On examining him we found that my first shot had struck him in the right flank and ranging forward had entered the backbone near the shoulders, paralyzing his hind parts. The second bullet had struck him fair in the back and gone into the lungs. Jim had shot his through the heart as it was slinking around a rock about fifty yards away, killing it almost instantly, after which it had rolled down behind the rock.

After skinning them out, leaving the feet and head intact, we packed them up and struck the trail for home, well satisfied with our day's hunt.

After arriving at the cabin, eating supper and having a smoke, we stretched them out and made the necessary measurements. We found the smaller one—the female—stretched seven feet seven inches, while the male, an old-timer, measured exactly nine and a half feet. Another thing we noticed was that he had lately been having a fierce battle, as his head and forearms were badly bitten, the holes left by the teeth of his adversary being almost entirely fresh, not yet having started to heal, and one fore claw was completely gone. Judging from the fact that he had been fighting led us to believe that there must be another large one around, but we will reserve him for another hunt.

FOREST AND STREAM has for nearly forty years been a weekly messenger of sporting news in hundreds of homes.

NO one has been able to discover the fountain of perpetual youth. The quest is not altogether so vain, however, as some imagine. The idea of attaining perpetual youth is a dream of a by-gone age which the hard practical sense of the present knows cannot be realized. It is possible, however, for one to renew his youth repeatedly by getting close to nature and living the care-free, outdoor life. This is the only elixir that rejuvenates and makes over the man, giving back to him the health and spirits of his



BEAVER DAM.

earlier years. A return to the haunts of woodland and stream in a wilderness where the patience of the sportsman is rewarded, where the camera enthusiast can likewise achieve a bloodless success, will furnish diversion that rarely becomes stale with repetition.

I was actuated by no philosophy such as I have just given when I yielded to an inclination to visit again the preserves of the Tourilli Club. I simply yielded to an impulse, just like a duck that takes to the water; he doesn't reason about it, he goes in because he likes it. The philosophy will do for those who have drifted away from their natural tastes and feel that an artificial life is the only kind worth living. When the love for outdoor recreation asserts itself, the natural tendency seeks the right course without having it prescribed like a sugar-coated pill.

I left the great metropolis with feelings that could in no sense be likened to that of a two-

year-old colt just exuberating in excess of animal spirits. In fact, it was a question in my mind whether I would not reach a log cabin in a state fit for a hospital.

The first day's tramp of ten miles over mountain trails made me fit to enjoy a good square meal of whatever might come off the griddle.

As I surveyed the placid waters of Lake Long in the twilight gradually merging in the shadows thrown by the wooded promontory that overlooked the lake, I saw the surface disturbed by the jumping trout. I hungered so for these speckled beauties that I almost believed that I could have eaten one of them raw. After two weeks' experience, having them three times a day, I was convinced that I would not change the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," by substituting trout in the place of bread.

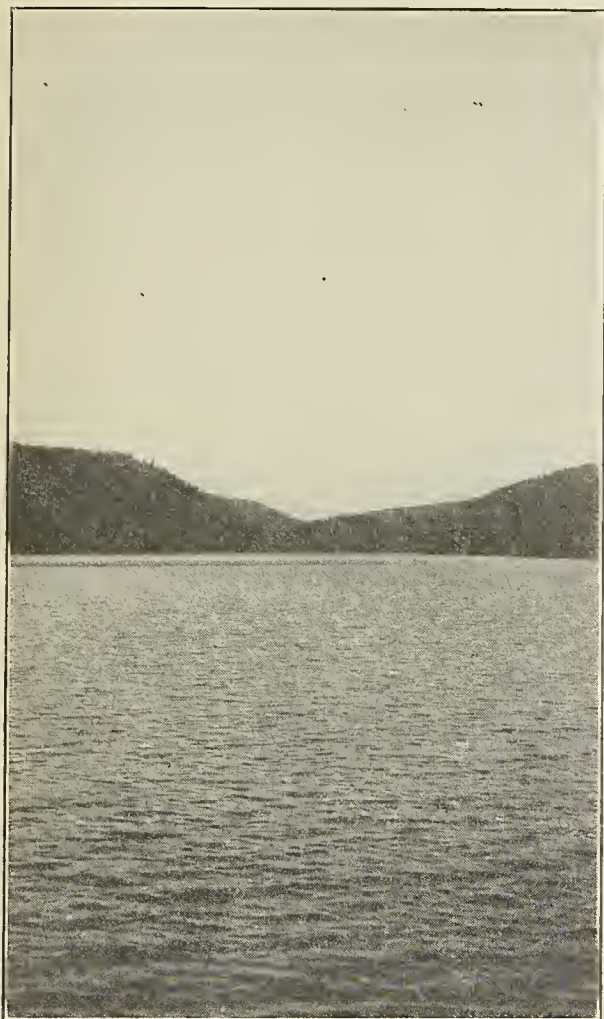
The first day, Aug. 18, I arrived at my destination, Lake Long, in a condition that enabled me to enjoy a night's repose on a spring mattress of balsam bows hastily gathered and strewn over one of the bunks constructed on either side of the log cabin. My slumber was finally disturbed by a flapping of wings, and I became conscious that a bat had flown in and was sharing the cabin with me. I opened the door and without harming him bade him go forth.

Perhaps the reader recalls the classical quotation from Lawrence Stern, when Uncle Toby, catching a fly that had distressed him, permitted it to escape from the window, "Go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me." Before leaving home a bat entered my room one night and I thoughtlessly captured him in my fishing net. When I had killed the bat, he had torn the bottom out of the net which I fixed by tying it up with a string. What motive induced me to give the second bat his freedom I have not stated. I have presented the facts; the reader can draw his own inference.

It was still too early for the largest fish in the lake to rise to the fly. They could not be tempted with the dry-fly nor the other kind. I had to be satisfied with trout that weighed from one to two pounds and a half. When the weather gets colder the larger trout come more frequently to the surface and take the fly. During the warm spell the large trout no doubt prefer deeper water because it is cooler.

When the weather is favorable, which is generally the case, this lake presents a most picturesque and attractive appearance located among well-wooded hills that descend rather sharply into its waters. No modern improvements have disturbed its primeval slumber. The dip of the paddle as one is silently conveyed from place to place is in harmony with the natural surroundings. The constructions around the lake similar to those in other localities in the club preserve are of the simplest kind, consisting of a couple of log cabins for the members, their guides and the guides. No naphtha launch has yet broken the primeval calm with its exhaust while furrowing the waters of the lake.

When the sun had ushered in another day crisp with the freshness of early dawn, I lost



LAKE LONG.

no time, after fully satisfying the gnawings of hunger with several flapjacks, in testing my light fishing rod in a contest with the trout. The canoe was soon gliding along the wooded shore, occasionally delaying its progress to accept the invitation of a jumping trout. The angler knows too well the sensation when the line is pulled away with a determined jerk, while impatient at the tardy concession from the reel the pole is bent and the fight is on. My fighting blood was up, and many an exciting battle took place before ambition was sated and an ample supply secured to appease hunger.

A plunge in the lake served as a tonic to stimulate the blood and as an appetizer in place of a cocktail. This is the best substitute for a cocktail I can suggest. When the weather is real frosty, it is like a cocktail well frappé. This prescription is apt to be rated lightly by some because it costs nothing, by others as a kill or cure remedy, and by the wise and experienced as a panacea for all human maladies.

It might be advisable to briefly describe my guides whose personality might interest the reader. One was of French extraction, but like most people of his race in Canada had so many ancestors born on this continent that he felt almost as much of an American as a redskin. Bebe Liret was perfectly at home in the wilderness and constantly pointed to tracks of various kinds of animals both great and small. He knew whether fresh or old, whether made to-day, yesterday or earlier. His trained eye could pick out the partridge in spite of its protective coloration, resting upon a limb, the duck seeking refuge amid the tall rank grass or the diving loon ever baffling the aim of the sportsman by diving just as the bead is drawn, and always reappearing half a mile away from the spot where he ought to be.

The other guide was a tireless man and powerful, by the name of Cornelius Shannahan. Not all of the French-Canadian guides are particularly well acquainted with English, and some one expressed surprise that Shannahan seemed to understand it so well. Perhaps he knew English before he did French; this might help to clear up the mystery.

For a few days I diverted myself around Lake Long, occasionally taking the trail to keep in condition and try my .22 rifle on partridge. These birds are not as tame as the fool hen of the West, but they are not nearly so wild as the partridge or grouse of the Eastern States. The fool hen I used to consider about the same as a target. I would step off a number of paces and shoot at the head. The bird would often give me three shots. I laid down a rule very similar to one suggested by a slim Irishman to a stout man with whom he was about to fight a duel with pistols, the latter complaining of the advantage possessed by his smaller opponent. "Now, I will make two chalk lines on your body about the width of one arm," observed the Celt. "But suppose you hit me outside of that?" objected the other. "Oh, well, that won't count." If I shot the body to pieces instead of decapitating the bird, I considered it the same as missing.

Having become surfeited with the fishing at Lake Long, which was almost too abundant, I took my departure to Lake Seymour, but this was like jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. I am almost tempted to say that it would be more like sport for one to cast the line into the water and see if it was possible to keep the fly from being caught by a fish. Fishing with a stout rod and strong line, discarding all idea of exercising the angler's skill, fishing the same way as Paddy played the fiddle, by main strength, and I would be afraid to say how many speckled beauties could be caught.

Lake Long has been raised five or six feet by the construction of a dam at its outlet. This piece of engineering work resulted from the industry of a colony of beavers. A log cabin built on the border of the lake before the dam was constructed is now in the lake and useless for habitation. The law protects the beaver. For a number of years it has been unlawful to destroy them. On the other hand, the beaver exercises his right, utterly regardless of his neighbors. He disregards the legal principle—*Sic utere tuo ut alienum non laedas* (So use your own that you may not injure another's).

To vary the monotony of too much good luck I made excursions over the mountain trails. Hunting ducks with a .22 rifle certainly did vary the monotony of too much good luck. I soon began to long for the monotony of good luck in place of bad luck. Change of monotony is in itself a kind of variety.

One of my tramps took me by a small lake where I saw a red doe disporting herself unconscious of our presence. A brief survey of her graceful movements and the guide and myself pursued our way to a favorite haunt of some blackhead ducks. We discovered them quite a distance off. They discovered us about as soon and made good use of their discovery. I was too far to secure accurate aim and was, therefore, unable to vary our substantial but limited menu. Resuming our journey on the trail, we observed the fresh tracks of three moose which had evidently become alarmed at

the shooting. I was disappointed in not being able to get a closer view of these members of the progressive party. Upon retracing our steps we came somewhat abruptly within close quarters to a fawn standing with stern toward us and lifting its nose and sharp-pointed ears high in the air, evidently trying to catch the scent of something, may be ours. We stopped for a space barely eighty yards distant. Its head had turned to one side, bringing us in plain view. Having satisfied its curiosity, it disappeared in the forest.

The charm of an outing in this club preserve consists chiefly in the simple and natural surroundings. The rough mountain trails offer no serious obstacles to one who is fond of a little strenuous effort, just enough to tone up the physique. No effort has been made to cater to pampered tastes by introducing luxuries that are not in keeping with the life of the backwoods. The balsam bows have not been supplanted with the spring mattress, log cabins have not given way to more artificial constructions. The canoe is the only means of conveyance upon the lakes; naphtha launches have not been introduced. The beaver constructs his dwelling upon the shore or dams up the exit of a lake, as if he thought he shared with man a proprietary right to alter the course of nature.

This condition of things might not suit people who flatter their imagination that they enjoy rustic surroundings by borrowing terms suited to primitive life; who erect a hundred thousand dollar mansion fitted out with every modern luxury and call it a camp.

MAKING acquaintances is a trade; holding friends is an art.—Munsey.



BEBE LIRET, GUIDE.



NATURAL HISTORY

The Native Sweet Gum.

(*Liquidambar styraciflua*.)

BY E. L. DUPUY.

A PLEA for native trees does not often have to be made. Their desirability for beautifying purposes is too well established.

From a standpoint of sentiment alone they are generally chosen, while from an educational point of view they are certainly to be preferred to those from other countries. The foregoing is leaving out entirely their ease of growth and freedom from disease, two advantages themselves of no little value. Among the native trees of this country that are put to ornamental use, none deserves a higher place than the forest sweet gum. Its glossy, star-shaped leaves, graceful lay of foliage and rich autumn coloring give it an attractiveness that places it above many of its rivals, while rapid growth and hardiness add other good points in its favor. Aside from all of these, however, this tree possesses another charm which, if the specimen be selected with this in view, will add more than all the rest put together toward making the tree a thing of interest and unique value. I refer to the ornamental and peculiar bark growth on twigs and branches of certain specimens of this tree that makes it, to those who are acquainted with its full beauty, a much-prized member of the tree circle on the lawn or yard.

All of the sweet gum family show tendencies to this peculiar "fin bark," but only about one in ten, or ten per cent. of the species, possess it to a great degree. When a young specimen is found, it should be marked or transplanted at once.

This bark increases as the tree grows and stands out like great fins or blades upon all of the smaller branches and twig growth. This remains of course after the foliage has gone and in winter presents a spectacle that is both unusual and interesting, especially after a rain or snow, when the bark growth, turning much darker with the moistening, and viewed against a wintry sky background, is a model rare indeed for the decorative artist. Some of the best twigs when cut and lightly varnished make drawing room curios that are very ornamental, and few of the observing friends are ever able to name the subject unless pretty well schooled in wood lore. The "hang" or lay of the foliage on a sweet gum in full leaf is especially beautiful, the leaves all taking a broadside outward position instead of hanging edgewise, presenting their five-point star form to the very best advantage, while a little later when the frosts give them a touch, the bronze, yellow and red fires that are kindled and that gradually spread over the tree, are among the finest that nature produces.

Food Habits of Birds in Relation to Man.

CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME COMMISSION.

WHILE the great majority of birds are of decided economic value, on the other hand a few are destructive throughout the year, and still others are injurious at certain seasons.

These are the ones concerning which more definite knowledge is needed.

The study of the food habits of birds, carried on by the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, has been of inestimable value in determining those birds which are useful and those which are harmful. To be of greatest value, however, this work must be supplemented by special work in the



NATIVE SWEET GUM.

different States, and this is what is now being done in California. In January of last year, H. C. Bryant, of the University of California, was appointed by the State Fish and Game Commission to carry on this special work. Careful study will be made during two years of the food habits of certain birds which are now on the protected list, but whose economic value has been questioned in certain sections of the State. The birds, which will receive special study, are the meadowlark, blackbird and robin, while the horned lark, roadrunner and mourning dove will also receive some attention. This investigation will be carried on in a thorough manner, by stomach analysis of birds taken throughout the year, by careful field study, and by consultation with farmers, so that the results should mean much to the agricultural interests of the State.

The harm done by birds can usually be traced to one of the following reasons: (1) To an overabundance of some particular species of

bird in a certain locality; (2) to the establishment of artificial conditions, as results when waste lands are placed under cultivation, thus removing the natural food supply of birds when they turn to the new supply furnished by man; (3) to a failure of the natural food supply of the birds, when they feed largely on food not taken to any great extent under normal conditions; (4) to the location of crops in relation to the nesting sites of birds, as shown in the damage done by red-winged blackbirds in grain fields located near marshy lands where these birds nest.

In a State like California, where natural conditions are continually changing, as immense tracts of land are being opened up for cultivation, it is especially important that the agriculturists have a definite knowledge of the relation which birds bear to both agriculture and horticulture in the State. In the series of articles which are to follow this one, it will be the purpose to point out some of the ways in which the bird life of California is of value on the farm and in the orchard.

More About Wild Pigeons.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM was an interesting article on the wild pigeon. One thing in this correspondent's article that particularly struck me was this: All the millions of pigeons that he saw in those days, now so long past, were going northward—never a flock flying in a southerly direction.

During those thirty and more years ago, I, too, saw millions of wild pigeons migrating. They were always flying south, and always in the very early morning and late afternoon—never, as I can remember, after 8 A. M. and after this hour before 4 or 5 P. M. None passed over during what I may call the heat of the day. Occasionally a small flock of several hundred would stop and feed for some days on the mast nearby.

This was in Western North Carolina and upper South Carolina, and might further say in Greenville county, S. C., and Henderson, Buncombe and Transylvania counties, N. C. October was the month they came south, and possibly into November. It seems these birds had a different line of travel going north and going south, and quite a different time of the year. But where were they "between times?"

It is or rather was an interesting bird, or both is and was, and largely so because of its rather sudden disappearance. At times they struck me, too, as being decidedly a stupid bird. I well remember while out one afternoon in what is now nearly the heart of Asheville, with my gun, coming upon a flock. They were in an old dead tree. I shot a number of them, and they circled around and came back to the same old tree till I had shot quite enough for family use, some fifteen or twenty, and took them home, when, to my surprise, I found that a brother of mine with a friend had preceded me with some thirty or forty more—all shot from that same old tree. They were sent to friends in the neighborhood.

This was in the fall of 1867 or 1868. I have not seen a flock in twenty-five or thirty years, and I have never had a satisfactory explanation for their utter extinction, because they discon-

tinued their flight south not by degrees, but apparently all at once.

The cuts given in the article mentioned give the wild pigeon just as I remember it, and I cannot understand how anyone but a novice could mistake a dove for one of these handsome birds.

ERNEST L. EWBANK.

Adirondack League Club Forestry.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* According to a statement made to the newspaper men by Gov. Dix to-day, he has induced the Adirondack League Club to try an experiment in practical forestry on its great preserve in Herkimer county. The Governor said that the club's property contains many ripe trees on its 140,000 acres, which adjoin some of his own holdings, and that it was proposed to have the lumbermen plant two trees for every one cut down and removed. This experiment will be of very great interest not only to practical foresters who wish to introduce the selective method of cutting on private preserves, but also to lumbermen who hope it will result in the application of this kind of forestry to the Adirondack wilderness. The Governor in his announcement said that the members of the club were for the most part men who have all along fought against lumbering the Adirondacks.

In reply to the question: How will this affect the wild animals? the Governor said that it would not affect them at all. He asserted that since the Conservation Commission has adopted the plan of cutting marsh hay and feeding the deer in the winter, the food question is no longer involved. He also insisted that deer are not afraid of the lumbermen and often come about their cabins to seek for food. Besides this, he said that the cutting of the trees will of itself provide a greater food supply, and that he did not believe the preserve would be injured in any way as a hunting ground by the proposed lumbering operations.

It would be interesting to have the opinions of experienced sportsmen on these points of general importance. JOHN D. WHISH.

Protect the Fox.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting will be called shortly at some central point in the State to organize the Illinois 'Coon and Fox Hunters' Association. Dr. J. A. Wheeler, State Game Commissioner, and Fred O'Flynn, of Decatur, are the leading spirits in the movement. There are 10,000 'coon and fox hunters in Illinois, and it is hoped to induce all of them to join. The association will favor legislation for the preservation of the fox, 'coon, 'possum and other small game in this State, while the breeding of fox hounds will be encouraged. It is asserted that experts in the Department of Agriculture, who have studied the habits of the fox, have reached the surprising conclusion that reynard is a benefit rather than an injury to the farmers. These animals, according to the reports of the investigators, eat mice, snakes, bugs or rabbits in preference to chicken, lambs or pigs. A series of tests developed the remarkable fact that while there are a few foxes that are chicken eaters, the great majority will kill the enemies of the farmers' crop instead. James Walker, a wealthy landowner of near

Taylorville, has always prohibited the killing of foxes upon his land and has made it a rule never to destroy their dens. At the present time there are probably one hundred foxes upon his farm, and he finds that they never disturb his chicken coops. The foxes inhabit a haystack, and Dr. Walker states that there has never been a chicken taken to the den.

E. E. PIERSON.

Bird Reservations.

BY RALEIGH RAINES.

IT is good to have a home whether it belongs to man or animal, and once you have that home it becomes "Home Sweet Home," which is a doctrine that the Federal Government has indelibly stamped in its laws. Homesteads are furnished to its citizens, homes are provided for its soldiers, refuges are created for the native game animals, and last, but not the least, reservations and homes have been set aside and created for the birds of the country by generous Uncle Sam. These reservations were created in response to the demand of ornithologists, naturalists and the various Audubon Societies for better protection of birds during their nesting season. As a result of the agitation, the first bird reservation was created by executive order of President Roosevelt, March 14, 1903, and consisted of five and a half acres on Pelican Island, Florida. This small area has since been extended and enlarged to include all contiguous territory of the island. These reservations now number fifty-three and are being administered under the direction of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture. Except where stated, the area in acres is unknown. The reservations were created and are located as follows:

Name.	Date created.	Location.
Pelican Island	March 14, 1903	East Florida Coast
Breton Island	Oct. 4, 1904	S. E. Coast of La.
Stump Lake	March 9, 1905	North Dakota
		(Area, 27.39 acres)
Huron Islands	Oct. 10, 1905	Lake Superior, Mich.
Siskiwit Islands	Oct. 10, 1905	Lake Superior, Mich.
Passage Key	Oct. 10, 1905	Tampa Bay, Fla.
		(Area, 36.37 acres)
Indian Key	Feb. 10, 1906	Tampa Bay, Fla.
		(Area, 90 acres)
Tern Islands	Aug. 8, 1907	Mouth of Miss. Rv., La.
Shell Keys	Aug. 17, 1907	South La. Coast
Three Arch Rocks	Oct. 14, 1907	West Oregon Coast
Flattery Rocks	Oct. 23, 1907	West Wash. Coast
Ouillayute Needles	Oct. 23, 1907	West Wash. Coast
Copalis Rock	Oct. 23, 1907	West Wash. Coast
E. Timbalier Isl'd.	Dec. 7, 1907	South La. Coast
Mosquito Inlet	Feb. 24, 1908	East Florida Coast
Tortugas Keys	April 6, 1908	Florida Keys, Fla.
Klamath Lake	Aug. 8, 1908	Oregon and California
Key West	Aug. 8, 1908	Florida Keys, Fla.
Lake Malheur	Aug. 18, 1908	Oregon
Chase Lake	Aug. 28, 1908	North Dakota
Pine Island	Sept. 15, 1908	West Florida Coast
Matlacha Pass	Sept. 26, 1908	West Florida Coast
Palma Sola	Sept. 26, 1908	West Florida Coast
Island Bay	Oct. 23, 1908	Florida
Loch Katrine	Oct. 26, 1908	Wyoming
Hawaiian Islands	Feb. 3, 1909	Hawaii
East Park	Feb. 25, 1909	California
Cold Springs	Feb. 25, 1909	Oregon
Shoshone	Feb. 25, 1909	Wyoming
Pathfinder	Feb. 25, 1909	Wyoming
Bellefourche	Feb. 25, 1909	South Dakota
Strawberry Valley	Feb. 25, 1909	Utah
Salt River	Feb. 25, 1909	Arizona
Deer Flat	Feb. 25, 1909	Idaho
Minidoka	Feb. 25, 1909	Idaho
Willow Creek	Feb. 25, 1909	Montana
Carlbud	Feb. 25, 1909	New Mexico
Rio Grande	Feb. 25, 1909	New Mexico
Keechelus Lake	Feb. 25, 1909	Washington
Kachess Lake	Feb. 25, 1909	Washington
Clealum Lake	Feb. 25, 1909	Washington
Bumping Lake	Feb. 25, 1909	Washington
Conconully	Feb. 25, 1909	Washington
Behring Sea	Feb. 27, 1909	Alaska
Pribiloff	Feb. 27, 1909	Alaska
Tuxedni	Feb. 27, 1909	Alaska
Parallon	Feb. 27, 1909	Alaska
Culebra	Feb. 27, 1909	Porto Rico
Yukon Delta	Feb. 27, 1909	Alaska
St. Lazaria	Feb. 27, 1909	Alaska
Bogoslof	March 2, 1909	Alaska
Clear Lake	April 11, 1911	California
Green Bay	Feb. 21, 1912	Hog Island, Wis.

A number of these reservations lie within

tracts which have been reserved or set aside for purposes other than the protection of birds, such as reclamation withdrawals and naval reserves, but in all such cases the administration of the bird reservation is made subject to the use of the reservation under the primary and more important segregation. All of these bird reserves have been created through reference from the General Land Office of the Interior Department to the President of forms of executive orders providing and locating such reservations. When petitions and recommendations for the creation of bird reservations are sent in by local Audubon societies or other organizations or persons, these recommendations go to Frank Bond, chief clerk of the General Land Office, who is really the architect of the future bird homes, for it is he who locates and recommends action on all bird reservations, finally preparing the executive order for the signature of the President. Mr. Bond is a quiet, modest man, but to him more than to any other is due the actual locations of the bird homes provided by Uncle Sam. He has been a bird lover all of his life, a member of his local Audubon Society, the American Ornithologists' Union, and a naturalist of national reputation. Dr. T. S. Palmer, assistant chief of the U. S. Biological Survey, has also ably assisted in the creation of these national bird homes, and in these two gentlemen all bird life have the staunchest, most zealous and enthusiastic friends. These bird reservations are regarded as in all essential particulars reservations of public lands for public use or other purposes, for which there are numerous precedents. The first specific act of Congress providing for the protection of birds on reservations created by executive order was introduced by Hon. John F. Lacey, then a representative from the State of Iowa, and became a law on June 28, 1906. This act made it unlawful to kill birds, to take their eggs, or to willfully disturb birds upon the reservations, and it provides a fine not exceeding \$500, or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both fine and imprisonment for each conviction secured. This law was substantially re-enacted in the new penal code approved March 4, 1909. Occasionally arrests are made for violations of the law, but generally when it becomes known that the Federal law protects the birds on the reservations, most hunters resist. Only one assault has been made so far on a warden of the reservations which occurred in Florida last winter, when one of the hunters took a shot at the Federal warden, inflicting little harm. Closely allied to these bird reservations is the question of Federal protection of migratory birds, as primarily the reservations are created in order that the birds may nest and raise their young unmolested. Now comes the question of protecting them while en route to these nesting and resting places. One cannot be complete without the other, and sooner or later the Federal Congress must realize that full protection cannot be given the birds by protecting them solely while on the reservations, but that the protection to be complete and perfect must extend to cover birds while en route to and from the breeding grounds on the national bird reservations. When this is done, then the protection of national bird life will be almost complete. To make it complete will necessitate each State setting aside one or more bird reservations and enacting laws for the protection of migratory birds.



Reel Chat.

I WAS glad to see Mr. Charles T. Hopkins' name signed to an article in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 7.

In old times, in Scotland, the wood reel or pirn was sometimes attached to a belt around the waist of the angler, and I fancy that this might work fairly well. If one is killing heavy fish, he may have to follow them, or precede them, down stream, over rocks, through shallow water or where the footing is anything but safe. With the great majority the reel will probably remain on the rod and it seems to me that there are very substantial reasons why this should be so. Yet I wish that I could see Mr. Hopkins using the method he prefers. There is nothing so satisfactory as a practical demonstration. One likes the reel placed just far enough from the end of the butt on fly-rods, so that the handle may be manipulated when said butt is pressed against the body, in playing a big fish. The conditions present in different regions vary considerably, as well as the size of the fish that are taken, and anglers have their own ways and methods of making the best of the situation, as they find it. Yet all are interested in anything that may improve sport.

If you have been stripping in line, even if the coils are held in the fingers of the left hand and are not on the ground, and discover that you have hooked an immense trout, I fancy that it is best to get him on the reel as soon as it is convenient. You may have to go down stream with him several hundred yards. I have had a good many experiences of that sort, and a young friend hooked a four-pounder by the tail that carried him down a long distance. If the fish had taken the left side of an island, a smash would have been inevitable, on account of drift logs, but it chose the clear channel to the right. I wish that we had a moving picture of the whole performance. I have one of Mr. Hopkins' flies for fishing in Florida, but have not had a chance to use it. Old salmon flies seemed to please the fish when I was there, but I could try something quite different now. Speaking of flies, the ants would have been on every day for two weeks, if the weather had been warm. Whenever they appeared in great numbers, a sudden fall in the temperature would cause their disappearance for several days.

A few olives (ephemeridæ) were out to-day. This interested me, as the small olive is not common on these waters. I thought that I had a very large specimen of the Stone fly, but yesterday a female came in at my window that outclassed it in size. They are very irregular here, a few appearing whenever the temperature of air and water suits them.

THEODORE GORDON.

It is time that we should have the option in buying American reels for fly-fishing of a silent or noisy check. The "click" mechanism on many reels is often annoying, as it is so strong that it screeches and advertises us over all the country side.

Per contra; a cheap reel that I like very much has a spring made of common wire that is constantly breaking at the most inopportune times.

After having new springs put in twice, a favorite reel gave out when I was twenty miles from a railroad, and I have been obliged to use a fine old Abbey & Imbrie with a horrible harsh and noisy click. I brought two reels, but one was given to a friend and the other carries a finer line for softer rods. The tournament rod requires a heavy line, but is a very perfect weapon.

THEODORE GORDON.

Luring the Hungerless Bass.

ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The question whether a black bass cannot be sometimes provoked into striking a lure, even though not hungry, was forever settled in my own mind by the following experience.

Our usual party was taking its annual outing on the Homosassa River in Florida. We met each noon at an appointed place for a fish fry, coffee and a short rest. At this point, the river curved against a shore of lime rock and, just beyond the edge of the channel, left a small pool of cool, well-shaded water about six feet deep. In approaching the point one day I saw in this pool a bass of some six or seven pounds in weight lying at rest. As it was mid-day and the bass were not feeding, I knew the pool was the private property of the old chap, who had evidently posted signs to keep off his grass. We saw him about the same hour several successive days, and then it occurred to me to find out what he would do if we worried him.

Along the water's edge ran a thick fringe of cabbage palmetto. Retreating a short distance, I carefully crawled back to the spot and selected an opening through which I could see the fish in the blue, clear water. He was some four feet distant and about three feet below the water's surface. He was lying perfectly motionless with his head pointed somewhat downward.

My guide cast the fly over and about two feet beyond him, and when it was drawn back it passed some two feet above him. He watched the fly intently from the moment it struck the water until it passed outside the range of vision, but evidently had no fear of it, for he did not turn to see what became of it. Two more casts were made with similar results—never a fin stirred. When the third cast struck beyond and in direct line over him, I called to Bob not to retrieve until I signalled. The fly slowly sank until it was slightly below and would probably touch him on the upward and backward movement. Then the call was given and the bass watched the approaching fly with an intentness so great that it was communicated to me. Just before it reached him he shifted his position a few inches to the left, sinking slightly deeper.

Again Bob cast and allowed the fly to sink. This time the cast was to the side and the fly

would not have touched him, but as it neared him the old devil literally gathered himself for a spring and then struck the fly with a ferocity that would have made a rattlesnake look like an embalmed angel.

It was not hunger. He let the fly pass him several times without the slightest indication of interest and finally struck it for the purpose of killing the impudent invader of his domain and to restore a ruffled dignity.

The experience gained equalled his life in value, and we put him back unharmed, but saw him no more.

CHAS. T. HOPKINS.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

THE medal contests of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club were held at Stow Lake on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 14 and 15. Wind was variable, weather cloudy.

SATURDAY.

Event No. 1, distance, feet:			
F. A. Webster	90	J. F. Burgin	92
L. G. Burpee	88		
Re-entry:			
F. A. Webster	86	J. F. Burgin	86
Event No. 2, accuracy, per cent:			
F. A. Webster	98.40	James Watt	98
L. G. Burpee	96.32	J. F. Burgin	99.12
C. G. Young	99.12		
Re-entry:			
C. G. Young	99.8	F. A. Webster	99.8
C. G. Young	98.40		
Event No. 3, delicacy, per cent:			
	Accuracy.	Delicacy.	Net.
F. A. Webster	98.52	99	98.56
L. G. Burpee	98.16	99	98.38
C. G. Young	98.8	98.40	98.24
James Watt	97.12	97.10	97.11
J. F. Burgin	98.12	95.20	96.46
Re-entry:			
C. G. Young	98.32	98.40	98.36
C. G. Young	98.16	98.40	98.28
F. A. Webster	99.16	98.20	98.48

Event No. 4, half-ounce lure casting, per cent:			
F. A. Webster	97.6	James Watt	99.5
L. G. Burpee	84.4	J. F. Burgin	98.5
C. G. Young	97.6		
Re-entry:			
C. G. Young	98.5	F. A. Webster	97.9
Event No. 5, half-ounce lure casting, average feet:			
F. A. Webster	135	James Watt	162
L. G. Burpee	68	J. F. Burgin	136
Re-entry:			
F. A. Webster	119	James Watt	163.4
J. F. Burgin	138	L. G. Burpee	59

Judges: James Watt, L. G. Burpee and C. G. Young; Clerk, E. O. Ritter.

SUNDAY.

Event No. 1, distance, feet:			
J. F. Burgin	97	T. C. Kierulff	101
Re-entry:			
T. C. Kierulff	101	T. C. Kierulff	99
T. C. Kierulff	103	J. F. Burgin	82
T. C. Kierulff	102	J. F. Burgin	83
Event No. 2, accuracy, per cent:			
Dr. W. E. Brooks	98.32	T. C. Kierulff	99.20
C. G. Young	98.44	P. W. Shattuck	97.20
James Watt	97.56	F. J. Cooper	98.16
J. F. Burgin	99.12		
Re-entry:			
C. G. Young	99.16	T. C. Kierulff	98.48
T. C. Kierulff	98.52	T. C. Kierulff	98.4
Event No. 3, delicacy, per cent:			
	Accuracy.	Delicacy.	Net.
Dr. W. E. Brooks	98.44	99.50	99.17
C. G. Young	98.40	98.40	98.40
James Watt	98.16	98.50	98.33
J. F. Burgin	98	97	97.30
T. C. Kierulff	99.28	100	99.44
F. J. Cooper	98.8	97.30	97.49
Re-entry:			
F. J. Cooper	98.32	98.10	98.21
C. G. Young	98.32	99.30	99.1
T. C. Kierulff	98.52	99.50	99.21
T. C. Kierulff	99.8	100	99.34

Event No. 4, half-ounce lure casting, per cent:			
Dr. W. E. Brooks	97	J. F. Burgin	92.3
C. G. Young	99	T. C. Kierulff	96.4
James Watt	98.2	F. J. Cooper	96.7
Re-entry:			
C. G. Young	98.4	T. C. Kierulff	97.8
Event No. 5, half-ounce lure casting, average feet:			
James Watt	167	T. C. Kierulff	121
J. F. Burgin	117	F. J. Cooper	142
Re-entry:			
F. J. Cooper	151	J. F. Burgin	154
T. C. Kierulff	126.4		

Judges: C. G. Young, T. C. Kierulff and James Watt; Clerk, E. O. Ritter.

The Anglers' Club of New York.

THE annual club tournament of the Anglers' Club of New York was held on Sept. 7 and 14 as scheduled. On the 7th the wind bothered the contestants, especially in the salmon event, preventing high scores, and a smart shower, which obligingly held off till the conclusion of the day's program, sent the members and spectators hurrying to shelter, but on the 14th the conditions during the fly event were most favorable, as shown by the scores, all of which were made with five-ounce rods, although not technically counting as records in that weight. The gold medal for the club championship for 1912 which was figured on a demerit basis, was won by W. C. Metcalfe, who finished fourth in the first event, first in the second, second in the third and fourth in the last, or a total of eleven demerits, with C. H. Higby and A. B. Hubbell tied for second place with twelve demerits each. The lure in the bait event was a commercial one furnished by the committee and weighed five-eighths of an ounce. The events and scores were as follows:

SEPTEMBER 7.

2 P. M.—Dry-fly accuracy:	Demerits.	Per Cent.
A. R. Hanners	15	99
C. H. Higby	16	98 14-15
A. B. Hubbell	22	98 8-15
W. C. Metcalfe	23	98 7-15
F. C. Raynor	29	98 1-15
H. Friedman	30	98

4 P. M.—Distance fly handicap:

Distance.	Handicap.	Score.
ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
W. C. Metcalfe	115 .. 3 ..	118 ..
H. Friedman	111 .. 6 ..	117 ..
A. B. Hubbell	108 6 4 ..	112 6
C. H. Higby	101 .. 7 6	108 6
A. R. Hanners	104 6 3 ..	107 6
G. M. L. La Branche ..	103 6	103 6
J. H. Seymour	72 .. 24 ..	96 ..
W. McGuckin	84 .. 7 ..	91 ..

SEPTEMBER 14.

2 P. M.—Distance bait, handicap:

Average.	Handicap.	Score.
Feet.	Feet.	Feet.
J. G. Lamison	108	36.5
W. C. Metcalfe	104.4	33
A. B. Hubbell	91.4	33.9
H. Friedman	102	3.3
C. H. Higby	105	0

4 P. M.—Distance fly handicap, 6 oz. rods, no allowances:

Distance.	Handicap.	Score.
ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
C. H. Higby	92 .. 4 9	96 9
H. Friedman	91 .. 1 6½	92 6½
A. B. Hubbell	88 .. 2 ..	90 ..
W. C. Metcalfe	88 .. 0 9	88 9
W. McGuckin	83 .. 0 0	83 ..
J. G. Lamison	75 .. 6 9	81 9
F. C. Raynor	62 .. 5 9	67 9

Score for club championship medal:	Demerits.
W. C. Metcalfe	4 1 2 4 11
C. H. Higby	2 4 5 1 12
A. B. Hubbell	3 3 3 3 12
H. Friedman	6 2 4 2 14

Illinois Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following scores were cast on re-entry days, Sept. 14 and 15. Owing to the high wind on Sept. 15 the accuracy fly events were postponed until Sept. 22.

Quarter-ounce accuracy bait:

Amman	98.4	Whitby	99.
Wehle	98.1	C. W. Grant	97.1
Jamison	99.1	Hartstall	94.
Stanley	99.4	Swisher	98.5
McFarlin	97.7	Kernaghan	99.1
McCandless	98.6	Nicholson	98.4
Kirk	98.3		

Re-entry:

Amman	98.6	Hartstall	98.8
Wehle	98.9	Swisher	98.1
C. W. Grant	96.9		

Quarter-ounce distance bait:

Amman	108%	McFarlin	77
Wehle	44%	Heston	63½
De Garmo	97%	Jamison	126%
Whitby	110%	Chatt (guest)	182%
Stanley	95		

Re-entry:

Amman	69%	Stanley	85
Wehle	61%	McFarlin	52½
De Garmo	76	Heston	104½
Whitby	131%	Jamison	71

Half-ounce distance bait:			
Amman	136%	McFarlin	81%
Heston	166%	Jamison	137%
Stanley	141%		
Re-entry:			
Amman	90%	Stanley	140%
Half-ounce accuracy bait:			
Stanley	98.9	Kirk	98.3
Jamison	99.5	C W Grant	96.9
Tournier	93.4	W T Grant	97.5
Bauer	98.2	Kerr	97.8
Re-entry:			
Jamison	98.5	W T Grant	97.1
Tournier	92.2		
Light tackle distance fly:			
Amman	93	W T Grant	91
Stanley	95	C W Grant	90
Re-entry:			
Stanley	92	W T Grant	84
Distance fly:			
Amman	111	C W Grant	93
Stanley	95	W T Grant	92
Re-entry:			
C W Grant	93		

Weather conditions, Sept. 14: Wind east, velocity eight miles. Sept. 15: Wind northeast, velocity twenty miles.

Our annual fall club tournament will occur on Oct. 6. The program will consist of the quarter-ounce and half-ounce accuracy bait and light tackle dry-fly accuracy. Members will be classified for these events as previously. In the bait events there will be three classes:

Class A—Average scores of 98.75 and over.

Class B—Average scores of 98 to 98.74, inclusive.

Class C—All scores below 98.

In the light tackle dry-fly there will be two classes:

Class A—Average scores of 99 and over.

Class B—Average scores below 99.

There will be awards given for first, second, third and fourth places.

Notes from New Zealand.

BY DRUMMOND SHARPE.

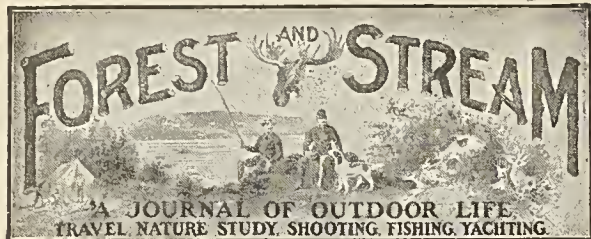
As it is interesting to most sportsmen to hear of the experiences of their fellows in far-off lands, I venture to suggest that some notes from New Zealand may prove interesting or useful to readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and should the editor approve, I propose to continue them from time to time. "For what is New Zealand chiefly famed?" asked a village schoolmaster. "For its fishin', sir," answered an eager, small boy, and though the reply may not have been that expected by the master, unquestionably it contained a certain amount of truth. Visitors from across the sea come to us each year in greater numbers, and chiefly they seem bent on catching trout, so it may be useful if I begin with prospects of the fishing season, which in the South Island opens on Oct. 1, and in the northern lake district about a month later. This difference is of course due to the warmer climate of the North Island, and its effect upon the habits of the rainbow trout, with which our lakes are stocked. Plain facts are generally of greatest importance, so I will say, "Getting overstocked." At a conference of Acclimatization Societies in Wellington, it was stated "If a clever fisherman gave his mind to it, he could catch nearly a ton in a day." This referred to Lake Taupo, where a man living in the district boasted that during a single month he had landed five tons of trout. Whether such wholesale slaughter will appeal to sportsmen, perhaps is more than a little questionable, but the fact is evident that the fish are much too thick in the water, and smoke houses are to be erected for their disposal, which will

put an end to the waste of previous years. As a natural consequence of overstocking, some of the Taupo trout are infested with a strange parasite, for which the weird worm is a fitting name. Report has it that cormorants have brought this parasite into the water, and a scientist in Government employment has gone to investigate the matter, but that he will make out a case against the cormorants is not at all clear. These birds have inhabited the lake for ages, and had they been the cause of the disease, it would probably have appeared long ago. Lake Rotoua is recovering some of its former fame. Two rods on Nov. 17 killed forty fish weighing 141 pounds; on Dec. 11 a party made a bag of fifty-two, 150 pounds.

The great snow rivers, Rangitata, Waitaki and Rakaia were very disappointing in the season of 1911-12, though a week after its close the Rangitata was full of migratory trout. In this river and still more in the Waitaki the quinnat salmon has become acclimatized, and runs up regularly in each autumn. My own experience leads me to believe that from a sporting point of view this was a most useless fish to introduce. I think very few of them survive their trip to fresh water, and when once they have run up-stream, I doubt very much if they will ever take a bait of any kind. Lethargic brutes, lying alongside the bank in a quiet eddy, they are merely a temptation to an unlucky angler to do wrong.

Prospects of sport on the southern fly streams are exceedingly good, and here the fisherman has a wide choice. If he desires to angle in comfort and without much exertion he will go to a river like the Upper Opihi near Pleasant Point, where there is beautiful water, and a bag of trout weighing up to two pounds—perhaps a three-pounder—is fairly certain. For myself I prefer the mountain gorges, where though it will be made under much rougher conditions, and by much care the bag of an average day will consist of half a dozen fish weighing from four to six pounds, which will have been caught by the most scientific exercise of the dry-fly art. Wet-fly is the ordinary method on most of our streams, and here perhaps I might mention a few killing flies. The best half dozen are the March brown, greenwell, red spinner, coch-y-bondu, coachman and the red governor, which is the best of all.

Unfortunately, the shooting to be obtained in New Zealand is not nearly equal to the fishing. To speak plainly, it is very poor, and the season just ended—May 1 to July 31—proved no exception to this rule. Native game—gray duck, paradise duck, pukaki, black swan, etc.—is getting scarce, and a limit of twenty-five has been placed upon the number which may be shot in a day. Pheasants are fairly numerous in certain parts of the North Island, where they are strictly preserved by the landowners. Many efforts to acclimatize the Californian quail have had little result, but it is hoped they may still prove successful. Hares and rabbits as a matter of course are very evident all over the country and on the hill "runs" (ranches) a big hare drive is an annual event. At one such there were forty-eight guns, who altogether contrived to shoot about 150 hares, and four men. Luckily not any of the latter were too much shot to be worth keeping, but it was a day of incident and words to that effect.



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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL
 will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

NOVEL EXPEDITION FOR WILD DUCKS.

THE Storrs Agricultural Experiment Station of Connecticut, under the Federal Department of Agriculture, as part of its new work of investigations in economic ornithology, including game bird problems, has been enabled this season, through funds generously provided by prominent sportsmen, to send out a scientific expedition to the Canadian Northwest to study methods of increasing wild ducks and to secure proper breeding stock for experimental purposes.

The expedition was in charge of Herbert K. Job, State Ornithologist of Connecticut and ornithologist of the Experiment Station. With him as assistant went his son, George Curtiss Job, of the present junior class of Yale University, and other local help was employed. Most species of wild ducks have not been made to breed under restraint, but it has been believed that they would do so if stock could be secured that was hand-reared from the egg and had never learned wild ways.

Mr. Job, who is familiar with the northwestern wilds and with the breeding habits of wild ducks, chose a location on the shore of Lake Manitoba, and established a camp. Wild ducks' eggs were hunted out in the surrounding wilderness and were hatched out in incubators which had been shipped out there. Twelve species of wild ducks nested in the region, and eggs or young of all of these were secured.

The hatching was remarkable. In the majority of cases every egg of the set hatched. The average for the season was 92 per cent., which is high even for domestic fowl. Most of the young, except of two peculiar maritime species—the white-winged scoter and the ruddy duck—were successfully raised, with little loss. Even the redhead, canvasback and bluebill proved perfectly docile, and thrived in confinement. On the 2,000-mile journey back, Mr. Job personally at-

tended and cared for the consignment. Eleven species were safely landed, and are now thriving on one of the large preserves affiliated with the Experiment Station, where further experiments with them will be conducted. Despite the arduous trip, but one duckling that was three weeks old or over at the start succumbed. The achievement is unique in the annals of game bird researches, and may prove the beginning of an important movement to save and restore the wild-fowl.

DO UNTO OTHERS.

HAS it ever occurred to you how much benefit the convalescent and crippled in hospitals derive from reading of the big, wide wholesome outdoors and the healthful doings of those so fortunate as to be out in it? The thought comes to us that some of our subscribers interested in charity and the uplift of those less fortunate than themselves might find pleasure in sending FOREST AND STREAM to hospitals, homes or institutions where its teachings would be appreciated. We give away dozens of such copies during the year and it has given us so much pleasure that we felt our readers, if they knew the demand for reading matter among those not in a position to secure it for themselves, would willingly join us in disseminating sunshine to those on the inside looking out. Consider this suggestion and the next time you want to do a big thing at small cost send to some institution a subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. It will be lasting and satisfying not only to one, but to many.

PEMMICAN.

THIS sustaining, though unpalatable, food long has been the larder staple of the arctic explorer. Though unpalatable to those within lurching distance of a Café de Childs, the traveler who must pack light, relishes it as an Eskimo does the by-product of the Standard Oil Co., so popular on Hallowe'en Eve. The news from Dr. Vilhjalmar Stefansson that he lived for thirteen and one-half months wholly without pemmican will come as a shock to the amateur explorer, the blow only being made more severe when it is known that the exploring doctor substituted fresh caribou meat for the compressed edible. How cheering and unusual is the statement from an explorer that he "was at no time in danger of starvation," and that hardships were no more than he had expected. In addition to doing a great work for science, the doctor has done all of us a kindness in bringing back no harrowing stories of privation and suffering, either real or imaginary.

WHISTLE AS YOU GO ALONG.

DID you ever notice how much is expressed in a whistle? The sharp crescendo of surprise, the long upper register whistle of discovery, the nervous, tremulous note of the boy calling courage in the dark, the sighing wind-like diminuendo of the tired, the monotone of the farm boy immortalized by Denman Thompson in the "Old Homestead," whistling because he can think of nothing else to do; the quick, shrill call of attention to the dog, and the doleful imitation of the owl—each and every one denotes a mood. The whistle we want to talk of is the "whistle as you go along" sort; that which indicates pleasure, satisfaction, rumination, retrospection. The

shooter coming home after a successful day, tired but happy; the fisherman with a full creel, the carpenter at his bench, work well in hand, and a disposition as full of cheer as the Bank of England of gold. The man on the street going to and from a work he likes—some perhaps out of tune musically, but mentally harmonious, but all whistling as they go along. A disposition to whistle means a disposition to happiness. It is the exuberance of sunshine, the exhaust of satisfaction, the radiance of pleasure. Join the cheerful ones and whistle as you go along.

MONKEYS.

IT has long been custom among the medical fraternity to charge the fly and mosquito with being germ purveyors and disease transmitters. This caused us no pang of regret, because no one likes flies and mosquitoes, anyhow. Now, however, we are touched in a tender spot. The children's delight, the menageries' sunshine, the frolicsome monkey, is charged with being a carrier of disease—an ailment so popular among children—measles.

The allegation is made by no less a body than the fifteenth International Congress on Hygiene and Demography, now assembled in Washington, D. C.

Here is a quandary: A zoo cannot get along without children, and children won't go to the menagerie unless there are monkeys, and yet, say hygienists, the two must not be brought into contact. Shall we put the Simians behind glass as we do lepers? Shall we keep the kids away from their palace in zoological parks, or shall we exonerate the fun-making organ grinders' collector from the charge of the hygienists and let him amuse the kids as he did their fathers before them? Ask the kids.

ARCHERY.

FULTON, N. Y., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer was much pleased to read the splendid report of the National Archery meet in the issue of Aug. 31. Often are the volumes of FOREST AND STREAM of the early 80's pulled out of the case and the archery notes, written by Maurice and Will Thompson, E. B. Weston, J. W. Sutton, Joe Hussey and others, read. The scores compared with those made by the writer and a mental decision made to make a better score "next time."

Your notice of the last meeting, coupled with an invitation to the lone archer to join, was the means of my joining the National this year. I do not know of any sport so beneficial physically as archery. To the fellow who really tries to excel the mental discipline is truly good for him also.

H. L. LAKE.

The Picture-Postal Card.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

A CARD has come to me this gloomy day,
 When all the heavens seem on verge a-weep;
 A voiceless message from the realms of play
 To us who stay at post and charges keep
 At battle with grim business' turbid stream.
 It tells—the world is never all at work!
 It tells—some joys in shadows love to lurk
 Like violets or arbutus in May.
 It gives one joy to know there are such places,
 That one dear friend at least such beauty faces
 And on my desk the sunlight falls a-gleam.

YACHTING

Beverly Y. C.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find summary of the 480th, 481st, 482d and 483d regattas of the Beverly Y. C., the events being the open sweepstakes, special classes for auxiliary and sailing cats, open race, special classes for auxiliary and sailing cats and the eleventh and twelfth club races, sailed from the club house, Aug. 31, Sept. 2, 7 and 14.

F. A. EUSTIS, Sec'y.

Four hundred and eightieth regatta; open sweepstakes, special classes for auxiliary cats, sailing cats; off club house, Aug. 31, 1912. Judge, David Rice. Wind east, whole sail.

21-Footers—Course No. 11, 11¼ Miles.

Saracen, Robert Windsor, Jr.	3 30 23
Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore	3 33 27
Polliwog, Frederic C. Hood	3 34 32
Phantom, F. W. Sargent	3 42 28
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	3 48 45

Sonder Class—Course No. 11, 11¼ Miles.

Peg, Galen L. Stone	3 37 04
Joyette, J. C. Edwards	3 37 47
Sally VIII., C. E. Hellier	3 38 53
Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr.	3 42 57

Crane 15-footers—Course No. 15, 8¾ Miles.

Pioneer, Francis B. Austin	3 10 31
Nahma, Henry E. Warner	3 11 19
Charmion, Joshua Crane	3 14 11
Water Witch, C. A. Coolidge	3 16 07
Lestris, Joshua Crane	3 16 17
Pam, Ann Shepley Lionberger	3 17 00
T. D., Philip Y. De Normandie	3 19 20
Nabob, E. H. Bright	3 21 15
Gifted, George U. Crocker	d. n. f.

Auxiliary Cats—Course No. 9, 13¾ Miles.

Jennie, Merton Long	1 49 16
Seavey, Harold Perry	1 51 08
Fanita, E. H. Stevens	1 51 59
Helena, W. W. Phinney	1 52 13
Hunner, Paul Gibbs	1 52 50

Herreshoff 15-footers—Course No. 15, 8¾ Miles.

Vim, W. O. Taylor	3 07 36
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	3 08 43
Pronto, Sidney Hosmer	3 09 33
Fly, W. H. Slocum	3 11 03
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske	3 12 02
Tinker, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d.	3 19 20
Pheasant, Alex. Winsor	d. n. f.

Sailing Cats—Course No. 15, 8¾ Miles.

Spray, L. H. Fitch	3 37 27
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Four hundred and eighty-first regatta; open race, special classes for auxiliary cats and sailing cats; off club house, Sept. 2, 1912. Judge, Henry E. Warner. Wind east, moderate to whole sail.

Auxiliary Cats—Course No. 9, 13¾ Miles.

Jennie, Merton Long	1 51 12
Seavey, Harold Perry	1 35 56
Helena, W. W. Phinney	1 53 19
Fordyce, H. Bailey	1 57 19
Hunner, Paul Gibbs	1 58 29
Quissetta, W. J. Perry	1 59 03
Fanita, E. H. Stephens	1 59 29
Luna, George E. Phinney	2 02 11
Mollie, J. H. Perry	2 03 56

21-Footers—Course No. 11, 11¼ Miles.

Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore	2 06 18
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	2 08 46
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	2 08 59
Polliwog, Frederic C. Hood	2 12 12
Phantom, F. W. Sargent	2 14 04

Sonder Class—Course No. 27, 10.8 Miles.

Seacoon, J. L. Stackpole	2 24 42
Peg, Galen L. Stone	2 24 43
Joyette, John C. Edwards	2 28 00
Sally VIII., C. E. Hellier	2 39 44
Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr.	2 42 55

Crane 15-Footers—Course No. 19, 5¾ Miles.

Lestris, Joshua Crane	1 39 04
Nabob, E. H. Bright	1 39 29
Nahma, Henry E. Warner	1 41 47
Pioneer, Francis B. Austin	1 42 16
Charmion, Joshua Crane	1 47 24
T. D., Philip Y. De Normandie	1 52 55
Pam, Ann Shepley Lionberger	Disqualified.

Herreshoff 15-Footers—Course No. 19, 5¾ Miles.

Vim, W. O. Taylor	1 40 16
Urda, John Parkinson, Jr.	1 40 17
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske	1 41 07
Pronto, Sidney Hosmer	1 41 19
Fly, W. H. Slocum	1 44 03
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	1 46 15

Sailing Cats—Course No. 19, 5¾ Miles.

Spray, L. W. Fitch	2 00 50
Bettina, W. E. Phillips	2 06 01

Four hundred and eighty-second regatta; eleventh club race; off club house, Sept. 7, 1912. Judge, David Rice. Wind southwest, whole sail.

21-Footers—Course No. 11, 11¼ Miles.

Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore	1 53 51
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	1 54 30
Selwonk, L. J. Knowles	1 54 33
Polliwog, Frederic C. Hood	1 56 38
Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	1 54 33
Phantom, F. W. Sargent	2 00 51

Sonder Class—Course No. 11, 11¼ Miles.

Peg, Galen L. Stone	1 58 25
Joyette, J. C. Edwards	1 58 46
Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr.	d. n. f.

Crane 15-Footers—Course No. 15, 8¾ Miles.

Pioneer, Francis B. Austin	1 30 37
Charmion, Joshua Crane	1 32 04
Lestris, Joshua Crane	1 32 36
T. D., Philip Y. De Normandie	1 34 07
Pam, Ann Shepley Lionberger	1 34 55
Nabob, E. H. Bright	1 36 03
Water Witch, C. A. Coolidge	1 37 30

Herreshoff 15-Footers—Course No. 15, 8¾ Miles.

Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	1 36 13
Pronto, Sidney Hosmer	1 36 41
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske	1 37 25
Fly, W. H. Slocum	1 38 54
Vim, W. O. Taylor	1 39 36

Four hundred and eighty-third regatta; twelfth club race; off club house, Sept. 14, 1912. Judge, David Rice. Wind southwest.

21-Footers—Course No. 11, 11¼ Miles.

Skate, W. E. C. Eustis	1 31 59
Foraminifer, D. L. Whittemore	1 35 05
Polliwog, Frederic C. Hood	1 38 50
Saracen, Robert Winsor, Jr.	1 39 05
Selwonk, L. J. Knowles	d. n. f.

Sonder Class—Course No. 11, 11¼ Miles.

Sally VIII., C. E. Hellier... Notice received by letter.

Crane 15-Footers—Course No. 15, 8¾ Miles.

Pioneer, Francis B. Austin	1 09 38
Water Witch, C. A. Coolidge	1 12 47
Pam, Ann Shepley Lionberger	1 13 21
Lestris, Joshua Crane	1 14 18
Charmion, Joshua Crane	1 15 07
Gifted, George U. Crocker	1 19 07
Nabob, E. H. Bright	1 19 15

Herreshoff 15-Footers—Course No. 15, 8¾ Miles.

Pronto, Sidney Hosmer	1 19 10
Vim, W. O. Taylor	1 22 24
Endeavor, Gardiner H. Fiske	1 22 26
Fly, W. H. Slocum	1 25 02

Narragansett Bay Y. R. A. Awards.

DOROTHY, W. D. Wood's knockabout, won the honors in Class I for the yachting season which closed last week. Her consistent performances throughout the season, based upon the number of starts, earned her the percentage. Wanderer VI. is second and Hugi third. The table of championship percentages just completed by W. Louis Frost, Secretary of the Narragansett Bay Yacht Racing Association, shows that Evelyn led Class N; Nomo, Class P; Columbia, Class Q; Silver Fiz, Class R; P. D. Q., Class S; Mist, Class F; Mblem. Class D; Gilt Edge, Class E; Scud, Class X, and Rube, Class Z. The championship percentages follow. There were seventeen scheduled championship races:

Championship won by Evelyn.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	Starts.	Total P. C.	Season P. C.
Evelyn	6	1	0	7	650.0	92.8
Wasaka	1	0	0	1	100.0*	20.0

Class P—Sloops.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	Starts.	Total P. C.	Season P. C.
Momo	10	3	0	14	1150.0	82.1
Iseulo	2	0	0	2	200.0*	20.0
Priscilla	1	1	1	3	183.3*	18.3
Evelyn	0	1	0	1	66.7*	6.6

Championship won by Momo.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	Starts.	Total P. C.	Season P. C.
Columbia	4	1	0	5	475.0*	79.1
Nimbus III.	2	0	1	6	365.0	60.8
Idler	2	2	0	6	350.0	58.3
Molly	4	3	2	9	516.7	57.4
Quakeress	1	3	0	5	300.0*	50.0
Rambler	0	2	2	6	288.3	48.0
Paloma	1	1	2	4	268.3*	44.7
Gazelle	1	1	1	5	241.7*	40.2
Little Rhody	2	0	0	2	200.0*	33.3
Nada	0	1	0	1	66.7*	11.1
Helen	0	1	0	1	50.0*	8.3
Moslem	0	0	1	1	33.3*	5.5

Championship won by Columbia.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	Starts.	Total P. C.	Season P. C.
Evelyn	5	0	0	5	500.0	100.0

Class R—Sloops.

Silver Fiz	4	1	0	5	450.0	90.0
Swan	3	0	0	3	300.0	100.0
P. D. Q.	0	2	0	3	100.0	33.3

Under Rule XIX., 10, no championship can be awarded to any yacht which has competed in less than five races.

Championship won by Silver Fiz.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	Starts.	Total P. C.	Season P. C.
P. D. Q.	3	1	0	4	350.0	87.5
Margaret	2	0	0	2	200.0*	66.6
Princess	0	0	0	1	0.0*	0.0

Class S—Sloops.

P. D. Q.	3	1	0	4	350.0	87.5
Margaret	2	0	0	2	200.0*	66.6
Princess	0	0	0	1	0.0*	0.0

No championship awarded, as no yacht competed in five races as required by Rule XIX., 10.

Class F—Catboats.

Mist	1	0	0	1	100.0*	100.0
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No championship awarded, as no yacht competed in five races, as required by Rule XIX., 10.

Class E—Catboats.

Mblem	6	1	0	7	650.0	92.8
Omeme	1	1	0	2	150.0*	30.0
Alice W.	0	0	0	1	0.0*	0.0

Championship won by Mblem.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	Starts.	Total P. C.	Season P. C.
Gilt Edge	4	0	2	6	493.3	82.2
Bother	1	3	0	5	355.0	71.0
Netor	1	0	4	5	293.3	58.6
Omeme	1	2	0	5	281.7	56.3
Venture	0	2	1	4	196.7*	49.1
Trouble	0	0	0	2	70.0*	17.5
Curlew	0	0	0	1	0.0*	0.0
Mist	0	0	0	1	0.0*	0.0

Championship won by Gilt Edge.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	Starts.	Total P. C.	Season P. C.
Scud	2	0	0	2	200.0	100.0
Scout	0	0	0	0	0.0*	0.0

Class X—Dories.

Scud	2	0	0	2	200.0	100.0
Scout	0	0	0	0	0.0*	0.0

No championship awarded, as no yacht competed in five races, as required by Rule XIX., 10.

Class Z—Skiffs.

Rube	5	1	1	7	600.0	85.7
Puzzle	2	0	0	4	200.0*	40.0
Little Mother	0	1	1	3	100.0*	20.0
Me Too	0	1	0	1	50.0*	19.0

Championship won by Rube.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	Starts.	Total P. C.	Season P. C.
Dorothy	8	6	3	17	1486.8	87.4
Wanderer VI.	3	4	0	11	779.4*	64.9
Hugi	3	3	3	10	728.1*	60.6
Arrow II.	2	1	0	8	533.3*	44.4
Bat	0	0	5	14	597.4	42.6
Mouse	0	0	1	10	349.4*	29.1
Question	0	0	1	7	307.9*	25.6
Anore	0	1	3	6	306.7*	25.5
Bonito	0	1	0	3	100.0*	8.3
Nada	0	0	0	2	45.0*	3.7
Mystery	0	0	0	2	34.3*	2.8

Championship won by Dorothy.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	Starts.	Total P. C.	Season P. C.
Evelyn	5	0	0	5	500.0	100.0

Class I—Sloops.

Dorothy	8	6	3	17	1486.8	87.4
Wanderer VI.	3	4	0	11	779.4*	64.9
Hugi	3	3	3	10	728.1*	60.6
Arrow II.	2	1	0	8	533.3*	44.4
Bat	0	0	5	14	597.4	42.6
Mouse	0	0	1	10	349.4*	29.1
Question	0	0	1	7	307.9*	25.6
Anore	0	1	3	6	306.7*	25.5
Bonito	0	1	0	3	100.0*	8.3
Nada	0	0	0	2	45.0*	3.7
Mystery	0	0	0	2	34.3*	2.8

* Indicates that the total amount of percentage is divided by two-thirds as many races as the yacht having the largest number of starts in the class, in accordance with Rule XIX., 6.

RACE WEEK PLAQUES, 1912.

The Narragansett Bay Yacht Racing Association plaques offered for the yacht in each class making the best showing during the race week were won by the following: Class N, Evelyn; Class P, Momo; Class Q, Columbia; Class D, Mblem; Class I, Dorothy. The summary includes only those yachts starting in five races during the race week as required to win one of these plaques.

Class N—Sloops.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	Starts.	Total P. C.	August P. C.
Evelyn	5	0	0	5	500.0	100.0

Class P—Sloops.

Momo	4	1	0	5	450.0	90.0
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Class Q—Sloops.

Columbia	4	1	0	5	475.0	97.0
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Class D—Catboats.

Mblem	5	0	0	5	500.0	100.0
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Class I—Sloops.

Dorothy	3	3	0	6	545.7	90.0
Wanderer VI.	1	1	0	5	416.1	80.3
Bat	0	0	3	6	246.7	41.1
Mouse	0	0	1	6	246.5	41.0

Class E—Power Boats.

Yvonne	5	0	0	5	500.0	100.0
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No other yachts started in five races during the race week, as required to win one of these plaques.

Stamford Y. C.

FIVE of the Stamford Y. C. one-design boats sailed a sweepstakes race last Saturday afternoon over Course No. 1. Snapper won by about 1½m. The elapsed time of the boats was: Snapper, Edward Corning, 1.29.38; Dart, R. H. Gillespie, 1.31.05; Osprey, Douglas Ellman, 1.32.06; Killee, Bartholomew Jacobs, 1.43.34; Kelpie, Harold Buck, 1.44.30.

Long Island Y. R. A.

THE last of the season's events of the association came to an end yesterday with a regatta at New Rochelle. It was one of the best events of the year, there being eighteen starters and many close finishes. On board M. W. Houch's Triune, the regatta committee consisted of Theodore Granbery, Alfred Stoddard and R. M. Haddock. The winners were Alert, with an easy victory in her class of six starters; Mist, which trimmed Victory by nearly 2m.; Amorita IV., beating Circe by only a few seconds, and Ada, a winner by 4m. over John Lambden's Grace II. The summary:

Handicap Class, 1st Div.—Start, 2:00—Course, 11½ Miles.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Alert, R. B. Budd	3 59 40	1 59 40
Amada, B. R. Stoddard	4 04 21	2 04 21
Okee, J. A. Mahlstadt	4 05 44	2 05 44
Senora, G. P. Granberry	4 04 35	2 04 35
More Joy, P. V. Griffin	4 13 38	2 13 38
Sally IX., A. E. Black	4 12 48	2 12 48

Corrected times—Alert, 1.59.40; Amada, 2.01.21; Okee, 2.04.32; Senora, 2.04.35; More Joy, 2.08.15; Sally IX., 2.08.39.

Handicap Class, 2d Div.—Start, 2:05—Course, 11½ Miles.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Mist, H. T. Hornidge	4 18 57	2 13 57
Red Wing, Grace & Loewy	4 17 08	2 12 08
Victory, H. A. Jackson, Jr.	4 18 55	2 13 55
Malolo, C. A. Stoltze	4 25 34	2 20 34
Betty, H. L. Stone	4 30 25	2 25 25
Kenmuir, V. P. Krauss	4 35 39	2 30 39

Corrected times—Mist, 2.09.59; Red Wing, 2.12.08; Victory, 2.18.15; Malolo, 2.15.57; Betty, 2.17.29; Kenmuir, 2.29.59.

Handicap Class, 3d Div.—Start, 2:10—Course, 11½ Miles.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Amonita IV., A. E. Fountain	4 31 16	2 21 16
Circe, J. S. and E. S. Appleby	4 31 53	2 21 53

Corrected times—Amonita IV., 2.16.29; Circe, 2.17.39.

Handicap Class, 4th Div.—Start, 2:15—Course, 11½ Miles.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Ada, L. Price	4 47 52	2 32 52
Grace II., J. F. Lambden	4 51 10	2 36 10
Insurgent, U. D. Cutting	4 55 48	2 40 48
Dolly, T. Price	4 57 38	2 42 38

Corrected times—Ada, 2.27.31; Grace II., 2.28.31; Insurgent, 2.33.09; Dolly, 2.38.39.

Columbia Y. C.

WHILE the Hudson River regatta went on up at Yonkers, the Columbia Y. C. held its fall regatta down the river. The winners were:

	Finish	Elapsed.
Squaw, Peter Duffy	3 31 50	0 41 55
Respite, V. C. Pedersen	4 04 30	1 14 30
Peggy Dash, H. D. Johnson	4 13 56	1 23 56

Corrected time—Squaw, 41.55; Respite, 44.20; Peggy Dash, 55.40.

Cabin Cruisers, 38 Feet Over All and Upward—Start, 2:55—Course, 10 Miles.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Peter Pan, Sr., J. Simpson	3 33 00	0 33 00
Carolina, M. F. Dennis	3 55 03	1 04 03
Alisbe, G. R. Branson	3 47 48	0 52 48
Yo Ho, A. E. Brion	4 08 15	1 13 15
Senorita, J. M. Rutherford	3 54 15	0 59 15
Mustang, H. S. Beardsley	3 58 13	1 03 13

Corrected time—Peter Pan, Sr., 38.00; Caroline, 44.03; Alisbe, 50.15; Yo Ho, 54.09; Senorita, 54.22; Mustang, 56.02.

Open Boats—Start, 2:15—Course, 10 Miles.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Elise, T. Kick	3 14 30	0 59 30

High Speed Boats—Start, 12:59—Course, 30 Miles.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Gunfire, Jr., W. J. Brainard	2 30 42	1 31 42

Semi-High Speed Boats—Start, 3:15—Course, 15 Miles.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Sispud, J. B. Cousins	4 22 55	1 07 55
Dolphin, R. S. Galston		Broke down.

Riverton Y. C.

RIVERTON, N. J., Sept. 21.—The annual women's race of the Riverton Y. C. was sailed this afternoon in a stiff wind. There were five entries. The distance was six miles and considerable seamanship was called for and delivered by the lady skippers. No. 1, sailed by Miss Mabel Cook, won by more than 5m. The summary:

	Start, 2:42.	Finish	Elapsed.
No. 1, Miss Mabel Cook		3 45 10	1 02 10
No. 3, Miss Majorie Thomas		3 49 15	1 07 15
No. 7, Miss Gertrude Showell		3 51 18	1 09 18
No. 8, Miss Nellie Showell		3 51 50	1 09 50

Michigan Comes Back.

MICHIGANO, recent defender in the international races, won handily last Saturday. The closing race of the season she defeated the best on the lake front in the 15-mile Sir Thomas Lip-ton trophy event. Michigan was sent over the line alone in the 40-foot class, along with the

Morgan schooner Natant. She soon passed the big craft, for the first leg of the race was a close reach. The second leg was a spinnaker run and Michigan made good time. The last leg was a beat and Michigan again showed her speed. Her time was 2.45.04. L. J. Lambin's 21-foot Invader gave Michigan a hard run for the trophy, as she was only a minute and fifty seconds behind when the time allowances had been figured. Roy M. Barcal's sloop Illinois captured the heat from George B. Currier's Leda, E. M. Mills' Mavourneen and Seboomook. William Haedtler's Cherry won the McCormick trophy from a fleet of ten boats. The summary:

Schooners—Start, 2:25.

	Time not taken.
Natant	

Forty-foot Sloops—Start, 2:25.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Michigan	5 17 43	2 45 05

Thirty-five Foot Class—Start, 2:30.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Illinois	5 26 30	2 54 39
Mavourneen	5 40 40	3 01 55
Leda	5 41 30	3 03 25
Seboomook	5 39 25	3 09 25

Thirty-Foot Class—Start, 2:35.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Columbia	6 34 00	3 42 26

Twenty-five Foot Class—Start, 2:49.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Invader	5 50 08	2 46 46
Vandal	6 40 00	3 30 03
Winona II.		Time not taken.

Protests were lodged against Illinois, Leda, Seboomook and Invader for going outside of the line within which they were supposed to keep in order to stay clear of the hydroaeroplanes which are performing on the lake front.

Y. R. A. of Jamaica Bay.

LAST Saturday's regatta of the Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. was held in a good stiff breeze. The results follow:

Cabin Sloop Class—Start, 12:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Breeze, B. F. Daly	2 13 12	2 13 12
Cornelia, D. S. Van Wicklen	2 39 23	2 39 23
Pocahontas, C. A. Martin	2 49 17	2 49 17
Curlew, E. Wilson		Did not finish.

Cabin Catboat Class—Start, 12:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elvira, J. Anderson	3 14 45	3 09 45

Cabin Cruisers—Start, 12:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mimosa, Harwick and Henshall	2 00 45	1 50 45

Speed Boats—Start, 12:15.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Black Diamond, H. F. Lehr	12 51 47	0 36 37
Billiken, W. Meyer	12 52 52	0 37 52
Thelma II., Krausmeyer	12 53 05	0 38 05

Cabin Power Boats—Start, 12:20.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Brisk, J. Yenser	1 42 02	1 22 02
Della E., C. P. Shinn	1 53 45	1 33 45

The Beach Channel races were in charge of J. Yenser, C. H. Greene, M. Hines and C. A. Merritt. The ocean race was under the management of Vice-Commodore C. H. Greene and Capt. E. E. Wells. Commodore H. J. Hildebrand, of the Bergen Beach Y. C., offered the flagship Hilde as a committee boat.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

THE all-comers' event for the Corinthian cup was won here last Saturday by F. C. Noble's Grayjacket from the Atlantic Y. C. with a handicap of 11m. 14s. She beat Joyant by 6s. The Class P trophy was won by Joyant. The summary:

Race for the Corinthian Cup of 1912—Sloops, 31-Foot Rating and Under—Start, 12:40—Course, 15 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Joyant, W. H. Childs	3 02 07	2 22 07
Windward, S. A. Minks	3 04 16	2 24 16
Corinthian, H. S. Smith	3 06 05	2 26 05
Carlita, G. B. Kulenkampff	3 16 10	2 36 10
Lena, Ogden M. Reid	3 20 04	2 40 04
Grayjacket, F. C. Noble	3 13 15	2 33 15
Wild Thyme, A. H. Morris	3 32 24	2 52 24
Ogecmah, A. B. Clements		Withdrew.

Corrected times—Grayjacket, 2.22.01; Joyant, 2.22.07; Windward, 2.24.16; Corinthian, 2.26.46; Carlita, 2.30.45; Lena, 2.34.39; Wild Thyme, 2.58.57.

Red Bank Y. C. Election.

At a meeting of the members of the Red Bank Y. C., held on the 21st, the following officers were elected: Commodore, John S. Dickerson, New York; Vice-Commodore, J. Frederick Betz, Philadelphia; Secretary, W. L. Heddenberg, Fair Haven; Treasurer, Chris G. Hupfel, New York.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

LAST Saturday brought the final closed regatta at the Manhasset Bay Y. C. There were only seven starters, the class winners being Rival in the schoonerette class, and Scylla in the small sloop division. The championship race was taken by J. W. and E. P. Alker's Alera, her time for the fourteen miles being 2.28.37. The summary:

Championship Race—Start, 2:40—Course, 14 Miles.

	Finish	Elapsed.
Alera, J. W. and E. P. Alker	5 18 37	2 28 37
Moira, C. Cowl	5 33 57	2 43 57
Alicia, W. M. Baldwin	5 33 40	2 43 40
Rival, W. H. Judson	5 33 12	2 42 12
Scylla, E. A. Sierck	5 48 26	3 08 26
Pagan, C. Fuller		Not timed.
Little Dipper, G. A. Corry		Not timed.

Corrected times—Alera, 2.28.37; Moira, 2.36.29; Alicia, 2.36.26; Rival, 3.34.44; Scylla, 2.41.15.

Bay Side Y. C.

THE Bayside Y. C. had a little regatta last Saturday off Sands Point outside course. Loon, owned by Arthur W. Knapp, won by 1s. In the one-design class, Mary Jane, owned by W. E. Banks, beat Bettie, owned by William H. Johns, by about 3m. The summary:

Bayside Birds—Start, 3:30 P. M.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Skylark, John Dayton	5 09 45	1 39 45
Loon, A. W. Knapp	5 08 13	1 38 13
Dodo, A. C. Andrews	5 08 14	1 38 14
Curlew, C. L. Willard	5 08 20	1 38 20
Teaser, A. Nesbett	5 12 29	1 42 29

One-Design Class—Start, 3:35 P. M.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mary Jane, W. E. Banks	5 43 15	2 18 15
Bettie, W. H. Johns	5 46 19	2 21 19
Dart, Thomas Bell		Did not finish.

Canoeing

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—Walter Fairchild, 378 Central Park West, New York city, N. Y., by Louis Reichert; Levi Hindley, Millville, N. J., by W. H. Logan, Jr.; Frank S. Bunnell, P. O. Box 62, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., by A. D. Berning. Atlantic Division.—6526, H. C. Daniels, 336 Singer Building, New York city.

GAVIAL FROM THE GANGES.

FOR the second time in the history of the park, we have a gavial. This time the specimen is of good size. The gavial is interesting because of its habitat—the Ganges and Jumna Rivers in India, and its striking form. The very long, thin snout is like the handle of a frying-pan. The time was when the gavial sometimes played a part in some of the religious rites of the Hindus. It is recorded that in times past the Hindu mothers did not hesitate to throw their tiny babies into the Ganges, as an offering to the God of the river. It is a fact, however, that the inhabitants of the Ganges-Jumna region do not hold the gavial as sacred, for it is a matter of record that in 1877 Director Hornaday collected twenty-five specimens, great and small, without precipitating any trouble with the natives.—New York Zoological Society Bulletin.

ARTHUR BINNEY

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TRAP SHOOTING



Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

Oct. 1-2.—Omaha (Neb.) G. C. F. T. Lovering, Sec'y.
 Oct. 2.—Piedmont (W. Va.) G. C. G. N. Hoover, Sec'y.
 Oct. 3.—Huntingdon, Pa.—Central Pennsylvania T. S. L. tournament, under auspices of the Alexandria G. C. L. M. Hagerty, Sec'y, Alexandria, Pa.
 Oct. 3.—Wapakoneta (O.) G. C. Chas. E. Zint, Sec'y.
 Oct. 3.—Elkton (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Mgr.
 Oct. 4.—Royal Centre (Ind.) G. C. J. E. Swisher, Sec'y.
 Oct. 5.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Meadow Springs G. C. Wm. F. Letford, Sec'y.
 Oct. 6.—Chicago Gun Club championship.
 Oct. 8-10.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. Jos. Kautzky, Sec'y.
 Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. Geo. Alig, Jr., Sec'y.
 Oct. 9-10.—Tarboro (N. C.) G. C. R. E. L. Cook, Mgr.
 Oct. 12.—Temple, Pa.—Hercules G. C. A. K. Ludwig, Sec'y.
 Oct. 13.—Arlington Heights, Ill.—League shoot of the Chicago Interurban League of Gun Clubs. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y-Treas.
 Oct. 15-18.—Cincinnati, O.—The Interstate Association's Post-Season tournament, on the grounds of the Cincinnati G. C.; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Oct. 16.—Rising Sun (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Vice-Pres.
 Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
 Oct. 22-23.—Scammon (Kans.) G. C. C. R. Quarton, Sec.
 Oct. 22-23.—Demopolis, Ala.—Demopolis G. C. W. C. Du Fue, Sec'y.
 Oct. 30.—Medford (Okla.) G. C. Dr. I. V. Hardy, Sec'y.
 Nov. 7.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
 Nov. 21-22.—Clinton (Ont.) G. C. J. E. Cantelon, Sec'y.
 Dec. 2-6.—St. Thomas, (Ont.) G. C. W. J. McCance, Asst. Mgr.

1913.

Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.
 July 8-13.—Cedar Point, O.—The Indians' tournament. D. H. Eaton, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Keene Gun Club will hold a trap shoot on Friday, Sept. 27, with \$40 in high gun money. Merchandise prizes and five-man team race for five individual bronze cups. F. E. Britton is Secretary.

The Royal Center, Ind., Gun Club will give an open shoot on Oct. 4, commencing at 10 o'clock. Grounds near ball park. Money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. E. A. Marx is President; J. E. Swisher, Secretary.

W. G. BEECROFT.

The Westy Hogans Tournament.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Sept. 21.—It takes a pier to make a pier in Atlantic City—so say the Westy Hogans. Last year's shoot was second to none (excepting of course the G. A. H.). This year they couldn't shoot on Young's pier, and so—well, the crowd wasn't as big as last year's. At that, it was no kindergarten, for 136,000 clays were trapped, and every one liked Venice Park, where the shoot was held, and if it could be figured in amperes it would still be the strongest shoot in the country. Brother Newcomb came away with high average, with 431 out of 450, while Les. German, having watched the ball scores, possibly figured on getting a chance to shoot off the championship with Johnny McGraw and the Red Sox, took high pink sheet, for targets only average with 429 out of 450. Mr. German is from Aberdeen, and du Pont. Allen Heil took home a reminder in the way of Westy Hogan championship at doubles with 91 out of 100, also annexing the Atlantic City cup with 144 out of 150. Incidentally C. H. Newcomb won Westy Hogan championship at singles with 99 out of 100 after shooting off with H. E. Buckwalter. Newcomb broke 19 to 18 for Bucky. J. S. Young, being strong on the "bull," again won the Bull Durham trophy. He smoked out the same trophy last year. The Westy Hogan special was awarded to C. R. Seelig, from the Windy City with 92 out of 100. Fred Plum, from board walk town, couldn't see a "foreigner" take the Venice Park special, so cracked 188 out of 200 and took home that cup.

Charles H. Newcomb, with a run of 103 straight, won a Du Pont medal. He broke 72 straight the first day and had an unfinished run of 31 on first day.

Next year all hands hope the shoot will be held on the pier. Scores:

There were five events at 20 single targets each, and one event at 20 pairs doubles on practice day, and scores were made as follows:

Sept. 17.				
10	100	10	100	
Prs.	Sgls.	Prs.	Sgls.	
Dr D L Culver.	15	99	Dr A B Stine...	68
J Morris	7	88	F D Kelsey.....	16
H Eyre	89	89	*Geo Hassam ...	5
G Dering	16	98	Dr A Westcott...	12
R Loring	15	84	F H Parry.....	92

D S Hoffman...	89	A C Gray.....	89
E E Sidell	95	G E Painter.....	13
W S Wilson ...	87	N Johnson	14
T P Bee.....	83	C C Irwin.....	88
R S Shepherd...	15	W E Crane.....	11
C R Seelig.....	93	L H Hoopes....	16
C F Seelig.....	11	*E S Graham....	14
*H D Gibbs....	93	J A Laub.....	91
H P Carlon....	11	W E Wynne....	12
J E Ebbert....	80	W A Cornelius..	64
F H Fox.....	12	H S Ballard....	74
E M Daniel....	15	W C Heisey....	91
G O Fisher....	90	W T Smith.....	13
L Winfree	85	W Van de Sande..	77
W R Winfree...	10	H E Buckwalter	13
*J M Hawkins..	17	*S S Scholl.....	87
W Buckner ...	73	W M McClarren..	75
F Heusman ...	14	Wm Wakeman...	87
*H S Welles... 12	94	F Billmeyer ...	92
L F Eman.....	9	O D Williams... 95	
W A Kunkle... 80	80	T A Marshall... 16	
L S German... 17	98	A Chamberlain.. 17	
W H Denman.. 77	85	M Hepburn 11	
J D Hand..... 15	85	F Wilson	90
W H Matthews.	9	V Hechler	90
J Du Bee..... 13	89	*E S Richards.. 76	
F B Stephenson	94	*H Clark	95
J G S Day..... 77	82	E F Slear..... 82	
*W B Darton... 88	88	C B Hoffman... 56	
*O R Dickey... 13	91	B Watson	78
C R Goodfellow...	88	R L Shepard... 11	
J F Pratt..... 13	82	C W Doten..... 15	
J D Barnes.... 12	88	*L D Willis.... 94	
F J McConnell.	80	E B Springer... 17	
C C Farnum.... 85	85	W H Stewart... 11	
*H Worthington	19	*G F Hamlin... 12	
*N Apgar	95	Dr Brownall... 61	
*E H Storr.... 92	87	Gro Eck	87
*Sim Glover ... 93	93	J P Cope..... 72	
*H H Stevens. 16	98	Geo Eck	87
*J R Graham... 14	93	Geo Piercy ... 85	
J S Young.... 16	95	E Adams	15
J Barto	15	H Ball	74
P J Graham... 15	93	W Behm	94
J Featherstone.	13	A W Vernon... 90	
J G Martin... 13	80	T O Glenn.... 87	
F Guinzburg... 98	98	T Thompson... 78	
H W Kahler... 17	95	A L Ivins..... 94	
M L Wise	11	E Ford	73
M H Johnson... 90	90	P Pfeleger 16	
J S Conley... 11	86	*F C Tuttle.... 61	
R J Budd..... 86	86	H P Carlon... 87	
J A De Pew.... 81	81	I Ebberts	81
R Artz	9	Dr Baughman.. 88	
*O S Sked.... 15	93	M E Barker... 98	
W E Daub	16	C E Gammage.. 98	
Al Heil	14	F Jenne	81
H J Schlicher.. 19	92	W S Jones.... 81	
Wm Ridley ... 18	91	C E Watson... 88	
W H Sheldon.. 77	77	C W Billings.. 10	
Dr G O Wilson 91	91	C H Newcomb.. 94	
I Andrews ... 11	77	J A McKelvey.. 91	
H B Cook..... 93	93	J A Brown.... 78	
J Clark, Jr.... 14	92	I Andrews ... 81	
C A Burks.... 11	91	Wm Foord 91	
S P Clinton... 75	75	W Dawes	85
*S P Goodloe.. 11	83	Keller, Sr	89
J M Coyner... 17	82	H Powers	93
C Foster	80	J C Grannan... 51	
F S Wright.... 16	92		

Sept. 19.

The State team event had eight teams with scores as follows:

Pennsylvania.		New Jersey.	
C H Newcomb...	99	Al Ivins	96
H E Buckwalter.	97	L F Emann.....	95
H W Kahler.....	97	Henry Powers ..	94
H J Schlicher.. 97	97	J H Morris.....	94
A J Mengle.... 95-485	95-485	C W Billings... 92-471	92-471
Delaware.		Virginia.	
J B McHugh.... 99	99	F H Fox..... 97	97
J H Minnick... 98	98	L H Winfree... 95	95
A B Richardson.. 97	97	E M Daniel.... 93	93
L H Hoopes, Jr. 95	95	Dr Richards ... 93	93
J T Roberson... 92-481	92-481	W R Winfree... 89-467	89-467
New York.		Maryland-Dist. of Col'mbia	
John Martin ... 96	96	Frank Huseman.. 97	97
E C Gammage... 96	96	O D Williams... 93	93
F A Wright.... 95	95	Miles Taylor ... 91	91
M E Barker.... 95	95	Frank Billmeyer 90	90
T E Clay..... 95-477	95-477	Dr W M Stine... 89-460	89-460
Illinois.		Connecticut.	
J B Barto..... 97	97	A Chamberlain.. 97	97
P J Graham.... 96	96	C W Van Stone.. 95	95
J S Young..... 93	93	Ted Wilson 92	92
L M Featherston. 93	93	Mel Hepburn ... 88	88
H E Dickerman.. 92-471	92-471	E G Southey.... 87-459	87-459

Ten events (five at 10 and five at 20 targets):

Westy Hogan		Hogan Westy	
Dr Culver	140	T O Glenn....	135
R A Young	126	C C Farnum....	128
B Teats	138	W McClarren..	133
Al Ivins	145	*H Clark	146
C W Doten ... 131	86	C A Burks	138
Wm Ridley ... 142	98	*S Goodbe ... 107	
*T A Marshall. 134	86	J M Coyner ... 124	
*H D Gibbs ... 141	94	S P Chilton ... 126	
G V Deering ... 143	95	J Griffith	140

Ray Loring ...	126	83	F Guinzberg ...	140	91
R J Budd	140	95	C E Gammage	142	96
J A De Pew ...	124	84	W B Severn ...	138	93
R O Aatz	128	83	S N Loomis ...	135	92
*O S Sked	137	91	Miles Taylor ...	131	91
W E Daub	130	85	Dr W Barnes...	128	88
*J R Graham ...	144	95	Dr Stine	134	89
J S Young	141	93	T Huseman ...	143	97
J Barto	142	97	M A Brown ...	129	87
P J Graham ...	141	96	T Billmeyer ...	128	90
L N Fetherstone	141	93	O D Williams..	125	93
W H Buckner..	102	65	R Gerstill ...	143	95
H Brown	133	89	G E Burns....	136	99
V Heckler	126	88	T D Telling ..	108	73
*E S Richards..	118	78	C W Van Stone	141	95
*L D Willis ...	133	86	E G Southey..	126	87
*G Hassam ...	121	78	L A Chamberlain	144	97
G E Painter ...	143	94	M Hepburn ...	130	88
N Johnston ...	143	95	Ted Wilson ...	138	92
N Gillespie ...	139	91	Clark Jr	136	93
C C Irwin	137	91	*S S Scholl ...	128	91
*E S Graham ...	143	95	J Chambers ...	130	85
T B Bue	126	83	F D Kelsey ...	134	87
Geo Eck	131	84	E B Ebberts ..	129	92
C T Seelig ...	114	79	C E Sprinsea ..	70	70
C R Seelig ...	128	84	J Roberson ...	92	92
*J D Barnes... 136	88	88	Ellick Reed ...	132	90
I Andrews ...	134	99	"Sauer"	132	93
G T Wilson....	140	92	Von Boeckman.	129	92
W R Patrick... 133	87	87	C B Platt	137	91
N Eyre	127	84	*J Fanning ...	138	92
W N Johnson..	127	83	S W Schofstaal..	130	88
L W Colquitt..	136	89	T L Horn	133	85
N Sloan	143	98	S F Tuchten ...	85	85
W C Heisey ...	127	85	J C Grannan ...	86	86
W H Denman ..	121	83	C R Reubindall	120	82
Mrs Vogel ...	120	77	A L Ammack ...	129	87
*N Apgar	143	94	C M Brownall..	127	87
*T H Keller, Jr.	139	91	H Battie	124	82
*S Glover	144	96	J H Minnick ..	144	98
*H H Stevens.	146	96	Wm B Smith ..	127	81
C H Newcomb..	145	99	E B Springer ..	143	95
W M Foord ...	136	90	W B Clegg ...	121	82
C W Billings..	139	92	Wm Kussmall ..	110	75
H J Schlicher..	146	97	J A Hartenstein	107	71
A Heil	140	92	F L Jenne.....	131	87
T H Fox.....	141	97	D R Rishel ...	134	90
E M Daniel ...	139	93	R F Willis ...	128	84
G O Fisher ...	122	89	*F Lawrence ...	132	85
L Winfree ...	141	95	N G Pyle.....	95	61
W R Winfree..	141	95	*E M Funk ...	140	93
*J M Hawkins.	143	93	D A Herrold ...	135	90
H Ball	136	91	J Englert ...	123	78
A J Mengle ...	145	95	M D Ullery ...	109	63
E H Adams....	143	95	*Ed Banks ...	140	92
W S Behm....	143	98	C D Hughes ...	133	85
*L Worthington	141	92	A B Richardson	144	97
*G T Hamlin... 131	90	90	B McHugh ...	148	99
*E H Storr....	146	96	*E H Taylor... 138	93	
H P Carlon ...	127	86	E Emmors ...	122	78
R L Shepard ...	139	93	M A Freed....	127	87
D Westcott ...	135	91	R J Flemming	131	88
W T Smith....	135	94	J E Taylor ...	84	52
H B Cook	131	87	F Plum	135	89
E T Slear	129	86	*F C Tuttle ...	87	62
L H Hoopes... 133	95	95	F Matthews ...	133	87
A W Vernon.. 134	88	88	E Zinn	88	88
F Thompson ...	129	85	J Grimm	89	89

Doubles, 25 pairs: Dr. Culver 37, C. W. Doten 34, Wm. Ridley 38, T. A. Marshall 35, H. D. Gibbs 38, G. V. Deering 40, R. J. Budd 33, J. R. Graham 42, J. S. Young 40, J. Barto 36, P. J. Graham 42, L. N. Fetherstone 42, H. Brown 35, L. D. Willis 43, G. Painter 39, M. Johnston 32, N. Gillespie 34, C. C. Irwin 33, E. S. Graham 41, T. B. Bue 31, J. D. Barnes 31, W. R. Patrick 34, N. Sloan 41, H. H. Stevens 29, H. J. Schlicher 42, A. Heil 47, E. M. Daniel 29, W. R. Winfree 27, J. M. Hawkins 41, H. Ball 38, E. H. Adams 35, W. S. Behm 38, H. L. Worthington 33, E. H. Storr 35, H. P. Carlon 42, Dr. Westcott 34, W. T. Smith 31, L. H. Hoopes 25, H. Clark 36, C. A. Burks 37, S. Goodbe 23, W. B. Severn 28, L. A. Chamberlain 45, F. D. Kelsey 31, E. B. Springer 39, D. A. Herrold 36, J. Englert 33, J. E. Taylor 40.

Sept. 20.

Sgls.		Prs.		Sgls.		Prs.	
D L Culver.....	136	R Gerstell	140
B Teats	127	9	..	G E Burns.....	137
R A Young.....	130	F D Telling....	99
A L Ivins.....	143	*H S Welles....	141
C W Doten....	126	H W Kahler... 142
Wm Ridley ...	141	18	..	Dr G Richards..	139
*T A Marshall..	135	18	..	W S Jones.....	123
*H D Gibbs... 135	16	16	..	Dr C Watson... 129
G V Dering....	142	11	..	*F E H Sheldon	120
R Loring	122	W R Kunkel... 104
R J Budd.....	127	12	..	W H Stewart... 134
J A De Pew... 114	W H Matthews.	134
R O Artz.....	120	F Eman	133
*O S Sked....	137	19	..	*L S German... 141	17
W E Daub....	136	18	..	*W B Darton... 136
*J R Graham... 140	17	Geo Piercy ...	132
J S Young....	139	13	..	John Martin ...	136
J Barto	138	14	..	J G S Dey.....	131
P J Graham... 134	15	J De Bee	135
L Featherstone.	135	14	..	W A Fliinn....	123
A L Ammack ...	105	F S Wright....	137
H Brown							

Table of names and scores for the first section, including names like Geo Eck, G T Seelig, C R Seelig, etc.

Table of names and scores for the second section, including names like G V Derring, Ed Graham, W H Matthews, etc.

Table of names and scores for the Chicago Gun Club, including names like J S Young, J R Graham, J B Barto, etc.

Linn County Gun Club.

BROOKFIELD, Mo., Sept. 18.—To-day finished a mighty successful two-days' tournament here, with crackling good scores generally.

Table of names and scores for the Linn County Gun Club, including names like J M Barrett, V Cate, C B Eaton, etc.

Sept. 21.

Table of names and scores for the Westy Hogan Special and Venice Park Special, including names like Chas Foster, W R Dawes, etc.

Table of names and scores for the Charleston Gun Club, including names like H D Freeman, C G Spencer, etc.

Charleston Gun Club.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Sept. 21.—The following scores were made to-day, at 100 targets: De Gruyter 95, Davis 91, Crider 86.

Fred Bills turned in a score of 99 out of 100 on singles, while Joe Barto landed first amateur honors on the singles. MacLachlan, who had taken a "lay-off" from target shooting for several months, was up to his old trick of landing the top score on doubles, breaking 42 out of 24 pairs.

Table of names and scores for the Fred Bills event, including names like Fred Bills, J B Barto, O P Goode, etc.

Sept. 15.—Events Nos. 4 and 5 were distance handicaps. Although the weather appeared rather threatening, with heavy, dark clouds overhead and a strong north-east wind blowing all day, nineteen marksmen came out to our park for the afternoon's sport at the traps.

D. Battle, one of the "old guard," who has not shot targets for years, turned in a total of 89 out of 100 and 17 out of 12 pairs in the first double he had ever tried.

Stemmer is another one of the former standbys, who should come out oftener and keep in practice. All members who can possibly do so should come out next Saturday and Sunday and get in some practice for the Interurban League shoot at our park on Sept. 29.

Table of names and scores for the Fred Bills event, including names like D E Thomas, E Silver, D Battle, etc.

The Pinehurst Midwinter Handicap.

AMONG the innovations which have done much to popularize the classic midwinter handicap at Pinehurst, N. C., is the selection of the handicap committee from "shooters in attendance and covering as wide a range of territory as possible." As a result, the participants have the important subject of handicapping in their own hands, and the end attained is the solution of a difficult problem, which other big shoots have found a hard nut to crack. Thus, the entrant is assured not only fair play, but intelligent consideration, the voice and vote of some one whose statements are fact, not surmise, for "reputation" is frequently a fickle thing, invariably over-generous in estimate of skill.

Equally successful promise to be the new feature scheduled for this year's shoot, Jan. 22-25, which divides the field into three classes, with division trophies in each in addition to the regular trophies. The aim is to provide for the average shot, who is usually outclassed.

Representing as it does all sections, the event has become a leader in its comprehensive scope, embracing the best ideas of North, South, East and West. In a word, the resort element so conspicuous in golf here, is showing itself in trapshooting.

H. L. JILLSON, Sec'y.

Grand Forks Gun Club.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., Sept. 16.—The Grand Forks Gun Club, reorganized last spring, have just closed a very successful season, and will start next year with better prospects than ever before. We have leased the grounds, built a new club house, and will install another trap in preparation for the annual shoot of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association, which will be held here next year. Following are the scores of our last shoot for the gun club trophies:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Hale	300 279	Duis	150 131
Fletcher	300 269	Plins	150 108
Woods	300 246	McKinnon	150 121
Budge	300 218	Ludvigson	100 89
Eckman	300 211	O'Reilly	100 91
Anderson	225 160	Colborn	100 73

P. U. ECKMAN, Sec'y.

Smith Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 21.—Few shooters turned out this afternoon at Smith Gun Club. Sweepstake shooting was popular. High gun went to E. H. Taylor, who managed to smash 141 out of 150. Scores:

D D Engle.....	22 22 21 22
I P Lawton.....	18 15 21 19 12
J Baldwin	22 19 24 21 23 24 21 23 ..
E H Taylor	24 24 24 20 25 24
M Apgar	19 20 22 18 22 22 22 19 17
F W Hassinger.....	18 20 20 21 16
H Higgs	22 22 23 23 22 24
C Creigler	19 21 20 20
H Parcello	17 16 17 16

Guernsey Gun Club.

GUERNSEY, Ia., Sept. 14.—Our regular practice day, to-day, found several of our club present. The weather being rather cloudy and windy, was not a good afternoon for target shooting. The following scores were made:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
A Dalezal	25 21	F W Cordes.....	25 7
Joe Dalezal	45 35	W H Bonn.....	20 9
A Grabin	20 18	C F Hinrich....	15 4
C E Groff.....	45 23	*M L Hahn.....	10 5
J W Dobbins... ..	70 60	A Wahl	20 4
R Wenger	45 26	L C Furney....	10 7
C F Foster.....	10 5	E E Dobbins... ..	15 9

*Visitor. J. W. DOBBINS, Pres.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

THE following scores were made over the traps of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Sept. 21. Edmonson was high gun and was the only one to score 90 per cent.:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Edmonson.	120 108	Britton	80 71
Moller	120 105	Lewis	80 63
Mock	120 94	Neighbors	60 37
Truax	120 74	Stittle	40 30

R. R.

Daniel Boone Gun Club.

MARTHASVILLE, Mo., Sept. 21.—The following scores were made here to-day at practice, the figures in parentheses denoting number shot at: A. F. Ahmann (50) 47, Gus Lichtenberg (50) 46, J. Mutert (50) 40, J. O. Wilson (50) 40; H. W. Meyer (50) 35, Hy. Bollmann (50) 32, L. Struebbe (25) 19, F. Mutert (25) 21, J. McVey (25) 18. J. O. WILSON, Sec'y.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.



Mammoth Denver Handicap

A Harvest of Victory

For Shooters of World-Beating Guns and Shells

Most sensational shooting of great "Mile High" event another sterling tribute to record-breaking *Remington-UMC* Arms and Ammunition.

R. H. Bruns, shooting Speed Shells, makes Brilliant String of Scores

Among this 21-year-old marksman's star achievements were:

- Broke 200 straight first day
- Won High Amateur Average of whole shoot, 494 x 500
- Made longest run of Handicap, 283 straight
- Broke 683 x 700, including Handicap Targets

Denver Handicap Event: Four shooters of *Remington-UMC* shells tied with the winner.

Championship on Doubles: Wm. Ridley, shooting *Remington-UMC* Arrow Steel Lined Shells, scored 96 on 50 pairs of doubles, making a world's record for this event.

Preliminary Handicap: Won by H. E. Whitney, 98 x 100, shooting *Remington-UMC* Pump Gun.

Second: R. H. Bruns, 97 x 100, shooting same ammunition.

Post Trophy, Handicap Championship of Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico: Won by C. F. Nelson, 97 x 100, shooting *Remington-UMC* Pump Gun and Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

STEEL LINED FAVORITES WIN WESTY HOGAN SHOOT

Shooters of *Remington-UMC* — "the perfect shooting combination" — predominate at famous Atlantic City meet.

Westy Hogan Championship: Won by C. H. Newcomb, 99 x 100 and 19 x 20 in shoot-off, shooting *Remington-UMC* Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

Bull Durham Trophy: Won by J. S. Young, 146 x 150, shooting *Remington-UMC* Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells.

Remington-UMC—a century's experience to back up your aim. **Winners at Olympic Games, Winners at Grand American Handicap, Winners at Western Handicap. STILL WINNING!**

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299-301 Broadway - - - - - New York, N. Y.

Baltimore Rod and Gun Club.

BALTIMORE, Md., Sept. 18.—The above-named club is now arranging for a great live-bird shoot on Thanksgiving Day, at which time we anticipate shooters from Philadelphia, Pa.; Washington, D. C., and Virginia. Our practice shoot on Sept. 12 had the following scores:

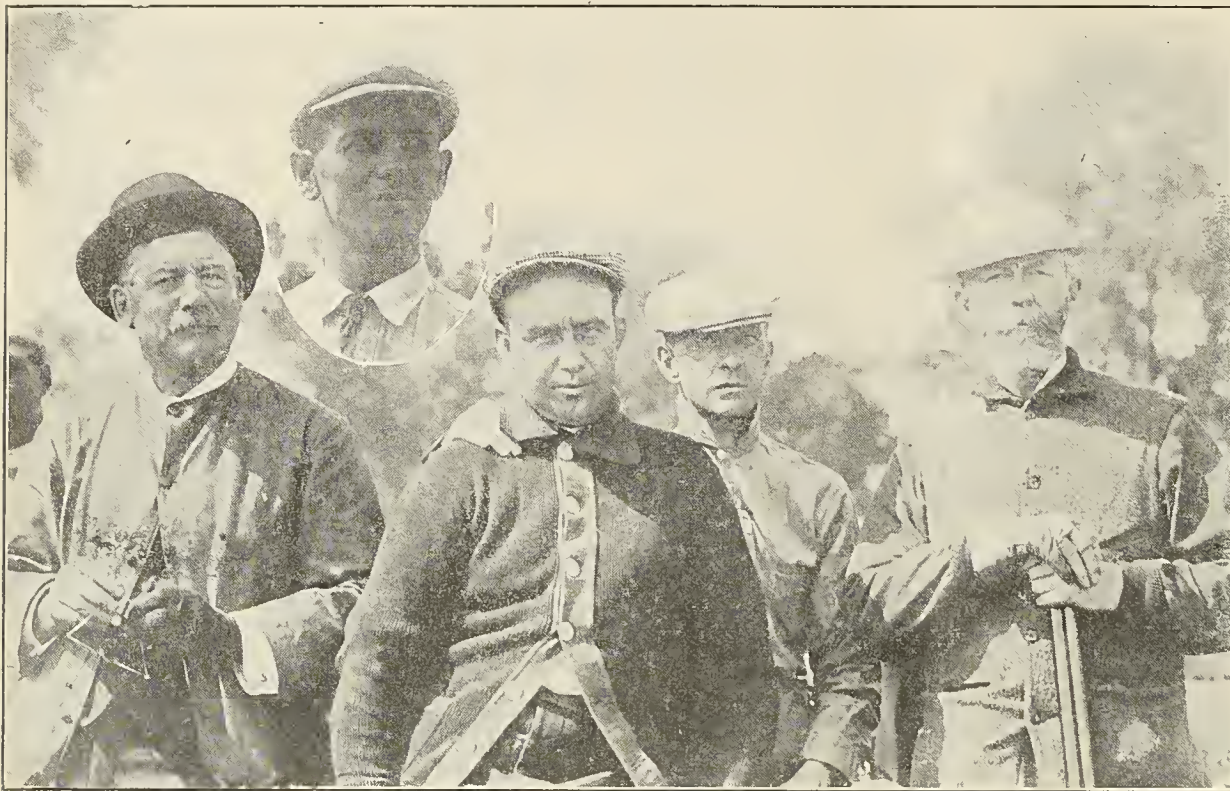
Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
H N Williams..	48 42	J Dolman	35 32
Dr R G Barker	50 36	WM MURRAY, Sec'y.	

Holdrege Gun Club.

HOLDREGE, Neb., Sept. 14.—Appended are the scores made at the registered tournament held at this place by the Holdrege Gun Club, on Sept. 5 and 6. High gun for the two days was H. J. Rebhausen, who shattered 283 out of 300. Second went to E. W. Varner with 275. Our gun club wishes to thank Mr Bert Manning, of Hastings, Neb., and the company he represents, for his services as cashier. Sept. 5 scores:

W Watkins	117	Fred Nelson	126
M Hosler	125	C Winquest	127
J C Den	120	T Hufford	127
M K Neville.....	132	Geo Hufford	117

H J Rebhausen.....	140	Dave Hufford	113
C D Linderman.....	131	H Lambert	108
S A Huntley.....	129	D Frew	128
C C Holzworth.....	128	C W Lyons.....	119
Fred Southard	126	Fred Call	125
E D Varner.....	136	A M Keys.....	98
J Oram	125		
Professionals:			
D D Gross.....	148	J S Day.....	137
G W Maxwell.....	142		
Sept. 6 scores:			
W Watkins	135	C Winquest	133
M Hosler	135	Thos Hufford	129
J C Den.....	124	Geo Hufford	129
M K Neville.....	134	Dave Hufford	119
H J Rebhausen.....	143	Ward Hufford	107
C D Linderman.....	135	H Lambert	112
E Carstensen	94	Dr Neville	103
C C Holzworth.....	136	Ed Myers	126
F Southard	133	L Zobel	140
E W Varner	139	F Call	132
J Oram	120	Carpenter	54
F Nelson	130	Bolt	22
Professionals:			
J S Day.....	146	D D Gross.....	141
G Maxwell	141		



R. H. BRUNS (UPPER LEFT) WINNER OF HIGH AVERAGE. ON RIGHT OF PICTURE, A. E. M'KENZIE, MANAGER OF SHOOT.

G Cooper	91	J Rohrer	96
D Gross	95	C D Plank	96
Fred Gilbert	97	W Shemwell	92
F Campbell	97	J W Garrett	93
W S Hoon	91	R Scheldkecht	91
W Wetleaf	97	A C Rice	84
Wm Ridley	98	R W Hayne	53
Rile Thompson	86	W Peck	87
C G Spencer	98	T Hufford	84
Skelley	96	G Hutton	80
C Eaton	91	G K Mackie	90
H E Snyder	93	H D Freeman	92
F W Oswald	90	E C Little	88
O W Stevens	87	T H Clay, Jr.	80
W R Tenant	97	H Dixon	94
J W Stevenson	83	W A Waddington ..	94
G T Astell	81	L C Grant	94
W Veach	84	H N Bellinger	82
J Bradford	86	V J King	85
H L Winzried	92	W E Gratt	93
Dan Darby	81	F F Slocum	92
E Kennedy	83	A H Goering	82
J W Strider	88	W H Cowan	83
W A Brown	94	J P White	92
S A Huntley	91	C E Bidersen	88
Kit Carson	95	D Linderman	93
C M Hoeriter	88	A McKinnis	88
W H Anderson	83	C Mossberg	59
M S Keen	96	J L Dodds	89
John Sharps	93	J H Dreher	79
Geo Browning	93	R E Murray	95
T E Browning	89	J A Blunt	86
Ed O'Brien	94		

Tournaments have been promoted in years past largely for mercenary gain. The management of the Denver handicap has been against this policy for years, and not only established a precedent in large tournaments held here, but has preached the prohibition of unsportsmanlike encroachment upon the loyalty of trap shooting. Were it not for the loyalty of the enterprising business men in their contributions to the deficiency fund, supporting this undertaking, it would be impossible to offer the inducements set forth in the Denver Handicap.

With this object in view, the shooters left their homes in almost every State of the Union, and with gun in hand, started for Denver. We may say that all railroads lead to Denver, and this brought the Southern shooters in larger number than any previous tournament. Mr. R. R. Skinner, of Birmingham, brought a special car of the best of the good ones from several of the Southern States. As will appear later on, it is the consensus of opinion of the shooters present, including the winner himself, that Mr. Skinner should have the trophy in his car now speeding southward.

The Denver Handicap

Special Report

DENVER, Sept. 9.—This was practice day at Overland Park, where the biggest event of the year was held. A few shooters were on the firing line during the forenoon. They had it shown them that the master tournament promoter and manager, R. E. McKenzie, had planned correctly, and was in "apple pie" order. The layout could not be improved. If one takes into consideration the grounds, the buildings, the background and the usual weather conditions in this Denver climate, the scribe feels warranted in making the statement that there is no other place in the United States can surpass the conditions here found at Overland Park.

The traps were set in a line just outside the race-track, facing east, shooters standing on the track, the land in front being smooth and level.

When the advance guard of "good shots" arrived they were compelled to remain indoors for an hour, as a hard shower came up. The large room under the grand stand was comfortable. The boys had time to look over the shells, and surely there were enough of them—a whole carload of Winchester, Remington-U. M. C., Peters and Black shells.

Then the office was found to be ready and fitted up with wire screens, tables, desks, etc., nothing to do but sweep off the dust and open up the books and take the entries. Here again the management had not "overlooked a bit," as the old-timer, the man who has handled all the money at the Grand American Handicap, Fred Whitney, was behind the pigeon hole, smiling at all as he passed out the receipt slip. Occupying the adjoining booth was Marshall Sharp, who with plenty of young men assistants, was eager to compile the scores.

Mr. McKenzie had not overlooked any of the details. The rain ceased by 2 P. M., and the 100-target race was started. One hundred and fifty-eight men tried out the speed, flight and general working of the ten traps. W. R. Crosby showed up in his 1912 form and missed only his 95th target.

Practice Day, Sept. 9.

Practice, 100 targets:	
C Gammon	90
W R Crosby	99
W Edwards	91
M Watts	91
H Sherman	48
R A King	96
B E Moritz	94
W Thomas	98
J McDuffey	93
Wm Bowman	95
A H Bond	74
H Kahler	90
F Plum	87
E W Renfro	93
F A Rogers	86
T Marshall	94
R H Bruns	96
J J McDonald	95
J E McDonald	87
A C Connor	90
J N McNair	87
W A Frame	98
Geo Tucker	90
T E Schofield	92
W T Jordon	78
C T Rankin	90
E W Arnold	95
F Luther	86
C Holzenworth	93
Dan Bray	74
G A Schroeder	78
C H Stewart	95
F Caldwell	95
J S Day	95
Nick Arie	94
L Reed	89
W A Leach	87
W W Cocke	94
Geo Maxwell	98
J M Barrett	93
W M Griffith	95
W A Campbell	92
J A Oram	92
H G Taylor	93
A M Shaw	91
E C Henshaw	87
C J Nelson	90
H J Rathensen	91

J McClain	88	W Watkins	85
A Barnett	85	M K Newelle	85
R H Barnes	91	M F Hosler	89
Geo Bancroft	83	C G Gellatly	89
Y C Ford	90	E J Morgan	94
Miss O'Connell	89	R W Lenox	90
R W Clancey	84	H S Mills	96
A Heil	93	J F Cowan	91
J C Bitterling	84	Chas Reiley, Jr.	97
Norris	94	R R Skinner	92
Dan O'Connell	93	J H Hillman	80
G W Jenkins	92	W T Laslie	91
R C Hubbard	50	J K Warren	91
P E Nelson	93	E R Alexander	92
H E Whitney	88	A W Huff	95
E Hoyne	94	A Larcander	80
E W Varner	98	N Franklin	84
E T Gibbs	75	W H Shelton	82
B Dixon	94	S Clark	89

First Day, Sept. 10.

The first day had ten 20-target events, divided Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1. While the entries were being made the shooters were called before the amphitheater for the purpose of being welcomed by the Mayor of the city. Mr. Ambrose E. McKenzie, the presiding genius on all such gatherings, called the shooters' attention to the welcome that was to be extended to them by the Mayor, and regretted to state that the Mayor, who is a thorough sportsman and believed in the true principles of sportsmanship, was called away on business, but that we had with us Judge Gavin, a man who had trailed the buffalo in the early days.

Judge Gavin proved the man for the place, and was delighted with the large attendance of scattergun artists. He said with much emphasis that in all his life he never met a man fond of the chase with the dog and gun that was not the perfection of honor. "Denver is yours," he



CAPT. A. H. HARDY AND A BEVY OF ENTHUSIASTS.

said. "We welcome you to our city and our homes. If any of you are out a little late or should digress a bit, just remember that I am judge; call me up day or night."

Now, Mr. McKenzie spotted Chief Heap Talk, and called him to respond for the shooters. So our Tom thanked the Judge and the good people of Colorado for their hospitality, knowing of no place he would sooner be at the present moment than in Denver upon the great shooting ground at Overland Park. Our Tom could not refrain from a little diversion as to Shaner's bald head. So he was called out to greet the boys.

Mr. Shaner said he was passing through on his way home from the Pacific Coast Handicap, and could not pass without a "look in." He referred to the big shoot he conducted here six years ago, when there were 311 men entered, and thought most of the men here were in at the Berkeley shoot, and with the hope that the best man would win, he bid us all goodspeed.

Mr. McKenzie explained the rules and told the trappers, pullers, referees and scorers to get busy, and Mr. Gannon opened the ball with the first gun, and Bill Crosby followed, and soon it was bang, bang, heap bang, from fifty odd guns, and the great Denver shoot of 1912 was on.

As the popping kept up, it was seen that some great scores would be the result, and so it proved. The old-timer from O'Fallon was at the top, as usual, with 199. He was in "hot" company, as E. W. Varner ran 184 straight and wound up with 197, having as a partner, H. C. Kirkwood, of Chicago. Those with 195 were J. S. Day, C. G. Spencer, B. J. Stark, H. G. Taylor, J. C. Norris, W. A. Waddington and R. H. Bruns.

Second Day, Sept. 11.

The attendance was increased somewhat, while but few dropped out with sore shoulders. When the time came for the sun to appear in the east Old Sol did not show through the hazy fog, and it looked unfavorable for trapshooting. The oldest inhabitant came to our rescue and told the facts in the case that the haze was the forerunner of a fine day; and he was right, the day was perfect, nothing to prevent making 200 straight only failure to pull the trigger at the right time. This was proven by the scores made.

In the amateurs we find they did the professionals quite for like numbers. So here we have it: R. H. Bruns 200, R. A. King 197, S. A. Huntley 197, A. Hill 196, C. B. Plank 195, H. Dixon, W. A. Waddington, Nick Arie and W. A. Brown 194. Many more were above the 95 class.

Chas. G. Spencer led the gang of representatives with 197, with John W. Garrett as his running mate. T. Bill and "Happy Ed." came on strong with 196; George Maxwell and Kirkwood 195; Clancy 194, J. S. Day 193.

Did you see that 200 made by young Bruns? He is a young fellow from Brookville, Ind. He says he is twenty-one and has been shooting for two years. He closed the day with an unfinished run of 241. C. B. Eaton, the steady shot from Missouri, let only two little saucers reach the ground in the form they left the trap. R. A. King had a bad half hour in last 20 and finished with 197.

Third Day, Sept. 12.

The program called for 100 targets, in five strings of 20 targets each, with a separate event money divided per cent. system, 40, 30, 20 and 10, not high guns. Something novel for handicaps, eh? The other 100 consisted of 50 pairs of doubles, each 20 to constitute a race, with the money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Much interest was centered in both events and both turned up winners that broke all records. Where one Bill Crosby stood at 23yds, and made 98, there was record-smashing. The way the little saucers go to dust show that T. Bill has caught on, as he used the same three-dram load that he does at 16yds. Mr. Whitney, from Anthony, Kans., came on in great form, and tied the high man with 98 from the 19 peg, and Bruns from 21yds. showed some "busting" ability, and lined out 97. There were so many other good scores that you must study the table.

The double shooting brought to the shooting world another great performer, making a world's record. Wm. Ridley, one of Iowa's best, lost but 4 out of the 100—a great total of 96. There is another Iowa "feeler" that will bear watching, being no other than S. A. Huntley from the corn State of Iowa. He surprised all with 95. H. Kahler seemed to catch on with his borrowed gun, and was not far behind with 92. Fred Gilbert kept his record good by leading all the men in his class with 91, while J. S. Day came on with 90.

There were some good pots won in the sweeps, some of them being as much as \$33.50. Look the scores over and see what your friends did.

1st Day. 2d Day. 3d Day. Total.

Table with 4 columns: Name, 1st Day, 2d Day, 3d Day, Total. Lists names like R. R. Skinner, J. H. Hillman, W. T. Tashe, etc.

Another Clean Sweep and A New World's Record MADE WITH WINCHESTER Red W Goods At The Great Big Denver Handicap At the Westy Hogan Shoot Winchester Shells and Guns Are Continuous In Winning

Another Clean Sweep and A New World's Record

MADE WITH

WINCHESTER

Red W Goods At The

Great Big Denver Handicap

As shown below, every event on the program of this big shoot was won with Winchester goods, and in addition W. R. Crosby hung up a new World's Record by breaking 98 x 100 targets from the 23 yard mark in the Preliminary Handicap.

Preliminary Handicap: Won by Harry Whitney with "Leader" Loaded Shells.

Denver Handicap: Won by C. B. Eaton with "Leader" Loaded Shells.

High for All Targets: Won by Chas. G. Spencer with "Leader" Loaded Shells and a Winchester Repeating Shotgun.

High Amateur for All Targets: Won by S. H. Huntley with a Winchester Repeating Shotgun.

At the Westy Hogan Shoot

High Amateur for the Three Days: W. H. Buckwalter and Mr. Bowen shooting Winchester Guns and Winchester Shells tied with another shooter on 431 targets.

Double Championship: Won by Al Heil with Winchester Shells. Score 91 x 100.

Atlantic City Cup: Won by Al Heil with Winchester Shells. Score 144 x 150.

Longest Run of the Tournament: Made by J. M. Hawkins. Score 125 straight. Mr. Hawkins shot Winchester Shells and Winchester Repeating Shotgun.

Winchester Shells and Guns Are Continuous In Winning

Table with 4 columns: Name, 1st Day, 2d Day, 3d Day, Total. Lists names like P. Bergerson, W. J. Coats, J. A. Blount, etc.

Peters Shells

WIN A GREAT VICTORY AT THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL., JUNE 18-21

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP—Won by Wm. S. Hoon, 94 x 100 and 18 x 20 in shoot off.

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP—Wm. S. Hoon tied for 1st place, 192 x 200.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP—C. A. Young made High Professional Score, 95 x 100 from 22 yards.

PROFESSIONAL DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP—J. S. Day and Walter Huff tied for 1st—84 x 50 pairs.

AMATEUR DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP—Harry W. Kahler 2d—88 x 50 pairs.

There were no 16-yard targets at the Grand American, and therefore, no targets that will figure in the season's average. It must be apparent, however, that in figuring the average at Springfield, the scores made on practice day, the double target event, and the Consolation Handicap should be eliminated—the Consolation because it was not open to all. The real Amateur Average was therefore won by Mr. Hoon, on his score of 380 x 400.

HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE—All single targets, W. S. Hoon—380 x 400.

Practice Day: 2d Professional Average, H. D. Freeman, 192 x 200. 2d Amateur Average, Bart Lewis, 191 x 200.

All the above used the Red P Ammunition. A fitting climax to a wonderful succession of winnings. The superior quality of "steel where steel belongs" shells absolutely proven.

For Field or Trap, there is no shot-gun ammunition that gives the unalloyed satisfaction that can be gotten with the Red P Brand.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

NEW YORK: 98 Chambers St., T. H. Keller, Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO: 608-612 Howard St., J. S. French, Manager.

NEW ORLEANS: 321 Magazine St., Lee Omohundro, Manager.

G C Browning.....	184	183	..	367	R A King.....	194	197	95	476	C G Spencer	23	94	Schofield	18	88
T L Browning.....	168	170	93	431	F King	163	159	76	395	C B Eaton	23	90	Barnes	18	86
W S Vincent.....	177	186	92	455	L C Grant.....	190	192	93	475	H E Snider	23	91	Ford	18	86
H S Mills.....	188	185	96	469	J H Dreher.....	173	183	94	450	Ed O'Brien	23	96	Stevens	18	93
J F Cowan.....	186	183	92	461	P H O'Brien.....	191	189	..	380	A S Huntley	23	92	E J Cairns	18	90
O H Reiley, Jr.....	187	189	96	472	A H Boyd.....	175	177	88	440	G Maxwell	23	93	P J Cairns	18	91
C H Sewart.....	192	187	97	476	A C Connor.....	169	175	97	441	H Kahler	23	88	A P Rice	18	88
F Caldwell.....	191	189	96	476	G C Gallathy.....	186	182	90	458	J W Garrett	23	90	A Peck	18	90
J M Barrett.....	194	189	94	477	F W McNair.....	185	194	97	476	H Freeman	23	92	Watkins	18	94
V Cate.....	187	191	96	474	W H France.....	191	193	93	477	H Dixon	23	91	Strider	18	93
W M Griffith.....	169	178	88	435	Geo Tucker	189	189	94	472	J P White	23	93	A M Carson	18	93
M F Campbell.....	182	171	92	455	L E Schofield.....	186	183	94	463	H Kirkwood	23	87	D Bray	18	91
A M Shaw.....	179	183	93	455	S Clark	184	185	93	462	Nick Arie	23	88	A M Shaw	18	93
E C Henshaw.....	186	185	97	468	Chas Gammon	189	194	95	478	W R Clancey	22	90	C J Nelson	18	86
J Maland.....	193	183	96	472	W Edwards	177	188	92	457	Waddington	22	94	D Linderman	18	91
C F Nelson.....	175	185	93	453	M Watts	175	178	91	444	W Wetleaf	22	92	Browning	18	94
H T Winzenreid.....	176	192	92	460	G W Jenkins.....	173	170	92	435	H Ridley	22	85	Cowan	18	88
W J Jordan.....	177	179	86	442	R C Hubbard.....	161	163	85	409	E W Arnold	22	84	Reiley	18	90
J A Oram.....	177	177	89	443	H E Whitney.....	187	186	93	466	H G Taylor	22	95	Skinner	18	88
R W Hoyne.....	161	174	88	423	E W Renfro.....	188	180	93	461	M S Keen	22	88	Sarcander	18	92
A C Rice.....	180	183	86	449	W A Waddington.....	195	194	94	484	J F Sharp	22	92	Shudrecht	18	95
W W Coche.....	185	188	93	466	H N Bellinger.....	184	188	93	465	J Rohrer	22	91	Hubbard	18	88
Nick Arie	194	194	95	483	L M White.....	165	175	..	340	C D Plank	22	93	A Olsen	18	89
H Anderson	185	190	92	467	R J Starkey.....	195	191	94	480	W Veach	22	79	Leach	18	79
L Reed	188	187	95	470	W R Miller.....	179	179	W E Grubb	22	90	Eades	18	92
E W Varner.....	197	196	98	491	J J Sweet.....	173	173	T M Ehler	22	85	Bitteson	18	89
E T Gibbs.....	174	179	95	448	J F Breitenstein.....	..	179	92	271	W R Thomas	22	87	Gunning	18	94
Bert Dixon	188	185	95	468	J E Meyers.....	..	177	..	177	P H O'Brien	21	87	F Nelson	18	89
Guy Cooper	184	188	92	464	D Neville	171	..	171	W H Frame	21	91	McKenzie	18	92
F Campbell	194	194	97	485	Wm Bowen	183	183	W Bowman	21	93	Edwards	18	91
Dan Darby	190	189	93	472	A E Peasley.....	157	157	R H Bruns	21	97	Spiegel	18	84
C G Yowell.....	193	196	96	485	Professionals:					C G Yowell.....	21	91	Kennedy	17	87
M L Holiday.....	189	181	89	459	W R Crosby.....	199	196	96	491	R Thompson	21	88	Dreher	17	93
P K Cairns.....	191	184	92	477	H E Sherman.....	169	181	..	340	C Hochreiter	21	87	Barnett	17	89
P J Cairns.....	192	188	95	475	T A Marshall.....	189	185	93	467	C Holsworth	21	84	Eveland	17	87
L Hoyne	184	191	91	476	Wm Bowman	187	186	97	470	E J Morgan	21	87	Oran	17	89
A Heil	191	196	100	487	R W Clancey.....	189	194	93	476	W Shemwell	21	87	Grubbs	17	91
J C Bitterling.....	175	175	84	454	Dell Gross	185	182	96	463	R J Starkey.....	21	89	Griffith	17	88
J C Norris.....	195	192	95	482	J S Day.....	196	193	93	482	L G Grant	21	93	Campbell	17	87
Dr Bradfield	164	174	..	338	Fred Gilbert	194	193	93	480	S Marshall	20	88	Jordan	17	87
P Eveland	178	177	66	421	C G Spencer.....	196	197	99	492	P W McNew	20	95	Browning	17	90
H C Stillwell.....	159	162	80	401	Ed O'Brien	194	196	98	488	R Tarrant	20	92	Hillman	17	86
B E Moritz.....	193	189	97	479	Geo Maxwell	194	195	98	487	B E Moritz	20	94	Mackie	17	87
W R Thomas.....	191	192	95	478	H G Taylor.....	195	190	98	483	T J Donald	20	91	McKennis	17	91
Joe Duffee	182	178	91	452	E J Morgan.....	192	189	98	479	D Darby	20	93	Hubbard	17	86
R H Bruns.....	195	200	99	494	J W Garrett.....	190	197	100	487	J C Norris	20	94	Kundle	17	92
T J Donald.....	191	188	90	469	H D Freeman.....	188	192	98	478	H Anderson	20	85	Moncravie	16	91
T E Donald.....	186	183	95	464	A H Hardy.....	189	183	92	464	B A Dixon.....	20	95	R B Brown	16	90
P H Meehan.....	150	161	86	397	Lou Erhart	162	175	90	437	D D Gross	20	93	W R Miller	16	91
Dan O'Connell.....	179	164	93	436	J T Skelly.....	189	189	W Rebhauser	20	94	F Plum	16	86
F J Cairns.....	187	188	88	463	W E Grubb.....	194	186	99	479	W A Brown	20	91	W Watt	16	93
J S Frim.....	171	162	86	430	H McMurchy.....	178	188	89	455	E H Stewart	20	88	C Mossberg	16	85
C F Nelson.....	183	188	96	470	H C Kirkwood.....	197	195	90	488	J H Calwell	20	89	R W Hoyne	16	81
T A Rogers.....	181	188	87	456	Third day, 100-target handicap:					J M Barrett.....	20	97	H King	16	89
Jim McClain	196	186	94	460	H. T.					Vava Cate	20	95	P H Boyd	16	85
A Barnett	179	169	91	439	W R Crosby	23	98	J Maland	20	94	Mrs O'Connell	16	92
R B Barnes.....	173	190	87	450	R A King	23	91	W L Laslie	20	89	G Axtel	16	92
G W Bancroft.....	181	451	W R Anderson	19	91	A W Huff	20	96	McDuffy	16	92
T C Ford	179	181	91	451	H Mills	19	91	T H Clay, Jr.....	20	91	Meehan	16	86
Mrs D O'Connell.....	169	169	82	420	A Heil	23	92	J K Warren	19	93	Finn	16	89
F W Oswald.....	182	188	90	460	J S Day	23	94	E Alexander	19	93	Bitterling	16	89
A W Sevens.....	177	181	94	452	E W Varner	23	86	Bowen	18	95	Stillwell	16	89
W R Garratt.....	188	192	90	470	F Gilbert	23	95	H Sherman	18	88	Luther	16	85
T W Stevenson.....	178	188	94	460	F Campbell	23	93	Renfro	18	92	Rankin	16	82
G T Astell.....	169	171	85	415	W S Hoon	23	88	Geo Tucker	18	88	Neville	16	80

S Clark	19	95	Schroeder	16	85
H Whitney	19	98	Jenkins	16	91
Ballinger	19	87	Vincent	16	94
A C Connor	19	95	Franklin	16	85
C Gallanly	19	93	Shelton	16	80
J McClain	19	96	McCreary	16	83
Oswold	19	90	Little	16	88
J W Steven	19	83	C Horitz	16	84
T E Donald	19	93	Dodds	16	87
D O'Connell	19	88	Hulburt	16	89
H Ogilvie	19	90	Erhardt	16	87
T A Rogers	19	92	Mitchell	16	81
M Holiday	19	83	Klingenberg	16	88
P J Cairns	19	97	W H Cowan	16	96
S Hoyne	19	90	Bergenson	16	86
W W Cocks	19	91	W Coats	16	79
L Reed	19	91	J Bell	16	88
Guy Cooper	19	91	Margenson	16	91
A M Mastin	19	95	Chabe	16	84
J C Den	19	83	R C Hulburt	16	84
M F Hosler	19	88	W E Phillips	16	83
E Henshaw	19	95	J J Sweet	16	88
H Winzenried	19	93	C F Nelson	16	97

Fifty pairs per man, shot the third day as five sweepstakes, 20 targets each:

T W McVain	86	A C Connor	87
D O'Connell	77	William Peck	74
A G Spencer	88	H Arcander	67
E H Whitney	75	H Kirkwood	79
R Thompson	83	V Cates	85
J Rogers	70	R E Brown	76
G E Browning	16	J C Bitterling	78
S A Huntley	95	W R Thomas	89
J S Day	90	T H Clay	67
S W Jenkins	53	H D Freeman	84
W Laslie	14	C D Plank	83
C C Holzworth	81	H McMurchy	85
E C Henshaw	84	F F Slocum	78
J F Sharp	80	T E Scofield	67
J A Blount	73	H G Taylor	80
A E McKenzie	74	W A Brown	82
A W Huff	77	C M Hochvicht	70
F Luther	53	C Nelson	71
J M Barrett	72	W H Anderson	82
W F Campbell	59	J C Norris	71
H S Mills	79	M Arie	87
B E Moritz	85	F Plum	74
W Bowman	81	J H Hillman	52
E J Morgan	57	Ed O'Brien	85
J Rohrer	89	F Gilbert	91
J W Garrett	82	W R Crosby	74
F Campbell	75	Dan Bray	74
George Tucker	77	G A Schroeder	75
D D Gross	76	E W Arnold	80
C B Eaton	80	W H McCreary	69
H Heit	87	George Maxwell	80
J C Bittering	75	W Griffith	69
H E Snyder	85	H C Stillwell	67
E S Browning	65	R A King	89
William Ridley	96	J McDuffey	69
H Kahler	92	H Dixon	84
R R Skinner	71	A M Shaw	75
J Warren	78	W W Henwell	73
H L Weizenreid	78	A H Hardy	86
R W Clancy	85	W Beach	75
T A Marshall	81		

Last Day, Sept. 13.

First came the 100 targets—five events of 20 targets each, at 10yds. for all. The scores will show that the "pick-ups" on this day were not much, and would not enrich the club. Why? John W. Garrett, Heil and Rebhauser made 100 even, while Hoon, Sharp, Bruns, Spencer and Grubbs lost but one each. Besides this, see how the 98s and 97s loom up.

When this part of the program was completed, then came the summary of the four days for the 500 targets. When the cashier and compiler had done some heap "quick figure," it was found that the money-back surplus amounted to \$377.75, which was proportioned among the high guns as follows: Bruns, \$49 for high gun with 494; Varner, \$45.25 with 491; Easton, \$37.70 with 490; Huntley, \$33.95 with 489; Sharp, \$30.15 with 488; Heil, \$26.40, with 487; H. Dixon, \$20.70 with \$4.86; King, \$20.70, with 486; Yowell, \$14.95 with 485; Campbell, \$14.95 with 485; Keen, \$11.30, with 484; Waddington, \$11.30 with 484; Norris, \$5.65 with 483; J. Rohrer, \$5.65 with 483; Hoon, \$4.30 with 482; Plank, \$4.30 with 482.

And such is the shooting game of to-day in the Far West. Not enough lost targets to put any "spice" into the game—too monotonous.

We have here Spencer 492, Crosby 491, Kirkwood 488, O'Brien 488, John Garrett 487, Geo. Maxwell 487.

Now, we come to the closing event, the Denver Handicap, with a goodly sum of money for the winner and twelve moneys, class shooting, for the others; per cent. system, not high guns, thus, 14, 13, 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 3, 2.

The handicap committee made some changes in their first attempt and set back the winners of Thursday so they did not show so well. For some reason, they all steadied down, and such scores were never made before upon any occasion. The scores were all so good that a perusal of them, with the money slips they passed in to the cashier, will interest the reader. It will be of concern to mention that Riley Thompson lost his last target and got in the tie with six others. This one particular target would have brought him the neat little sum of \$466—quite an addition to the bank roll. Be it remembered that this is the second time that Riley has tied on 97 in this golden city, and lost out on both occasions. Here is the story of the finish.

Pot, \$2,078.80, divided as follows: Each of the following good ones got \$77.70 for their score of 97: C. B. Eaton, A. Martin, V. Cate, R. Thompson, J. Vincent, R. R. Skinner and R. E. Brown.

There were not so many 96s, and H. S. Mills, Dan Bray, T. C. Ford and W. H. Shelton got \$58.30.

Five divided \$30.70—F. McNair, France, J. H. Warren, F. Slocum and T. Ehler—for their 95.

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AMATEUR AVERAGES

R. H. Bungay	445 out of 475	Tony Prior	442 out of 475
W. H. Vanriety	443 out of 475	F. C. Moullen	442 out of 475
W. E. Staunton	443 out of 475	F. M. Newbert	441 out of 475

PROFESSIONAL AVERAGES

L. R. Barkley	458 out of 475	L. H. Reid	445 out of 475
Hugh Poston	453 out of 475	R. C. Reed	439 out of 475

High Average Winners use Powders

THE RECORD LONG RUNS FOR 1912

At the Brookfield, Mo., Registered Tournament, September 17-18, C. B. Eaton, an amateur of Fayette, Mo., made the 1912 Long Run Record*
332 Straight.

C. G. Spencer, of St. Louis, Mo., made the High Professional 1912 Long Run
309 Straight.

Mr. Eaton used DU PONT

Mr. Spencer used SCHULTZE

*Mr. Eaton had an unfinished run of 39 in Practice events on September 16, but as the events were not scheduled in the Program, his official "Long Run" for a Du Pont Trophy is only 293 made in program events on September 17 and 18.

What Powder Do You Use?

Those with 94 were in excess of the others, and they were awarded each \$21.90; they were R. A. King, F. Campbell, E. W. Arnold, J. McClain, Rebhauser, H. Anderson, W. Coche, L. Schofield and E. W. Boering.

As for the others, 93 paid \$10.50; 92, \$8.00; 91, \$9.55; 90, \$10.45; 89, \$11.95; 88, \$6.90; 87, \$6.70; 86, \$5.30.

Did you ever read of seven men tying in a handicap target race? Well, here they are: At 20 targets. Being called to the score with sky overcast, which brought quite a sprinkle of rain ere the finish, resulted: Eaton 20, Thompson 18, Cate 18, Skinner 20, Vincent 18, Martin 19, Brown 18.

On the second tie Eaton won with 19 to Skinner's 18. And yet, to the minds of many or most all who saw the shoot, there is a question as to the winner. Mr. Eaton lost a target in the first round, and if he was not balked then according to equity in the matter, Skinner with his 20 is the winner, regardless of the last 20. The trouble arose like this: Brown, shooting ahead of Eaton, shot, broke, and was scored dead; then Eaton in his turn, and with nothing said or done to balk him, took deliberate aim, called "pull," shot and missed. The referee was Mr. Nelson Franklin, a sporting goods dealer, and it is understood had asked Mr. McKenzie to assist him. Soon after Mr. Eaton shot, Mr. McKenzie

called out that the target Brown had shot just previous to Eaton, was a broken and thus "no target," and he should shoot at another. Brown shot another, and as was claimed, that Eaton had shot out of turn, he was asked to shoot another target, which he did and broke, and was scored dead in place of one previously missed. Mr. Skinner will ask the Interstate Association to give a ruling on this. Meantime, what do you say? The facts above are as stated to me by eye witnesses, as I did not see the shoot-off.

A pleasant feature not on the program was that of a surprise sprung by one Tom Marshall, who came on to the grounds sporting a new suit of light-colored "homespun." Looked kind of foxy. He passed among the shooters and asked them to meander out in front of the grand stand, as something was on tap. Presently Tom came upon the platform with something under his arm that looked like a flour barrel. Meantime, some one had suggested to McKenzie that he had better get the boys to shooting, as they were losing time. So he was caught unaware, while Tom made one of his best speeches, and wound up by presenting the manager with a silver cup as a token from all the contestants present, as they were from every State in the Union. What was needed then was a stenographer to take McKenzie's

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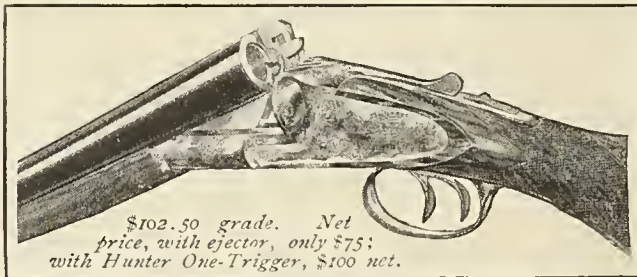
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hunting trip or cheat the game bag of a single bird.

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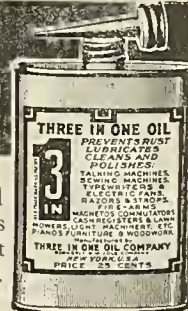
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reply while thanking the donors. It would furnish food for reflection, as it contained his opinion and appreciation of the character of such sportsmen as were before him. If Marshall cannot get such high scores as others he has them all beaten a mile and more when it comes to looking after the social part of these gatherings. Come to think of it, Tom should not be required to face the traps. While shooting he loses too much time which he could better spend making the shooters' lady friends feel that their presence is very much appreciated on all such occasions. The writer calls to mind the time when this same kindly disposed spirit presented him with a valuable prize on the eve of his team crossing the water, where he defeated all comers, both in the shooting game as well as the entertainment.

The Denver Handicap.

	Handicap.				Targets.				Total.
	Yards.	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	
R H Bruns	23	19	18	18	19	92			
N Arie	23	13	15	16	20	16	84		
J P White	23	19	19	17	17	91			
H Dixon	23	20	16	19	20	17	92		
H D Freeman	23	19	18	17	15	17	86		
J W Garrett	23	19	14	19	17	18	87		
H W Kahler	23	19	16	17	17	14	83		
A Heil	23	19	17	18	20	19	93		
R H King	23	18	19	19	19	17	92		
J F Day	23	19	18	18	18	19	92		
E W Varner	23	18	17	18	18	14	85		
F Gilbert	23	20	18	19	19	19	95		
F Campbell	23	19	19	19	19	18	94		
W S Hoon	23	18	15	16	19	13	81		
C G Spencer	23	17	19	19	20	20	95		
C B Eaton	23	20	19	20	20	18	97		
W R Crosby	23	18	18	19	19	20	94		
Ed O'Brien	23	19	20	19	20	18	96		
H E Snyder	23	18	20	16	19	17	90		
Geo Maxwell	23	19	20	20	18	18	95		
P J Cairns	22	18	20	18	19	17	92		
H E Whitney	22	14	19	18	18	18	87		
J M Barrett	22	19	18	17	17	17	88		
H Kirkwood	22	16	16	17	17	17	83		
W E Grubb	22	17	18	18	18	18	89		
Wm Veach	22	19	15	18	19	19	88		
C B Plank	22	20	19	18	19	16	92		
Joe Rohrer	22	17	19	18	20	17	91		
J F Sharp	22	18	19	17	19	18	88		
W Ridley	22	18	19	18	19	19	93		
W Wetleaf	22	19	19	19	20	16	93		
W A Waddington	22	18	13	19	16	19	85		
R W Clancy	22	18	19	15	19	17	88		
H G Taylor	22	18	19	19	19	20	95		
W R Thomas	22	19	17	16	17	17	86		
A M Mastin	21	20	20	19	20	18	97		
E C Henshaw	21	20	18	18	19	18	93		
J E Blunt	21	19	19	17	18	18	91		
A W Hoff	21	18	19	20	18	17	92		
V Cates	21	20	20	18	20	19	97		
B A Dixon	21	19	15	18	18	14	85		
F W McNair	21	19	20	19	18	19	95		
W Shemvcll	21	19	20	16	18	17	93		
R J Starky	21	19	18	19	19	17	92		
L C Grant	21	16	17	14	20	17	86		
W E Lashy	21	18	19	20	17	19	93		
M Skeen	21	15	15	16	19	20	85		
C Holzworth	21	18	17	18	14	17	84		
C M Hoehnder	21	19	18	17	19	20	92		
R Thompson	21	20	18	19	20	20	97		
C G Yowell	21	16	20	16	19	17	88		
W H French	21	19	20	19	18	18	95		
W Bowman	21	18	18	17	18	17	88		
E W Arnold	21	17	20	19	18	20	94		
C Gunning	20	20	19	18	17	15	89		
R Seldketch	20	18	19	19	19	18	96		
E R Alexander	20	19	19	17	18	19	92		
J K Warren	20	19	19	18	20	19	95		
Ul Winzreid	20	19	26	18	17	16	90		
T E Donald	20	18	17	17	19	19	90		
J McLean	20	19	20	16	19	20	94		
A C Connors	20	15	19	19	18	20	91		
S Clark	20	19	18	17	20	19	93		
T H Clay	20	18	19	16	17	19	89		
F Slocum	20	20	18	20	20	17	95		
G Gammem	20	16	17	16	15	20	84		
C H Stewart	20	17	18	19	17	18	84		



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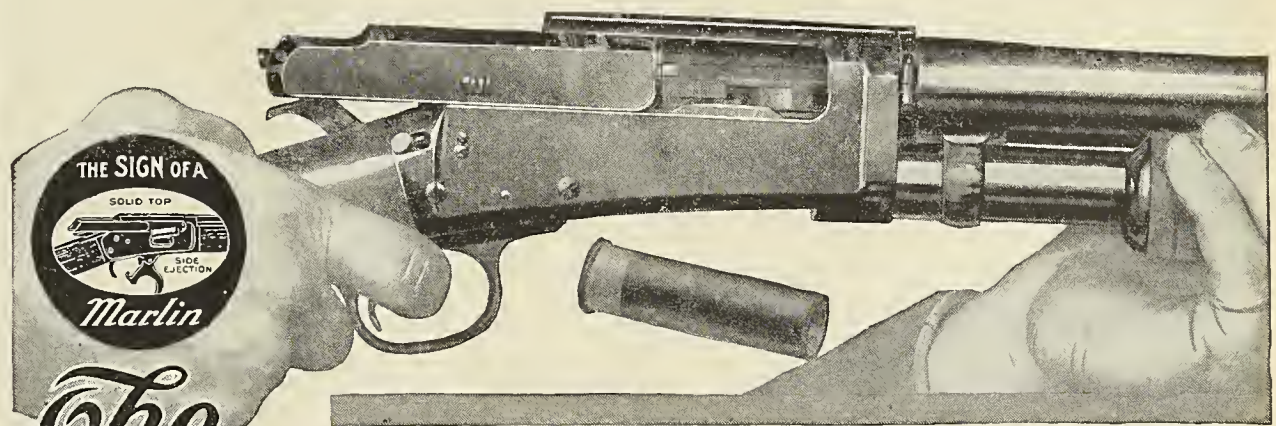
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	Handicap.	Targets					Total.
		Yards.	20	20	20	20	
J Caldwell	20	16	17	20	19	18	90
W A Brown	20	20	18	18	18	17	91
H Rebhauser	20	20	18	16	20	20	94
D F Gross	20	18	18	15	19	18	88
T A Marshall	20	20	16	14	16	17	86
T Ehler	20	19	18	18	20	20	96
B Moritz	20	19	20	17	16	18	95
Terrant	20	14	16	16	20	20	86
D Darby	20	19	18	18	19	18	92
J J Donald	20	18	18	15	17	17	85
H Anderson	20	19	20	18	18	19	94
J Malland	20	18	19	18	19	19	90
A Hardy	20	16	14	18	18	18	84
W McMurchy	20	16	14	18	18	18	84
J C Morris	19	18	20	18	17	17	92
A Georing	19	19	18	19	18	18	92
H Bellinger	19	16	19	20	19	15	89
C Gallatey	19	15	20	18	17	19	89
F Oswald	19	18	19	19	18	16	90
J W Stevenson	19	19	18	19	17	17	90
D O'Connell	19	19	18	19	17	16	89
H Agelis	19	18	19	18	17	16	87
P Rogers	19	20	19	17	18	17	91
S Hoyne	19	14	20	16	19	19	88
W Cooke	19	10	19	18	18	19	94
L Reed	19	19	18	19	17	15	88
G Cooper	19	18	19	18	20	18	96
J C Denn	19	16	16	18	19	18	87
M Hostler	19	19	15	18	15	14	81
H Mills	19	20	18	20	19	19	96
W Anderson	19	15	20	18	19	15	87
E Renfro	19	17	19	18	18	19	91
A W Stevens	19	18	17	19	19	20	93
T J Cairn	19	18	17	16	18	18	84
P J Cairns	19	18	19	17	18	19	91
W Watkins	19	17	18	19	19	19	92
D Brav	19	20	20	18	20	18	96
A M Shaw	19	19	20	19	19	18	95
D Linderman	19	18	20	19	18	18	93
A Starkander	19	18	19	18	18	17	90
N Eads	19	17	17	18	19	20	91
W Edwards	19	15	16	18	15	17	81
J H Dreher	19	18	19	20	18	18	93
M Watts	19	17	19	20	16	20	92
W Vincent	19	20	19	20	19	19	97
W A Cowan	19	17	17	18	16	19	87
M Magnuson	19	15	17	18	13	16	79
G Jenkins	18	19	18	18	18	19	92
J McDuffey	18	19	18	19	16	15	87
G Axtell	18	18	17	14	20	18	87
M R Miller	18	18	18	18	20	19	93
J A Kunkle	18	17	18	17	19	17	88
A McKinnis	18	20	19	19	18	15	91
E T Gibbs	18	17	18	17	17	18	87
R R Skinner	18	20	20	20	19	18	97
C H Reiley, Jr.	18	18	18	19	20	18	93
J Cowan	18	19	17	19	19	19	93
W Peek	18	18	19	15	19	16	87
A C Rice	18	20	16	19	19	17	91
Geo Tucker	18	18	18	18	19	19	92
D B Bond	18	18	17	18	19	16	90
C C Ford	18	20	18	19	20	19	92
L E Schofield	18	18	19	18	19	20	94
C Hufford	18	17	17	15	18	17	84
A Olson	18	16	17	16	15	18	82
E Britton	18	17	17	16	18	17	85
M L Holiday	18	18	19	19	19	18	93
F Nelson	18	19	16	14	15	20	84
C T Nelson	17	20	19	18	17	18	92
F Plum	17	18	19	17	19	18	91
T S Browning	17	19	19	17	16	15	86
R E Brown	17	20	18	20	20	19	97



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	Handicap.	Targets				Total.
		Yards.	20	20	20	
H B Hubbard.....	17	20	19	18	17	84
G Mackie.....	17	15	17	17	16	82
J A Hillman.....	17	19	18	18	15	88
W F Campbell.....	17	15	15	17	16	82
W Griffiths.....	17	19	19	19	18	92
W A Leach.....	17	18	20	15	18	99
J Orin.....	17	16	17	18	17	86
P Ercland.....	17	16	19	20	19	91
A Barnett.....	17	19	19	18	19	93
M A Neville.....	16	18	17	15	16	87
G A Schroder.....	16	20	18	18	19	94
P Luther.....	16	17	19	17	20	91
C Rankin.....	16	16	17	18	17	85
H Stillwell.....	16	18	18	17	16	84
E Bitterburg.....	16	17	14	17	16	81
J S Finn.....	16	19	18	20	17	92
P Meehan.....	16	19	16	14	19	85
Mrs O'Connell.....	16	17	15	15	13	72
J Sweet.....	16	18	19	19	15	89
Boyd.....	16	20	17	17	16	88
F King.....	16	15	16	17	17	82
Hoynes.....	16	20	19	16	19	93
A Chab.....	16	19	19	17	19	93
V Hubner.....	16	14	14	17	17	76
C F Nelson.....	16	16	17	18	16	86
E H Bohring.....	16	19	20	18	19	94
H M Kirby.....	16	19	18	15	19	89
L Erhart.....	16	18	19	16	15	84
R C Hubbard.....	16	19	18	16	18	90
J Dodds.....	16	20	19	17	20	92
N H McCreary.....	16	20	15	15	19	86
E C Little.....	16	19	19	20	18	93
Shelton.....	16	19	19	19	20	96
N Franklin.....	16	19	19	16	19	87
W A Coats.....	16	20	17	17	17	88
W I Jordon.....	17	18	18	20	19	92
S A Huntley.....	23	16	16	18	16	84
L M White.....	16	17	15	12	17	72
E J Morgan.....	20	19	20	17	18	90

Springfield (Ohio) Gun Club.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Sept. 19.—H. E. Smith cracked 144 out of 150 here to-day, and took high gun for the tournament. E. M. Stout made 142 for second, and John Deist filled third gap with 141. J. R. Taylor was upper pink sheet entrant with 145. R. O. Heikes devastated 141. There were fifty-nine shooters present and happy. Scores:

A B Shobe.....	138	W I Spangler.....	120
C E Winkler.....	123	B A Hubler.....	131
H C Downey.....	131	C T Stevens.....	135
Alf Hill.....	130	C Reasoner.....	100
B Downs.....	127	*R O Heikes.....	141
C Coburn.....	127	F M Edwards.....	145
F J Coburn.....	134	J H Smith.....	111
H E Bay.....	120	Geo Fuller.....	118
E M Maddox.....	124	C E Hays.....	136
H M Brown.....	120	F Flack.....	95
E Wertz.....	85	K P Johnson.....	132
F C Koch.....	131	F Schindewolf.....	96
J I Brandenburg.....	130	R McGregor.....	117
E Cain.....	112	W P Bippus.....	123
C Dial.....	112	J M Markham.....	136
H Hirth.....	127	R R Dickey.....	126
*T G Barstow.....	111	C D Shellenbarger.....	97
H E Smith.....	144	A L Crist.....	82
W Webster.....	135	J L Ernst.....	131
J Deist.....	141	C E Zuet.....	115
*J R Taylor.....	145	G E Duckham.....	131
Jas A Smith.....	131	Lon Fisher.....	141
H L Hildinger.....	120	F Sparrow.....	131
C O Carothers.....	134	B M McKay.....	121
C H Wagner.....	116	L Anderson.....	128
W Pool.....	109	M Ault.....	116
C T Henderson.....	123	Geo Kistler.....	137
F Foley.....	101	A H Caplinger.....	118
John Strong.....	122		

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., Sept. 21.—The Independent Gun Club held its seventh shoot for the FOREST AND STREAM cup to-day. As there is only one more shoot for the cup and some of the scores are close, the next shoot on Oct. 5 promises to be an exciting race, as all the shooters are anxious to win this handsome trophy. The scores to date are, handicaps included:

Shot at, Broke		Shot at, Broke	
J Maurer.....	350 311	G Cross.....	350 307
J Heil.....	300 250	B Winner.....	350 294
W Ivey.....	350 286	C Stocker.....	300 260

J. Maurer has been doing the best shooting, as he and J. Heil are the only ones that have not had a handicap through the shoot. The club's new trap is working good, and with the grounds in good shape and a clear sky background, we now have one of the most up-to-date clubs in this section, and invite all shooters to come on Oct. 5 and have a good time with us.

Below are the scores made to-day:

Shot at, Broke		Shot at, Broke	
J Maurer.....	50 45	Schniepp.....	50 40
J Heil.....	50 42	E Warner.....	75 19
G Cross.....	75 59	W Maurer.....	100 67
W Ivey.....	50 18	J Gunning.....	50 18
B Wenner.....	100 61		

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

(Trap Notes continued on page 413.)

Kennel Department

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 28.—Southern Ohio Field Trial Association's second annual field trials. G. R. Harris, Sec'y, 15 West Sixth St., Cincinnati, O.

Connecticut Field Trial Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fourteenth annual trials of the Connecticut Field Trial Club will be held at Hampton, Conn., commencing Tuesday morning, Oct. 22, 1912. The annual meeting of the club will be held on Monday evening, Oct. 21, at 8 o'clock at the Chelsea Inn and the drawing for starting order will take place at this meeting.

At the trials last year more birds were found than for a good many years past. At the present time it looks as if every brace down this year should be able to find birds.

The judge of the trials this year will be Mr. W. W. Titus, of West Point, Miss.

During the meet a bench show will be held to which every dog entered in the trials will be eligible. The entry list will include the very cream of setter and pointer breeding, and the awards in the bench show will mean that the winners are not only good in performance but also in looks and conformation.

The entry list promises to be bigger and better this year than ever before. A large entry is already assured in all the stakes, and, aside from the good time which every one will enjoy at the trials, there will be "class" and interest enough in the trials to furnish entertainment and education for every one present.

The entries close Oct. 12, 1912. Address entries, with forfeit money, to

C. H. GILLETTE, Sec'y-Treas.

Dogs for Food.

AN inquiry leads to a little known fact which is the derivation of the name "Chow Chow." This dog hailed originally from the celestial Empire, where he is used for food; hence the name Chow Chow, which is pigeon English for an edible. In China the chow is not fed on meat, but is sustained and fattened on rice and other grain. He is butchered in the same manner as sheep and other small food animals. In front of Chinese meat shops, dressed chow and cat's paws may be seen hanging in the same way as sheep, etc., are "hooked" in front of our shops, and a dainty, tasty appearance has the luscious chow as it hangs as a tempter to the Oriental housekeeper. The Chinese restaurants offer most delectable dog dishes such as soup, ragout, broil, roast and stew. Cat's paws hold a position in China relative to that of pig's knuckles among Americans.

TRUE BLACK OPALS SCARCE.

BLACK opals are commonly the result of artificial coloring, but true black opals have been mined in a small district at the head of the River Darling in northern New South Wales during the last nine years.

The output was at first very small, but for a few years amounted to 30,000 to 40,000 per annum. At present they have become extremely rare, hardly any having been found during the last nine months.—From the Scientific American.

Kennel.

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Send 25c., coin or stamps, for a box by mail prepaid.

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St. Louis, Mo.

United Shoe Machinery Gun Club.

BEVERLY, Mass., Sept. 14.—In last week's issue was printed a partial report of Massachusetts Trapshooting Association tournament. Here follows balance of scores. Wilder was high gun for the two days with 287. J. S. Snow was second high with 277. High two-day pro. was Harry Stevens with 285.

1st Day.	2d Day.	1st Day.	2d Day.
W W Corson....	100	C H Doten.....	132
H E Burgin....	136	H L Snow.....	119
A T Foster....	120	Wilder	143
Geo Goddu	91	R N Burns.....	128
I M Archibald.	125	J Clark, Jr....	118
A C Gray.....	133	H P Emory....	129
I S Hall.....	118	G F Bowen.....	127
E R Purdy....	79	J Spofford	119
W H Proctor...	93	Dr W Newton..	132
J L Snow.....	141	S Winslow, Jr..	122
G R Steele....	133	J A Whidden..	116
E A Staples....	135	A C Spencer...	124
W F Clarke....	134	W R Hurd, 2d..	118
C F Marden....	122	H H Eaton	124
F R Sweet....	127	F F Chapman..	118
G M Proctor...	137	Fred Chapman.	118
H B Moulton..	129	Mayor Reid ...	126
Elmer Reid ...	125	Dr Russell	126
Dr C H Burr...	127	Dr Gleason ...	90
John Martin ...	139	Dr Bush	71

Professionals:

F E H Sheldon	131	H D Gibbs....	144
M Ballou	128	G H Chapin....	135
Ed Banks	133	A E Sibley....	128
O R Dickey....	142	J S Fanning....	136
N Appar	137	G M Wheeler...	128
H H Stevens...	143	H A Keller....	117

Buffalo Audubon Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 21.—The lure of the wilds and the Westy Hogans play hob with our attendance to-day. Messrs. Rogers and Covert are out for moose, while Messrs. Kelsey, Wright and Ebberts are at Atlantic City. Scores for to-day:

Targets:	10	20	20	20	25
Cannon	12	14	13	16	21
Imhoff	11	19	18	14	21
Wende	7	13	13	16	20
Immel	11	13	17	16	17
Ward	9	13	16	14	17
Lambert	11	20	17	19	20
Wacker	11	15	11	17	20
Cox	10	13	11	14	17
Wilson	5	15	18	17	24
Lyman	1	6	6
Hammond	11	15	16	16	17
Blackmer	10	18	17	16	20
Suckow	10	16	13	16	21
Lodge	11	13	14	10	13
Bargar	10	16	18	13	..

W. C. WOOTTON, Sec'y.

Canandaigua Sportsmen's Club.

THE Canandaigua Sportsmen's Club held their last shoot of the season on Sept. 21, at Lakeside Park, the date having been set ahead of the regular Friday on account of the county fair. The five shooters in the squad were separated by one target each in the final score, but the added target handicap tied Kibbe, Stoddard and Van Wormer, who shot off, resulting in first for Kibbe, silver spoon; second for Stonnard, cut-glass dish, and third, Van Wormer, Nyoil.

The prize winners for the season's average were also decided, the standing being: Stoddard first, Mason second, Kibbe third, Eiseline fourth, Soule fifth, Van Wormer sixth. All received handsome hand-painted china vases or plates.

As a wind-up Mason defended his title of club champion against four contestants, the score being close, as follows: Mason 40, Van Wormer 39, Stoddard 37, Soule 35, and Eiseline 33.

The scores in the regular event, 50 targets, were as follows:

Kibbe	12	50	Eiseline	9	45
Stoddard	11	50	Mason	2	42
Van Wormer	13	50			

Roanoke Gun Club.

ROANOKE, Va., Sept. 21.—With the season on the wane, the members of the Roanoke Gun Club seem to be losing interest in the sport, only fifteen participating in the regular shoot Saturday afternoon. A turkey shoot will be held again this season on Oct. 26, the last day of the shooting season, and all members are invited to participate. The weekly medals were won by the following members:

Scratch—First, P. L. Price; second, E. C. Watson.
 Class A—First, H. C. Elliott; second, H. F. Wilkinson.
 Class B—First, C. H. Ferguson; second, A. H. Boyd.
 Class C—First, E. C. Kinnier; second, C. T. Jennings.

Per Broke.	Cent	Per Broke.	Cent		
Price	46	92	Lightner.	38	76
Watson	45	90	Jennings.	37	74
C C Richards...	43	86	Bringman	36	72
Elliott	42	84	Boyd	34	68
Wilkinson	41	82	Moore	33	66
Ferguson	40	80	Kinnier	30	60
Jones	38	76	J Poindexter ...	29	58
E Poindexter...	38	76			

H. F. WILKINSON, Sec'y.

Du Pont Gun Club.

HOMER CLARK defeated W. S. Colfax here last Saturday. The Illinois champion broke 49 out of his 50, while Colfax bagged 45.

E. S. Richards, H. H. Sloan and L. C. Willis were among the visiting shooters, who made good scores, as did also O. Groff, of Avondale, Pa. W. A. Joslyn, who has been shooting at a great clip lately, broke 49 out of 50. The Coleman du Pont spoon contest had a large entry list, interest having increased since the addition of Class E for novices.

Thirty-one contested in the merchandise event, and there were nine prizes. The nine high men each made (with added targets) perfect scores of 25.

The final contest for the 1911 Class D challenge cup brought out nine of the ten men eligible for this event. It was won by J. A. MacMullen, with 41 out of 50 from the 18yd. mark. The cup now becomes his property.

Eight teams contested in the Eugene E. du Pont team trophy shoot, four teams (with added targets) making perfect scores, thereby gaining four points each. The team scores follow:

W. H. Hitchcock and N. K. Smith 50. Clyde Leedom and Eugene du Pont 50. W. M. Hammond and

L. L. Jarrell 50. R. F. Willis and L. H. Hoopes 50. W. Edmanson and J. H. Minnick 49. H. P. Carlon and Dr. E. Q. Bullock 47. J. B. McHugh and Stanley Tuchten 47. Dr. H. Betts and L. C. Lyon 46.

The scores in a novice race, the men shooting at the traps for the first time, were: W. D. Sillitoe 4 out of 10, W. S. Matchett 1 out of 10, J. B. Owens 6, Z. H. Lofland 19, T. W. Mathewson 18, R. S. Wood 19.

The du Pont spoon event resulted as follows:

- Class A—Eugene du Pont 25.
- Class B—L. C. Lyon 23.
- Class C—L. L. Jarrell 23.
- Class D—J. G. Highfield, Jr., 22.
- Class E—John E. Miller 10.

Event No. 2, merchandise shoot for nine prizes: The prize winners were: S. G. David, D. J. Dougherty, J. W. Mathews, Stanley Tuchten, W. Edmanson, W. G. Wood, H. P. Carlon, L. H. Hoopes, Jr., T. W. Mathewson.

Exhibition shooting match: H. Clark 49, W. S. Colfax, Jr., 45.

Final shoot for Class D 1911 challenge cup: H. T. Reed 34, W. B. Smith, Jr., 28, L. L. Jarrell 40, R. S. Wood 38, S. J. Newman 33, Dr. E. Q. Bullock 34, D. A. Grier 31, R. S. Robison 38, J. A. MacMullen 41.

The WALTHAM Riverside

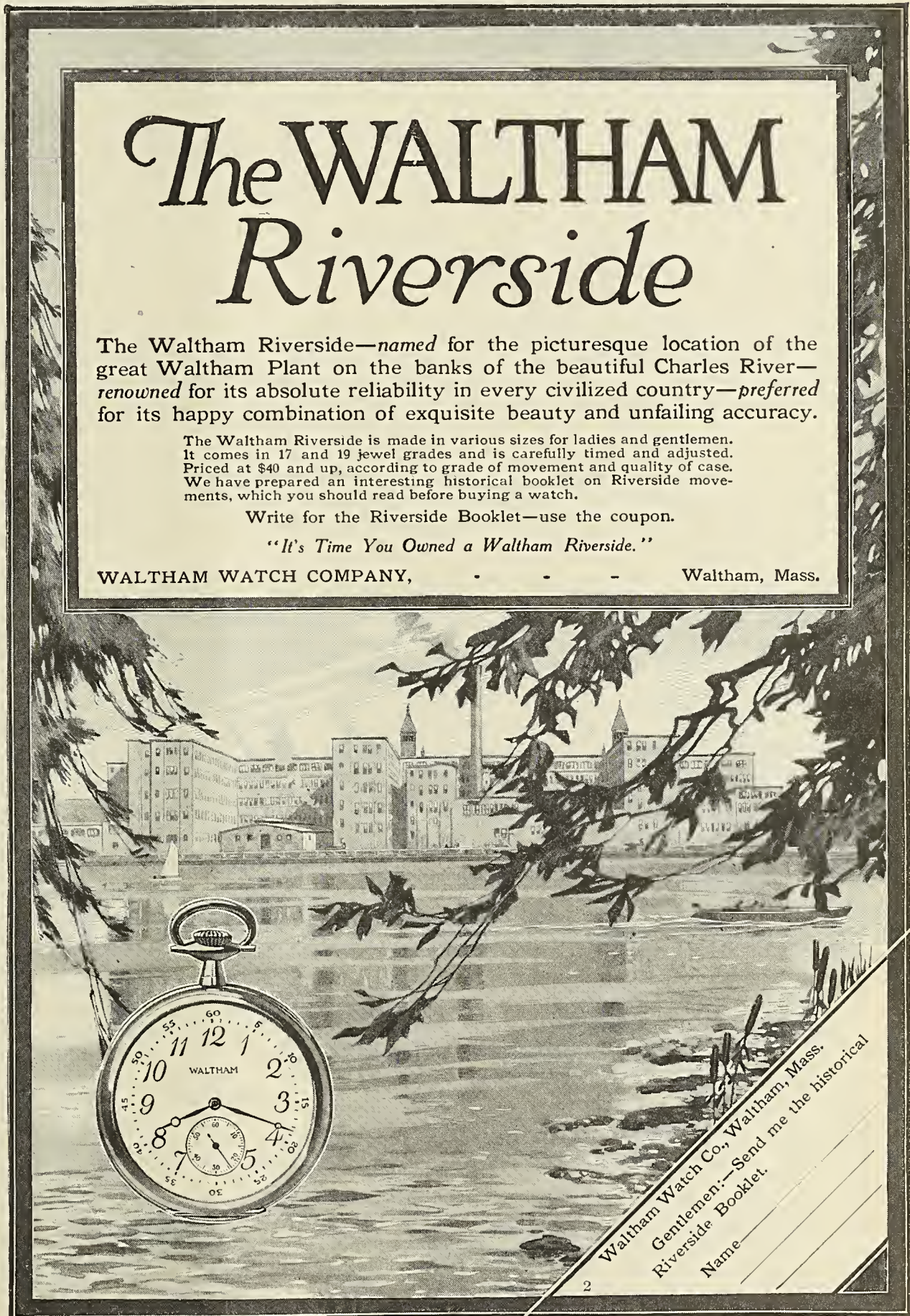
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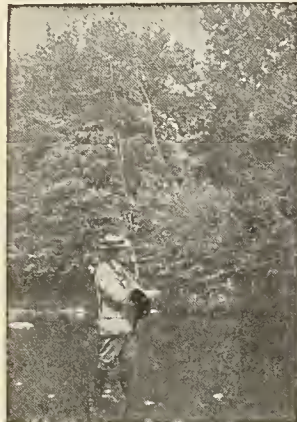
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Rifle and Revolver

Dayton (Ohio) Sharpshooters.

THE Dayton Sharpshooters is one of the oldest rifle clubs in the country. It was organized in July, 1863, at a period when fear of Morgan's raiders was in the hearts of the dwellers in Southern Ohio, under the name of "Die Schuetzen Gesellschaft." There were twenty-four charter members, and the sons and grandsons of many of them still keep the family name on the records. The first king shoot was held in October, 1863, and the golden anniversary of this event has just been celebrated by the club members and friends in a series of contests lasting two days. The first range was at Oakwood Park, and the dedication in October was made a picnic affair, the families of the members being invited, headed by a band of music, all paraded to the grounds and joined the festivities. The old-time, long-barreled, muzzleloading squirrel rifle was used, each man being equipped with powder horn, bullet pouch and cap box, and wearing the uniform soft hat with feather. The targets were of wood, 2½ feet in diameter, and were named from the pictures painted upon them—The Stag, The Hunter, Gambrinus and Winged Victory with Flambeau of Fame. In the center was a one-inch circle; five shots were fired from 100yds. and the one placing the most bullets in or nearest the center was declared "King." The first king shoot was won by Wm. F. Sander. Twenty-five years later the silver anniversary contest was won by his son, Gustav Sander, still an active member at this time. The golden jubilee contest was won by Charles W. Sander, a younger brother of Gustav.

For the first seven years the scores were computed by string measure. In 1870 a target with one-inch center and ½-inch rings was adopted and used until 1901, when the German ring target with 1½-inch center and ¾-inch rings was substituted. This was used through 1904, and then it was decided to go back to the 1870 target.

The second range was at Dayton View, and the 1864 king shoot was held here. In 1865 several acres was purchased on Wayne avenue, and this range was used until 1872. In 1866 the club was incorporated under the laws of Ohio, and in 1870 the name was changed to Dayton Sharpshooters' Society, the present title.

Another change of range was made in 1873, the club buying land at Oakwood Park, and remaining there until 1897. In 1880 the distance for the king shoot was increased to 200yds, and has remained so up to the present time. A new range at Kramer's, southwest of Oakwood, was first used in 1899. The first shoot on the present range was held in May, 1905, with a large attendance of members, and many riflemen from other towns in the valley. John F. Beaver, the veteran member of the society, fired the first shot and scored a center. The range is finely equipped with modern paraphernalia. A large concrete target pit, with seven targets, commodious firing and club house with every convenience for the members; telephone connection with the target pit from each firing point.

The shoot this year was very successful from every point of view. Over thirty riflemen from neighboring towns attended, and the local members turned out in force, bringing the numbers of contestants above the half-century mark. The committee on arrangements consisted of D. D. Bergk, J. C. Hahne, Gustav H. Sander, C. W. Sander and A. Schwind, and these gentlemen deserve credit for the perfect carrying out of the program, and for the courtesies extended to visitors. The first six events on the program, two each, offhand, muzzle and bench rest, were shot on the first day. On the second day two offhand (Nos. 7 and 9) and two muzzle rest (Nos. 8 and 10) matches were scheduled, in addition to the monthly cup and king events. There was also a special match for the silver cup donated by the Schwind Realty Co. A silver cup donated by Frank G. Meyer, was shot for in the monthly cup event, as there was not time to pull this off separately. In the percentage matches, the entrance was fifty cents, the prizes being 17, 13, 10, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3 and 2 per cent. of the entrance money, with \$5 added to first money and \$5 for the best total of three tickets. Three matches were shot in the morning, one each offhand, muzzle and bench rest, beginning at 9 o'clock and closing at 12:30. The same number were shot in the afternoon, beginning at 1 o'clock and closing at 5:30.

On the second day an offhand and muzzle rest match (Nos. 7, 8, 9 and 10) were shot morning and afternoon. There was no bench rest shooting, as the targets were used for the membership and special cup events. High power ammunition and palm rests were barred. Any sights, except telescope, allowed, and any trigger pull.

The weather during the two days was not ideal. On the first day a strong cross wind was blowing, but did not prove much of a handicap, as it was steady. The wind on the second day came in gusts, and was very puzzling, upsetting the most careful calculations.

The president's special, a silver cup given by D. D. Bergk, for the contestant making the two highest scores recorded in the muzzle and bench rest matches during the shoot, was won by the donor.

The secretary's special, a silver cup given by C. W. Sander for the contestant making the two highest scores in the offhand matches, was won by Jos. S. Lesner.

The silver cup donated by Frank G. Meyer was won by A. Schwind. This was decided in the monthly cup match.

The Schwind Realty Co's silver cup was won by D. D. Bergk, and he also won a hand-painted loving cup donated by W. R. Wollaston for the contestant making the most 24s in the muzzle, bench, cup and membership matches during the shoot, finding the center thirteen times.

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WANTED

High-grade 20-gauge gun. "T. R.," Room 1002, Times Building, New York City.

The Dayton Breweries Co. donated a cup to be the property of the club, and contested for annually, the winner of the king shoot to hold the cup until the following year. The name of the winner to be engraved upon the trophy. This was won by C. W. Sander.

Match No. 1, offhand, 200yds., German ring target, 12-inch black bullseye, 3/4-inch rings, 3 shots, possible 75; re-entries allowed; on targets 1, 2 and 3; 50 cents entrance; ten moneys, 17, 13, 10, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3 and 2 per cent. of entrance money; \$5 added to first money; \$5 added for best total of three tickets: Winners—J. S. Lessner 69, G. B. Hofer 64, H. Craft 62, J. E. Johnson 59, H. Saum 57, J. Johnson 56, D. D. Bergk 53, C. W. Matthews 53, C. Stamback 51, E. P. Landis 42. Special for high score and special for high total of three scores—J. S. Lessner.

Match No. 4, offhand; same conditions as in match No. 1: Winners—J. S. Lessner 65, G. B. Hofer 63, J. H. E. Johnson 62, H. Craft 61, C. W. Matthews 59, H. Saum 57, J. Johnson 56, C. W. Sander 48. Special for high score—J. S. Lessner. Special for high total of three scores—G. B. Hofer.

Match No. 7, offhand; same conditions as in match No. 1: Winners—H. Craft 66, C. W. Matthews 63, H. C. Mundane 62, T. E. Garreth 62, P. Rhinehart 61, D. D. Bergk 60, H. Saum 59, V. O. Weaver 54, W. Spidler 53. Special for high score and special for high total of three scores—H. Craft.

Match No. 9, offhand, same conditions as No. 1: Winners—E. Wertz 71, D. W. Jones 67, H. Craft 65, V. O. Weaver 65, C. W. Matthews 65, W. Spidler 63, J. H. E. Johnson 61, C. W. Sander 59, H. Saum 57, P. Rhinehart 56. Special for high score, E. Wertz. Special for high total of three scores, C. W. Matthews.

Match No. 2, bench rest, 12in. white and 12in. black bullseyes, 1/2in. rings; 3 shots, possible 72; re-entries allowed; division of money same as in No. 1, and same added money; targets 4 and 5: Winners—A. Schwind 67, D. D. Bergk 66, W. E. Pearson 66, W. H. Icenhower 63, J. C. Hahne 63, G. K. Crabill 62, F. L. Burr 62, C. W. Matthews 58, M. W. Penell 55, C. Lang 52. Special for high score, A. Schwind. Special for high total of three scores, D. D. Bergk.

Match No. 5, bench rest, same conditions as in match No. 2: Winners—H. Saum 68, D. D. Bergk 66, G. K. Crabill 65, J. B. Miller 64, I. A. Vore 63, F. L. Burr 61, A. Schwind 60, John Schinner 59, C. W. Matthews 58. Special for high score, H. Saum. Special for high total of three scores, J. C. Hahne.

Match No. 3, muzzle rest, 200yds., targets 12in. white bullseye, 1/2-inch rings, 3 shots, possible 72; same added money as in No. 4; targets 6 and 7: Winners—A. Schwind 67, D. D. Bergk 65, G. Sander 62, C. W. Sander 62, Chas. Lang 60. Special for high score, A. Schwind. Special for high total of three scores, D. D. Bergk.

Match No. 6, muzzle rest, same conditions as in No. 3: Winners—A. Schwind 69, D. D. Bergk 67, C. W. Sander 66, Gus Sander 65, J. Boehner 65, J. C. Hahne 64, F. Wentzell 62, H. G. Wagner 60, Chas. Lang 55, John Doc 54. Special for high score, A. Schwind. Special for high total of three scores, D. D. Bergk.

Match No. 8, muzzle rest, same conditions as in No. 3: Winners—D. D. Bergk 68, A. Schwind 67, Gus Sander 63, J. Boehner 62, C. W. Sander 62, J. Schinner 61, Chas. Lang 55, J. Weinstein 44, J. C. Hahne 41. Special for high score, and special for high total of three scores, D. D. Bergk.

Match No. 10, muzzle rest, same conditions as in No. 3: Winners—D. D. Bergk 68, J. Boehner 66, A. Schwind 66, Chas. Lang 65, C. W. Sander 64, H. G. Wagner 63, J. Weinstein 62, J. C. Hahne 61, Gus Sander 61, F. Wentzell 60. Special for high score, D. D. Bergk, who also won special for high total of three scores.

King shoot, 200yds., muzzle rest, German ring target, 5 shots, possible 120, open to members only: F. G. Meyers 57, John Schinner 87, J. Boehner 90, Chas. Lang 72, A. Schwind 78, Gus Sander 98, F. H. Duke 56, J. Weinstein 65, F. Egrv, 98; 1872, Wm. H. Stuck, 99; 1873, D. Schief, 101; 1874, J. Wehner, 100; 1875, Wm. F. Sander, 101; 1876, John F. Beaver, 105; 1877, Peter Snyder, 106; 1878, Peter Snyder, 107; 1879, Charles Whealen, 109; 1880, Peter Snyder, 105; 1881, Jacob Snyder, 107; 1882, Wm. F. Sander, 109; 1883, Chas. Whealen, 112; 1884, H. C. Bergk, 107; 1885, Chas. Whealen, 114; 1886, Louis A. Schwind, 106; 1887, Adolph Schwind, 112; 1888, Gustave H. Sander, 106; 1889, Fred Huber, 102; 1890, Charles Whealen, 105; 1891, Coelestin Schwind, 107; 1892, Ed. J. Schwind, 110; 1893, Charles Whealen, 108; 1894, Charles Whealen, 108; 1895, D. D. Bergk, 103; 1896, M. J. Schwind, 112; 1897, A. Schwind, 108; 1899, M. J. Schwind, 103; 1900, M. J. Schwind, 105; 1901, Ed. J. Bundenthal, 118; 1902, C. W. Sander, 116; 1903, Adolph Schwind, 119; 1904; D. D. Bergk, 114; 1905, H. K. Schwind, 106; 1906, J. F. Beaver, 111; 1907, C. W. Sander, 111; 1908, G. Sander, Sr., 105; 1909, G. Sander Jr., 109; 1910, G. R. Decker, 107; 1911, C. C. Harmon, 107; 1912, C. W. Sander, 103.

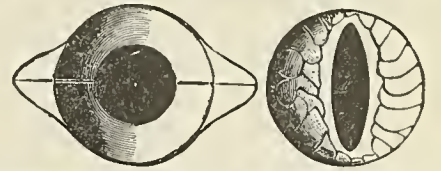
The first king shoot was held on Oct. 19, 1863, and was won by Wm. F. Sander; in 1864 by M. Schafer; 1865, J. Hauptman; 1866, A. Schautz; 1867, H. Hilgafort; 1868, D. Schief; 1869, G. H. Sander; 1870, I. Hale, 98; 1871, Dr. Wm. F. Egrv, 98; 1872, Wm. H. Stuck, 99; 1873, D. Schief, 101; 1874, J. Wehner, 100; 1875, Wm. F. Sander, 101; 1876, John F. Beaver, 105; 1877, Peter Snyder, 106; 1878, Peter Snyder, 107; 1879, Charles Whealen, 109; 1880, Peter Snyder, 105; 1881, Jacob Snyder, 107; 1882, Wm. F. Sander, 109; 1883, Chas. Whealen, 112; 1884, H. C. Bergk, 107; 1885, Chas. Whealen, 114; 1886, Louis A. Schwind, 106; 1887, Adolph Schwind, 112; 1888, Gustave H. Sander, 106; 1889, Fred Huber, 102; 1890, Charles Whealen, 105; 1891, Coelestin Schwind, 107; 1892, Ed. J. Schwind, 110; 1893, Charles Whealen, 108; 1894, Charles Whealen, 108; 1895, D. D. Bergk, 103; 1896, M. J. Schwind, 112; 1897, A. Schwind, 108; 1899, M. J. Schwind, 103; 1900, M. J. Schwind, 105; 1901, Ed. J. Bundenthal, 118; 1902, C. W. Sander, 116; 1903, Adolph Schwind, 119; 1904; D. D. Bergk, 114; 1905, H. K. Schwind, 106; 1906, J. F. Beaver, 111; 1907, C. W. Sander, 111; 1908, G. Sander, Sr., 105; 1909, G. Sander Jr., 109; 1910, G. R. Decker, 107; 1911, C. C. Harmon, 107; 1912, C. W. Sander, 103.

Monthly Cup: F. G. Meyer's cup match, open to members only; same conditions as king match—Chas. Lang 90, J. Weinstein 79, A. Schwind 103, Gus Sander 93, J. Boehner 96, J. C. Hahne 92, F. H. Duke 82, H. Schwind 86, D. D. Bergk 100, Wm. Makey 47, C. W. Sander 95, H. G. Wagner 59, A. Schwind, first; D. D. Bergk, second, and J. Boehner third.

Schwind Realty Co.'s cup; same conditions as king shoot, open to members only—Chas. Lang 93, J. Boehner 75, A. Schwind 95, Gus Sander 99, F. H. Duke 49, H. G. Wagner 57, J. Weinstein 84, J. C. Hahne 98, H. K. Schwind 89, W. Wakely 91, D. D. Bergk 105, C. W. Sander 98, G. W. Sander, Jr., 93, F. Wentzell 88. Won by D. D. Bergk; Gus Sander second and J. C. Hahne third.

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round 500 to 1,000 thoroughbred cattle and like number fine hogs; fine fishing, hunting, yachting, etc.; superb Southern climate, with invigorating salt air; no more healthful locality in the South; land in this section with water front is bringing \$300 to \$3,000 per lot for building purposes, and \$150 to \$500 per acre for trucking and dairy purposes; this property is well worth \$100,000 and will sell for this amount in a year or two. Price, for quick turn, only \$10 per acre, with 40 head fine, good breed fat cattle and 200 hogs included in sale. No such snap on the market to-day. Write for fuller description, name and address of owner from whom property can be bought direct, and traveling directions.

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This declaration was made by Swepson Earle, topographical engineer of the shellfish commission, who has made a study of the crabbing industry, and who was delegated by the late Governor Crothers to suggest remedial legislation. A bill was prepared meeting Mr. Earle's views, and was submitted to the last Maryland Legislature, but it got tangled up with the opposing oyster bills and never emerged from the pigeon hole of the committee on Chesapeake Bay and tributaries.

"The best evidence of the scarcity of crabs

is afforded by prices at Crisfield, the main shipping point," continued Mr. Earle. "Prices for soft shell crabs have been as high as \$1.25 a dozen at Crisfield during the season, though there was a decline during the last few days. Only a few years ago soft shell crabs at Crisfield sold as low as twenty-five and fifty cents a dozen. In the waters of Anne Arundel county only a few years ago a man could easily catch four barrels of hard crabs in one day. He is fortunate now if he can catch one barrel in a day."

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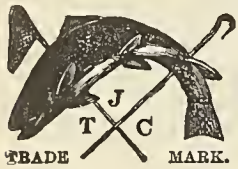
It is believed by most watermen that the crab, like the diamondback terrapin, which was once so numerous in this State that the slaves objected to being fed on them more often than once a week, is not beyond extermination.—From the Washington Star.

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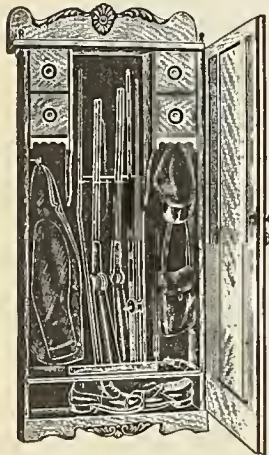
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1912.

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Seal Stalking

By W. R. GILBERT

IT is curious that of all the forms of sport that can be enjoyed in the British Isles, that of seal shooting is least known and least appreciated. Yet to approach a seal during the autumn months as it lies on Atlantic-washed rocks off West Scotland is a task that will tax the skill of the most cunning stalker. To shoot a seal through the head requires a steady hand and a good eye, while if perchance you have slain your seal on the edge of the incoming tide, there will be no time for self-congratulation or view admiring, but all your energies will be needed to save your trophy.

If the quarry is not so noble as the stag, or the spirit of the sport so romantic from age, nevertheless the seal stalker has advantages that compensate, and is faced by difficulties which the deer stalker has not got to surmount. I maintain that the mysteries of the cloud-wreathed tops and splashing burn cascades are no whit more fascinating than the gray hurricane on the Atlantic coast, when the great curling billows riot in lustful violence and re-echoing crash, lifting the seaweed locks of the black crags, and then grumbling, sweep backward, a broken eddy of silver foam. Nature in the hills and forests is mysterious, weird and subdued, but on the rocky sea coasts she is free to splash and foam and roar overwhelmingly. That is the haunt of the seal as I love it—foaming, heaving, splashing, wild, though when the sun is hot and the lazy sea just caresses the golden sands; when life seems simple and careless, then, too, it is good to visit the herds of Proteus. But to visit the Odysseus-like to see unseen is not so easy when Aphrodite is absent, and of this I would talk.

The two essentials in seal stalking are: (1) Despise not the quarry; (2) never shoot at a seal in the water. Follow these two maxims, and the secrets of seal shooting are yours. Stalk a seal as you would a royal; never shoot till you think you can kill. The powers of smell of a seal are far-reaching and very danger warning. His ears are so sharp that the grate of an iron-shod boot or the rattle of a loosened stone will put him into the water with lightning rapidity, but if he only sees you and is unable to distinguish you, his curiosity will conquer and the stalk will not be spoilt. Frequently when creeping up to some seal out on a promontory of rock one has swum to within ten yards of me, unable to make me out, until suddenly his suspicions are aroused. At once he dives and does not reappear until 100 yards of ocean separate us. Not invariably, however, will he disturb the others on



HERD OF SEALS READY FOR STALKER.

the rock, unless he is really frightened and grunts an all too well heeded warning.

As in deer stalking, I first spy my quarry from some high ground or cliffs, test the wind, reconnoiter the ground, fix the position of the seal by prominent rocks, etc., remove all objects from my pockets that are likely to be spoiled by sea water, load the rifle, place it under cover, and am then ready to commence. One of the greatest attractions of seal stalking, to me at least, is that there is no one whose duty it is to "lead you up to your quarry." You are alone, and it is just your cunning against the seal's. Probably I will start by carefully climbing down some cleft in the cliff above the seaweed-draped rocks that the boisterous tide is gradually uncovering. It is always advisable to stalk with the ebbing tide. I will have taken off my heavy boots and either put on rubber-soled sand shoes or else trust to the thickness of my stockings to defy the sharp rocks, as I will have to crouch low and commence crawling. If the west coast rain has not already soaked me, it will not be long after passing high-water mark before the wet seaweed begins to make its presence known.

What from above appeared a dry, inviting channel in the rock by which to progress now, I find to be a ditch with a couple of feet of water in it, and yet I dare not raise my head above its edge for fear of detection. It comes to an abrupt end. Cautiously I peer over the top—yes, there they are, like five great sleepy slugs, and it is that great fellow on the right I am after. Of course, he is in the most inaccessible place, but only another hundred yards to that little black rock whence I have decided to take the shot. Carefully I raise myself to the edge of the ditch. There is ten yards of open, flat rock; I must cross this in full sight of the seals. Then there appears to be a depression which will bring me almost to the desired spot. Soon I am congratulating myself on a most successful stomach wriggle over those ten yards, when to my surprise the inviting depression (of which I had not just now been able to see the bottom) has been transformed into an inlet of water, apparently deep, twenty yards across, and with steep sides. *Quoi faire?* I turn half around to better examine my position, and in doing so dislodge a lump of rock, which rattles horribly, but just does not splash

into the water. Up go the heads of the two seals still in view. I lie like a log, with a sharp rocky lump sticking into my chest. Luckily my clothes are dark and so is the seaweed.

All's well at length. The two inquisitive heads sink into apparently Lethean slumber, but still I know in reality all too watchful. Inch by inch I turn myself back and finally, after fully five minutes on the top of that sharp rock, I resume my former position without having made any progress or plan for the next move. True, I mentally invented several choice epithets which should have withered that rock. Obviously I could not go round the top of the inlet, crawling fifty yards in the open, and so the only alternative is to cross it, but where I am at present the bank goes down sheer for five feet or so to the water's edge, and may go down for ten feet under for all I can tell. To my left the bank seems to be lower and the inlet broader, probably shallower also, as growing seaweed is floating on the surface in places. Cautiously I turn to my left, avoid the rock I had dislodged, and after a few yards' crawling find myself out of sight of the seals for the present. I put up a cormorant and some gulls in this operation, but feel pretty sure the seals will not mind them. One hears a lot about "not caring how wet you are once you are wet," but personally I think there are several clearly defined degrees of wetness, each one more uncomfortable than the last.

On this occasion, as I gingerly enter the water, I am relieved to find that nowhere does it go much above my knees, so I get across with at least a dry body. On occasions I have found potholes in these inlets that take the water over one's waist, and once I had to swim, almost ruining my rifle, but that is another story. On reaching the far side of this water I was greeted by a new form of wetness—spray—which, however, in no way damped my ardor. Being now quite near the edge of the ocean, what before was but a more or less distant booming now became a roar of many waters that made themselves felt as above stated. I dared not keep any closer to the breakers, as I had wished, because it is fatal to play tricks with the wind in any form of shooting, so now I set about worming myself to that little black stone, beyond which I hoped to see the quarry within shot. Sure enough, when I had only twenty yards between me and my goal, coming to the edge of a miniature ridge I saw the whole herd, about twenty, sporting themselves in the calmness of a small natural harbor that appeared shallow but was in reality quite ten feet deep. On the rocks I could see but three seals, all within 100 yards of me, but the big fellow I was anxious to get had gone.

It is an extremely interesting and pretty sight to watch these curious creatures. How gracefully they swim, and how ungrainly they wriggle on the rocks and lie like shining logs! Occasionally two will have a kind of a fight, but as a rule they are the picture of restful contentment, reminding one forcibly of the conclusion of a civic banquet. This wild day, however, I had come for a scalp, and not nature observations, so selecting what appeared to be the best of the three on the rocks, I pushed back my safety catch, aimed steadily at the center of the back of his head and fired. Almost before the rifle's crack had rung out, there was nothing to be seen but the dead body of the seal I had shot and some swirls in the water. I walked trium-

phant to the motionless body. He had not moved an inch or given a wriggle after being hit. His head had just fallen and his spirit flown to his happy hunting grounds. A fine seal he was, too, about five feet from whiskers to tail, with a splendid coat. My bullet had gone in just behind his ear, whence more elation on my part, for I consider there are few more satisfying things than a perfect shot—in the head, neck or behind the shoulder—after an exciting stalk. The rapidity with which his erstwhile companions on the rocks had skeddaddled into the sea was truly wonderful, and a right and left, even had I wished it, would have been quite out of the question.

The whole herd swam out about 150 yards, then all together reared their inquisitive heads, seeking to understand this rude disturbance of their peace. I pointed my rifle at them. Down they all went, coming up again after thirty seconds. Finally, after much diving, splashing and grunting they decided their favorite haunt was untenable, and took their departure to the "gray unharvested ocean." Meanwhile I had produced my knife, thrown off my coat, and was soon hard at work skinning the quarry. This is the operation that is so unpleasant on a hot day, and after once trying it I swore thenceforth to shoot seal only on gray days, for on hot days a camera is the most pleasant weapon. I might of course have walked three miles to the nearest craft and hired the service of a brawny son of the soil, but their methods are apt to be rather rough on the skin in a too great keenness for blubber. Half an hour's hard work completes this opera-

tion, and the satisfaction therefrom is enormous. Once indeed I found I had only a pen knife with me, but managed to just secure the pelt in the two hours before the tide came up.

Few places are more grandly splendid than these rocks when the tide goes out, and working alone on the seal's skin you have ample time for contemplative admiration. The sea gulls have already begun to circle overhead anticipating a meal, a flock of eider duck have splashed down near at hand, a lanky heron wings its way slowly aloft, peewits whistle plaintively, and the oyster catcher's sharp squeak mingles into the booming surf, the whistling wind and splashing rain. Finally I cover the carcass with seaweed to protect it from the birds, light the pipe of contentment, and start my trudge homeward to the farm where I have left the trap—no light task with a heavy wet seal skin, but a task is rendered pleasant by success and the anticipation of a hot bath. Arriving at the farm I inform the inhabitants of the blubber on the rocks that awaits them, and a long-legged Highlander is soon off to the scene of the kill. Seal flesh is considered edible by some, but personally I never have ventured. I put my hard won trophy in the trap and wrapped up in a warm rug, am soon pleasantly jolted over the six miles of so-called road to my host's hospitable lodge.

I recommend a small-bore rifle, .256 or thereabouts, a very watertight rifle case, and would advise any prospective seal stalker to have the knees of his knickerbockers doubled. I have never regretted a day spent after seal with rifle or kodak.



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Crestview is in Butler county, Pa., sixty-seven miles from Pittsburgh. Here, then, is practically a good big whole-hearted bid to shoot on a private preserve. Wouldn't sportsmen be in feathered clover if one of these signs took the place of each of the little cloth signs bearing in black type the word "Posted"? To Mr. Shaner, thanks.

Adirondacks of 1858 and 1859

By ALBERT BIGELOW

IT is very interesting to recall the old Adirondacks of more than fifty years ago, when they were a veritable wilderness; when the wolves frequently, in fact nearly always, howled at night, and the panther and loup cerviers, or "lucyvees," as the guides used to call them, ranged the woods (and the guides' exciting stories of adventures with them ranged the camps).

I remember distinctly a canoe trip from a camp on Constable Point on Raquette Lake through Marion River to Blue Mountain Lake and lying on the shore under my turned-up canoe and hearing a panther's or a mountain lion's cries above me on the mountain side for a long time before I could sleep. At that time there was a man living alone in a small cabin on a hill not very far from the lake, but no other in that whole region. This was before the region of the Adirondacks was published or known to any extent as a resort for tubercular disorders, and when Mitchell Sabattis and Dick Birch and others of their age were boys, and Paul Smith was a young guide in his camp on Loon Lake, and long before the days of any "hotels" or summer homes in that wilderness.

In those days there were no game law prohibitions that prevented deer hunting at any time with or without dogs, and for several years we had one or two hounds with us to bring the deer to the lake where we were in camp. At our camp there were always five or six hungry appetites to be supplied (beside the dogs) and game was needed. That was before my days of fishing for trout only with the fly, but the trout, both lake and *Fontinalis*, were so abundant and so eager for the bait that the camp was profusely supplied with fish. Venison and trout were always plentiful in our larder, which was supplemented with wild ducks, sometimes abundantly.

The guides had no moral or professional scruples against the use, which would now be regarded as "antique and horrible," of the sunken-set-night-line, with one end attached to a "sinker," the other end to a "float." Nor had I any such scruples under the conditions of the big appetites in our camp, and then it seemed some fun to pull up a long line of 90 or 100 feet with twenty-five or thirty short lines attached at various distances, each one having a large hook baited with a minnow at the end, and to find a big trout or a broken piece of stringer and a missing hook and end of the streamer.

A visitor at any of the same regions (hills, lakes or rivers) of to-day would find it almost impossible to realize the wildness of the old days. That wildness was so beautiful!

I remember on a morning of the day when I was to start on my return to the streets of New York, my going out to the shore of the lake before the camp had awakened and looking up off at the hills and valleys and lake, and the beautiful colors of the dawn on the whole transporting scene and actually crying, as a young lad cries at parting with his love.

I recall one trip in 1859, I think it was, when we started in at the camp which subse-

quently became "Martin's" on Lower Saranac, and I rowed one of the two boats of our party through to Bartlett's, then a small unpainted house and then to where we camped for the night in our tent on Round Lake. I don't know about the trout fishing of to-day at Round Lake, but after our night there two of us pushed our boat out on the pond, and at the mouth of a stream there took trout for an hour or more as fast as we could land them, one or two at a time, ranging in weight from one-third of a

pound to one and a half pounds each, until the bottom of our boat was well covered. Then we continued on down to the little Johnson camp, where after a little fishing in the rapids we continued on our way over the carry to Raquette River, thence up the river to Long Lake. After the whole length of Long Lake (on which I do not remember the sign of any habitation; I think Mitchell Sabattis had not then built his camp there) and a considerable paddle in a narrow stream, we came to what was generally



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

called "Leg Lake," or by a more exacting refinement "Forked Lake." A persistent pouring rain kept us confined to our tents on a rather steep hillside there for several days. The deep ligneous soil was converted into a soft and slippery consistency which suggested the appropriate name of "Camp Cow-Yard" to our environment there.

When at last the sun came out bright and clear and a warm, dry breeze greeted us, "life in the woods" seemed beautiful, and we worked along the lake to the stream connecting with Raquette Lake. As we intended staying on the lake a week or perhaps two, and the elderly member of our party had camped there twenty-five years before, he wanted to go to the same place. He said that since his former visit Mr. Constable, of New York city, had bought the point on which he camped, and my elderly friend pointed us to the place.

While we were on the way he told us that at this first visit there a fish hawk had its nest near the camping place and a grand bald eagle also had one, and that every day of his stay there, the fish hawk would come out to get his fish for himself and probably his family, but that Mr. (or Mrs.) Bald Eagle was there always soaring in a lofty circle waiting for him. When the hawk, having seen his fish, made his fierce and sudden drop for him, the eagle made his circuit smaller so as to keep well over the fish hawk's drop. Then the hawk would come struggling out of the water with a good trout or other fish, wriggling in his talons. The

hawk, while trying to get off the water and a hold on the air with his wings, and seeing the old "Wall street" eagle with his eyes on the fish which he had marked for himself, screamed and whistled louder and louder and aimed for his nest in the woods, although he knew it to be useless with Mr. Eagle right over him lower and lower until the hawk, just as the eagle was almost on his head, dropped his fish, while the eagle, continuing his rapid drop, seized the fish before it struck the water. He said this play continued every day while he camped there. The eagle every day took his toll of one fish, and the hawk paid it, screaming, and after a little rest in his tree, went on with his family marketing without any further interference from the eagle. He told us just where the old eagle had his nest.

Just as he had finished his story we rounded the point and a big bald-headed eagle sailed off from the very tree. The old gentleman, quoting what he had heard and read about the age attained by bald eagles, said that that, and the looks of the eagle, made him readily believe it to be the same old eagle of twenty-five years before.

We made our camp where his camp had been and stayed there about ten days, and every day, either the same old fish hawk or one of his descendants, and perhaps the same old bald eagle went through the same performance. It was interesting to see the daily repetition.

I have never been there since that year and have no idea what a fish hawk could do there now, but then there was a plentiful supply of lake trout as well as *fontinalis* to provide for

the bounteous sustenance of both hawks and eagles.

Before we came out on that year we rowed across the lake and went through what was then called Marion River to Blue Mt. Lake. At that time the whole region of the lake was a wilderness. We crossed the lake and landed at the foot of the Blue Mountain. After cooking our supper over a fire on the beach and enjoying what one of the party called "a very gratifying satiety," we turned up our canoes and curled up under them for a night's sleep. Our "smudges" were effective as to the mosquitoes, but had no effect on the howlings of what the guide called the "painters" on the hillside above our heads. The fatigue of our day's work was the only soporific we had to meet the shriekings and howlings of those tiger-like beasts, and that soporific did not operate until it seemed as if the night were nearly gone.

In all the distance, from the start on the lower Saranac to our camping place on Blue Mountain Lake, we saw only Bartlett at his house, Mrs. Johnson at her little camp, the man that drew our canoes over the carry, a guide who had a camp on Raquette Lake, and a young man who had built a camp somewhere near Blue Mountain Lake, who told us he had cured his tendency to consumption he thought by his stay there, and thought he evidenced it by the fact of his "backing" in through the woods sixty pounds of provisions a few days before.

This is rather different from the experience one could meet in the present Adirondacks over the same route.

Sport in Florida

By J. A. L. WADDELL

(Concluded from page 360.)

ABOUT four in the afternoon the weather cleared, the wind veered to the south, the temperature rose, and the sun tried to shine through breaks in the clouds, consequently I rigged up a bait-casting outfit and had John row me around an hour and a half, trying to catch some bass, but not a rise did I get. As I had done no bait-casting for many years, I was not very skillful at first, but ere long the bait began to fall where I wanted it to at the edge of the lily pads. The place looked to be ideal for bass fishing, and they say that in fine weather an experienced fisherman can take in a few hours more bass than he can carry.

Next day we packed our belongings into the wagon, took the four dogs (Mr. W. having left Joe with us), and started homeward. John was instructed to stop at our old camping ground, and the three of us in the two buggies pushed northward some nine miles and began shooting near the place where we had quit the evening of our arrival at the ranch. After locating the remnants of two of our old coveys, we took an abandoned road running north, so as to strike some undisturbed territory. It was really only half a day's shoot that we got, as we did not reach the ground till about noon, but we bagged some fifty birds, including a brace of jacksnipe.

The ground was very wet, but the walking was not bad. We shot till nearly sunset, then headed for the main road, which we reached after dark, arriving about 7:30 at camp, where we found John awaiting us with a good dinner of fried duck, gritz and some of our few remaining canned provisions.

Once more we were in luck at that camp, because it did not rain during the night, consequently after a good, sound sleep we packed up and started for Bartow. On the way in we raised a few coveys and bagged seventeen birds. The smallness of the number was due to the ground having been shot over, all the bunches but one being small remnants. About sunset we reached town, where I found it necessary to spend all of next day attending to business correspondence. It had been our intention to go to Dade City to try the black bass fishing at some of the numerous small lakes in that neighborhood, but learning that there was good duck shooting and some salt water fishing to be had at Fort Myers, we took the evening train for that place, arriving about midnight.

The next day was stormy with a heavy rain in the forenoon, hence we had plenty of time to find a lodging (which we did at the Sea View Annex), secure a launch and boatman, buy fish-

ing tackle and ammunition and explore the town. We engaged a young fellow and his launch, but the next morning he refused to go out because of the weather. It was blowing a little, but not enough to have prevented me from going out in a Canadian canoe, had our sport demanded it. However, the young man was right, because it soon began to breeze up, and I afterward found that their swift little launches ship more water over the bow than would a canoe under the same conditions. We consequently wasted another day waiting for the weather to break, which it did during the night.

We noticed a good many wild ducks (all blue-bills, or as they are sometimes termed, black-jacks) in the harbor, where it was illegal to disturb them. They were so tame that they would come within a few feet of anyone who offered them food.

In the morning we found that our boatman had sent a substitute, a middle-aged man by the name of John A. Meredith, who proved to be skillful, experienced, agreeable, and everything that could be desired in a guide. He soon showed that he knew how to hunt ducks from a launch, because as soon as we got outside of the protected area, he steered spirally for the flocks and often brought us within very short

range, although as the birds had generally been shot at before, most of them rose out of reach. Part of the day I occupied a seat in the bow with my two guns and Leonard sat in the stern on the swivel chair that was used for fishing from. Then later on we changed places and I shot from the chair with my long-barreled choke gun. The sport was excellent, but the low little craft, traveling seven and a half miles per hour, threw up a great deal of spray whenever there was any sea on, which drenched the man in the bow in spite of all he could do to protect himself by means of a rain coat. The one in the bow of course had the cream of the shooting, because the one in the stern did not dare to fire toward the others for fear of deafening them. But we soon learned that it paid for the bow sportsman to let pass on the water as many birds as possible and take the others ahead in order to give his companion in the stern a good share of the shooting. In this way Leonard with his automatic often got in two or three shots after I had fired. Most of the shooting was done close to the water, but once in a while some bird that had risen far ahead of the launch would climb and swing in a little too close to us for his own good, although truth to tell, we missed a great many shots of that kind.

When one considers the continual jiggle-jiggle of the boat from the machinery, the constant rolling and pitching due to the sea, the high velocity of the craft, the varying speeds of the ducks, and the different directions of their flight, it is readily understandable that misses were in order. Again, the bluebills are great divers, and unless killed outright they go down as soon as they strike the water, often traveling far under it before reappearing on the surface. We failed to retrieve a great many birds that we knocked down, but after a while I became quite expert in picking up cripples. The way I did it was by standing up with my chokebore gun and snapping at the projecting head of the duck as it emerged from the water, firing just as quickly as I make a practice of doing on a rising jacksnipe. We found that if we waited to take good aim, the duck would be beneath the water by the time the shot reached its vicinity. After some experience I became so expert on killing the cripples in this way that a much smaller percentage of the wounded birds escaped. Some of them, though, never let us get within range, and others made their way to water too shallow for our launch.

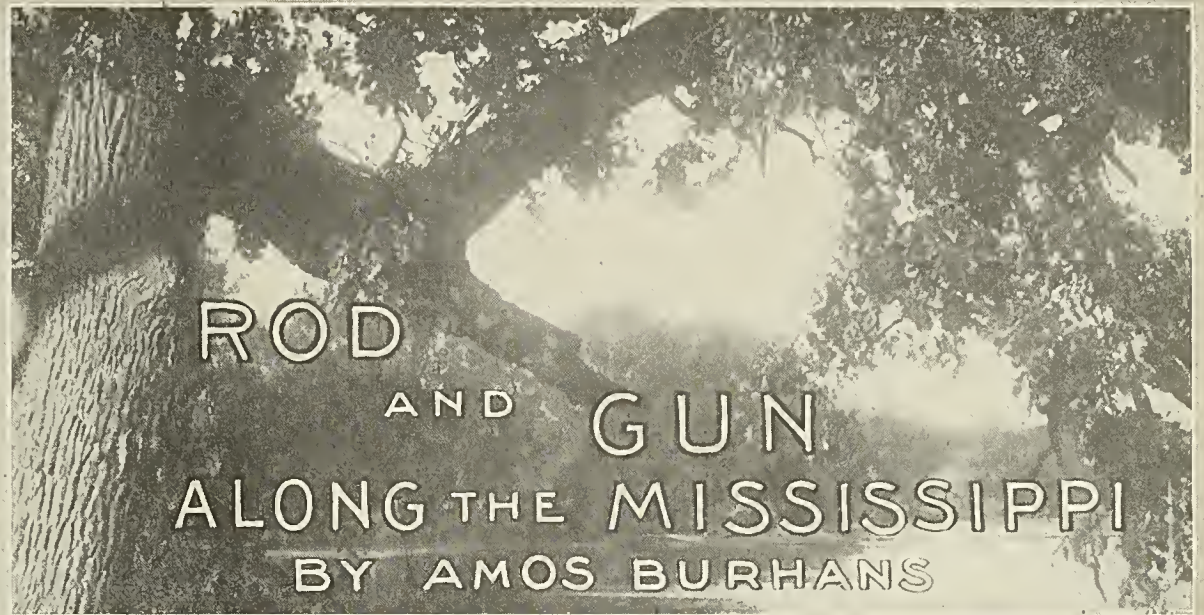
Often in chasing a bunch we ran into a mud bank and had to lose much valuable time in backing out.

During the middle of the day we tried trolling for a while, but the weather was unpropitious, and we succeeded in taking only one small sea trout.

Toward evening the wind subsided, and we were able to shoot for a time without getting splashed from head to foot. We returned to town about sunset with a fine bag of ducks which we distributed to everybody at the wharf who desired them and divided the remainder between two or three restaurants.

For our meals at Fort Myers we browsed around, trying the various places and finally settling upon a little fish-and-oyster house built on piles over the water alongside a wharf. The food there was absolutely fresh, and the cook-

(Continued on page 441.)



Chapter II.

A CLOSE study of the many sheeted map we bought from the Mississippi River Commission told us that as we worked southward along the river, its confining bluffs on either side grew wider and wider apart. Just below Prescott we first noted this. On the left, descending, towered the great bluffs for a few miles below the town. On the right, beyond the little bayous and sloughs, stretched acres upon acres, thousands of them, more or less tilled and sown to crops. Tangles and undergrowth, fields gone to waste and plots of once tilled land abandoned because of high water or a wet season made the finest quail cover I ever saw. The bluffs were from three to ten miles apart, and with the exception of the comparatively tiny stream threading its way crookedly southward, nothing between but what beckoned to the game little bird of brown and ashy gray.

And his whistle was everywhere.

Generally speaking the dweller along the banks of the Mississippi does not shoot quail until the tracks in the snow allow him to make pot-hunting profitable. The early season shooting is mostly done by sportsmen who hunt to dog. I am not saying out-of-season shooting does not take place. It does, though is very small. And I am not sure that pot-hunting is as profitable as trapping. The festive muskrat seems to be everywhere in the bottoms and his pelt is worth good money.

Making the cruiser fast to a lone tree on the Minnesota side, we gained permission of a clammer-farmer-stockman to see what we could find in his oat stubble, hay meadows and corn fields. He was a generous soul, bewhiskered of face and white of heart. He kept a 'coon dog. Once in the corn field about his shanty we saw the dogs roading a bevy of birds. Finally taking lodgment in a piece of uncut hay, they laid to dogs in fine shape. Approaching, we made ready to shoot, but when putting the dogs into the bunch they began getting up so close to us that we could see they were hardly of a size to kill, save the old hen of the brood, which we refused to slaughter. One of the dogs was a puppy, and he thought when the birds began raising before him that he had broken all the rules he had been yard taught, for he shivered as if he had been thrown into ice water on a blustery day.

Working over further into the tall weeds, waist high, we found a covey of seven big birds, all of spring hatch and claimed five of them. The rest of the morning was devoted to getting five more from a scattered covey that dropped, spread-eagle fashion, among the tall alders and weeds, willows and brambles that seemed at first impenetrable.

The perfect cover along the river bottoms will provide good shooting along them for many years to come. The birds cannot be butchered, as they have been butchered on the prairie country of Kansas and Nebraska. Nothing can affect the crop except nasty winters and overflows during the nesting time. The spring of 1912 saw no overflow on these upper river bottoms. What high water there was came with the approach of spring, and birds that might have nested in the low places were forced to adopt other locations before mating.

The following day we went over to the western bluffs, taking a wagon trail through the jungles. The shooting was not as good as it had been the day before, owing to the scarcity of water during the hot weather of early summer. Quail would rather stay about flowing water or the shores of a lake than anywhere else if the cover is sufficient for them. During the day we heard the booming of a number of gunning



DUCKS APLENTY.

parties. That night we met three of the parties, and all reported many birds seen, but only an average of eight per party were killed. This supplements what I have said about quail having a safe cover for years hence.

A series of cool rains and a bit of muddy water in the river forced us to forego hunting for a few days. We journeyed, nevertheless, by easy stages and made a landing at the bluff-protected town of Alma, Wis., after putting in at many other little ports and watching the Government steam dredges helping to keep the channel open to navigation.

We had salted and pickled a great number of the moon-eyed minnows. Now we were to know how good they were for bait. The first couple of days' fishing with flies was abominable. The next day with salted mooneyes and pickled moon-

Winona and near the postoffice of La Moille, Minn., the skipper saw a "hull inspector" or dead head, a log that swung in midstream. By all the rules of navigation he should have stayed inside of the log, as that would have been on the outside of the bend where the deepest water is supposed to be. He stayed there and was running full head down stream, when with a bump that sent the crew out of their seats he hit a wing dam that was but twelve to eighteen inches under water. It was the same dam on which the steamer Quincy sank but a couple of years before. The log was a black buoy beckoning one to stay on the left of it instead of the right, yet it lacked the white cap usually seen on these, it probably having been knocked off by a raft of logs at some time recently.

Up we went on to the rocky dam and hung

that gave the wind a chance to fairly annihilate the water, we stopped for the night. It was the first open landing we had made since starting on the trip. Generally we could find a safe harbor for the night in some creek's mouth or a pocket of the river near shore. The river charts always show some snug harbor back of an island or between an island and a piece of mainland. We worked to make these ports and lay behind them if we were going to stop any length of time. On the particular night that we stopped below Dubuque, the wind began to rise, and we had no protection except a small point around which the up-river swells driven by the wind pounded the cruiser upon the rocky shore.

Steadily the wind increased and steadily our pounding grew worse. We were in for a night of it. The anchor would not hold on the hard bottom, hence it was useless to try to go out into the river and be upended and cat-hauled by wind and wave. The wind was up-stream and the current down into the eye of the wind, and between the two we wallowed in the trough of a dirty sea for that portion of the river. There was nothing to do but try to back off shore, so that we could turn and head down stream and into the leeward of Nine Mile Island. The island was three miles away, and to gain it in the middle of the night was no easy thing, the wind blowing so strong that it turned the cruiser out of her course twice on the way.

Before we had turned in for the night we had noted two Government river lights, one directly across the river, and one down river opposite the head of the island. We got these firmly fixed in mind, and then with great difficulty backed off shore and swung into the eye of the wind for the trip. The skipper lost part of the clothing he had on and never missed it till morning. The women folks were thrown from their berths, the kids rolled on the floor, and yet in all the scramble and tumble the engine turned steadily and brought us in an hour behind the island head where the water was peaceful enough to plant the anchor.

And we had no sooner thrown it into the mud than a covey of Government steamers and barges blew around the point of the island head and dropped alongside us to spend the night. This was the first bad night we had on the Mississippi.



A MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAM BOAT.

eyes was worse. And we promptly dumped the whole lot overboard, containers and all. By diligent search we found a number of nice sized frogs for bait-casting. These were used to good advantage back among the lily pads between the wing dams for big-mouth bass. I cannot say the fishing was excellent, though by diligence we replenished the larder.

Up the river again on the next day we sought mooneyes in the pot-holes connected with the river and found them. Then things began to look up. With one bass in the creel and a nipigon bait made of the white streak in his belly, we soon had others. The nipigon seemed to do more effective work than the mooneyes, and you may be sure we made a number of them and pickled them to use with spinners for fishing to come.

Now for more cruising. Dirty weather set us going again. We could travel in comfort in the worst of rainy weather, while lying idle gave us the fidgets. The boat was tight-roofed, a canopy covered the cockpit, and with our charts beside us we navigated right along until we came upon the one big bump of the trip. Below

there on the strut of the under part, rocking this way and that in the swift water. By getting the dink on to the fore deck and filled with water, and other of the load carried ahead, we managed to get the stern moving forward, and off the rocks a few inches at a time by jumping into the cold water and using the gang plank as a pry. Then came along a hydroplane. It was useless in aiding us. Soon came a fantail with a ten-horse bit of power in her, which coupled to our own managed to shift us off the rocks without damage after two hours of hanging on them.

The next place we stopped in saw the purchase of a pair of field glasses which henceforth were at the left hand of the skipper at the wheel, and with which he picked many a safe channel and landing before the end of the journey.

At Bad Axe, Wis., we took to the prairies beyond the bluffs for a two days' shoot. There was plenty of shooting, but the amount of game did not pay for the powder. Chickens were found on hill and catstep, the latter a shelf-covered hill. They were wild, having been shot at a deal before the season.

Just below Dubuque, in a reach of the river

"It costs more to keep clean on the Yukon than it does in the States," writes W. A. Hillis, of the Remington-UMC Co., who is on a shooting trip in Alaska. "Up here in Alaska," continues Mr. Hillis, "my laundry bill averages about three times American prices—just an ordinary bundle this week cost \$2.75. It would be almost as cheap to buy clothing for every "change" provided the purchases could be made at home prices. One dollar of my bill this week was for washing a light, linen coat. They charge a quarter for washing soft shirts, ten cents for collars, forty cents for union suits and everything else in proportion.

"My old back-home washerwoman, with her tub and scrubbing board, could make \$25 a day at these prices.

"Of course, average wages are high here so that prices aren't really so unreasonable as they look, but it's naturally hard for newcomers to adjust themselves to conditions."


GAME BAG AND GUN


The "Fool Hen"—Biographical

By CHARLES STUART MOODY

I WAS first introduced to Franklin's grouse, more commonly known as "fool hen," when on an extended trip into the interior of the Bitter Root Mountains, in Idaho, with the Nez Percé Indians. It was late in the season, and the birds, after we reached the higher elevations where the forestation was almost exclusively lodge pole pine, were numerous. They would hardly leave the trail, and then only to fly a few feet and perch on some convenient low-hanging limb where they sat with head drawn down, eyes half closed as though asleep. The Indians carry a riding whip consisting of a heavy wooden handle two feet in length, through which run two broad leather thongs. Without this instrument of torture no cayuse horse can be made to travel. An Indian would spy a grouse sitting on a limb, ride out of the line, tap the bird on the head with his riding whip, stow it away in his bag and return. The birds were so numerous that by nightfall there would be enough so collected to supply food for the entire party. The Indians were armed, but never presumed to waste ammunition on the game.

This apparent lack of the instinct of self preservation interested me, and I made a rather close study of the birds during the years that followed. Franklin's grouse (*Dendragapus franklinii*) is the southern representative of the Canada grouse (*Dendragapus canadensis*) and differs from that bird in such slight degree that only ornithologists can distinguish them. They inhabit the higher and unsettled portions of the western mountain ranges, choosing by preference the lodge pole and spruce forests, occupying a zone between the ruffed grouse below and the white-tailed ptarmigan above, though isolated specimens may be found as low as 2,000 feet above sea level. That the grouse are never found in the vicinage of human habitations is probably accounted for by the fact that their unsuspecting nature causes them to fall easy victims to man. When the town of Pierce, Idaho, was first built, old settlers tell me that the fool hen was plenty, but in a few years not one could be found. After leaving Pierce and the region embraced in the Pierce placers, the grouse reappeared. The conclusion is obvious.

The almost impenetrable region inhabited by Franklin's grouse has protected them from the ravages of hunters, and has at the same time prevented any detailed study of their habits by ornithologists. Of the strictly game birds this is the least known to sportsmen. Indeed, many hunters encounter these birds and are unaware that they may be made to form an agreeable addition to the menu. At one time I chanced to be one of a hunting party in the Bitter Roots of which another member was a recent importation from Great Britain. The Britisher was a true sportsman, as I have found all his people to be, and scorned to shoot a sitting bird or a

standing deer. He possessed a beautiful three-barrel gun, of which he was justly proud. Being more familiar with the country than my companions, it fell to my lot to escort our British cousin around. The fall was exceedingly dry and game scarce. We had spent a week in the hills without finding large game. One day I suggested to him that we separate and follow up either side of a cañon, which headed in a thicket of pine toward the mountain. We separated, with the understanding that we were to meet at the head of the cañon. As I reached the neighborhood of the point agreed upon, I heard a voice.

"Why don't you fly, you bloomin' beggar?"

I peered through the trees and saw my companion frantically waving his gun at something in a tree. I drew near and saw a cock Franklin's grouse sitting about ten feet from the ground fast asleep. My friend looked around and saw me.

"What's the matter with this bally bird?" he asked. "Don't you know I have tried for the last five minutes to flush him, but the bloomin' beggar sits there as though half asleep."

"Oh, that's a fool hen," I replied.

"Ah! really, and what is a fool hen, may I ask?"

"A fool hen is a bird of the grouse family that hasn't sense enough to get out of the way of an Englishman with a gun."

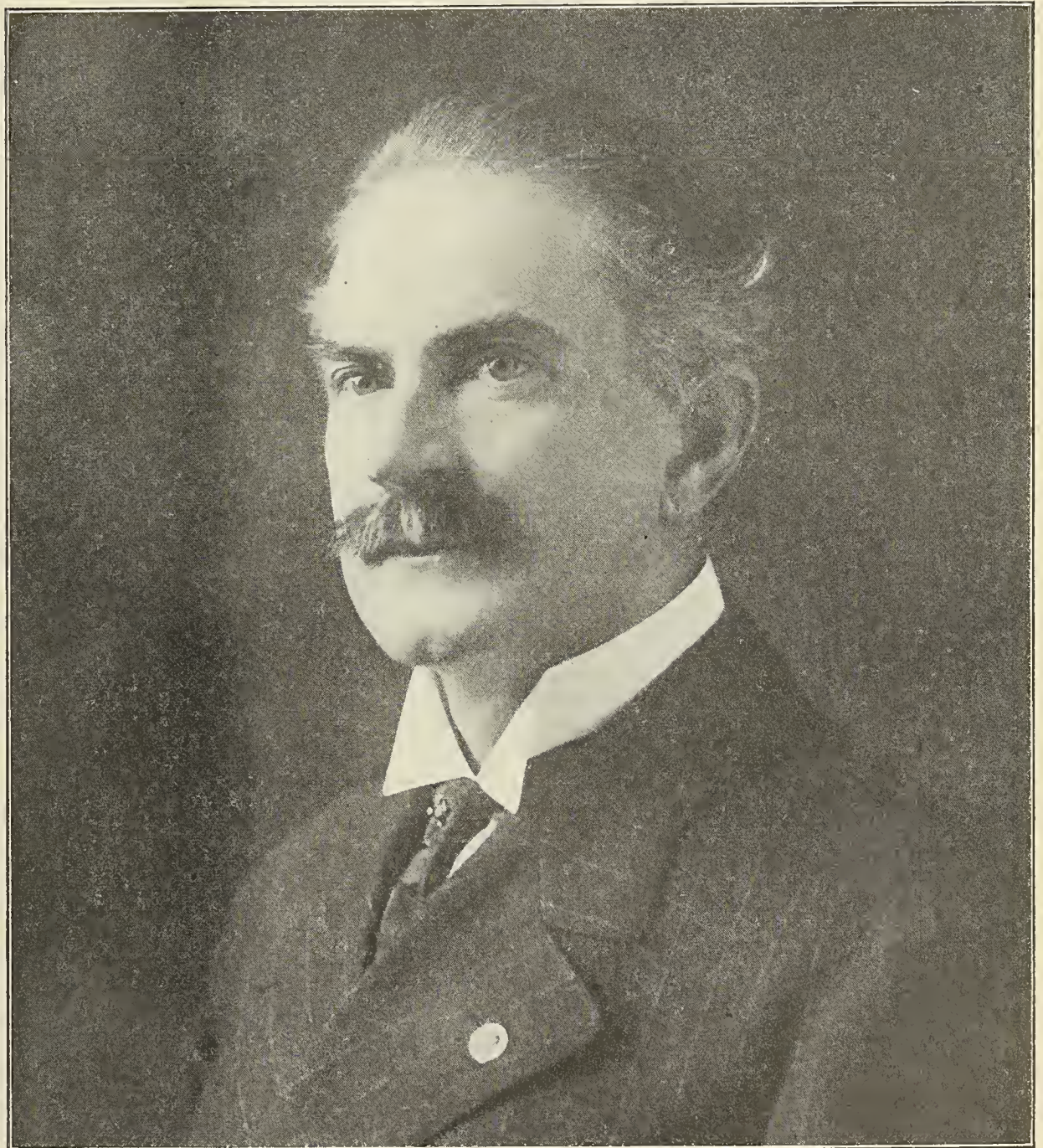
He looked at me for a moment before the thought found lodgment, then he laughed. "Haw, haw, pretty good. And has he sense enough to fly from a Yankee with a gun?"

"No; same thing, English or Yankee, it's all the same."

"I want to shoot the creature, but I cawn't, don't you know, unless he will flush."

"Get your gun ready, and I will flush him for you."

I took up a small stick and shied it at the



GEORGE H. GRAHAM

Commissioner of Fisheries and Game, Massachusetts.

sitting bird. The stick struck the limb upon which he perched. He turned and snapped at it like an angry dog, but did not fly. Another failed to dislodge him. I then procured a pole and poked him off the limb. My British friend was so engrossed in my efforts that Mr. Dendragapus went whirling away through the timber unscathed by a single shot.

"Well, I'm blowed," was the disgusted remark of my companion.

I am persuaded that the seeming unwariness of these birds does not extend to their natural enemies. Two incidents will serve to furnish the reasons for my belief. I had occasion to make a professional visit to a remote mining camp beyond Elk, Idaho, a country without roads and only indifferent pack trails. Joe, my setter, was my traveling companion and interested himself in his canine way by inspecting everything along the trail. He brought consternation to the hearts of hundreds of chipmunks and ground squirrels, scared the young snowshoe rabbits until several of them turned prematurely white, brought down upon his devoted head storms of vituperation from innumerable long-crested jays, and otherwise enjoyed his outing as only a setter dog can that has been basking in the sunshine on a board walk for several months. We left Elk behind and began climbing the higher range. The timber grew smaller, then merged into the black pine and spruce growth, above which no timber grew. I saw a cock grouse on a log a few feet from the trail. Joe was some distance behind. I rode on a few yards and halted. The dog came trotting along, his head down, probably planning another chipmunk campaign, when he caught the scent from the grouse and "froze" into an image. Slowly he turned his head until he saw the bird, which was sitting with its head drawn back, eyes half closed, the picture of indolence and stupidity. Joe turned, crouched and began worming himself toward the bird. Inch by inch he slipped up until he was within three feet of his victim, when he crouched for a spring. Just as his muscles grew tense, right at the psychological moment as it were, the grouse launched full into his face. There was probably never a more surprised setter dog lived. He turned a back somersault, snapped blindly at the fleeing bird, then picked himself up, and trotted sheepishly along after my horse.

I thought possibly that might have been an exceptional case, but kept the matter in mind, watching for additional evidence. I got the evidence on another trip into the same mountains. In company with my Indians I was encamped on the Wet-as meadows one spring, salmon fishing. It is not a difficult matter to get a surfeit of salmon steak when one has nothing else, so when we discovered that a bear used a muddy spring near the border of a small meadow some two miles from the camp, I determined to add some bear steak to our bill of fare. The signs showed that bruin used the spring every day, and I climbed a small leafy-topped fir tree which commanded a view of the spring, and sat watching for his arrival. I had not been in my position more than half an hour before a female Franklin's grouse came creeping through the brush and settled on her nest in plain sight of where I sat. I had not seen the nest before, but that was not surprising, for one might step on the eggs and not see them, so perfectly do they blend with the surroundings. I fell to

watching the nesting bird and wondered at the wisdom of nature in harmonizing her colors with the earth so perfectly that but for her black eyes she had been indistinguishable. In perhaps half an hour a coyote came sneaking through the brush on track of the bird. He had evidently cut her trail before the scent laid, and had proceeded to hunt a grouse dinner. Carefully, his nose to earth like a dog, the coyote slipped along until he was quite near the grouse, which sat perfectly still. The only thing betraying her presence was the glint in her black eyes, which were wide open and apprehensive. The coyote saw her and crouched for the spring. As he did so, the grouse exploded right into his face with a noise like thunder. The coyote was taken by surprise. He snapped at the fluttering bird, got a mouthful of feathers and whirled in time to see the bird making off into the timber. He dashed after her, but it was a hopeless chase. I had fully intended making a "good" coyote out of him, but was so interested in watching the little drama that I forgot to shoot.

P. S.—I did not get the bear—that time.

The female Franklin's grouse, like all the grouse family, is a devoted and intelligent mother. As soon as the young are hatched (they run as soon as they leave the shell) the mother leads them to an open hillside where food is plenty, and there protects them until they are able to shift for themselves. I have frequently surprised coveys of these youngsters and watched the celerity with which they got under cover upon warning from the mother. One cluck and the little brown furry balls vanish, not a birdling to be seen. You may rest assured, however, that numerous bead-like black eyes are fastened upon you. The mother dashes at your feet in great distress, every bone in her body broken into numerous fragments, then trails off dragging her body and moaning in mortal agony. Follow her for a few yards and she suddenly recovers, springs into the air and goes whizzing away, cackling her delight at her adroitness in luring you away. Return to the spot and search diligently, and you will fail to locate a chick. They have taken advantage of your pursuit of their mother to leave that dangerous neighborhood.

Persons unfamiliar with the mating birds of these grouse have been mystified by a peculiar ventriloquial sound coming from some dense thicket of black pine in the spring and early summer. The sound puzzled me for several years. The "drum" of the ruffed grouse and the "hoot" of the big sooty grouse were both familiar to me, but this sound was different, more like the steady rolling of distant thunder. An old mountaineer told me it was the love song of the fool hen, and I laid my plans to surprise him at his amours. It was no easy task; the sound was so baffling that it was next to impossible to locate it. By exercising unlimited patience and considerable time I finally found the trysting place and watched the performance. It was in a deep lodge pole thicket where there was an open space of some three yards in extent. A small tree leaned out over this cleared space, and as I approached a cock grouse was deliberately walking up this incline. He paused when some ten feet from the ground and sat for several minutes, straightened up, vaulted into the air, hung suspended for an instant, dropped his legs, held his body upright and began to descend beating his wings against his breast. He

alighted on the ground, sat for some time, then climbed the tree again to repeat the maneuver. The sound differed from that produced by the ruffed grouse in that the cadence was regular instead of a crescendo.

Late in the fall these birds become strictly arboreal, retiring to the tops of the spruce trees, where they spend the winter. I do not recall having seen one on the ground after the winter set in. They feed off the spruce leaves, and in a short time become pretty strongly impregnated with turpentine.

In summer and fall the Franklin's grouse is quite palatable and forms a welcome addition to the hunter's pot, but after they begin feeding on the spruce, they become so strong that only a very hungry man can eat them. If it becomes necessary, on account of lack of other food, to eat one of the birds at such time, the flesh may be rendered less disagreeable by skinning the bird, removing the intestines as soon as it is killed, then wrapping it in a towel that has been dipped in boiling water. It should be allowed to remain in this over night. Late fall and winter-killed birds should be stewed, the water skimmed frequently to remove the turpentine.

What is a Game Bird in this Country?

CAPE MAY, N. J., Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An extremely interesting question was asked me yesterday by a layman after a discussion on our game laws, i. e., "What is a game bird in this country?"

I have spent some time in figuring it out and have come to the conclusion that there is no definite definition that one can hold up to one that does not know what the term means.

Here in both Pennsylvania and New Jersey one cannot call any one bird a game bird, because such birds as the bobolink (or reed bird) and purple grackle are shot for eating, and have an open season for shooting them.

In the South the robin is shot, and there is an open season for killing them. Take Virginia, for instance. The season for shooting robin is from Feb. 15 to April 1, the time when the robins are on their way North to breed. They are not a game bird in the accepted sense, being not only insectivorous, but also (in the North) a song bird, and should be one of our most valued birds here and in the South for these two reasons. Yet south of here they are classed as "game birds."

It seems to me that one way of qualifying what should be called a game bird in this country could be done by judicious laws drawn between the different species.

For instance: The so-called "shore birds," i. e., yellowleg, plover, rail, etc., should be put in a class by themselves. Woodcock and quail should be protected in the same way. After these the question eliminates itself to a difference of weight among the birds that live inland.

Any bird over six ounces dressed should be classified as a game bird, and a season for that bird should be made. Any being under that weight should be absolutely protected for the good of the communities in general.

I should like to hear from the men who write to you so often on this subject and get their ideas on this, to me, new phase of the modern bird life.

MARK HOPKINS, JR.

Hunting in California.

BY GOLDEN GATE.

DEER hunting in this State is now at an end, except in the northern and northeastern mountainous sections where hunting is permitted until the 1st of November. Taken as a whole the season now closing has proved to be a very satisfactory one from the point of the number of deer killed, but it has been demonstrated more clearly than ever that some marked changes in the law are necessary. The early season shooting in the coast counties demonstrated the fact that nowhere are bucks in shape to be hunted as early as July 1, and it is believed that the season will be changed to open a month later with more uniform seasons for all the game districts of the State. Protective organizations are being formed in all sections of the State, and it is expected that the demand for a change in the law will come from the people themselves. R. H. Duke, legal adviser for the California Fish and Game Commission, has been spending considerable time assisting in the organization of these associations, the membership of which is now well above the 10,000 mark.

Another change in the game laws that will be considered by the Legislature next year will be that of imposing a heavier penalty on a person for killing a doe. This will not only be for the purpose of conserving the game, but for the protection of human life. If a hunter realizes that he is liable to be called upon to pay a heavy fine or to languish in jail for a good stiff term, he will be more careful to wait until he is absolutely certain that he is shooting at a buck, and that he is not drawing a bead on a fellow man or a doe.

During the month of August, seventeen mountain lions were killed in eleven counties of California, upon which the State bounty of \$20 was paid.

Violators of the game laws have been taken by surprise in Plumas county of late, and five convictions have been made there within a short time. Fred Wilson, of Southern California, was fined \$50 for killing a doe. "Bob," an Indian, was fined \$25 for hunting without a license and three others were arrested by J. E. Nail, of Cromberg, and made to pay \$25 each for their offenses.

Ontario Moose and Deer.

THE following letter was received last fall by our information department after the close of the Ontario season. It mentions a locality worth hunting:

My thanks are due your department for information received some months ago. I have just returned home from a very successful three weeks' hunt in the Wahnapiatae Lake country, where I found moose, and the most remarkable section for deer and partridge. I hunted twelve full days and in that time saw twenty-one deer, and it would be easy for a shotgun to get fifteen to twenty birds daily. Kindly register a new guide for that section, Robert Brady, whose address is Wahnapiatae, Ontario. He is in every respect a first class young woodsman, fine in a canoe and an excellent all around guide.

J. A. MELSHEIMER.

THE matter in FOREST AND STREAM is proof and guarantee of its class of readers.



NOTE THE SEVERAL "BREEDS" OF DOG USED IN A BEAR HUNT.

A Bear Story.

THE following narrative is an extract from a letter written to one of our subscribers and forwarded to us:

I was out on a good hunt last spring and we were fortunate enough to bag three of the furry brutes, all of them black. Saw innumerable elk and could have gotten some sheep or goat had we been so disposed, as there was quite a few of them where we went. They were plentiful enough, so that we could watch them at play on the mountain with a pair of strong binoculars. One of the bears we captured in a trap, and the other two we caught fair with dogs, and talk about a grand fight! We certainly had one with the largest of the bear. By the way, when I had left and came home I received a letter from one of the boys from where I was hunting. He said that a fellow who had been trapping grizzlies had got severely chewed up by one of the brutes. This fellow it appears had a set gun for bear, and during the night he heard the report of the gun, and going out to see what had happened, encountered a large grizzly and her cubs, one of which had been wounded when the gun went off, and the old mother being very mad about it, gave chase to him and ran him into the cabin. She not being able to get through the door or windows, went up on to the roof and tore a hole through it and let herself down and killed this man and ate him. His skull and shin bones were all that was found when his partner returned home the following day. The boys said that they could not cover the footprint of the bear with a pair of a number nine shoes. Some bear, eh? How would you like to have been there with your .35? I am planning to take a good hunt this fall after the big fellows.

M. M. POND.

FOREST AND STREAM is a magazine for sportsmen. If you feel that you are getting more than \$3 a year in value out of it, please square accounts with us by recommending some of your friends to subscribe.

Old Friends.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sorry to have read of the inclination of the Haverhill correspondent, who has been for so long a time a member of the FOREST AND STREAM family, to drop out. I trust that he has been persuaded to alter his intentions. Must he lessen the rank of old friends? We need them all and many more.

Should think his feeling the necessity of laying aside the gun all the more reason for holding on to FOREST AND STREAM. Most of my best outing trips are spent in its columns. Nor is there the muzzle of a gun to be chased around in every instance. Trust that I misunderstood his impression of a real present time outing. And are conditions really so bad in his locality? His letter recalls to me what was perhaps the most productive few hours' shooting I ever experienced only last fall not far from Haverhill, a bag which I could have doubled had I taken full advantage of the opportunity. What I saw and heard of that country convinced me that I should like to revisit it some time. It looked very inviting to me.

I believe that there is yet enough game to furnish an incentive to be out in the open which after all is the real thing.

C. H. S.

You fellows all have heard of the Irishman, newly arrived, who when shown a giraffe in the Bronx Zoo and told its name, said: "There ain't no such animal." Well, read what Randy Hearst's American says:

"Venice, Cal., Sept. 18.—One of the queerest deep-sea creatures ever seen here was brought in to-day by a fisherman. It is five feet in length, black and green mottled, with a tail like that of a shark.

"It has a dorsal fin and four feet shaped like those of a parrot. Its mouth resembles that of a Gila monster, while its head is a replica on a large scale of that of a California horned toad."

The next time you go fishing, leave home the "hip disease" or you may see one "av thim things."



Fishing in Central Oregon.

LAMAR, COLO., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My dear brothers of the rod and reel: I have been sitting around your camp-fire now for two years listening to your many interesting stories and have said not a word. It is time that I, too, gave you an account of one of my fishing trips. This time it is to a new and but little known territory in Central Oregon. It was the De Chutes River and its confluents that I visited the first week in July. I had been told of the marvelous beauty of the region and of the great Dolly Varden trout to be found there by a friend who was born and reared in Oregon, and I decided to try it.

The De Chutes is rightly named in French and it flows as through a mill-race, there being but very few pools, and the stream very dry and too swift for canoe fishing and too deep to wade, consequently one cannot reach the middle of the stream with a fly, and I was so disappointed in it that I fished it but one day with indifferent results. Then a party of three of us hired a machine and went to Crooked River, which is a confluent of the De Chutes. We were riding along a smooth prairie road and viewing the many snow peaks in the distance when our friend, the driver, said, "Here we are." I descended from the machine, but could see no sign of a river, but after walking a short distance we came to a great chasm 600 feet deep, so narrow that one's voice could be heard from the other side, but if you wished to reach him by wagon, you must go forty miles. There are but few trails down into the cañon and our guide was soon leading us down one of them. I became so leg weary that I was glad when the bottom was reached. I noticed many large springs knee deep flowing into the river; in fact, the river has its source from a multitude of these springs, and they are fine indeed for the trout.

I soon found that my old friend the gray hackle was but little use in these waters, and for the first time while fishing west of the Alleghanies, I used the professor and yellow May. The royal coachman I used for a dropper. In this stream there are many pools, and in these I expected to find some large ones, but caught only the small fish there. Here again the fishing differed from our Colorado waters, and to get the larger ones I must whip the swiftest water. This seemed very strange to me. I caught some rainbows weighing two pounds and better, and the way those rascals fought was a joy forever to the fisherman. I lost many, as I could not accustom myself to the difference in fishing from our clean pools of Colorado, but later in the day I was as enthusiastic as any.

One of our party, a college professor, had never fished with fly before but caught nineteen of as fine trout as I ever saw. They outweighed my catch of twenty-one, and a prouder man I never saw. I will take off my hat to that boy any day. His fishing certainly exploded the theory in my bonnet that a man must fish for years before becoming skilled with the fly. They

told me that about May 15 there appears along the streams a fly gray in color and about one and a half inches in length and are very plentiful, and that the fishermen bait their snell hooks with these and float them upon the water as they would the artificial fly. During the time that this fly exists they tell me that fishing upon the Crooked River is a veritable slaughter, and that to catch ninety per day is not uncommon and all large ones, one to three pounds.

Central Oregon, speaking geologically, is the newest territory in the United States. It is volcanic and there are places that the soil is but 150 years old. It was very interesting to study the different stratas of the cañon wall and reminded me very much of the Grand Cañon. The Cascades are the western boundry of this territory and catch the Pacific winter rainfall, converting it into snow, and the soil being of a porous nature and in some places going to a depth of 700 or more feet, it makes of the entire territory an immense percolator, and in this manner the immense springs are formed. Another confluent of the De Chutes is the Mitolius that bursts out of the mountain in one immense mass of springs so deep that 500 feet from their source it is too deep to wade. Huge pools are formed fifteen feet or more in depth and so clear that a coin dropped in one of them can be seen upon the bottom. In these pools can be seen the mammoth Dolly Varden trout lying upon the bottom and immune from all form of bait, except in August, when they run the riffles and can then be taken with fly. Some weighing as high as seventy-five pounds have been taken from this stream. The water is so cold that a ranchman living near the head of the stream in using one of the springs in his milk room cannot set the milk cans in the water, but to get the cream to raise hangs them above the water. The temperature of this water is 34 degrees throughout the entire year.

In going to a new territory one has many things to learn, and if I ever visit the De Chutes country again, it will be in the month of August, that I may get a specimen of the king of all the trout family, the Dolly Varden.

J. H. KELLOGG, M.D.

Some Fishing.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am inclosing a copy of part of a letter sent to me by my son whose home is at Wellsboro, Pa. I thought it might be of interest to some readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

CHAS. LOSE.

You know Pine Creek well enough, I think, to be able to locate what they call the "Pine Creek Gorge." Roughly speaking it begins at Ansonia and ends at Blackwells, and this creek is almost a succession of rapids for the whole distance.

Several times I left here at six in the evening and returned at nine and have had a fine basket of fish, but on Saturday I made my big "killing".

Cathryn and I left on the noon train and went to Stone Station. I had minnows and my fly-book full of flies, so we were prepared for anything. The creek was high and we potted around and did nothing until five o'clock. I used bait and fly equally unsuccessfully until at last I tried a new wrinkle. I had purchased a tiny silver spinner, not half as big as a dime and I had three flies to go with it: a royal-coachman, a coachman and a Cahill. I looked them over and strung on the coachman. Then on my second loop I put a Reuben-Wood fly tied on a No. 2 hook. I was fishing with my old rod with a new reel and a good line and with an extra heavy single gut leader. I rigged up along the railroad track and then waded out and began casting. I was in a little pool of still water and I worked down to where the ripples all smoothed out as the water began to pull for the riffle. I cast my spinner and fly to the other bank and began to pull it across when something hit it with a bang. I hooked him, of course, for bass don't fool, and finally got him out. It was a bass about thirteen inches long caught with the spinner. Well, from then on until dark I had a hold of one all the time. I just waded down stream and caught bass after bass. I don't know the number, but I culled them well, keeping only big ones, and when I attempted to put the last one in my basket he slipped over the side and swam away. So I quit and started cleaning, and I had a basket full of dressed fish when I was through.

I have fished for trout in Loyalsock, and I have caught big bass in the river, but never in all my life have I found any fishing that could even compare with this fly-fishing for bass in Pine Creek Gorge. Sometimes they take a spinner, sometimes a fly, and sometimes both, but they are there and they come and they fight. You cast a fly way out behind some rock, and it sinks a little and begins to drag, when there is a swirl and you are fast to a fish that fights every inch of the way until he is in your basket. They are not little bass nor thin bass; they are good big fat fellows, and it takes skill to get them out.

Cathryn is getting to be quite a fisherman. She caught one on a spoon Saturday and made the record at landing it. It was about thirteen inches long and she got it out in two jerks. The first jerk hooked it. She set her feet and jerked again, and Mr. Bass was a-flopping in the bushes. She had a little split bamboo rod, and that test proves it a world beater, for I saw her do it on the tip of the rod. It was easily six inches past the butt when she heaved.

TOD.

Dry vs. Wet Fly.

CAVENDISH SQUARE, London, Eng., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been very much interested in following the discussions in your paper on dry versus wet-fly fishing. To start fair, we dry-fly men cheerfully give the wet-fly men due credit for being able, especially on small streams, to locate the likely spots where a fish may lie, and to nip him out where you would hardly expect one to be, but on the other hands we maintain to be able to rise and land good fish under conditions impossible to wet-fly fishers. Let me give my experience of last

Saturday to show exactly what I mean. I, with three others, fished a mile of a Hampshire chalk stream, which was fished by the monks of Rudwell Priory in 1270, so for 650 years my trout have been educated against the wiles of man. I had fair sport until I came to the mill pond, where the rises were few and far between, and languid as well. Not a ruffle stirred the surface, and the water was gin clear. I tried six kinds of flies and fished as carefully as I knew how, but to no use. Finally I did what I should have done at first. I wet my handkerchief, put it over the landing net and "swatted that fly" which was hovering over the water. It was a very small dun. The nearest to it in my book was a pale watery dun oo hook. I inclose one for your inspection.

I wet, stretched and dried a nine-foot four cast and put the fly on with an eight-inch "point" of the finest gut procurable, laid the fly in the center of the ring made by a rising fish, and after three or four essays, got my fish. Now, given the conditions I have endeavored to describe, will one of your wet-fly enthusiasts tell me how he would have got that fish?

The fact that we succeed under such conditions does not prevent us from fishing "wet" where necessary. May I explain. It often happens that one gets to the side of the water to find fish apparently rising all over the place, and yet never be able to do any good. What is really happening is this: Certain forms of fly are being hatched in the mud at the bottom of the stream, and are rising to the surface where their envelop will finally burst and the fly emerge. The fish are "bulging"; that is, darting to and fro about half way from the surface and securing the half-formed fly on their way up. The movements of their tails from time to time simulate a rise in a way to deceive the very elect.

One of our best writers and cleverest of dry-fly fishermen, E. M. Skues, some years ago pointed out that to fish a fly resembling this one before it has quite emerged from its chrysalis state, and fish it wet and about a foot under the surface, would do the trick. Needless to say, it does, and there you have an instance of a dry-fly man fishing "wet" on clear, smooth water.

In England we say, "In dry weather take your umbrella; in wet weather do as you — well, please." May I paraphrase that saying thus: On clear, smooth, glassy water under a bright sun, fish very small flies, the best imitation you can get, of those flying about, and fish them dry on very fine gut; in rough water, do as you please, or as a dry-fly purist would say, "Chuck and chance it."

A CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY EMIGRE.

Inter-City Tournament.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The scores made in the final half of the Inter-City Casting Clubs tournament are as under:

The day was an exceedingly disagreeable one, rain delaying the contest and keeping a large number of club men away who otherwise would have entered. During the tournament rain fell in such quantities that only dyed in the wool fishermen would have continued. These weather conditions, viz.: rain and semi-darkness, were the chief causative factors in the low bait

scores, but as the splendid fly scores show, it had no detergent effect on the knights of the "long rod." Messrs. Forsyth and DeGarmo made splendid scores, while Leonard Goodwin made a record which has never been equaled in an open tournament.

Half-ounce accuracy bait:

C. W. Hess..... 97.4	A. A. Barrett..... 97.8
H. F. Keppler..... 97.2	Wehle 97.3
D. H. Ellsworth..... 97.5	G. Swatek 96.9
F. E. Adams..... 98.6	L. Goodwin 98.1
F. E. Church..... 97.3	F. W. Perce 98.3
Smouse 96.1	L. E. De Garmo..... 98.3

Accuracy fly:

L. Goodwin 99 14-15	T. A. Forsyth..... 99 10-15
F. W. Perce..... 98 14-15	C. O. Dorchester. 99 6-15
L. E. De Garmo.. 99 11-15	

Quarter-ounce bait, distance, feet:

C. O. DORCHESTER, M.D., Sec'y-Treas.

St. Louis Bait- and Fly-Casting Club.

St. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The results of the St. Louis Fly- and Bait-Casting tournament, held in Forest Park, Sunday, Sept. 22:

Quarter-ounce bait, distance:

Fred Werner 110%	I. H. Hellman..... 46 1/2
Ed. Werner 107	H. J. Steinmesch... 41 1/2
Aug. Cyran 52%	

Longest cast, 122 feet, Fred Werner.

Quarter-ounce bait, accuracy:

Fred Werner 98.6	Ed. W. Schloeman ... 93.2
Ed. Werner 98.3	H. J. Steinmesch.... 90.6
Aug. Cyran 96.8	

Half-ounce bait, accuracy:

Fred. Werner 98.5	Ed. Werner 95.4
I. H. Hellman..... 98.4	H. J. Steinmesch.... 94.0
Geo. Ashton 97.2	L. I. Heyman..... 91.6
Walter Wimmer 96.6	Ed. W. Schloeman... 90.9
Aug. Cyran 96.2	

Fly, accuracy:

S. S. Pingree..... 99 1-15	I. H. Hellman.... 97 7-15
M. J. Brennan..... 98 9-15	Aug. Cyran 96 12-15
R. L. Smith..... 97 12-15	H. J. Steinmesch.. 95 1-15

Fly, distance:

M. J. Brennan 84	Geo. Ashton 70
S. S. Pingree..... 80	Aug. Cyran 67
H. Steinmesch..... 73	I. H. Hellmann 66
R. L. Smith..... 70	W. F. Koken..... 56

Half-ounce bait, distance:

I. H. Hellman 137	H. J. Steinmesch... 82 1/2
Aug. Cyran 113 1/2	Geo. Ashton 70 3/4
Ed. Werner 103 1/2	Fred Werner 56 1/2
Walter Wimmer ... 100%	Ed. W. Schloeman.. 21 3/4

Longest cast, 158 feet, I. H. Hellman and Ed. Werner, tied.

GEO. ASHTON, Sec'y.

California Game and Fish Protective Association.

THE twelfth annual convention of the California Game and Fish Protective Association was held at Hanford on Sept. 20 and was especially well attended when it is considered that the meeting place was held about half way between Los Angeles and San Francisco, the great centers of population of the State. The present fish and game laws were thoroughly gone over at the convention and a large number of recommendations for changes were adopted, these to be presented to the State Legislature for approval next January. These recommendations, many of which will doubtless be carried out, are as follows:

That the sale of wild ducks, black sea brant and wild pigeons be prohibited.

That the limit for deer be fixed at one male deer a season and that a deer tag system be instituted.

That the violation of fish and game laws shall result in cancellation of license for the balance of a year.

That a law be enacted making it manslaughter to shoot and kill a human being by mistake for game.

That the open season for deer be September and October in districts No. 3 and No. 4,

and as near the same as practicable in all other districts.

That whenever a county in this State sells more than \$1,000 worth of hunting licenses and is employing a game warden at \$1,000 or more a year, said county shall receive the sum of \$1,000 to be used in the work of fish and game patrol.

That the present State game farm be abolished as soon as possible.

That no person shall take or have in his possession any trout less than six inches in length.

That existing laws in regard to the sale of trout of one pound in weight be changed to trout of twelve inches in length over all.

That more efficient laws be enacted for preventing the use of snag hooks, grab hooks or similar devices in the fresh waters of the State.

That the open season for trout be made from May 1 to Jan. 1.

That a law be enacted forbidding the taking of trout of any variety by use of seines or nets, also a law providing for a closed season for trout from Feb. 1 to April 1 in tide waters.

That the use of any and all spawn in streams and tide waters of the State be prohibited.

That no croaker and no California whiting be taken at any time by any other means than hook and line, and the possession of these fish, except when taken by hook and line, be illegal.

That no seining be done within one mile of the main shore line of district No. 6 (Southern California), and that all the waters within two miles of the island of Santa Catalina be set aside as a breeding preserve for fishes, and that no fish may be taken within that limit, except by hook and line.

That the size limit for the Pismo or Cohang clam be fixed at eight and one-half inches around the outer edge of the shell; that a limit of 200 clams a day be fixed, and that a closed season be established from May 1 to Oct. 1.

That the use of dogs in hunting deer be prohibited.

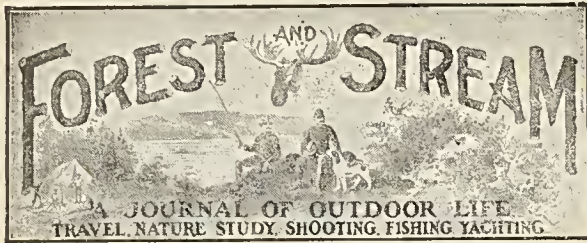
That the bag limit for taking wild pigeons be limited to twenty per day, and for tree squirrels four per day.

That changes be made in the dates of opening and closing seasons to the end that doves and tree squirrels may not be taken during the season, that it is unlawful to take quail, and that snipe, curlew, plover and all other shore birds may not be taken during the season in which it is unlawful to take wild ducks.

In his annual report President A. M. Barker deplored the fact that the California Fish and Game Commission had taken the initiative in organizing an association of sportsmen, stating that in his opinion this should be left to the sportsmen themselves, and that there should be but one organization. However, he pledged the co-operation of the protective association with the State commission.

At the election of officers the following were chosen to serve for the ensuing year: A. M. Barker, San Jose, President; Henry W. Keller, Los Angeles, First Vice-President; Harry Greene, Monterey, Second Vice-President; H. C. Hall, San Francisco, Third Vice-President; W. S. Foster, Hanford, Fourth Vice-President; E. A. Mocker, Capitola, Secretary-Treasurer. Los Angeles was selected as the next meeting place.

GOLDEN GATE.



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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL
 will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

A NATIONAL PARK CONFERENCE.

It is most gratifying to know that the present Secretary of the Interior is not only deeply interested in the country's national parks, but is effectively working to increase the public's interest in them.

In September, 1911, at the Yellowstone Park there was held a conference of park superintendents, Federal officials, concessioners in the parks and representatives of railways interested in the transportation of tourists to the parks. The object of this conference was to exchange ideas for the betterment of these parks and for making them more accessible to the public. No one visits any of these parks without feeling an interest in the subject, and most visitors wish to repeat their visit.

On Oct. 14 a second conference of this nature will be held, this time in the Yosemite National Park, in California. This meeting should be largely attended not only by those Government officials actively interested in the work of preserving the parks and persons representing corporations interested in caring for the public who visit them, but also by all nature lovers and those devoted to the protection of the parks as great national playgrounds. The hotel and transportation companies have made a special rate for this conference, and information on this point can no doubt be had from the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads, or from the chief clerk of the Department of the Interior. During the past generation secretaries of the Interior have often expressed great interest in the national parks, but Mr. Fisher is, we believe, the first to take active steps to make the way into these parks easy for the average man. The representatives of the transportation companies are heartily co-operating with him, and the result of this united action will be of great benefit to the average citizen.

FOREST AND STREAM especially rejoices in the movement. Its files back for thirty years show a steady fight for the protection of such parks as we had and for the establishment of new ones. Its fight against the first attempt to exploit the Yellowstone Park began in 1881 or thereabouts, and it exercised an important influence in the setting apart of the Glacier National Park.

These great pleasure grounds belong to the people. They should be preserved first of all, and then the way into them should be made so easy and so inexpensive that most people may visit them.

THE COUNTY FAIR.

With how much pleasure we anticipate the county fair. Young and old alike have come to regard the "day at the fair" as they do Christmas, New Years and other after summer vacation days indicated in red upon the calendar. In most towns schools close one day during the fair to allow the children to attend. Business men find a day open on which to take the family to the county seat where county fairs always are held. Months before the first day of the big event children are "making something" to exhibit or are getting their ponies, chickens, ducks or rabbits "groomed" for the blue ribbon. Housewives plan cakes, pies, breadstuffs or fancy work, while the head of the house looks over his garden truck or has the groom take his "black beauty" up and down for inspection, seeing in his mind's eye a blue ribbon hanging from the bridle rosette.

It seems to us county fairs have been of unusual interest this year—more instructive. We have noted the results of up-to-date, intensive farming, where aid is given to nature in proper application of chemicals, fertilizers, soil preparation, spraying, cultivation and care of fruit trees—making the soil produce not only greater quantity, but higher quality. Farming has become a science; old-time methods no longer affording a livelihood to the farmer. Obsolete methods have been banished to the scrap heap, having been superseded by modern machinery and theory scientifically applied. The county fair has come to be an institution supported and furthered by both State and individual, and in its homely way is one of the greatest instructors of young and old.

CONDITIONS IN SUMTER COUNTY, ALA.

The increase in game and song birds has been marvelous in Sumter county, Ala. Conditions, before Alabama's game law went into effect, had become such that a man would have to cover miles and miles of territory to find enough quail for a mess. These birds were trapped, shot at out of season and killed in any manner whatsoever that negroes could think of. Now a fair shot can leave town after dinner and kill the limit prescribed by law before dark, and not ride a step.

Doves were like hawks—seen frequently, but never close enough to get a shot at. Now in the fields where cat-tail millet grows wild, the finest sport in the world can be had shooting doves.

There are still some deer in Sumter county, but owing to the continual cutting of timber it

is believed that whatever increase there has been, has moved into Mississippi.

Squirrels and wild turkey have increased wonderfully. For several years practically nobody cared to hunt either squirrels or turkeys, because they had become so scarce, but now it is a favorite pastime in season.

Birds of all kinds are more plentiful than formerly. Sentiment has been so far developed in their favor that even boys no longer hunt their nests and destroy their young. People realize how beneficial they are in destroying insects. Now every man is a game warden, so to speak. Quite a number of private individuals have stocked their ponds with fish secured from the United States Government, but there has been no concerted effort toward stocking the streams.

To the present game law system and Commissioner Wallace is due entirely the credit for the increase of game, the increased manliness of the sportsmen and the knowledge that has been disseminated in regard to the benefits derived from birds.

CRAWLING TO AID DIGESTION.

It is becoming clear to us how it is that a snake can digest easily a rabbit, frog or bird that he has eaten at a gulp, while some of us suffer indescribable fullness from a dish of lobster salad or a rabbit of Welch extraction. His snakeship crawls on his belly, thereby eliminating the "gastric pocket" observable in the human in an upright posture. Dr. Leon Meunier, a French food specialist, is responsible for the "crawl to digestion" theory. He says:

"The stooping position eliminates the 'gastric pocket,' observable under the X-rays in the human being in an upright posture, and thus prevents the stagnation of food in this pocket.

"Exercise of the abdominal muscles by walking on all fours is also an excellent means of stimulating digestion."

Dr. Meunier has obtained highly satisfactory results from a test made with his treatment. On three consecutive days he made one of his patients have the same menu and made him walk upright after the first meal, rest in a horizontal position after the second, and crawl on all fours after the third. On each day it was found that digestion was most active after the third meal when the patient had indulged in a promenade on his hands and feet.

We hope the good French doctor's theory may be correct, but just make a mental picture, if you can, of Tremont, Market, Broad streets, Broadway or Michigan avenue each day after lunch if the theory were practiced in this country. It wouldn't be an elevating sight.

WATERTOWN, MASS.

Forest and Stream Pub. Co.,
 127 Franklin St., New York.

DEAR SIRS—Inclosed is check for \$3.00, renewal for my subscription to FOREST AND STREAM.

Congratulations on the birthday of FOREST AND STREAM; also its improved condition in every way. My only regret is that of my inability to contribute anything worthy of its pages after so many years of enjoyment I have received from it.

R. T. GREENE.

YACHTING

Some of the Most Important Regattas of the Season.

THIS has been a remarkable season as a developer of speed in the motor boat and a demonstrator that small power boats are seaworthy. The latter fact was shown in the Bermuda race, Detroit's trans-Atlantic voyage, and the several long distance and ocean races in nearby waters. Speed records were broken at Huntington, notably by Teck, Jr., and later by the Ryan boats on both fresh and salt water. These contests developed also the fact that most of the new type speed boats are absolutely useless for anything but racing, are uncertain for that and require bath-tub conditions to enable them to cover a course at all. In practically every event this year one or more of the little speed crafts have been sunk by the wash of a passing vessel, the wave of a contestant or through striking a floating obstacle.

The big event of the season was the Chicago water carnival, held Aug. 10-17. This brought out a solid week of racing and a tremendous crowd from home and abroad. The William Wrigley Jr. (you've seen those eyes) trophy was the big prize of the show. This designated the championship power boat, all classes, and was run over a 25-mile course. It resulted in a fiasco and almost a law suit. Jas. A. Pugh's Disturber III. won the first race in 1:16.54—very slow for the distance. Second race had no other entrant, so was a spinover for Disturber. The slow time was seductive to J. Stewart Blackton, who slipped Baby Reliance II. into the third race and trimmed the Pugh boat handily. Mr. Pugh immediately claimed the race on the ground that the Blackton boat had not been properly entered. Baby Reliance II. thereupon sailed over the course and took the cup with the wriggly ways and was sustained by the judges, some say not rightfully, but then "some" may or may not know. It is pretty certain, however, that Baby Reliance II. is a faster boat than Disturber III.

The remaining power boat events are scheduled below:

TWENTY-SIX-FOOT CLASS—15 MILES.

First Heat, Aug. 12—Two Laps, 7½ Miles Each.

	1st Lap.	2d Lap.	Finish.
Kitty Hawk II.	0 13 57	0 26 43	
Debutante	0 20 34	0 41 17	
Crusader III.	0 13 58		

Second Heat, Aug. 13—Three Laps, 5 Miles Each.

	1st Lap.	2d Lap.	Finish.
Baby Reliance II.	0 06 56	0 13 51	0 20 46
Crusader III.	0 07 06	0 14 49	0 24 29
Debutante	0 11 01	0 21 51	0 34 12

Third Heat, Aug. 18—Three Laps, 5 Miles Each.

	1st Lap.	2d Lap.	Finish.
Baby Reliance II.	0 07 24	0 16 26	0 24 32
Debutante	0 11 45	0 23 10	0 35 24
Crusader III.	0 07 46	0 16 33	Sunk.

Debutante winner; Baby Reliance II. disqualified.

Fourth Heat, Aug. 19—Three Laps, 5 Miles Each.

	1st Lap.	2d Lap.	Finish.
Baby Reliance II.	0 11 37	0 23 24	0 35 10
Debutante	0 11 50	0 23 51	0 35 35

THIRTY-TWO-FOOT CLASS—15 MILES.

First Heat, Aug. 12—Two Laps, 7½ Miles Each.

	1st Lap.	Finish.
Chicago	0 20 11	0 40 30
Debutante	0 20 57	0 41 14
Beat It	0 22 08	0 43 53

Second Heat, Aug. 13—Three Laps, 5 Miles Each.*

	1st Lap.	2d Lap.	Finish.
Chicago	0 08 16	0 16 01	0 24 14
Debutante	0 11 33	0 23 52	0 34 10
Beat It	0 13 01	0 26 55	0 38 43
Kitty Hawk II.	0 08 12	0 16 11	Sunk.

FORTY-FOOT CLASS—20 MILES.

First Heat, Aug. 14—Four Laps, 5 Miles Each *

	1st Lap.	2d Lap.	3d Lap.	Finish.
Baby Reliance II.	0 06 44	0 13 17	0 19 58	0 26 50
Chicago	0 08 00	0 15 52	0 23 46	0 31 42
Eph	0 09 07	0 18 12	0 27 14	0 36 15
Disturber III.	0 06 57	0 13 43	0 20 28	
Debutante	0 10 30			

Second Heat, Aug. 18—Four Laps, 5 Miles Each.

	1st Lap.	2d Lap.	3d Lap.	Finish.
Baby Reliance II.	0 07 05	0 14 05	0 21 01	0 27 54
Disturber III.	0 07 14	0 17 55	0 27 43	0 36 24
Chicago	0 11 30	0 20 52	0 29 45	0 38 36

Disturber III. winner; Baby Reliance II. disqualified.

Third Heat, Aug. 19—Four Laps, 5 Miles Each.

	1st Lap.	2d Lap.	3d Lap.	Finish.
Baby Reliance II.	0 06 50	0 14 05	0 21 33	0 28 34
Disturber III.	0 07 39	0 15 14	0 22 33	0 29 53
Chicago	0 08 50	0 17 50	0 26 45	0 35 28

FREE FOR ALL FOR THE WRIGLEY TROPHY—25 MILES.

First Heat, Aug. 16—Five Laps, 5 Miles Each.

	1st Lap.	2d Lap.	3d Lap.	4th Lap.	Fin.
Disturber III.	15 04	29 50	44 38	60 26	76 54
Chicago	16 01	30 51			

Second Heat, Aug. 17—Five Laps, 5 Miles Each.

Disturber III.—Unofficial time, 61.06.

Third Heat, Aug. 18—Five Laps, 5 Miles Each.

	1st Lap.	2d Lap.	3d Lap.	4th Lap.	Fin.
Baby Reliance II.	7 02	14 02	21 09	28 22	35 49
Disturber III.	7 18	14 50	27 13	40 01	51 45
Chicago	8 52	17 43			

Fourth Heat, Aug. 19—Five Laps, 5 Miles Each.

	1st Lap.	2d Lap.	3d Lap.	4th Lap.	Fin.
Baby Reliance II.	7 51	15 58	23 51	31 49	39 55

Fifth Heat, Aug. 20—Five Laps, 5 Miles Each.

Baby Reliance II., unofficial time, 46.35.
*During this heat the actual length of the course was 25,380 feet per lap.

Of course, the great attraction was the International sloop race between Michigan, designed by William Gardiner, representing United States, and Patricia, designed by Owen, representing Canada. Michigan won the first race by 20 seconds. Patricia took the balance.

It is not generally conceded that Patricia is the faster boat, although it is the unanimous opinion she was handled much better.

The Gold challenge cup was won on the St. Lawrence by P. D. Q., owned by A. G. Miles, of Thousand Island Y. C., and built by Tams, Lemoine & Crane, of New York. Engine troubles and the usual sinking of contestants marked this event.

The week's power boat carnival held on the Hudson River Sept. 16 to 21, under the auspices of Motor Boat Club of America, proved eminently successful. The results of each day follow, allowing for the sinking episodes so much expected at such events:

FIRST DAY.

Class D—Cruisers.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Avis, F. C. Havens	1 04 24	3 01 25	1 57 01
Caroline, M. F. Dennis	12 30 00	3 01 38	1 57 14

Handicaps: Avis, scratch; Caroline, 0.34.24.

Class E—Cruisers—Start, 12:35.

	Handicap.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Peter Pan, Sr., J. Simpson	Scratch	2 21 41	1 46 41
Spindrift, C. R. Butler	0 47 38	4 05 07	2 42 29
A. Mietz, A. Mietz	0 25 23	3 25 12	2 24 49

Class F—Open Boats—Start, 2:00.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alfred S., H. Soeldner	1 21 40	5 16 00	1 55 20
Canadice, S. A. Servatius	0 17 30	4 51 02	2 33 32
Empire, E. F. Luckenbach	Scratch	4 18 37	2 18 37

Class G—Open Boats—Start, 1:00.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gray Hare, A. Haas	0 06 44	4 57 56	3 51 12
Almel, F. Meller	Scratch	4 03 45	3 03 45
Elm, W. R. Munro		4 59 28	
Valiant II., J. Sauer	0 52 00	4 09 58	2 17 58

Class J—Open Boats—Start, 1:05.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elise, T. Kick	0 25 57	3 42 18	3 12 19
Greyhound, L. G. Lloyd	Scratch	3 25 33	3 20 33

SECOND DAY.

Class G—Open Boats—Start, 10:15—22½ Nautical Miles. Finish. Allowance. Corrected.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gray Hare, A. Haas	12 58 07	0 06 24	2 36 23
Almel, F. Meller	12 02 43		1 47 43
Elm, W. R. Munro	2 04 57	0 59 48	2 50 09
Valiant II., J. Sauer	1 10 17	0 52 00	2 03 17
Bunk III.	12 53 37	0 32 58	2 05 39
Geraldine	12 49 22	0 16 49	2 17 35

Class J—Open Boats—Start 10:20—22½ Nautical Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elise	12 43 40	0 25 59	1 57 41
Greyhound	12 23 28		2 03 28

Class D—Cruisers—Start, 10:00—22½ Nautical Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Avis	12 21 05		2 21 05
Caroline	12 55 36	0 34 24	2 21 12

Class E—Cruisers—Start 10:05—22½ Nautical Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Peter Pan, Sr.	11 32 57	Scratch	1 27 57
Spindrift	12 38 51	0 47 38	1 46 13
A. Mietz	12 43 55	0 25 23	2 13 32
Lady Betty	12 44 15	0 54 16	1 44 59

Class F—Cruisers—Start, 10:10—22½ Nautical Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alfred S.	1 22 50	1 21 40	1 51 10
Canadice	12 57 13	0 17 34	2 29 39
Empire	12 24 24	Scratch	2 14 24
Idle Time	12 50 07	0 15 46	2 24 21

Class C—Speed Boats—Start 2:00—30 Nautical Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Peter Pan V.	2 53 16	Scratch	0 53 16
Tech, Jr., T. C. Du Pont		Sunk.	

Class B—Speed Boats—Start, 2:30—30 Nautical Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Big Balaam, F. Bailey	3 43 22	Scratch	1 13 22

Class A—Speed Boats—Start, 3:00—30 Nautical Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vita, Mrs. J. S. Blackton	4 23 23	0 36 08	0 47 15
Gunfire, Jr., W. Brainard	4 24 04	0 20 43	1 08 21
Edith II., A. B. Smith	4 30 36		
Muirmaid, P. A. Prael	4 22 06	0 23 46	0 58 20
The Limit, H. S. Ford		Towed in.	
The Bug, A. E. Smith	3 35 57		
Bull Moose, F. J. Gregory		Withdrew.	
Flinders, C. B. Rice	4 47 30	0 33 08	1 14 22
Humpty Dumpty, E. L. Jahnke		withdrew.	

Mike's Dream, Fearon & Wilson, was towed in.

THIRD DAY.

Class D—Cruisers—Start, 11:00—22½ Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Avis		1 07 46	2 07 46

Class E—Cabin Cruisers—Start, 11:05—22½ Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Peter Pan, Sr.	12 37 41	1 32 41	1 32 41
Spindrift	1 43 08	2 38 08	2 38 08
A. Mietz	1 43 48	2 38 48	2 38 48
Lady Betty	1 47 15	2 42 15	2 42 15

Corrected times: Peter Pan, Sr., 1:32.41; Lady Betty, 1:47.59; Spindrift, 1:50.30; A. Mietz, 2:13.25.

Cabin Cruisers—Class F—Start, 11:10—22½ Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Canadice	2 04 46	2 54 46	2 54 46
Alfred S.	2 37 01	3 27 01	3 27 01
Ruth II.	2 38 08	3 28 08	3 28 08

Corrected times: Alfred S., 2:05.21; Ruth II., 2:35.29; Canadice, 2:37.12.

Launches—Class G—Start, 11:15—22½ Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Almer	1 25 27	2 10 27	2 10 27
Bunk III.	1 51 56	2 36 56	2 36 56
Gray Horse	2 11 38	2 56 38	2 56 38
Valiant II.	2 22 09	3 08 09	3 08 09
Elm	3 28 43	4 13 43	4 13 43
Geraldine		Did not finish.	

Corrected times: Bunk III., 2:03.58; Almer, 2:10.27; Valiant II., 2:16.09; Gray Horse, 2:49.54; Elm, 3:13.55.

Launches—Class J—Start, 11:20—22½ Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elsie	1 45 45	2 25 45	2 25 45

Speed Boats—Class A—Start, 3:00—30 Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vita	4 31 02	1 31 02	1 31 02
Gunfire, Jr.	4 24 21	1 24 21	1 24 21
Muirmaid	4 54 04	1 54 04	1 54 04
Flinders	4 59 08	1 59 08	1 59 08
Bull Moose	5 22 09	2 22 09	2 22 09
Bug	5 58 00	2 58 00	2 58 00
Humpty Dumpty		Disabled.	

Corrected times: Vita, 0:54.54; Gunfire, Jr., 1:03.33; Muirmaid, 1:30.18; Flinders, 1:26.00.

Speed Boats—Class B—Start, 3:00—30 Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Peter Pan V.	1 43 34	1 43 34	1 43 34
Debutante		Disabled.	

Speed Boats—Class C—Start, 3:00—30 Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Big Balaam	1 22 19	1 22 19	1 22 19

FOURTH DAY.

Speed Boat Race to Poughkeepsie and Return, 104 Miles—Start, 11:00.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Debutante		2 51 40	4 31 40
Vita		3 18 05	4 58 05
Flinders		4 28 08	6 08 08
Humpty Dumpty		Did Not finish.	

Corrected times: Debutante, 4:12.21; Vita, 4:47.39; Flinders, 6:08.08.

Cruisers, Class D—Race to Peekskill and Return, 49 Miles—Start, 10:10.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Avis	1 43 34	3 33 34	3 33 34
Caroline	2 54 59	4 44 59	4 44 59

Corrected times: Avis, 3:33.34; Caroline, 3:35.04.

Class B—National Championship—Start, 3:00—30 Miles.		
Big Balaam	4 13 16	1 13 16
Class C—International Championship—Start, 3:00—30 Miles.		
Peter Pan V.	4 01 06	1 01 06
Debutante	4 14 49	1 14 49
One-Mile Speed Trials—Three Times with and Three Times against the Tide—Average Speed.		

	Knots.	Statute Miles.
Humpty Dumpty	26.9	30.9
Debutante	24.5	28.2
Peter Pan V.	36.0	41.4
*Baby Reliance II.	39.1	45.0

*One trip against tide, then broke down.

Canoeing

Hudson River Canoe Regatta.

CANOE races of the Hudson River are over for the season, the Fort Washington regatta run off on Sunday, Sept. 22, being the last of club events, although there are still many small scores to settle, and not until the leaves have gone and ice formed, will the frail canoc cease to dart in and out of the shallow waters along-shore or be seen sailing more gracefully than any of the birds now sought by the game hunter.

Inwood C. C. has won the best percentage of all the clubs racing, and E. C. Kelley, of Fort Washington, has proven himself the best of those entered for all-around work. He has won race after race and medal after medal till his fellow members are filled with admiration for his skill.

Of all the regattas the last was the best. It was held at the club house at Edgewater, N. J., and they did things up royally by serving ice cream and cake and filling up the punch bowl many times. The big oil lamps of this club are to be replaced with electric lights for the wid-winter meetings, unless Commodore King's expectations go far astray. They had the only ladies' event of the season; that of the mixed doubles and the one-lady, double blades, the winners of which paddled with surprising ability, bringing cheers from everybody.

In the tilting matches Esselborn and Baldwin won after spilling a number of crews into the river. The following clubs were represented: Fort Washington, Inwood, Knickerbocker, Manhattan, Undercliff, Shattamuck of Ossining, Wenonah of Bayonne, Uhigh of Cranford, N. J., Seneca of Newark, and Red Dragon of Philadelphia. Summary:

Fort Washington Trophy, Half-Mile.—Won by Zuck; Kelley, second; Vandohlen, third.

One Man, Double Blades, Novice.—Won by Ahrens, Knickerbocker; Finn, Knickerbocker, second; Clark, Knickerbocker, third.

One Lady, Double Blades.—Won by Miss Marshall; Mrs. Perkins, second; Miss Parker, third.

Club Fours.—Won by Fort Washington; Inwood, second; Wenonah, third.

Mixed Tandem, Doubles.—Won by Miss Zuck and Marshall; Miss Gibbons and Kelley, second; Miss Marshall and Zuck, third.

Tail End Race.—Won by Bartholomew, Inwood; Marshall, Inwood, second.

Single Tandem.—Won by Smith and Ahrens; Kelley and Molnar, second.

Overboard Race.—Won by Zuck; Kelley, second.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Western Division.—S. W. Prime, 1705 Fisher Building, Chicago, Ill., by L. C. Woodworth; Fred C. Brown, 233 Hinckley avenue, Rockford, Ill., by H. M. Greenberg; W. A. Maynard, 1009 Chestnut avenue, Wilmette, Wis., by A. W. Friese; Carl Wm. Rudelius, 822 Second avenue, Rockford, Ill., by H. F. Norris.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—6527, James Tully Farrelly, 182 West Fifty-eighth street, New York city.

An Overland Canoe Trip.

BY R. H. NASH.

WE left New York on the 7:15 on a Friday night, a party of four bound for Old Forge by train, and a canoe trip in the Adirondacks. It was hot that night, one of the hottest of August, and the thoughts of mountain breezes and plunges into cool lakes put some life in us as we sweltered in the New York Central tunnel. The car trip up was uneventful, and at about 6:30 our sleeper duly arrived at Old Forge, the conductor awakening us on the way to collect an additional fare for the Fulton Chain Railway, an extensive system that operates between Fulton Chain and Old Forge, a distance of two miles. We had breakfast in the hotel, and a good one it was, especially appreciated as the crisp air had sharpened our appetites, and it was cool, a delightful contrast to the night before, so much so in fact that they had a log fire burning in the hall of the hotel. After breakfast we bought "grub" and saw about boats. Two of us, Charley and I, had shipped one up, a canvas Peterboro that we had picked up in Canada the year before, and which had already seen hard service, while George and Harry hired one at the boat house, a nice little Old Town about 15½ feet long and very light, though cranky.

By 10:30 we had changed our clothes, packed our duffle and were ready for "La long traverse," a longer one than we then anticipated, and started off with some good wishes from a few idlers on the dock, paddling up the Fulton Chain. Twenty-five years ago the Fulton Chain of eight lakes was no doubt ideal canoeing, it is now to some, but we wanted the wilderness and found this too civilized. The scenery is nice, but numbers of cottages are to be found on the lake shores, and motor boats are constantly chugging to and fro. We paddled on steadily through First, Second, Third and Fourth lakes, up the inlet between the last and Fifth, then made a half-mile carry to Sixth. On this lake we had lunch and then paddled to the end of Seventh through some flooded lands to the carry to Eighth. We had made a good many carries in the past, and as it turned out, had a number ahead on that trip, but never had we such an audience as then. Three launches loaded with summer boarders had discharged their passengers there just before we arrived, and they were scattered all the way along the trail. Most of them seemed to think that we had escaped from Matteawan or some such place, and no doubt the sight of four men each carrying 90 to 100 pounds for a mile does seem the height of lunacy to some. Eighth Lake is a nice one, free from launches and only inhabited by a few campers, so as it was getting late, we decided to spend the night there, making camp on an island about one mile from the end of the carry. On the nearest shore to the island and about a hundred yards before you get to it is a fine spring of cold water located about fifty yards from the lake, a blaze on a tree indicating the landing.

We had supper and talked things over, deciding that so far we had seen too many people, and that it was up to us to get away from them; the main canoe route through to Saranac Lake, though more picturesque, was still pretty well settled and we determined to leave the beaten track. Our maps—Government ones—showed

a small stream, the Rock River, with its source about one mile from Blue Mountain Lake, and this flowed into the Cedar and the Cedar into the Hudson; once there we could work up a considerable distance according to the map. This settled satisfactorily, we turned in without going to the trouble of putting up a tent, as a result of which we had the pleasure of sleeping in a heavy dew as thick as a November fog in New York—however, as we all had sleeping bags, this did not matter. The next morning we were up bright and early and had finished breakfast, washed dishes and packed up by 9 A. M. A short paddle brought us to the carry to Brown's Tract Inlet, one and a half miles long, and we made this in good shape. The inlet is quite wild and very winding, something like the upper part of Rancocas Creek in South Jersey, and we enjoyed the paddled to Raquette Lake. Here we bought more grub, and crossing the lower end, entered the Marion River, a pretty stretch of water that extends almost to Utowanna Lake, a quarter of a mile carry only being necessary to reach it. On the further side of this we had lunch and then paddled through Utowanna and Eagle lakes to Blue Mountain, a beautiful lake above which Blue Mountain towers majestically. Stopping at the village, we made inquiries about the Rock River, and a clerk in the grocery store told us that there was plenty of water in it, and that we ought to be able to reach the Hudson with one carry. We afterward wondered what sinister motive he had in view in telling us that.

Highly elated, we started off making a mile carry to Rock Creek that winds through a marsh, called Thirty-four Swamp on the map. That swamp in a direct line is about five miles long, but by creek it is several times that, and it was nearly dark when we reached the end. Here we found a dam and beyond that flowed the Rock River—that is, in spring time; but we found it a bed of dry boulders. We gazed dismally at it for a time and then started to look for a camping spot, which was not very easy to find, as most of the ground was swampy. However, we finally located, and I, the assistant cook, prepared supper while the cook, George, went on an exploring trip, and the dishwashers, Charlie and Harry, took a swim. Supper was nearly over when George returned tired from a five-mile walk and discouraged. He had gone for two and a half miles down and found no water in the creek, so we decided that we would return to Blue Mountain Lake in the morning.

The next morning we awoke refreshed and determined. We knew if we made a carry back through Blue Mountain village those who had seen us start would laugh at us, and then we did not like to give up, so with canoes and outfit we started to look for water. The carry was not bad along the main road for a time, and

ARTHUR BINNEY

(Formerly STEWART & BINNEY)

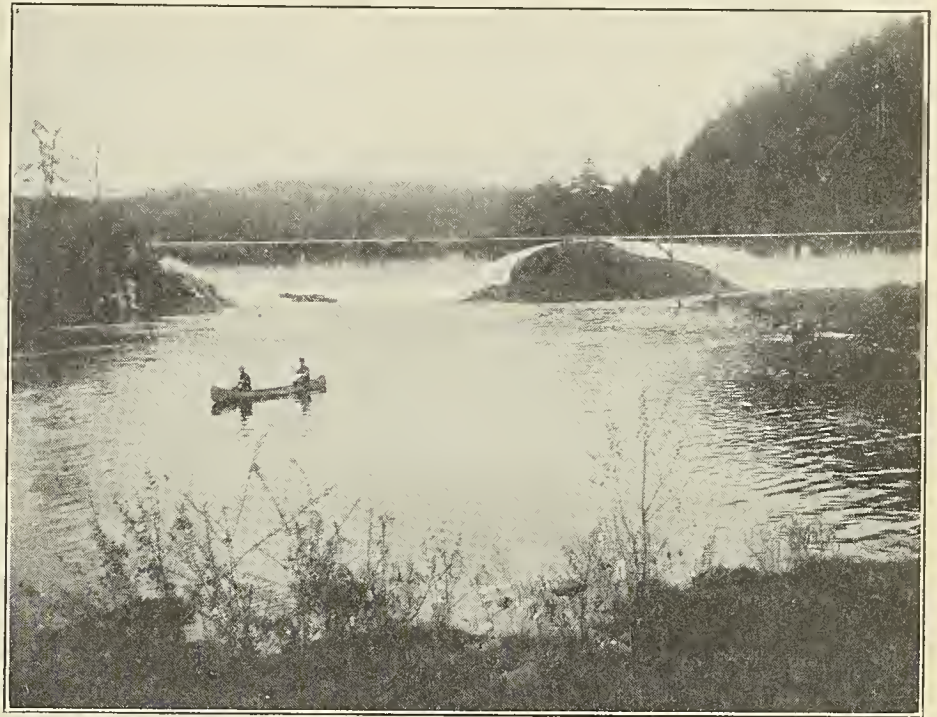
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SO EASY.



BELOW THE FALLS.

then over an old lumber road, but it was a long one, and we had to make several stops. However, after three miles of it we found some more swampy country and a creek one could float a boat in. A paddle of about one mile brought us to Rock Lake, a fair sized sheet of water and quite wild, no signs of houses being visible. We crossed the upper end of this only, as the outlet is very close to the inlet, and, in fact, we almost doubled on our tracks for a time at the mouth of the outlet (still the Rock River). We found a dam, and then after carrying over that, we came to a small pool and then the dry bed of the river once more. As there were no trails here along the shore, we decided to carry over the boulders, not as easy an undertaking as it might appear at first glance, as when one has a heavy load a slip would very likely mean a broken leg or sprained ankle. The rest of the day was spent in short paddles across pools and carries over dry rapids—that is, they had been rapids at high water. We lost track of the number we made, and about 5:30 pitched camp on some fairly high ground at the foot of one of them.

The tent was up and supper being cooked, when some one discovered six sticks of dynamite lying on the ground at the foot of a tree, and a further search disclosed the same number hanging from another tree; two of those on the ground had been partly eaten by some animal. We speculated a good deal on how they got there, and what they were for, but could arrive at no conclusion, though afterward we learned they were left by lumbermen, who used them to blow out the log jams.

After supper George tried his luck at fishing, but without success, though a deep pool at the foot of the rocks looked a good place for bass. All hands turned in early, but before we got to sleep we heard sounds of some animal moving through the woods quite close to camp and very close to the dynamite. We all lay quiet, hoping to get a sight of it, though personally I was wondering if it was going to eat some more of the explosive, and if so, hoping it would not chew it very hard. After a short

(Continued on page 443.)

Archery

English Archery Scores.

The following are the leading scores made this year at the public meetings in England:

GRAND WESTERN ARCHERY MEETING, JULY 17-19.

	DOUBLE YORK ROUND.			Total.
	100yds.	80yds.	60yds.	
	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.
R. Brooks-King...	78 332	75 347	45 223	198 902
H. P. Nesham....	76 290	69 327	42 208	187 825
T. Robinson	58 236	64 274	45 257	167 767
P. Prince	48 150	60 270	45 239	153 659

DOUBLE NATIONAL ROUND.

	60yds.		50yds.		Total.
	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	
Miss O. Newall.....	90 468	45 237	45 237	135 705	
Mrs. R. Sandford.....	82 378	46 250	46 250	128 628	
Hiss Hyde	78 384	44 204	44 204	122 588	
Miss H. Williams.....	78 358	43 225	43 225	121 583	

GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING,

JULY 31-AUG. 2.

DOUBLE YORK ROUND.

	DOUBLE YORK ROUND.			Total.
	100yds.	80yds.	60yds.	
	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.
R. Brooks-King...	73 309	69 295	45 225	187 829
W. Dod	62 226	69 309	47 247	178 782
Spencer Madan ...	53 191	70 300	43 195	166 686
Langford-Sainsbury	40 152	63 329	39 205	142 686

DOUBLE NATIONAL ROUND.

	60yds.		50yds.		Total.
	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	
Miss O. Newall.....	88 450	48 266	48 266	136 716	
Mrs. S. H. Armitage.....	86 422	46 278	46 278	132 700	
Mrs. S. Sandford.....	81 357	46 246	46 246	127 603	
Mrs. G. L. Bates.....	77 373	38 210	38 210	115 583	

NORTHERN COUNTIES ARCHERY MEETING,

AUG. 28-30.

DOUBLE YORK ROUND.

	DOUBLE YORK ROUND.			Total.
	100yds.	80yds.	60yds.	
	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.
H. P. Nesham.....	72 306	77 333	44 246	193 885
E. C. Cadman.....	61 245	71 333	37 185	169 763
P. Prince	41 153	62 264	43 245	146 662
C. H. Coates.....	61 237	61 285	31 125	153 647

DOUBLE NATIONAL ROUND.

	60yds.		50yds.		Total.
	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	
Mrs. S. H. Armitage.....	90 484	46 272	46 272	136 756	
Miss O. Newall.....	87 419	47 287	47 287	134 706	
Miss H. Williams.....	75 365	45 255	45 255	120 620	
Mrs. R. Sandford.....	86 360	44 254	44 254	130 614	

ANCIENT SCORTON ARROW, SEPT. 10.

The 239th annual meeting. This is an unusual contest. The shooting is at 100 yards, two arrows at an end. The competition lasts two hours in the forenoon and two hours in the afternoon, no fixed number of arrows being shot, though the average is usually about 160.

C. E. Cadman made 64 hits, 250 score. Spencer Madan was second with 61 hits, score

225. The highest score made in recent years was by T. H. Langford-Sainsbury in 1910 when he scored 78 hits, score 302, having shot 142 arrows.

In reporting the competition for the Ancient Scorton Arrow for 1908, Colonel Walrond, in the Archer's Register says: "For the first time, as far as can be gathered from the minutes, an American joined in the shooting, in the person of H. B. Richardson, the U. S. A. champion. Mr. Richardson shot in great form and made the highest hits and score that has ever been recorded at this meeting. The day was a most delightful one for the sport. Mr. Richardson made 102 hits, 452 score."

Chicago Archery Club.

As a result of a challenge issued by the Chicago Archery Club to the Newton (Mass.) Club—each club to shoot on its own range—the scores of the highest four members being selected as the score of the team, the Newton Club shot its event Saturday, Sept. 21, 1912, on the range on the Newton Centre playground. The weather was cold, damp with a strong northeast wind and unfavorable to making large scores. The Chicago team shot on Sunday, making 132 points less, and scores follow. The round consisted of 96 arrows at 60 yards.

G. P. Bryant scored a clean slate with 96 hits, and a total of 546 points; H. B. Richardson, 95 hits, 513 points; Ellis Spear, Jr., 77 hits, 369 points; B. P. Gray, 77 hits, 347 points. The score of the quartette was 345 hits for 1,775 points.

	Newton.	Hits.	Score.
G. P. Bryant.....	96	546	
H. B. Richardson.....	95	513	
Ellis Spear, Jr.....	77	369	
B. P. Gray.....	77	347	
E. W. Frenz.....	73	339	
C. T. Switzler.....	74	316	
S. W. Wilder.....	61	305	
Miss F. M. Patrick.....	56	248	
C. E. Dallin.....	65	221	
Miss Norma Pierce.....	54	186	
Mrs. G. P. Bryant.....	37	145	
	Chicago.	Hits.	Score.
G. W. Nichols	89	491	
H. W. Bishop.....	86	422	
Dr. W. C. Williams.....	77	367	
Dr. E. B. Weston.....	83	363	
		355	1643

BURTON PAYNE GRAY.



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

- Oct. 5.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Meadow Springs G. C. Wm. F. Letford, Sec'y.
- Oct. 6.—Chicago Gun Club championship.
- Oct. 8-10.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. Jos. Kautzky, Sec'y.
- Oct. 9-10.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. Geo. Alig, Jr., Sec'y.
- Oct. 9-10.—Tarboro (N. C.) G. C. R. E. L. Cook, Mgr.
- Oct. 12.—Temple, Pa.—Hercules G. C. A. K. Ludwig, Sec'y.
- Oct. 13.—Arlington Heights, Ill.—League shoot of the Chicago Interurban League of Gun Clubs. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y-Treas.
- Oct. 15-18.—Cincinnati, O.—The Interstate Association's Post-Season tournament, on the grounds of the Cincinnati G. C.; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Oct. 16.—Rising Sun (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Vice-Pres.
- Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
- Oct. 22-23.—Scammon (Kans.) G. C. C. R. Quarton, Sec.
- Oct. 22-23.—Demopolis, Ala.—Demopolis G. C. W. C. Du Fue, Sec'y.
- Oct. 30.—Medford (Okla.) G. C. Dr. I. V. Hardy, Sec'y.
- Nov. 7.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
- Nov. 21-22.—Clinton (Ont.) G. C. J. E. Cantelon, Sec'y.
- Dec. 2-6.—St. Thomas, (Ont.) G. C. W. J. McCance, Asst. Mgr.

1913.

- Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.
- July 8-13.—Cedar Point, O.—The Indians' tournament. D. H. Eaton, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

A tournament will be held at Seidler's Beach, Morgan Station, N. J., Oct. 23, commencing at 10 o'clock. A good dinner will be served at a reasonable price on the grounds. Maltby W. Conover will have charge of the office. Trolley to grounds from Matawan or South Amboy.

The Kankakee Rifle and Revolver Club was organized last week with fifty charter members. Officers were elected as follows: President, J. F. Labell; Vice-President, H. H. Davis; Secretary, Roy Duesenberry; Treasurer, V. C. Nickerson. The Association will affiliate with the National Association, and will be the second State organization, the first being located at Alton. The first tournament will be given during the second week of October. The object of the club is to perfect members in marksmanship, and also for social purposes.

Under date of Sept. 30, Secretary Ludwig writes: "The registered county shoot of the Hercules Gun Club, of Temple, Pa., to be held on Oct. 12, under the management of Lloyd R. Lewis, promises to be a banner tournament. The program calls for 150 targets, with an extra event of 10 pairs of doubles. Hoff & Bros., of Reading, offer a gold medal trophy to the winner of the county championship of 50 targets. Handsome trophies will be awarded to the high and low guns on the regular program." Programs may be had by addressing the secretary at 936 North Second street, Reading, Pa.

The sixth annual Cosmopolitan Amateur Championship will be held on Columbus Day, (Saturday, Oct. 12), under auspices of Bergen Beach Gun Club, of Brooklyn. The shoot is open to all amateurs and there will be \$100 added. Three sets of traps will be used, and shoot will begin at 9:30 A. M. Take Subway to Flatbush and Atlantic avenues, Brooklyn, then Flatbush avenue trolley car; or from New York, City Hall—Brooklyn Bridge—direct, or will transfer to shooting grounds, Avenue N and East Seventy-first street, Bergen Beach, Brooklyn. All at 16yds., high guns win; 100 targets per man; entrance \$2.50, including targets. Two additional events will be shot if time and attendance allow, of 25 targets each, entrance \$2.50 each event; price of targets deducted at 2 cents each. Class shooting, four moneys, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Total entrance, \$12.50. The regular monthly shoot will take place on Oct. 8 at 1 P. M. L. H. Schortemeier, 201 Pearl street, New York, Secretary.

When Fred Gilbert said to Lester German the other day that the two of them would shoot any other two men in the world a race at 50 pairs (100 targets), and when Lester said to Fred, "Table's set," they probably had but little idea that their remarks would soon receive serious attention, or attention that meant business. Such, however, was the case, because just as soon as they heard of Fred's remark and Lester's reply, Harry Freeman said to Jimmy Day, "How about you and I?" What Jimmy Day said is not recorded, but it must have been satisfactory, because the two of them are booked to shoot Gilbert and German a race under the above conditions on Monday, Oct. 14 next, on the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club. The date set, being the day before the opening of the Post Season tournament on those grounds, makes it most convenient, as unquestionably many of the intending contestants at the Post Season tournament will want to be on hand that day to get some practice ahead of time, and also see the match between the four crack "double-target" shots. The match will of course be shot in the afternoon. "Table's set." Who'll do the carving and the eating?

W. G. BEECROFT.

Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Sept. 28.—The interclub team race set for to-day between the members of the West Chester Gun Club, of West Chester, Pa., and the Du Pont Gun Club, of this city, was unfortunately too one-sided to be all that it had been the wish of the management of both clubs that it should be. The West Chester men were unable to get together a full team to visit the local men, and for that reason were at a decided disadvantage. In addition, their captain, F. M. Eachus, one of the best of the old-time shots in this section of the country, had to stand on the side lines and do his part refereeing, owing to a broken left arm.

Only nine visitors all told showed up, and as no less than forty-two of the local gunners were on hand, the handicap was too much, as the rules called for "best ten scores to count." Since only nine men came from West Chester, only "nine best scores of the Wilmingtonians counted, but that "nine best" totaled 406 out of 450 to 327 for the West Chester men, or an advantage for the home team of 79 targets.

Eugene du Pont kept up his recent good work, and was high man for the Du Pont Gun Club, scoring 49 out of 50. Tied for second place were J. B. McHugh and H. P. Carlon, while H. W. Bush and J. H. Minnick both scored 45. W. Edmunson, H. T. Reed and W. M. Armistead made the team with 44 apiece, while Henry Winchester was the ninth man on the team with 43. There were many other members of the Du Pont Gun Club below him, but his score just made the team total one target better than an even 90 per cent.

C. J. Happerset was high man on the West Chester team, and won the silver souvenir spoon donated by the local club to the high man on the visiting team. C. Barnes was next to him with 42. The scores of team race follow:

West Chester Gun Club.	Du Pont Gun Club.
C W Martin..... 36	W Edmunson 45
C Barnes 42	E du Pont 49
P W Eagan..... 32	H W Bush 45
R Temple 28	J H Minnick..... 45
C J Happerset.... 43	J B McHugh..... 46
D Grooms 38	H P Carlon..... 46
E Farr 36	H T Reed..... 44
H Martin 32	H Winchester... 43
W Torpey 40-327	W M Armistead... 44-406

Other shooters who shot with the Du Pont team, but who shot less than 43 were: W. M. Hammond 39, C. Leedom 42, C. H. Simon 32, *H. L. Worthington 48, *L. S. German 48, S. J. Newman 41, E. H. Ford 20, S. G. David 34, T. W. Mathewson 39, Stanley Tuchten 42, *Ed. Banks 48, J. J. Magahern 40, Dr. S. Steele 41, L. L. Jarrell 36, J. W. Anderson, Jr., 39, *J. T. Skelly 49, P. A. Iddings 41, C. D. Prickett 38, I. Turner 37, L. W. Crawford 31, Alexis du Pont 40, W. B. Smith, Jr., 33, W. H. Hitchcock 39, W. G. Wood 22, A. J. Curley 18, J. S. Grant 11, W. Sillitoe 12, G. R. Golderman 5, J. M. Turner 13, T. E. Doremus 20, T. K. McElroy 14.

*Not eligible to count in the team race. The last seven shooters shot at 25 targets only. In connection with the first 25 targets shot at in the team race, the weekly contests for the Coleman du Pont spoons was decided. Eugene du Pont, not being eligible under the club rules for a spoon, J. H. Minnick and J. B. McHugh tied for the Class A spoon on 23 out of 25. McHugh won on the shoot-off, which was held when the light was very poor, with the score of 21 to 20. H. W. Bush and Clyde Leedom tied for the Class B spoon with scores of 24 apiece, and decided the tie by the toss of a coin, Bush being the lucky man and winning the spoon. In Class C Dr. A. C. Patterson and S. J. Newman are tied with 21 each, the tie having to be shot off at some future date. H. T. Reed with 21 won the Class D spoon, J. M. Turner in Class E winning with 13.

The challenge contest between Ed. Banks, holder of the Class A cup, and W. M. Hammond, challenger, was decided in favor of Hammond, after a tie of 43 out of

50. Hammond won on the shoot-off, with 23 to 22. Eugene E. du Pont has challenged Mr. Hammond, and the match will be shot off shortly.

Many good scores were made during the afternoon, weather conditions being about perfect. J. T. Skelly led the classy bunch with 98 out of 100 shot at.

Several of the gun club members present signified their intention of going to Boston next Friday night for the purpose of taking part in the All-Delaware and All-New England team race, to be shot the following day, on the grounds of the Paleface Gun Club, at Welling-ton, Mass. From present appearances the team will be able to render a good account of itself, although one or two of the best shots in the club cannot make the trip.

Mt. Kisco Gun Club.

Mr. Kisco, N. Y., Sept. 28.—The second registered tournament of the Mt. Kisco Gun Club was held here to-day, and was most successful. The weather conditions in the morning were disagreeable, rain delaying the shooting, and keeping many shooters home. Sixty-three shooters faced the traps bravely. Five professionals were present, assisting the cashier's office and outside work. The attendance in the afternoon was very good, many ladies from town and out of town coming to the grounds to see Mrs. L. G. Vogel, Miss Jessie Thorpe and Miss L. Boles shoot. Amateur high gun for the day was won by J. Martin; M. W. Wynne second; T. H. Lawrence third. H. H. Stevens was high professional. Scores:

Shot at. Broke	Shot at. Broke
Mrs L G Vogel 150 118	B W Hathaway. 150 109
T H Hyland... 150 112	J H Miller..... 150 108
M W Wynne... 150 133	S H Fanton..... 150 110
J W Bain..... 150 121	W A Gregory.. 150 125
C B Hoffman... 150 114	H R Bailey.... 150 85
H A Holmes... 150 105	F Sherwood ... 150 95
G C Hudson... 150 107	W Abrame 60 25
A M Dalton... 150 123	C H Briggs..... 150 76
F Lundebjerg... 150 102	J F Martin.... 150 83
C E Clinton... 150 100	T Scott 150 83
H O Allyn... 150 123	J A Benedict... 150 124
T H Lawrence. 150 128	M Cornell 150 104
H S Robinson.. 150 117	W C Holden... 75 46
F F Rogers... 150 113	Wm Huff 150 126
Miss L Boles... 150 79	Wm Thorpe .. 150 103
C S Purdy..... 150 112	Miss J Thorpe.. 150 85
P Raymond ... 150 118	A Jenks 150 89
C G Blandford. 150 122	M G Coughlin.. 60 35
H H Park..... 150 111	G Thorpe 60 26
C H Banks.... 150 110	E Ward 150 117
L G Vogel..... 150 92	C Barnard 150 91
A Betti..... 150 124	F Storza 90 44
G H Moran.... 150 92	G Sharp 90 49
L F Lyon..... 150 95	Geo Gorham ... 90 49
F B Smith.... 150 116	F Cronk 90 35
Geo E Sutton.. 150 94	C Anderson ... 90 50
L Remsen... 150 121	A Bennett 40 26
J Martin 150 138	D Bennett 40 13
W Hyland 150 98	N Nobel 40 17

Professionals:	
T A Davis..... 150 118	N Apgar 150 134
J Fanning 150 133	H H Stevens... 150 138
O R Dickey... 150 130	

A. BETTI, Sec'y.

Birmingham Gun Club.

TWENTY shooters were at the Birmingham Gun Club Friday and Saturday, Sept. 20 and 21. Mrs. Garl shot high on Friday, and John Warren was high percentage on Saturday, dropping but 2 out of his 50 shot at. Some of the beginners are shooting good, considering the amount of practice they have had.

Mr. Ragsdale, of Bessemer, paid us a visit. Mr. Skelly has given a Du Pont fob for the Saturday afternoon shooters, and the beginners are very enthusiastic about winning it. The first 45 targets each Saturday to count on the fob, with sliding added bird handicap.

On Saturday, Oct. 26, the Birmingham Gun Club will give their annual class shoot, which will be followed by a distance handicap match at 100 targets, with \$1 or more added for each entrance. Trophy to winner. Sweepstakes optional:

Scores of Sept. 20:	Shot at. Broke	Shot at. Broke
Mrs Garl 100 86	O L Garl..... 75 64	
R L Kennon ... 100 71	Ed Cornwell ... 75 61	
Scores of Sept. 21:		
Ragsdale 100 78	Moore 60 39	
Ed Cornwell ... 75 66	Mrs Garl 45 38	
J De Jarnette.. 75 61	Tyler 75 37	
D Brown 90 61	Higgins 75 37	
F Cornwall ... 90 53	O L Garl 30 29	
R L Kennon... 75 49	Dick Leland ... 45 25	
Hodges 60 49	Gage 60 23	
J K Warren.... 45 43	J De Jarnette, Sr 45 23	

Sangerfield Country Club.

WE didn't have any pros., but we had a good shoot. W. E. Corfield took top gun honors with 140 out of 150. N. P. Bonney got second with 134, only two ahead of F. D. Curtis for third.

Shot at Broke	Shot at Broke
A M Jones..... 150 87	C W Hobbie... 150 126
G W Parker... 150 95	R H Terry.... 150 124
E M Griffith... 150 103	J D Cheesboro. 150 88
W E Corfield... 150 140	M L Race..... 75 49
S Williams ... 150 120	N P Bonney... 150 134
W E Hookway. 150 119	H Breed 150 103
F D Curtis.... 150 132	B G Lawrence.. 105 82
G M Phillips... 150 128	

Hudson Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Sept. 25.—Appended are the scores of the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, held on Sept. 22. There were eighteen shooters in attendance, and Billy O'Brien, with an average of 84 per cent., was high man.

The morning was bright and cool, with just enough wind blowing from behind to put a little extra speed on the targets, and making the boys shoot quick to get a fair percentage of them. We had the pleasure of meeting one of our old club members, Mr. Craft, who has been on the Pacific Coast for the past two years, and who could not resist the opportunity while in New York to pay us a visit. He showed us that he still knows how to handle the tools to break targets with by keeping very close to the leaders. We were all pleased to have him with us again, and wish him the best of good luck in his new field of business.

The Du Pont trophy contest will start next shoot, Oct. 6, and we would like to see a good gathering on hand to compete for it. Joe Whitley says that the corn is ready to pick, and promises to have several barrels on hand for shooters and their friends to dispose of, so come out and help us eat it. Everybody welcome. Don't forget the date, Oct. 6. Take the Turnpike car to the west side of the Hackensack River Bridge and follow the crowd. Scores:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
D D Engle.....	17	19	20	21	19
J H Williams.....	18	19	18	17	19
B Beversdoft.....	19	11	14	19	14
W Roach.....	21	16	20	15	17
W Raymond.....	16	16	10	13	16
J E Smith.....	20	18	18	19	19
C von Lengerke.....	18	20	22	19	19
T F Moryhan.....	12	11	15	15	16
W Hutchings.....	20	16	22	18	18
W O'Brien.....	24	21	21	20	18
J C Craft.....	20	18	20	20	18
J Williams, Jr.....	14	19	19	18	14
W Groll.....	13	15
T Kelley.....	15	17	17	18	16
J Saul.....	..	18	18	16	18
W Hodges.....	11	10	15
I Hickmann.....	21	23
R O'Connell.....	10	12

T. H. K., Sec'y.

Saginaw Canoe Club.

SAGINAW, Mich., Sept. 28.—We herewith inclose scores of our registered tournament of Sept. 27. Owing to unsatisfactory weather the attendance was very small, but a very enthusiastic tournament was held. Including the regular program events, there were several cup events, so that a total of 4,200 targets were thrown.

C. A. Galbraith won high amateur average. Fred. Helfrecht won long run. Ed. Carpenter, won high Saginaw average. Each was presented with a handsome cup.

Shot at.	Broke	Shot at.	Broke
H H Hontz....	150	130	150
C A Galbraith..	150	137	150
H E Maxson....	150	123	150
Ed Carpenter..	150	128	150
M G Atwood....	150	116	150
A W Stuart....	150	120	150
F Helfrecht....	150	123	150
H Krogmann....	150	120	150
Geo Bell.....	150	98	150
Professionals:			
R Heikes.....	150	148	150
Fred Foster...	150	121	150
W J McHenry. 150	97	150	112

Robin Hood Gun Club.

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., Sept. 24.—The regular club shoot was held on Saturday, Sept. 21.—Ben Beversdorf returned after a three months' vacation in Sullivan county, and got away with the first prize.

Merchandise shoot, 25 targets, handicap; prize, half dozen sterling silver spoons: Beversdorf (0) 22, Hutchings (0) 21, Conclley (3) 18, Rowley (1) 19, McKean (1) 21.

No. 2, 25 targets, 23yds.: Beversdorf (0) 14, Hutchings (0) 20, Conclley (3) 17, Rowley (1) 17, McKean (0) 19.

No. 3, 25 birds, 21yds.: Beversdorf (0) 18, Hutchings (0) 14, Conclley (3) 18, Rowley (1) 17, McKean (1) 17.

No. 4, Du Pont fob, 25 targets: Beversdorf (0) 21, Hutchings (0) 19, Bush (0) 17, Rowley (1) 19, McKean (1) 16.

No. 5, 15 targets, Olympic rules: Bush 13, Beversdorf 14, Hutchings 12, Rowley 10, McKean 12.

Geo. CONELLEY.

Sunnyside Country Club.

FRESNO, Cal., Sept. 21.—Inclosed find scores of our first amateur handicap clap pigeon shoot for silver cup. Dan Forsyth was high gun. Cup must be won three times to become property of winner:

Fifty targets, distance handicap: L. L. Gray (18yds.) 28, Dr. Gray, captain (20) 26, Dr. Maupin (16) 33, Arthur Goodfellow (18) 28, Chas. Teague (16) 29, J. Bernard (16) 13, Dr. Thomas (16) 30, L. H. Eastin (20) 33, O. F. McCoon (16) 15, B. F. Shepherd (16) 21, Don Forsyth (18) 17.

Trap at Bourbon, Ind.

BOURBON, Ind., Sept. 23.—We moved our traps to our new grounds to-day and hope to be able to send in some better scores. Inclosed are some of the better scores of our practice shoot this afternoon at 25 targets per man: T. Dilley 21, L. Russell 22, J. Russell 20, R. Garey 20, Bowers 18, Sweet 17.

L. R.



Mammoth Denver Handicap

A Harvest of Victory

For Shooters of World-Beating Guns and Shells

Most sensational shooting of great "Mile High" event another sterling tribute to record-breaking Remington-UMC Arms and Ammunition.

R. H. Bruns, shooting Speed Shells, makes Brilliant String of Scores

Among this 21-year-old marksman's star achievements were:

- Broke 200 straight first day
- Won High Amateur Average of whole shoot, 494 x 500
- Made longest run of Handicap, 283 straight
- Broke 683 x 700, including Handicap Targets

Denver Handicap Event: Four shooters of Remington-UMC shells tied with the winner.

Championship on Doubles: Wm. Ridley shooting Remington-UMC Arrow Steel Lined Shells, scored 96 on 50 pairs of doubles, making a world's record for this event.

Preliminary Handicap: Won by H. E. Whitney, 98 x 100, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun. Second: R. H. Bruns, 97 x 100, shooting same ammunition.

Post Trophy, Handicap Championship of Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico: Won by C. F. Nelson, 97 x 100, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun and Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

STEEL LINED FAVORITES WIN WESTY HOGAN SHOOT

Shooters of Remington-UMC — "the perfect shooting combination" — predominate at famous Atlantic City meet.

Westy Hogan Championship: Won by C. H. Newcomb, 99 x 100 and 19 x 20 in shoot-off, shooting Remington-UMC Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

Bull Durham Trophy: Won by J. S. Young, 146 x 150, shooting Remington-UMC Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells.

High Amateur Average: Won by C. H. Newcomb, 431 x 450, 24 x 25 in shoot-off, shooting Remington-UMC Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

Longest Run of Tournament: Made by C. H. Newcomb, 103 straight, shooting Remington-UMC Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

Remington-UMC—a century's experience to back up your aim.

Winners at Olympic Games, Winners at Grand American Handicap, Winners at Western Handicap. STILL WINNING!

FOR 50c. (less than actual cost) we will send a "A NEW CHAPTER IN AN OLD STORY" copy of our beautiful and valuable book
 This book contains the most remarkable hunting photographs ever taken. "I have been reading your book with pleasure and profit. Such a work is bound to do good."—*Elbert Hubbard.* "It is a contribution to national history and letters."—*Francis Trevelyan Miller.* "The last word in design, illustration, text and execution."—*Herbert L. Bridgeman.* "Very interesting."—*Francis Bannerman.*

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299-301 Broadway New York, N. Y.

New Hanover Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Sept. 28.—The reason you haven't received the reports for the last three weeks, is that several of us attended the Denver handicap, to our sorrow. But we had a fine trip. Owing to bad weather the scores to-day were not so good.

Targets:	25	25	25	Total.
L C Grant.....	20	18	16	54
J H Dreher.....	21	22	21	64
L B Pearce.....	15	24	19	58
H E Miller.....	20	17	21	58
F L Robbins.....	17	18	17	52

J. H. DREHER, Sec'y.

Prepare for Exposition Tournaments.

ONE of the attractions of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, to be held in San Francisco in 1915, will be a series of target tournaments of interstate, national and international importance. The leading shooting societies of California have formed a corporation known as the International Shooting Festival Association of 1915, to promote target shooting in all its

branches, establish a federation of shooting clubs and to arrange and supervise the contests that will be held. Trophies and cash prizes of such value will be offered that marksmen will be justified in coming to take part. Suitable ranges will be provided for all contests, and sufficient targets will be provided to accommodate any number of competitors.

GOLDEN GATE.

Plattsville Gun Club.

PLATTSVILLE, Wis., Sept. 22.—Ben Dorscher was high in both events to-day. First event was a handicap. Louis Bartling was second in both events. Scores:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	50	25	Targets:	50	25
B Dorscher.....	44	25	H Johanus.....	..	12
B Karmann.....	19	14	H Pitts.....	..	17
H McRown.....	37	..	J Laughton.....	..	15
L Bartling.....	42	22	W Hunny.....	..	13
T Bridges.....	36	..	Holmes.....	..	6

T. J. BRIDGES, Sec'y.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Northern Kentucky Gun Club.

THE regular monthly money-back tournament held on Sept. 29 was the best of this season's series, twenty-nine shooters facing the traps, and with two exceptions, shooting the entire program of ten 15-target events. The shoot started at 11 o'clock, and was finished at 4:30; over 6,000 targets were trapped without a hitch. Owing to the near approach of dusk, the special event was called off.

Dayton, O., was represented by seven shooters—J. I. Brandenburg, J. E. Cain, R. E. Mumma, J. A. Penn, H. A. Furness, H. Mombeck, and V. Huber; from Harrison there were A. M. Turrell, J. G. Francis and Dr. O. J. Maddux; Circleville, O., E. M. Stout and C. L. Moeller. The Okoboji Indians had a full squad on the firing line and carried off high honors for the day. Chief Right Wing (G. W. Maxwell, of Hastings, Neb.) and Chief Night Rider (Guy Ward, of Birmingham, Ala.) tying for first on 145; Chief Heap Talk (Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia.) second with 140. Chief Round Head (W. R. Chamberlain, of Columbus, O.) third with 139.

The race for high average among the amateurs was a close one between A. H. Sunderbruch, of Williamsburg, O., and M. J. Welch, of Cincinnati. At the half-way point the former was one target in the lead with 6 down to Welch's 7. In the last 75 the latter picked up a little, losing 6 to the former's 8, and winning by one target, 137 to 136. Third high average money went to Dr. Maddux, of Harrison, on 134. E. M. Stout, of Circleville, and J. H. Schreck, of Covington, Ky., tied for fourth on 133.

The money-back purse amounted to \$60.50; the losses amounted to \$53.68, leaving a surplus of \$6.82, which was divided among the three high men, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Ten of the shooters were refunded their losses in sums ranging from 38 cents to \$10.

Capt. G. W. Dameron was not in good form for the first five events, but picked up after that and shot about his usual good gait in the last half. R. H. Bruns, of Brookville, Ind., who did such phenomenal work at the recent Denver shoot, missing but 6 targets out of 500, and who also made a fine showing at the Westy Hogan tournament at Atlantic City, was not in form here, his continuous shooting of the past three weeks making him a little stale. He will be in shape for the Post Season tournament on Oct. 15, and will finish near the top.

Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, Pa., secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, was among the spectators. He has been inspecting the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club, where the Post Season will be shot, and expressed himself as much pleased with the arrangements made by Supt. Gambell. Other spectators well known in the trapshooting world were L. J. Squier, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and R. Davies, Cincinnati, secretary of the Cincinnati Gun Club.

The office was in charge of E. C. Lamb, who has filled this position very acceptably at all the club's tournaments.

The weather was not favorable for high scores; heavy clouds in the morning threatened rain, and although it cleared in the afternoon, a cold wind made it uncomfortable on the firing line, and affected the flight of the targets in a puzzling manner.

The last money-back tournament of the season will be held in October. Capt. Dameron and several members of the club will enter the contest for the Kentucky State challenge cup on Oct. 5, on which date T. H. Clay, Jr., of Paris, Ky., will defend his title against E. Hammerschmidt, of Latonia, Ky., challenger, and any other members of the Kentucky State Trapshooters' League who may care to come in. The match will be held under the auspices of the Latonia Gun Club.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
*F Gilbert	14	14	15	14	14	13	14	15	14	13	140
*G W Maxwell	15	13	15	15	14	15	14	14	15	15	145
*Guy Ward	15	15	14	14	14	15	15	14	15	14	145
*W R Chamberlain	14	13	15	14	15	13	15	12	14	14	139
C O Le Compte	13	13	12	14	13	13	13	15	13	13	132
R Bruns	13	13	12	11	10	15	14	14	14	11	127
M Johnson	15	13	14	14	14	11	11	11	12	15	130
A H Sunderbruch	13	14	14	14	15	12	14	14	12	13	136
H Ertel	12	7	12	14	13	14	14	14	14	13	127
*D J Holliday	14	13	14	11	13	14	14	12	15	12	132
C E Goodrich	13	13	14	13	12	14	15	14	14	15	137
H R Irwin	14	11	13	14	13	14	12	14	13	12	130
G W Dameron	11	14	11	13	12	14	13	15	13	15	131
J E Schreck	11	15	12	13	14	14	14	12	14	14	133
M J Welch	13	13	14	13	15	15	14	13	13	14	137
H Mombeck	9	14	11	12	8	11	9	8	12	11	105
V Hubler	11	10	11	12	11	12	15	15	13	15	125
C L Miller	11	9	13	10	9	11	11	12	11	11	111
E M Stout	11	14	15	13	13	13	13	12	15	14	133
D K						11	8	5			24
J G Francis	13	12	14	11	11	12	13	8	11	11	116
O J Maddox	14	14	13	13	14	13	14	13	13	13	134
A M Turrell	10	10	12	12	11	12	11	14	11	13	116
Gould						11	15	14	12		52
I J Brandenburg	12	13	14	12	14	11	13	15	14	13	131
H A Furness	13	13	13	11	12	13	11	13	9	8	116
R E Mumma	9	10	7	8	7	13	9	10	10	11	94
J A Penn	13	12	13	13	11	10	11	9	13	15	120
J E Cain	10	12	13	10	13	12	11	10	8	12	111

*Professionals.

West Forest Park Gun Club's.

BALTIMORE, Md., Sept. 27.—Two days of rain brought out only a small crowd at our two-day shoot, and most of them did not finish. Scores:

	First Day.		Second Day.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
C O Williams	150	135	150	137
J W Whiteford	150	130	150	123
E E Hargest	150	128	150	127
J H Minnick	150	128	150	137
T F Diffendall	150	125	150	128
I E Eyeler	150	117	150	124
C A Krantz	150	114	150	98
R F Collings	150	88	150	95
M Waller	105	59	150	89

Smith Gun Club.

FOURTEEN shooters put 2,000 clays out of commission at the Smith Gun Club last Saturday. Although a strong wind was blowing across the grounds, remarkable scores were made. State Amateur Champion B. M. Shanley, Jr., was high gun for the afternoon. He managed to shatter 297 out of a possible 325. J. Baldwin and W. W. Hassinger also put up good scores. Although sweepstake shooting took up the most of the time, three interesting

R B Bond	30	26
J Stansbury	30	23
O B Streek	150	126
S J Geisle	30	22
Amerin	45	33
H J Rogers	30	21

Professionals:				
J M Hawkins	150	148	150	145
L S German	150	146	150	141
H D Gibbs	150	145	150	147
L R Lewis	150	133	150	136

25-bird matches were shot between J. Baldwin and F. Apgar. Baldwin gave Apgar a handicap of 3 birds. The first two were won by Apgar and the men tied on the third. Perfect score honors went to D. D. Engle, he being the only shooter breaking a string of 25 straight.

The following scores were made:

B M Shanley, Jr.	22	23	23	24	22	23	23	24	23	22	24	22	22
D D Engle	21	25	21	23	21
I P Lawton	19	16	15	17	16	18
Hassinger	18	20	20	18	19	23
J Baldwin	21	21	22	22	22	24	23	22	19	22
W Hassinger	21	16	20	23	22	22	23
H Hassinger	19	20	19	18
J W Payton	18	17	19	19
F Apgar	20	21	23	22	18	21
M Apgar	16	18	17	16	18
J Geiger	17	21	18	23
E Sickley	24	24
H Hugo	22	23	21
H Parsells	18	17	17

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Peters Shells

WIN A GREAT VICTORY AT THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL., JUNE 18-21

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP—Won by Wm. S. Hoon, 94 x 100 and 18 x 20 in shoot off.

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP—Wm. S. Hoon tied for 1st place, 192 x 200.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP—C. A. Young made High Professional Score, 95 x 100 from 22 yards.

PROFESSIONAL DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP—J. S. Day and Walter Huff tied for 1st—84 x 50 pairs.

AMATEUR DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP—Harry W. Kahler 2d—88 x 50 pairs.

There were no 16-yard targets at the Grand American, and therefore, no targets that will figure in the season's average. It must be apparent, however, that in figuring the average at Springfield, the scores made on practice day, the double target event, and the Consolation Handicap should be eliminated—the Consolation because it was not open to all. The real Amateur Average was therefore won by Mr. Hoon, on his score of 380 x 400.

HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE—All single targets, W. S. Hoon—380 x 400.

Practice Day: 2d Professional Average, H. D. Freeman, 192 x 200. 2d Amateur Average, Bart Lewis, 191 x 200.

All the above used the Red P Ammunition. A fitting climax to a wonderful succession of winnings. The superior quality of "steel where steel belongs" shells absolutely proven.

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Charleston Gun Club.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Sept. 28.—Ninety-two and ninety-one out of one hundred is not so bad in a practice shoot. Davis made the former and Fritz the latter in our shoot to-day, at which seven turned out. Scores: Davis 92, Fritz 91, Shepherd 88, Nicholson 66, Beardsley 52, Mettsheard (50 targets) 18, Goshorn (50 targets) 41.
DR. G. NICHOLSON.

Rifle and Revolver

Du Pont Gun Club, Rifle Dept.

WILMINGTON, Del., Sept. 28.—The following scores were made on the rifle range of the Du Pont Gun Club, Miss Hickman being a beginner, but showing what a lady can do with a weapon when it is pointed right: J. B. Hickman 104, 102, 73; Miss E. Hickman 112, 152, 139; T. C. S. Dorsey 222; E. R. Golterman 165, 104.

A team race that created some interest was as follows: W. F. Silitoe and W. F. Jensen 368; T. C. S. Dorsey and E. R. Golterman 357; A. J. Curley and J. G. S. Grant 314.

THE NEGATIVE ANGLE SYSTEM.

MILITARY authorities and big game hunters are much interested in a new rifle sighting system that is designed to eliminate the necessity for estimating distances and adjusting sights in long-range shooting.

Of the Remington negative angle system, as the invention is called, Sir George Greenhill, a noted English ballistical expert, said in a recent lecture: "The new system proves that since the origin of firearms our method of sighting in active service rifle firing has been wrong. The invention is likely to bring about a revolution in the art of shooting."

In brief, the system utilizes the well-known fact that the apparent size of an object decreases as the distance increases. The user of the negative angle sight is instructed to sight at a point the height of the object under it. If the arm were the army rifle and the target a man, the point of aiming would be about 5 feet 6 inches below the man's feet. With the regu-

lation ammunition, as furnished for the army rifle, the negative angle system will insure hits on the man target, at all ranges from 100 to 825 yards, which is an increase of about 300 yards over the range of the present battle sight.

At first it would appear that some trouble might be met in sighting. However, no difficulty whatever is found in aiming at a point 5 feet 6 inches below a man's feet, particularly as the man is conveniently on the spot to afford a gauge, very much like a foot rule photographed with another object to indicate comparative heights.

The new system is the invention of H. Ommundsen, an Englishman, who won the King's prize at a recent English national shoot, and who has been high up in the same contest on several other occasions.

That the system is applicable to all kinds of game shooting with a rifle is evident, as to do away with guessing at distances must inevitably help the hunter to increase his field averages.

ALBINOS IN ANIMAL LIFE.

ONE of the most curious freaks of nature is the albino. Albinism occurs not only among human beings, but includes everything that has life. While it is most noticeable among human beings and has been studied by scientists with particular reference to the human family, yet it also occurs among other animals and birds of all kinds. Most unusual of all, however, and perhaps the most striking example outside of the human family, is the occurrence of albinism in the vegetable kingdom. In fact, there is nothing that grows in the ground, nothing that swims in the waters underneath among which this curious freak of nature does not exist.

For many years scientists all over the world have made a study of this curious freak. In Germany and on the continent generally science has been trying to discover nature's secret since the days of Pharaoh, but it is only in recent years that interest has developed in the new world. For the last ten years many scientists of America have delved deep into the subject. Among these are numbered the best scientists

in the service of Uncle Sam, and while there has been no continuous investigation, the searches of Americans have shown remarkable results.

The scientists of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington have been working along this line for years, gathering specimens from all over the world, and the result of their labor is now shown in a unique exhibition just completed. This unusual collection shows curious examples of albinos in all phases of life, among birds, fowls and animals, and it is probably the only collection of the kind in the world.—From the San Francisco Call.

SKIN SUPPLY FROM INDIA'S WILD PIGS.

WE have repeatedly referred to the damage done to crops by wild pigs in India, and to the importance of taking advantage of the strong demand for pig skins and so making profitable a systematic extermination of these animals by hunting, or preferably by trapping. In this connection it is interesting to quote the following from a recent report of the Canadian Trade Commissioner in Leeds, England:

"Much difficulty is being experienced by local firms in obtaining pig skins, and inquiries have been made as to the prospect of procuring supplies from Canada. At present, supplies of tanned pig skins come almost entirely from Ayrshire in Scotland, although in the past small quantities have been received occasionally from the United States. The latter, however, are considered to be at a disadvantage, as the skins from that country were as a rule found to be badly flayed. Pig skins could be sent here either tanned or simply salted. Various uses are found for them, such as for instance the making of purses, bags, cases and leggings. They are also used for bookbinding, for covering furniture, and also for use in the saddlery trade. The present scarcity is attributed to the increasing uses to which these skins are now being put, and some idea as to the demand is shown by the fact that prices have risen over 50 per cent. in the last five years. To compete successfully on this market it is very important that the skins be carefully flayed."—From the official Indian Trade Journal, Calcutta.

SPORT IN FLORIDA.

Continued from page 425.

ing was good; moreover, the prices were most reasonable, which is something unusual in Florida. As the young couple who ran the establishment had been married only two weeks, it is probable that by this time they are more sophisticated and are charging higher rates. The oysters they served were as fine as any that can be found in the United States, being fairly large and about as well flavored as the little Cuban oysters which we appreciated so much when we were in Havana.

Next day we made an early start, and as before went down the river or more strictly speaking the estuary, for it is from one to two or more miles wide, and after a good morning's sport we landed on the north shore and tried for jacksnipe. I walked over some very rough ground for nearly a mile, seeing only two or three birds which Leonard drove my way, then concluding that the game was not worth the candle, I returned to the launch, stretched out on some dry sand, and took a snooze. In an hour or more Leonard returned with thirteen snipe, then we took lunch and went out again for ducks, of which we secured all we wanted, returning as before to town about sunset.

The next day being Sunday, and it being against the law in Florida to shoot on that day in places where you are likely to get caught, we took a larger launch belonging to Mr. Meredith and fished down toward the Gulf, intending to spend the night in the hotel at Punta Rassa. We had a quiet day, catching a few small skip-jacks (or ladyfish), trout and jackfish. It is a puzzle to me why so many people go in the winter to Fort Myers for fishing, as the fish are almost invariably small—not over two or three pounds each—and the catches are never large. Later in the season there are a few tarpon, and there is said to be good sport obtainable out on the Gulf some six or eight miles from Punta Rassa, but the latter is about eighteen miles from Fort Myers. If one is looking for climate or shooting, it is all right, but for fishing—no.

We reached Punta Rassa at sunset and found the hotel was full, consequently we went to a supply station nearby and found comfortable quarters and a fair table.

Next morning we started back early, and after going some seven miles against a strong ebb tide, we reached our old shooting ground and hunted ducks. The launch was not convenient for retrieving, consequently in the afternoon we transferred our impedimenta to the smaller launch which we picked up near Mr. Meredith's residence, some four miles below the town. As before, we bagged all the birds we wanted and got home at sunset, where I found awaiting me a telegram from an old client asking me to meet him in Kansas City for a conference and then to proceed to Washington, D. C. By doing some careful figuring with time tables I decided that we could have one more day's shooting, and Leonard and I thereupon determined that it should be our record day, consequently we bought a few extra cartridges and arranged for an extra early start. Hitherto we had been using shells loaded with twenty-four grains of Lafin and Rand's Infallible powder and an ounce and an eighth of No. 6 shot, but this time we had to take (at a higher cost) shells loaded with twenty-six grains and No. 5 shot. These cartridges I

WESTY HOGAN WINNINGS

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WESTY HOGAN CHAMPIONSHIP AT SINGLES

Won by C. H. Newcomb of Philadelphia with SCHULTZE. Mr. Newcomb broke 99 ex 100 and 19 ex 20 in the tie.

WESTY HOGAN CHAMPIONSHIP AT DOUBLES

Won by Allen Heil of Allentown, 91 ex 100 (50 pairs) with DU PONT. A. L. Chamberlain of New Haven, second, 88 ex 100 with DU PONT.

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Won by C. R. Seelig of Chicago, 92 ex 100 with DU PONT. M. Hepburn, of New Haven, 2d, 91 ex 100 with DU PONT.

YOUNG'S HOTEL SILVER CUP

Tied for by C. H. Newcomb and H. E. Buckwalter with 431 ex 450. Mr. Newcomb shooting SCHULTZE won the shoot-off. Mr. Buckwalter shot DU PONT.

Atlantic City Trophy

Won by Allen Heil, 144 ex 150 with DU PONT

High Professional Ave.

Lester S. German, 437 ex 450 with SCHULTZE

HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE

C. H. Newcomb and H. E. Buckwalter tied on 431 ex 450. Mr. Newcomb shot SCHULTZE. Mr. Buckwalter shot DU PONT.

LONG RUNS

High Professional Long Run—J. M. Hawkins, 125* with DU PONT. High Amateur Long Run—C. H. Newcomb, 103* with SCHULTZE.

Other Centuries: { L. S. German, 124 with SCHULTZE. { J. R. Graham, 119 with SCHULTZE.

These run won Du Pont Gold Long Run Trophies.

? WHAT POWDER DO YOU USE ?

knew would be too powerful for my light gun and might not fit Leonard's automatic, but would be all right for my heavy gun, and I found them so much more effective than the others that I regretted I had not used them on the previous days.

As nobody but ourselves had been shooting ducks near Fort Myers since our arrival, and as those below the city had become too well acquainted with us, we decided to go up river, there being some three or four miles of good shooting ground before reaching the railroad bridge. It was a fortunate decision, because the birds were plentiful and not nearly so wild as those which we had hunted previously. During the forenoon

we had excellent sport, but failed to retrieve a number of dead birds that floated into shoal water. Up near the head of the estuary we ran into some large flocks of coots or mudhens and took toll out of them, but we preferred the blue-bill shooting. After reaching the birds we found too many weeds and too shoal water for traveling, hence turned back and crossed to the south side. It had been windy in the morning, and being in the bow that day I had gotten soaked, but we found it more sheltered and comfortable on the south shore. The ducks were certainly plentiful, and we both shot unusually well.

About noon we spiraled on a fine bunch and got quite close to them, consequently I picked

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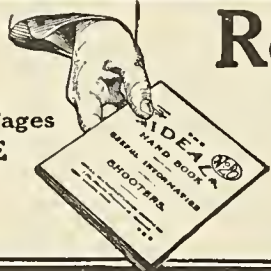
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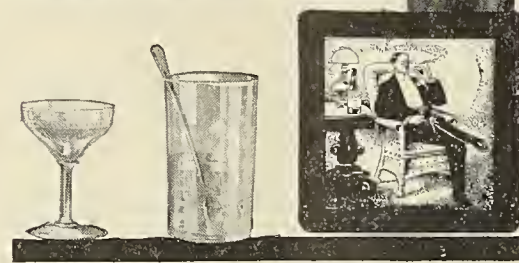
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immediately, shoved an oar down into the mud, took a back sight over our wake, marked a point on the shore, went back a little, put down another oar about where we thought the gun ought to be, and proceeded to pick up the birds. The little gun had gone down with colors flying, as there were six dead ducks and two cripples on the water, one of which escaped. All this had occurred just opposite a famous grape fruit grove, to which we proceeded for the purpose of borrowing rakes to search for the lost gun. After spending an hour raking ineffectually, we gave it up and went ashore to return the rakes and eat luncheon. At this grove they raise seedless grape fruit, and it is said to be the finest and best kept orchard in Florida. After luncheon we tried again for the gun, inducing the rancher's son to dive for it, but it was all to no effect, consequently we put down two poles, took up the oars, offered a reward of \$20 for the gun and resumed our shooting.

Meredith promised that he would not fail to write me concerning the result of the attempts to find the gun which we expected the offer would induce, but as I have heard nothing from him, I am forced to the sad conclusion that I shall never again have the pleasure of handling my pretty little fowling piece.

Notwithstanding all the time we had lost in our useless search, we bagged a big lot of birds, more than we should have been willing to shoot had it not been our last day. I shall not give the number of ducks that we took, for fear that some of your readers will call us bad names. This much I will say, though—we had already determined to quit on Tuesday before I received the telegram, as we felt that four days of such shooting ought to be enough to satisfy reasonable sportsmen. It had been our intention to put in a week on the bass fishing near Dade City, and I suggested to Leonard that he go there without me, but he preferred not, consequently we departed the next morning for the North.

During the entire trip Leonard had been taking numerous photographs with a camera that he had borrowed from his brother before leaving home, and in consequence I had counted upon illustrating this paper with some interesting pictures, but much to our disgust there was something wrong with the apparatus, and every exposure was a total failure.

On the whole, in spite of the cold and stormy weather and the mishaps herein recorded, our trip in Florida and Cuba was most enjoyable, and we both expect to look back to it with great pleasure and satisfaction for many years to come.

[THE END.]

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up the little gun and gave them two barrels as they rose, dropped it, seized the heavy gun and fired two more shots, dropping a long ranger with the last barrel, Leonard at the same time getting in some good work with his automatic. Unfortunately the butt of the little gun fell on the seat and slipped back, and after firing my fourth barrel I turned around just in time to see my pet firearm plunging muzzle foremost over the bow, the butt having been caught in the flywheel of the engine. We stopped the craft

A MOVING FOREST IN WALES.

A STRANGE story of a moving wood near Llandaff was told at a meeting of the district council by one of the members (William Hopkins)

The wood, he said, was situated on a steep slope and was gradually moving toward the road at the foot. The wood is quite 400 yards long and consists of stately elm trees. It had "left its moorings," he said, and was moving bodily toward the Llanvithyn road. A cut had been left at the top, which was full of water.

Some of the trees were coming down bodily, while others were leaning in all directions. The wood had been moving now eight or nine days and it was some little distance from the road, but was in danger of coming on to it.—From the London Chronicle.

AN OVERLAND CANOE TRIP.

Continued from page 435.

time it came close to us, scrambling on top of a canoe we had laid on the bank, and then being right over the foot of my sleeping bag (we were not using the tent) in the dim light, I could just make out a porcupine, and not wishing to have my blankets made into a pin cushion, I spoke gently to it, causing it to leave in a hurry, much to George's annoyance, as he was anxious to stab it with his hunting knife.

The rest of the night passed quietly, though we were somewhat troubled by a small gnat that was a wonder for its size. At daybreak I was awakened by the sound of some animal splashing in the water, and concluded it was a deer, but it had gone before we saw it. We made an early start that morning, as indications were that the trip would take longer than we anticipated. The open water we were camped near did not extend very far, and we soon struck another lot of boulders, which we carried over to a short stretch of water. This we kept up all morning, some of the carries being three-quarters of a mile in length. It was really a repetition of the previous afternoon's work with the slight variation of pushing over sand shallows in the open water stretches. About noon we reached the Cedar River, amid great rejoicings, as the water was deep and the river much larger than the rock. Our happiness was short lived, however, as a mile paddle brought us to a lumber jam which extended as far as we could see, something which had never entered into our calculations. We found an old lumber trail on the right bank and started to carry around it, hoping with all our hearts it was not very long. After a short mile this trail ended in nothing, and as the woods were thick, we could go no further, so George crossed the river on the logs and found an old lumber road on the left bank.

We had lunch and talked it over, deciding the only thing to do was to carry over the logs, a hard thing if one has had no previous experience. We divided the packs into four and managed to get them over, though Harry got caught between two logs and was rescued by George. Then came the canoes; they were even harder, but we put two men to each one and lifted and dragged them across in some way. The old tote road was fairly good going, and after about a mile and a half of it we struck open water once more. It commenced to rain then, and as a very short paddle brought us to some rapids too low to run, we began to say pleasant things about that clerk in the Blue Mountain who had told us it was an easy trip. By dint of lifting and pulling we got through the rapids, leaving plenty of paint on them as a souvenir, but right below we came to a fall jammed full of logs. Once more we landed and after some search found a trail on the left bank. It was a very poor one and the going was bad. Everybody fell and we were all pretty tired; then after about three-quarters of a mile we saw a deserted lumber shack across the river, and as it was raining and getting late, we concluded that we would spend the night there.

Once more we divided the packs into four, and leaving the canoes on that side started across, jumping from rock to rock. Our feet were wet through and the rocks slippery, and we had barely started when Harry fell in but

managed to keep his pack dry. A minute later Charley slipped and went in with his own and my blankets and extra clothes, which he dropped in the river. We got them out promptly, however, and they did not get very wet. The shack was the dirtiest place I ever saw, but as it was that or the wet woods, we had to make the best of it. Everybody was wet, tired and hungry, and we had very little to eat, erbswurst and rice being the menu for supper. Our bread, too, had entirely given out, and we had no flour.

It was still raining in the morning, but rain or shine we had to go ahead or starve. On crossing the river to where we had left the canoes, Harry fell in again, but all hands were getting used to it. We carried for about one mile, found a little open water and then another fall full of logs of course. Found a trail on the right bank which ended after half a mile. I went exploring this time and discovered a very bad trail on the other bank which went over a ridge, and then down to the Hudson River. From the top of the ridge I could see open water, and once again I thought we might have an easier time, but on reaching the bank I found the open water extended only a quarter of a mile, and then as far as the eye could see it was dry boulders.

Pretty well discouraged, I returned and found the rest of the outfit sitting on a rock smoking. I imparted the cheerful news, but as there was nothing else to do, we started once more. This was the worst carry of any, and we had an awful time making it. Charley fell with a canoe and could not get his head from between the paddles. How he did not break his neck no one knows, as the boat turned over and he had to practically stand on his head. George caught his leg between two logs and fell on his face with a canoe on top of him, while I tripped on a root and made a soft cushion for the pack. Everything has to end, so at last we came to the Hudson and after a

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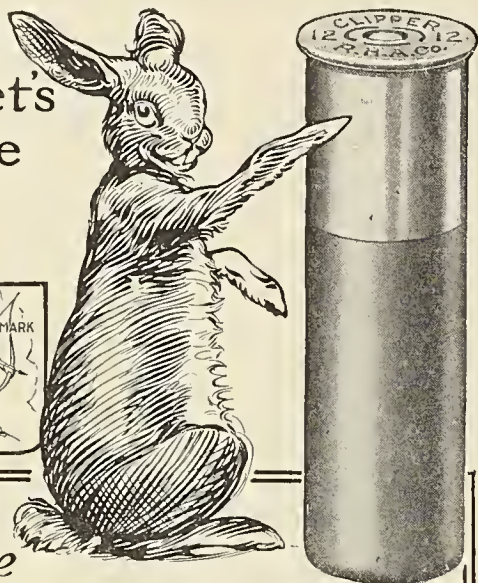
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rest started up that noble stream, here about 150 feet wide. We paddled the one-quarter mile to the rocks and then carried half a mile over them to another small pool where we had lunch. While George and I were cooking it (which sounds all right, but it was only boiled rice) Harry and Charley went on an exploring trip and eventually came back with the news that the boulders extended only two miles more, and then there was open water as far as they could see, also there was a fairly good trail all the way.

Feeling stronger from the lunch, we made the two-mile portage in good time, and were rewarded by a beautiful view. Across the foot

of the open water, which is known as the Blackwell Stillwater and extends about five miles, a dam had been built, and from the top of that we could see right up the Hudson valley for about twenty miles, while in the background Mt. Marcy and McIntyre Mountains loomed in solemn splendor. Here we had a swim, and then feeling that for the time at least our troubles were over, once more got into our canoes and started up the river. About one mile further on we met two fellows in a canoe who said they were bound for Glens Falls. If the Hudson below the Cedar was as bad as the part we struck, they must have had an awful time getting there. A little further on we came to a lumber camp where we were able to buy two loaves of home-made bread and some butter, so that we were able to have a feast that night, which we had after making another carry of one mile at the end of the stillwater, and then paddling about the same distance to some rapids. At the foot of these on an island some considerable person had put up a lean-to, and we spent the night in this, though before morning we regretted it, as it rained heavily and the roof leaked.

We were up at 5:30 and had an early breakfast. This unusual start was made because we were out of tobacco, and therefore had to reach the nearest town, Newcomb, early. A half mile carry was the first thing on the program followed by a paddle of about the same distance, then a mile and a half carry, and a paddle through a swamp which was very shallow. We got stuck in the mud and Charley got out on a log to look things over, then slipped off and went into black mud over both knees and came out a pretty sight. We got through somehow and found open water, and then a small rapid which we managed to pole up. Above this the road bridge crossed the river and we knew we were near civilization once more. This knowledge was emphasized by the sight of a pretty girl in a bathing suit who, however, never even looked at us. From here a half mile of easy paddling brought us to Harris Lake, which is about two miles long, and on the extreme end of which Newcomb is located. Here we landed, and going into town got our mail and a good supply of food. We certainly enjoyed our lunch that day, for we had been able to get some fresh eggs, which we had to eat that meal, as we could not negotiate the carries with them, and after beans and rice, fried eggs and bacon with bread, butter and honey seemed a meal fit for the gods. It was about 4 P. M. when we finished and we retraced our way through Harris Lake to the Hudson and continued up it. Here our troubles again commenced with renewed force. A short paddle brought us to a dam and we carried around this to some flooded land through which we were able to paddle for about one mile when we came to another bed of boulders. On the right hand shore there was an old trail, but after about five-eighths of a mile this ended in thick woods, and we had an awful time getting through them to the river bed. George fell with a canoe, and Harry and I did the same with our packs. We continued on the boulders until everybody was tired out, and then made camp with open water in sight.

It rained a good part of that night and the next morning, so we did not get started until late on account of it. A two-mile paddle brought

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us to another bed of boulders, and after a heart-breaking carry of half a mile or so with no end in sight, we decided to work back to the road about the same distance away. This was no easy matter, as there was no trail, but after pushing through bushes for some distance we came to a cow pasture which was easier going, though the inhabitants did not approve of us and followed close behind, making very hostile demonstrations. We discovered that carrying a canoe with a long-horned wiry cow about twenty feet from one's back was not the most pleasant mode of travel, and so made record time across that field. The road safely reached at length, we went up for three miles, then took the wrong turn, going a quarter of a mile out of our way,

came back, got to the open water and found a log jam which extended for another mile, got over that somehow and had an awful time making the river, as the woods were very thick between there and the road.

We were nearly all in by now, but we wanted to make Sanford Lake before nightfall, so still pushed up the river. The "Mighty" Hudson has furnished a theme for many writers, but I'll guarantee that none who describe it in that way had ever seen it a few miles below Sanford Lake. It is about 75 feet wide and so shallow that a canoe can hardly float in it. We gave up trying to pole and went overboard pushing and pulling, but this was hard, as the bed is mostly quicksand and several times we went in above our knees, and would no doubt have gone further but for the fact that numbers of logs were buried in the sand, and in each case we were lucky enough to strike one. Then, too, it wound around like a snake, and though the map showed we were near Sanford Lake, it seemed an endless journey there. At last it got nearly dark, so we camped again on the river tired out, as usual. It was getting very cold and commenced to rain as we finished supper, keeping it up all night. In the morning our clothes were still wet, and it was very damp and cold, the wind coming from the north. The woods were wet through, too, and we had no easy time lighting a fire.

It took two hours to make Sanford Lake, our work being a repetition of the previous afternoon. This lake is four miles long and was the wildest we had struck on the trip, the shores being densely wooded, while the mountains form a magnificent background to them. We were glad when the paddle was over and we could carry again, for though we had all our extra clothes on, we were chilled through. This was along a good road for about two miles, and then we came to the Tahawus Club, which is beautifully situated in almost the heart of the mountains. Our object right along had been to make Henderson Lake, the source of the Hudson, and leave our canoes there, while we climbed Mt. Marcy and went through Indian Pass. However, at the Tahawus we were informed that Henderson Lake was private property, and that we could not camp on it, so we left the canoes there and divided the packs between us and started for Camp Colden, seven miles away. This is an open shack five miles from the summit of Mt. Marcy put up for the convenience of tourists; the trail to it from the club is in very good condition, and through splendid country. It rained during most of that afternoon, however, and we got on the wrong trail, reaching some private camps of the Tahawus Club, and it was after dark when we eventually came to the open shack. Here we found three fellows who had been up Marcy that day. It was a tight fit to get seven in the lean-to, but we somehow managed it.

On the following morning we walked around Colden Lake and then over to Avalanche. I cannot do justice to either one, for the scenery is really grand, and when we looked at Avalanche we felt well repaid for all our hard work. Then we went back to the shack and from there took the trail up Marcy, making the five miles in two and one-quarter

(Continued on page 446.)

Kennel Department

Batavia Dog Show.

BATAVIA, N. Y., Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our eighth annual show closed yesterday. It rained Wednesday, the first day of the fair, but during the three days of the dog show we had favorable weather. One hundred and twenty-five dogs were benched. We advertised to begin the judging at 10 o'clock, and Judge Mortimer and the management were ready to begin on time, but the express companies were slow in producing the dogs. A large shipment from Buffalo started at 7 A. M. and were not delivered till about 2 P. M. So we delayed in the morning and only judged in spots. At 2 P. M. we began at the beginning and finished Bostons, taking the balance of the breeds and general specials Friday morning. There was no competition till pointers were reached, Watland's Commissioner getting winners dogs and Sunshine winners bitches. The latter is by Beppo G. and received the special for best of the breed. The English setters were not filled as well as in former years. Cockers, however, were well represented, Lackawanna Duplicate getting winners dogs, other than black and special, for best of the breed. Airedale classes were well filled and showed much quality, Clonmel Isonomy securing winners dogs, and Clonmel Command winners bitches. Command was given the best in the breed and eventually the best terrier special and also the best in the show. Isonomy received reserve to best in show, and together they were awarded both the Batavia special and the Spratt's special.

The Boston classes were well filled, having the most of any breed, with cockers second. Rexonian was the winning dog, and Lady Verna the winning bitch, and Mr. Dietschler is to be congratulated on securing both winners, with as many good Bostons as there were competing. Champion Micky Flynn won the special for best local dog (Irish setter), and the French bull Brunette won best of opposite sex. Boston Obbie won the President's cup for best in the county; the cocker Dinah Belle May the best of opposite sex, having won in her classes and was the winning black bitch. The Richmond cup for best sporting dog went to English setter Flint II., and the best non-sporting special to the collie Southport Aristatype.

The cut-glass prizes were distributed Saturday noon, there being a prize for the best of all the principal breeds, as well as the unclassified list. This is all Batavia made and was much appreciated by the recipients as being useful as well as ornamental.

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Southern Ohio Field Trial Association.

THE second annual trials will be held on Oct. 28. Grounds comprising 1,850 acres have been secured between Bethel and Felicity, O. The trials are open to members and amateurs. There will be derby and all-age stakes, with \$100 purse in each, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., the winners having the option of taking cash or silver cups of equal value. Entrance, \$5; \$2 to nominate and \$3 to start. George C. Walker, of Fort Thomas, Ky., will judge. Ed. Harvey and Ray Bartlow, both familiar with the grounds, will act as marshals. Entries will positively close on Oct. 19. George R. Harris, Cincinnati, O., the secretary, will forward entry blanks on request.

The locality in which the trials are to be run is well stocked with birds, and there should be no trouble in getting every dog on game. The ladies of the Bethel M. E. Church will provide dinners for the participants in the trials, and there are good accommodations for men and dogs in the town. The prospects seem favorable for one of the best field trials ever run in southern Ohio.

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AN OVERLAND CANOE TRIP.

Continued from page 445.

hours—that is, George did—but I blew in some fifteen minutes later, getting winded on the last few hundred feet. It was a clear day and the view was all that could be desired, Lake Champlain thirty miles away seeming almost at our feet, and on its further side the Green Mountains of Vermont looked within an easy day's walk.

About an hour and a half on the summit was all we could stand, owing to the cold, and we retraced our steps, reaching Camp Colden at 4 P. M. somewhat tired, having walked sixteen miles over rough trails and climbed 3,000 feet. A good night's sleep on pine boughs made us fairly rested in the morning, and after breakfast we packed back to Tahawus, where we hired a wagon to haul us to Harris Lake. It was a blot on our clean record, but we did not feel much like going back through the quicksands and making that five-mile carry. The distance by road was seventeen miles, taking us the entire day to cover it, and it must be confessed we all enjoyed that drive, the first rest we had since leaving Old Forge.

That night we camped on Harris Lake, and the next day after replenishing our supplies at Newcomb, started for Long Lake. This is a fairly easy trip and seemed child's play after the work we had been doing. It consisted of a few lifts over shallow places in the narrows between Harris and Rib Lakes, through the latter and a mile carry to Lily Pad Pond, through that and two other small lakes, and then a mile and a quarter carry to Round Pond, where we spent the night. From there it is a two-mile carry to Long Lake over a good trail; in fact, all the trails were good after leaving Harris Lake.

At Long Lake we paddled nine miles down to the village for more provisions, and then started along the regular canoe route for Saranac Lake.

That trip is so well known I will not attempt to describe it; sufficient to say that we made it without exertion or mishap and reached Saranac Lake village on Saturday afternoon, feeling that we had put in a fairly strenuous two weeks.

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Members of the salmon family are universally famous for their high jumps. The sea trout, which gladden Devon rivers under the seasonable name of "harvest peal," are untiring acrobats, say the London Globe, and a fish of a pound weight will more than once jump several times its own length out of water when hooked before coming to the net.

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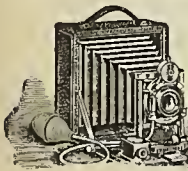
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man's creed to appreciate his pastime in proportion to the difficulties it presents, the sea trout stands high in the angler's estimation. This readiness to jump when hooked distinguishes the lively spring salmon from the more sluggish run of autumn fish, which rarely clear the water in their efforts to throw out the maddening hook.

Precisely why these October fish should be less nimble than those of March has never been satisfactorily explained, but the higher temperature of our rivers in the fall of the year may perhaps have something to do with their conspicuous indolence. At their best salmon can jump at least ten feet above the surface, a feat achieved by slapping the water with the powerful tail and flexing the body until the head and tail all but meet.

The association of the maximum of vigor and activity in fish with a low temperature enjoys wide acceptance, but should be received with caution in view of the fact that nowhere perhaps in the world's seas are jumping fish more continually in evidence than in the Gulf of Mexico, the average temperature of which must be considerably in excess of anything known in maritime Europe.

The grandest of all these leapers is the tarpon, otherwise "silver king" or "grand écaille," a monster herring which may measure six or seven feet and weigh a couple of hundred pounds. It has of late years been the fashion to catch this splendid sea fish with rod and line, and those who have enjoyed the experience of handling a tarpon in the air insist that it is the most thrilling sensation in the whole gamut of fishing in river, lake or sea.

The tarpon is not, however, the only sea fish of that region which jumps when hooked, for the little ladyfish, a miniature replica though of very different family connections, behaves in precisely similar fashion, and is accordingly welcomed on trout tackle among its quiet haunts in the backwaters of the Florida Keys when stormy weather precludes tarpon fishing in the open passes. As the tarpon, at any rate, is rarely seen to jump unless hooked, it is not unreasonable to attribute its activity to a shrewd instinct that it may increase at once the fisherman's difficulties and its own chance of regaining its liberty.

Nor is there any difficulty in assigning a motive to the extraordinary aerial feats performed by a neighbor of the tarpon, the gigantic whiplay, which, though it has never been known to take a hook, and is captured only with the aid of a harpoon, daily flings itself high in the air, the suddenness of the apparition frequently causing alarm among strangers unaccustomed to such visitations, which are particularly terrifying at night, since the thud of a whiplay falling back on the surface is like the crack of a pistol.

There is, however, no mystery in its frequent flight out of its native element, for any one who takes the trouble to watch one closely in bright sunshine will plainly see it throw off several small objects in mid air, and these are, in fact, the sucking fish or remoras, which attach themselves to its body, as they do to that of its cousin, the shark, doubtless causing intolerable irritation.

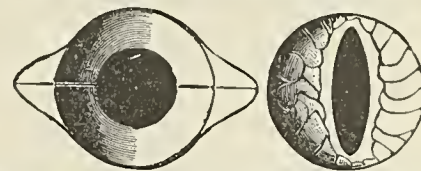
These uninvited guests seek the hospitality of other fishes, no doubt, besides the whiplays, chiefly for the benefit afforded of free travel and protection from their enemies, but only the rays, which, owing to their depressed shape cannot rush through the water fast enough to rid themselves of these encumbrances, are forced to jump in the air so as to throw them off when their sucking disks are temporarily ineffectual.

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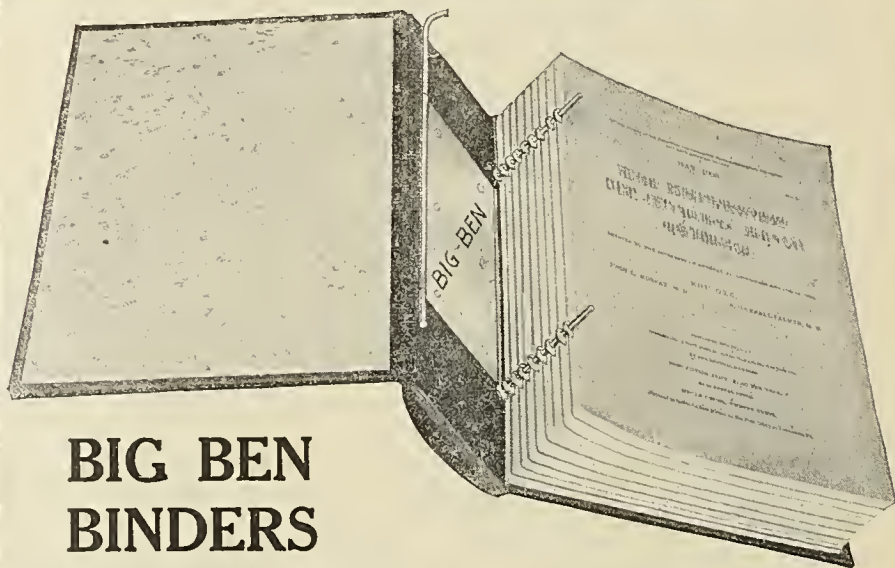
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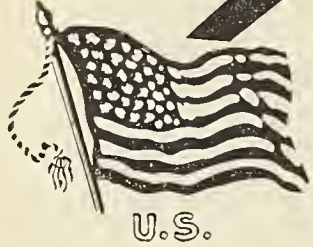
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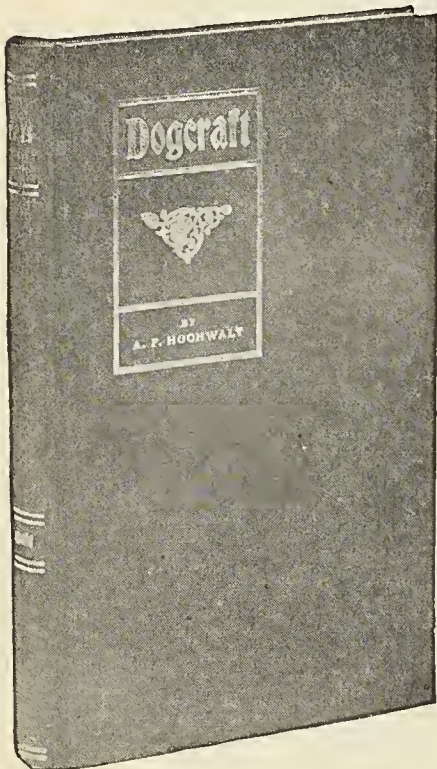
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NAMES OF ANIMALS.

THE kangaroo came by his name rather strangely. When first Australia was discovered, a sailor pointed to a kangaroo and asked a native what they called that animal.

The poor black man having never met an Englishman before, had no idea what the sailor was talking about, and replied in his own language, kangaroo, that is, "I do not understand." The sailor foolishly supposed this was the name of the animal in the Australian tongue, and ever since we have called the animal kangaroo, "I do not understand."

A curious mistake occurs also in the word crayfish. The name was borrowed from the French, who call this lobster-like animal *ecrevisse*. The English thought that because it lived in the water it must be a fish, says the Raja Yoga Messenger, and so we always call it the crayfish. Of course the little creature is no more a fish than a seal is a fish, or a sponge or an oyster, although they also live in the water.

The large American cat known as the puma is very rich in names, which fact leads to no little confusion in the minds of young students of natural history. The early Puritan settlers in New England named the animal the painter, meaning of course panther, because in shape and size it strongly resembles this fierce carnivore of the Old World.

He also received the name catamount, which was shortened down from cat of the mountain. The reddish color of the fur of some of the specimens suggested the name red tiger, while in certain places it was given the more majestic name of mountain lion. In South America one of the native names was *cuguacuara*, but we have very sensibly knocked off four of the six syllables and shortened it to cougar.

The puma has such a wide range, being found from Canada to Patagonia, that naturally enough it receives a different name in the various countries and localities which it inhabits. Six names for one animal. No wonder readers of books of travel get confused.

When an animal becomes known for the first time to English-speaking people, they usually adopt the name it goes by in its native country. Thus our word camel is evidently the Hebrew name for that animal, *gamel*, which has become slightly changed in the course of time.

Sometimes we use a purely English compound word in place of the native name of the animal, which often seems a great pity. The Red Indians speak of the wish-ton-wish when they mean that pretty little marmot of the plains which we refer to as the prairie dog. It is not of the dog family, being far more nearly related to the guinea pig than to the mastiff or the wolf.

The name guinea pig was bestowed by a most unfortunate mistake. This little household pet is a cavy and not a pig, and does not come from the Guinea coast of Africa, but from Guiana on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.

Every one at Point Loma knows the troublesome burrowing pocket gopher who makes his holes in our gardens and throws up the earth in unsightly heaps. When the French first settled on the eastern coast, they thought the numerous burrows made the ground like honeycomb, and so they called him *gaufre*; that is, honeycomb, which later on became corrupted to gopher.—New York Sun.

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ALTHOUGH last year's walnut and hickory nut crop on the Genesee flats was a mammoth one, the trees bear witness this year that there will be hardly a hundred bushels of these favorite nuts the whole length and breadth of the Genesee Valley. The hickory trees on the flats are fairly numerous, but they are few indeed compared with the giant walnut trees that greet the eye everywhere there.

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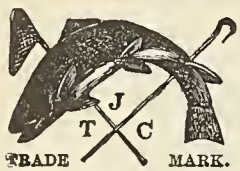
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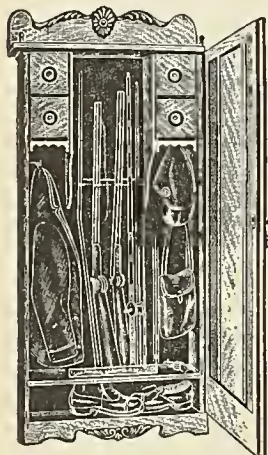
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Mrs. Russell Sage Buys Marsh Island, La., for a Bird Refuge

THE sportsmen and naturalists of this country owe to Mrs. Russell Sage a debt of gratitude they can never repay. She has purchased Marsh Island in Louisiana, a detached tract containing 75,000 acres, which she will protect from gunners, and make a permanent refuge for wildfowl and other birds.

The marsh lands of the States of Louisiana and Texas have always been the chief winter homes and feeding grounds of wildfowl and water birds in America. To these marsh lands gunners have resorted in great numbers and here millions of birds are killed each year—more, probably, than are killed in the whole Mississippi valley during the migrations of the birds North and South.

The establishment of this great winter

refuge in this favored region, will protect a vast number of wildfowl during their stay in the South, and will permit them to return to their breeding grounds in the North, again to propagate their young. Some idea of the slaughter which takes place in Louisiana may be had from the figures given by the Game Commission of that State which declare that during the open season from Sept. 1, 1910, to the spring of 1911, the enormous number of 8836,876 head of game were killed in Louisiana.

It was high time that such a refuge should be established. The marsh prairies of the Louisiana and Texas coast are now being drained and used for agricultural purposes and this operation is going on at a constantly increas-

ing rate, so that such land is rapidly appreciating in value. By the draining of these marshes, the natural winter resorts of the wildfowl and other birds are becoming constantly more contracted. As their feeding and resting grounds diminish in area, the birds that winter in the South must resort in greater numbers to the marshes still available for feeding purposes, and such congestion results in a constantly greater destruction by sportsmen and market hunters.

The idea of setting aside large refuges for water birds in the marsh lands of Louisiana and Texas originated, we believe, with Edward A. McIlhenny, president of the McIlhenny Company, of Avery Island, Louisiana. A few years ago he interested Charles Willis Ward,

of Michigan, in the project, and since then these two men have done much for winter wildfowl protection in this region. They purchased 13,000 acres of marsh land, which they presented to the State of Louisiana for a game preserve, and 50,000 or 60,000 acres, which they are holding themselves. Then, when it became evident that Marsh Island might be purchased, Messrs. Ward & McIlhenny secured an option on it and advanced the money for the first payment.

Mr. McIlhenny's experience had convinced him that the establishment of refuges here would mean not only temporary protection, but, in some cases, a great increase in the numbers of birds. As early as 1895 he began experiments in bird protection, and with most gratifying results. That year he took from the nests six young snowy herons, and reared them at his home in a large cage placed at the edge of a small pond. These birds did well, became tame, and were finally set free at the edge of the pond. They went south in December, but the next spring two pairs returned to the pond and bred there, rearing six young. Since then these snowy herons have greatly increased in numbers, and other species of herons and waders have come to the pond to breed. The pond has been increased in area, so that it now includes about thirty-five acres, largely overgrown with small trees and water shrubs, in which many thousands of herons and egrets bred during the summer of 1911. In the late fall and early winter these herons go to South America, and the pond is filled with ducks of various species, which have come down from the North and here find a safe refuge, for no gun is ever fired on or near the pond.

The game refuge given to the State by Messrs. Ward and McIlhenny has been efficiently policed and is reported in winter fairly to swarm with ducks, geese and other birds.

After the option on Marsh Island had been secured, Mr. McIlhenny set out to raise the whole purchase price—\$150,000—among the sportsmen of the United States in order that the refuge might be established. His efforts



YOUNG LEAVING THE NEST.

aroused widespread interest, but he did not succeed in raising the money among the sportsmen. The matter at length came to the knowledge of Hon. Robert W. De Forest, of New York, who represents the Sage Foundation. He brought it to Mrs. Sage's attention, and Mrs. Sage, who has long been interested in bird protection and has contributed large sums to the work of the Audubon Society, received it favorably.

Mr. De Forest wishing to know something about the island from an independent expert source, asked George Bird Grinnell to go to

Marsh Island and examine it. The chief questions to be determined were whether the tract promised to make an ideal and important bird refuge, whether a good title could be obtained to it, and whether the tract could be permanently protected and at what probable cost. Mr. Grinnell spent some days at Marsh Island last March.

His visit took place at a season very unfavorable for the observation of birds. The winter wildfowl had already gone North, while the spring birds from the South had not yet arrived. In order to learn what the natural conditions were—conditions on undisturbed territory—the investigator went through the State game preserve, which had been protected during the winter, in order to see what birds were there. Here only a few laggard ducks and one or two small flocks of blue geese were found, which made it clear that the migration of the winter residents had already taken place.

Marsh Island is about eighteen miles long and in some places nine miles wide, and is believed to include 75,000 acres of land or about 117 square miles. It is said to have a shore line of sixty-five miles. It lies on the coast line of Louisiana, between Vermilion Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, and is separated from the State wildfowl refuge and the Ward-McIlhenny wildfowl refuge by a swift narrow channel, known as Southwest Pass. The greatest length of the island is approximately east and west—the land being higher on the Gulf or southern side.

Outside the island, on the Gulf side, is shoal water with a multitude of oyster reefs, said to extend out into the Gulf for four or five miles, and almost from end to end of the island. These reefs prevent approach from the open



EGRET.

Gulf and also tend to protect the island from overflow in times of high water, or southern storms.

The south side of the island is a high sand ridge, unbroken except at one point toward its easterly ends, but on the north side, the marsh is cut by a multitude of bayous, leads and waterways, many of which, some miles above their mouths, expand into large ponds, most of them quite shallow and reported to abound in certain favorite duck foods, such as wild potatoes, wild celery, duck grass and other foods.

If one crosses the island on foot from south to north, he will pass over several belts of differing marsh—marsh suited for different kinds of birds. To the south, on the Gulf side, is a smooth shelving sand beach, and north of this a sand ridge, from ten to fifteen feet high, timbered toward the westerly end of the island with a few great live oaks. This sand ridge is highest to the west, and less conspicuous toward the east. North of this is a belt of dry marsh, the chief feeding ground of the cattle ranging on the island at that time, of which there were 1,800 or 2,000. North of this dry marsh is a belt of wet, oozy fresh marsh on which the water gradually deepens toward the south, until finally one comes to a series of fresh water pools, very shallow, where the water stands only a few inches deep. These shallow



IN THE DUCK MARSH.

fresh pools drain into a series of brackish lakes, still to the north, from which a number of bayous lead out to Vermilion Bay. North of these brackish lakes is again dry marsh, cut in all directions by salt water leads and bayous, which in their winding courses often enlarge into wide shallow ponds or lakes.

It is evident that such a series of marshes with their interlacing waters, should—so long as food is abundant—furnish ideal feeding and resting grounds for many sorts of waterfowl.

Different species of shore birds feed along the outer beach, Wilson snipe and rail of different kinds are abundant in the fresh marsh. Many mallards, black mallards, and Florida ducks live in the wet marsh, and most of those seen were already paired. A few small flocks of blue geese were seen on the marsh and some snow geese.

The wet fresh marsh—the third belt back from the mouth—showed every sign of being



GULF OF MEXICO

the feeding ground for large numbers of "English snipe," and during the migrations is unquestionably occupied by a great multitude of shore birds. The wet marsh, the sweet water pools and the brackish lakes are resorts at the proper seasons of multitudes of fresh water ducks and geese. The deep bayous on the north side of the island and their brackish enlargements are said to abound in wild potato, the roots of which are a favorite food of the canvasback.

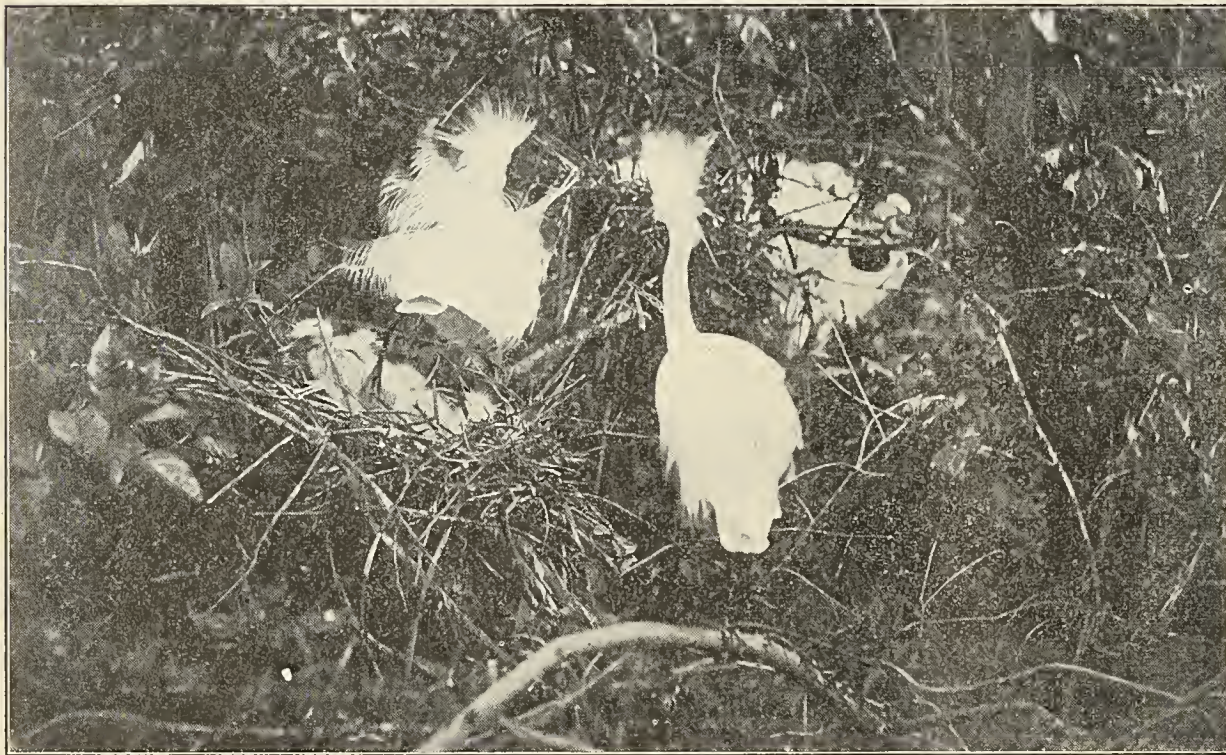
Thus, the land and the water seem in all respects admirably adapted to the stay of many kinds of water birds which are of especial interest to sportsmen.

There are deer on the island, and many were reported killed there during the winter of 1911 and 1912.

Mr. Grinnell's report on the island was alto-

The protection of the Island is of fundamental importance. Steps have been taken to protect it. It is probable that two or three good men would be enough to guard the property efficiently. A man on horseback for the south side, and one with a gasoline launch on the north side could patrol the length of the island and return, each day. They could closely watch the mouths of the bayous, and keep gunners from penetrating to the waters frequented by the wildfowl. Perhaps a third man might be needed; but it is certain that the whole work can be done at an expense which will be trifling, compared with the importance of the matter. The land has already been posted as private property, in accordance with the new Louisiana game law.

The details of the island's administration have not yet been determined. The matter is



SNOWY EGRET.

gether favorable, and in due time, after the question of title and various other legal details had been settled, Mrs. Sage purchased the property.

Aside from its fitness for a game preserve, Marsh Island possesses unusual ornithological interest. It is a stopping and resting place—perhaps the first for a long distance—for birds migrating from the South or the Southwest; and many of these migrants reach the island quite exhausted by their long flight. Since the island has now been purchased as a refuge, it may be well to consider the advisability of establishing an ornithological station near its west point—Chenier La Croix. It is possible, also, that a study of the deep waters of the Southwest Pass might be of much interest.

It seems possible, too, that here is an opportunity to establish heronries, where the vanishing snowy herons might be preserved forever, and be re-established on a large scale. Mr. McIlhenny's success at Avery Island encourages the belief that similar colonies might flourish here. At present there are no trees in the middle of the island, but it is quite likely that if planted there, they will grow.

at present in the hand of Mr. McIlhenny, whose long experience in such matters especially qualifies him to handle it.

While sportsmen generally are to be congratulated on Mrs. Sage's noble public spirit in giving this great sum of money for the preservation of our wildfowl, it is after all the naturalists who should and will be the most grateful to her.

And if the thanks of sportsmen and naturalists are due to Mrs. Sage, scarcely less is the debt of gratitude due to Messrs. McIlhenny and Ward, who originated the project, and to Mr. De Forest, who, though not himself a shooter, instantly recognized the importance of the matter, and brought it to Mrs. Sage's attention.

We regard this as the most important movement in wildfowl protection that has ever been made in this country.

FOREST AND STREAM endeavors to "make good" to its readers by giving timely news stories, and features written by some of the best writers of their kind.

Virginia Notes.

NORTH, Va., Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday as I sat on my front porch watching some men fishing for gray sea trout (weakfish), and they were having fine sport, recollections of the past came drifting by. It is strange how much pleasure we can get out of thoughts if we only will. Some eighteen years ago I was in the mercantile business in a small country town and had to retire on account of health, as I could not stand the confinement. I used to steal off occasionally to take a few hours with gun and dog or rod and reel. I am going to tell you of one of my three and a half hours' fishing trips. I was on the pond three and one-half hours and away from my business about four and one-half hours. There was a mill pond about one and a half miles long, which had been stocked with chub (big-mouth bass) and was literally alive with them. I used a silk phantom minnow and light bait-casting rod with very fine cuttyhunk linen line and ordinary guard reel.

I have always had trouble to find a good paddler on the inland waters of this section. While on the salt water every boy is a seaman, so I generally handle the boat myself on these ponds. I would of course prefer a good man, but I can scull and cast at the same time moderately well. There are many old logs, trees and windfalls about the edges of all these millponds, and as they are landlocked, there is never any seaway to speak of.

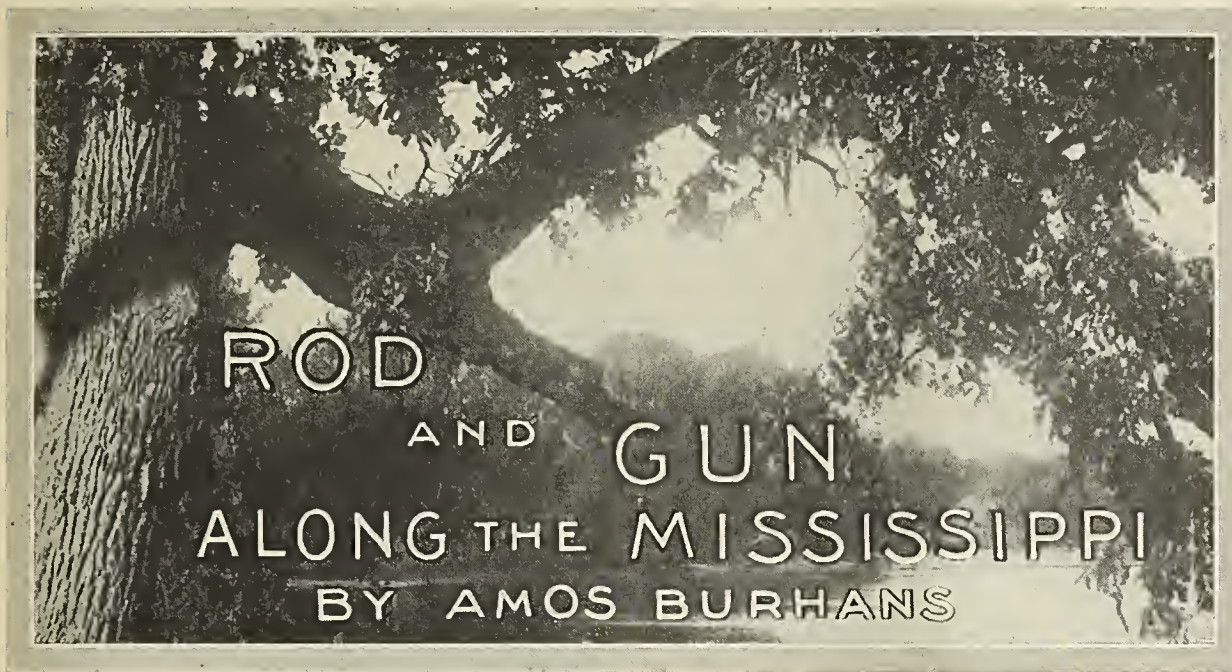
Now for the fishing. I started by pulling a four and a half-pounder from under the first log I cast over, and in a few moments had his mate from under the next log, and so it went. Literally as fast as the bait touched the water there was a rush. The fish seemed frantic. Never before or since have I seen fish bite as they did that morning, and in three hours and thirty minutes I had caught fifty-eight, throwing back everything under thirteen inches as fast as I caught them, and when I went home had forty very pretty fish, an appetite and a soul full of joy. I gave away to my friends nearly all of the catch and enjoyed what I kept immensely. This was my red letter fishing day and will always remain green in my mind.

I am extremely fond of all outdoor sports and take a great interest in them; only the lack of means keeps me from following them more closely.

The crop of partridges (quail) is very heavy this season and the coveys extremely full. Have a fair dog and am anxious to put him to work. Can hardly wait, but will. Bow Wow.

A SUIT, which will attract much interest among those who deal in sporting goods, was filed recently in the Sangamon county, Illinois, circuit court by Edward De Crastos against M. V. Troy. It is asserted that Troy sold a gun to Smith Hawkins, a youth, who accidentally shot and killed Fred De Crastos, son of the complainant. It is claimed that Troy violated the law, which prohibits the sale of firearms to minors. Damages in the sum of \$10,000 are asked. It is said that this is the first suit of the kind ever filed in Central Illinois.

FOREST AND STREAM is the gentleman sportsman's weekly.



Chapter III.

THE day following that awful night was nearly as blustery.

A close study of the map showed that there were no long reaches (a straight bit of river) for some miles, and we decided to travel along, as it was every whit as convenient as lying idle with nothing to do. The water was roiled and no game fish were killed for the time being. Weighing anchor we started and no sooner pointed the little ship's head south than we saw a clammer-trapper swinging along the bank with a string of ducks. This stopped us again. If he could find them such a morning, we should be able to.

Again the map. Beside the river's main channel are numerous little sloughs and pot-holes which are more or less full of water, according to the rains and the stage of the river during spring. These were all on the right of us according to the map. At the foot of the island we found a camping party of men and women from Dubuque and anchored near them, while the gunner of our party got into his waders and essayed forth with his double barrel scatter-stick and fox terrier dog, the latter said to be the peer of any duck retriever ever whelped.

At noon the nimrod returned with a lucky bag of seven birds, a mixed bag of red-heads, ruddy ducks, mallards and shovelers. But they would furnish a lot of steam on which we could delve into the past hunting trips and cruising jaunts of yore, so we accepted them and pulled southward.

Other than the great numbers of young ducks we saw from hour to hour during our southward progress, nothing happened until we arrived at Le Claire, Ia., the sleepest town we ever saw for the amount of important business done there. This place is the head of the celebrated Rock Island Rapids, the most treacherous piece of water on the upper river. We landed and looked about for a pilot, and did not have far to look, as they swarmed down in droves, and each wanted the job of taking us through.

A kindly pair of old-time blue-eyes, set in a face that looked honest and the whole capped with a good Irish name—these were our guide marks, and they proved good. Captain Dorrance, who took us through eighteen miles of rocks and swift water, pointed out everything of interest

and gave us the history of the rapids and the boats that had gone to pieces in them. He has been piloting Government vessels and other craft through the waters for thirty years and has each ugly boulder named. When we shot under the bridge that joins Davenport and Rock Island, we were glad enough to be through the rapids. At some points the water boiled up so ferociously underneath the boat that it tried to shove it out of the water. Other places the water would swing the boat so swiftly that it seemed as if the rudder would not bring it back on a true course or even counteract the effect of the mad water.

From Rock Island it was but a run of a day or even less to make Burlington. We had already seen the effects of the high water in the Black River. Fishing was disturbed except for catfish in the muddy water, and any night one wanted to throw a couple of hooks over the side, we could count on fish for breakfast. Channel cat are finely grained and very palatable. One night we set the usual cat line, and when morning came, the fish had succeeded in getting the line wound about the propellor, and then Mr. Skipper swore and got into his bathing suit and overside he went into the grime to dive under the boat and cut the twine that had been wrapped about his precious wheel and rudder irons. But he saved the fish, a seven-pound cat, and when dinner came, he sat at the head of the gravity table and smiled as the choicest cut on the baked catfish smothered his plate.

Fishing at Burlington was confined to bass casting in the Henderson River, four miles above the city. This was fairly good, though none of the larger fish would come up to strike. When bass work up-stream the whole summer, it seems unreasonable to find them much below Lake Pepin and Lac St. Croix, both these excellent wintering points for them and providential of cool waters during the heated tail-end of summer.

Before we arrived in Burlington we began to notice the increasing number of ducks. It seemed as if they worked down the feeders of the great artery, and then took its pathway south. Mudhens by the thousand we encountered between Muscatine and Burlington. The weather was very windy and they preferred floating rather than winging their passage southward.

Down the river past Fort Madison and into the head of the Des Moines Rapids at Nashville we shot. The water was high, and when we took the bit in our teeth and started down the first chain of rocks, buoyed here and there with red and black buoys, great mounds of rock, painted first red and then black, each painted thing a beacon calling us to it or from it, we were slightly atremble. The canal around the rapids is eight miles long, but one cannot get into it until you pass the first chain, as it is called, and then drop into the dry dock yards of the Government and the basin at the head of the first locks that let you in.

Game was seen on every hand. Myriads of red-heads, mallards, blue-wing and green-wing teal, canvasbacks and bluebills were most noticed. Once in a while we would descry on the distant horizon a flock of honkers that made the mouth water for a slice off a breast that had taken on juciness while foraging in the corn or stubble fields.

Keokuk is at the foot of the locks of the Des Moines Rapids Canal. Below Keokuk we met a contracting fleet of barges and steamers doing work for the Government and halted to get the guns out and shake pecan and hickory nut trees. We were in the shadows of three States. The Government inspectors kindly suggested that after their day's work was done, they would take their power skiffs and chase ducks. One day lengthened into three and three to a week. We hunted from the skiffs every night with varying success. Into out-of-the-way sloughs we traveled, sometimes potting a bird almost in the barnyard of some island clammer-farmer. The kills were usually small, though with plenty of gravy to float about in, they managed to give all of us at the inspector's table a goodly bite.

The river was rising steadily. Fall rains had boosted everything that drained into the Mississippi. One great sand-bar called Polly Bar, was alive, or said to be, with rabbits, and as no one had shot on it during the fall, we planned a hunt down that way. It was a couple of miles below the fleet of working boats. On the island were a group of brush-cutters who were getting out matting for the building of dams to maintain the channel. On our arrival we made out their location, so we would not shoot their way, and then began thrashing brush. The bar was in reality nothing but a small island about a half mile long and 300 yards wide, and before the raise had been joined to the mainland and another island, both pieces of ground having been overflowed and forcing the rabbits to come on to the island we had picked for the hunt.

With the exception of a rabbit shoot in Kansas years before, we had never seen so many cottontails. The dogs would start one from the brush, and before they had pursued it a dozen yards, another would flop out of the brush and call them after it. And the shooting was all snap shooting. One could not get gun to shoulder in the dense brush. After a couple of hours' hunting, we had an even two dozen, which would make happy the hearts of the fleet gang, itinerant workmen who flocked north in summer and south in winter. These fellows built a bonfire every night and roasted what game they could get, it being a great addition to their fare.

But we had to hurry along. Already we

(Continued on page 473.)

In Camp with the Alpine Club of Canada

By MARGARET STOVEL McWILLIAMS

SEARCHING for something novel for our summer vacation, we heard of the Alpine Club of Canada. We had heard of Alpine clubs before; we had read of the wonderful exploits of their members; we had even gazed enviously at other peoples' invitations to their exclusive dinners; but never had we thought of belonging to such a club till fate threw across our path a year book of the Canadian club.

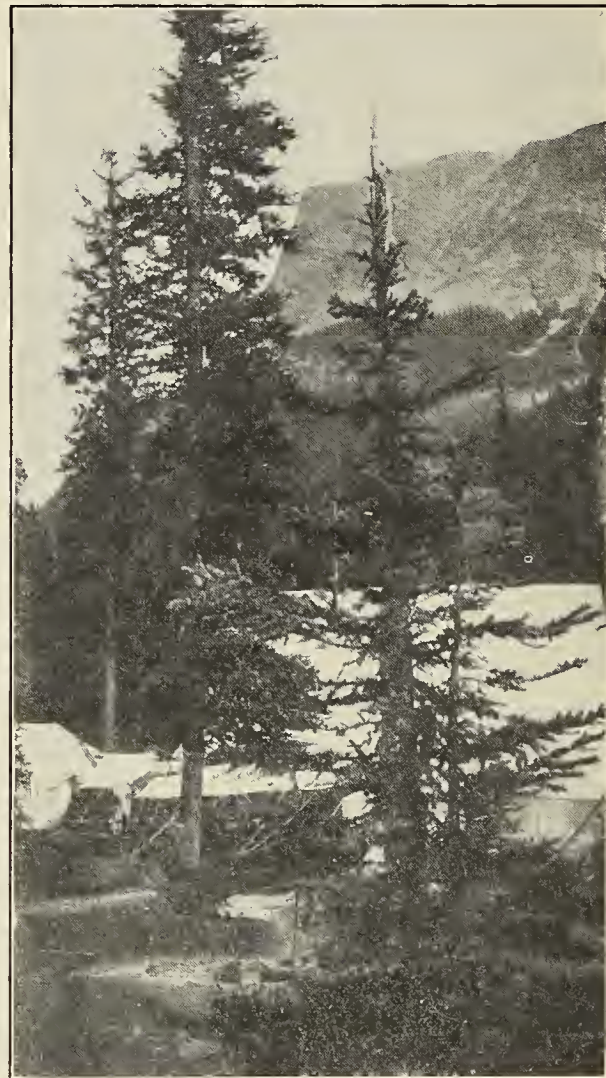
Then we found that the veriest tenderfoot in the art of mountaineering, if he had a desire to climb, was welcomed to the probationary rank of "graduating member." Once in that rank, he might attend two camps, and there with the assistance of the club, qualify himself for active membership. To us dwellers on the prairies that qualification sounded exacting—the ascent of a glacier-hung peak reaching at least 2,500 feet above the timber line which in the Rockies means over 10,000 feet. But the searcher after novelty must be ready for a venture, so we took the plunge.

When word came that we were accepted as probationers, there was a feverish search for clothes, for one does not go Alpinism in even ordinary camp costume. Knickerbockers—no bloomers allowed—flannel shirts, sweaters, heavy tweed coats, the whole capped at one end by rakish wide-brimmed felt hats and completed at the other by numerous pairs of socks covered by puttees and boots which, though they were of the heaviest winter variety and shod with two score nails, were scarcely heavy enough for the strain they had to endure, made up costumes which differed for men and women chiefly in size. When actually in camp, the women of the party wore over their knickerbockers short serviceable tweed skirts. To the costumes had to be added blankets and all the clothing and equipment necessary for ten days at an altitude where midsummer frosts are frequent—the whole to be crammed into a dunnage bag which must not,

when filled, weigh more than forty pounds. It required some ingenuity as well as a careful following of the club's instructions to get what seemed absolute necessities down to that weight imposed by the club for the advancement of the simple life.

Thus equipped, we landed at Castle station on the last day of July. Castle is a small way station on the Canadian Pacific railway just half way between the well-known resorts of Banff and Laggan. Near the station the old Indian trail from the plains crosses the railway line, and winds its way up the valley of the Little Vermillion Creek, over Palliser's Vermillion Pass and down the Vermillion River to the ochre beds whence came the war paint. Eight miles to the south on that trail, just over the summit of the pass, was the site of the camp. That eight-mile mountain trail was the introduction to what our friends—now we are safely home—call the hardships of our holidays. For, according to camp tradition, almost everybody—and certainly all tenderfeet—must tramp it. With stout hearts we set out—scores of us—for in all 168 people were in camp this year, and between four and five hours later we arrived safely, our hearts still stout, but our bodies very weary, for a mile on a rocky, stumpy mountain trail bears not the slightest resemblance to a mile on city pavements, and even on those pavements we took few eight-mile tramps.

The selection of a ground for these annual camps is not a simple matter. Each year some little known region of the Rockies or the Selkirks is visited. The camp must not only be on new ground where exploration is possible, but there must also be within reach some peaks which afford first ascents, or at least, difficult and interesting climbs for the experienced members as well as a not too terrifying peak of the required height for the qualifying climb of the tenderfeet. For quite obvious reasons the camp



CAMP AT FOOT OF STONE MOUNTAIN.

must also be where there is fairly level ground and good water, and where the packing in of baggage and provisions is not too costly or too difficult. All this, however, A. O. Wheeler, the noted Canadian mountaineer and topographer and the club's director, has been able to find for seven successive seasons. The members have implicit faith that, with the country being opened up by the new transcontinental railways to choose from, he will continue to find spots where no prying tourist can violate their seclusion. Without the experience and generalship of Mr. Wheeler, these camps would be almost impossible. One can hardly imagine the Alpine Club without its genial autocrat. As he was one of the chief influences in bringing the club into existence, so he is also the genius of its organization and the inspiration of all its undertakings.

A little later and this site would have been beneath the dignity of an Alpine club, for by the end of next year the new mountain motor road, which the Provinces of Alberta and British Columbia are building right across the Rockies, will run through this very valley in which we were encamped. So near to the dividing of the waters were we that the river was still at the stage of small glacial streams, one of which ran down either side of the thickly wooded bit of country which had been partially cleared to make room for the tents. With the men's quarters on one stream, the women's quarters on the



RESTING AT THE SPRING.

other, and the main camp in the center, we found ourselves hidden in the heart of the mountains well surrounded by evergreen forests which protected us from the wind and the cold.

No time was lost in setting about the business of the next ten days—that of climbing mountains. Storm Mountain, a ridge of which overlooked the camp to the east, was the one selected for the graduating parties, and a large number set out to make it the first day. It proved to be a strenuous climb, taking from fourteen to sixteen hours. There was nothing very interesting about it to the skilled climber, but almost any mountain is a rather thrilling experience to the tenderfoot who has never used an Alpenstock before and likes to have room to put down his whole foot and not merely his heel or his toe. The sensations of one's first high climb are, like those of the first view from a mountaintop, not to be entered into by the simple process of reading the printed page. You must undergo the almost heart-breaking fatigue which vanishes, as if by magic, after a ten-minute rest; you must have watched cannily for steady footholds and become accustomed to the feeling of shale slipping from under your feet and falling with what seems hideous noise; you must have experienced the sheer terror which comes as you first crawl from one narrow ledge to another with nothing except your own nerve and steady head to save you from a fall down a steep, rocky mountainside, stretching hundreds of feet below. Not until you have entered into all these—which our friends also catalogue among our hardships, but which we know to have been pleasures—can you understand at all the sheer joy of achievement which comes with the knowledge that you have actually climbed a mile into the air. Those who have gone comfortably in an elevator to the top of the Singer tower feel that they have been up into space quite a distance, but a mile in the air is seven times as high, and it was from that height that we finally gazed down from the peak of Storm Mountain at the camp in the valley below.

Attired and booted for a long day on the

mountains we had answered the roll call at 6:30 that morning, and four people following each guide—this constituting a rope in mountaineering language—we had set out with many a merry quip on the conquest of Storm. Five minutes later found us climbing through timber, guiltless of any trail up the side of a mountain, growing steeper every minute. The merry quips ceased; we had better use for all the breath we could find. Slowly and steadily we climbed over 1,500 feet, stopping once in a while to catch a breath, till we finally came out on the mountain side above the timber line. Then came a drop of 500 feet, really easy, but to us terrifying, it looked so steep. Once we had mastered the trick of putting the Alpenstock in behind and digging our heels in, the seemingly dangerous descent became interesting and exciting, and we soon were resting on a beautiful Alpine meadow at the outlet of the lakes. Then on the strength of a sandwich we started on the real climb. Crossing a field of giant boulders for half a mile we struck the moraine, and then worked our way up 3,000 feet of shale and scree, till we struck the difficult and dangerous ascent which meets the climber at the last stage of every peak. Winding up narrow ledges, clambering up a chimney, crossing a sheet of ice on a steep slope, and learning to make use of every little foothold, we came after an hour's stiff climb on the ridge, which led to the summit. A long steady pull as easy and tiresome as climbing stairs brought us to the cairn and to the dignity of active membership in the club. Then we had the reward of our labors, for over 150 peaks were in view, and the wonders of the scene were beyond description. The day was too far advanced to permit any lingering, so we started on the downward journey, gaining confidence as one after another of the difficult places were passed. We raced with the dark through the woods till happy in heart, but almost exhausted, we saw the flames of the camp-fire and knew our first adventure safely over. Despite the strenuousness of the trip, both men and women were full of ambition, and in all fifty-eight names were during the camp added to the

roll of active members, bringing the club membership up almost to 900.

To the west of camp were Boom Mountain, and Mt. Whymper, neither quite 10,000 feet. The only party which climbed the first mountain reported it as being so easy that no further interest was taken in it. Mt. Whymper proved more interesting, two ascents being necessary before the true peak was made. Until this camp it had been supposed that Edward Whymper, the great English Alpinist, who was the first to conquer the Matterhorn, and who died just last year, had never climbed this mountain which is named in his honor. There was great interest in camp, therefore, when the first party ascending it brought back word that in a cairn at the top they had found a square of white cotton bearing the names of Whymper and the two guides with whom he had made the climb in the summer of 1902.

For the experienced members the climb of the year was Mt. Ball, five miles to the southeast of camp. It was almost 11,000 feet high and had only once been climbed—by J. D. Patterson, a veteran Canadian climber and vice-president of the club. None but experienced members went on this trip, and none of those even who were not in good condition, for the expedition entailed sleeping in the open for two nights, and consequently the carrying of blankets and of provisions sufficient for three days. Even with these precautions it was not until the third attempt that a successful ascent was achieved.

Second only in interest to the Mt. Ball expeditions were the trips made to the Ten Peaks. In order to make these possible, a small camp was established twelve miles away in Prospector's Valley. The trip to that camp required most of one day; the second day was devoted to climbs on some one of the peaks, and the third day the parties returned to the main camp either by way of the easy twelve-mile trail or by a much more picturesque route which took them through Boom Lake Pass and around that beautiful little mountain lake into the Vermillion Valley. In this way three of that wonderful

(Continued on page 473.)



TONGUE OF GREAT GLACIER BEHIND TEN PEAKS—MT. LITTLE IN BACKGROUND.



BEGINNING ASCENT OF THE ICE FIELD.



GAME BAG AND GUN

California Notes.

PASADENA, Cal., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The open season for deer closed here in district No. 6, California, the 15th, and was a most unsatisfactory one, as deer with most other kinds of our native bred game is fast becoming a thing of the past. It is not a hard thing to trace the cause of this state of affairs, for it comes from over-shooting both in and out of season with little or no attempt made to enforce the laws made to protect our native game during the close season. The game coverts are over-run with automobile parties who shoot at everything in the shape of game at all seasons, and then the small boy with his single barrel gun or .22 caliber rifle helps on the extermination by peppering away at the young dove and quail, etc. As the buffalo went out with the coming of the magazine rifle, so will our game go out before the come-to-stay automobile which brings within easy distance all grounds within a radius of thirty or forty miles of our larger towns and cities.

We recently accepted an invitation to join a fishing and hunting party which was going to the headwaters of the Mojave River where we were assured that we would be away from the crowd, be quite by ourselves, and have sport galore. Joe Welch, Pasadena's expert fly-fisher, made me a selection of flies to use on those waters. They were tied on No. 10 hooks. My companions who "knew it all" selected much larger flies and also took along a large can of "wombs" for bait.

Our destination was Hook Creek, about eighty-five miles from Pasadena, with good county and lumber roads to the camping ground. After we passed "Arrow Head Springs" and began to ascend the mountain we began to meet hunting parties coming out, mostly in automobiles, a few in the more primitive and old-fashioned rigs, drawn by a team of horses or mules. While they had no game, they all seemed to be well loaded with the vinous products of the vineyards.

When we arrived at the camping ground at the end of the wagon road, we found it occupied by no less than four different hunting parties. They had no game, but were in a hilarious mood and the number of tin cans fastened to the trees and the broken glass around the rocks showed the kind of shooting that they had been indulging in; the kind that helps the sale of ammunition. As there is always room for "one more," we found a place for our tent and soon had things in shape for the night.

The next morning we made an early start for a three-mile tramp down to Deep Creek where we were to fish. This stream is one of the largest branches of the Mojave River. A large portion of its bed is choked with large granite boulders worn and polished smooth, too smooth we learned to our cost—a slip, a slide, a scramble, and, but that water was cold! Every one hundred yards or so would be deep, clear pools fifty or one hundred feet in length where

the trout lay. It was agreed that when one of us had caught twenty fish that we would stop. The writer reached that number, and when we counted up and exhibited our catch, we had twenty-one beautiful rainbow trout, ranging from six to about fourteen inches in length and the combined catch of my three companions numbered fifteen, none over ten inches in length, a decided victory for the small dry-fly over a large fly re-enforced with a worm. They, however, had the pleasure of seeing at close range a large black fox. It would be interesting to know the southern limit or range of the black fox and also to know how those rainbows came in those waters, as they are landlocked. The waters of the Mojave River lose themselves in the sands of the Mojave desert, or the sunken bed of Soda Lake.

We had trout for supper and trout for breakfast the next morning, and a few left over. We then started out for deer. The country hunted over was what may be called an open country, sparsely covered with tall sugar pine and oaks, with occasional thickets of buck thorn and wild rose bushes. We neither saw a deer or even the sign of a deer, and spent the remainder of our stay there shooting the large tree squirrel and mountain quail. It took just what we had along with us—strong shooting guns to bring down with No. 7 shot a squirrel from the top of one of those pines. We found the quail fairly numerous in the thickets. As sprinters they can give their cousins, the valley quail, points and then beat them, and they are, when flushed, rapid fliers. When scattered, they lay close, and with setters or pointers they would give good sport. We used my smooth-haired Irish terrier as a flusher. He did his work fairly well and would often flush a bird from under our feet after we had passed it. Taking it altogether our trip of four days was an enjoyable one. The weather was clear and delightfully cool, the scenery grand, though in places somewhat marred by recent forest fires. Our camp was at an altitude of over 5,000 feet, and where we crossed the divide, it was 6,150 feet. There we had a fine view of the country to the west and southwest, San Bernardino, Riverside, Redlands, etc.

Duck shooting opens here in this district—No. 6—on Oct. 1. So far but few flight birds have come down from the far North. Just enough with the few native bred birds to give fair shooting the first day. The open season for valley quail begins Oct. 15, though by that time the coveys will be well shot out by the rabbit and dove hunters. There is one thing that the pot-hunter cannot steal away from us; that is the delightful tramp around in the cool atmosphere under the sunny sky with gun and dog, and if we do not have a big well-filled bag, the few birds that we do get will be shot as the Christian sportsman ever shoots—on the wing—and we will have a renewed lease on life and return home with a good appetite. Ha! this is after all a pleasant world to live in.

STANSTEAD.

Shooting in Blue Ridge Mountains.

LINVILLE FALLS, N. C., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The most glorious season in the mountains is now just beginning. It is the season for the sportsman and the nature lover, the time when all the mountainsides take on such splendor of color as defies the painter's skill. Br'er 'Coon is taking on fat as the leaves take on color, and by the time the chestnuts are yellow, which means they are ripe, he will be in prime condition. The mountaineers are getting their dogs in training for the many night races after 'coons and 'possums. Just now they are pursuing ground-hogs, or "whistle-tails," as they call them. Those who have tried it say groundhog meat is about as good as 'coon, so it must be mighty good. Of these three animals an abundance may be found hereabouts.

An old hunter, one who is not given to telling wild stories, told me the other day that he knew where there are thirty-six wild turkeys, and has promised to lead me that way at the proper time. A few are still to be found in the Blue Ridge if one knows where to go, and several good safe resorts of these very wild birds are within three to ten miles of this place.

What about bears, do I hear? It all depends upon the mast, that is, the chestnut crop. Plenty of black bears are still roaming over the Blue Ridge, hunting for chestnuts, acorns, black gum berries—and fat young pigs. Because of their fondness for pork, the mountaineer is a relentless enemy of the bear, so he is doomed to extinction soon. The owners of the property hereabouts are trying to protect the black bear in a boundary including about 40,000 acres, allowing only a short open season, two weeks. But the best hunting this year will be outside this boundary, for the reason that comparatively few chestnuts are on the property this year. It is reported that the bear are thick in the Unaka Mountains, not far from here, and that plenty may also be found about ten or twelve miles from here, on Ripshin Ridge. The Burlesons are sure, they tell me, that there is plenty of bear hunting not far from here, and they mean to keep it for their friends.

The season for 'coon and 'possum is now open, and the bear season is open all the time, but it does not really begin before the middle of October. Turkey, quail and pheasants are protected till Nov. 1 in some counties, and Nov. 15 in others in this vicinity. The trout fishing holds good till the last of October, and on some warm days till the last of November.

FRANK W. BICKNELL.

PENNSYLVANIA'S game preserves, which have within the last year been stocked with deer, wild turkey, pheasants, quail and other game, through the efforts of the State Game Commission, are to receive a large consignment of elk within three months.

The last elk was killed in Pennsylvania in 1874, and there is now no law governing the killing of the animal. It is possible that the next Legislature will be asked to amend laws providing for an open season. Meanwhile the elk will be kept closely within preserves.—From the Philadelphia Record.

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Channel Bass Fishing

By HARTIE I. PHILLIPS

A PECULIAR feature associated with channel bass fishing is their reappearance at a given locality annually upon almost the same day. As an instance in 1911, at Barnegat City and vicinity and Seaside Park, the first one was taken on Sept. 13 and this year on Sept. 12. The length of time that they remain depends to a great extent upon weather conditions. In 1911 the last recorded in that section was on Oct. 3. This year, the equinoctial storm which arrived on Sept. 22, proved to be of unusual length and severity, and as only one has been taken since then, on Sept. 27, it is generally conceded by the numerous fishermen who have tried for them that they have departed for more southerly waters, which is borne out by the statement that it was rumored that fifteen had been taken at Corson's Inlet last week.

This season's fishing as compared with that of 1911 has proved very unsatisfactory. Records from Sunset Inn, Barnegat City, for 1911, show that in the few weeks the season lasted there were 109 channel bass taken averaging twenty-nine pounds apiece, besides which numbers were taken in immediate vicinity and about fifty at Seaside Park, which would probably create a total of about 175 fish. This year there have been only forty-one recorded to date, and it looks very much as if they have already left those waters. Twenty-nine were taken at Barnegat City and vicinity and twelve at Seaside Park. The following is the list of catches for this year up to date:

CHANNEL BASS RECORD, SEPTEMBER, 1912

Barnegat City and Vicinity.

lbs. oz.		lbs. oz.	
12. H. W. Gilbert...	27 08	18. R. Wiechert	33 00
13. Hoffman Allen...	29 00	18. F. H. Skidmore...	22 00
13. H. C. Rydell....	20 00	21. Edw. Cramer	48 00
14. H. C. Rydell....	30 00	22. Robt. A. Tuch...29	06
14. C. W. Feigenspan...	32 00	24. W. Conklin	32 08
14. C. W. Feigenspan...	22 00	24. A. V. Freeman...28	09
16. W. N. Applegate...	24 00	24. Fred Miller	22 00
17. Hoffman Allen ..	20 00	24. Albert Alches ...32	00
17. G. W. Fenimore...	24 00	24. Albert Alches ...37	08
17. T. K. Skidmore...	28 00	24. G. Hatfield	40 00
17. A. F. Edgcomb...	28 12	25. G. Hatfield	31 00
17. M. F. Stealton...	30 08	25. J. M. Gentle....21	00
18. F. Kimbacker....	24 00	25. W. Hencken ...38	00
18. A. V. Freeman...34	00	25. P. L. Evans....46	00
18. M. F. Stealton...29	12		

Seaside Park.

13. J. J. Yates.....	25 00	19. Mrs. Stewart	23 08
13. J. J. Yates.....	24 00	20. Jack Clayton ...	26 08
19. W. N. Applegate...	22 14	20. Jos. G. Skirm....	28 08
19. A. Allen, Jr....	24 13	20. J. J. Yates.....	25 00
19. L. J. Brown.....	22 12	21. J. J. Skirm.....	23 00
19. L. J. Brown.....	29 15	27. V de Wysocki...	30 00

In answer to numerous inquiries on the subject, we repeat our article of July 1, 1911, on "Channel Bass," by Hartie I. Phillips:

There are many species of game fish captured in beach fishing, but channel bass are considered by those who have captured them the gamest of all, and odd to say, but nevertheless it is a fact, that when a lover of the fishing has captured his first channel bass, he becomes an enthusiast on the subject, and can sit with fellow enthusiasts and talk on their favorite subject,

channel bass, for hours, as it is considered, and justly so, the par excellence of the sport.

There must be a reason for it, and there is; more than one. As a comparison take a striped bass of equal weight, and, although his first rush after being hooked is swifter and longer, he gives in sooner, and after a few rushes is ready to give up. Not so the bulldog fighter, the channel bass. After being hooked he will probably take 250 to 300 feet of line in his first rush, and, if checked too quickly, snap goes the line, as many novices have experienced. After the fish comes to a standstill the real sport commences; the fisherman by persistent but still delicate efforts must bring his head toward him, from which point the bass will start to swim up or down, and many a fisherman is pretty well exhausted after trudging nearly a mile in order to keep his fish in front of him. One of the prettiest sights that delights the fisherman is that if there happens to be much curve to the surface waves, to see your fish outlined in the advancing comber 200 to 250 feet off shore.

After a time by a gradual and persistent series of maneuvers you manage to get him close to the undertow when he has the habit of sticking his head in the sand and his tail out of water and invariably makes a half-dozen plunges of this character, before being landed on the beach. Great skill is required at this stage, inasmuch as if too much strain is put on the line as the surf recedes, something has to give, sometimes the line, but in nine cases out of ten the fish manages to get away, unless the right amount of leeway is allowed for wave action.

The favorite feeding places for channel bass are on the edges of a flat or bar, which can be best located at low water. The best fishing tides are generally from half flood back to half ebb. The fish range from 25 to 60 pounds, and generally take from half an hour to an hour and a half from time of being hooked until beached, and lucky is the fisherman that can land over one-half of those he hooks. One of the greatest means of losing them is through sharks, which often attack them, and many a head of a channel bass has been pulled ashore while the shark is feasting gleefully on the rest of him.

The record channel bass taken up to date was captured by Joe Cawthorn, the actor, at Corson's Inlet, N. J., in 1909, and weighed 63 pounds.

The vitality of the channel bass is remarkable, and authentic tales are told, when after lying on the beach in the sun for an hour after capture, they have been given an opportunity to go free, and although apparently with very little life left, have, when put back in the surf for a few minutes, recovered and dashed off



Scene at Barnegat. Victor de Wysocki and 30-pound Channel Bass. Mr. Wilder Catches 700-pound "Pound" Pole. On the Firing Line. Wind Shield on Beach. On a Sand Dune. Beach Gossip.

to the sea as if nothing were the matter with them.

The favorite bait used is shedder crab, but when this cannot be obtained, mossbunker and mullet will attract them. The tackle consists of a strong greenheart or bamboo surf rod; a 21-thread 900-foot line, and 7/0 forged hook, with twisted 2-foot leader and 4-ounce lead. A rod belt with bait box attached is necessary. A cast of 150 to 200 feet is sufficiently long, as the bass swim close to the undertow, lying in wait for the small fish and crustacea that move from bar toward the beach.

Channel bass afford very good eating, tasting somewhat like bonita, but one great difficulty in cleaning them is to get off their scales, which are very closely interlocked. A great many fishermen skin them, which is not very difficult to accomplish.

The fish when first caught present a beautiful appearance, being a bright reddish gold on top and white underneath, with one or more round black spots on body and tail, but the colors soon fade. An erroneous impression that the channel bass and red drum are the same fish is emphatically denied by Capt. George W. Fenimore, president of the Asbury Park Fishing Club, who having captured both species, is expert in describing the difference between the two and is thoroughly qualified to prove to the scientific authorities that they are not the same fish, although possibly belonging to the same family.

The best fishing resorts are Corson's Inlet, near Ocean Beach, N. J., and vicinity in the month of July, and Barnegat City and northward to Seaside Park, N. J., from September to November, when they generally depart for warmer waters and are subsequently caught in Florida. All told, to those who have experienced all kinds of beach fishing, the channel bass, for genuine sport and gameness, excels any fish that swims along the Atlantic coast.

Fishing in California.

THE salmon trolling season came to an end on Sept. 17 and will be closed in and above tide waters until Oct. 23. The season has been a highly successful one, the fish taken having been numerous in number and large in size. Splendid sport was enjoyed just before the closing of the season, and at times as many as seventy-five launches were outside the Heads, to say nothing of the small fleet off the Sausalito shore. Very heavy catches have been made this year on the Bay of Monterey, and some large fish have been taken there also. Quite recently W. W. Richards landed a 41-pound salmon on light tackle.

Early in September a very heavy rain storm occurred in Northern California, and for a time trout fishing was spoiled, but the waters have cleared again and better sport is now being enjoyed than was the case before the storm. The Eel River at Weymouth's is about three feet higher than it was, and many steelhead trout have gone up-stream, but others have come in from the ocean, and these put up a lively fight when hooked. Fly-fishing is just commencing to be good, but most anglers are still using trolling spoons.

Striped bass are now running well in the sloughs about the bay, and many good catches

are being reported, although no very large fish have been taken, this being a characteristic of the fall run bass which average fish weighing in the neighborhood of four or five pounds. The spring run which occurs in April or May brings in fish that will average twelve pounds, and fish have been taken weighing as much as eighty pounds, this being the largest ever taken in this State. Members of the Striped Bass Club are out in full force these days, and on Sept. 29 the annual ladies' outing of this organization was held at Princeton.

The supervisors of Shasta county are taking steps to enact an ordinance making the McCloud River a public highway for the benefit of anglers from its junction with the Pitt River to the Siskiyou county line, a distance of fifty miles. This action is being taken on account of the attitude of certain property owners toward anglers.

GOLDEN GATE.

Illinois Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following scores were cast on re-entry day, Sept. 22:

Accuracy fly:			
Amman	98.12	Swisher	99.1
Jamison	98.4	*Amman	99.6
Linder	98.11	*Jamison	98.6
Salmon fly:			
	Feet		Feet
C. W. Grant.....	105	*Jamison	109
W. T. Grant.....	110	Linder	112
Jamison	109		
Light tackle, dry fly:			
Jamison	98.9	De Garmo	99.4
Linder	99.5	*Jamison	99.6
Swisher	99.5	*Linder	99.4
Pierson	99.7	*Swisher	98.13
W. T. Grant.....	98.6	*W. T. Grant.....	98.11
Amman	98.9	*Aminan	99.1
Heston	99.2		
Delicacy fly:			
Amman	95.27	Swisher	95.10
De Garmo	98.22	Jamison	97.00

During the casting of the above scores, a high southwest wind prevailed, lessening somewhat toward the close of the day.

Scores of re-entry day, Sept. 29, were as follows:

Quarter-ounce, accuracy bait:			
Tice	97.6	McFarlin	96.2
C. W. Grant.....	97.5	*Tice	97.5
Heston	98.3	*C. W. Grant.....	97.2
Half-ounce accuracy bait:			
Tice	97.00	Humphreys	95.9
Linder	98.8	*Tice	97.8
Hartstall	98.5	*Humphreys	97.6
Light tackle dry fly:			
Whitby	98.12	Amman	98.11
Jamison	99.2	Whitby	98.8
Swisher	98.12	Heston	95.5
Linder	98.11	*Whitby	98.13
Stanley	98.4		
Salmon fly:			
Jamison	104	Linder	109
Accuracy fly:			
Stanley	99.00	Heston	99.5
Whitby	98.11	Stanley	99.6
Delicacy fly:			
Pierson	98.3	Stanley	97.26
Swisher	98.2	*Pierson	97.26
Linder	96.11	*Linder	97.00
W. T. Grant.....	97.10	*W. T. Grant.....	97.19
Whitby	97.9	*Whitby	97.27
Heston	98.14	*Heston	98.1
*Re-entries.			

On Sept. 29, the weather conditions were as bad as they were on the preceding re-entry day, a high northwest wind prevailing most of the day.

A. F. SWISHER, Sec'y.

How Long will a Fish Live out of Water?

PORT WASHINGTON, L. I., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wonder if any of your subscribers have any data on the length of time a fish will live out of water? Here is my experience:

I had a pail of spearing for bait. In the lot my small daughter saw a couple she wanted. She scooped them out and put them into a table tumbler, putting a pinch of salt into the water. Next morning one of the killies was dead, while the other one appeared strong and lively. Two days later, upon coming into the dining room where the "aquarium" was, I found the killie upon the floor dry and stiff. I picked it up and put it upon the table beside the glass, as it apparently was dead. One hour later my little girl came down stairs, saw the "poor little fellow" and held a mourning party. She put it back into the glass, refusing to throw it out. About half an hour later I found the killie swimming around in the glass, and today, one week later, that spearing—generally considered only too perishable—still is alive. I reckon in elapsed time the little fish was out of water two hours, which to me is most remarkable.

Can you give me any data as to how long fish are supposed to live out of water?

ELIZABETH BETTI.

Archery

Archery in England.

THE last public meeting for the year, in England, the southern counties, was held near Malden, Surrey, on Sept. 17, 18 and 19. The weather was favorable for good shooting.

The meeting will be a memorable one on account of the fine shooting of Mr. H. P. Nesham. His double York round score came within 7 hits, 27 score, of equaling the score with which Mr. G. P. Bryant won the championship of the United States in August.

It was the best shooting done at any public meeting in England since Major Hawkins Fisher's 1,060 at the Grand Western in 1872; and beating his late father's record for the Crystal Palace and southern meetings of 1,027. Mr. N. P. Nesham's score:

H. P. Nesham's score:			
100yds.	80yds.	60yds.	Total.
53 247	42 178	22 126	117 551
44 200	33 186	24 130	106 516
97 447	80 364	46 256	223 1067

Miss Q. Newall made the good double national round score of 138 hits, 752 score.

Archery Coming Back.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The letter of Dr. H. L. Lake, of Fulton, N. Y., in your issue of Sept. 28, brought to mind pleasant memories of the golden days of archery, thirty years ago, and the great part of FOREST AND STREAM took in promoting the sport.

I shall never forget the delight with which we read the following announcement, published in your issue for July 31, 1879:

"Our Archery Department: We take great pleasure in announcing that the Archery Department of the FOREST AND STREAM is under the supervision of Mr. Will H. Thompson, whose eminent fitness for the position is sufficient promise of its excellence and high standard.

"The columns devoted to this popular sport will from week to week contain articles similar in character to that in the present issue.

"No archer can well afford to be without the paper. Our readers who are followers of the sport will confer a favor upon their friends by directing their attention to the FOREST AND STREAM."

Archery is coming again, and we are pleased to see that the FOREST AND STREAM is giving some of its valuable space to this best of all athletic recreation.

EDWARD B. WESTON.

Pittsburgh Archers Shoot Well.

REPRESENTATIVES of the Pittsburgh Athletic Association, Beechview and Bon Air Archery clubs held a shoot on the Bon Air range, Saturday, Oct. 5.

In the morning a match round of 96 arrows at 60 yards was shot between Dr. Hertig and Mr. Wolfe on one side and Mr. Jiles and Mr. Holmes on the other. Scores follow:

	Hits.	Score		Hits.	Score
Dr O L Hertig.	90	446	W H Holmes...	81	382
D A Wolfe.....	68	268	Jas S Jiles.....	74	306
Total.....	158	714	Total.....	155	688

In the afternoon an American round was the program. Thirty arrows at 60, 50 and 40 yards range, 90 in all. Scores:

	Hits.	Score		Hits.	Score
Dr Hertig	87	503	J S Jiles.....	78	350
W H Holmes...	78	430	D A Wolfe.....	76	333

These four gentlemen have been shooting less than a year. Mr. Holmes, having shot his first arrow on July 6 has had less than three months' experience. Mr. Wolf has faced the target less than ten times since he began to shoot, while Mr. Jiles has only been shooting since May.

O. L. HERTIG.

Archery Notes.

THE Scottish-Americans at Jersey City, N. J., have organized an archery club with twenty-five charter members, and are holding regular shoots on the grounds provided by the Park Commissioners of the city. Jersey City is the third municipality to provide ranges for archery on its public grounds. A second club composed of professional and business men has been organized at Jersey City. These clubs have arranged a competition team shoot with the archers of Pittsburgh, Pa., to be held later in the month.

Miss Mary A. Brownell, member of the Newton Club, has assumed her duties as instructor in archery and fencing at Smith College. One hundred and ten girls have been enrolled in the classes in archery.

The archers of Boston, Jersey City and Pittsburgh have been invited by the committee on arrangements for the July 4th, 1913, celebration at Wayne, Pa., to compete in the archery events on that occasion.

Ellis Spear, Jr., secretary of the National Archery Association of the United States, has sent notices to all the members of the association, inviting them to participate in a team shoot on Columbus Day, Oct. 12, sending in their scores for tabulation.

The Last Arrow.

Founded on an incident of the French and Indian War of 1696.

BY HENRY D. ATWOOD.

As the Indian lay in his peaceful glade,
At rest on his couch of the deer skin made,
He saw in a vision his tribe dispersed,
And the warriors slain by a race accursed;
Whom ages before, wise prophets foretold,
Would come to their land for conquest and gold;
Who would seem like the angels, so white and so fair,
So blue were their eyes, so golden their hair.
And he tossed in his slumbers, and murmured low:
"Alas, for my people, they will melt like the snow;
They will vanish from earth, like the mist from the sun;
Their time is soon over, their race will be run,
Concealed in their coverts, existing in pain;
Sought out by the foeman, discovered and slain,"
And his hand rested lightly, where lay by his side
The young Indian princess, his early won bride.
And she woke with a shudder that chilled her heart's
blood,
As frost chills the fountain and chains up the flood.
And she raised her lithe figure, and bending her ear,
She listened and looked for the sound drawing near.
'Twas a tread like the cougar's, displacing the leaves,
That even when wakeful, the watcher deceives;
And she strained her fair vision o'er the landscape in
sight
Where the dark bending willow and hemlock unite,
At the edge of the clearing, lifting branches on high;
Weaving figures fantastic, towering up to the sky.
And she saw for an instant, 'neath the moon's pallid
glow,
A figure half standing, half crouching below;
And her heart stilled its beating; the features proclaim
A renegade white, lost to honor and shame;
Who long had pursued her, had fought with her sire,
Had tortured her tribesmen with gauntlet and fire;
Had plundered their village and captured their game,
And given their wigwams to ravage and flame.
'Twas he, and no other; she well knew the face
Peering out from the branches he thrust from their place.
And over his features a baleful gleam passed,
As a glance from his covert he rapidly cast.
Then beneath the dark shadows again he withdrew,
And hastened away to his murderous crew.
And Neoskaleeta a moment in prayer,
Besought of great Manitou her people to spare;
Then she spoke to her warrior, who slumbering lay:
"Arouse, Kiodago, arouse, thee, I say!
De Graas is upon us, he follows us still,
In hopes to surprise us, and so wreak his will;
Let the braves be assembled. Let the warriors all know
They must fight to the death with their bitterest foe."
Aroused in an instant by the warning she gave,
Every sense was alert of her valorous brave;
He sprung from his couch, he seized on his bow,
And his quiver of arrows about him doth throw.
Then bounded away to the fast waning fires,
And roused from their slumbers the warriors and sires.
And soon they were stationed in ambush around,
Each man like a statue, in silence profound.
E'er the light of the dawning gave token of day,
And the shades in the forest had dispersed at its ray,
There was heard from the distance a murmurous sound—
'Twas the bands of the foeman encircling the ground.
Soon the whites, ne'er suspecting their presence was
known,
Rushed with shouts on the wigwams, whose inmates had
flown;
But they rushed to destruction, midway in career
They were smote from each quarter with arrow and spear.
The contest long doubtful, at last had an end;
The bright rays of morning the leaguers befriended.
And betrayed in each recess the warriors concealed,
And, deprived of their shelter, it forced them to yield.
They retreat fighting bravely, they sell their lives dear,
For the heart of the Mohawk is callous to fear.
When at last 'tis all over, and each rocky steep,
Drenched with blood, showeth plainly the pathway they
keep;
Then the renegade, casting fierce glances around,
Cries, "Seek out Kiodago! The chief must be found!"
'Mid the shot and the shout of the foe, as they fell,
The prize that he sought for had vanished as well.
And afar up the mountain to a grotto unknown,
Ne'er heard of by white men, Kiodago has flown.
And Neoskaleeta, with terror distraught,
At last to this refuge in safety was brought.

But as swift on their trail as the sleuth hound can fly,
Doth the renegade white with his followers hie,
For oft had he seen, as he shared the same fire,
And appeared as the friend of the princess' brave sire,
The chief take him way to the far mountain's head,
To gaze on the scene in its beauty outspread,
Where the silvery waters lay curling below,
That were fed by the springs of the pure mountain snow.
And he cried in his joy as he looked on his prize,
"She is mine, she is mine! And who thwarteth me dies!"
As he bounded aloft, how exultant the shout
That echoed and pealed through the wild wood about;
And quickened the flight of the fast fleeing twain,
Till the dizziest height of the mountain they gain,
Where crevice and chasm, alike yawning wide,
Spread a path of destruction upon either side.
And here, 'neath the shelter of a storm-riven tree,
They turn them at bay and their fell foeman see.
He hath followed them far with a hatred dire,
And a heart that was fed with a lustful fire.
Now he pauses a moment, for the trail is lost;
But that moment proves fatal, his life is its cost;
For the chief bends his bow, the string draweth tight;
And the arrow has flown with the speed of the light.
It has cleft through his corslet to the vile traitor's heart.
With a terrible cry, as he feels the fierce dart,
He reels once about, with his arms wildly thrown,
With a grasp at the air and a life ebbing groan,
E'er a hand could give aid, in convulsion's last throes,
He shot from the height to the dark gulf below.
At the sight all his followers drew backward in fear;
And swiftly then fled, though the prize was so near.
Now joy to the chieftain, whose danger is past,
Whose quiver was empty, that arrow his last.

'Tis a tale of the past that my muse has told;
Methinks with the ages it cannot grow old.
While the human heart has its hopes and its fears,
Its days of joy, as of grief and tears,
The human heart is a mystery still.
Will it listen at last to its Maker's will?
Will it learn that to love is better than hate;
That the crimes of the past we must expiate;
That the Ruler of all, in the Ark divine,
Will teach us the word and countersign?
Will open His arms, when we fall asleep,
As the shepherd would welcome his wandering sheep;
Will open his arms, and receive us all,
If we will but list to His loving call;
And an equal care will on each bestow,
With a look benign that we all shall know?
Ah! Blessed be the day, and joyous the hour,
When human passion no longer has power
To kindle to hatred the hearts that in peace
Forever shall dwell in a happy release
From war, through the ages, in welfare and weal,
Till the future of time should its purpose reveal;
Till the waves that have smote us, the tempests that
tore,
Shall be silenced and calmed on eternity's shore.

When the time shall come in the passing years,
That the foe of to-day as our friend appears;
When the hand that holds the glittering sword
Is stayed at the sound of a peaceful word;
When the echo of bells is borne on the air,
As they tell of the peace that rules everywhere;
When dissensions shall die, as die they must,
When the guns are spiked, and the swords are rust;
When the plow shall run in its furrows wide,
And the peaceful arts shall our progress guide;
Let the land of Columbia, where dwell the free,
Be proudly the first with its kin to agree;
And the hand in her friendship that England extends,
Let us grasp it as heartily, and ever be friends.

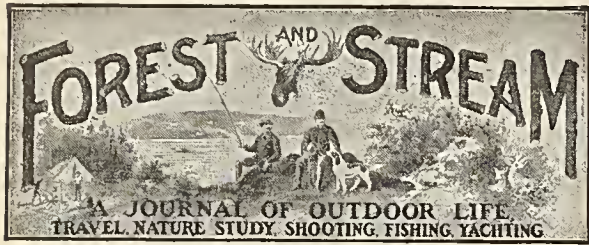
Chicago Archery Club.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Scores made by the Chicago team on Sept. 28 follow:

96 arrows at 90 yards:	Hits.	Score.
George L. Nichols.....	88	432
H. W. Bishop.....	75	365
Dr. Edward B. Weston.....	80	348
J. H. Pendry.....	70	300
	313	1445

Owing to weather conditions, the Boston archers were unable to shoot.

BURTON PAYNE GRAY.



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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

MRS. SAGE'S GREAT GIFT.

By her generous purchase of Marsh Island, Mrs. Russell Sage has performed a great public service. Here is an area of more than a hundred square miles, on which each winter collect many thousands of wildfowl—among them the blue goose, now growing scarce and threatened with extinction. Not only do wildfowl gather here in great numbers, but also rails, herons, shore birds and many of the smaller migrants—song birds and warblers. Under Mrs. Sage's gift all these birds will henceforth be protected on this great tract of land.

Edward A. McIlhenny is understood to have originated the idea of establishing at different points in the Mississippi Valley, from the Gulf of Mexico north to Canada, a series of bird refuges of which Marsh Island and the Louisiana State Game Preserve was to form the first. Mrs. Sage's purchase of Marsh Island completes the initial step toward establishing this north and south line of wildfowl refuges, and Messrs. McIlhenny and Ward will now continue with renewed zeal their efforts to have the other refuges set apart.

Mrs. Sage's love for birds, and interest in their protection, has many times been demonstrated in material ways, but this, her greatest contribution to the work, is of peculiar interest because the number of men interested in wildfowl protection is so great. American sportsmen, naturalists and game protectors may take fresh courage, and with renewed energy work for the cause of game protection so dear to their hearts. They have found a powerful ally—one who in a slightly different way has done for their cause what David W. Wilcox did when he made his generous bequest to the Audubon Society.

THE SULLIVAN LAW.

It has been pretty conclusively proven that crooks cannot buy revolvers in New York city. They go across into New Jersey to "get a gun" with which to commit murder. The Sullivan law has made it practically impossible to secure arms illicitly in New York, thereby proving that although it is a law in which are many faults, it still drives the crook into another State before he can commit a felony in his own State. It now is up to New Jersey as well as all other States to enact a law prohibiting the purchase of revolvers by those not entitled to the privilege of possessing such weapons. New York State legislators owe to their State and to themselves an effort to encourage reciprocal action on the part of other States in order that the good work started in this State may be consummated and a drastic anti-revolver law passed in every State in the Union. Such unanimous action would discourage gang fighting, thugism and burglary. The Sullivan law should be amended so that any citizen of the United States, or any well recommended foreigner, could, upon presentation of proper credentials, secure a license to purchase a revolver for home protection or sportsmen's use.

ADIRONDACK DEER SEASON OPEN.

The deer season opened in the Adirondacks on Oct. 1 and will close on Nov. 15. The Adirondack region comprises the counties of Clinton, Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Hamilton, Herkimer, Saratoga, St. Lawrence, Warren and Washington and that part of Jefferson, Lewis and Oneida counties lying east of the Utica and Black River Railroad from Utica to Ogdensburg.

The rest of the Empire State is closed for sportsmen, with this exception: In Ulster county and towns of Neversink, Cohecton, Tusten, Highland, Lumberland, Forestburg, Bethel and all of towns of Namakating and Thompson south of Newburgh and Cohecton turnpike in Sullivan county and Deer Park in Orange county, Nov. 1 to Nov. 15.

All deer must have horns not less than three inches long. Each sportsman is limited to two deer. In order to hunt deer in this State a non-resident or alien must pay a fee of \$20.50. A non-resident taxpayer is assessed \$10.50. The fee the resident pays is \$1.10. A hunting license may be obtained from any county, city or town clerk.

WORK OF A. G. P. P. A.

A DESPERATE violator of the game laws of Massachusetts has just been brought to justice by agents of the American Game Protective and Propagation Association. At the request of the Massachusetts authorities, D. C. Speenburgh, of the association, has been at work on the case of Chauncy A. Burdick, of North Adams, for nearly a year and has succeeded in getting evidence which resulted in convictions on nineteen counts for violations of the game and excise laws. A prison sentence of three months and fines amounting to \$290 were imposed.

The association stands ready to send its experts to the aid of game officials in any part of the United States, whether to assist in legal

work or in securing evidence in baffling cases. It has been found in many instance that a man from outside is successful where the local warden fails on account of being too well known. Through its special agents the association is accomplishing much in this line.

SHOOTING NUMBER.

We have gathered together a remarkably interesting and varied amount of material for our shooting number to be issued Oct. 26. First of all there will be a cover in colors from an original painting made for us by that famous animal depicter, Carl Rungius. A special feature never before produced in any other magazine will be a report from the game warden in each State, telling briefly the game conditions there this year. This will give sportsmen a chance to plan their shooting trip for a section where they know game will be found. As these reports will come in after the season opens, they will give existing conditions, not prospects. Other articles will include: "Out in the Chicken Country," a story of pinnated grouse shooting in the Dakotas, Minnesota, Nebraska and Michigan, told in the "written from experience" style of Amos Burhans; "Reminiscences of Ragged Island," a duck shooting story; "Cooting on Cape Cod," by George Almy; "Caribou Hunting, Newfoundland vs. New Brunswick," by that well-known big-game hunter, George B. Clark, and other special features. The issue will be profusely illustrated and will, we hope, be the best number we ever have issued. Of course the regular departments will appear as usual. If you are not a regular subscriber, order early from your newsdealer. The Oct. 26 issue will be in great demand and we do not want you to miss it.

EVERY SPORTSMAN SHOULD READ YOUR MAGAZINE.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hope that you will be able to secure a good picture of Col. Acklen, that your readers may see the man who was made president of the National Association of Game and Fish Commissioners.

I believe there is a great future for this association, and that it will be the means of uniting all parts of our country to work in harmony for better game protection and increased propagation.

You, as editor of FOREST AND STREAM, can have a great influence in bringing about the results that are needed. Every sportsman should read your magazine.

Here in Massachusetts we have nearly 50,000 licensed gunners besides three times as many persons who go fishing, and this army is rapidly increasing. Conditions are changing rapidly and the sportsmen must be educated to meet present conditions.

The next time I am in New York, I will try and see you and talk over this matter with you. I am very much interested in it.

GEO. H. GRAHAM,

Commissioner of Fisheries and Game of Massachusetts.

OCTOBER: The sunshine of July without its oppressiveness; the clearness of December without its piercing cold.



YACHTING

Diving and Sport.

Or the Seven Stages of a Speed-Boat Race.

BY JOHN D. SCHMIDT.

It was not a great while ago that a launch which could go twelve or fifteen miles per hour was a fast boat indeed. In those days the purely racing type of boat had not come into its own and launches were built to stand wear and tear as well as for fast running. In recent years, however, great strides have been made in speed, and as the speed has increased, the boats have been built lighter and lighter in order to carry greater power with the least possible addition of weight. When one of these forty-mile-an-hour racers strikes a log or a heavy swell, it not infrequently happens that the cockle-shell goes to the bottom. At this point the diver enters the game.

A Reliance, a Dixie or a Bug, as the case may be, strikes a log and sinks. The owner immediately telegraphs to one of the big wrecking companies, while his men are out locating the sunken craft. Presently appears a lighter bearing the necessary gear for raising the boat. The deck hands place an iron side-ladder over the gunwales and take soundings to determine the depth of water and condition of the tide, while willing hands help the diver into his dress.

Over a heavy suit of woollens and socks of the same material he draws on the baggy rubber-processed canvas diving dress. They clap a bronze collarplate over his head, onto which a rubber flange of the dress is securely clamped. His overalls are pulled on and made fast to the collarplate and the life-line is passed around his waist and similarly fastened. Lastly, upon being informed that the racer has been located and that all is ready for him, he steps into a pair of iron shoes weighing about twenty-five pounds and gets down on the ladder. Here his tender adds to his already weighty outfit a belt carrying seventy-five pounds of pig lead. The human turtle, for that is perhaps, what he most resembles, takes a last puff at his pipe; the tender calls out, "Go ahead with the pump," puts the helmet on and screws it tight with a quarter turn, passes the hose under the diver's left arm and makes it fast to the collarplate, and with a parting clap on the helmet, the queer monstrosity clambers slowly down the ladder and disappears under water.

Once on bottom, the diver investigates the position of the hull and reports his findings by signals on the life-line. Presently the lighter's boom is swinging out and the tackle lowered away. The diver passes a sling around the motor boat and makes it fast to the hook of the hoisting tackle. All this must be done by feeling, since at depths greater than ten or fifteen feet one can see nothing. In heavy tide and deep water this operation of passing a line around the hull is not as simple as it may seem and is not unmixed with danger. However, this part over with, nothing remains but for the engineer to haul away and the craft

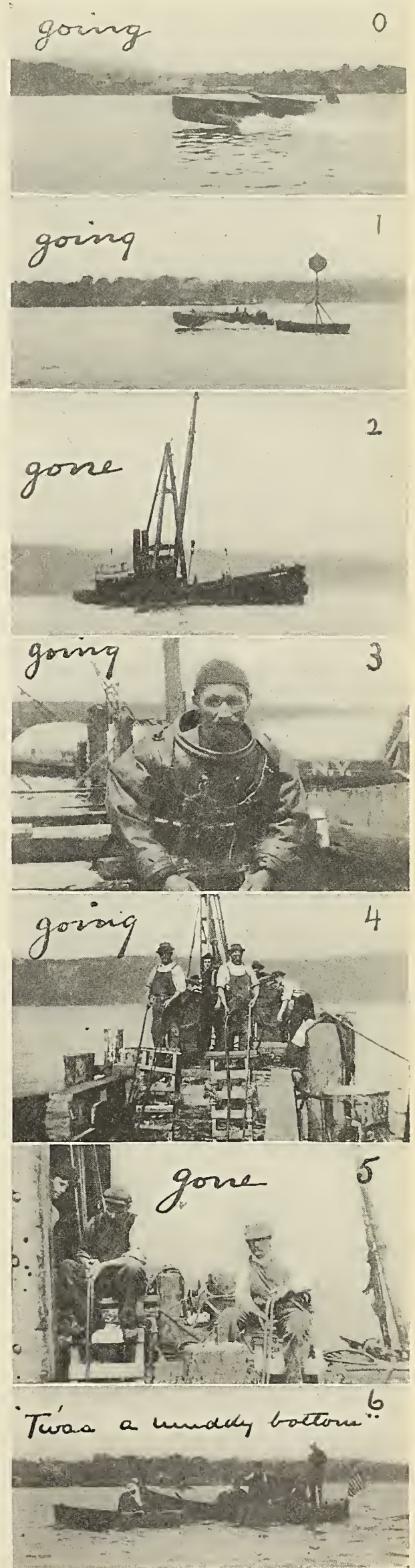
is lifted up and set in a cradle on the lighter's deck.

This proceeding is becoming quite a common one. In fact, scarcely a regatta has been held of late without at least one boat being sunk. At the international carnival at Huntington, Tech Junior and Ace III. were sunk. At the last regatta at Buffalo Baby Reliance II. went under, and during the carnival on the Hudson, Tech Junior again met with misfortune and was salvaged by Merritt & Chapman's lighter Champion. Thus a new field, and a profitable one, has been opened for the diver.

They are a hardy, cool-headed lot, these explorers of the submarine world. I have seen a man who had been pulled up nearly unconscious, after having his air supply cut off for about three minutes, go down again within half an hour. When asked whether his experience had made him nervous about going down again, he smiled and said, "Oh, well, that might happen only once in a lifetime. I got up all right, so what's the use of worrying."

On another occasion a staging, carrying the pumps and gear, broke while the diver was down in forty feet of water, throwing the pumps into the river. The tender immediately started to haul up his man, while all hands stood by ready to render any aid that could be given. If you have never been around in such a case you cannot imagine how heart-breaking is the suspense while someone else is doing all that can be done to save the man's life, and all you can do is to stand around and curse, pray, or hope, according to your character. In this case the diver's coolness saved him. When he felt himself hauled up without any preliminary signal being given, he surmised that something was wrong with the pump. Reaching around to the exhaust valve on the back of the helmet (not as easy as it sounds, when the suit is puffed out with air), he screwed it down tight, shutting in what air there was in the helmet and suit. This little proved sufficient to keep him from suffocation till they could pull him to the surface and get the helmet off. On the way up the tide swept him under some bracing, so that he came up on the wrong side of it and had to retrace his course to get on the right side, losing several precious seconds. Picture to yourself what a strain it must be for a man to keep a cool head under such circumstances!

Together with this coolness and nerve goes a very varied ability. They are "Jacks of all trades," these divers, and, moreover, they belie the rest of the saying by being masters of more than one. One chap, a Norwegian, of my acquaintance holds his master's papers from the old country and has sailed as mate on more than one good ship and yacht. The diver is called upon for everything from laying pipes and cables, to raising motor boats or salvaging valuable cargoes from sunken freighters. And as I have remarked before, all their work is done by touch alone. Inventors have rigged up lights to be carried down and



used on bottom, and telephones, etc., but the diver knows that the fewer wires and paraphernalia his tender has to handle, the better his chances of getting out in case of accident.

So, taking it altogether, the diver does not lead a very easy life. He works hard and takes big risks, and motor boat owners may be thankful for the services of a capable set of men. If his boat sinks, far from giving her up as hopelessly lost, he may see her afloat and as good as new in two or three days.

Sales and Charters.

THE following yacht sales and charters are reported through the office of Stanley M. Seaman, New York city:

Steam yacht *Cassandra*, sold for Roy A. Rainey, New York Y. C., to Geo. J. Whelan, Larchmont Y. C. *Cassandra* is the largest steam yacht in the American fleet. Dimensions are: 287 feet over all, 33 feet beam, 16 feet draft; was built in 1908 by Scott & Company, Greenock, Scotland, from design of A. S. Chesebrough, Bristol, R. I. She offers 10 staterooms, 6 baths. Her appurtenances are all very handsome, saloons and staterooms being of carved Circassian walnut with walls of heavy tapestry. Bath tubs and basins solid porcelain, and plumbing fixtures and electroliers silver plated. Engines are twin-screw, triple-expansion, cylinders, 16, 26 and 42 by 27, give speed of 15 knots. Coal capacity 325 tons, a cruising radius of 7,000 miles on bunker coal. Mr. Rainey has cruised in the Mediterranean, also to the North Cape, besides making three trips across the Atlantic in her. Her westward passage in 1909 of eight days and eleven hours is the Atlantic record for a steam yacht. She is now out of commission at New London, Conn., but her new owner will refit early in January for a trip through the Mediterranean and a cruise later to the North Cape. The following winter he expects to visit all places of interest in South American waters and possibly the Pacific to Alaska.

Seventy-foot cruiser *Parthenia*, sold for A. A. Augustus, Cleveland, O., to L. H. Ross, of Jersey City, N. J., for use in New York waters.

Gasolene cruiser *Mareta III.*, sold for Mrs. Miriam P. Smith to Frank A. Eagan. Extensive alterations and repairs have been undergone at Stephenson's Yacht Yard, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Yacht *Picaroon II.*, sold for L. H. Ross, of Jersey City, to Julius Brenzinger, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., for use in New York waters.

Auxiliary yawl *Dawn II.*, sold for H. E. Converse, of Boston, to C. E. Elder, New York city.

Launch *Topaz II.*, sold for C. W. Clifford, Jr., of Bath, Me., to Herman Bauer, New York city, for use on Maine coast.

Launch *Wannie*, sold for Dr. W. D. Woodward, of Stony Creek, L. I., to Wm. Harrison Bradley, Montreal, Can.

Auxiliary yawl *Isuelo*, sold for E. L. Arnold, of Providence to Ernest F. Lloyd, of Detroit, Mich. Yacht has been delivered. Now used on Lake Erie.

Yacht *Roamer*, sold for A. J. Vreeland to Miss Gertrude Flower.

Launch *Sherar*, sold by J. W. Sherrard, of Brooklyn, to F. A. Ward, of National Y. C.

Sloop *Martha*, sold by H. L. Coe, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to S. G. Etherington, of Riverside, Conn.

Launch *Ganet*, sold for John W. Bird, New York Y. C., to Geo. E. Suter, same club, for use in Shelter Island.

Auxiliary yawl *Yebis*, sold for C. W. Hall to T. S. Dolan.

Twin-screw seagoing cruiser *Scantic*, sold for Raymond G. Keeney, of Hartford, Conn., to S. A. French, New York city.

Cruising launch *Queen Mab*, sold for Dr. E. C. Rivers, of Denver, Colo., to V. M. Tyler, of New Haven, Conn. She has just finished a cruise through New York State waterways and the St. Lawrence.

Auxiliary sloop *Cindrella*, sold for F. E. Woodworth, of Rochester, N. Y., to Capt. T. W. Collins, Keansburg, N. J.

Steam yacht *Admiral*, chartered for the summer for Irving T. Bush, New York city, to Geo. J. Whelan.

Launch *Bertha*, sold by J. E. Floyd to Mrs. Mary Woehler.

Launch *Ruth II.*, sold by C. Linkroum to R. S. Mills.

Sloop *Marcia*, sold by H. P. Geib, Stamford, Conn., to E. E. Hallock, New Haven, Conn.

Launch *Mink*, sold for W. M. Lovering, Taunton, Mass., to John Dunlop, New York city. She has been fitted with two new Lamb engines. Now cruising in New York waters.

Yacht *Patricia*, chartered for H. M. Hirschberg to J. Fred Pierson, Jr., New York city.

Launch *Audwin*, chartered for G. C. Audie, New York, to Robert Bage Kerr, of Larchmont.

Sloop *Ida*, sold for E. P. Buckner to Charles Christiansen.

Lunch *Don*, sold for F. W. Wells to Andrew Berger.

One hundred foot gasolene yacht *Itasca*, chartered for E. B. Hawkins, Detroit, Mich., to R. T. Heitemeyer, of Stamford, Conn.

Launch *Trump*, sold for Conrad Stein, Rhinebeck, N. Y., to N. E. Hucke, of Baltimore, Md., for use on Chesapeake Bay.

Auxiliary schooner *Elsana*, chartered for Henry C. Pearson to Hunter Wykes, New York Y. C. Has since been chartered to Wm. S. McGuire.

Auxiliary yawl *Savalo*, chartered for G. H. Miller to S. H. Groser for use at Shelter Island.

Yawl *Kacy*, sold for John T. Herne, South Hampton, L. I., to W. B. Lawrence.

Seagoing cruiser *Ariel*, sold by W. H. N. Bostelmann, Brooklyn, to Daniel G. Whitlock, of Staten Island.

Launch *Omoo*, sold for Daniel G. Whitlock to a Brooklyn party.

Sixty-foot gasolene yacht *Mohican*, sold for Clarence B. Kugler, Jr., Philadelphia, to A. C. Pearson & Co., New York city, for use in Central American waters; shipped via Panama S. S. Co. this week.

Launch *Alzada III.*, sold for F. W. Bartels, of Providence, R. I., to Cuban parties. Has been shipped to Havana.

Launch *Zorayda*, sold by Anthony Schneider, New York city, to C. E. McLeod, South Carolina. Yacht has been delivered to new owner.

Canoeing

Knickerbocker C. C.

SATURDAY, Sept. 14, was devoted to making the annual ladies' day one of the most successful in the history of the club. There was quite a large gathering, which included former members of the club, and also many men prominent in the American Canoe Association.

An interesting program was arranged by E. H. Stockwell, chairman of the Regatta Committee, which resulted in the finishes being very close and exciting, especially the open sailing, which was won by a nose. The most laughable incident of the afternoon was a supposed accidental capsizing of an amorous couple and their rough rescue.

While refreshments were being served, the orchestra rendered selections, and the following events took place:

Decked Sailing.—First, J. R. Magers; second W. G. Harrison.

Open Sailing.—First, E. H. Stockwell; second, J. F. Ahrens, Jr.

One Man, Single Blade.—First, E. Anderson; second, F. H. Smith.

Tandem, Double Blades.—First, F. E. Ahrens and F. H. Smith; second, P. H. McBride and Douglass Cummings.

Single Blade Fours; on Gunwale.—First, B. F. Cromwell, Jr., F. E. Ahrens, H. Brooks, F. H. Smith; second, H. Sandstrom, C. Sandstrom, W. Clausen and J. Flynn.

Relay, Four Men.—First, G. F. Henshaw, P. H. McBride, J. R. Magers and W. Clausen; second, F. H. Smith, F. E. Ahrens, H. Brooks and B. F. Cromwell, Jr.

Double Blade, Fours.—First, J. R. Magers, P. H. McBride, G. F. Henshaw and W. Clausen; second, H. Sandstrom, J. F. Ahrens, Jr., E. H. Stockwell and D. Cummings.

One Man, Double Blade.—First, J. F. Ahrens, Jr.; second, J. R. Magers.

Tandem, Overboard.—First F. E. Ahrens and F. H. Smith; other crews capsized.

Tilting.—First, F. E. Ahrens and F. H. Smith; second, P. H. McBride and D. Cummings.

After the races there was a luncheon and then a dance, at which every one had a most enjoyable time. This brought to a fitting close a season of unusual activity. CHET.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—Charles S. Edgcumbe, 74 Brinkerhoff street, Jersey City, N. J.; Arthur F. Edgcumbe, 74 Brinkerhoff street, Jersey City, N. J.; Eugene J. Cole, 323 West Jersey street, Elizabeth, N. J., and Harold C. Chapman, 39 Belmont avenue, Jersey City, N. J., all by Edmund vom Steeg, Jr.; H. R. Richards, 500 West 122d street, New York, N. Y., and J. F. Lockard, 1 St. Nicholas Terrace, New York city, both by F. C. Buchenberger.

Western Division.—Guy Weaver, 199 Galena street, Aurora, Ill., by John N. Denean; Frederick Barker, 414 North Court street, Rockford, Ill., and S. M. Woodruff, 725 Chestnut street, Rockford, Ill., both by J. U. Barker; R. F. Stockdale, Jr., 839 Wilson avenue, Chicago, Ill., and Charles A. Harring, 2011 Geddings avenue, Chicago, Ill., both by A. M. Callmann.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—6528, Walter Fairchild, 378 Central Park West, New York city; 6529, Levi Hindley, Millville, N. J.; 6530, Frank S. Bunnell, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.

PROPOSED FOR ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Mrs. Oscar J. West, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Carl F. Martin, Ellamore, W. Va.; Mrs. John McKay, Kingston, Ont., Can.; Miss Charlotte Friese and Miss Elizabeth Friese, Chicago, Ill., and Miss Charlotte Mount, La Grange, Ky., by A. W. Friese and Henry C. Morse.



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

- Oct. 12.—Temple, Pa.—Hercules G. C. A. K. Ludwig, Sec'y.
- Oct. 13.—Arlington Heights, Ill.—League shoot of the Chicago Interurban League of Gun Clubs. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y-Treas.
- Oct. 15-18.—Cincinnati, O.—The Interstate Association's Post-Season tournament, on the grounds of the Cincinnati G. C.; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Oct. 16.—Rising Sun (Md.) G. C. H. L. Worthington, Vice-Pres.
- Oct. 18.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
- Oct. 29-30.—Demopolis (Ala.) G. C. W. C. Du Fue, Sec.
- Oct. 30.—Medford (Okla.) G. C. Dr. I. V. Hardy, Sec'y.
- Nov. 7.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
- Nov. 21-22.—Clinton (Ont.) G. C. J. E. Cantelon, Sec'y.
- Dec. 2-6.—St. Thomas, (Ont.) G. C. W. J. McCance, Asst. Mgr.

1913.

- Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.
- July 8-13.—Cedar Point, O.—The Indians' tournament. D. H. Eaton, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

J. O. Wilson, Secretary Daniel Boone Gun Club, of Marthasville, Mo., under date of Sept. 30, writes: "The regular practice of our gun club was postponed Saturday because the greater number of our regular men were at St. Louis attending the Sportsmen's show, and taking part in the shoot down there. One of our men, Mr. A. F. Ahmann, shot well there, tying for second place, with a score of 92 out of 100. Our team did not do so well. It broke only 91 out of 125. The busy season will soon be over now, so we can send you a longer list of scores."

W. G. BEECROFT.

Post Season Tournament.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 2.—Herewith inclosed is a list of the names and addresses of 180 amateurs and 28 professionals who are eligible to take part in the coming Post Season tournament at Cincinnati, O., Oct. 15 to 18, inclusive:

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Treas.

PROFESSIONALS.

Bills, Fred G., Chicago, Ill.

Clark, Homer, Alton, Ill.
Clancy, R. W., Chicago, Ill.
Crosby, W. R., O'Fallon, Ill.

Day, J. S., Cincinnati, O.
Dickey, Orrin R., Boston, Mass.

Freeman, H. D., College Park, Ga.

Goodrich, C. E., Chicago, Ill.
Gilbert, Fred, Spirit Lake, Ia.
German, L. S., Aberdeen, Md.
Gross, D. D., Kansas City, Mo.

Huff, Walter, Macon, Ga.
Henderson, Woolfolk, Lexington, Ky.
Hawkins, J. M., Baltimore, Md.
Heer, Wm. H., Guthrie, Okla.

Killam, Arthur, St. Louis, Mo.
Kirkwood, H. C., La Grange, Ill.

Le Compte, C. O., Eminence, Ky.

Maxwell, Geo. W., Hastings, Neb.
Marshall, T. A., Chicago, Ill.

O'Brien, Ed., Florence, Kans.

Riehl, F. C., Tacoma, Wash.

Spencer, C. G., St. Louis, Mo.
Skelly, J. T., Wilmington, Del.

Taylor, J. R., Columbus, O.
Topperwein, Mrs. Ad., San Antonio, Tex.

Ward, Guy, Birmingham, Ala.

AMATEURS.

The following named amateurs are eligible to compete in the Post Season Tournament, at Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 15, 16, 17 and 18, 1912:

Alexander, E. R., Tuskegee, Ala.
Arnold, E. W., Larned, Kansas.
Arie, Nick, Houston, Texas.

Appleman, J. W., Perry, Oklahoma.
Adams, E. H., Reading, Pa.

Billings, C. W., Glen Ridge, N. J.
Barto, Joc, Chicago, Ill.
Bishop, Archie W., Nelson, B. C., Can.
Brown, W. A., Sioux City, Ia.
Bray, D. D., Columbus, Neb.
Blunt, J. A., Greensboro, Ala.
Burns, Roy H., Brookville, Ind.
Buckwalter, H. E., Royersford, Pa.
Budd, R. J., Lykens, Pa.
Behm, W. S., Esterly, Pa.
Barrett, J. M., Augusta, Ga.
Billmeyer, Frank, Cumberland, Md.
Burns, George E., Cleveland, Ohio.

Culver, D. L., Port Jarvis, N. Y.
Corfield, W. E., Utica, N. Y.
Crothers, E. K., Bloomington, Ill.
Cate, Vassa, Brunswick, Ga.
Caldwell, J. F., Concordia, Kans.
Clay, Jr., T. H., Austerlitz, Ky.
Campbell, Frank, Wauke, Iowa.
Connor, A. C., Springfield, Ill.
Cocke, W. W., New Orleans, La.
Cooper, Guy, Kansas City, Mo.
Converse, H. W., Fulda, Minn.
Caldwell, W. W., Portland, Ore.
Cooper, B. S., Thornville, Ohio.
Coburn, C. D., Mechanicsburg, Ohio.
Coleman, Fred, Philadelphia, Pa.
Calhoun, J. F., McKeesport, Pa.
Cooper, E. W., Tacoma, Wash.
Chingren, E. J., Spokane, Wash.
Cook, H. B., Atlantic City, N. J.
Chamberlin, A. L., New Haven, Conn.

Davidson, I. C., Springfield, Ill.
Dixon, Harvey, Oronogo, Missouri.
Dixon, B. A., Omaha, Neb.
Donald, T. J., Felicity, Ohio.
Donald, T. E., Felicity, Ohio.
Dague, J., South Tacoma, Wash.
Duckham, H. D., Kenton, Ohio.
Doolittle, C. E., Cleveland, Ohio.
Deist, John, Sandusky, Ohio.
Daub, W. E., Muir P. O., Pa.
Dryden, F. A., Walla Walla, Wash.
Doten, Chester W., Worcester, Mass.
Dering, Guy V., Columbus, Wis.
Daniels, Edw. W., Lynchburg, Va.
De Bee, Jerome, Chadwick, N. Y.
Dickerman, H. E., Chicago, Ill.

Edwards, F. M., Columbus, O.
Eaton, C. B., Fayette, Mo.
Elliott, J. D., New Wilmington, Pa.
Ehler, T. M., Slater, Mo.

Frantz, C. L., Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Farmin, E. D., Sand Point, Idaho.
Foord, Wm. M., Wilmington, Del.
Fisher, Lon, Huntsville, O.

Gillespie, A., Jerome, Ia.
Graham, T. E., Ingleside, Ill.
Goering, A. H., Walcott, Ia.
Gammon, C., Palmer, Neb.
Grant, L. C., Wilmington, N. C.
Gellatly, C. G., Sutton, Neb.
Guinzberg, Frank, Du Bois, Pa.
Gerstell, Richard, Grafton, W. Va.
Graham, P. J., Chicago, Ill.
Griffith, J., Philadelphia, Pa.

Hodgeman, Fred. A., Tuckahoe, N. Y.
Hughes, Geo., Sioux City, Ia.
Hirth, H., Galion, O.
Hightower, J. W., Americus, Ga.
Hill, A. J., Dawson, Ga.
Handley, C. C., Pine Bluff, Ark.
Huntley, Samuel, Sioux City, Ia.
Hinshaw, E. C., Okoboji, Ia.
Hoon, W. S., Jewell, Ia.
Huston, Fremont, Perry, Okla.
Heil, Allen, Allentown, Pa.
Hill, Alf., West Liberty, O.
Hillman, J. H., Birmingham, Ala.
Herrold, D. A., Harrisburg, Pa.
Hall, G. F., Loami, Ill.
Holohan, D. J., Twin Falls, Idaho.

Ivins, A. L., Red Bank, N. J.
Irwin, C. C., North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Jackson, W. V., Ingleside, Ill.
Jones, A. B., Cleveland, O.
Jones, W. H., Macon, Ga.

Kelsey, F. D., East Aurora, N. Y.
Kautzky, Jos., Fort Dodge, Ia.
Kneussl, Max., Ottawa, Ill.
Kahler, H. W., Philadelphia, Pa.
King, R. A., Delta, Colo.
Koch, F. C., Phillipsburgh, O.

Luther, Forrest, Cimarron, Kans.
Loring, Ray E., Marseilles, Ill.
Leib, Dr. J. R., Springfield, Ill.
Lewis, Bart, Auburn, Ill.
Livingston, J. R., Springville, Ala.

Laslie, W. T., Tuskegee, Ala.
Leach, W. A., Talladega, Ala.

Martin, John, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mathews, Dr. W. H., Trenton, N. J.
Muncy, N., Iowa City, Ia.
MacLachlan, A. F., Chicago, Ill.
Maland, J. E., Jewell, Ia.
Mackie, Geo. K., Scammon, Kans.
Moritz, B. E., Denver, Colo.
McDuffee, J. II., Denver, Colo.
McCormack, W., Eugene, Ore.
Mulford, Wm., Kirksville, Mo.
McElroy, Hugh, Spokane, Wash.
Moore, C. W., Brownsville, Pa.
Mengel, A. J., Mohnton, Pa.
Minnick, J. H., Wilmington, Del.
McHugh, J. B., Wilmington, Del.

Nelson, D., Spirit Lake, Ia.
Nashold, M. A., Fargo, N. D.
Nuchols, Chas., Charlotte, N. C.
Newcombe, Chas., H., Philadelphia, Pa.
Noel, John H., Nashville, Tenn.

O'Brien, P., Walla Walla, Wash.
O'Connell, Daniel, San Antonio, Tex.

Powers, Henry, Atlantic City, N. J.
Pottinger, H. B., Charleston, Mo.
Peck, William, Sterling, Kans.
Painter, Geo. E., North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Plum, Fred., Atlantic City, N. J.

Roll, Geo., Blue Island, Ill.
Richardson, A. B., Dover, Del.
Ridley, Wm., What Cheer, Ia.
Rishel, D. R., Ottawa, Pa.
Rogers, E. S., Cleveland, O.
Raup, Jos., Portage, Wis.
Reid, Deskin, Seattle, Wash.

Sirmon, J. O., Mobile, Ala.
Shobe, A. B., Springfield, O.
Schroeder, G. A., Columbus, Neb.
Skinner, R. R., Birmingham, Ala.
Sarcander, August, Fort Collins, Colo.
Slocum, F. F., Watertown, S. D.
Snyder, Harry E., Kansas City, Mo.
Seavey, Jas., Eugene, Ore.
Spangler, W. J., Tartton, O.
Smith, Harry E., Columbus, O.
Smith, J. A., South Solon, O.
Shattuck, Wm., Coal Grove, O.
Schlicker, Howard, Allentown, Pa.
Shumway, C. P., Milwaukee, Wis.
Snook, C. C., Fayetteville, N. Y.
Shepard, R. L., Warwick, N. Y.

Townsend, W. D., Omaha, Neb.
Taylor, Guy E., Sioux City, Iowa.
Thompson, Riley, Cainsville, Mo.
Thomas, Wm. R., Denver, Colo.
Teats, B., Northumberland, Pa.
Troeh, F. M., Vancouver, Wash.

Vance, Alex, Capron, Ill.
Venable, C. W., Springfield, Ill.
Varner, E. W., Adams, Neb.
Volk, Geo., Toledo, Ohio.
Vernon, A. W., Bradford, Pa.
Van Stone, C., Bridgeport, Conn.

Wright, Frank, South Wales, N. Y.
Wright, J. P., Camden, Ark.
Warron, J. K., Birmingham, Ala.
White, J. P., Watertown, S. Dak.
Wettleaf, Wm., Nichols, Iowa.
Whitney, Harry E., Anthony, Kans.
Webster, Wm., Columbus, Ohio.
Wulf, J. F., Milwaukee, Wis.
Williams, O. D., Luke, Md.
Wheeler, R. C., Manlius, N. Y.

Young, J. S., Chicago, Ill.

Birmingham Gun Club.

TWELVE shooters were at the weekly shoot Friday, Sept. 27, of the Birmingham Gun Club. E. R. Hold shot high percentage for the day, followed by R. R. Skinner. Warren was not shooting up to his usual good form. There were nineteen shooters at the Friday afternoon shoot, three of whom were ladies. Miss Van Hoose made her first attempt at targets. Miss Rohinette did well for a beginner. Several of the other beginners are shooting well. Darby Brown is leading in the Du Pont handicap trophy. P. B. Plummer was present, but was shooting below his average, as was also Mr. Cornwell. The Birmingham Gun Club will give their annual class shoot on Friday, Oct. 25. This will be followed by a distance handicap for a trophy and purse.

Friday's scores:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
G Hillman	175 137	C Abbott	100 69
E R Holt	125 116	R Baugh	75 51
R R Skinner	125 113	D Brown	75 41
John Warren	125 112	Edmunson	25 8
E M Cornwell	100 83	G Ferry	50 4
Randolph	100 70		

Saturday's scores:

R Kennon	100 70	Higgins	55 41
Mrs Garl	85 68	De Jarnette, Sr.	45 29
Hodges	85 67	Tyler	30 13
P B Plummer	70 58	Miss Robinette	30 11
E Cornwell	70 53	Cosby	40 9
Janney	85 53	Van Hoose	30 8
J Jarnette	70 47	Porter	15 8
O L Garl	50 46	Miss Van Hoose	25 5
D Brown	60 43	Cosby, Jr.	25 4



TOURNAMENT AT YOUGHIOGHENY COUNTRY CLUB.

Youghioghenny Country Club.

AFTER one learns to pronounce its name, there is no club in this country with a trapshooting predilection that can improve on the Youghioghenny Country Club, of McKeesport, Pa. Its location is ideal. Its energy and ambition are irrepresible, and its interest in trapshooting speaks for itself—out of a membership of 250—20 per cent. are trap devotees, and the club is only about one year old. On Sept. 10 the tournament of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League was held on the grounds and was handled in an absolutely satisfactory way. For a baby club to take care of four score and ten trapshooters is no mean project, and to do it to the satisfaction of all of the fastidious clay bird crackers present is, or was, impossible. The club with the unpronounceable name made it possible. The program was at 120 clays, out of which N. F. Johnston, from the Smoky City, despoiled 116. J. F. Calhoun, of the home club, trotted close up with 114, while Dr. A. H. Aber, of Drawsburg, and Mr. J. Irwin, of Monongahela, divided third on 112. High average for the season in the league went to Brownsville, represented by Carl F. Moore. He has 564 to his credit out of 600 shot at—94 per cent. George E. Painter snuffed 422 out of 455, or 93.6 per cent., for second season's average. High pink sheet for targets only entrants were J. F. Taylor and Woolfolk Henderson on a tie at 118. Les. German lost one too many, and took third.

A H King.....	107	Scelley	99
Irwin	112	Sherrer	84
Pringle	112	Thomas	79
Loudenslager	88	Ross	81
Greer	109	Cornelius	79
German	117	Peterson	105
Painter	108	Lawson	91
Heckman	100	Shepherd	75
Calhoun	114	Fetzer	91
Aber	112	Rigsby	101
J D Elliott.....	110	Baxter	99
Striker	88	Bradshaw	110
F D Smith.....	105	Braun	92
Ditler	78	Hahn	95
Carter	87	Beck	101
Heisey	109	Anthony	97
Cotter	98	A E Lytle.....	48
Nichols	91	Scott	84
McGinley	65	Jones	82
C Walters	79	Staving	49
Cochran	107	Thompson	86
Slater	97	T J O'Brien.....	73
Whalen	88	Wilson	84
Born	91	Simpson	86
Hasson	110	E N Gillespie.....	101
Henderson	118	Iseman	90
Moore	111	R B Thompson.....	76
Crothers	110	T F Gillespie.....	67
Sutton	100	K O'Brien	70
Duff	77	W J Johnston.....	116
Baker	109	W H Schuyler	99
Shaw	86	Coldstrom	94
Wampler	110	Taylor	103
Penrod	86	Mowison	118
Pearson	102	Denman	97
Pierce	89	Tannehill	87
Griffen	77	Gillespie	110
Ballard	81	M Davis	91
Parke	65	Purvis	68
Fleming	104		

Latonia (Ky.) Gun Club.

W. H. HALL placed Maysville, Ky., on the trapshooters' map when he won the fourth contest for the Kentucky State challenge cup on Oct. 5, defeating T. H. Clay, Jr., of Paris, Ky., the holder; E. Hammerschmidt, of Latonia, challenger, and H. R. Irwin, Fort Thomas; H. T. Strother, Winchester, and Capt. G. W. Dameron, Bellevue, who had entered for the race. The race was between Dameron and Hall from the start. In the first round the former got a lead of one target, but Hall went straight in the second round, and secured a lead of two targets. The next two rounds made no difference in the standing of the leaders, each missing two targets. In the last event Hall went straight, while Dameron dropped two targets, thus giving the match and cup to Hall with a score of 95 to 91. The cup was first shot for at the State shoot last spring, when T. H. Clay and J. D.

Gay tied on 96, the former winning the shoot-off, 23 to 21. He was challenged by F. C. Bell, and the match was shot on the Fayette Gun Club's grounds, Lexington, resulting in a tie on 95, Clay again proving the winner in the shoot-off, breaking 24 to 22. Clay was challenged by Charles B. Strother, the match being shot on the Winchester Gun Club's grounds, and Clay winning on a score of 97 to 96. The next contest for the cup will be held at the State shoot in Winchester, next spring. The cup must be won at two State shoots in succession to become the property of the individual. Besides the contestants for the cup, there were several shooters in the events. W. Henderson, of Lexington, was high man with 96; Guy Ward, of Birmingham, Ala., was next with 95, and M. I. Johnson, of Cincinnati, came third with 94. Clay, the former holder of the cup, was not in his usual trim, shooting to form in only two events.

Hammerschmidt has let up in practice for several months, and showed the lack in this match, finishing at least 15 to 18 targets below his average.

Weather conditions were about perfect. Arthur Gambell acted as referee, and Len Shepard as scorer.

The boys were mighty well pleased to welcome Uncle John Dea, who used to be one of the regulars at our shoots, but was obliged to give up the sport on account of ill health. He came down from Maysville to root for Hall, and surely proved a mascot worth having.

Guy Ward	95	T H Clay, Jr.....	88
E Hammerschmidt	79	H T Strother.....	85
G W Dameron.....	91	O J Holaday.....	88
W H Hall.....	95	M H Johnson.....	94
R L Trimble.....	93	A Voige	63
W Henderson	96	L J Squier	80
H R Irwin.....	83	E Sampson (60 tgts.)...	57

C. P. T. S. League.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., Oct. 3.—Darkness sent fifteen birds to roost before the entire 150 could be shot at, so the high gun is figured on 135, of which A. M. Bennet missed only 10, thereby becoming honor man for the tournament. Ed. Hellyer, Jr., and Chas. Steinbach gave the topper a run for his glory, and only lost by one rock a piece, tying at 124.

Upper pro. was L. W. Cumberland with 130, seconded by J. Lewis, 129, trailed by L. Lewis, 126.

It was some shoot, with seventy-five entrants, and joy from start to finish.

C D Hughes.....	118	E Miller	115
J K Nolder.....	118	D Lane	121
J E Davis	102	L A Huntley.....	105
P L Morrison.....	97	A M Bennet.....	125
H H Clark.....	90	M D Bearer	105
W H Trough.....	101	M Tomlinson.....	114
W A De Forest.....	117	L Swartz	99
G H Kaylor.....	109	J Waltz	108
F Sponeylarger	114	C Bunneman	111
J C Port	116	J R Fulton	120
J F Ebright.....	107	E Goss	106
L Rodgers	88	Wm H Smith.....	101
Geo Ebright	120	Wm C Sheffer	107
L Shettig	98	L A Tossierman.....	95
Ed Wolf	89	J A Peach	86
R E Walker.....	122	W H Bell.....	84
W P Steinback.....	107	C C Bowersox.....	91
W C Letterman.....	107	C E Shull	109
Chas Steinback	124	O F Brush	90
C J Singer.....	104	F Schock	109
J L Groninger.....	104	A E Leakhart.....	111
W M Shirers.....	88	I Chilcoate	102
R B Curry.....	96	Geo Piper	107
J J Slautenbach.....	104	E Hellyer, Jr.....	124
Geo Sheary	81	L Karns	102
Wm McClaren.....	109	F Metz	113
Robt Scanlon.....	110	R C Collins.....	83
W R Thompson.....	105	J Keller	123
M M Fraley	106	H Shoop	120
E C Davis	92	M Barrick	115
E C Long	113	S R Longenaker.....	118
H M Rodgers.....	112	E Cottman (30 tgts)...	17
Dr Kiper	83	F Howard	96
H A Shields.....	90	H Hershberger (105)...	29
Professionals:			
L W Cumberland.....	130	J Lewis	129
J Garland	113	Geo Hassam	114
L Lewis	126		

Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 3.—To-day the Class A challenge cup was competed for. The holder, ward Hammond, who won the cup from Edward Banks last Saturday, was challenged by Eugene E du Pont. The result was rather unexpected, as a close race had been looked for, but Mr. Hammond was way off and never came back, Mr. Du Pont breaking 24 to his 18 out of the first 25 shot at. In the last 25 both broke 21, so that the final result was 45 to 39 in favor of Eugene E. du Pont, who will now have to defend his title to the cup against J. T. Skelly, who had filed a challenge.

For the sake of practice, No. 1 trap was speeded up a bit, and threw targets from 55 to 60yds., but some good scores were made, as all conditions were favorable so far as the weather was concerned. Thirteen shooters in all were present, and six strings of 25 targets were shot with the following result:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Eugene du Pont	19	20
Clyde Leedom	18	19
Edward Banks	25	25	23	23
E E du Pont	19	22	23	19
J B McHugh	23	24	22	22
A B Richardson	25	23
L H Hoopes, Jr.....	12	16	19	18
W M Hammond	23	22	19	24
H P Carlon	22	20	21	23	22	18
C Voshell	20	12
W S Colfax, Jr	19	19	22	23	22	24
Victor du Pont	21	21	21	21

THE absence of the more prominent marksmen of the Du Pont Gun Club, they being in Boston on a return match with the All-New England team, depleted the ranks of the local shooters Saturday. There were twenty-two marksmen full of Du Pont enthusiasm. The scores:

A. J. Curley 14, W. Edmanson 23, W. B. Sturgis 18, W. G. Robelen 8, Harry Robelen 5, N. K. Smith 18, C. T. Martin 18, T. W. Mathewson 17, Victor du Pont 24, J. J. Magahern 22, E. H. Anderson 15, J. W. Mathews 20, S. G. David 22, J. T. Roberson 21, Stanley Tuchten 19, Dr. A. Patterson 20, Dr. E. O. Bullock 20, S. J. Newman 15, W. B. Smith, Jr., 11, L. Mathewson 20, William G. Wood 19, W. F. Jensen 16.

The rifle scores follow: Miss E. Hickman 121, 136, 95; S. R. Golterman, 213; L. C. S. Dorsey, 229; W. F. Jensen, 169 (20 seconds); A. Curley, 153 (20 seconds); S. R. Golterman, 100 (20 seconds); W. D. Sillitoe, 145 (20 seconds).

The team races resulted as follows: Team No. 1, 358; team No. 2, 309; team No. 3 (L. Dorsey and S. R. Golterman, 442; team No. 4 (A. J. Curley and W. D. Sillitoe), 356.

Roanoke Gun Club.

ROANOKE, Va., Sept. 29.—Some good scores were made at the traps of the Roanoke Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 28, eleven of the nineteen members present shooting 80 per cent. or better, with Jamison leading the field. The weekly medals were won as follows:

Scratch—First, P. T. Jamison; second, P. L. Price. Class A—First, H. C. Elliott; second, H. F. Wilkinson. Class B—First, A. H. Boyd; second, D. W. Richards. Class C—First, H. E. Dyer; second, E. O. Kinnier.

The scores, at 50 targets per man, follow:

	Per		Per		
	Broke.		Broke.		
	Cent.		Cent.		
Jamison	48	96	Dyer	40	80
Price	47	94	Jones	37	74
Wilkinson	46	92	D W Richards.	35	70
Elliott	45	90	Heins	34	68
Shepherd	44	88	Bringman	34	68
Hooper	43	86	Fishburne	34	68
Boyd	41	82	Jennings	34	68
McLain	40	80	Kinnier	27	54
Holland	40	80	Ferguson	25	50
Battle	40	80			

H. F. WILKINSON, Sec'y.

Lewiston Gun Club.

LEWISTON, Idaho, Sept. 24.—Wind and bad light were a handicap to the shooters at the second registered tournament which ended here to-day.

The regular program of ten 15-bird events for amateurs was the first called and the three high men of the amateur class were Troeh, of Vancouver; Lee Matlock, of Pomeroy, and D. Holohan, of Portland, all of whom had a credit of 113 targets.

The professionals also participated in these events for scores and the standings of these shooters were: Barclay 139, Riehl 137, Randlett 134, P. Holohan 135, G. Holohan 126, Berger 134, Woodworth 118.

The Beach gold medal trophy was won by D. Holohan, of Portland, with 23 targets out of a possible 25, while Guy Chiesman, of Lewiston, won the Langan trophy with 23 targets out of a possible 25. The Chingren diamond medal for professionals was won by Riehl with 92 out of a possible 100, while Barclay and D. Holohan tied for second place with 90 targets. The following were the results of the regular program:

Records for the Beach, Langan and Chingren trophies, event No. 1 being for the Beach trophy, No. 2 for the Langan trophy, No. 3, for the Chingren trophy:

Table with 2 columns of events and targets for Lewiston Gun Club. Includes names like Riehl, Berger, P. J. Holohan, Barclay, Randlett, Dryden, G. Holohan, Chingren, Woodworth, D. Holohan, Troeh, Ulrich, Hahn, Beckman, Drumm, McCormack.

Second Day.

Riehl was high man for the day with 238 targets out of a possible 250, while the second honors were won by Troeh, amateur, of Vancouver, who secured 237 out of 250. Other high amateurs were Dryden, Walla Walla, 230; D. Holohan, Portland, 225; Chingren, Spokane, 218. Guy Holohan was next to Riehl in the professional class with 228 targets, while Barclay was in third professional class with 224.

The Chingren diamond medal was up for the third time and again captured by Riehl. The Chingren trophy was first up Sunday at the practice shoot and was then captured by Riehl. He accepted a challenge for Monday's shooting and was again victorious, and yesterday an agreement was reached by which the trophy should again be put up on a 50-bird event and Dryden, amateur, of Walla Walla; Chingren, amateur, of Spokane, and Riehl, professional, of Tacoma, tied with 47 targets. On the shoot-off the trophy was again won by Riehl.

The Elks' trophy was won by Chingren, of Spokane, with 25 straight targets, while Troeh captured the Butler medal with 24 out of 25 targets. The Jack Blair watch fob, consisting of a mounted \$10 gold piece for the high average during the tournament, was won by Troeh.

In the regular program events, the high amateurs were Troeh 144, D. Holohan 139, Dryden 138. The high professional in this event was Riehl with 146 targets.

The following are the results in the Elks, Butler and Chingren trophy events. Event No. 1 is the Elks; No. 2, Butler; No. 3, Chingren:

Table with 2 columns of events and targets for Lewiston Gun Club. Includes names like Dryden, Woodworth, Troeh, Randlett, G. Holohan, Riehl, McCormack, D. Holohan, Chingren, Berger, Ulrich, Hahn, Beckman.

General Averages.

Following are the totals of each day and general averages for the two days in the regular events:

Table with 3 columns: First Day, Second Day, Total. Includes names like F. Riehl, Troeh, T. Barclay, D. Holohan, P. J. Holohan, Dryden, Fred Berger, L. Matlock, G. Holohan, G. Chiesman, C. D. Randlett, Chingren, L. Drumm, B. Woodworth, P. Lomax, Dr. McCormack, J. Wade, G. Ulrich, C. Hahn, G. Rowland, C. Day.



Two More Big Tournaments Added to Season's Victories

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New California-Nevada Trapshooters' Association Starts Right, with 9 out of 11 Trophies for Remington-UMC in First Tournament

State Championship: Won by Wm. H. Varien, 48 ex 50, shooting Remington-UMC Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

Individual Championship: Won by Wm. H. Varien, 95 ex 100, shooting Arrow Shells.

Buffalo Three Man Team Trophy: Won by Modesto Team, all shooting Remington-UMC Guns and Arrow Shells.

Championship at Doubles: Won by Dr. A. M. Barker—only straight score, 24 ex 24—shooting Arrow Shells.

Indiana State Shoot a Remington-UMC Harvest

State Championship: Tied for by R. H. Bruns and C. A. Edmonson, 286 ex 300. Mr. Bruns won in shoot-off, 40 straight—both shooting Remington-UMC Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells.

High Amateur Average: Won by F. M. Edwards, 289 ex 300, shooting Arrow Shells.

Two-Man Team Championship: Both winning teams, scoring 563 and 555 ex 600, respectively, shot Remington-UMC Steel Lined Shells, and high men on both teams shot Remington-UMC Pump Guns.

High Professional Average: Won by C. E. Goodrich, 291 ex 300, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun.

Post Season Shooters: Follow the example of these winners and the winners at the Olympic Games, at the Grand American Handicap, Southern, Western and 16 out of 20 Great Interstate Handicaps

Shoot Remington-UMC—a century's experience to back up your aim

FOR 50c. (less than actual cost) we will send a "A NEW CHAPTER IN AN OLD STORY" copy of our beautiful and valuable book

This book contains the most remarkable hunting photographs ever taken. "I have been reading your book with pleasure and profit. Such a work is bound to do good."—Elbert Hubbard. "It is a contribution to national history and letters."—Francis Trevelyan Miller. "The last word in design, illustration, text and execution."—Herbert L. Bridgeman. "Very interesting."—Francis Bannerman.

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO. 299-301 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for New Hanover Gun Club. Includes names like F. Held, Ed Beckman, C. Greene, J. Turner, S. Calison, L. Pennell, G. Larson, J. Blair, C. E. Butler, D. Wallace, D. D. Stair, Winterstien.

New Hanover Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Oct. 4.—The following scores at our regular weekly shoot on the above date: Targets: 25 25 25 25. Grant: 20 21 16 19. Richards: 14 18 18 17. Dreher: 24 20 20. Miller: 23 20 19.

J. H. DREHER, Sec'y.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 5.—To-day there was an excellent attendance at Bergen Beach Gun Club. The event was a shoot at 100 targets in customary strings of 20. The winner was S. Isaacs, who had a total of 97. P. Von Boeckman finished second. The scores:

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for Bergen Beach Gun Club. Includes names like S. Isaacs, P. Von Boeckman, A. V. Suydam, J. Martin, J. Finch, H. Allyn, H. Hewens, C. R. James, Dr. Sauer, J. H. Vanderveer, C. Ferguson, K. Nathaway, W. Keppler, R. Morgan, T. Rhode, Dr. Welzmilller, C. S. Medler, H. Tracy, H. W. Dreyer, T. Voorhees, L. Freeman, A. De Nyse, T. Davis, D. Marvin.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Chicago Interurban League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 30.—The sixth shoot of the Chicago Interurban League of Gun Clubs took place on the grounds of the Chicago Gun Club. This was scheduled to be held at Long Lake, but was held on the grounds of the Chicago Gun Club instead. Seventy-five shooters made their appearance. The day was very raw and chilly; otherwise the attendance no doubt would have been a great deal larger.

The fight for first place between the Chicago and Long Lake gun clubs was very interesting, although when the scores were counted it was a surprise to all to find that the South Shore Country Club, with only seven members present, carried off the high score, and the Chicago Gun Club had to be satisfied with second place with 228. The National Gun Club just nosed out the Long Lake Club for third place with 227.

The individual high scores were made by Ernest Heath and J. A. Taggart, with 49 each.

The standing of the clubs to date is as follows: Chicago Gun Club... 31, South Shore G C.... 22, Long Lake G C..... 34, Hammond G C..... 12, National G C 29, Arlington H'ts G C.. 6, South Chicago G C.. 27

The standing of the individual shooters to date, showing the four highest scores of the leading shooters, follow; also some of the shooters' fifth highest score, as there is now one more shoot to be held in the League. The next contest will decide the winners of the individual trophies. Each shooter counts his five highest scores of the season:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Four Highest, Fifth Highest, Total. Includes names like Chas. Emery, C G Hausler, Frank Stanton, E W Heath, J L Humpier, D E Thomas, Wm Jackson, Dr B B Cronk, Geo McDermott, Pat Graham, C W May, Tom Graham, G P Goode, W B Fenstermaker, L M Fetherston, Chas Antoine, C E Shaw, W A Davis, C F Scelig, B L Kammerer, J C Becker, Ray Loring, J H Amberg, Hardy Wolf, W E Einfeldt, J W Stanton, Jesse Young.

The next League shoot will be held on the grounds of the Arlington Heights Gun Club, Oct. 13. Full announcement of this shoot will be made later.

Team scores follow: South Shore G. C., Chicago G. C., National G. C., Long Lake G. C., South Chicago G. C., Arlington H'ts G. C., Hammond G. C., Professionals.

Middle West Amateur Championship.

The second annual Middle West Amateur Championship at targets will be held on the grounds of the Chicago Gun Club, 123d street and Michigan avenue, Oct. 20. Shooting will begin at 10:30 A. M. and close at 12 noon. Any shooter arriving after that time will not be eligible to shoot. All shooters desiring to enter will shoot in what is known as the qualifying round. This event will be at 25 targets per man. All 16yds. There will be no entrance fee, all shooters shooting in the championship and consolation events will pay 2 cents for each target shot. All practice events targets 1 cent. As an example, if there are one hundred shooters competing, the 64 high guns will qualify. If 50 to 75 shooters compete, then the 32 high guns will qualify. The shooters who have qualified will then draw a number and the name is entered on the bulletin board opposite said number. The shooters having drawn No. 1 and No. 2 are then paired, No. 3 and No. 4 are paired, and so on down the list. The next round is at 25 targets: No. 1 will shoot No. 2, the winner of this match is still in the running, the defeated one is out; for instance, 64 shooters have qualified; after the first round 32 will have won; the next round will have 16, the next 8, the next 4, and the final round will have 2. Those two will then shoot at 25 targets, the winner to be the champion. All ties in matches will be shot off at 10 targets. All shooters

who did not qualify will be paired same as in the championship event and will contest for the consolation prizes, as an example; say there are 100 shooters, 64 will qualify, the next 32 high guns will shoot in the consolation event, and the four low guns will be dropped, as either the figures 16, 32 or 64 must be used to make the pairings work out even down to the last two men. One cent per target shot at will be set aside as prize money for the winners; \$25 will be deducted from this fund to purchase a suitable trophy for the winner of the championship. Prize money will be divided as follows: 60 per cent. for the qualifying round, and 40 per cent. for the consolation event. This will go to the winners, as follows: 50 per cent. to first, 25 to second, 12½ to third and 12½ to fourth. There will be an optional sweep on the first 25 targets shot at (the qualifying round), entrance \$2; percentage division; four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Arcade Gun Club.

ARCADE, N. Y., Sept. 27.—The first annual shoot of the Arcade Gun Club took place yesterday and was a success from start to finish. Forty shooters faced the traps and some good scores were made. S. Glover was high with 140 out of 150. Wright won high amateur with 138. McCutcheon, Vernon and Kelsey with 129 tied for second. Wright was high in the merchandise event with 24, shooting from the 20yd. line. Below are the scores of the day:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Shot at, Broke, Total. Includes names like F Wright, O M Warner, Eberts, McCutcheon, Blackmer, Vernon, Farnum, Henline, Evans, Kelsey, Marsh, Bartlett, Armour, Fuller, Simpson, White, Davis, Sayles, Smith, Comstock, Glead, McKellips, Geib, Bray, *Glover, Harrison, Weller, Patterson, Robinson, Taylor, Broderick, Jaerauld, Morgan, Wilson, Beebe, Pickens, Zinck, Morgan, Foot, Cottrill.

*Professionals. DR. G. D. PICKENS, Sec'y.

Guernsey Gun Club.

GUERNSEY, Ia., Sept. 25.—As advertised, we had a one-day shoot to-day. Well, it was the worst day we ever experienced to try and shoot targets. Setting in a marsh in a bunch of bulrushes and the water freezing on your boots and getting a shot at mallards once in two hours would be play compared with the day here—a cold northwest wind blowing at a 50-mile clip, a little rain mixed in and cold enough to make a fellow's teeth crack; hence the poor scores.

Considering the weather, we had a very good bunch of shooters. Mr. N. Muncy, of Iowa City, was high gun with 176 out of 206. The good-natured Fitzsimmons, from Chicago, was second high with 173; A. Grabin, of Guernsey, was third with 169. R. T. Jeffrey, of Ames, was with us, but owing to sickness this summer he has done very little target shooting. R. L. Border, of Victor, was a close fourth with 166.

We will give a local shoot Thanksgiving Day. Everybody invited.

Scores attached: Shot at, Broke. Includes names like F Fitzsimmons, H W Veitmeyer, N Muncy, F C Whitney, R T Jeffrey, J W Dobbins, A Dalezal, A Crabin, L Johnson, R L Border, W Sherlock, C F Foster, W L Reick, H N Miner, F W Cordes, O Sherlock, M E Dobbins, H Glenn, S W Glenn.

J. W. DOBBINS, Pres.

New England—Delaware.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 5.—Delaware went down to Boston and defeat to-day, when they shot a return engagement with the pride of New England; score, 935 to 901. This is the second meeting of the teams. On a previous occasion, at the Du Pont Gun Club, they tied at 919.

Alden B. Richardson, of Dover, Del., was high man on the Delaware team with 97 out of 100 targets. Eugene du Pont was the runner-up with a score of 95. The aggregate of the ten highest men on each team decided the match. Scores:

Table with 2 columns: Name, Score. Includes names like A B Richardson, Eugene du Pont, J H Minnick, W S Colfax, Jr., W A Joslyn, H P Carlon, E E du Pont, W M Hammond, J B McHugh, Dr S Steele, Proctor, Newton, Wilder, Snow, Griffith, Wilson, Edwards, Burns, Steel, Gleason.

The other Delaware shooters were: Alexis I. du Pont, T. E. Doremus, H. W. Bush, L. L. Jarrell and J. W. Anderson, Jr.

The New England marksmen shot more consistently, only one of their ten highest men making less than 90.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

SHOOTING under favorable conditions, the faithful averaged well on Sept. 29. Parry broke his first 51 targets, getting 97 out of 100, and 96 per cent. for the day. Edmonson got 94. Scores:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Shot at, Broke, Total. Includes names like Parry, Edmonson, Britton, Lewis, *Hymer, Dixon, Alig, Wilson, Hymer, Jr.

Of the many who tried for the Field cup but six met the requirements of the handicap, which called for 600 targets in strings of 50, with at least 500 to qualify. The six finished in a bunch in the order given below. In the beginning, the allowance to each entrant was based upon his average for the four months just passed, each being given enough to make 50, which was the limit to be reached, regardless of the number broken. Thereafter the allowance changed every four weeks, and in changing, only the scores made in that time were considered. The vagaries of the system would be amusing but for the unfairness of it all, and the invitation it offers to one who will accept it.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Shot at, Broke, Added, Total, Average. Includes names like Lewis, Edmonson, Dixon, Alig, Parry, Britton.

Oct. 5.—Edmonson was best at the traps of the club to-day. In practice at 16yds. he broke a little better than 96 per cent., while Britton got 94, Hofer 92, Alig and Wilson 90 each. Shooting for spoons, Edmonson at 21yds. scored again with 48 out of 50—no one in sight. The scores follow:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Practice Shot at, Broke, Spoon Hdcp. Yards, Total. Includes names like Edmonson, Britton, Moller, Dixon, Parry, Wilson, Hofer, Smith, Folland, Hawn, Alig, Neighbors, Golden.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 2.—E. W. Varner worked both days here, and showed up at the end of the second with high average tucked away in his shell bag; 375 out of 400 was what he made his win on. Albert Olsen missed just two more than Varner, so had to be happy one rung lower on the shooting ladder. W. D. Townsend and Charley Gammon split up third place with 368. Ed. O'Brien showed 'em how high a pro. could go and still not get 'em all. He broke 383 out of 500.

Table with 4 columns: Name, First Day Shot at, Broke, Second Day Shot at, Broke. Includes names like E W Varner, Gus Schroeder, J Maland, J Oram, W D Townsend, W Thompson, F Copsy, W Puck, Montgomery, M Armogost, E Armogost, A Olsen, Hutchinson, C Gammon, F Danokas, C Thorpe, G McPhuen, Chas Thurston, B Dixon, M R Smith, A Buck, Thiedeman, V Dixon.

Professionals: D D Gross, Ed O'Brien, Geo L Carter, C L Baker.

Bennett Gun Club.

GLOUCESTER CITY, N. J., Oct. 5.—The Bennett Gun Club resumed its weekly shooting matches to-day. There were twenty participants, and each shot at fifteen blue rocks, and at the close of the last round Benjamin Martel and Frank Bennett were tie, each having hit 15 straight, and they decided to shoot it off to-day. The scores:

Benjamin Martel 15, Frank Kennett 15, William Murray 14, Frank Butler 14, Alonzo Cheesman 14, Thomas Cogan 14, Stokes Prickett 13, Gus Crater 13, John Hulings 13, John Sampson 13, Charles Wilson 13, Edward Thomas 13, Albert Dasch 13, Charles Dikes 13, William Lee 12, Edward Banker 12, John Owens 12, Frank Berkstresser 11, Charles Hess 11, Samuel Hansen 10.

Meadow Springs Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 5.—H. H. Sloan was topper here to-day with 144. Second position was cracked up between Harry Buckwalter and Plum with one less.

Lester German was saving his eye for the team championship, so set it on only 143, which slipped it over on Apgar and Stevens by a couple of aerosaucers.

The scores in the program events follow:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
C H Philbrook.....	150 125	C Keenan.....	150 112
E F Slear.....	150 133	F Stevens.....	150 97
J Morris.....	150 128	J C Griffith.....	150 133
E Melrath.....	150 117	H Buckwalter.....	150 143
E Chandler.....	150 118	McGinty.....	150 132
W Wakeman.....	150 116	E Ford.....	150 134
J Graceley.....	150 122	T Hinkson.....	150 98
H H Sloan.....	150 144	S M Freeman.....	150 122
W Letford.....	150 123	E Adams.....	150 137
H E Perry.....	150 124	H Yost.....	150 129
Westcott.....	150 116	J Donahue.....	150 119
Plum.....	150 143	Wm Soley.....	150 129
Kahler.....	150 115	J Emerson.....	150 108
Cook.....	150 124	H Anthony.....	60 52
Durand.....	150 83	A Freeman.....	60 45
H Fisher.....	150 118	D Paul.....	60 48
Mitchell.....	150 94	A Worthington.....	60 47
W L Clark.....	150 126	W Kirschner.....	60 38
H Minker.....	150 140	Wm Torpey.....	60 53
Professionals:			
L S German.....	150 143	H H Stevens.....	150 141
J M Hawkins.....	150 140	J F Pratt.....	150 122
L R Lewis.....	150 116	V N Dorp.....	150 107
N Apgar.....	150 141		

The Meadow Springs prize handicap at 50 targets, from 16 to 21yds., was shot off; it was keenly fought. Prizes were offered on each 25, the first being captured by Noah Clark, who broke straight, and the second going to William Torpey, also with a straight. In the latter it looked as though W. H. Adams, of Reading, who also cracked every one of his 25, would be the successful one, but on the last squad, and shooting in light that was almost impossible for the gunner to see the flying target, Torpey surpassed himself and went straight. As Adams had left the ground, the prize naturally reverted to Torpey. Noah Clark had high total in the event, breaking 48 from the 18yd. line. Scores:

Yds. T'l.		Yds. T'l.	
Aiman.....	17 33	Philbrook.....	18 43
Williams.....	17 31	Soley.....	18 47
Turner.....	16 37	Morris.....	18 41
Robinson.....	16 40	Sloan.....	20 47
Clear.....	19 30	Dorp.....	16 34
Melrath.....	17 16	Durand.....	16 32
Letford.....	17 43	Mitchell.....	16 33
Perry.....	17 47	A B Freeman.....	16 29
Cook.....	18 37	F Stevens.....	16 39
Buckwalter.....	21 40	Kirschner.....	16 37
Fird.....	18 40	Hinkson.....	16 36
Griffith.....	20 46	Pratt.....	16 36
Renner.....	18 45	Keenan.....	16 15
Emerson.....	17 35	Westcott.....	16 38
S M Freeman.....	18 36	Anthony.....	17 19
J Coyle.....	18 37	Torpey.....	18 40
N Clark.....	18 48	Paul.....	16 35
Adams.....	20 46	Redman.....	16 35
McGinty.....	18 41		

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 28.—Although we had a dark and cloudy day, with a drizzling rain falling all afternoon, a number of good scores were made. Stanton and Featherston each broke 49 out of 50 in the club event, Stanton leading in the practice event with 24 out of 25, and also in the first event at doubles, with a total of 19 out of 12 pairs. MacLachlan was a close second in the club event with 48 out of 50, and registered the high score on doubles in his second trial, breaking 20 out of 12 pairs.

A double-target championship match was also shot, Ben S. Donnelly and R. W. Clancy defeating the challengers, J. S. Young and H. C. Kirkwood, their scores being as follows: Donnelly 82, Clancy 82; total 164. J. S. Young 77, Kirkwood 74; total 151.

Targets:	25	50	50 12p	12p
F Stanton.....	24	49	..	19
L M Featherston.....	23	49	..	18
A F MacLachlan.....	..	48	..	17 20
W A Davis.....	..	46	..	14
E Lynn.....	19	41	..	14
C B Barnes.....	19	41	43	..
M E Bosley.....	19	31	42	18
Mrs Cutler.....	19	11 8
Dr A G Bosler.....	..	30
J L Smith.....	12	41	39	15
L B Clark.....	20	45	42	13
Dr T Lewis.....	22	38	40	11
Dr F W Belknap.....	20	38	33	10
P O'Malley.....	15	36	28	10

WM. F. MERKLE, Supt.

Charleston (W. Va.) Gun Club.

THE following scores were made by the above club on Oct. 5:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
*Gilbert.....	100 96	Nicholson.....	100 84
*D W Goshorn.....	100 93	Crider.....	80 69
Davis.....	100 91	Mettsheard.....	50 38
De Gruyter.....	100 91	Reynolds.....	50 36
Shepherd.....	100 88	Van Kirk.....	25 8
Fultz.....	100 85	Commerville.....	20 16
*Le Compte.....	100 85		

At 50 pairs doubles the following scores were made: Gilbert 43, Le Compte 36, Davis 36, D. W. Goshorn 34, Fultz 34.

*Professionals.

DR. G. NICHOLSON.

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Smokeless Powder Shells

THE HARD-HITTING, FAR-REACHING LOADS

Duck shooting is a great test of the shooting qualities of a shotgun shell. Many of the shots are at long range, and, as all shooters know, ducks generally fly mighty fast. The most successful wild fowl shooters use and endorse Winchester Factory Loaded Shells, "Leader" and "Repeater." Experience and trial have convinced them that they are the killing loads. Careful and correct loading makes them so. Try them out yourself.

LOOK FOR THE RED W ON THE BOX



Buffalo Audubon Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 5.—Frank Wright was high gun at to-day's shoot, with 91, closely followed by Fish with 90. Seventeen was a fair crowd, considering the fact that many of the boys are after feathered game.

Targets:	15	20	20	20	25
Fish.....	14	17	20	17	22
Immel.....	13	15	18	18	16
Lambert.....	13	19	16	12	21
Ebberts.....	13	15	16	16	20
Kelsey.....	14	12	18	18	21
Wacker.....	12	13	15	11	21
Imhoff.....	12	14	14	17	18
Cannon.....	9	17	11	16	18
Seymour.....	10	14	16	15	..
Dr Wilson.....	10	13	14	13	20
J Reed.....	10	17	19	16	21
Wright.....	14	20	18	19	20
Singer.....	13	19	14	15	19
W B French.....	..	12	12	14	17
T B French.....	..	17	11	16	17
Dr McLeod.....	12	16	22
Trautman.....	11	14	12

Elkton Gun Club.

ELKTON, Md., Oct. 3.—The first registered tournament of the Elkton Gun Club was held to-day. In the county team race Chesapeake City and Rising Sun tied for first place with a score of 126 each, Elkton scoring 119. Rising Sun team was made up of Worthington, Rose, Ewing, Gifford, Hartenstine, Martindell; Chesapeake City team was composed of Brown, Howard, Charles Stevens, Willard Stevens, Arrants and Reese; Elkton team was Jacob Reynolds, Harvey Reynolds, Alexander, Scott, Harvey, Mitchell, Stephens. Some high scores in this contest were: Brown 24, Reese 24, Worthington 24, Rose 23, Arrants 23, J. Reynolds 23, Ewing 22.

In the merchandise event for amateur shooters, Chas. Reynolds, Mennick and Arrants tied for first place.

In the professional contest Lynn Worthington led with a score of 144 out of 150; Lester German, second, with a score of 142. In the amateur event E. F. Shear was first, with a score of 142; J. E. Eyer, second, 139; J. A. McKelvey, third, 135; J. A. Minnick, fourth, 134.

The next tournament will be held the latter part of the present month on the Rising Sun Gun Club's grounds.

Peters

REVOLVER AMMUNITION

NOTWITHSTANDING CLAIMS TO THE CONTRARY WINS HIGHEST HONORS AT SEA GIRT

AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 7.

REVOLVER GRAND AGGREGATE—Won by Dr. J. H. Snook, of Columbus, O. Dr. Snook led his nearest competitor by 57 points. He shot PETERS .38 S. & W. Special Smokeless and .38 Long Colt Smokeless Factory Loaded Ammunition.

THE RED P SUPERIORITY ABSOLUTELY PROVEN

GRAND AGGREGATE

1st—Dr. J. H. Snook 3rd—Hans Roedder
ALL-COMERS MILITARY AND POLICE REVOLVER MATCH

1st—Dr. J. H. Snook 2nd—Hans Roedder
ALL-COMERS RAPID FIRE MILITARY REVOLVER MATCH

1st—Dr. J. H. Snook 3rd—Hans Roedder

ANY REVOLVER MATCH

1st—Dr. J. H. Snook 3rd—J. R. Hicks
4th—Hans Roedder

BOBBER MATCH

1st—Dr. J. H. Snook 3rd—Hans Roedder

ALL-COMERS SQUADED RAPID FIRE MATCH

1st—Dr. J. H. Snook

NOVICE MILITARY REVOLVER MATCH

1st—H. I. Ekerold

ALL-COMERS SQUADED MILITARY REVOLVER MATCH

2nd—Dr. J. H. Snook

ALL-COMERS SQUADED REVOLVER MATCH

2nd—Dr. J. H. Snook

3rd—Hans Roedder

ALL-COMERS SQUADED PISTOL MATCH

2nd—Hans Roedder

PISTOL MATCH

3rd—Dr. J. H. Snook

4th—Hans Roedder

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Thus PETERS AMMUNITION repeats its performance of 1911, when Dr. Snook, shooting at the Camp Perry Matches, won the Revolver Aggregate with 3,680 points out of a possible 4,000, and established a NEW WORLD'S RECORD on the National Revolver Match Course, 477 out of 500.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

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Gilbert and German vs. Day and Freeman.

The team race at 50 pairs per man (100 targets each, or 200 to the team), which is to be shot on Oct. 14, at the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club, between Fred. Gilbert and Lester S. German on the one hand and J. S. Day and H. D. Freeman as the other team, should be a great drawing card. Scheduled as it is, for the day prior to the opening of the Interstate Association's Post Season tournament, there is sure to be a gathering of the clans to watch the match, and also take part in a little preliminary practice for the tournament which commences the next day.

Shooting at "doubles" is so little indulged in, comparatively speaking, that the chances of the two teams is the subject of much discussion. The following facts and figures of "previous performances" will therefore be of more than ordinary interest:

May 14, 1912.—Lester German in his match with George Lyon (which match was won by Lyon) broke 38 out of 50 to Lyon's 40. This was during the race for the E. C. cup, which was shot on the grounds of the Du Pont Gun Club, at Wilmington, Del.

June 21, 1912.—In the Paleface championship at doubles, decided during the Grand American Handicap tournament, Springfield, Ill., Gilbert and Day tied with Walter Huff and Ed. O'Brien on 84 out of 100 (50 pairs), German being next with 83. The tie required three shoot-offs. Day and Gilbert tied on 16 each in the first, and on 18 each in the second, Gilbert finally winning out with 17 to 15 in the third.

July 4, 1912.—Freeman in his match with C. A. Young, for the E. C. cup on the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club, broke 45 out of 50 (25 pairs).

July 8, 1912.—Fred. Gilbert in his match with Fred. Mills for the Hazard trophy, at Bradford, Pa., the day previous to the opening of the Eastern Handicap, won the match by breaking 180 out of 200 targets (100 pairs).

Aug. 24, 1912.—On this date Messrs. Freeman and Day shot for the E. C. cup at Cincinnati, and Freeman, the holder of the trophy, lost to Day, who was in great form at both singles thrown in the usual way and at expert rules, one man up. Both, however, broke 42 out of 50 (25 pairs) in the third section of the race.

Sept. 23, 1911.—In the open competition for the E. C. cup, decided on the last day of the Westy Hogan tournament at Atlantic City, N. J., German, who finished second to George Lyon, broke 42 out of 50 (25 pairs) and 16 out of 20 in the shoot-off at 10 pairs.

July 10, 1911.—On the day prior to the commencement of the Eastern Handicap at Wilmington, Del., Fred Gilbert and Lester German shot a race for the Hazard double-target trophy at 200 targets (100 pairs) per man. Gilbert won by scoring 183 to German's 178.

June 23, 1911.—Better scores were made in the professional championship at doubles, decided at the Grand American Handicap tournament at Columbus, O., June 23, 1911, than was the case this year at Springfield. German won the championship with 89 out of 100 (50 pairs), Day breaking 88 and Gilbert 86.

June 24, 1910.—The professional and amateur championships in 1910 were decided on 200 targets, eight events at 20 single targets each, and two events at 10 pairs each. These events were Nos. 3 and 8 on the program, and in them German broke 37 out of 40; Day, who

was then an amateur, was next to him with 36. Gilbert and Freeman tied on 34 each.

After digesting all the above dope, which team will you pick to win the match on Oct. 14 next?

Capron Gun Club.

The following scores were made at the Interstate shoot of the Capron Gun Club, Sept. 26. The program consisted of 150 targets:

1st	2d	1st	2d
Day.	Day.	Day.	Day.
O P Goode..... 120	122	S H Sprecker... 112	134
C W May..... 104	115	J H Rice..... 99	104
A Vance..... 121	133	A Mulligan..... 87	98
J S Young..... 136	134	F P Sullivan.... 124	128
Geo Roll..... 132	138	J O Anderson.... 121	122
B B Cronk..... 127	131	F S Wilcox..... 103	129
A M Wesner... 125	132	D R De Munn. 117	133
L C Angvick... 124	132	R H Herbert.... 121	...
J Heimer..... 95	...	J H Kucchel... 99	...
C Snyder..... 115	107	F Matson..... 127	...
E P Blodgett... 112	110	S Hutchinson... 104	...
Geo Sperbeck. 100	...	E J Host..... 99	...
B S Donnelly... 111	141	T E Graham.... 132	140
W P Northcott. 118	131	Wm Jackson.... 134	141
Ray Loring.... 113	128	P J Graham.... 136	129
C B Helm..... 118	122	C Curtis (45)... 35	...
H O Sears..... 88	...	C Barr..... 120	...
J Rudy..... 107	121	O E Steffens (15) 4	...

Professionals:
W D Stannard.. 121 133 E S Graham.... 136 136
F G Bills..... 142 143

Oakwood Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 1.—Following are the scores of the regular shoot of the Oakwood Gun Club. T. H. Fox captured all—medal, high average and long run.

No. 1 was the club event, at 50 targets; No. 2 was an extra at 50 targets; No. 3 at 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Fox.....	48	50	25	Anderson.....	41	40	..
Dunne.....	44	46	25	Lingler.....	41	41	..
Moorman.....	43	40	..	Goodlow.....	40	41	..
Winfree.....	42	40	..				

J. M. FISHER, Sec'y.

Smith Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 5.—B. M. Shanley, Jr., was leading light to-day at the Smith Gun Club. His score was 230 out of 250. The afternoon was taken up by sweepstakes shooting. The scores were:

B. M. Shanley, Jr., 24, 20, 24, 23, 22, 23, 23, 24, 24;
Dr. Moeller, 19, 20, 19, 21, 17, 22, 21, 18, 13; J. Thompson, 23, 21, 21, 23, 23, 25; F. Apgar, 22, 18, 19, 16, 19, 24, 22, 22;
W. Hassinger, 22, 20, 23, 21, 23, 24; O. Keller, 16, 15, 16, 12, 17, 18; J. Geiger, 23, 23, 24, 22, 23; D. Geiger, 23, 23, 24, 22, 23; Dr. Groll, 21, 22, 23, 23, 23; H. Shan-

non, 22, 22, 21, 22; T. Higgins, 16, 11, 20, 17, 20; L. McLamore, 21, 16, 21, 22, 23; H. Higgs, 22, 20, 23, 22; J. Riley, 20, 22, 22; H. Page, 21, 20, 23.

Brewster (O.) Gun Club.

BREWSTER, O., Oct. 14.—At our regular practice shoot, which was held this afternoon, the following scores were made: W. Wilson (50) 31, B. Glick (50) 26, A. Burns (50) 23, A. Glick (25) 17.

Most of the time was spent in discussing the purchase of a new trap and arranging for a Thanksgiving Day shoot. The meeting was most enthusiastic, and it was decided to have a big event Thanksgiving Day.

Our club has not made much noise lately. The secretary has been away on a vacation trip through the West and Southwest, and though the club held some interesting events, the scores were not published.

From present indications, we will have a pretty lively time during the coming winter. A. J. BURNS.

Rifle and Revolver

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE thirty-eighth annual shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club was held at Union Hill Schuetzen Park, Sept. 24. Following are the scores:

Ring target, two best tickets to count for first, five prizes, single for the rest: H. M. Pope 145, F. C. Ross 143, A. Hubalek 143, A. F. Laudensack 142, O. Smith 141, J. Muzzio 71, J. W. Hessian 70, W. Keim 70, L. Hansen 69, W. A. Tewes 69, L. C. Buss 69, J. Kaufmann 69, F. Beard 69, Amouroux 67, J. J. Young 66, J. Johnson 65, G. L. Schlicht 65, C. A. Schrag 64, M. Dorrlor 64, P. F. Schmitt 61.

Five best tickets: A. Hubalek 356, O. Smith 350, H. M. Pope 347, A. F. Laudensack 345.

Bullseye target: A. F. Laudensack 16 degrees, J. Johnson 18, W. Keim 19, L. P. Hansen 23½, F. Zimmermann 26, F. L. Smith 32, G. L. Schlicht 34, H. M. Pope 34, A. Hubalek 36, J. Kaufmann 36, O. Boyce 47, C. Smith 48, F. Beard 52, C. A. Schrag 54, F. Busch 58, J. W. Hessian 62, F. C. Ross 63, P. Schmitt 68, A. Brower 70, J. J. Young 78.

Most bullseyes: A. Hubalek 42, F. C. Ross 30, J. Kaufmann 29, F. Bund 25, W. Keim 23.

Target of honor, open to members only: A. F. Laudensack 71, H. M. Pope 69, L. P. Hansen 68, A. Hubalek 67, F. C. Ross 67, J. Kaufmann 65, J. Muzzio 65, E. Buss 65, M. Dorrlor 65, C. A. Schrag 64, G. L. Schlicht 62, J. Johnson 62, G. Amouroux 62, B. Zettler 61, W. A. Tewes 61, F. Busch 60, A. Boyce 59, J. W. Hessian 58, A. Begerow 58, P. F. Schmitt 56, F. M. Bund 56, C. Smith 54, G. Zimmermann 54, C. Zettler 49, T. H. Keller 46, F. Hecking 20.

Zettler trophy, three shots only: J. Kaufmann 70. First flag, W. A. Tewes. Last flag, H. M. Pope.

ROD AND GUN ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI.

Continued from page 457.

were late in making the schedule. We had started the latter part of September; in fact, a month too late for the best cruising, and the weather was chill and damp. St. Louis was the next stopping point of any note, though we halted at various points in Missouri where the apple crop was being picked and being barreled for the trade. On passing landing after landing we saw thousands of apple barrels filled and waiting for the steamers to transport the crop to market. At St. Louis we saw 20,000 barrels of apples on the levee the day we spent there. This was the first port of any consequence we had made along the river. Steamers were taking on freight for points on the Illinois, Kentucky, Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee and upper and lower Mississippi rivers. Hunting parties were going aboard every steamer making for secluded spots where the ducks were known to feed and linger on their southward flight. The turkey season was about to open in Missouri and Arkansas, and deer were said to be plentiful in the bottoms below Cairo. Water of the previous spring had not been too high to spoil the breeding of game, and hunters seemed to be aware of the fact.

Cruisers were behind us, ahead and at either side. They were crowded with gunners, cruising folks and friends, some of them going all the way down, and others only part of the way. All were eager to be off, and every hour or so some of them putting out of port or others coming in from the Illinois and the Great Lakes country.

IN CAMP WITH THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA.

Continued from page 459.

range of peaks, which, when seen on their western slope as they rise abruptly from Lake Moraine, make one of the most beautiful scenes in all the Rockies, were climbed—Mt. Fay, Mount Little and No. 3. The first named (10,612 feet) is a high and difficult climb, but the party which made it, not content with a good ascent to their credit, came home around by the passes the same day, making the whole trip in sixteen hours to the astonishment of the Swiss guides who had declared that twenty hours was the best time possible.

Some little portion of the discoverer's exultation enters also into the experience of this camp, for the different expeditions came on many beauties of this region hitherto unknown. It was, for example, found that Storm Mountain was really a vast rock amphitheatre in the center of which nestled two little lakes. One party found a new waterfall and a new mountain between the well-known mountains, Storm and Ball. In making the first ascent of this new mountain, a fossil bed was found from which was brought down among others one specimen which even the famous geologist, who is president of the club, could not identify. The mountain flowers which were blooming in all their wonderful luxuriance and variety offered another field which, since we had in camp Mrs. Henshaw, the authority on Canadian Alpine flora, was eagerly investigated on days of rest between strenuous climbs. One member who came all the way from North Carolina made the only floral discovery, which was at once called Rocky Mountain lily.



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An Amateur's Record

with

DU PONT SMOKELESS

IN NEW ENGLAND

Sept. 5, 1912.....	Wellington, Mass.,	303* x 320	Tied for High Average
Sept. 11, 1912.....	Worcester, Mass.,	147 x 150	High Average
Sept. 13-14, 1912..	Beverly, Mass.,	287 x 300	High Average
Sept. 25, 1912.....	Fitchburg, Mass.,	142 x 150	High Average
Sept. 27, 1912.....	Keane, N. H.,	141 x 150	High Average
		Total.....	1020 x 1070 Average 95.3 per cent.

* Includes a run of 102.

NOTE

The above is the record by Mr. S. W. Putnam, of Fitchburg, Mass., during the month of September, 1912, on all sorts of targets and under all sorts of weather conditions.

Mr. Putnam pinned his faith on

DUPONT SMOKELESS

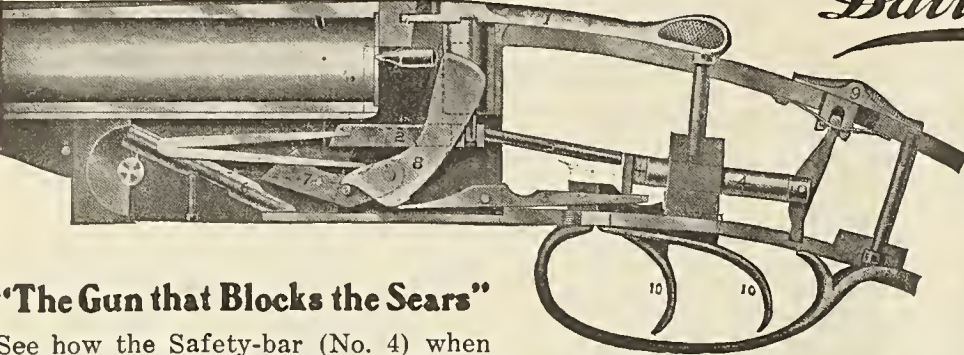
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So with one interest and another, the days were filled, and we came away with the feeling that never had the quest for novelty been so successful—a novelty, too, in which the people who shared the experience with us played their part. Coming from almost every part of the English-speaking world, they made up a company of choice spirits who for the ten days of camp dwelt in ideal comradeship. It was the absolute and altogether desirable democracy of one's dreams. What one was in the city streets or what one's possessions mattered not a whit, so long as one was a good sort in camp. One of the most liked men was discovered after his departure to be the president of one of the big

universities in a western State. Moreover, camp was the only place we had ever found where money was absolutely no good. There was nothing to be purchased with it—not even a tip could be given. Nor was there ever the least trace of impatience, such as might have been expected in a company of people of all grades of skill or lack of it in mountaineering. For various as were their countries and homes, their claims on the consideration of an Alpine club were quite as varied. There were of course famous mountaineers such as Miss Mary M. Vaux, of Philadelphia; Dr. Mary Potter, Miss M. L. Jobe and Prof. Freeborn, of New York; Walter D. Wilcox, of Washington, and Dr. A. P. Coleman, of



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On the 700 single targets, including handicaps, Mr. Bruns scored **683 out of 700.**

The second day of the tournament on the day's program of 200 targets, Mr. Bruns and his **Lefever** gun scored **200 out of 200.** A world's record for ten traps.

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Toronto. There was, too, a numerous group of less well known skilled climbers. But over one-third of the camp belonged like ourselves to a great company of novices whom the Alpine Club has taught to love the mountains—men and women of varying ages and pursuits, some of whom had never seen a mountain, and most of whom had never climbed one. Most of them returned to their homes active members, but more than any active membership is the new love for nature which makes them, even as they are folding away those outlandish costumes, look longingly forward to the time of the packing of dunnage bags for the camp of another year.

THE MINK.

BY ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.

I HAVE had much pleasure in studying and trapping the mink during the time I have spent in the out-of-doors, which takes in practically all of my life. Of the two, perhaps the former has given me the most thorough enjoyment, although the actual remuneration from the sale on my part of many a mink skin mounts up to a row of figures that in itself is astonishing. There is not a boy who has had anything at all to do with the study of nature, but that has some time or another come across this animal, or has noted its presence by those tell-tale tracks in the snow in the winter, and along the muddy banks of creeks and lakes before freezing sets in. Sharp and industrious indeed must the lad be who can get within studying distance of a mink. Count it a sign of unusual powers if you are able to locate one and study it. Often enough you will have to spend hours in patient waiting and then may only get a glimpse. Belonging to the weasel family, with a long, sinuous body that is almost invariably curved to an arch, a small head with a pointed nose and eyes that are black and penetrating in their keenness, and teeth that are like needles, this is briefly the make-up of the mink. A great wanderer at night with a penchant for robbing hen houses, if such permits, and killing much for the sake of killing, he is one of the most feared among the smaller animal kindred who only too often fall prey to his murderous instinct. Yet it is nature's rule, the death of one to give life and sustenance to another.

The mink is a great fisherman and perhaps most of his time is spent in bringing out frogs from the deep and laying them to waste. How many of the boy readers of this magazine have not walked along a creek in winter, and where there is an opening in the ice, where the water glints back, there on the edge has noted frogs lying dead with a wound in the head. It is the work of a mink who, during the cold midnight hour, was diving down into those forbidding depths and hunting half stiff frogs out of their mud dens. He brought six of these to the top and bit all of them through the head. Notice the nip, some of the frogs are even moving; they have not been killed. Brother Mink killed these just for the sport of it. If you have a few traps and wish to make a little money, there is always the revenue possible in the capture of this keen, shrewd little fellow, and his glossy brown fur will bring you as high as six dollars, providing the hide is prime and you have carefully stretched, dried and cleaned off the fat adhering to it. You will catch them along the shores of

brooks. Note there where that trail runs. Here is the exact place: a stick lies across the trail, and every mink in passing leaps over it, landing with his fore feet at almost exactly the same place every time. Dig out a hollow there, so as to fit your trap in snug, so that the round pan will be where the feet touch. Simple and yet how deadly. You then connect your chain to a sunken stone so that the animal will be drowned when he leaps into the water. Notice this. Another deadly place for a trap. The mink is wont to cross this rivulet by leaping from the stone on this side, on to this chunk of mud in the center of the streamlet, and from there to the other side. Just remove that piece of mud, put your trap there, and put a little of the mud right on the pan of the trap. Very deadly. He will land in the trap with both fore feet and there is no getting away. Always take care in properly concealing the trap. Do not use foreign matter, but material found right on the spot, and preferably that which you dig away. To prevent material from getting under the pan, put a piece of cotton there, and where possible use the spring pole to lift the animal after he is captured into the air. How is it done? Very simple. Just bend a bush down, trim it slightly, connect it in some niche cut for the purpose, and then connect the trap chain to the pole. The animal in his struggles will release the pole and will be lifted into the air. You will thus prevent suffering.

The shrewdness that a wise mink will evince is quite startling. There is perhaps not a trapper who has run a line of traps for any length of time, but has had some experience or another with some cunning animal which has constantly evaded these steel engines of destruction, finally perhaps to be caught, and as like as not so through carelessness. This happened to me one time: I had come across an old mink's tracks on the creek, the same showing very plain in the mud along the shore. I stood for some time racking my brain as to what sort of an animal had made them, thinking at first it was an otter, but minute inspection showed me plainly enough that it was mink tracks, and of a dog mink, which I judged to be about thirty-eight inches when the hide was stretched on my three piece stretcher. Is there a trapper who has not planned all the stages of capture and the final results before he has spread the jaws of a trap to take his victim? With the truth borne home that it was indeed a mink, I at once set to work to detail my system of a capture. I sat down and raked my wits for the proper manner of procedure and finally decided upon a bait hole. I knew that I must use every precaution, for to give the creature an idea of what was about to take place would at once put him on the *qui vive*. So I duly smoked my traps in hemlock branches, to take away any taint adhering to the steel, and with a freshly skinned muskrat carcass in my possession I donned the boots and made for the scene of my first endeavor.

Walking along the shore in the water I finally came to a place where I had noticed that he had passed several times. The bank was rather steep at this place. If I dug my bait hole in the side of this bank I judged in passing that way he could not miss it. So I set to work and dug a hole into the bank, close enough to the water so that I could set my trap under the surface about an inch or a half inch. In the

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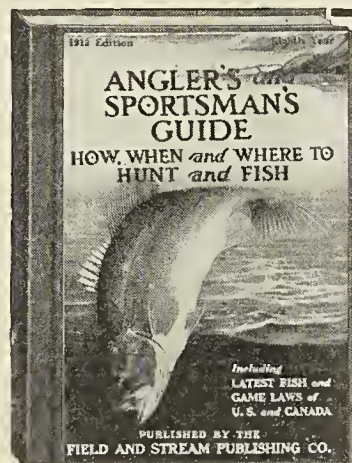
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back of the hole I deposited my bait, and finally, when I had my trap set, with a stone hitched on the chain and its addition of bale wire, and had sunken this in the middle of the stream, I sprinkled a few drops of anise seed oil around the scene, carefully making my departure happy in the expectation of the welcome catch in the morning. But in the morning I found that although the mink had been there and had dragged out the muskrat, tasting of it a little, the trap was there and turned over, sprung, with a lot of leaves caught in the jaws. I instantly conceived of the idea that someone in human form had been there, removed the mink and departed with wealth and happiness. But this performance was repeated time and time again, in places where I knew no other man would be, and still found the identical happening recorded. I then

put two and two together, with the result that I came upon a new idea. I had noticed that the wise old cuss seemed to locate the trap first, and by all sources of conjecture sprung the trap, and then done away with the bait. Hence it was that I conceived the idea of setting more than one trap, and far enough around the one trap at the entrance, so that if he happened to circle around the trap, he would eventually get into the outer traps.

This I did, setting one lure trap at the entrance which I knew he would look for, and three others at a distance, varying from a foot to six inches from the lure trap. The water at this point was very low. Imagine my surprise in finding that the cussed fellow had gotten into one of the outer traps, but had pulled out by a miracle, escaping the other traps and had left

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THE world's shotgun record on double targets has recently been broken by a single-trigger gun.

At the Rocky Mountain Handicap, Denver, Colorado, September 10-14, the phenomenal score of

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was made by Wm. Ridley, an Iowa sportsman. Mr. Ridley used an L. C. Smith, equipped with the Hunter One-Trigger.

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one nail out of his foot as a souvenir for my hours of planning. But I was not to be disheartened by such work and kept right at him, following him day after day, but with no success. I tried the scheme of harnessing a live pickerel in the water, and setting traps around it, but this also failed to draw the old fellow to destruction. I tried every way, shape and manner of procedure at my command, and finally allowing myself beaten, when early one morning in making the rounds of my line, imagine my unspeakable surprise upon finding that cunning old murderer caught up to the body on a fore leg in one of my muskrat traps, which I had taken not the least care to conceal, save for a few bits of grass scattered over it. There he stood, snarling and leaping around. In a nervous excitement I got up close enough, and wasting no time, killed him with one shot from the .22, for I was taking no chances. This will just go to show that wisdom is not always a rigid stand-by, while in some cases the instinct of an animal may be sharpened to the point of human intelligence, at other times it is woefully lacking and irresponsible. I somehow hated to catch the battle-scarred fellow this way, but such is fate.

BUGS AND BIRDS AND SCHOOL CHILDREN.

"At 6 o'clock one July morning I stood on the campus of the University of Tennessee near a semi-circle of twenty-five school teachers, whose eyes were riveted on a scene of slaughter going on but a few feet from them," says a writer in the Craftsman. "For five minutes we scarcely moved. During this time thirty-two specimens of animal life had been swept out of existence.

"The perpetrator of this slaughter was a creature known to science as the *Spizella socialis*. Ordinary people call it the chipping sparrow. Its victims were small insects. The teachers were amazed that the bird could find so many of these choice morsels within so short a time and so small a space. So the instructor held the watch while the twenty-five teachers took part in a bug hunting contest. When time was called one student had a credit of fourteen, another sixteen, a third nineteen, and a tall young woman in glasses proudly exhibited a harvest of twenty-one insects.

"For years the Department of Agriculture has been employing trained naturalists to investigate the damage done to growing crops by insects. As a result the Department has stated that about one-tenth of the entire agricultural and horticultural products of the United States is annually a total loss through the ravages of insects. To combat these tremendous yearly losses a wide variety of artificial agencies have been evolved in the form of liquid sprays, and to-day laborers putting these methods into operation is a common sight.

"Insects multiply so rapidly that all natural means for their destruction should also be encouraged. A Canadian entomologist states that the progeny of a single pair of common Colorado potato beetles if allowed to increase without molestation would in one summer number over sixty millions. Facts like this render important the discoveries by another group of Government specialists who have been studying the daily life of our native wild birds. These experts have come forward with statements almost as astounding as those produced by the entomologists. They tell us that of the 1,200 kinds of birds found in North America fully three-fifths depend almost wholly upon a diet of insects, and that there are comparatively few kinds which do not turn to insects for at least a portion of their food.

"Some time ago a New England gentleman became so impressed by the frequency with

which a pair of robins visited their nest with food for the young that his curiosity was awakened to learn more of the food consuming possibilities of the four nestlings. The day the offsprings left their cradle he temporarily took possession of them. Calling to his aid some friends who kindly undertook to dig fishworms for him, he proceeded to feed these baby robins all they cared to eat between daylight and dark.

"He found to his unutterable surprise that these little birds consumed in one day food to the amount of their own weight and 56 per cent. additional. If the average size man were to eat at this rate it would require about seventy pounds of beef and eight gallons of water daily. Upon reaching the adult form the robins probably did not partake of food so greedily, but the incident serves to illustrate

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"The farmer seems to feel that the annual supply of grass and weeds which persists among his growing crops calls for his most strenuous exertions. Were it not, however, for the thousands of pairs of little bright eyes which in the fall and winter are seeking so industriously for the weed seed out in the dreary brown fields his labors would surely be greatly increased. One of the Government collectors shot a dove in Kentucky which was found to contain over 9,000 weed seeds. The dove probably filled its crop at least three times that day. These 27,000 seeds if left to sprout the following spring would have produced more weeds than the average farmhand could hoe down in a day.

"The writer once estimated the amount of weed seed annually destroyed by tree sparrows in Iowa. Upon the basis of a fourth of an ounce eaten daily by each bird and supposing

that the birds average ten to the square mile, there would be a total of 875 tons consumed by this one species in a single season. And even these figures certainly fall far short of the reality.

"The school teachers at Knoxville, the summer morning above mentioned, were members of a group of earnest men and women whose lives were dedicated to the training of children. For nine months they had been in the class room meeting the petty trials and annoyances incident to their life work. Now during the few brief weeks of their vacation instead of spending the time in idleness they were eagerly seeking additional knowledge.

"The subject of the systematic instruction of school children in bird study on a careful scientific basis really had its origin in May, 1910, when Mrs. Russell Sage sent to the National Association of Audubon Societies checks for \$5,500 with which to inaugurate a plan of bird study in the Southern schools. She desired that a special effort should be made to arouse interest in the protection of the robin, which in the Southern States was at that time almost universally regarded as a game bird whose most useful office was performed when served in a potpie.

"Bird study, it is true, was at that time taught in many city schools, but usually the subject was given but slight space in the curriculum and there existed generally accessible to teachers but indifferently prepared material. A working plan was at once developed whereby literature, colored pictures of birds and the Audubon button should be supplied to all the pupils in a school who enrolled themselves as members of an Audubon class. Each member was required to pay a nominal fee, which, however, in no sense covered the cost of the material received in return. During the school year which followed the matter was brought to the attention of many of the Southern teachers and over 500 Junior Audubon Societies resulted with an enrolment of more than 10,000 children.

"So successful did this experiment prove that the Audubon workers agreed that it was highly desirable to extend this same system into the schools of the Northern States. The fall of 1911 therefore saw plans well under way for a much increased scope of work. During the school year which closed the last of June, 1912, the National Association of Audubon Societies at a cost of \$13,000 enrolled 29,369 school children under the standard bearing the inscription 'Protect the Birds.' In supplying these pupils and their instructors with the necessary pictures, leaflets and outline drawings of birds for coloring over 1,000,000 pieces of printed information were distributed. Pupils have taken hold of this bird study with a zest. Many a dull or inattentive boy who had been a despair to his teacher and parents responded to this real nature teaching."

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At Grove Park, one of the suburbs of London, Mrs. Scott conducts a very interesting dog farm. Her specialty is Eskimo dogs, which she breeds and trains for the market. The market is not very large, but it is sufficient to make it worth her while to raise and train the best possible Eskimo dogs. It is not the ordinary dog market. It is the market for Eskimo dogs which are trained for Arctic exploration.

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MASTODON SKELETON FOUND.

THE skeleton of a mastodon has been found by Leaman Hawley, near Malahide, Ont. The bones have not all been dug out yet. The ribs measure five feet in length. The vertebræ joints are as big as a small sized frying-pan. The upright bones from the vertebræ joints measure from eight inches to sixteen inches in length. One tooth has been unearthed which weighed four pounds and is fourteen inches around. The skeleton was found on the banks of a ravine.—New York Sun.

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MR. ANDREW LANG ON OTTER-HUNTING.

THERE seems to be little connection between otters and the sense of right and wrong till we think of otter-hunting. Mr. Joseph Collinson, in a tact styled "The Hunted Otter," published by the Animals' Friend Society, is bent on arousing general hatred of otter-hunting as a malpractice from beginning to end, "so utterly silly and caddish that words fail to characterize it adequately." Comparatively few people are familiar with this pastime, which, to be sure, does seem the meanest, most cowardly, and most cruel of all the forms of torture which man inflicts for his devilish amusement on the lower animals. But the interesting point for the student of human nature is that people whom no mortal could call cruel in other respects see no cruelty in otter-hunting, but have been patrons of the sport. Why is it a sport? How can it amuse, not only boys and men, but girls and women? * * * Mr. Collinson says: "That cruel old coxcomb, Izaak Walton, the apostolic patron of the sad, 'solitary vice of angling,' as Lord Byron labelled this 'contemplative recreation,' wrote a vivid account of the otter-worry * * *" His (Walton's) description of an otter-hunt would sicken a savage. The savage hunter, as far as I am aware, wishes only to secure his emu or kangaroo for the sustenance of himself and family. No doubt he enjoys his own skill in stalking his emu or wallaby, but he does not want to amuse himself by prolonging the agony of his prey. The modern otter-hunter is proud and pleased when he has prolonged the agony of the poor beast's terror for seven hours. Men and women, and hounds and terriers, are worrying the otter, driving him out of and into the water, poking him up with poles, and doing all manner of odiously cruel things, disturbing the rural peace, polluting the stream with their muddy boots. Women nowadays are as noisy and ruthless as schoolboys at an otter-hunt, while the quaint, lithe, little animal is neither injurious to mankind, like the tiger, nor good to eat. If he were either he could be shot in a moment. But the sport consists in the delighted exercise of eyes and legs, of running across difficult ground, of wading, perhaps, in dangerous pools and streams. These exercises, and success in them (the otter-hunter has many blank days), really constitute the attraction of the sport, but they are inseparably bound up with the long death agony of the otter. When tamed he is the idol of his captors, but as a wild creature of nature the sportsmen and sportswomen treat him with as much cruelty as the Iroquois inflicted on the Jesuit missionaries. Perhaps there is not one of the hunters, male or female, who knows that things cruel and dastardly are being done by them for their diversion. The moral idea does not occur to them.

In his picture of an otter-hunt, Walton reaches the height of ferocity when he makes the huntsman say:

"Look, 'tis a bitch otter, and she has lately whelped; let's go to the place where she was put down * * * hereabout it was that she kennelled; look you, here it was indeed, for her young ones, no less than five; come, let's kill them all."

Piscator replies: "God keep you all, gentlemen, and send you meet this day with another bitch otter, and kill her merrily, and all her young ones, too."

"Here is devout, tender, pious Walton, praying that a set of total strangers may merrily chase, terrify, torture, and slay among her young a newly-delivered mother. Izaak can never have reflected for a moment on the monstrous profanation of his prayer. Had he been asked to defend the sport he might have said that otters destroy both trout and grilse. I have seen an otter, in blazing sunlight, chase a grilse into shallow water, where it was cleecked by a human being. If otters did destroy many fish, which seems far from certain, there are less cruel and protracted modes of keeping down otters than by hunting them in the water and on the land till they become exhausted and

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are drowned, or are torn by the pack. The hunters themselves would sympathize with a hunted man in his desperate condition. The otter-hunt is now, as in Walton's days it was not, "sport for ladies." * * * Surely we need not laws or sermons to convert otter-hunters from their hideous delights; the reflection of a moment ought to suffice.—From a review in the Morning Post.

MINNESOTA FISHING RIGHTS.

THE State of Minnesota has sold the fishing rights of a number of its lakes where buffalo and carp are known to exist, these waters being sold annually to those who want to seine them out under State supervision and put the rough fish on the market. The recent sale occurred on the 17th of August, and some of the lakes were sold as high as \$1,200, others bringing sums ranging downward from this figure. In winters past as high as fifty thousand dollars' worth of buffalo and carp have been taken from some of the smaller lakes in this State. The fish are iced here and shipped to New York and other Eastern markets where the Jewish trade takes the most of them at low figures, they netting the seiners from two, three, four, to as high as nine cents—this figure per pound.

The seines are drawn by horses and the fishing is done under the ice. Buffalo are not good to eat during warm weather, it requiring good cold water to shrink them into edible state of flesh. The layers of fat on the ribs of a buffalo will not try out in winter as they will in summer.

The money received from the sales of fishing rights goes into the funds from which the expenses of propagation of game fish fry, support of the State fish hatcheries, remuneration of wardens are paid.

GROWTH OF HALIBUT.

A REMARKABLE incident happened during the recent trip of the schooner Avalon, which arrived in Gloucester, Mass., the other day from halibuting, there being included in the craft's catch a small halibut which bore a distinction very much out of the ordinary.

Two years ago one of the crew of the Avalon brought up a baby halibut on his trawl while fishing on Green Bank. The fish weighed about fifteen pounds and was thrown overboard. Before releasing the fish, however, the fisherman cut the initials "L. R." plainly upon its back, and nothing more was thought of the incident.

A few weeks ago, while fishing on Western Bank, some of the crew were surprised when a halibut was hoisted on board bearing the familiar initials "L. R." Instantly some of the crew recalled the incident of two years ago, which nearly had been forgotten, and singularly enough the fish had been caught again by the crew of the same craft.

To give an idea how fast a halibut will grow, the baby fifteen-pounder of two years ago had grown to four times his former size, tipping the scales at sixty pounds.—From the Lewiston Journal.

CAT ATTACKED BY BIRDS.

AN incident of keen interest to lovers of natural history has occurred in the garden of Mrs. Culpin of 6 Beech avenue, Peterborough.

Tired with its first attempts at flight, a fledgling blackbird alighted on the garden walk and was unable to get up to the wall, where its parents with much concern were observing it. At this juncture the household cat appeared on the scene and began to steal stealthily toward the fledgling.

The parent birds started screaming at him, and that having no deterrent effect, one of the birds flew on to the cat's head and began to peck vigorously at it, aiming at the cat's eyes. The other parent bird joined in the fray, and alighting on the cat's back, tore beakfuls of fur out of it. The cat beat a hasty retreat.—From the London Standard.

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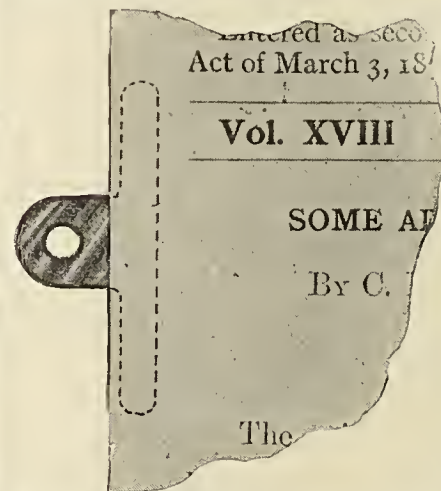
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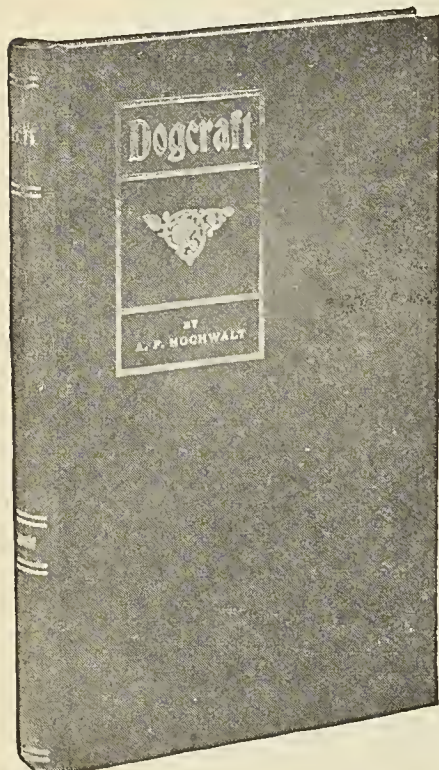
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CURIOUS AUSTRALIAN LAKES.

AUSTRALIA is happily free from earthquakes, but one never knows when the eruptive days of years gone by may recur. Apropos of this a strange occurrence is reported from Curdie's River, Victoria. Recently, all the water became quite white, with froth upon it, which afterward turned to green slime. Large numbers of fish in the stream died. The water gave out a peculiar odor and cattle refused to drink it.

It was supposed to be the result of a volcanic disturbance in Lake Purrumbete in the vicinity of Mount Leura. There is an extinct volcano in this neighborhood. It is said that divers were sent down into the lake on a previous occasion to investigate, but the water was so hot that they could not stay in it.

In the country immediately north of Spencer's Gulf is an extensive area which may be called the lake district of Australia. It is nearly 1,000 miles in length from southeast to northwest. First of all there is Lake Torrens, more than 100 miles long, but not very wide. Lake Erie, further north, is much larger. To the west is the extensive Lake Gairdner and to the east of Lake Eyre are lakes Bianche, Gregory and several others.

All these lakes (which by the way are salt) are subject to great fluctuations in size, grassy plains being found in some years where extensive sheets of water at other times cover the country.

Australia abounds in basins of inland water, which, however, are mostly saline and are very seldom flooded all the year round. They depend for their supplies, says the London Globe, mainly on the rainy monsoons, possess no regular influents of even surface springs, and lie mostly in the center of waterless, stony deserts.

Near the center of Australia is the Finke River, which rises on the Tropic of Capricorn in the McDonnell ranges and flowing southward, receives many small tributaries. After passing Charlotte Waters Station on the Overland Telegraph Line, it becomes lost in the desert. Further north and east are numerous other streams, which after a short course disappear in the sands.

All these watercourses are subject at intervals to sudden and violent floods. The flood times are followed by long periods of drouth, during which many streams and lakes disappear altogether and never come back to life again. Next flood time Providence invents new rivers in new localities.

On the New South Wales tableland, south of Goulburn, at an elevation of over 2,000 feet above the sea, is situated Lake George. In 1824 it was twenty miles long and eight miles wide, inclosed by steep, thickly wooded hills. It gradually diminished in size, until about 1837 it became quite dry, and was converted into a grassy plain.

After a few years it slowly filled again, till in 1865 it was seventeen feet deep. Two years later it was only two feet deep, but in 1878 it was again twenty miles long and about twenty feet deep. The old watermarks show that it has sometimes reached three feet higher than that.

Coorong Lake, in South Australia, is a most peculiar arm of the sea. It has its opening in the southeastern part of Lake Alexandrina, not far from the mouth of the Murray River, and runs parallel with the coast in a southeasterly direction for about twenty-five miles. The greatest width of this sheet of water thus caused is a little less than two miles. For the whole distance there is only a narrow strip of sandhills lying between this lake and the sea.

For some hundreds of miles to the north of the Lake District of Australia there is a limestone formation studded with what are commonly called "Mound Lakes." These mounds are usually about fifty feet high and ornamented on the summit with clumps of tall trees and bull rushes. They are natural artesian wells; the water, forced up from below, gushes out over the top to the level ground, where it forms small water channels.

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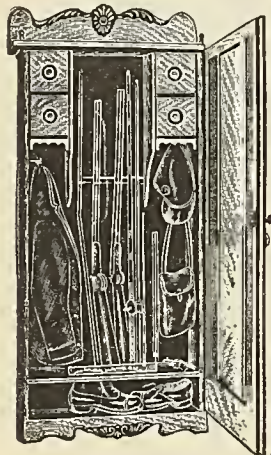
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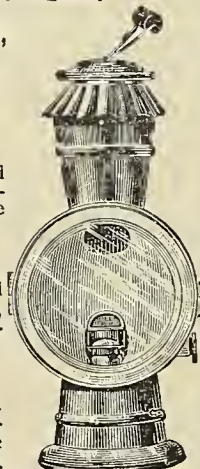
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1912.

VOL. LXXIX.—No. 16.
127 Franklin St., New York.

Game in Northwestern Wyoming

By WALTER B. SHEPPARD

MY camp on Jackson Lake, at the base of the Tetons, in Northwestern Wyoming, was a delightful spot. The range rises from the very edge of the lake, and where it is not too precipitous is covered and fringed with dense masses of Douglas fir and blue spruce. The lake itself is a beautiful sheet of water, about ten miles long and three wide, and the Tetons, from the bosom of the lake, form what is one of the most impressive pieces of scenery in America.

The region is almost pristine, being remote from any railroad, difficult of access, barred to settlement by reason of its ruggedness, and from being included within the confines of a national forest. For be it understood that while the Forest Service, or rather the Agricultural Department, does not forbid the taking up of arable land which may happen to be located in national forests, as a matter of fact there is practically no such land, and the Department does properly and rightfully discourage the homesteading of non-agricultural land.

All the country south of Yellowstone Park, in which Jackson Lake is included, lies within the Wyoming Game Preserve, on which no hunting is allowed. The wild creatures appear to have gotten an inkling of the fact, for they are wonderfully tame, and most species are increasing in numbers.

Moose, which are generally regarded as about the wariest animal, not nocturnal, in America, are here much like domestic cattle for fearlessness and innocence. My first experience was the morning after my arrival. Going out from camp about sunrise to "wrangle" my horses I saw an old cow moose feeding peacefully in a bayou not a hundred yards from and in plain sight of the horses, one of which wore a cow-bell that never ceased for a moment to jangle. Occasionally the cow would desist from her work to cast a casual glance in our direction, but what she saw and heard did not at all disturb her, and not until she had finished her breakfast did she quietly withdraw.

She was feeding on moss that grew at the bottom of the little pond, and would plunge her head down into the water until nothing but the tips of her ears was visible. When she raised her head, with mouth full of moss and dripping mud and water, it made me think of the pictures that used to be printed in all natural histories, of hippopotami in Africa. As a matter of fact, cow moose resemble nothing so closely as a mule, and I have actually known hunters to refrain from shooting them, laboring under that mistaken impression.

Another day, when plowing around in the heavy spruce timber at the head of Moran Bay, I came suddenly on a cow moose and her calf. I was not over forty feet away from them, and though they must have heard me half a mile distant, they were not frightened in the least, and both eyed me calmly for a minute or two before they leisurely slipped away.

My equipment included a collapsible canvas boat, one of the most practicable and useful inventions for a lake country that I know of. They can be carried on pack-saddle, and with proper care will last for many years. With this boat

I had some rare fishing, for these waters swarm with lake trout, and with the black-spotted native brook trout. There are also a few Loch Levens.

One day, while I was across the lake from the camp, a heavy gale came up. The wind often rushes down the cañons of the Tetons with tremendous force. Staunch as is the canvas boat, its sides are relatively rather low, and in returning I had to hug the shore around the end of the lake, being finally compelled to go ashore to turn the boat over, so as to get rid of the water, which was bidding fair to swamp me. My landing place happened to be in a thick fringe of



SURPRISED MOOSE CALVES.

willows and tag alder. Just as I was putting out again, two cow moose walked out of the thicket, not over twenty-five feet away, and took to the water. They eyed me with evident misgivings, but showed no real trepidation; in fact, they stopped and inspected me carefully, long enough to permit taking a photograph, focussed at just twenty-five feet. The average range steer is much wilder.

Moose are much like blacktail deer in that if not molested they frequent the same spot for weeks at a time. This fact often leads the careless observer to false conclusions. Seeing the same little collection of moose day after day, he begins to think the whole country is full of them, when in fact they may be few and far between. This is particularly the case in and about Yellowstone Park.

I often saw these two cows, and one day when they were swimming out in the middle of the lake, I rowed out and headed them in order to watch their swimming and to take a picture or two. Being alone, it was hard to get a good focus, for while I could have run right over the beasts when I dropped the oars and snatched the camera, my boat lost headway, while they kept right on. But I could herd them like sheep, and while they did not altogether enjoy the experience anything like real trepidation, that mad headlong flight which wild animals show when they are really frightened, was wholly wanting.

Moose swim naturally with head low, close to the surface, and with an indescribable ease and grace, awkward and ungainly as they are on land. Their leg motion in the water is very deliberate, merely a very slow walk. When I pushed them harder, taking the nose of the boat to within five or six feet of them, they hastened the pace a trifle, lifting their necks clean of the water and making quite a wake. But even then vigorous rowing enabled me to run clear round them without much trouble. What impressed me most was the fact that they could and did stop stock still in the water, to reconnoiter, keeping afloat apparently with only an occasional kick or two.

Elk are almost as tame, and much more numerous than moose in that region. I occasionally saw both moose and elk at evening at the same time. While the elk do not, so far as I know, ever take to the water, they dearly love to squatter around in it. The yearlings especially delight to play tag in shallow places, where the water is about to their knees, and their antics closely resemble those of young boys under the same circumstances. While romping and chasing each other, the yearling elk utter a curious note that is never given except by them and never by them except when they are indulging in this sort of horse play. It sounds very much like the screech which an awkward, gawky, half-grown girl will emit when some urchin has poked her in the ribs or pulled her hair.

It was in the rutting season for elk, and night after night a large herd of them would drift down close to my camp and actually make so much noise that I could not sleep. To my mind the clear shrill bugling of the younger elk bulls is one of the sweetest sounds in nature, but when there are a dozen or more engaged in it, some of those old fellows have a croak like a fog-horn, and when the cows are many and have calves in plenty, the racket is tremendous. The cows, calling for their calves, and the calves



THE PACK TRAIN.

wailing for their lost mothers, are almost as noisy as the bulls, for while their individual notes are less in volume, they are more numerous and persistent.

During the rutting season I have watched the herds by the day and almost by the week, and never tire of it. It is a curious phenomenon, and about the elk and their habits one could write a small book without exhausting the subject or elucidating all the mysteries.

Deer are very scarce in that region, owing partly to the severe winters, which cover the summer range with snow to a depth of six to ten feet. But the chief factor in keeping them down is undoubtedly the coyote, before whose onslaught the whitetail disappeared many years ago. The coyote is the greatest pest any game country can have, for he kills the young of all species of both birds and mammals, and in the deep snow will even master the largest adults, especially if enfeebled by old age or hunger.

Curiously there were four coyotes in the Rockies until the advent of man. In this particular region there were none. What few blacktail have managed to survive are not so tame as the moose and elk, which is contrary to the usual rule, for where the blacktail is plentiful, and not much disturbed, he is such an innocent that it is hardly any sport to hunt him. The whitetail jumps up running and seldom stops. Often one gets no more than a glimpse of his "flag," and sometimes not even that in comparatively open country. The blacktail on hearing a noise will rise from his bed and from some nearby thicket eye the intruder until very close, when he will run a hundred yards and stop broadside as if for the very purpose of presenting the best possible mark to the hunter. And no matter how badly scared, the blacktail will not, unless repeatedly disturbed, go more than a half mile but when things are quiet again, will steal back to his old bed, where he may be found the next day or for days and even weeks thereafter. Naturally a lover of the quaking aspen, and the lush meadows, dense with weeds along some watercourse, low down in the foothills, he has of late years taken to the thick spruce, about as

high up as he can get. And this simply to avoid his enemies.

The antelope also in some localities have taken to the timber for the same reason. And we know that the Rocky Mountain goat, now given to frequenting the most remote and unscalable fastnesses, is really an antelope, whose habitat was probably on the plains. Lewis and Clarke saw them as well as many bighorn sheep along the Missouri, many miles from the mountains. And the goats have been reported by other observers far from what are now their natural haunts.

I have frequently seen elk above timber line, and that not from stress, but from choice. They like in summer and early fall to go as high as they can, partly to avoid the flies and also to get the green grass which grows luxuriantly in seepy places close to snow banks and glaciers. Of recent years I have often seen elk and blacktail deer at an elevation of 11,000 feet or more.

No one who has noticed the ready manner in which wild animals adapt their habits to changed conditions can fail to be convinced that such variations in structure (new genera and species) as are not the result of nature's unaccountable love of producing sports (i. e., freakish aberrations from type) must be not so much due to natural selection in breeding as they are the necessary sequence of compulsory changes in environment.

The wildest thing I saw about my Jackson Lake camp was a black bear. I was gently paddling along the shore one day, and engaged as he was in some foraging operation about an old log a few feet from the shore, he never saw or heard my approach. I could have shot an eye out of him, he was so close, but what I wanted most was my kodak, unfortunately left in camp. After watching his industrious grubbing awhile, I made my presence known by a slight noise. He tarried not at all upon the order of his going; his zeal to escape was almost ludicrous.

Bears are in fact about the shyest animals in the woods, even where not hunted. The black bear is not much more formidable than a big dog, and even the grizzly will very seldom per-

mit himself to be seen if he can help it. During thousands of miles of traveling and hunting in the Rockies during the past twelve or fourteen years, I have seen but four bears, and many men with even greater opportunities have seen fewer or none at all.

The Upper Snake River debouched into the lake a few hundred yards away from my tent, and for several miles above its mouth it is so tortuous and deep as to be sluggish, and is thus a favorite resort of beaver. There are not a few occupied wigwams, some of them the largest I ever saw, at least twelve feet high and fifteen feet or more in diameter. I often saw the animals, especially at dusk, for they are still fairly plentiful, notwithstanding the fact that they have suffered fearfully at the hands of poachers. They are not by nature nearly so timid as many believe, nor are their habits so strictly nocturnal as is the general impression. They often work by day, and not infrequently they would not take to the water from some log on the bank until I was only a few feet away from them. Once a big old fellow impassively swam several times around my boat, looking me over, occasionally diving with a resounding whack on the water with his tail, but always coming up to gaze again. He kept this up until I rowed away and left him.

The canvas of the boat became from much use thoroughly saturated with an ancient and fish-like smell, which had a curious result. Every night an otter would visit and search the boat as it lay on the beach, usually tumbling something out of it like an oar or rowlock. One day in the river I saw in broad daylight close at hand what I took to be the visitor. It was a female with three half grown kittens. First beneath the surface and then with head stretched high above it, she and her progeny circled my boat again and again, sniffing the "rich" odors that it exhaled. They had more curiosity than fear and did not hesitate to come within twenty feet of me. I often saw them afterward, though not so close again, and their "sign" was all about that stretch of the shore. But never once did I see any evidence that they were feeding on fish. Their exclusive diet was apparently crawfish which are in those waters exceeding plentiful. This leads me to suspect that for otter to catch fish is not easy, unless in comparatively confined water like a brook.

An odd picture the otter makes swimming. When I first saw them in the water they looked to me like dogs, despite their round bullet-like heads and short ears and jaws. They gave a curious note when close to me, something like the "spit" of an angry bobcat.

Another day I saw at some distance a family of mink, but did not try to get close to them. I frequently saw single specimens in daylight within a couple of rods' distance. They, like the marten, are fairly plentiful in that region and both animals are not very shy.

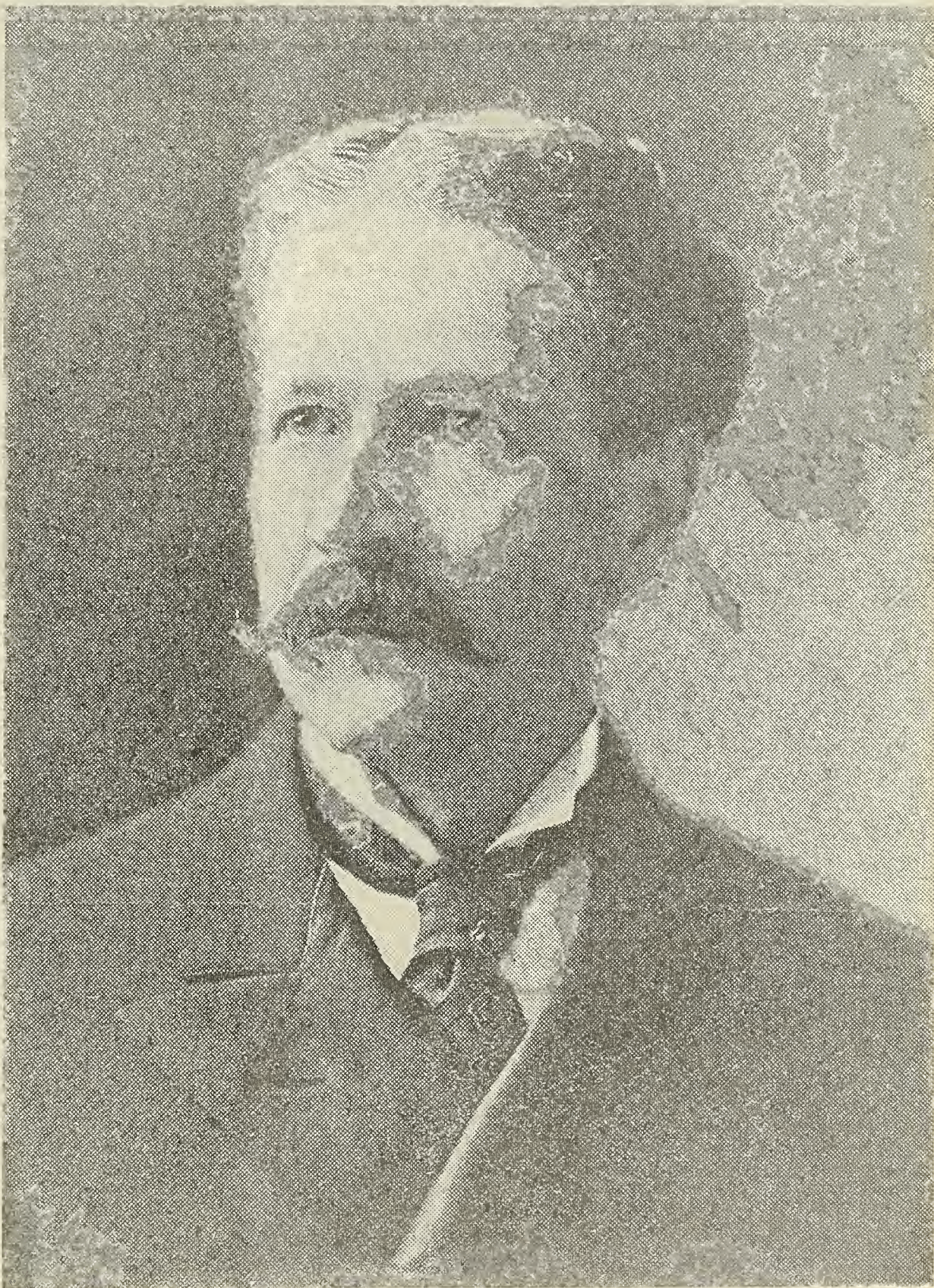
It was a surprise to me to learn that the pine squirrel could swim, for he is usually found pretty high up on the mountains, nowhere near water that is for him navigable. The Upper Snake is at its mouth perhaps 250 feet across, and one day I saw a pine squirrel in mid-stream. He paid not the slightest attention to my boat or to me and swam close past me, going strong. It was a curious figure he cut, holding his long bushy tail clear of the water. After reaching

the other side he shook himself just as a dog would do and vanished in the underbrush.

On one side of my camp was the largest and coldest spring that ever I saw. On the other side, perhaps 400 yards away, was a series of hot ones, averaging a temperature in excess of 120 degrees. These latter spread out over a boggy place of several hundred acres, and the rank, green grass, together with the alkaline deposits from the hot springs, attracted many wild creatures. Geese bred there and from my tent I could see them by the score at almost any hour of the day. So also the elk, deer and moose seldom failed to come out of the timber at dusk or in the morning, and though I did not always see them, their tracks were everywhere and I heard them often near the camp.

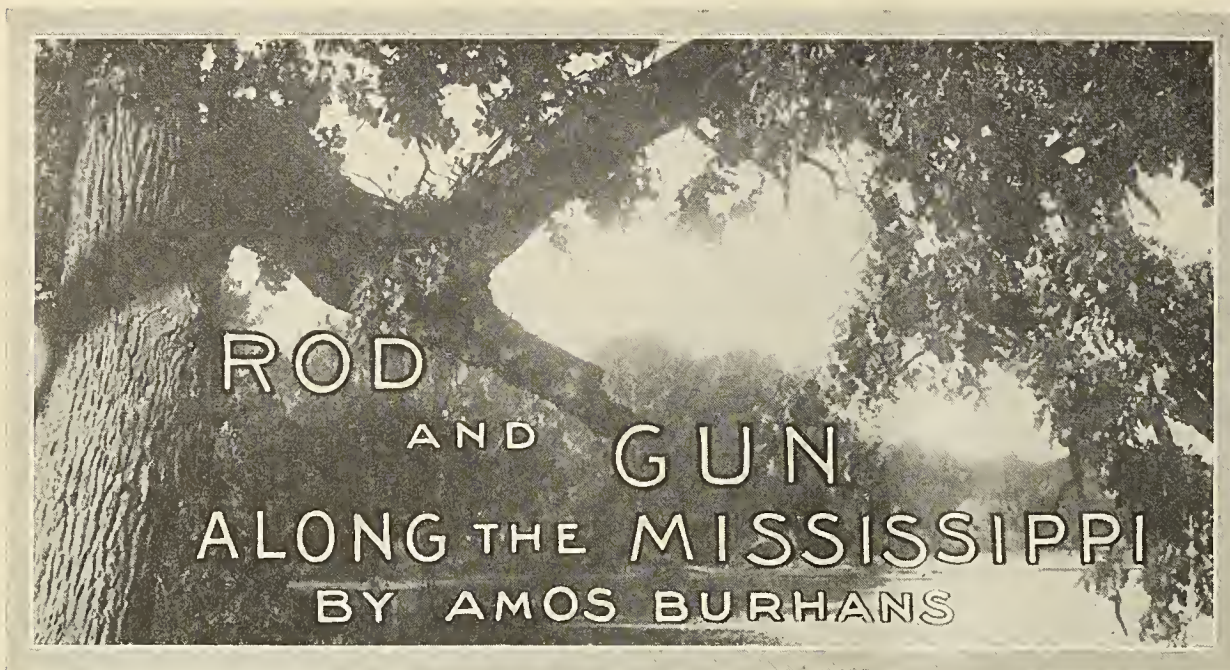
Plentiful as were my four-footed friends, they were as nothing in point of variety or number to the birds. At that place I saw some rather odd and rare ones, as for example gulls and kittiwakes, white pelicans, fish and bald eagles. I also saw on the Snake, though not exactly at this time, what I was sure were woodcock, but as my friends who are skilled in ornithology insist that this could not be, and as I did not procure a specimen, I can only say that it is possible I was mistaken, albeit I saw the birds repeatedly at close quarters, sometimes using a nine-power Goerz-Trider glass, and I think I know Wilson's snipe and all the other snipe that frequent the Rockies.

The fishing of the ospreys, kittiwakes and
(Continued on page 505.)



COL. JOSEPH H. ACKLEN, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Commissioner of Fish, Game and Forestry. Elected President of the National Association of Game and Fish Commissioners at the sixth biennial meeting held in Denver, Colo., Aug. 31 and Sept. 2, 1912.



Chapter IV.

WE had not much more than left St. Louis when we began to find the great sand-bars on the inside of every bend in the river.

At night they were peopled with the lesser children—geese, ducks by the thousands, and brant. It was now no trouble at all to pick up plenty of birds from the front door of the boat, many being killed with a small caliber rifle by firing into the black mass on the water, so thick did they sit. The writer has seen ducks and geese in the breeding grounds of Canada and the Dakotas, but never saw such a sight as filled the eyes below Chester, Ill., that October morning.

While I have said that we were a month too late in starting down the river, there have been falls galore that would have given better weather for our trip. But the game season could not have been excelled. It was propitious for plenty of meat to supply the galley larder. At the last named section of the Big Creek, ducks blackened the water. One could hardly imagine where the breeding grounds of so many thousands could be located.

The mate was cleaning a pair of ducks on the poop deck and the skipper was foolishly watching such game sights as he had never seen before. When with a dull stop all the under irons dragging in the sand caused us to become aware that the cruiser was on the sand, and that we were not in the channel at all. Fact is, we had paid no attention to the charts for some miles, and had not even noted the location of the diamonds or day marks that told the channel from the bars. An island dead ahead of us and we to the left of it rather than the right held our progress up for some minutes, while all hands and the valiant engine backed and puffed and snorted until we were clear of the bar. It is no light task to handle a 35-foot or 40-foot boat where the water is swift, and the reverse is but one turn of the wheel to three of the engine. Don't try it.

We backed off and made for the channel again and swung round the island and came up behind it, dropping anchor nearly where we had gone aground. This was below the bar, and in the chute where the water that tried to hold us on the sand concentrated and washed a nice chan-

nel. Such is the fickle river. She cuts and pieces and runs amuck where and when she likes, and the hand of man droops in obedience to her.

Getting into the flat bottom lands further along, yet above Cairo, gave us a chance to see the great wedge-shaped flocks of geese winging from one corn field to another or from bar to bar, cutting the miles by river by steering from aloft and traveling as the crow flies. We now took our time, anchoring each night in some weird looking chute or behind an island, or at the head of some sand-bar where we might get ashore and follow the bar's circle into the weeds and burs wherein the honkers seemed to prefer a night roost.

They were wary. Many times we would get within a hundred yards of an unexpected flock, and away they would go, flapping their long flights to bear them upward and away from the scatter gun. Our first shooting at geese had taught us the futility of trying to penetrate their tightly massed feathers with anything smaller than buckshot, and we had but few shells of this sort, hence hoarded them like a miser would his coppers. To bang away at the birds and waste shot was not known to us, but we failed of goose meat.

Again we came at night to a dandy landing among a Government fleet of barges and working boats and steamers. On a bar out in the river, water running on both sides of it, calmly sat a plenteous flock of the black-necks, having dropped upon it as night approached. Among 200 men on the shore was one strategist who suggested loading a boat with brush, having it hauled up the river and set adrift at a point where it would start for the bar whereon sat the preening geese. Great idea. Float down on them and murder the whole flock. It seemed easy.

And no sooner had the idea been germinated than the work was set about to accomplish its fulfillment. Brush was loaded up and two gunners, one the scribe, were hidden beneath it. A motor launch pulled us up the river and dropped us about where the current would bear us down past the bar on one side or the other of it. We began the descent, guns loaded with buckshot No. 8 chilled, and hope high in two breasts, with 198 mortals on the shore awaiting developments.

The launch went on down stream, to wait for us and pick us up. The geese sat serenely on their island and flopped here and there as

they pranked among themselves. Four hundred yards off we were. Three hundred; two hundred. The old wise gander who led the guard stretched his neck and scanned the dreadnaught floating his way. The wind was behind us, and it looked as if they smelled the danger. One hundred yards. Thirty more and we would be within long range. But they did not wait.

Mr. Wise Gander raised into the wind and started to swing over us with his gabbling flock behind. When they were in a nice twenty-yard range, we raised from the bottom of the scow and began triggering. I fired four times. Bill fired six. Three honkers dropped into the river and descended with the current. Dark and the obstructing brush probably prevented our getting at least a half dozen. But they fly swift; they are hard to kill and are never killed until dead in hand. From the shore a chorus greeted. The chugging of the two-cylinder two-cycle skiff came near, and we were picked up along with the geese and taken ashore. The officers' mess aboard a steamer the following day was graced with goose and visitors treated to the hospitality of old-time rivermen.

Ducks were everywhere. The first thing in the morning and the last thing at night we would see great strings of them, heads under their wings in inclement weather, floating southward. Below Cairo we found greater numbers of them. Also we found more cruisers and hunters and hunting parties. Turkeys were now found in the bags of the bottoms hunters whom we came across. In the Tennessee bottoms rifle shots were heard and cruisers from up the Ohio were tide to the shores, where their parties had made camp temporarily.

On the Arkansas shore I found deer tracks. A piece of venison hanging near a negro's shanty in the bottoms and a crippled wild gobbler in the pen of a bottom billy hinted that pre-season shooting had been going ahead for some weeks.

At one landing we were accosted as soon as the mud-hook caught and demanded to reveal ourselves. It must be ascertained that we were not wardens. Seldom, if ever, had a cruiser stopped in that out-of-the-way place. We found the reason to be dozens of hoop nets stretched in the swift-running water of the chute we chose for an anchorage. Literally these folks were devastating the river of fish—catfish, buffalo, carp and hundreds of bass and other fish that were coming up-river. A bass is a green trout down there. He is only respected for the slightly higher price he brings in the market. And we have our suspicions that many other temporary settlements of fishermen along the river are doing the same work.

At Memphis we saw carloads of fish and game, barrels on barrels on it, in the produce market. Ducks were decaying by the barrel. They had been packed without vent holes in the containers and overheated, were not iced, and represented no profit to anyone save the express company that had carried them.

In Louisiana we began to miss the ducks and geese, as the sand-bars were covered with water, and the birds had cut across country to the coast where the river had begun to flow generally eastward rather than south. But in the cotton fields and corn of Mississippi and Louisiana we began hearing the festive whistle of the quail and seeing them offered for sale. On a

(Continued on page 506.)

Island Big Game of the North Pacific

NATURALISTS and big-game hunters who read Charles Sheldon's "Wilderness of the Upper Yukon" will rejoice to learn that another book from his pen has just come from the press. This he calls "The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands," and has just been published by Chas. Scribner's Sons.*

The volume is a fitting sequel to his earlier work, and gives a hunter's experiences while searching for wapiti, bears and caribou on the larger coast island of British Columbia and Alaska. It is handsomely made and beautifully illustrated.

In this book, Mr. Sheldon deals with a number of new, or very little known, species of big game—the elk of Vancouver Island, the bears of Montague Island, the bears of Admiralty Island, and the little known caribou of the Queen Charlotte Islands, so long vainly sought for by many observers, and at last found merely by accident, as noted in *FOREST AND STREAM* several years ago. As in previous years, Mr. Sheldon records trips of success and trips of failure. All of them have this in common—they are marked by tremendously hard physical work in the face of many obstacles; by keen, close observation in natural history; by the joy of wandering among some of the most beautiful and wildest scenery of the continent, and are devoted to the bringing together of many new facts of great interest.

All Mr. Sheldon's work has been done in the interest of science, for though best known to many people as a big-game hunter, he has for years devoted his hunting trips almost wholly to gathering material for the Biological Survey at Washington. His hunting trips, therefore, are much more than mere pleasure excursions, and as is well known, he has added a great store of facts to our knowledge of the bears and of the wild sheep of Alaska. Yet his observations are not confined merely to the game he hunts. He has brought home much information concerning Alaska birds, and in the present volume contributes information gathered from an old sea otter hunter concerning the habits of that valuable, but now almost extinct, fur-bearer. He transcribes from his notes the following paragraphs:

"Sea otters have young any month of the year. Swanson has seen them in all seasons with young of the same age. The female otter gives birth to only one pup, and lying on her back in the water carries it on her breast. When it is old enough to be fed, she breaks clams and shell fish with her teeth and inserts food in the young one's mouth. When she dives for food, she leaves the young one on top of the water. The pup must be six months old to feed itself, and stays with the mother for a year. Sea otters feed on clams, crabs, sea urchins, mussels, kelp and shellfish, diving from five to thirty fathoms or more to get them. They range for feeding about sixty miles. They have special feeding grounds in shallow water, on 'banks' or near the shore and feed at night. In the day they go offshore, often thirty miles or more, and

sleep. They seem to have well defined ranges over which they feed, and though they may be temporarily driven away by too much hunting, sooner or later they return to the familiar feeding ground. Swanson was uncertain as to how often they feed, but the native chief of the hunters told me it was only one day in two or three; I am inclined to think he himself is not certain.

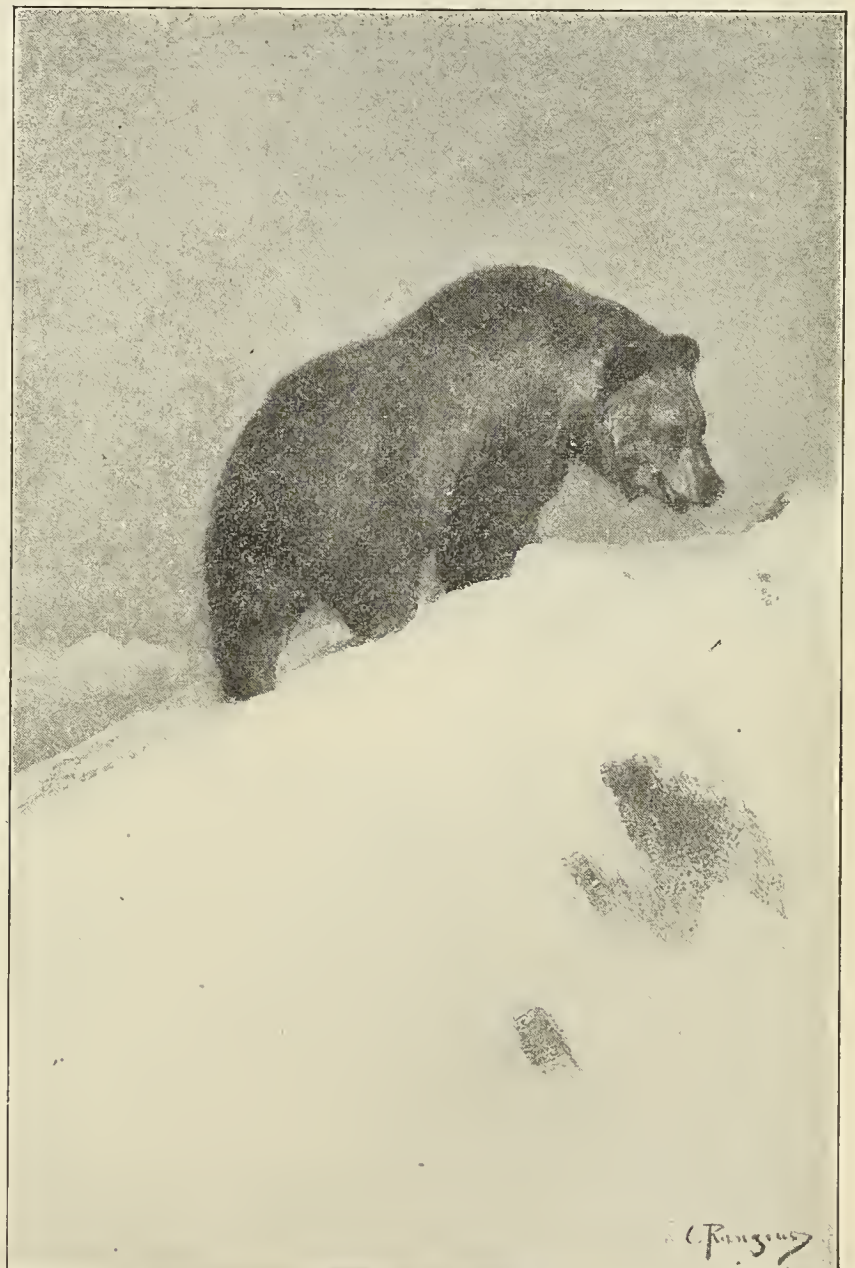
"Sea otters always travel by swimming on top of the water, on their sides, back or belly, and sometimes seem to leap along. Formerly they went into inlets; now they always remain outside. In rough and heavy weather they come close to shore, often in the surf, where they play, lying on their backs, jumping, turning somersaults, chasing each other and racing. In calm weather they are never seen playing. When one is seen, it is usually sleeping. Natives say they have seen four or five sleeping at the same time. Often several—sometimes as many as forty—have been seen together, and when so congregated, they are never asleep. When sleeping, one of these animals looks like a black drift stick with its extremities out of water. The head and hind flippers are always a little out; the body submerged. They cannot stay under water for more than five minutes without coming up to breathe. Their vision is like that of a seal their ears and nose very keen. Being very shy, they are afraid of whales and sea lions, and always leave when those mammals are around. Swanson has several times tried to keep the young alive, but soon they refuse to eat and starve to death. The fur is equally good through the whole year. Sometimes, especially in August an old otter will have an inch of fat on it.

"Later I discussed all these points with the native chief of the hunters, who added nothing, and verified all, so far as he could understand me, except that he affirmed that the sea otter does not hear well, while Swanson insists that it does. They are steadily decreasing; males and females are killed in about even numbers.

"To hunt them successfully the weather must be calm, the sea smooth and without much swell. Under such conditions the natives can hunt them at any time of the year. Outside of Prince William Sound, June and July are the best months. At other times the weather is so uncertain

that the natives do not venture out hunting, except to make an occasional attempt during the latter part of April and May. From eight to ten bidarkas is the best number for a hunting party. If there are less than eight, the chances are proportionately less; if more than ten, two parties are usually made up. Two natives must always be in a bidarka, and it is better to have three. The reason is that speed, sustained by steady paddling is needed, and when an otter is seen, the man ahead must stop and hold his rifle ready to shoot while the others paddle. Only the head man shoots, and if he must keep paddling, his hand and aim become unsteady.

"The natives know the feeding grounds. Sometimes they paddle offshore to these and remain there all night, so as to be on the spot early, as soon as they can see. More often they camp on shore, and leave in time to reach the feeding grounds by 3 A. M., often having to paddle ten or more miles to do so. There is always a chief of the hunters, appointed by Swanson, who directs the hunt. They form the bidarkas in a wide semi-circle and advance, keeping a sharp lookout for the sleeping or swim-



THE MONTAGUE ISLAND BEAR.
From drawing by Carl Rungius.

*The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands, by Charles Sheldon. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1912. Price, \$2.00 net.

ming otter. These natives have a remarkably keen vision to detect and discriminate objects in the water. As soon as one of them sees an otter, he holds up his paddle and points until it is seen by all; then the boats advance toward it, trying to close the circle. When an otter first realizes the existence of danger, it raises its head to look, and sometimes rises quite high out of water. Then it dives and swims two or three hundred yards. All paddle rapidly in the direction which they think the otter has taken, for they can usually tell its course by the way it bends as it goes down. As soon as it comes up to breathe, one or two shoot to keep it down, while the others continue paddling and closing the circle. The otter keeps coming up, each time more out of breath, nearer and nearer some of the bidarkas, more and more quickly driven down by repeated shots. The circle grows smaller and smaller, until, gasping for breath, the hunted animal must rise high out of water—sometimes two feet—and recover for a moment. Now is the chance for a favorable shot, usually delivered by the man in the bidarka which is nearest to the otter, though often two or more fire at the same time. The natives have Winchester rifles, and are excellent shots at objects in the water.

"Sometimes an otter goes under a bidarka, and once outside the circle it usually gets away. Sometimes an otter is very cunning and raises only the tip of its nose out of the water to breathe, in which case it may escape, or more likely require a large number of shots to hit it. Swanson has seen more than fifty shots fired to secure one otter. The secret of success, and the most difficult part of the hunt, is to close the circle. When a good circle is made around an otter, it seldom escapes. Occasionally it takes seven hours to kill one, but an hour is the average time. In the excitement of the hunt there is constant shooting and rivalry, but strange to say the natives seldom shoot one another. When a circle is made around more than one otter, a small proportion, perhaps one, is killed, but the operation is the same, although necessarily more irregular. A female is easily killed if she has a pup, because she will leave it only to dive, and always comes up close to it. When hit, if not killed immediately, she will grab the pup and hold it with her fore flippers until her death convulsions. The young one cannot dive, and often, after the dead mother has been picked up, it will swim up to the bidarka and bawl, when it can easily be taken alive.

"Tributary to Prince William Sound are four widely separated feeding grounds of the sea otter: one off Point Steel, on the east end of Hinchinbrook Island; one off Wooded Island, near the southeast corner of Montague Island; one about midway between that and Middleton Island, near Wessell Reef, and the last off Cape St. Elias, on the southwest end of Kayak Island. The otters killed at this last point are said to be lighter in fur than those killed at the other places."

These notes were made in 1906. Since the sea otters have become very rare near Hinchinbrook Island and are seldom seen.

It was on Montague Island that Mr. Sheldon had a most astonishing experience with a bear, which he confesses may tax the credulity of his friends. He was hunting bears on May 13 and had started to climb to a basin, well back in the mountains.

"I went up the creek hearing water ouzels on the way, and finally emerged from a deep cañon, through which the water rushed, leaping down here and there in cascades, and in some places under ice and snow. Just before reaching the foot of the basin I turned up the south ridge, keeping in the woods in order to get high on the mountain slopes, and keep my wind above any bears that might be feeding below, as it was blowing strong up the basin. I reached the top of the ridge at 1 P. M. The other side sloped down to a creek flowing from another basin, and at that point led abruptly up to the great mountain on the south side of the basin I was to enter. Coming out of the timber I was at the foot of a conical hill 200 feet high and very steep; the top was covered with thick, stunted impenetrable spruce which extended ten feet down the slope and continued around it through a depression to more open timber beyond, where the hill joined the main mountain. I climbed this hill diagonally, looking on fine, red-tipped grass for bear tracks, but saw none. On reaching the spruces I passed around the edge of the trees, holding on to the branches for assistance in walking around the incline.

"I went high up and tramped along the mountain side. The basin was beautiful, with high, rough mountains encircling it. The air was filled with the rumble and roar of numerous snow slides. Starting high up, near the crests of the surrounding mountains, and appearing like immense cataracts, the snow dashed over cliffs and fell through ravines, until it slid in great masses over the smoother ground below, piling up in huge mounds as it stopped. I noticed many marmots about, some sitting up, some running about the snow near the mountain tops. At different points high up in the snow bear tracks were visible. Reaching a good lookout I waited until five, watching carefully on all sides, but nothing appeared.

"Then I retraced my steps along the slope and reached the conical hill around which I had passed earlier in the day. I was circling near the top, holding on to the spruce branches with my right hand, while the butt of my rifle, with the barrel pointing behind me, was resting over my left elbow. I had proceeded in this way a few steps when suddenly I saw, about eight feet away, on the curving border of the spruces, running directly at me, what appeared to be a huge bear. I had just time to push forward the butt of my rifle and yell, when the bear collided with me, knocking me down. It seemed to turn slightly to the left as I pushed my rifle into it, and I clearly recall its shoulder striking my left hip, its head striking just above my left knee, while its claws struck my shin so that it is now black and blue. I had the sensation of one about to be mauled and mutilated. As I fell to the right, my rifle dropped, and in my confusion I grabbed with my left hand the animal's fur, and I remember having a quick foolish thought of the small knife in my pocket.

"The bear was, I believe, more surprised than I. I felt its fur slip through my hand as it quickly turned to its right, and swinging about ran back over the hill without any attempt to bite or strike me. Rising as the bear wheeled, I picked up my rifle and shot as the animal was disappearing. The bullet struck it, evidently high in the back. Immediately I took up its trail, followed it down into the woods and on

the flats for over an hour, and at last lost the impressions on hard ground. Its tracks showed that it had kept running for more than a mile, and then settled down to a walk on the timbered ridges, continuing to a flat country below. For the first mile I noticed at intervals considerable blood on the leaves of the brush and trunks of trees about three feet up from the ground, but afterward saw no more.

"Who will believe this remarkable incident? Certainly if another had related it to me, I might have thought it some mistake, owing to excitement.

"Twice I have had the good luck to see the action of a bear when it crossed, unexpectedly, the fresh trail of a man—once in Mexico, and again last summer, on the Mac-Millan River, when a bear crossed Selous's trail. In both cases the bear jumped in great fright and ran at full speed. In this case, when the bear met me, I was approaching the top of the hill by the simplest, in fact the only easy, route along the edge of the thick spruces. My trail, made earlier in the afternoon, came over the hill from the north side. I found that the bear had ascended from a direction diagonally opposite, and had reached my trail near the top just as I was approaching; running, it kept its course in the same direction, and took the natural route around the hill, close to the spruces, in order to enter the woods further on, where they were not so thick, or to make for the mountain. At this exact moment I happened along, but, concealed by the curve of the spruces, and with the wind blowing from the bear to me, it did not suspect my presence until I yelled at the moment of collision. The fact that it did not maul me, and ran so quickly, is positive proof of its having been completely surprised. Still, I do not care to repeat the sensations I experienced at that moment. Here is another case, where many would have reported a vicious charge. I regret having been in such haste to take up the trail that I neglected to photograph the spot."

Mr. Sheldon's account of his search for the Queen Charlotte caribou possesses a peculiar interest. He gives the history of this extraordinary animal, from the time when, in 1880, a fragment of a skull was sent out which was afterward described by Seton as a new species, *Rangifer dawsoni*, down to the present time. This elusive animal was sought for by Mr. Osgood of the Biological Survey in 1900, and the search was continued by various people, through the years until Mr. Sheldon went there in 1906, always with the same lack of success—except that tracks and other sign were found by Mr. Sheldon, as they had been found by some of his predecessors. However, he did not see caribou, and it was not until two years later that three of these animals were killed by two half-breeds, Matthew Yeomans and Henry White, and their skins reached the provincial Museum in Victoria, V. I. The first detailed description of this caribou is given as an appendix of Mr. Sheldon's book, and was written by Dr. Merriam, who inspected the specimens in 1911. They are very small in size, scarcely larger than a black-tailed deer, and the antlers are small and almost without palmation. This caribou is undoubtedly almost extinct.

In his search for bears on Admiralty
(Continued on page 506.)

My Three-Pointer

By D. B. W.

LAST year, as an appropriate relaxation after a year in an Eastern school, my sister and myself "camped out" with my father for about five months, along the Sacramento Cañon. Needless to say we had endless experiences, but the one I am going to relate at present concerns itself with my first deer.

First, let me introduce you to my dad. "Dad" is affectionately known all over California by this title. To know him is to love him. Over forty years he has lived more or less in the woods of Michigan, Minnesota, British



"DAD'S DEER."

Columbia and California. His store of woodcraft knowledge is unlimited, and he has a fund of anecdote, humor and intimate tales of the creatures of the woods that is unrivaled. Next comes "Sis," a lover of the woods and all that pertains to them. Lastly, myself.

On a morning in September we started forth at daybreak, Dad carried a pack and his gun, a combination of rifle and shotgun, of which he is very fond, Betsy by name. My Sis and I had a pack that we were to carry in turn; she also had a sack of shells and a fishing rod folded in its case. I carried a .25-50 carbine, brand new, and to be mine in case I shot a deer. Our two dogs—Mother and Dot—both foxterriers and trained deer dogs, accompanied us; also Genevieve, familiarly known as Jinny, a member of the "Rocky Mountain canary" species. She had a heavy load, bedding, provisions, canvas to be used as a roof and all the

cooking paraphernalia. Unfortunately, we could not get a regular packsaddle and the makeshift that we contrived was to cause us much trouble.

The trail we were to follow started right back of our camp, which was on the bank of the Sacramento River. This trail, known as the McCloud trail, leads for four miles up hill, then seven down.

Fortunately Sis and I were hardened by a series of fishing trips and exploring excursions, else we never would have reached the spot for which we started. The climb up hill was terrific, extremely steep and the trail exposed to the sun which was quite far up in the heavens by the time we conquered the up-grade.

Once Jinny's pack came off, and we had a dreadful time. A fractious burro is bad enough, but imagine having two girls who are scared to death of her for aid in boosting and tying the packs in place. Dad walked ahead, leading Jinny. Sis and I took turns in walking next and prodding her with sticks, as she was very balky. I found my rifle barrel very effective!

After an hour's walking down the trail we came to a spring. It was about eleven o'clock and we were parched. Jinny's pack was nearly off again, and we were all pretty near a display of temper. Luckily, the water and rest had a cooling effect, both on tempers and throats. Also we espied a sheep camp. One of the men had an extra horse and agreed to bring most of Jinny's pack and one of ours over that afternoon, so we set forth again with lightened hearts and loads—Jinny frisking along with occasionally a sonorous "hee-haw" to express her delight.

The scenery was magnificent, on one side old Shasta was in view; on the other, Mount Lassen. Vistas of hills and valleys, gullies and ravines opened before us. Part of the way was beside Tom Neal Creek, part along hillsides covered with timber, while often we passed through barren spots where burr oak, white thorn and chaparral bush ran riot.

Of course, we did not enjoy all of the tramp—the latter part required great effort. We had to wade streams, and tired feet in stiff wet boots are not conducive to comfort. Sis and I wore middies and bloomers of a dark material, nondescript hats and high boots. And oh! the times we blessed the absence of skirts, for even short ones are a hindrance.

At last we grew so tired we had to give in for one more long rest, so threw down the pack by the side of the creek and gave ourselves up to a few moments of luxurious rest. Just as we were getting ready to start again, the sheep man—Mr. G. came riding along the trail, leading the pack horse. Sis and I were showing signs of fatigue, I guess. At any rate, Mr. G. offered us his horse to ride. Sis climbed on and we were on our way.

The trail ran around the side of a hill. We were all walking along peacefully, when suddenly Jinny discovered a hornets' nest—or, perhaps, I should say the hornets discovered her. At any rate, she gave a series of jumps that nearly proved disastrous to Dad, for she almost

butted him down the bank and into the creek. Fortunately the horses passed without molestation, and in a few moments we arrived at Tom Neal's flat, as our camping place is called. It is a beautiful little flat with the trail running along the foot of the hill on one side, and the creek curving around the other almost turning the flat into an island, for you have to ford just as you reach the flat and just as you leave.

About four hundred yards further down the trail is a famous lick called the Crossing. We were very lucky in finding the flat vacant, for it is a very desirable camping place. One wall remains of an old cabin, and camping in the lee of it, it forms a needed protection from



"DAD'S DEAR."

the wind, for at night a perfect gale blows through the little cañon.

We rolled a huge log down the hill and placed it lengthwise with one end against the wall, fastened the canvas to the log, then stretched it up to a pole placed lengthwise, fastened to the top of the wall on one side and supported by a prop on the other. This formed a little three-cornered room. We made three beds, hung the packs to form a shelter on the side opposite the wall, built a fire in front and our camp was complete. Tea and bread and butter satisfied our hunger and we rolled into bed very, very early and were soon lost to the world.

Next morning Dad awakened me about four-thirty. We ate a hasty breakfast, left Sis asleep in camp, as she does not hunt, and journeyed forth. Dad took the dogs and went
(Continued on page 507.)

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Interesting Experiments in Fish Breeding.

BY RALEIGH RAINES.

THE United States Fish Commission is acknowledged to be one of the most valuable adjuncts of the country, bearing as it does an economic relation to the food of the people. For many years the scientists of the United States Fish Commission have been presecuting inquiries and investigations into the causes of the decrease of food fishes in the waters of the United States, and they have also been engaged in experimenting with aquatic animals, plants and waters in the interest of fish culture, all with the idea and purpose of propagating and increasing the supply of food fishes. Along this line of investigation experiments have begun to create new races of food and game fishes of larger and better quality than any now in existence.

For the latter purpose a new experimental hatchery station is being established near Washington, D. C., the first of its kind in this or any other country. Fish breeding is not a new science, as biological investigations and experiments have demonstrated that all kinds of animal and plant life are capable of crossing, breeding, propagation, and other methods of culture for improving species. What has been accomplished in the plant world and with many species of the animal kingdom the scientists now propose to try in the fish kingdom by crossing and breeding in efforts to produce new kinds of fishes. It is simply a question of choosing for mating purposes parent fishes that possess certain characteristics which it may be desirable to accentuate and develop following Mendel's law of heredity. One of the most important objects of the work to be inaugurated in fish breeding will be to adapt desirable species to a wider range of conditions, thus extending their availability for propagation and use over a wider area.

As an illustration it may be practicable to develop a species of trout that will flourish in the warmer climates of the Southern States. It may develop that the experts will obtain a species of salmon which will be adapted to the Mississippi River and its tributaries. A number of years ago about 50,000,000 Pacific salmon were placed in the Mississippi River, but the experiment was a failure, for the reason that conditions in that great river were unsuitable to the salmon. The salmon offers a splendid opportunity for cross breeding, and experiments with crossing the dog salmon with the popular "sock-eye" will be made, in order to obtain a fish combining the delicious flavor of the latter with the size of the former; in fact, efforts will be made to increase the size of all food fishes and at the same time improve the flavor. Such has been done with sheep, fowls, and other animals, and the scientists believe that the same success will attend the experiments with fish. The sunfish, the yellow perch, and the dace are examples of small fish which could have

their size increased to the infinite delight of all fishermen.

Eels are another species which it is proposed to treat in the matter of breeding with a view of improving and developing. At present eels are not propagated to any great extent in this country, though in Germany they are a source of profit. If grown in the inland waters of this country they would offer an excellent means of utilizing the nutritive material found therein such as insect larvæ, snails, water fleas and bugs. It is supposed that the eels spawn in the depths of the ocean which would, of



THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY.

course, render their breeding difficult, to say the least, but the young might be caught in unlimited numbers, transferred to ponds, fed, and thus allowed to grow to a marketable size. Germany offers a good market for them, as at present that country imports great quantities from Italy and England. The fish is peculiarly susceptible of almost extraordinary modification through breeding, as is witnessed in the case of the gold and silver fish. We secured these fish from Japan during the visit of Commodore Perry to that flowery kingdom. In Japan goldfish are raised for market on an extensive scale—selected breeding stock being bred in ponds. These fish were developed into their present state by the Japanese from a very commonplace member of the carp tribe.

Similar experiments with these fish are be-

ing conducted in this country among fish fanciers in the larger cities. These aquarium societies support a Fish Fanciers' Club, which organization publishes a magazine called the "Aquarium." It is claimed by the fish scientists that what has been accomplished with the goldfish may be done with other fishes, and now they propose to demonstrate their theories with actual results. One of the most important phases of the proposed experiments will have to do with the discovery, treatment and prevention of fish diseases, as it is the desire and purpose to develop a hardy and disease-resistant race of fishes. Fishes are subject to many ailments and maladies, the same as with domestic animals. Serious losses have been caused by epidemics at the State and Federal fish hatcheries, and although the fish experts have learned a great deal about fish diseases, they are anxious to learn more so that such disease may be both eradicated and prevented. Fish are subject to almost as many diseases as are human beings, and among the most prominent maladies affecting fish may be mentioned boils, liver disease, heart disease, nervous disorders and cancer. The basses and trouts are particularly liable to epidemics and germ infections.

As an illustration, not long ago one of the Federal fish hatcheries had a prospective output of 1,500,000 yearling trout reduced to one-fifth within a few weeks by the ravages of an obscure bacterial disease. Cancer is also a disease which is at the same time the most serious and destructive with which fish culturists have to contend, affecting both salmon and trout. Experiments are being made to ascertain if cancer in fish have direct relation with the cancer in humans, many scientists claiming that it does, the claim being based on experiments and observations of a conclusive character.

The successful efforts of plant and animal breeders to obtain races immune to disease have suggested similar possibilities where fishes are concerned. With this idea in view an experiment in breeding a race of brook trout proof against bacterial or other infection is now being conducted at the fish hatchery located near Northville, Michigan. A large number of trout are being bred by fertilizing eggs from such specimens as survive in the presence of a large number that succumb, by which means it is believed that "immunes" will be secured, which will then be distributed to other hatcheries. Considering the great amount of good that increased numbers of fishes would be to the entire population of the country and the possibilities which might be accomplished by increasing the supply of food fishes, the wonder is to everyone, sportsmen and others alike, why Congress will persistently refuse to enlarge the scope and usefulness of the Bureau of Fisheries. With the appropriation doubled to a million dollars, more than twice the benefit would accrue to the country. Included in the appropriation for the current year is an item of \$3,000 for reporting on the aquatic resources and fisheries of the Philippine Islands, based on investigations made in those waters by the steamer Albatross five years ago. Another item provides \$90,000 for protecting the seal fisheries in Alaska; \$3,500 for protecting the sponge fisheries, and \$5,000 for investigation

of the methods of beam or otter trawling, and whether same is destructive or harmful to fish and marine life. The latter is the result of a sharp fight made by Gloucester, Mass., fishermen against the steam trawlers who the Gloucester interests allege are about to destroy the fishing industry along the Atlantic Coast.

The Disappointed Bunch.

(Written by Hartie I. Phillips, one of the unfortunates, and dedicated to those who enjoyed (?) the outing.)

As October 12th, Columbus Day, drew near—when America was found—

Some members of the *A. P. F. C. thought they'd try famous fishing ground.

They'd heard that at one Seaside Park they capture channel bass so game,

"This bulldog fighter for us," they cried; "stripers and weaks are tame."

Great preparations, accordingly, the jolly bunch did make, Oiled up their reels, tested lines, to John Seger's went for bait.

"No more shadders," said John Seger, "the fishing season's through."

"We cannot fish without bait," they cried. "Good heavens what shall we do?"

A happy thought struck one of them. "I've a friend in New York town,

If I invite him to this glorious sport, he'll bring the shadders down."

The friend arrived crab-laden; his back was nearly broke, "I'm no express," he murmured; "lugging ten dozen crabs 's no joke."

The morn it was most glorious; the boys were in great glee;

They crowded on with rods and reels, at Belmar and Asbur-ee;

And when the bunch was counted, as the train it rolled along,

'Twas found that none was missing—they numbered twenty-one strong.

At Seaside Park they disembarked, and to the beach they flew;

"We'll show the channel bass where we live," they cried, "before we're through."

The ocean's waves were like a lake; not a ripple was in sight.

Along the beach for a mile they stood, they were ready for the fight.

What a noble lot of fishermen, as they stood in bold array.

'Twas 8 A. M. when they arrived, all ready for the fray; Nine A. M., and still they stood, each man awaiting for a bite;

Ten A. M., and still they stood, not a nibble was in sight.

Eleven A. M.—great excitement—word passed along the line

That a bluefish had been captured—which proved a false alarm.

It proved to be a wicked crab, which was landed on the beach,

The only bite, just then in sight, was something good to eat.

Accordingly adjournment was taken at this time

To allow the boys some grub to take, ere they got again in line.

Discussions as to reasons why the fish they would not bite—

Some blamed the wind, some blamed the tide; some, that fish had taken flight,

When lunch time it was over, and the fight they did re-
new,

The grub revived their vigor, it gave them courage, too.

At 2 P. M.—'twas true this time—two-pound weakfish it was caught;

This woke them up, better weaks than naught; they got ready for great sport.

Three P. M., and still they stood, like statues on the sand,

Awaiting weakfish number two, this sad and luckless band.

Four P. M.—and some of them, exhausted and forlorn, Were saying, "To thunder with Seaside Park, I wish I could get home."



HARTIE I. PHILLIPS.

But, sad to say, one train each way, is all the railroad runs.

After 6 o'clock is the time it starts—will 6 o'clock never come?

Tired and exhausted, and nature's limit reached, They all laid down, but not for long, to get a little sleep.

About this time great biting was experienced by them all, Not a man among the twenty-one who cannot but recall

The bites they got, but not the kind he'd wish to me or you—

For fully ten million mosquitoes even bit them through their shoe.

At last this mosquito-bitten bunch stationward did go, And figured what that weakfish represented in real dough.

The finance committee reported, that that one weakfish represents,

Not counting mosquito remedies, fifty dollars and thirteen cents.

FINALE.

The moral of this story, friends, 'tis not very hard to see: Don't go fishing on Columbus Day, looking for a dis-
cover-ee.

When America was discovered, it was to Columbus no great lark;

And you can bet your boots and trinkets, neither is fishing at Seaside Park.

*Asbury Park Fishing Club.

Illinois Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fortunate were those who were able to be present at our annual fall club tournament and to participate in the good fellowship of men who were drawn together by kindred interests in one of the most difficult and yet most fascinating of sports.

The first event of the day—the quarter-ounce accuracy bait—was cast in a gusty southwest wind, and the scores of the place winners in the various classes were quite remarkable under the conditions.

However, it was reserved for the half-ounce accuracy bait to produce the great sensation of the day. In this event Brother Stanley, casting in Class A, performed the seemingly impossible and unbelievable feat of making a perfect score. Those who have times out of mind, gone the half-ounce route know what this means, and when it is added that of the ten casts eight struck the six-inch center—five on top and three on the back—and that the other two casts struck six inches on each side, respectively, it will be

appreciated what a marvelous exhibition of casting was witnessed.

Class B in this event again showed its mettle. Brother Asper led with a score of 99.5, with Brothers Amman and Humphreys, second and third, with 99.3 and 99.1.

In Class C, Brother McFarlin led, with the new members, McCandless, Grant and Buchanan following.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable wind conditions, the scores made in the light tackle dry-fly accuracy were most creditable (eleven of the twelve scores being above 99 per cent.) while the leading scores of Brothers DeGarmo and Stanley were close to the record.

Herewith are the scores of the events in detail, as are also the scores of the members who have completed their season's work as per schedule. In this connection Brother Stanley again comes into prominence, he being the first to earn a place for his name on the beautiful friendship cup, presented to our club by the Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Completed season's scores:

Quarter and half ounce accuracy bait, combined average:			
Stanley	99.22	Wehle	98.45
Pierson	99.19	Bauer	98.42
Linder	99.18	Heston	98.38
Whitby	98.93	Asper	98.25
Jamison	98.79	Swisher	98.14
Nicholson	98.78	Hartstall	98.9
De Garmo	98.76	Tournier	97.80
Kernaghan	98.73	McCandless	97.54
Kerr	98.52	McFarlin	97.14
Amman	98.47	Huntley	97.11
Delicacy and accuracy fly, L. T. dry fly accuracy, and accuracy fly, combined average:			
De Garmo	99.21	Linder	98.68
Heston	99.14	Amman	98.53
Stanley	99.3	Swisher	98.52
Pierson	98.90	Jamison	98.44
Whitby	98.74		

In competition for place on friendship cup, presented by Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Combined average, ¼ and ½ ounce accuracy bait, and L. T. dry fly accuracy and accuracy fly: First, Stanley, 99.25.

Half-ounce distance bait: First, Stanley, 150 feet.
Quarter-ounce distance bait: First, Jamison, 109 feet.
L. T. distance fly: First, Stanley, 89 feet.
Distance fly: First, Amman, 105 feet.
Salmon fly: First, De Garmo, 130½ feet.

A. F. SWISHER, Sec'y.

Newark Bait- and Fly-Casting Club.

EAST NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following scores were recorded at the club contest held Saturday afternoon at the club platform, Weequahic Lake. The day was beautiful with scarcely any wind. Chas. T. Champion made the record distance fly cast of the season with 107 feet. Scores:

	Bait		Fly	
	Per Cent. ¼oz. Accy.	Average. Distance.	Feet. Distance.	Dem'ts. Accy.
*Marsh	98 5-15	188	...	10
Mapes	97 8-15	184%	98	15
Champion	97 4-15	93	107	22
Sands	97 3-15
Doughty	97	178%	88	11
Mercer	82	14
Jacobus	96 3-15	79%

*Guest.
The season's all-round trophy cup was won by Fred T. Mapes with 1,971 points and was closely contested by John Doughty, who had 1,922 points. Doughty wins the cup for the best season's average in accuracy fly-casting. Mapes wins the cup for season's best average in distance bait-casting. Champion wins the cup for season's best average for distance fly-casting and the cup for half-ounce accuracy bait-casting. P. J. Muldoon had an excellent chance to win the cup for season's best average in accuracy bait but unfortunately was prevented from attending the last contest on account of sickness.

LOU L. SANDS, Secretary.



GAME BAG AND GUN

A Bear Story.

BY WALTER B. SIEPPARD.

He jests at bears, to paraphrase, who never felt their claws. Some years ago, out hunting with a comparatively light gun, I deliberately avoided and left unharmed a bunch of three grizzlies, and when I returned to the little mining camp, near the Swift Current in Northern Montana, where I was staying, was laughed at only by those whose knowledge of this game had been derived from books or hearsay. Those mighty hunters before the Lord, Dan D. and Jack B., hearing the facts as to my armament and environment, commended my decision heartily.

And they were right, for although nine times out of ten, a grizzly is not dangerous, the tenth time he "means killing," as the tailor-bird said to Rikki-tikki-tavi about the cobra. And when he does charge, he must be stopped, or he will get the hunter, providing the latter has no tree or rock to climb. To stop a charging bear is a job to try the stoutest nerves.

Jim B., now a prosperous ranchman and cattle breeder in Routt county, Colorado, came to the State about forty years ago when a boy of seventeen, and learned to shoot in the mining region about Breckinridge and Dillon. It was a tough neighborhood in those days, and there were frequent gun plays. One day, Jim was offered a commission as deputy sheriff, and without much thought or hesitation accepted it. He had scarcely put on his badge when a warrant was handed to him to serve upon a celebrated gun fighter, who had just killed his fifth man. The sheriff, afraid to tackle the job, had left town and pushed it on to Jim, then barely out of his 'teens. And Jim took the desperado, by sheer nerve, getting him out from a crowd of his friends, all armed and defiant, and without a shot.

Afterward Jim drifted into trapping and market hunting, and became a more deadly shot than ever, slaying like Saul his thousands. It was a pleasure to watch him with his old single shot, breechloading, black powder Maynard, for he has never had any use for the smokeless, small-caliber gun. It never made any difference whether the game was coming or going or how fast. It was all one to him. He once took on five grizzlies in a bunch, with this old single-shot gun, and bagged all but one. All this simply to show that Jim had "sand" in abundance, and as a preface to the point I want to make about bears.

One day, among heavy quaking asp and down timber, on the Williams Fork of the Bear River, in Colorado, close to Pagoda peak, Jim ran across a big sow grizzly with a half grown cub. To make sure of keeping in reach, he dropped the cub first, making the shot while standing close to a good-sized aspen, up which he purposed to climb if he was rushed. As he expected, the infuriated mother charged him. "Now," thought Jim, "I'll let her get within thirty yards, and then I'll shoot and climb the tree."

He shot for the "sticking-place" and she went end over end, coming to a stop as dead as a herring. Lucky this, for Jim, for when he

shot and then started to shin up the tree, he found that while waiting for the bear to get close enough to shot, he had in his excitement kept backing away, over fallen logs and all, so that when the bear dropped she actually lay between him and the tree.

It was all a good joke, which Jim does not mind telling on himself. But it might easily have had a decidedly different ending.

What is a Game Bird?

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am handing you herewith a very good photograph of a pair of deer's horns of whitetail deer, killed several years ago in the adjoining county of Transylvania. One good horn on one side of the head and two small



NOTE PECULIAR HORN FORMATION.

ones on the other side, this side rather swollen also—a freak, in fact.

In a recent number of *FOREST AND STREAM* is an interesting article or letter from a correspondent regarding "What is Game?"

In my boyhood we called no bird a game bird that did not grow double feathers. In this class of course comes the turkey, grouse, partridge (quail), woodcock, snipe throughout their respective families, while pigeons, doves, larks and others we regarded as non-game birds. It now seems up to the law to class what shall be game birds under the law, and so robins are called game in many places and blackbirds and others, and doves are classed as game birds under the law.

Each State (and in this State each county) makes its own game laws through the Legislature, and the most absurd laws are passed each sitting of our Legislature. ERNEST L. EWBANK.

Quail in North Carolina.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The year has been extraordinarily favorable for quail in North Carolina. To begin with, the winter was so severe and there were so many snows that relatively little hunting could be done, and as a result, a great many birds escaped the sportsmen. Then, too, the summer was continuously hot and dry. Reports to the writer from many sections show that there were more double broods than usual. The writer has seen very large numbers of birds, not only in the section around Raleigh, but in other counties.

The grouse in the mountain and upper Piedmont districts—always spoken of there as "pheasants"—are also more numerous than usual, the writer was informed while tramping through a good deal of that region in August. There are some Mongolian pheasants in the high mountain region and in the middle Piedmont section and in Johnston county, which is east of Raleigh and near it. In some of the mountain counties, like Watauga, there has been protection of birds and fish for four years, and the effect has been very happy.

Quail hunting can be enjoyed in a very large area of the State, and there are some counties into which few sportsmen from other sections go in which there is excellent quail shooting. Johnston is such a county, and it is very easy of access. FRED A. OLDS.

Zoological and Ethnological Collection.

WITHIN a few weeks the whaler *Belvidere* will arrive at San Francisco from the Arctic with a large collection of zoological and ethnological specimens made in that region during the past four years by Vilhjalmur Stefansson and Dr. R. M. Anderson for the American Museum of Natural History, New York. Stefansson has already returned from the North and Anderson will arrive with the collection. One of the features of the zoological collection made is the skins, skulls and leg bones of nineteen barren ground grizzly bears, embracing, it is believed, two distinct species. The barren ground grizzly attains a weight of 700 pounds, living on roots mainly. At the approach of winter, when it is very fat, it hibernates and apparently passes the winter without loss of energy, for in the spring, when it emerges from its winter quarters, it is still fat. During May and April, however, there are no roots to be had and the bear grows thin. Stefansson has brought down an interesting account of the discovery of a race of white Eskimos which he believes to be descended from Norsemen. GOLDEN GATE.

Telling the Bees.

THE custom of "telling the bees" is often referred to by those interested in curious happenings. In some parts of England it has always been the habit to inform the bees whenever there is a death in the family, particularly when it is that of the master or mistress.

Someone raps upon the board supporting the hives and says: "Mourn with us. Master (or mistress) of the house is dead."

It is thought that if this duty is neglected the bees will die, and many old servants are fond of telling how the bees pine away when no one thinks to give them the sad message.—From the *Ave Maria*.



The Passenger Pigeon Award.

METCALF, Mass., Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been told that you or some of your correspondents have offered a large sum for a wild pigeon, and that many have been sent you, but have proved to be wild doves.

I do not remember the wild pigeon. My farmer says he remembers them well, and that it is a wild pigeon that is nesting in one of my trees. He is sure about it.

I have this morning tried to get a photograph of the squab in the nest, the mother being away at the time. I shall try to get the mother if I can be quick enough with the camera. There were two eggs in the nest, but only one has hatched.

Let me know please what your offer is. The squab could be secured and probably the mother also.

J. P. R.

[No reward so far as we know has ever been offered for a wild pigeon. The statement made to our correspondent is undoubtedly a misunderstanding of the plan to save the passenger pigeon originated by Dr. C. F. Hodge, of Worcester, Mass.

At a meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union several years ago, Dr. Hodge pointed out that the passenger pigeon was probably on the verge of extinction, and suggested—what was of course obvious enough—that what is desired is not killed specimens of the passenger pigeon, but protection for those still alive. He suggested that it would be well to make it an object for anyone seeing passenger pigeons to preserve rather than to kill them, and that this might be done by offering a reward for an undisturbed nest of the bird. After the suggestion had been made, it seemed odd that no one had thought of this before.

The first step toward carrying out this plan was the offer of Col. Anthony R. Kuser, of a prize of \$300 for first information of a nesting pair of wild passenger pigeons, undisturbed. Soon other men came forward, offering substantial rewards with various conditions attached. Colonel Kuser offered \$300 for the first nesting and John Lewis Childs \$700—\$1,000 for the first confirmed report of an undisturbed nesting. The total amount of the offering up to the spring of 1910 was about \$3,800.

All through that spring reports of nests of passenger pigeons kept coming in, but investigation showed that none of these nests were those of passenger pigeons and almost all were wild doves. Dr. Hodge, *FOREST AND STREAM*, the Audubon Society and many of the newspapers worked hard, trying to make the public understand the difference between the wild dove—otherwise called mourning dove or turtle dove—and the passenger pigeon. These well intentioned efforts were not very successful. Most of the nests were demonstrated to be those of mourning doves, and we presume the nest reported by our correspondent is a dove's nest.

The passenger pigeon is believed to lay only a single egg. The mourning dove usually lays two. In *FOREST AND STREAM* of April 23, 1910,

Vol. LXXIV., page 651, will be found a cut of a mourning dove's nest showing two eggs of the mourning dove and a white disk representing a passenger pigeon's egg. Both eggs are reduced one-half; in other words, the relative size of the two eggs is shown.

After two years of fruitless offer of awards, without a particle of encouragement the prizes offered by those interested in this matter were withdrawn. It is not possible to say that the passenger pigeon is actually extinct, but there seems little reason to hope that any considerable number of them are left alive.—EDITOR.]

Sparrows and Wild Pigeons.

BY THEODORE GORDON.

REPORTS of losses through the depredations of English sparrows have been numerous this year, as they have appeared in multitudes in many places. Kitchen gardens have been ruined and the birds seemed to be possessed of almost omnivorous appetites. There is no doubt that losses in the aggregate have been very considerable and that sparrows may become a great nuisance. When the birds are so numerous, shooting them seems to produce but little impression upon them. Poisoned grain or other food is a dangerous remedy and the common figure of four trap is not effective. I have had several conversations with an old-time wild pigeon trapper, one of the most successful and expert of his day, and he is confident that with his regular pigeon nets he could capture great quantities of sparrows. These nets are double; that is, spring together from opposite directions and are fourteen by forty feet each, so that when sprung they cover a piece of ground twenty-eight feet wide by eighty feet long. The bait would consist of some favorite sparrow food and each of the places selected would be strewn with this for several days before the trap was used. Suitable hiding places for the trapper would be made. In trapping wild pigeons a decoy bird was always kept and was thrown into the air to attract the attention of flocks flying past. Pigeon netters often suffered much annoyance from bullet hawks and other of the small, swift-flying birds of prey. These hawks would take up their positions in trees within easy flight of baited spots and nets, ready to pounce upon any pigeons that appeared and the birds would not come in. A first rate trapper would catch and kill many of these hawks by luring them with his decoy and springing his nets when they made their arrow-like flight for the latter. The nets lay flat upon the ground and gave no warning when properly worked. A great many hawks appeared at pigeon time in spring and fall, and no doubt followed the migrating flocks.

The trappers hated the shotgun brigades who established themselves on ridges or hills, in open spaces, in the line of flight. The gunners blazed away at each flock of pigeons as it passed, and this practice made the birds wild and difficult to decoy. The sudden complete disappearance of the wild pigeon cannot have been entirely due to man. They were killed at all

times and murdered by thousands or captured alive on the breeding grounds. The habit of nesting together in vast multitudes was an unfortunate trait of the pigeons, as hundreds of gunners and trappers were attracted to the big "roosts." Dead birds were shipped in barrels and many live ones in coops. I distrust my recollection of the exact figures, but pigeons were often forwarded to the large cities in carloads from shipping points nearest the nesting grounds. In old times the breasts were sometimes cut off and salted for consumption in winter.

In spite of all this there were many pigeons the year before they became practically extinct. Reports of hurricanes, cyclones or great storms and the finding of multitudes of pigeons on the Great Lakes and even on the Gulf of Mexico have been heard. An epidemic disease of some kind may have attacked the birds, and we all know what terrible ravages such complaints make among game birds and animals. It is a sad business, but they are gone. We will never see the blue flocks dashing northward in early spring or when wending their way to summer lands in September or early October. They did not seem to be in such a hurry in the autumn; the young birds were with them, and they loved beechnuts and acorns. It is said that birds killed in Pennsylvania sometimes had Carolina rice in their crops undigested, but my experience with pigeons—that is, shooting them—was mostly in the autumn in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Wisconsin. To the youthful gunner the pigeon was great game and a few of these fine birds made quite a heavy bag. I never killed more than three at one shot and never saw more than a few thousands in one day passing over. The vast flights that were said to have obscured the sun were a thing of the past when I was a small boy.

Value of Birds on the Farm.

California Fish and Game Commission.

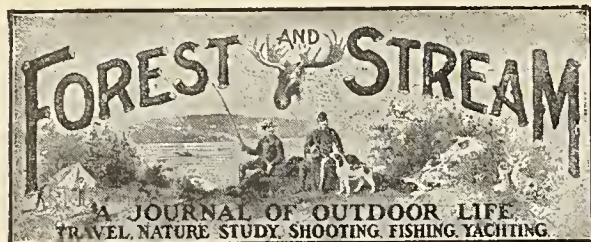
In his warfare against rodent pests, in orchard, garden and field, the birds of prey are of special value to the farmer in the fact that they labor both day and night. While the hawks hunt by day, the work of the owls is carried on chiefly at night, so the work of the one supplements that of the other.

The one outlawed member of the owl family is the great horned owl. The economic standing of this bird seems to depend largely on locality. In regions where rodents are plentiful, it feeds chiefly on them, but when this kind of food is not available, it then attacks birds as well as making frequent inroads on domestic fowl. It has been suggested that "if farmers would shut up their chickens at night instead of allowing them to roost in trees and other exposed places, the principal damage done by this bird would be prevented."

While the great horned owl is of doubtful utility, the barn owl, or monkey-faced owl, as it is commonly called, stands out pre-eminently as a friend of the farmer. While pigeons are sometimes driven from coops by these birds, they are seldom destroyed.

The barn owl is especially useful during the nesting season, sixteen mice, three gophers, a ground squirrel and a good-sized rat being fed to one nestful of birds in about half an hour.

(Continued on page 508.)



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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL
 will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

IMPORTANT DECISION IN CALIFORNIA.

A DECISION of the utmost importance to anglers and hunters has just been handed down in the Supreme Court of California, and according to which navigable waters of California are open to all sportsmen, no matter who owns the soil beneath them. This decision was handed down in the court after a fight that has lasted for six years, the case being that of Edwin H. Forestier vs. Frank Johnson. Forestier owns 302 acres of land on the Napa River, which at ordinary high tide is covered with water and known as Fly's Bay. He was given title by the State on a sale, Jan. 15, 1906, and a year later a patent was issued to him. Shortly after the purchase Johnson and some friends visited the bay to hunt and fish, but were driven away by Forestier. The latter tried to secure an injunction to keep Johnson away, but the Superior Court found that Forestier was not the owner of the "so-called property," although his patent to the soil under the water was conceded. The case was carried to the Supreme Court and in the decision just announced Justice Shaw said: "The defendants admit that the patent is valid and conveyed the soil underlying the bay to Forestier and complete title to the premises, except as they may be necessary to public uses. The United States has paramount right to control navigable waters within the several States so far as may be necessary for the regulation of interstate and foreign commerce. The State can make no disposition of the soil beneath that will impair this right and power of the United States. The defendants have the privilege of hunting on these waters while exercising the public right of navigation over them."

In connection with this important decision it might be stated that there is another case now pending in the courts whereby the right of California to dispose of tide lands is contested. The

stand is taken by the Federal Government that the tide lands turned over to the State must forever remain State property and cannot be sold. In case this contention is upheld, thousands of acres of private preserves held by hunting clubs will revert to the State and may be held only by lease.

A PROMISING GAME SEASON.

FROM every State we thus far have heard from come reports of "the best game season in years." The new protective laws enacted in most States and the scientific application of propagation already are showing their value. The appointment as commissioners and wardens of intelligent men having thorough knowledge of game conditions and the weeding out of game protectors whose only right to the title is political has worked great benefits. Politics, however, play too important a part in some States. For instance, word comes from no less important a State than Minnesota that Governor Eberhart's re-election assures the continuance as president of the Board of Game and Fish Commissioners of George J. Bradley.

Now we haven't any great interest as to the particular party to which Governor Eberhart owes his election; in fact, we do not know whether he is Republican, Democrat or Moose, but we do know that from a conservation viewpoint if, as seems to be the case, Mr. Bradley's reappointment depends upon Gov. Eberhart's continuance in office, Gov. Eberhart should be re-elected, for the reason that Commissioner Bradley has served three years on the commission, during which time much has been done for the good of fish and game in Minnesota, both in propagation and protection. Considerable time will be necessary to carry out the work started by Commissioner Bradley, and he should be allowed to carry his plans to a successful conclusion.

This one instance brings forcefully to mind the fact that commissioners and wardens should hold office just so long as they prove efficient and should have no fear of being superseded at the expiration of their terms should another political party be in power at that time. Honest police service by wardens and deputies to supplement intelligent effort by commissioners will do a great deal to bring back "the old days" shooting of which all of us have read with so much interest in back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

PRINTER'S INK compiles a table showing the aggregate amount of advertising carried by Forest and Stream, Outing and Field and Stream for the past four Septembers. It shows as follows:

Publication.	Agate Lines of Advertising.
1. Forest and Stream.....	61,839
2. Outing	57,267
3. Field and Stream	45,024

Which proves that FOREST AND STREAM in September, 1912, 1911, 1910 and 1909 published an aggregate of 4,572 lines of advertising more than its nearest competitor and 16,815 lines more than its near namesake.

THE JOYS OF THE FIELD.

LONG occupation in business, day by day, week after week, month after month, which, passing away, make the procession of the years, becomes at last a habit, inflexible and dominant.

A man who has the business habit to the exclusion of all other habits sees largely but one side of human nature—the side which is incessantly commercial and striving for material gain. In the competition of business there is little place for diversion or the play of sentiments. Buying and selling, working and paying, with the constant under-current of care which links the responsibilities of to-day with the possibilities of to-morrow, are serious occupations and exclude most else from the mind. It is proper that it should be so in actual business. The serious problems of life deserve serious consideration and attention. The mistake is in making life all serious without relaxation. It should not be all grim and hard and laborious. Nature has her serious exactions, but she is also profuse in the beautiful and pleasing. The earth is in beautiful dress, colored in a profusion of delicate tints and shading, blending exquisitely and never out of harmony. The flowers, beautiful in themselves, have pleasing odors. The birds animating the stillness of the air have sweet songs which please the ear; in short, in nature there is everything to afford wholesome pleasure to the senses and health to body and mind. There is that in the air, in the woods, in the field, on marsh and in waters, from which man can derive new life, new inspiration and a better understanding of nature and of his fellows.

He is certainly a sordid individual who has neither taste for or knowledge of the joys of the field, who wonders whether it is sport or greed that lures so many men from the comforts of home and the fascinations of business to face all sorts of hardships and privations in slough and stream in the wildfowl season.


If the sportsman be advanced in years, the fires of youth surge back over him the night before he crawls into his blind in the golden rice of darksome tules. In his dreams he is again sailing over the old Christmas tide of his boyhood. If he be a young man, with a long vista of years before him yet to be trodden, his emotions are even keener, and more varied, and in the beatitude of the moment he would not exchange places with a king.

RAILROAD ADVERTISING.

ABUNDANT—an overflowing fullness, says Webster. How often this word is used in railroad advertising to describe game conditions in the territory reached by their different lines.

"Moose and deer abundant" is a common statement made by some railroads when as a matter of fact no such state of affairs exists in this country. Of course we realize it is not the intention of any railroad company purposely to mislead through its advertising, but only to make as alluring as possible country traversed by its service. However, the advertising does mislead, consequently should be remodeled to fit the exact conditions rather than the hallucinations of an imaginative copy writer.

FOREST AND STREAM is invariably spoken of by good authorities as one of the first sportsman's magazines of the world.



YACHTING

The Following Sea

By LIPPINCOTT FOSTER

"I'll bet that schooner is going sixteen miles an hour."

"The Vigilant could do no better." The mate's remark and my reply were apropos of the sight of one of our three schooners on her sky-hoot up the river under close-reefed foresail and reefed fore-staysail, but for my part, although pleased at the picture she made, when I regarded the blizzard-sized snow drift she was carrying in front to pillow her head on, I would wish to knock a quarter-mile off that.

But our own plunge-o'-time soon came—that wild, flying-cloud October morning, with southwest gale, after the night-before rage of the

hull and rigging every rope was in place and neatly coiled down, and the glare from her brass work was fit to burn holes in their faces when the sun would throw his fire back from it as he showed occasionally through rents in the flying clouds.

"What a little jib!" shrilly voiced the small boy that has to have his say. Everyone expects it, and no one pays any attention whatever, but one thing can be bet on as a surety—all youngsters in these river front towns know the jib from the rudder post, and why? As our tiny ship starts on the fly, the call of shore class was instantly acknowledged on our part by the salute

The river at Delaware City is somewhat sheltered from a southwest wind, but the curve of the great circular bay, swept on a four-mile radius, soon brought us, as we sailed, to where we were becoming more and more exposed to the full sweep of wind and wave from a constantly increasing distance. The further we would go, the worse it would become. I knew this coast and about what to expect from old-time strenuous experience, but this time roughness was worse than I had bargained for. Twice we anchored, for the sea ahead looked to be quite too viciously much for our size. There was no place to stay in for the night—not the thread of a creek, and the ebbing tide would leave us in the breakers, unless we anchored far out, but anyone would be far out if they thought we would lie in or about such a diabolical assortment of high-heaving curling water as that stuff off to starboard.

"Heave her out, Gus," Like when we were small boys at baseball, and one of our tribe had batted a weak one, and leaving his bat to sail through the air behind him regardless of direction or chances of busted heads, he streams away, working every muscle to reach first base



CARO AND SCHOONER AS THEY LAY UNDER THE BANK.



STARTING AN OVERLAND HAUL.

hurricane, and now the mate and skipper and little 18-foot yawl-rigged yacht Caro (alike in Carry) coming home from a cruise on the Chesapeake, are following a big schooner into the lock at Delaware City. We had room to spare astern of her when the lock closed, and after it was emptied, and we caught a glimpse of Jersey daylight as the river gates parted, we hoisted our small storm jib and the schooner her reefed fore-staysail within its walls, and as the gates were folded in it gave her a start. As soon as the fore boom cleared the lock gateway, the close-reefed foresail went up fast. Then a wave of her skipper's hand signaled that she was on her way up the wild stream toward the great city.

A gallery of the towns folk lined the edge of the pier to see these goings off and make free comments—from knowledge mostly—and our slick craft with streaming colors got its share and more, but only by reason of its size; not for her style. She looked as if she had only been launched that morning. In the freshness of her

of our caps ascending upward as at the same time our hinges allowed our backs to bend down until our noses near rubbed the coaming. The deepness of this bow simultaneously was not too much gyration for the cause that brought it forth. A high stylish, alright kind of a lady all in white was smiling and courtesying to us from the pier, and with a wave of white from her hand. At the same moment the tall well-groomed quiet self-contained-appearing man with her had raised his cap and was making us a deep bow. As we slid quickly away and jumped into the big watery chunks around the pier end, our last memory of Delaware City was most pleasant. The smile never blew away for a mile or more that day.

"Throw me up my boots," was the appeal of the stocking-footed mate standing on the pier at Newcastle after he had climbed with our line. Never was he seen by me to make the first motion toward getting his feet out while he was aboard.

ahead of the ball, and the loudest yell of all among the chorus of shrieks behind him to accelerate him on his way is, "Yer got to go."

It was just so with the Caro when that anchor came aboard; she had to make it good this time.

The end of Newcastle pier would be almost completely hidden in the thundering whiteness of the crumbling mass of water as a wave would strike, while from the granite ice piers that outlie, the spray would fly to great heights from their sloping sides, but the sea butting the long solid sides of the pier would back-wash and made the worst looking steep cross sea to go through that I could ever remember to have seen. It curled both ways and our yacht was only 14 feet load waterline by 5 by 1 with an open cockpit.

Who loveth not to meet exciting adventure when he cruiseth, it were better far for him he shippeth not aboard our craft. She was not like great ones with a fringe of three or four or

half a dozen wave tips to rest in from rudder post to stern boot top, for when such a one comes to her, it heaveh her right up with it.

What wonder I failed to notice Gus free himself from his rubber boots. I never saw him ahead of me in the cockpit any more than if he had not been there. He said afterward: "When I could see close ahead what an awful white mess we were compelled to go through off the end of that pier, I immediately pulled my boots off so as to have some show of life in swimming." I told him: "You should have remained in your boots and gone down like a gentleman, if necessary." It bore not to me the appearance of being a good place for a natorium in any kind of a suit.

The reason of my mate's sightlessness aboard the soaring Caro was that my faculties were all needed in the business of steering the boat through; in also mentally lifting her over every threatening crest by an extra power that seems to be given us for use in emergencies if we will it so. In going through, only some of the lightest of the suds lathered us. Thus was the first time proved afloat, and many an after time, what a magnificent sea boat was the Caro.

After provisioning at Newcastle, we flitted away again. It was easier going now, because of the marshy shores, and the coast trending more northerly. The edge of the "mash" sucks up the waves without breakers, and its border is navigable for a smallness of boat that the heart fails it at the thought of climbing the crested billow out in the channel. We were compelled to do that thing also to get around the end of the long railroad pier that puts out below the Christiana River. It was an open pier on piles, so the cross sea did not bother.

A photograph of the mate, taken while at the helm, and in the heave out there to satisfy the longings which we all have, to be perpetuated as one who had done things and which had for a background the following sea, showed the usual disappointing photographic result. The local wrinkles and wavelets on the slopes of the big fellows came out sharp, while the undulations we were after—and that were after us—their shadows failed of impression on the plate. The resultant picture showed the following sea appearing almost like a flat field covered with little waves, save for big bright spots here and there to the horizon where it had been combing. But our ensign in the picture stood out flat—wrinkleless—as if it had been cut from tin. The breeze did what it could.

We met nothing moving under sail on the face of the waters, and there was nothing moving much on our faces either, as they were "set" most of the time, and very little fit to eat moved into them that day, which was rough—like the sea. The mate shrunk together considerably so as to offer less surface if a sea should take a notion to eat us up, and he said to me with a hunted look in his eyes, "I hate to acknowledge it, but it is so. I don't like to look over my shoulder." I told him, "Rest easy, pull yourself together, I am in the same boat."

Behind the shelter of Edgemoor pier, a poor place because of the shallow water, our reckless hook went splashing down for the night, and when we got spread out on our heaving berths, we were all in, dog tired and cared little for anything.

By the jig the boat was doing on the Sun-

day morning gray, when we awoke it felt as if the dance was still agoing on like yesterday. Looking out from the end of the cabin shoreward, the tops of the large trees were seen to be beaten down by the wind, tossing as on the evening before. A look out on the river showed a small schooner—a smart Aleck—who imagined it really necessary to try to get somewhere against the wall of wind and wave, and over such white-topped hills as were coming down from windward, beating under bobbed jib and close-reefed mainsail. In the act of going about to the starboard tack, as he came up into the wind, a sea reared up and said good morning to him, its foam seeming to go half way up the foremast, and he shed tears as he fell off again on the same old tack shoreward. This was interesting: "Watch him try it now." He no more than by jinks just did do it, which was well for him, for a failure to pay off on the right tack this time would have meant quick work with the anchors or a go ashore.

I stood on the heaving after-deck after watching the schooner's glorious dives and plunges and the wild tide borne way out to windward. I found myself looking down in mild wonder at another interesting sight. It was a load waterline that had been drawn by a wet wave the length of our canvas cabin. The soaking wet curve cut sharp and clear along the canvas, and at its highest point amidships was within two inches of the ridge. This looked as if she must have swung out beyond the end of the pier, touched bottom in the valley, and then a wave must have taken her on the broadside. I never remarked to the dear mate, but as I regarded the card it had left, I had a justifiable suspicion, all to myself, that along in the middle of the black watering night, somewheres our entire motion picture show afloat came near enough to being introduced to Mr. Davy Jones and his locker.

What business was it of mine to remove my grasp from the handle of the coffee pot while we were reeling so for one fraction of a second even if Gus did want the salt? But to please others is all we live for, therefore I reached in its direction of a quickness, but the hot steaming pot was quicker in getting off its perch and shot its near boiling contents along the cockpit floor and some into our turned back bedding. It is well to be young and active, but none of it touched the mate doing the instantaneous cantilever bridge act, but because of the mess left by the receded brown tide, he had grounds of complaint against me. We were preparing our breakfast on the throttled down—because of the waviness of the blaze—alcohol stove that Sunday morning in a jump above Edgemoor pier.

We left Edgemoor, Del., at 9 o'clock and were back to the float in Cooper's Creek, Camden, N. J., at three with the mast out, and as these two figures of time of departure and arrival are the only ones in the yarn to remember—what good some yarns are almost nothing else—it should be easy, but they were put in because it doesn't seem right never to mention once the time of day we expectantly departed for further experiences.

There was a wild rush under the little jib all the billowy way—billowy except on one spot where we struck a smooth that was very remarkable. Below Marcus Hook a long refinery pier with a great steamship alongside its

windward side, the up-stream rushing tide against it, produced out beyond the end of the pier a wonderful flat dome of swift-flowing water sizing up to a half acre, perhaps. When we had succeeded in shaking off the last grasping rough one astern, we jumped on it, swiftly sped across, and plunged half buried into the fringe of rolling breakers that lined its upper edge. This trip across gave us a new experience in doing some sailing. We saw other—not so happy—craft which would not go at all.

As we went we saw many evidences of the storm's ravages in wrecked craft and piers. One schooner seemed to be all right and standing upright, but had been washed and blown away back in the "mash."

At the yacht club moorings at Essington a big seagoing steam yacht was ashore, lying on her bilge high and dry, and to think a little snip like us was flying gaily by.

This was not a day to choose for a yacht race, but the Delaware River web-foot breed of yachtsmen is of a toughness. Those two big cats on the wind that we rushed by and gave the merry hail off League Island had all their tucks gathered, but the area of their sails remaining was a burden to them; they dragged it. As we looked at the rows of wet blue nozzles of the crews piled out to windward, protruding at intervals through the cataracts of cold slop and storm of snowflake lathery suds coming aboard to them with irregular regularity, a fine warm rosy-hued feeling of thankfulness takes us by the hand, pokes us in the ribs and makes us feel how glad we are to be going the other way this time under the little jib.

When we rounded Greenwich Point and hauled up for the broad reach through the city harbor, I gave her the reefed mizzen. Wonderful how the wind held with this additional sail. We tore along and quickly finished the course around Cooper's Point to the creek.

Beside the smart Aleck schooner of the early morning, and the two fierce cats scratching for cups and glory, not a hull under sail had been met from the lock gate to Cooper's mouth. When we went to lower the flaming pennant, only the staff came down. The long paddle up the tide-flowing creek, with our unrigged craft, was a quiet Sunday afternoon pleasure by contrast with the shaking up we had undergone.

We gave back a final look as we swam around an upper point. At our last dinner camp at fair Red Hill, whose carefully put out fire was the last of the year, and though full—as of dinner—of regrets at the parting with outside nature, the smoky fire memories of this and countless others that have flamed around utensils or only showered sparks aloft for us into the starry dark, brightens the world a bit.

Yachtsmen in Session.

Forty representatives of yacht associations from the lake regions, Long Island Sound, Philadelphia and New York met in the Atlantic Coast Conference at the New York Y. C. last week to consider changes in the racing rules with a view to clarifying them. A permanent organization under the name of the Yacht Racing Conference was decided upon with a committee of nine on rules, to be appointed hereafter.

A committee of five, made up of W. Butler

Duncan, Chairman; Charles Lane Poor, Louis M. Clark, Henry A. Morse and C. Sherman Hoyt, were appointed with directions to report in five days the rules framed in accordance with the sentiment expressed at the conference.

Among other changes decided upon it is provided that Nov. 1 hereafter is to be the day for closing the yachting season, and that women aboard yachts are not to be counted as members of the crew.

In all changes in connection with the rules affecting the limitation on displacement only the yachts designed or contracted for up to Oct. 11, 1912, are affected. It was decided to declare as confirmed the right of appeal from the regatta committees to the Yacht Racing Conference, through the various stages up to that, the last tribunal.

William Gardner's New Partnership.

WE note with pleasure the announcement that William Gardner has formed a co-partnership with Frederick M. Hoyt and Philip Leventhal, under the firm name of William Gardner & Co., naval architects, engineers and yacht brokers, 1 Broadway, New York, and that the personnel of the designing and brokerage departments remains unchanged.

Canoeing

American Canoe Association.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS.

AMEND Article VI., Sec. 10, of the Constitution. Add after word "Association," line 8, the words, "and have power to enforce them."

Amend Chapter IX. of By-Laws. Add after word "Camp," line 21, the words "subject to enforcement of rules by the Racing Board."

RACING REGULATIONS.

Amend Rule XIII., Sec. 2, to read as follows: Place in "Record."

To obtain a place on the "Record" a contestant must enter and finish in all three record events, subject to other clauses of this rule, and no competitor who has not started in each previous event, if any, shall be allowed to start in any subsequent event.

Only such contestants as finish in all three record events will receive a credit number, according to position relative to each other in each event, the highest number given in each event being equal only to the number of contestants that finish all three events or are permitted to remain in the "Record," the next one less and so on, except that the winner of each event shall be given a premium of three points for winning, the second man two points and the third man one point. The total numbers given added together shall give the credit number on the record.

In case of unavoidable accident, which prevents a man from finishing in any one record event, the regatta committee may, at its discretion, permit such contestant to enter the other events, and his marks to be counted for the "Record," but he shall receive zero for the event in which he did not finish. He shall also be entitled to any prizes won in individual races, but

in case of disqualification for committing breaches of the rules, he shall neither be entitled to any prizes for positions won in previous races, nor allowed to start in subsequent events.

Amend Rule XIII., Sec. 4, to read as follows:

The open canoe sailing trophy race; distance nine miles in three heats of three miles each. The first and third heats shall be on the triangle, the second shall be over a windward and leeward course of not over one mile; time limit one and one-half hours for each heat; for points counted the same as for the record.

Amend Rules XVI. and XVII. to read as follows:

Rule XVI.—Officials:

For every race there shall be a referee, starter and three judges.

DUTIES OF OFFICIALS.

Referee.—The jurisdiction of the referee extends over the race, and all matters connected with it from the start until its final termination.

Any competitor refusing to abide by the decision or to follow the directions of the referee shall be disqualified.

Judges.—The judges shall report to the referee the order in which the competing boats cross the finish line, but the decision of the race shall rest with and be declared by the referee.

Starter.—It shall be the duty of the starter, upon notice from the referee, to start the various events.

The referee may act as starter if he desires, but where he does not so act, the starter shall be subject to the control of the referee.

Rule XVII.—Paddling Races:

Starting.—Paddling races shall be started by the starter asking, "Are you ready?" On receiving no answer he shall say, "Go." If he considers the start unfair he may recall the canoes to their stations and any contestant refusing to start again shall be disqualified.

The combined sailing and paddling race shall be started in the same manner.

Canoes shall be started by their bows, and shall have completed their course when the bows reach the finish line.

Water.—A canoe's own water is the straight course, parallel with other competing canoes from the station assigned it at the start to a relative position on the finish line.

Each canoe shall keep its own water throughout the race, and any canoe departing from its own water will do so at its peril.

The referee shall be sole judge of a canoe's own water and proper course during the race.

Fouls.—It shall be considered a foul when, after the race has commenced, any competitor, by his paddle, course or person, comes in contact with the paddle, canoe or person of another competitor, unless in the opinion of the referee the contact is so slight as not to influence the race.

In case of a foul the referee shall have the power (a) to place the canoes (except the canoe committing the foul) in the order in which they finish; (b) to order the canoe engaged in the race (other than the canoe committing the foul) to paddle the race over again; (c) to restart the qualified canoes from the place they were when the foul was committed.

GEO. P. DOUGLASS,

Chairman Racing Board A. C. A.

Canadian Canoeists Challenge.

BY F. C. HOYT.

GRAVESEND BAY will be the scene of an international canoe race next year. The New York C. C., the oldest organization of its kind in the country, has been challenged for the International Challenge Cup by the Gananoque Canoe and Motor Boat Club of Gananoque, Ontario, and the races will be held on the lower bay next summer.

The Canadians have named Ralph Britton as their representative. The defender will not be known until after a series of elimination races to be sailed early in the spring. Although the New York C. C. is the holder of the trophy, the Gravesend Bay organization will welcome the members of other clubs in the trial races, and the best canoeist will be chosen to defend the cup.

As there has not been a race for the trophy since 1895, it is expected that more than 1,000 canoeists will compete in the trial races for the honor of representing this country against Canada. The boats used in the contest are about 16 feet over all, 2½ feet beam and carry a sail area of 160 feet. A long sliding seat is used to counteract the force of the wind against the sails.

There was a time when the International Challenge Cup was the most coveted trophy in the world of canoeists. It originally was offered by the New York C. C. in 1885. At that time there was considerable interest in the sailing of deck canoes. The American Canoe Association has been in existence for about thirty years and each summer there have been meets on the St. Lawrence River, Lake George and elsewhere, at which racing among deck canoes was the principal attraction.

The offer of an international trophy gave the canoeists an additional incentive for racing. The first club to challenge was the Royal C. C. of London. The race was sailed in 1886 and the challenging club was represented by Warrington-Baden-Powell, brother of Lord Baden-Powell and by Walter Stewart. The defendants were C. Bowyer Vaux and William Whitlock, who retained the cup. Two years later the Royal Club sent over Mr. Stewart, who was beaten by Reginald S. Blake.

Canada took a hand in the game in 1890 when a challenge was received from the Brockville C. C., nominating Ford Jones as its representative. Mr. Jones was beaten by H. Lansing Quick, of the Yonkers C. C. Not at all discouraged, Mr. Jones came after the cup in 1891 and again in 1892, losing the first year to T. E. H. Barrington and in 1892 to T. S. Oxholm.

The next race was held in 1895. The challenger was the Royal C. C. of Montreal and the representative was Charles E. Archibald. The New York C. C. successfully defended with Paul Butler. There has not been a race since 1895.

The New York C. C. still is uncertain regarding its plans. Commodore Bayley announces that there will be an elimination series of three races to pick the defender. The deed of gift states that the challenging club may name from one to three representatives and that the defending club is limited to the same number. As the Gananoque Club has nominated only Ralph Britton, there will be only one defender for the mug.

TRAP SHOOTING

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

Oct. 29-30.—Demopolis (Ala.) G. C. W. C. Du Fue, Sec.
 Oct. 30.—Medford (Okla.) G. C. Dr. I. V. Hardy, Sec'y.
 Nov. 7.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
 Nov. 21-22.—Clinton (Ont.) G. C. J. E. Cantelon, Sec'y.
 Dec. 2-6.—St. Thomas, (Ont.) G. C. W. J. McCance,
 Asst. Mgr.
 1913.
 Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard
 Tufts, Pres.
 July 8-13.—Cedar Point, O.—The Indians' tournament.
 D. H. Eaton, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

A. J. Burns writes us that "the North Brewster (O.) Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot at North Brewster, on Thanksgiving Day. Turkeys, ducks and geese will constitute some of the prizes to be awarded. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. We will have our new trap installed and initiate it on that day, with new trap house and perhaps new club house. We will have a good many interesting events during the winter."

R. Young, Secretary Jersey City Gun Club, writes: "The Jersey City Gun Club to-day re-opened for the 1912-13 season, and will be open every Saturday afternoon thereafter, and extends an invitation to all shooters to pay us a visit and spend a pleasant hour or two. Targets are trapped at 1 cent each to all. Special attention will be paid to beginners, as one of our members has volunteered his services for the season, and promises to make shooters of us all."

W. G. BEECROFT.

"Bob" Elliott's "Bull Moose" Tournament.

AND now comes the pencil pusher to the point of announcing the results of the third progressive trap-shooting tournament held on the world-renowned Blue River shooting park, Kansas City, Mo. When Elmer Shaner named the park, he did not realize that it would become the most noted meeting place for a variety of events of any park in the country. Shortly after it was held here the world's largest and greatest shooting event, the G. A. H. at live birds, and from that time up to the present, more G. A. Hs and Western Handicaps, individual races, and especially a long string of strictly amateur events, such as no other promoter save Bob Elliott has inaugurated. And more, he has made a great success of every one of them. The strangest thing that comes to mind is why all other park managers do not fall in line and try Elliott's handicaps and Elliott's division of the entrance money.

Look over the scores herewith and note how few of them overreached the limit of 88 per cent. shooters. These contestants met as a body of socially good fellows, and tested their skill with those of their equals, not being compelled to withdraw before the program had been completed by attempting to compete with 95 to 100 per cent. fellows.

Those of you who were not favored with a program need a little insight as to what was carried out during this shoot. First, it was a simon-pure amateur event, the shooter being classed as an 88 per cent. man and no better; if he developed any better gun pointing during the progress of the shoot, then he was subject to a distance handicap. Only in the last 100 target event did the boys show over 90 per cent., and then the conditions were favorable.

The attendance on the opening day was good, though not up to expectations, as Bob was looking for one hundred. Those present were enthusiastic and out for a good time. Few overreached the 88 per cent. dead line, while others ranged all the way down to below 70; some even lower.

The leading men were: E. Miller, of Pittsburg, Kas., who made a total of 179 out of the 200; Joe Gray, of Moberly, was second with 177, and then came Wm. Munsterman, 175.

When the day had closed, it was noticed that a number of men who were in their prime twenty years ago and had lost their cunning, were out competing with the beginners in this great sport of smashing "mud pies." If they will pardon us for calling attention to dimness of eyesight, we mention Judge Allen Dixon, F. N. Cockerill, Ira Allen, W. B. Cosby, Baily Johnson, G. W. Jenkins, Wm. Allen, Andy Thomas, George Stockwell, E. Howe and J. W. Harlan.

The second day found a number of new shooters at the firing line while a few had sore shoulders and remained away. H. K. Mitton proved to be a little strong and ran his score up to 183. B. Pierce, of Pittsburg, Kas., came under the wire with 180, and E. Miller, while holding his own to a fraction, was third.

On the third day the sun shone out, and the wind

was fairly quiet, so that good scores were made for this class of shooters.

Mr. Pearee, who showed up on the first two days at the top, came away to-day with the very good score of 94 and walked proudly away with the \$100 diamond medal. Chet Dixon doesn't quite keep up to his brother, and yet he proved a close runner-up with 93, while third honors fell to H. K. Mitton, the Nebraska lad.

While the 100-target event was going on there was another event being pulled off that reminded one of "ye olden times." Don't mention it so loud, but then an old set of Fulford live bird traps were being filled with live pigeons, and as fast as they were emptied, they were filled again and again until some forty odd men had tried their eyes on 25 birds each.

When night closed in there was George Stockwell, a veteran wearing that fine \$100 watch as winner of the big event. Well, George had to stop 27 birds straight to accomplish the feat, as he was tied on 25 by three others, viz., R. W. King, John Chadwick and Eugene Howe. The last three were soon out of the tie, as only two birds each were necessary for the decision.

L. L. Tucker and E. E. Hairgrove accounted for all save one, and several got in the 23-hole. The scores:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day.
Judge Dixon	200	200	100
Chester Dixon	154	157	86
H K Mitton	172	168	93
H K Mitton	166	183	91
W T Waidley	170	154	79
L L Tucker	162	175	85
A Abramson	169	168	90
Hy Thomas	173	177	..
S Lyle	155
E Miller	150	170	73
B Pierce	167	180	94
F N Cockerill	148	157	..
C J Schulz	144
O Freel	163	170	83
C Freel	152	168	85
I Allen	159	174	82
W M Long	153	139	..
T A Warren	132	130	72
J W Griffith	152
Ed Herrman	173	174	74
R W King	173	171	87
H L Hubbard	160	151	79
Rud Masterson	157
D B Campbell	145
Wm Musterman	175	176	88
W T Jordan	161	172	77
Joe Grother	149	168	..
A T McDaniel	159	155	79
W B Cosby	170	172	..
F M Luther	153	178	82
Dr E W Staey	142	..	75
Joe Gray	177
J K Boyd	167	172	86
A L Williams	139	162	..
John Williams	161
R C Hulburd	132	..	76
W H Jones	..	153	85
Ed Jenkins	..	161	83
Wm Allen	..	158	..
*E A Rodenbaugh	64	157	73
*B Johnson	..	104	84
T McPhillin	..	73	..
L Kling	..	85	..
G W Jenkins	..	80	..
Billy Allen	..	81	..
A E Thomas	..	77	..
W T Coats	..	89	..
E E Hairgrove	..	78	..

*Shot at 100 on first day. Elliott handicap, 25 live birds:		†Shot at 120 on second day.	
A Abramson	22	D I Parsons	15
L L Tucker	24	E E Hairgrove	24
Chet Dixon	23	Chas Smith	23
Matt Willson	22	Geo Stockwell	25
H W Jenkins	23	Hy Schmidt	22
C Freel	23	T J Wheeland	21
Billy Allen	19	Ira Allen	22
F M Luther	21	W B Zimmerman	15
R W King	25	J K Boyd	18
O Freel	20	T McPhillin	20
P H Meehan	22	E Howe	25
E Jenkins	21	R Holland	20
B Johnson	23	R C Hulburd	19
John Chadwick	25	J W Harlan	23
R Crane	21	G W Stockwell, Jr.	22
W J Coats	22	H K Mitton	22
Dr E. W. Staey	23	A Truman	21
T A Warren	17		

North Brewster Gun Club.

BREWSTER, O., Oct. 12.—The North Brewster Gun Club, of Brewster, O., celebrated Columbus Day shooting as follows: Singles:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
R Gage	100 26	A Glick	25 10
W Wilson	50 31	H Leinbach	25 12
A Burns	50 29	Miss Guthrie	25 12
B Glick	25 20	E Schenffer	25 1
C Engleman	25 16	W Parker	75 15
W Glick	25 15	A Reming	35 13
Doubles:			
W Wilson	25 15	A Burns	25 6
C Engleman	25 11		

A. J. BURNS.

Hercules Gun Club.

TEMPLE, Pa., Oct. 12.—The tournament of the Hercules Gun Club was shot to-day. The attendance was somewhat low on account of the live-bird shoot held at Spring Valley, and the target shoot held at Ephrata, Pa., while others went to the Philadelphia League shoot. Lee Wertz is sick with an attack of bronchitis, while "Tip" is moving around on crutches with rheumatism.

John J. Marberger won the high amateur average by smashing 144 out of his 150, and received the Cypher's silver cup, a trophy standing ten inches high. Mr. Marberger also won the solid gold watch fob for the county championship on 50 birds, by breaking 48. This fob was donated by Hoff & Bro., of Reading, Pa. Ed. H. Adams, one of Reading's leading shots, was a close second with 46 out of his 50, while his chum, W. S. Behm, was but one target shy of Adams.

The gale of wind which prevailed nearly all afternoon shows that Mr. Marberger made a phenomenal record by breaking 144 in the regular program. J. B. Coffroad was second high amateur with 131 out of his 150. W. Henry Van de Sande, of Lebanon, broke 126 as third amateur gun, while J. C. Bitterling, of Allentown, landed fourth with 105 breaks, the honor of receiving a pair of shoes, donated by the Common Sense shoe store.

A. J. Mengel, who broke 145 out of 150 on our grounds on August 10, could not hold his own to-day. He shot at 75 and broke 69. This was too slim for Al.

E. H. Adams reached the grounds late in the afternoon and could not leave the business on account of pay day, before 1 P. M., so shot at only 75 and broke 68, which is below his average. Ed says, "Some days must be dark and dreary."

W. L. Lesneski, of Lebanon, shot but one event, and then went to Spring Valley, where he was scheduled to shoot a live-bird contest with Jim Firing for \$25 a side. Mr. Lesneski is one of the Lebanon county wing shots, and no flies are apt to sit on his gun.

Seven amateurs and one professional entered the double-target event. J. Mowell Hawkins, the professional, broke 14 out of his 10 pairs, or 20 birds. In this event W. S. Behm proved to be an easy winner, who smashed 18 out of 20 and received the pair of F. W. King shooting glasses as high gun in this event. J. C. Bitterling, Frank Wertz, Ed. H. Adams were tied on 17 each, as second high guns in this event.

J. M. Hawkins led the professional field with 149, missing but one target, the ninetieth, which gave him a straight run of 89. Neaf Apgar was second high professional with 147 to his credit and had a run of 108 straight, which was excellent in the gale of wind.

James Hogan, of Reading, had charge of the traps, while Howard Wertz responded to the call of "pull."

The club will hold a live-bird shoot in the near future, the date not having been set—the Cotopaxi Introductory and the Hercules Handicap.

O. S. Sked, of Wilkesbarre, was scheduled to shoot with us to-day, but was then ordered to Ephrata, where another shoot was being pulled off. This cut down the Hercules attendance.

Most of the boys will attend the Spring Valley live-bird shoot on Saturday, Oct. 26, on the Spring Valley grounds. Introductory event, 10 birds, \$5, and Spring Valley Handicap, 15 birds, \$8; handicaps, 28 to 31 yds. Handicap committee chosen from shooters present. This is one of the foremost shooting grounds in the State and a good attendance is anticipated. A good stock of farm-raised birds will be on hand, and no one will make a mistake by participating in this event. Programs are now on press, and may be had by addressing E. H. Adams, 1805 Parkiomen avenue, Reading, Pa.

Many of the boys are holding back from the target shoots on account of being close to the gunning season.

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
J B Coffroad	150 131	E H Adams	75 68
J C Bitterling	150 105	C H Adams	75 52
J J Marberger	150 144	W Spatz	75 48
W L Lesneski	15 10	G B Bortz	60 48
Van de Sande	150 126	C B Prutzman	60 47
A J Mengel	75 69	F Wertz	60 38
W S Behm	90 83		

Professionals:	
L R Lewis	150 127
N Apgar	150 147
J M Hawkins	150 149

The event at 10 pairs doubles resulted as follows:
 J M Hawkins..... 14 W Spatz 14
 C B Prutzman..... 15 G B Bortz..... 13
 W S Behm..... 18 F Wertz 17
 J C Bitterling..... 17 E H Adams..... 17
 A. K. LUDWIG, Sec'y.

Cerro Gordo Gun Club.

MASON CITY, Ia., Oct. 8.—Cerro Gordo Gun Club enthusiasts were given an opportunity of competing with J. R. Graham at the grounds of the club on Oct. 1. The presence of Mr. Graham, together with W. S. McGill, brought out a few members of the club to participate in a special shoot. The attendance was, however, seriously handicapped owing to the short notice received of their coming. Out of 100 targets shot at, the following scores were made:

Graham	90	Thompson	83
McGill	74	Monplasure	82
Konvalinka	88	Foster	80
Dutro	86	F'aherty	75
Madsen	83	*Height	30

*Height shot at 50 targets only.
 Field shooting has been exceptionally good this fall. Chickens have been plentiful, and well filled bags have been brought in by those who have taken advantage of the opportunity.

Ducks have not been so numerous, but the annual migration to the south will soon be on, and we will undoubtedly have our share. Drainage of practically all low lands in this State has sounded the death knell of early fall shooting.

H. B. MADSEN.

Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

EDGE HILL, Pa., Oct. 12.—The pre-season meet of the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League was held here to-day. Aside from the money on each event, there were two prizes offered in each class that were distinctly worth winning, and this made the competition in the different classes unusually keen. The class system was arranged so as to give everybody a chance, and the winner and runner-up in each class who carried off the cut-glass prizes were: Class A, George S. McCarty with 94, and "Butch" Landis, 93; Class B, E. Fred. Slear, 95, and Frank Bender, of Lansdale, 89; Class C, H. P. Carlon, 85, and Harvey Wiley 93; Class D, Frank Meehan, Jr., 77, and MacAlonan and Jarrell tied for the runner-up price, each with 72.

Singularly, a Class B shooter was the big gun on the full program. Fred Slear, the Camden crack, beat out McCarty for the honor by just one target, due to two straights, a 19 and two 18s. The program called for five 20-bird events, all at 16yds., and as all four traps were in good working order, the tournament was cleaned up in record time. The attendance comprised representatives from all the local clubs, and there were several out-of-town shooters who participated. The scores:

Class A.		
Griffith	92	Swartz
McCarty	94	McHugh
Stevens	92	Sloan
Hineline.....	84	Torpey
Landis	93	Joslyu
Lansay	89	Clark
Class B.		
Westcott	75	Sidebotham
Bender	89	McGinty
Pratt	72	Slear
Metz	83	Fleming
Eyre	76	Appleton
Doremus	69	Washington
Class C.		
Wakeman	80	Walt Dalton.....
Horner	68	Wm Dalton
Dr. Wentz	75	Carlon
Mehath	71	Holloway
J. Davis	63	Ford
Wiley	83	Letford
Hall	72	Peden
Kirkpatrick	61	Curley
Perry	75	Chestnut
Gunson	81	Freed
T. Meehan	78	Armstrong
Clegg	75	Haupt
Keenan	46	Turner
Lindley	72	
Class D.		
F. Meehan, Jr.....	77	Jones
Smith	51	MacAlonan
Firth	55	Jarrell
Diest	48	R. David
H. B. Harvey.....	54	

Indianapolis Gun Club.

The following scores were made in the autumn tournament of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Oct. 9 and 10:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
*Taylor	400 388	Barto	400 357
*Freeman	400 379	Long	400 357
Roll	400 376	Parry	400 345
Young	400 376	Jewett	300 273
Campbell	400 369	Hofer	300 268
Bruns	400 369	*Barstow	400 292
*Marshall	400 370	Britton	300 259
*Vietmeyer	400 363	Straughn	200 178
Edmonson	400 363	Norris	200 175
Beard	400 360	*Penn	200 160
Moller	400 357		

On Oct. 12, Moller with 95 per cent and three straights, led in the practice events. Parry with 94 per cent and three straights, was runner-up. Edmonson and Aliq also posted straights. Scores follow:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Moller	175 165	Golden	120 86
Parry	175 163	Thomas	75 62
Edmonson	175 149	Riley	75 52
Dixon	175 145	McCarty	75 50
Aliq	145 129	Kleinmeyer	75 47
Neighbors	120 88		

R. R.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 13.—The Analostan Gun Club had a very windy afternoon for their shoot yesterday. The wind blew a gale, and made the shooting difficult. However, some good scores were made, and results were as follows:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
F. H. Huseman.....	100 91	Miles Taylor	50 44
G. W. Peck, Jr.....	100 83	J. A. Brown	50 43
Dr. A. B. Stine....	100 84	W. W. Wallace..	50 39
J. M. Green.....	100 77	Dr. F. Bradford..	50 42
G. D. Kirk	75 47	Wm. Willis	35 21
W. D. Dulaney....	50 45	J. H. Graves.....	25 12

In the Du Pont trophy contest the following scores were made:

Bradford	5 25	Stine	2 21
Dulaney	3 25	Huseman	0 21
M. Taylor	5 25	Green	0 18
Peck	1 24	Kirk	6 20
Wallace	5 24	Graves	0 12
Brown	1 23		

In the first shoot, Oct. 5, Frank Huseman won a leg on the trophy, scoring 24.

In an event at 12 pairs of doubles the following scores were made: Kirk 22, Huseman 20, Dulaney 19, Peck 16, Brown 16, Wallace 13.

MILES TAYLOR, Sec'y.

Oakwood Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 11.—This special shoot was held in honor of the professionals Messrs. Gilbert and Le Compte. O. Fisher made his debut as a pro., but they had to take off their hats to Dawson, who led the field with 95 grassed to his credit. Weather conditions ideal:

*Le Compte	87	W. R. Winfree.....	90
Lingle	91	Dawson	95
Anderson	84	Carroll	68
Stockley	86	Moorman	85
*Coffin	77	J. Fisher	72
Fox	86	Terry	75
Daniel	92	Dennis	86
*O. Fisher	90	Lindsay	76
*Gilbert	93	S. O. Fisher.....	65

*Professionals.

The Du Pont Gun Club.

THE Du Pont Gun Club last Saturday had a "Home Week" shoot. It was in keeping with the week's celebration. Although many of the club's members attended



Two More Big Tournaments Added to Season's Victories

— WITH —

World Beating Guns and Shells

Successful shooters again "took the right road" in their choice of *Remington-UMC* — the perfect shooting combination

New California-Nevada Trapshooters' Association Starts Right, with 9 out of 11 Trophies for *Remington-UMC* in First Tournament

State Championship: Won by Wm. H. Varien, 48 ex 50, shooting Remington-UMC Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

Individual Championship: Won by Wm. H. Varien, 95 ex 100, shooting Arrow Shells.

Buffalo Three Man Team Trophy: Won by Modesto Team, all shooting Remington-UMC Guns and Arrow Shells.

Championship at Doubles: Won by Dr. A. M. Barker—only straight score, 24 ex 24 —shooting Arrow Shells.

Indiana State Shoot a *Remington-UMC* Harvest

State Championship: Tied for by R. H. Bruns and C. A. Edmonson, 286 ex 300. Mr. Bruns won in shoot-off, 40 straight—both shooting Remington-UMC Nitro Club Steel Lined Shells.

High Amateur Average: Won by F. M. Edwards, 289 ex 300, shooting Arrow Shells.

Two-Man Team Championship: Both winning teams, scoring 563 and 555 ex 600, respectively, shot Remington-UMC Steel Lined Shells, and high men on both teams shot Remington-UMC Pump Guns.

High Professional Average: Won by C. E. Goodrich, 291 ex 300, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun.

Post Season Shooters: Follow the example of these winners and the winners at the Olympic Games, at the Grand American Handicap, Southern, Western and 16 out of 20 Great Interstate Handicaps

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REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299-301 Broadway - - - - **New York, N. Y.**

the opening shoot of the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League on the grounds of the Highland Gun Club, Edge Hill, Pa., a number of shooters were before the local traps.

A 50-target event was the feature of the day, the prize being a handsome silver cup. J. H. Minnick and W. Edmonson tied at 49—a remarkable score. On the shoot-off at 25 targets, Minnick won by a score of 23 to 20.

The scores were:

W. Edmonson	4 49	E. M. Ross.....	8 33
W. B. Sturgis.....	12 48	S. Tughton	4 45
W. G. Robelen.....	0 26	H. P. Reed.....	8 45
Dr. S. Steele.....	4 45	W. G. Wood.....	2 41
G. F. Lord.....	8 43	H. B. Smith, Jr....	8 44
C. Leedom	4 46	S. G. David.....	12 47
Dr. A. Patterson....	4 45	L. Worthington	0 47
J. H. Minnick.....	2 49	W. S. Colfax, Jr....	0 43
W. M. Hammond... ..	2 39	Dr. E. Q. Bullock... ..	0 19
J. A. MacMullen.....	8 41	A. Bird	0 12

The rifle scores were: D. Appleby 235; J. Bredin, Jr., 193, 204; W. Rommel 199, 204; J. Nurnberg, 206, 223; C. W. Pierce, 230, 228, 224.

Pistol scores: D. Appleby, 85, 83, 93.



INDEPENDENCE GUN CLUB.

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., Oct. 5.—The Independent Gun Club held the last of a series of eight shoots for the FOREST AND STREAM trophy on their grounds to-day. The day was an ideal one for shooting, with just enough wind blowing across the grounds to keep the boys shooting at their best to keep in the race for the cup. Mr. Sked, a member of our club, but now of Wilkesbarre, Pa., where he is representing an ammunition firm, paid us a visit, he showed us that he knows how to break rocks by being high with 95 out of 100. But he had to shoot, for J. Heil was after him with 91. Mr. Sked was very much pleased when he heard that all the shooters for the trophy were using his firm's shells, and that a good number of them pinned their faith on the pump gun. We also had with us one of our oldest members, W. H. Maurer, of Jersey City. The boys are always glad to have "Billy" around, for it seems like old times to have him call "Pull." And the way he broke his targets, it seemed as though his 270lbs. of good nature and true sportsmanship had hit them. He also brought his camera with him and took a picture of the shooters and club house, with the prizes. Also, the winner of the FOREST AND STREAM cup, and one of the three oldest members of the club, J. Heil, W. Kelechner and himself. (Of course some one else had to pull the trigger to snap the last three.)

J. Maurer won the FOREST AND STREAM cup with a total of 357 out of 400, and any one could see by the smile on his face after the race was decided that he was the happiest man on the grounds. Joe has always been one of our best shots, and always a hard worker for the best interests of the club, and I can very readily say that, with his good shooting all through the series, his winning of the trophy was a very popular one. His scores for the eight shoots of 50 targets each were: 41, 44, 45, 46, 44, 46, 45, 46.

G. Cross and C. Stocker tied for the second prize, a cut-glass celery dish, donated by W. H. Maurer, with a total of 351. They both agreed to shoot off at 25 targets per man. It certainly was a nice exhibition of shooting. Cross finally won out by 24 to 22. They both missed their third target, then Cross ran out straight, while Stocker let his twenty-third and twenty-fifth, both hard left-angle birds, get away from him.

The final scores of those who shot through the entire series of eight 50-target shoots, follow:

Maurer	0	357	G Cross	36	351
J Heil	0	341	B Wenner	76	340
W Ivey	85	327	C Stocker	37	351

The boys were very much pleased with the handsome trophy presented by the FOREST AND STREAM. Our club has been a regular subscriber for FOREST AND STREAM for the last eight years, and it is always missed when it is not delivered promptly by the mail. I am sending you the pictures taken to-day, which we hope will go to show that we have an up-to-date club, and are always glad to have visiting shooters come and have a good time with us.

Below are the scores made at to-day's shoot. Events 1 and 2 were for the prizes; event 6 was shoot-off for second prize.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	Total.
J Maurer	24	22	21	67
J Heil	22	24	23	22	91
W Ivey	14	17	14	14	59
G Cross	23	20	21	24	85

B Wenner	16	13	15	44
C Stocker	22	18	19	23	18	22	122
*O Sked	24	25	22	24	95
*Ziegler	23	21	21	22	87
*W Kelechner	18	16	14	48
*J Gunning	4	9	13
*W Maurer	22	17	20	18	77
*J Miller	4	..	4

*Not competing for prizes. W. R. IVEY, Sec'y.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 12.—We had a rattling good shoot here to-day. The high guns from a wide radius, fifty-four in number, took part in the sixth annual Cosmopolitan Amateur Championship. Competition was keen and reputation an asset. The big title went to New Jersey, carried thence by W. H. Matthews, of Trenton Gun Club, with a score of 95 out of 100. This tied Ed. Banks, of Du Pont, who was high professional. Paul Von Boeckman, of the home club, took second place with one less break than made by the winner; he tied H. S. Welles, second high pro. D. Sauer and Al. Ivins tied for third with 92. Third pink sheet entrant was H. Keller, with 84.

The early season, with its lack of practice, was apparent in the general average of scores, such shooters as C. W. Billings, Secretary Schorstemmer, Simonson, F. B. Stephenson, J. S. James and others, generally found in the upper register, breaking 85 and less. The weather was ideal, while conditions and arrangements were, as always at the Bergen Beach—excellent. Scores:

Cosmopolitan Championship, 100 targets:			
W H Mathews.....	95	J R Simonson.....	85
P Von Boeckman.....	94	Dr Wellsmiller.....	83
Dr Sauer.....	92	J S James.....	83
Al Ivins.....	92	C W Billings.....	83
B W Shanley.....	91	L Schorty.....	82
J Clifford.....	90	W Blake.....	81
Al Hepburn.....	89	J A Howard.....	81
S Isaacs.....	89	B Von Valor.....	80
H L Colquitt.....	89	Dr O'Brien.....	78
J A R Elliott.....	89	W Roach.....	78
W W Wynne.....	89	W L Skidmore.....	78
G S Remsen.....	88	K Young.....	78
W P Northcott.....	88	R Morgan.....	78
W S Silkworth.....	87	A D Tunia.....	78
Fred Plum.....	87	E E Gardner.....	77
John Martin.....	87	J H Richmond.....	76
P M Kling.....	86	H D Tracy.....	71
R Cook.....	86	W Raymond.....	70
W L Grace.....	86	A M Dalton.....	68
J H Vanderveer.....	86	J Voorhees.....	67
W Simonson.....	85	F Weilbacher.....	65
F B Stephenson.....	85	C A Brown.....	65
H C Allen.....	85	P M Moeller.....	63
H Voorhees.....	85		

Professionals:			
E Banks.....	95	T W Harrison.....	76
H S Welles.....	94	T Davis.....	68
H Keller.....	84		

The team race, five men from each club, was won by Jersey City Gun Club with 456 out of 500 targets. Bergen Beach Gun Club was second with 453. The winning team was composed of W. H. Matthews, Al. Ivins, B. W. Shanley, L. S. Colquitt and W. W. Wynne.

Akron Steel Bird Gun Club.

AKRON, O., Oct. 12.—Steel bird shooting is becoming very popular with hunters and field shooters here, because they give such real live bird flights, which, combined with speed, make them rather difficult to hit; but when hit with one or two shot show a kill by dropping and remaining suspended head up until they pass out of sight, when they are instantly raised to the flying position and locked ready for a return flight in the opposite direction.

Some recent scores follow:

	Shot at.	Broke		Shot at.	Broke
Bittner	25	22	Van Cantfort ..	10	2
Bork	25	18	Mishler	10	2
Dr Dixon	25	16	Meyers	10	4
Bittner	25	17	Meyers	15	7
Bork	25	24	Mishler	15	3
Brown	10	2			
Next event:					
Bork	125	99	Miller	25	15
Mishler	135	65	Able	25	8
Bittner	100	59	Sweet	25	10
Dr Dixon	100	65	Wagner	50	30
Mishler	85	55			
Last shoot:					
Bork	25	15	Vedder	25	6
Walters	25	16	Bork	25	18
Bork	25	22	Van Canfort ..	25	1
Van Cantfort ..	25	7	Bork	25	13
Bork	25	23	Walters	25	19
Walters	25	14	Bork	20	15
Bork	25	21			

Mr. Bittner used No. 6 shot at close range in one event, and put the birds out of commission. They are not designed for such heavy pounding, but stand well under No. 8 or 7½.

E. E. MISHLER, Sec'y.

Excelsior Rod and Gun Club.

THE annual target shoot of the Excelsior Rod and Gun Club at Columbia, Pa., will be held Thursday, Oct. 24. The special features: Average moneys and \$100 merchandise race. One cent for each target thrown will be set aside to form a purse, which will be divided among the high guns as follows: If the purse amounts to \$25, five moneys and two extra moneys for each \$5 over this amount. Program open to all amateurs. You can shoot for targets only at 2 cents each. Shooting starts promptly at 10:30 A. M.

Club house has just been remodeled, and is a comfortable, commodious structure overlooking the Susquehanna River. We promise you a delightful day's sport, and will do the best in our power to pull off a good shoot. The rest of it is up to you.



J. E. Maurer, Winner FOREST AND STREAM Cup. Oldest Members of the Club—J. Heil, Maurer and W. Kelechner.



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Wichita Falls, Tex., Sept. 1-3.....	H. R. Bosley, High Amateur.....	377 ex 400
Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 2.....	H. S. Welles, High Professional.....	144 ex 150
Salem, Ore., Sept. 2-3.....	L. H. Reid, High Professional.....	297 ex 310
Holdrege, Neb., Sept. 6.....	J. S. Day, High Professional.....	146 ex 150
Mechanicsburg, Ohio, Sept. 7.....	W. R. Chamberlain, High Professional.....	149 ex 150
McKeesport, Pa., Sept. 10.....	W. Henderson, High Professional.....	148 ex 150
Oklahoma City, Okla., Sept. 18-20.....	Harvey Dixon, High Amateur.....	269 ex 300
Bridgeport, Ala., Sept. 19-20.....	Walter Huff, High Professional.....	283 ex 300
Leitchfield, Ky., Sept. 23.....	W. Henderson, High Professional.....	98 ex 100
Princeton, Ky., Sept. 25.....	W. Henderson, High Professional.....	98 ex 100
Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 29.....	W. S. Trout, High Amateur.....	194 ex 200
Maquoketa, Ia., Oct. 1.....	W. S. Hoon, High Amateur.....	186 ex 200
Omaha, Neb., Oct. 1-2.....	E. W. Varner, High Amateur.....	375 ex 400
Winchester, Ky., Oct. 3.....	Guy Ward, High Professional.....	99 ex 100
McAlester, Okla., Oct. 4.....	H. J. Donnelly, High Professional.....	95 ex 100
Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 5.....	W. Henderson, High Professional.....	96 ex 100
Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 5.....	Lester German, High Professional.....	143 ex 150
Decatur, Ill., Oct. 6.....	A. C. Connor, High Amateur.....	147 ex 150

3344 ex 3510

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 { on your fall hunt }

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Cincinnati Gun Club.

The advance guard of shooters entered for the Post Season tournament, reached Cincinnati on the 12th, and a number were at the grounds on that day and the 13th, anxious for a little practice on the grounds where they all hope to break records. Among the prominent amateur and professional experts who took part in the events on those days were Fred. G. Bills, of Chicago, who won high professional average on singles and doubles (1,000 targets) at both of the previous Post Season tournaments; C. B. Eaton, Fayette, Mo., winner of the Preliminary Handicap at the Grand American last year; R. H. Bruns, of Brookville, Ind., who cleaned up everything at the big Denver shoot this fall; Lester German, Aberdeen, Md., one of the best professional shots in the country; Mrs. Topperwein, of San Antonio, Tex., the expert with rifle and shotgun, and the only woman trapshooter who has qualified for this tournament. Mr. Topperwein is also here, and at the conclusion of this tournament will visit the N. C. R. Gun Club at Dayton, O., where he and his wife will give an exhibition of fancy shooting with rifle, revolver and shotgun. H. W. Kahler, Philadelphia, Pa., one of the top-notch amateurs of the country; E. M. Daniels, Lynchburg, Va.; J. Hightower, Americus, Ga.; J. R. Taylor, Columbus, O., high professional for 1911; S. A. Huntley, Sioux City, Ia., and Guy Ward, Birmingham, Ala., who is booked for a place near the top when the returns are all in. Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia. (Chief Heap Talk), is here, but put in his time "seeing Cincinnati," as a day's practice, more or less, cuts no figure with him; he can deliver the goods just the same.

The events on the 13th were at 25 targets each, E. M. Daniels leading the bunch with 94. Mrs. Topperwein did nice work also, breaking 47 in the last 50 and going out with 91, second high. Bruns and German tied on 49 out of 50. Harry Kahler also shot in fine form, scoring 48 out of 50, a 96 per cent. gait. H. D. Freeman, Atlanta, Ga., took part in the events on the 12th, breaking close to 90 per cent., which is some below his average. Shooting at doubles on the same day, he tied with J. R. Taylor on 85 out of 50 pairs; Guy Ward was high with 87, and J. S. Day, Cincinnati, second, with 86. On the 13th several events at doubles were shot, Day leading with 85 out of 49 pairs; Kahler second with 80, and German third with 70 out of 37 pairs.

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Taylor.....	140 117	Mrs Topperwein.....	100 91
Ward.....	240 220	Daniels.....	100 94
Hightower.....	215 188	C B Eaton.....	75 67
Maxwell.....	220 205	F G Bills.....	75 69
Freeman.....	140 120	R H Bruns.....	50 49
Smith.....	150 122	H W Kahler.....	50 48
Mealey.....	20 7	L S German.....	50 49
Hammerschmitt.....	20 16	Huntley.....	50 45
L Gambell.....	20 13	Le Compte.....	50 42
Day.....	80 67	Riggle.....	100 56

The events at doubles were as follows:

Pairs doubles:	12 12 13 13	Total.
Bills.....	21	21
Kahler.....	21 20 18 21	80
Eaton.....	14	14
German.....	22 .. 22 26	70

Mrs. Topperwein.....	20	20
Day.....	21 20 20 24	85
Le Compte.....	18	40
Huntley.....	21 20 .. 22	63
Maxwell.....	16	16
Hightower.....	20 20	40
Ward.....	19	19
Daniels.....	18	18

Rhode Island Country Club.

NAYATT, R. I., Oct. 12.—A handicap shoot was held at the Rhode Island Country Club grounds to-day. Three contestants, J. B. Lewis, James E. Sullivan and William Binney, Jr., had scores for the best average on 50 targets. There was good trapshooting besides the handicap contest, for the committee trophy. Out of a possible 50, the result was as follows: J. B. Lewis 50, J. E. Sullivan 50, William Binney, Jr., 50, C. Church 42, A. C. Blanding 42, J. F. Wood 40, R. B. McElroy 40, F. H. Elmore 41, George E. Leibrich 38, Arthur Ostby 38, George M. Parks 32, J. B. Merriman 32.

New York A. C. Gun Club.

The New York Athletic Club trapshooting season will begin on Oct. 26 at Travers Island. There will be a special handicap for members; also one for guests. This will be the first reunion of the Winged Foot marksmen since the victorious team returned from the Olympic games, three of whom are members of the New York A. C. The regular season will open Nov. 2, when the usual trophies will be competed for, including a monthly cup, club trophy and several prizes presented by members. Full information from P. R. Robinson, New York Sporting Goods Co., 17 Warren street.

New Hanover Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Oct. 11.—The following scores were made at our regular shoot on the above date:

Targets:	25 25 25 25	Total.
Walter Huff.....	24 25 22 24	95
L Clayton Grant.....	21 23 22 25	91
J H Dreher.....	22 22 21 23	88
Underwood.....	21 21 19 22	83
Osterman.....	.. 10 15 25	50

J. H. DREHER, Sec'y.

Daniel Boone Gun Club.

The following scores were made on the grounds of the Daniel Boone Gun Club, at Marthasville, Mo., Oct. 5:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Underwood.....	75 63	Struebbe.....	50 33
Meyer.....	50 40	F Koelling.....	25 23
F Square.....	50 38	Wyatt.....	25 23
E W Gard.....	50 34	F Koch.....	25 17

J. O. WILSON, Sec'y.

Wapakoneta Gun Club.

WAPAKONETA, O., Oct. 3.—Fourth annual tournament of Wapakoneta Gun Club was held here to-day with thirty entrants, including four pink sheet shooters. Lon Fisher had his "gaze of concentration" with him, getting 142 out of 150, taking high gun honors, and the more substantial substance generally associated therewith. George Kistler coaxed second gold and glory with 138, which left place for Ben Downs with just one error more. B. Call took top pro-for-targets-only satisfaction and had only to "kill" 139 to do it. "Snuff" Taylor and Bill Chamberlin divided second smoke with 137. Chas. E. Zint behaved as a properly behaved secretary should do, thereby helping materially in the success of the tournament. Scores:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
*J R Taylor.....	150 137	Ed Brune.....	150 87
H C Downey.....	150 132	W N Camp.....	150 117
A B Shobe.....	150 136	*L J Squier.....	150 129
Ben Downs.....	150 117	Lon Fisher.....	150 142
*W Chamberlin.....	150 137	W F Lambert.....	150 133
F W Markman.....	150 122	J Zint.....	150 116
*B Call.....	150 139	J F Roggs.....	150 74
C L Moeller.....	150 129	Chas H Rogge.....	150 88
C T Stevens.....	150 127	Cl H Rogge.....	150 88
C E Zint.....	150 127	Geo Tackley.....	150 101
J M Markham.....	150 130	S S Noble.....	90 70
R R Dickey.....	150 111	Dr V V Noble.....	90 72
Geo Kistler.....	150 138	J Shockley.....	15 7
J A Penn.....	150 105	W Zint.....	15 13
V A Hubler.....	150 137	E Winget.....	15 9

Rifle and Revolver

National Trophy for Civilian Rifle Clubs.

The conditions governing the national shooting trophy for civilian rifle clubs are as follows:
To be competed for annually under the auspices of the National Rifle Association of America on gallery ranges. Open to teams from rifle clubs organized under the rules and regulations of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice and affiliated with the National Rifle Association of America. Any number of men up to ten may shoot on the team—the five highest scores to count for record. Distance, 75ft. The N. R. A. competition gallery target will be used. Official targets will be furnished free by the N. R. A. Position, prone, no part of extended arm to touch the ground except the elbow. No artificial support to any part of the rifle except the sling. Rifle, any .22cal., weighing not over 10lbs. Ammunition any. Sights, any, not containing glass, which can be placed on any part of the rifle. Trigger pull, not less than 3lbs. Time allowance, 15 minutes for the string of ten shots, taking time from the first shot. No member of the team to fire more than

five shots preliminary to firing his score in the match on the night of the contest. A judge appointed by the N. R. A. will act as executive officer of the match; he will appoint a witness, and both will certify on the back of the target that they witnessed the shooting, and that all conditions were lived up to. At the close of each match the results will be at once telegraphed to the office of the N. R. A., or manager for that district, and an official report blank filled out and mailed at once to headquarters. All entries received will be divided into leagues, containing not more than twelve clubs, so that the matches will not extend longer than three months. The winning teams of each league will shoot off for the championship. Entrance, \$10 per team; one team only allowed to a club. To the club winning first place will be awarded the National trophy, to be held for one year, or until the next competition, and ten medals, to go to the ten men shooting in the greatest number of contests. To the team winning second place will be given ten medals under the same conditions. The winning team will also receive a "certificate of victory," to be retained by the club.

Entries will close on Dec. 1, and the matches will begin as soon after that as the arrangements can be perfected. Entries should be made to Lieut. Albert S. Jones, Secretary, National Rifle Association of America, 1025 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

GAME IN NORTHWESTERN WYOMING.

Continued from page 487.

pelicans I was much interested in. The ospreys and pelicans often drew a blank when they dove; the kittiwakes almost never. The pelicans and kittiwakes always fished in fairly deep water; the ospreys always in shallow. Once in a while an osprey would stick his claws into a fish too large to lift, and he would then have a great struggle to get himself loose again, but no such mistakes were made by the others. I could never see that any of them got many trout. The principal prey was apparently suckers and squawfish, doubtless because easiest to catch, as they were extremely plentiful. The fish-ducks and blue herons are perhaps the worst enemies trout have, except the cannibals of their own species, and they should be destroyed remorselessly. They are, however, rather difficult to kill, owing to their wariness.

The only trout in these waters was originally the common Rocky Mountain black-spotted. In Jackson Lake these attain a size so great that I do not care to say here what it is, for it would not be readily believed. About fifteen years ago some numskull dumped a lot of Michigan lake trout into Shoshone Lake in the National Park, and thence they spread rapidly throughout all the tributaries of the Snake, and are exterminating the indigenous species. This is too bad, for the lake trout are not comparable to the natives either as regards sport or the table. They will not rise to the fly, are not gamy fighters, and are cannibals pure and simple. I have caught them weighing several pounds with stomachs stuffed with trout fry not over two inches long. Between them and the disturbance incident to the irrigation works built by the Reclamation Service at the fort of Jackson Lake, fly-fishing in the Snake, which used to be the best I ever knew or heard of, has been practically ruined. It is more pleasure to catch one good brook trout than a dozen of such logy sharks as are here pictured, in the hands of J. W. R., boss of a logging camp, operating last summer on Jackson Lake, getting out timber for the Reclamation Service. These trout are called Mackinaw in that locality, but whether they are the true species of that name I do not know. The real Lake Michigan trout reaches 100 pounds in weight; the largest specimen thus far caught in Shoshoni, or Jackson Lakes or tributaries, weighed sixteen and one-half pounds.

Close to my camp for several weeks there lurked a little cock ruffed grouse, as tame almost as a domestic chicken. One day I tried

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**The Post Season Tournament at Cincinnati This Week Will
Decide Who Wins**

HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE

== and ==

HIGH PROFESSIONAL AVERAGE

for 1912

Watch the scores in next week's issue of this paper

The following were the leaders among the professionals when the Post Season Tournament commenced, having shot at 1200 targets in the Southern, Eastern and Western Handicap Tournaments.

W. R. Crosby.....	1169 ex 1200—97.4 per cent.
W. H. Heer.....	1164 ex 1200—97 “ “
George Maxwell.....	1162 ex 1200—96.8 “ “
L. S. German.....	1160 ex 1200—96.6 “ “

(A total of 4655 ex 4800, or just one target less than 97 per cent.)

They All Shot Either

DU PONT—*or*—SCHULTZE

Note:—When Mr. W. A. Davis won the Annual Chicago Gun Club Championship on October 6th, finishing with a run of 103 straight, and shooting out a very classy field, he shot $3\frac{1}{8}$ drams of **Schultze**.

What Powder Do You Shoot?

to get his photograph, and in the attempt learned something of a bird's innate wisdom. When I began to unlimber my kodak, he was in the clear, and while my activity did not frighten him, it made him uneasy, and though he did not attempt to fly or run away, he moved his position by a few steps. So far as my eyes could discern, the change made not the slightest difference in his visibility, but the picture appended herewith told a different story. It is surely strange that he should have known the difference; perhaps he didn't, but I suspect he did, for nearly every live creature in the wilds knows something of the protection which color in a background may give.

In the four weeks I spent here alone I took

no life except of a few trout, and left the country and its denizens as I found them. The lust for killing has small excuse; all the more in these days when so little game remains. I must confess, however, that though the trout were the finest and fattest that I ever saw anywhere, I reached a point of satiety at which I could not bear the taste or smell of them, and actually got a good deal below par from sheer lack of nitrogenous food.

It is immensely to the credit of Wyoming that a game preserve of liberal dimensions should have been created. The State has undoubtedly more game than any other, yet it was the first, I believe, to take action of this kind, and it is



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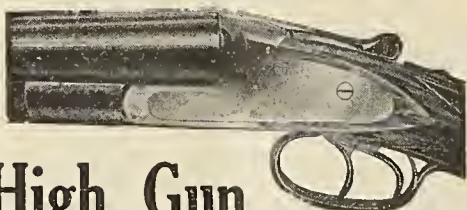
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still almost alone. The facts are rather a savage commentary upon the alleged sportsmanship of the average American, who appears to be in favor of the protection and preservation of game only that he and his friends may have the pleasure of killing it.

ROD AND GUN ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI
Continued from page 488.

Saturday in Louisiana we saw within two hours five hundred shells sold to negroes. This means something, and with the high water of the past spring means more than ever to the shooters who pursue this bird in the lower Mississippi country.

Sugar mills and their tall belching stacks now became a common sight. The banks of the river behind the high levees for a day's travel above New Orleans seemed to have been peopled and tilled for hundreds of years, as indeed it has. Schools and colleges and churches and little store centers fairly lined the banks, and game was seen no more, having made for more primitive country on the Gulf coast. And with the thickening of the settlements, the greater number of steamers hauling molasses and sugar and cotton to the southern metropolis, we began to understand that our trip down the artery of a continent was over. We had seen more game and fish than ever before, and more of it lawlessly slaughtered.

The cruiser had housed and cared for us well. Many boats that were unsuited to the big conditions and furious banging of the lower river had been put out of the running at many points from Memphis downward. Yet we, land crabs that we were, had by some grains of common sense and a bit of daring made the trip without any unseemly experiences and voted it a success.

[THE END.]

ISLAND BIG GAME OF THE NORTH PACIFIC.
Continued from page 490.

Island in 1909, the author was accompanied by Mrs. Sheldon, who faced with fine courage the hard work of mountain climbing and the extraordinary discomforts of an Alaska autumn, and proved herself an able and cheerful comrade. A number of bears were seen near the shore and near the salmon rivers, but the weather was extremely unpropitious for hunting, and while Mrs. Sheldon had more than one shot at bears, none were secured.

In this section of the book much is told about the ways of the salmon, the birds, the deer and the bears. The birds were beginning to migrate, the deer to rut, and when there was a bright fair day, it was a joy to be abroad.

Mr. Sheldon recommends Admiralty Island as offering attractions for bear hunting, more than most islands on the Alaska coast, but points out that autumn is not the time to hunt bears as is the spring. Yet autumn has its attractions.

"To be sure, it is a wonderful sight to see the huge bear suddenly appear on the bank of a creek swiftly flowing through the great forest, while the salmon fight and splash and the gulls scream in plaintive voices as they hover about the pools. To see the bear leap into the rapids, sweep out a salmon with its paw, and retire silently into the wood to make its feast

must be a stirring experience and one that would give a wonderful glimpse of wild life in the forest of the wilderness. It is, however, a field for the photographer, not the sportsman. A hunter of some experience could easily shoot several bears along the salmon creeks in September. But their pelage is light—hardly satisfactory as a trophy. There is little sport in hunting them by stealth, trusting to snap-shots in the brush, or watching silently until they come into the water, only to indulge in marksmanship and get the shot without effort. My experience on Montague Island is a description of what can be enjoyed on Admiralty Island during the month of May: for the habits of the bears on both are strictly similar, and they must then be stalked high up on the slopes above timber, while the wonderful landscape is unfolded before the vision."

The last few pages of the book are devoted to three appendices, two of them descriptions of new species and one on the habits of the Montague bear. This volume contains practically everything that is known about this great new Alaska bear, which is nearly related to the bear of the Kenai Peninsula.

If the "Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands" appeals most strongly to the big-game hunter and nature lover, it is yet written with so great a charm and so graphically describes far distant regions that it should have a wide popularity among that great public that knows little of the joys of hunting or of natural history, observation, and seeks merely entertainment.

A number of the illustrations in the book are from drawings by Mr. Rungius, but most of them are from photographs made by the author or his friends.

MY THREE-POINTER.

Continued from page 491.

over the hill, while I watched the Crossing from behind a screen of brush. Never a sound or sight of a deer was mine that morning, so I returned to camp simply famished and ready for another breakfast.

About noon Dad came in with a sad tale. After several hours' climb through the brush he sighted a fine buck quite near, standing on the brink of a ravine. Dad fired, and to all appearances broke Mr. Buck's neck, for he tumbled down the gully end over end. Dad had several good chances to fire again, but did not consider it necessary. He pursued his way leisurely down the gully and found—this is sad—only a few blood stains. He had only creased the deer's neck, stunning it for a moment. It was hopeless to try and follow him, so Dad came back to camp. He finished his tale by giving me the following advice: "Little girl, if you shoot a deer and think he is dead, shoot him as long as he can wriggle." We watched the Crossing again toward sunset, but had no luck.

Next morning we started out again—this time Dad went to a lick about two miles away. He started away a little earlier than I did. I cooked my breakfast and dallied around the fire—was not very anxious to go to the lick. I had not found crouching behind some bushes, the ground soaked with dew, as wildly exciting as I had imagined. In fact, I retained a vivid

remembrance of how my teeth chattered and how cold and achy I felt.

Finally, I cheered myself with the thought, "Oh, well, I needn't stay long," and started forth. Had to cross the creek, a slippery log serving as a bridge, and getting across was rather a hazardous undertaking for me. I made quite a bit of noise and wasn't thinking of deer as I stepped down the trail.

The Crossing is where the deer trail crosses Tom Neal Creek; there is a fine lick just at the edge of the water. The McCloud trail runs in the open for about fifty yards along by the lick. As I stepped from behind the last sheltering clump of brushes, I occasionally glanced across, then stood rooted to the spot, for there looking at me stood a fine buck, the first wild deer I had ever seen, on the opposite bank of the creek. We were about fifty yards apart.

As I continued to stand motionless, he dropped his head and continued to work the lick. Very cautiously I raised my rifle to my shoulder, took aim, and then remembered, with a sickening sensation, that I had neglected to throw a load in the barrel before reaching the lick. Dad does not allow loaded guns in camp. I threw a load in suddenly, and the deer threw his head up, turned sideways and then paused, listening. As he paused I fired, aiming right back of the front shoulder-blade. He sprang in the air, then was away and up the bank in a flash. I threw the shell out of the gun, ran down the bank and jumped clear across the creek, a feat I have never equaled since.

The dogs were at camp with my sister, so I examined the blood stains. Dad had told me that if a deer was vitally wounded the blood would be almost black, and as this was very dark, I scrambled up the hill, through brush and over rocks, stopped a moment to listen, and glancing at my rifle was horrified to see

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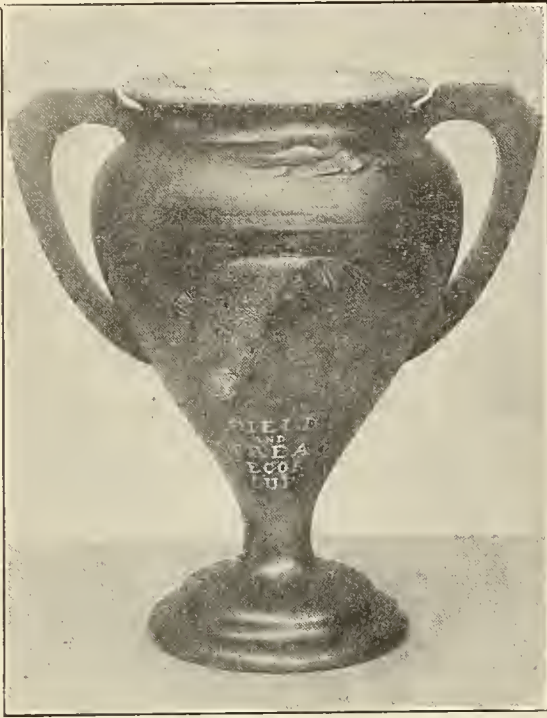


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This is absolutely an "open" contest, with no strings or contingencies

attached, and these prizes are open to you, and every other sportsman, whether readers or subscribers to FIELD AND STREAM or not.

The full conditions and list of trophies are published in each issue of FIELD AND STREAM. Stories of last year's prize winners now running.

The following is a partial list of those at present ahead in four of the classes in our contest—as published in our October number. In all there are fifteen classes, including all the fresh and salt water game fish. See whether you have taken larger fish this season than the ones shown.

Brook Trout.

Stephen H. Palmer.....	6 lbs. 5 oz.
J. H. Hugill.....	3 lbs. 12 oz.
Joe H. Lumpkin.....	2 lbs. 9 oz.
K. Chrisofferson.....	2 lbs. 9 oz.
H. V. Erben.....	2 lbs. 2 oz.
Sam Hayes, Jr.....	1 lb. 13 oz.

Muscallonge.

Nellie D. Sammis.....	37 lbs.
Dr. Fred L. Whiting...	34 lbs. 8 oz.
C. Schroeder.....	34 lbs.
H. D. Benedict.....	32 lbs. 8 oz.
J. B. Berry.....	25 lbs.
N. S. Holbrook.....	14 lbs. 8 oz.

Small Mouth Black Bass.

G. B. Sharp.....	8 lbs.
Benj. F. Robinson.....	7 lbs. 4 oz.
Oscar Fransson.....	6 lbs. 15 oz.
Ezra King.....	6 lbs. 13 oz.
Mart Murphy.....	6 lbs. 12 oz.
Chas. T. Marin.....	6 lbs. 7 oz.

Large Mouth Black Bass—Northern.

Herman A. Shatz.....	8 lbs. 1 oz.
F. E. Rosenberg.....	6 lbs. 13 oz.
Geo. Ritter.....	6 lbs. 12 oz.
Edward Mueller.....	6 lbs. 8 oz.
John Chambers.....	6 lbs. 8 oz.
Otto Holcker.....	6 lbs. 4 oz.

Stop at the nearest newsstand and secure a copy of our November issue—out to-day—and consult the list of those ahead up to date. Then read the conditions and get your affidavit in at once, as the contest is about to close.

Questions gladly answered by

PRIZE FISHING CONTEST EDITOR

Field and Stream Publishing Co.

456 Fourth Ave., New York City

that it was cocked. In my excitement I had noticed I snapped on the safety, and then looking straight ahead, saw my deer lying down. It saw me and tried to get on its feet and then fell back. I remembering Dad's advice, fired several times; the deer struggled up, gave me a savage look as if longing to charge, then ran a little ways and dropped again.

I walked quite close and fired some more. It did not move. I took a stick and tickled its stomach to see if it was alive or not. It continued to stay quiet, so I started for camp. For once I had a dual nature—one part of me was perfectly quiet and rather astonished at the other, which was shrilling hysterically.

"Sis, Sis, I've killed a deer!" I kept that up clear to camp, routed my sister and the dogs out and made her come to see my trophy.

Breakfast seemed very important to Sis, but I wouldn't fear of it. She had to see my deer—then go after Dad. While I proudly carried the hunting knife, I did not possess courage to cut the deer's throat. My! but those dogs were in ecstasy over the buck. They had not been near venison for some time, and are essentially hunting dogs. The buck was a three-pointer on one side; but, alas! only a forked horn on the other. However, as a fisherman always tells of his biggest fish, so do I tell of my "three-point" buck.

Sis and the dogs started after Dad, while I sat beside the deer wondering how I could prove ownership should anyone come along and claim it. Fortunately, no one showed up, and before long Dad and Sis appeared.

Dad certainly was happy. His eyes filled, and I'll never forget how he looked. We slid the deer down to the creek and I had to help dress it. For the length of time I was so engaged, I was dreadfully sorry that I had shot it; but when, after watching the lick a while longer, I returned to camp and found Dad, Sis and the dogs feasting on roast spareribs, I began to be glad after all, and after tasting a few mouthfuls, I was certain that I was mighty happy. After breakfast Dad cut a notch in "My" rifle, and with appropriate ceremonies I christened it Tom Neal.

Many have asked me how many times I shot my deer, and I always answer that I cannot remember. Only myself and the recording angel really know, and I have sworn solemnly never to divulge it. Only I will say this: That contrary to what Dad thinks, a great many of those bullet holes were not where the bullets came out!

VALUE OF BIRDS ON THE FARM.

Continued from page 495.

In fact, young barn owls will sometimes eat their own weight in food during the night. As the young birds usually number from five to ten and remain in the nest for about seven weeks, the harmful rodents destroyed during that period alone would be enormous.

In California the barn owl feeds largely on gophers and mice. It is said to be "the best gopher catcher a man can have on his place," and one farmer has gone so far as to say that he would gladly pay ten dollars for every one of them he could get to nest on his place. Boxes placed on barn or sheds will sometimes attract these birds by furnishing them with nesting sites.

Two other common owls, the burrowing and screech owls, feed extensively on insects.

The food of the screech owl consists largely of insects, as many as fifty grasshoppers having been found in the stomach of one of these birds, while crickets, beetles and cutworms are also eaten. These birds are also diligent mousers. According to Dr. A. K. Fisher, "At nightfall they begin their rounds, inspecting the vicinity of farm houses, barns and corn cribs, making trips through the orchards and nurseries, gliding silently across the meadows, or encircling the stacks of grain in search of mice and insects. Thousands upon thousands of mice of different kinds thus fall victims to their industry. Their economic relations, therefore, are of the greatest importance, particularly on account of the abundance of the species in many farming districts."

The little burrowing owl, unlike most owls, works mostly during the day. It is the greatest destroyer of insects among the owls, feeding almost entirely on them at certain seasons, while at other times small mammals are eaten.

Aside from the harm done to crops by certain small animals, their habit of girdling trees has also ruined many a valuable orchard. In an orchard in Maryland 2,000 apple trees were thus ruined by rabbits within two months. In referring to this, Prof. Beal says: "It is very signifi-

cant that the nursery was near farm buildings where the wild enemies of the rabbits did not dare to come, while a newly set orchard at a distant part of the farm and close by woods and thickets was hardly touched."

A better knowledge of the exact relation of bird life to the farmer would often help to save thousands of dollars. Not long since a plague of meadow mice in Humboldt county, Nevada, caused the loss of 15,000 acres of alfalfa, as well as hundreds of dollars before the farmers of that region finally got control of the pests.

As another case in point the writer would refer to the famous "scalp act" passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1885, which provided for a bounty on certain birds and animals believed to be injurious. In less than two years the State expended nearly \$100,000, a large part of which went to kill hawks and owls. In other words, the State had actually paid for the destruction of birds of inestimable value to the farmer. The money thus expended represented but a small part of the actual loss to the State, for their natural check being removed, the small animals increased accordingly, and the destruction of crops which followed clearly demonstrated the important work which had been done by hawks and owls.

In this connection Dr. A. K. Fisher has said: "The sooner farmers, ranchers, horticulturists and nurserymen learn that the great majority of birds of prey are their friends, and deserve protection, the sooner will depredations by noxious rodents and insects diminish."

YOUNG HOOD SEALS.

HARRY WHITNEY, who has just returned from a trip into Arctic waters on a sealer, has presented to the park five hood seal pups. One end of the crocodile's summer pool has been filled with salt water and the youngsters installed there. Although but a trifle over two feet long, they possess tiny, sharp teeth, and an entire willingness to use them if any familiarity is attempted. In pulling themselves up on the rocks the front flippers are bent so that the seal really walks on the ends as they curve under. When annoyed, they express their irritation by growling very much like a dog. Only three are feeding regularly.—Zoological Society Bulletin.

Kennel.

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FOR SALE—One English Setter Dog; color, black, white and tan; 15 months old. Sire, Blake's Count Gladstone. For full particulars address **J. H. STEELE,** Ellington, Conn.

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FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 28.—Southern Ohio Field Trial Association's second annual field trials. G. R. Harris, Sec'y, 15 West Sixth St., Cincinnati, O.

The National Beagle Club of America.

THE twenty-third annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at Shadwell, Va., commencing on Nov. 7, 1912, and continuing until all the classes have been run.

Shadwell is in Albemarle county, Va., about four miles east of Charlottesville, twenty miles west of Gordonsville, Va., and 110 miles southwest of Washington, D. C., on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, and is reached from Washington by through train to Gordonsville or Charlottesville, and there changing for the local train for Shadwell.

The headquarters of the club during the trials will be at "Hunter's Hall," the property of H. A. S. Hamilton, about one mile from the railroad station at Shadwell.

The rates during the trials will be two dollars per day. Good kennel accommodations and food for the beagles will be furnished by the club.

The trials will start on Thursday morning, Nov. 7, with the running of the pack stakes. It is necessary, therefore, that all dogs entered in these stakes should arrive not later than Wednesday evening, Nov. 6, 1912. Dogs entered in the other classes and entries for the bench show must be on the grounds on or before Sunday morning, Nov. 10, at 9 o'clock.

In connection with the trials a bench show will be held under A. K. C. rules, on Nov. 10.

Premium lists for the bench show and field trials may be had upon application to the secretary.

The committee would deem it a favor if you will notify the secretary as soon as possible whether you will attend the trials, make the club's headquarters your headquarters, and the number of beagles which you will enter, so that the committee may arrange accommodations for you and your dogs.

RAMSAY TURNBULL,

Secretary and Chairman Field Trial Com., 38 Wall Street, New York.

HEIGHTS OF LIONS AND TIGERS.

THREE feet or a little over is the real height of good-sized lions and tigers. And when sportsmen realize what an extra six inches or nine inches added to the stature involves in increased length and general bulk to balance the known proportions of the animals, I am equally sure they will admit that no lion ever scaled anything like four feet at the shoulder and that the height measurements of dead specimens give quite a false idea of the actual heights of the animals in life.

The following are the heights at the shoulders of some of our large *Felidæ*: Large lioness, 2 feet 11 inches; Manchuria tigress, 2 feet 9 inches; Nepal tigress, 2 feet 8 inches; Sumatran tiger, 2 feet 7 inches; large male jaguar, 2 feet 3 inches; male cheetah, 2 feet 2 inches.—From the Field.

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FOR SALE—An English Setter Dog, one year old. Color, black, white and tan. Registered pedigree. For particulars address **J. H. STEELE,** Ellington, Conn.

FOR SALE—Two good female Rabbit Dogs, Eight thoroughbred Coon Dogs. No better born. Six English watch dog puppies. All guaranteed to make good or money refunded. **W. B. JOHNSON,** Montgomery, Pa.

FOR SALE—One liver and white Pointer Dog, 18 months old. For full particulars address **J. H. STEELE,** Ellington, Conn.

Beagle and Rabbit Hounds.—Thoroughly trained and experienced hunters. Not gunshy. Satisfaction guaranteed. Puppies all ages. **LEWIS MILLER,** West Chester, Pa.

BAYONNE, N. J., Sept. 24, 1912.

Mr. Charles Otis,
President Forest & Stream Pub. Co.,
New York City.

Dear Sir—For some time past I have intended writing you in relation to an "ad" which I placed in your publication. I advertised a very fine bird dog for sale and received eight answers to same. I had imagined that your publication did not circulate in a very large area, but from the answers received I am glad to say to you that my opinion has changed very much.

The answers came from points in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York States, and in fact, one party called me up on long distance telephone.

I can recommend your publication (and will be glad to do so at each opportunity) to those who have anything of merit to dispose of, because it is a medium enjoying a large circulation, a reputable one, and reaches the class of readers who mean business.

I disposed of my dog to my entire satisfaction, and again wish to compliment you on your excellent advertising medium.

Perhaps some "fellow" who has his doubts (as I had) will be glad to know what your columns did for a "fellow" advertiser. If you care to use this letter for that purpose, you have my permission to do so. With best regards and wishes for the future, I am,

Yours truly,
(Signed) **EDWARD E. ELY.**

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Best Moose and Deer hunting in Maine. Remote camps. MACHIAS LAKE CAMPS, W. P. McNally, Prop.

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Motor boating. Lovely scenery. Every comfort,
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E. E. SPANGENBERG, Manager.

WHERE the advertiser finds gilt-edged circulation of the right size, there he looks for the "open gateway" to the greatest possibility of profitable results. The two features are inseparable, and we have a fitting illustration of this in the gilt-edged circulation of FOREST AND STREAM and the immense volume of advertising regularly carried.

New York.

DUCKSHOOTERS—I have good accommodations for point shooting. The most comfortable shooting. Stay aboard of auxiliary sloop near feeding ground to save early rising if preferred. Write number in party and dates preferred. Ernest P. Hulse, East Moriches, L. I.

W. J. O'Neil, proprietor, and Hammond, guide; good board and first-class accommodations. Good bird dogs and hounds.
Centerville Station, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

GAME HOGS GETTING MINERS' MEAT.

A NUMBER of arrivals in Dawson, Alaska, from the head of White River report a ruthless slaughter of game in that district on the American side during the past summer. Big-game hunters came into the district in several parties, and spent weeks there. The Copper River & Northwestern Railway brought some of the hunters within short distance of the White River copper fields. The road and some of the coast steamer companies issued special illustrated pamphlets, telling of the abundance of sheep, caribou, moose, bears, grouse and ptarmigan in the district.

The parties attracted by the exploitation of the game feature so conducted themselves on the whole that the entire mining community is highly incensed. The men just down from the district cannot express themselves too emphatically in denunciation, they all agree, over the actions of the slaughterers. One of the miners, speaking at the Royal Alexandra, said, and the other White River people agreed with him, as follows:

"White River has been blessed with considerable large game, especially sheep. These animals have been near enough the prospectors for us to get fresh meat when we desire it without having to tramp forty to fifty miles. This summer the people who slaughtered merely for pleasure in killing game. They reduced the herds and drove back the sheep. They also killed many caribou and moose when not needed.

"One party came in after having killed four moose. Another killed four caribou. One woman in a Puget Sound millionaires' party shot down three caribou and cried, it is said, because she missed the fourth. The party had no need of the meat beyond perhaps one animal. Other hunting parties were almost as bad. They came merely to get pleasure in shooting down handsome large animals in cold blood. It is a crying shame. The meat was left to rot.

"Ptarmigan also could be shot everywhere at any time needed, but there was no excuse for anyone to slaughter the birds wantonly. However, the sated pleasure seekers shot the birds by the score, and let them become putrid. One outfit brought forty ptarmigan into the North Fork island camp. Birds slaughtered in that number could not be used by the handful of people there in days. Several caribou and moose killed nearby at one time by single parties would last such little parties weeks, could it have been preserved.

"Dr. Sugden, game warden for the Whitehorse district, was at Canyon City, on the Canadian side. Had the destroying squad come there the members would have been arrested and brought to Dawson. The game which the pampered pleasure seekers seek means life to the men prospecting in the wilds. If we take ham or bacon there, it costs forty cents a pound to lay it down at our camps, and then it is not fresh meat, and may be spoiled on the way in.

"We are planning to take up this matter with the Alaskan officials, and we hope to put a stop to the waste. I must say that one game hunter there this season was fair. He is Mr. Wheeler, of Indiana, who would not shoot an animal unless it had particularly fine horns, something he seldom found to his satisfaction. He carried a glass, and would inspect all big game carefully. When once in a long while he did kill an animal, which looked attractive, he brought in the game to the miners and saved some for himself. None was wasted.

"The big game of the district summers on the American side, but winters on the Canadian side, and may be termed Canadian game. The people of this side, as well as the Americans, have every right to enter a vigorous protest against the slaughter.

"It is time the mere pleasure hunter were barred from Yukon and Alaska, and the game reserved for the people who will need it in the district.

"Dr. Sugden, the Whitehorse game warden,

Resorts for Sportsmen.**North Carolina.****HUNTER'S LODGE!****Good Quail Shooting!**

Choice accommodations for ladies and gentlemen.

Best Chef south of Potomac

Terms: \$3.00 per day; \$75.00 per month.

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is here from up the White, and says that had the people who slaughtered the game on the Alaskan side started such work on the Canadian side of the boundary, they surely would have been put under arrest promptly.

"The miners of the district say they want game wardens in the American White."

STARTING AN ALLIGATOR FARM IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

J. W. BLACK and T. M. Patrick of South Carolina have started an alligator farm. They did not originally intend this, but circumstances have in a way forced the new enterprise upon them. Recently they went fishing on the Edisto River and found an alligator "nest" containing twenty-six eggs. They "robbed" the nest, and placing the eggs in the foot of their buggy, started home. They had not driven very far before they heard a faint barking, and looking down into the buggy they found two or three little 'gators wriggling about their feet.

By the time the gentlemen reached home, eighteen of the alligators had hatched out, and Messrs. Black and Patrick were riding with their feet upon the dashboard, the bottom of the buggy being too crowded for comfort. The noise made by the little 'gators sounded like a puppy show. Three more of the 'gators have since hatched out, and now the family numbers twenty-one. At first Messrs. Black and Patrick were greatly concerned over the problem of feeding and caring for the orphans. In their desperation they have made several attempts to capture the mother 'gator, but so far the old woman has eluded them. However, after much experimenting they have found that the little saurians are particularly fond of bread and bananas, and that is now their daily diet.—From the Columbia State.

MUSK-OX HERD.

BECAUSE a musk-ox looks as round and sleek as a Jersey cow, it does not necessarily follow that it is just as fat. If the musk-ox is amiable and allows one to approach closely enough to stroke him, the investigator would be astonished to find under the long, silky outside hair a thick covering of the finest wool at least two inches thick. During the cold that prevails in our New York winters, this covering is at its best, but as the warmer days approach, the wool is shed out, leaving the musk-ox in the lightest of summer covering. To all appearances his pelage is just as abundant as ever, and in consequence the animal is an object of much speculation by visitors as to the extent that he is able to endure the heat. Thus far this season Keeper McEnroe has collected from five young musk-oxen about twenty pounds of wool, and there are as many pounds yet on them. It could be converted into excellent clothing, as it is as fine and delicate as the best wool of sheep.—Zoological Society Bulletin.

A KENTUCKY FISHERMAN.

ACCORDING to the sworn statement of Eli Barnes, the most noted fisherman in Providence, here is what he caught out of a hole in a creek bank several days ago: Two hundred and ninety fish, thirteen turtles, two muskrats, five large sized frogs and a snake six feet long. He says he can prove it by fifty witnesses. People who don't know Barnes will doubtless be a little sceptical about believing this story, but if they had ever been out with him fishing it wouldn't sound unreasonable a bit. Everybody wants to go fishing with Barnes. He scoffs at the way other people fish and has a peculiar way of his own about gathering in the finny tribe. He picks out a shallow stretch of water that he can wade in and grabbles for the fish around stumps and logs. When a fishing party goes out with Barnes the first thing they do is to begin building a fire. When the fire gets under good headway, Barnes is there with the fish ready for the frying pan.—From the Providence Enterprise.

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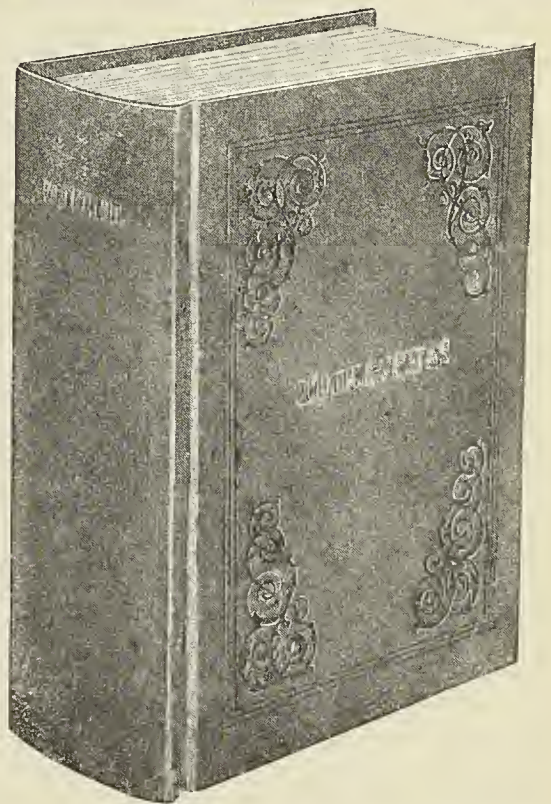
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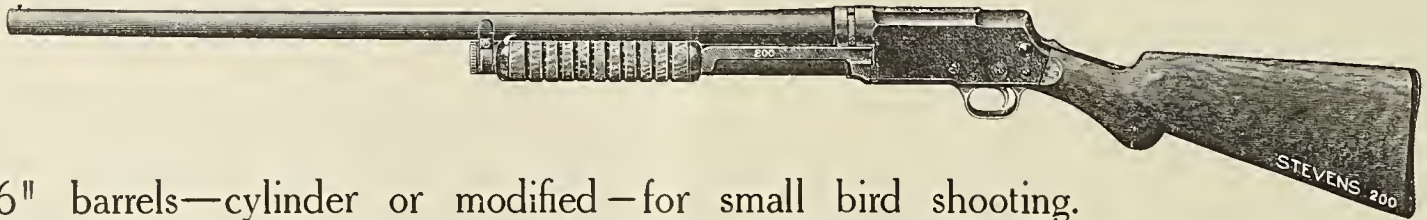


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TURKISH PISTACHIO NUTS.

A COMMUNICATION in Levant Trade Review, Constantinople, from Lorenzo Y. Manachy, Aleppo, Syria, says:

"The demand for pistachio nuts from divers points as well as from the United States is steadily increasing. Prices have in consequence advanced. The batman (7.04 pounds) is now worth in Aleppo and Aintab 65 to 66 current piasters (\$2.25 to \$2.28). For the United States they are generally exported in tin boxes after having been salted and roasted. Proprietors in the producing centers, encouraged by the excellent income given by the pistachio trees, are making special efforts in planting new trees. The pistachio tree becomes as big as an ordinary olive tree or apple tree and has a very long life. It requires not less than eight years to begin to bear.

"The nuts from the pistachio tree (*Pistacia vera*) are bright green oleaginous kernels and used to flavor culinary preparations, ices, etc. Consul-General Ravndal recently stated:

"The United States takes nearly two-thirds of the total exports of pistachio nuts, mostly from Syria. The 1911 crop in Syria was relatively not as plentiful as that of Persia. The exports do not run into high figures on account of the extensive Turkish home consumption for confectionery. Invoices of pistachio nuts to the United States through the various American consulates in Turkey aggregated \$114,849 in 1910 and \$115,745 in 1911."

"The growing of the pistachio in the United States has been carried on for several years under the encouragement of the Department of Agriculture, although the trees have not yet produced commercial crops. The Bureau of Plant Industry, after experimentation, finds that the most suitable regions for pistachio culture are Western Texas, New Mexico and the interior valley of Southern California, a dry climate being better than a humid one. The demand for pistachio nuts is growing, and the American market will, it is thought, absorb large quantities when they become available."

REMARKABLE BONE CAVE.

AN extraordinary "bone cave" may be seen in the island of Teneriffe. It is situated near the summit of a lofty sea cliff near Orotava, close to the small plain of Le Paz, where peace was finally made between the conquering Spaniards and the Guanches, the original inhabitants of the island.

Here the Guanches made their last stand and this cave formed a shelter for the small remnant left of the tribesmen after the Spanish had finished with them. In former times the place had evidently been a burial ground of the Guanches, and when first discovered a number of mummies were found in it.

Now, however, only a huge pile of bones remains. Access is obtained by descending a rope through a hole dug in the roof, but the original occupants must have had a difficult and dangerous scramble down the face of the almost perpendicular cliff to the natural entrance.—From Wide World.

DIVERS OF PERSIAN GULF.

Most of our pearls come from the Persian Gulf, where the output in some years is worth as much as £2,400,000. The divers, who are chiefly Arabs, have a bad time. Their equipment is most primitive, and as they remain under the water about three minutes at every plunge, they are nearly suffocated by the time they reach the surface.

Most become deaf, and the sturdiest find it impossible to keep at the work for more than five years. Their masters exact fourteen hours a day from them, and during that time the divers take no food, but keep themselves going with coffee.—From the London Chronicle.

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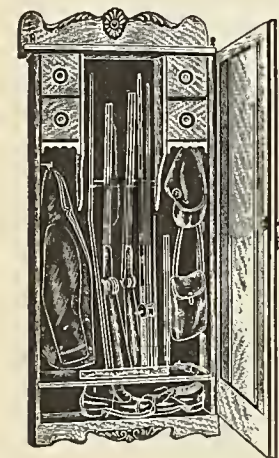
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VOL. LXXIX.—No. 17.
127 Franklin St., New York.

Caribou Hunting

Newfoundland vs. New Brunswick

By GEORGE B. CLARK



AS there may be some readers of FOREST AND STREAM who contemplate a trip in quest of caribou, it occurs to me that it may be interesting, for those who have never as yet hunted this noble game, to know something about what they may expect to find in Newfoundland and Northern New Brunswick.

Having secured satisfactory trophies of the deer, bear and moose families, my thoughts and desires naturally turned toward caribou and a trip to Newfoundland. It is the general custom of those who make this trip to land at Port au Basque and take the Reid-Newfoundland Railroad for some point in the interior—Gaff Topsail, Grand Lake, Deer Lake, or some such place. Owing, however, to a very sad experience which I had in the beginning of my hunting career, when my side partner was mistaken for a deer and killed, I then and there made two resolves, which I have since religiously adhered to—first, not to allow my guide to carry a gun, and second, not to hunt in a section where the report of a gun from another party could be heard. Therefore, when I decided to go to Newfoundland, the regular route was not one that I cared to take, and instead of going

on the railroad, I laid out a trip up the South Shore, approximately primeval hunting country, where one could come and go at his own sweet will, without the possibility of conflict with any other hunting parties.

The south coast of Newfoundland is most peculiar. After starting inland, I had a climb of approximately two thousand feet before I reached the barrens, which were practically on top of the mountains. There is no timber growth, as a matter of fact, nothing tall enough to stretch our tent on, we having to carry our tent poles with us. The few trees that were there averaged not more than four to five feet in height, the trunks being six to eight inches in diameter, with limbs stretching out ten to fifteen feet on either side. This peculiar growth was undoubtedly caused by the freezing of the young tops, so that instead of growing high, they grew wide. The vining spruce and mossy growth covered the barrens, and underneath this was generally three to four inches of water. In this section one never had dry footing unless standing on a rock.

There were numerous small lakes on the tops of the mountains, and, very much to my

surprise, I found that they were literally alive with red-spot trout. Unbelievable as it may seem, a fish line had never been cast in them. When I took my guide to task for not suggesting that I take my fishing rod along, he looked very much surprised, and said, "They fish is no good, Sir." When I asked him if they did not eat the trout, he said, "Oh, no, Sir! We never tasted them. We likes cod. They're bigger."

I went inland approximately ten miles from the water, through a country that, for barrenness, could not be beaten in either Iceland or Norway. It seemed to be one continuous, uphill tramp all the way, both in and out, one ridge rising above the other. When, after a tramp of a couple of hours, one reached what had looked to be the sky line, lo! away beyond rose another range, a little higher than the one on which you stood. After about ten hours of very difficult traveling, we reached our camping place. Inasmuch as everything has to be packed in, I was compelled to take four men with me, each one loaded to the muzzle, as will be seen in the picture.

The general custom in this section is to find the highest point from which the best view can be obtained of the surrounding country, and then sit down with glasses and look for the game. It is quite exceptional not to have caribou within sight at any time, but good, big heads are scarce articles, and, generally speaking, large numbers of caribou must be looked over before such a head comes in sight, justifying an effort to stalk it. From these look-outs, it is easy to see over a country approximately five miles from the center of your circle, there being practically no timber growth.

The season of the year that I made my trip, namely, the latter part of October, the stag caribou were in a very pugnacious mood—so much so that the big stags were wandering about, looking for foes to conquer. I saw much evidence of terrific battles that had taken place between these monarchs of the barrens. An old stag, traveling along with twenty does in his band, sighting another band, would start the battle, and to the victor belonged the spoils.

Great care must be taken in stalking your caribou not to start a "drive," which one or two little calves will do at almost any inopportune moment. If you start a small band of caribou, they will go through a section of the country pell-mell, at full gallop, and every herd of caribou that sees the commotion will join in the chase, just like a flock of sheep. Once getting under way, such a band will not stop for twenty miles, and will, in all probability, carry with them every caribou in sight. In a section where there is more timber, this would not be likely to happen. It is absolutely useless to try to stalk a big head, if there are other caribou between you and your quarry, unless you make a roundabout circle to get to him.

It is a delightful sensation to sit on these high elevations, where you can see range after range of mountains, some of them fully fifty miles away, with game of some size or other constantly in sight—mountains, valleys, lakes and streams—everything to delight the eye of the nature lover.

One must not expect that simply by going to Newfoundland, he will be permitted to walk right up, select a head, and knock it over.

There are many caribou, but, on a general average, you will see fifty of these animals before you find a head that is worth while. A good many of the old fellows have, in probability, had previous experiences with hunters, and are wary. While I secured my three heads, I had to hunt as hard as I ever did in my life to get them. If you are willing to work for your specimens, and can kill them when you are in range, there is no doubt of your ability to get your full quota.

The four men that I had to help me had none of them ever tasted either rum or tobacco, and were as nearly children of nature as one would ever meet. In worldly affairs, they were not educated, but they were natural born hunters, and when a desirable head was seen through the glasses, a quick survey of the country was made by them, and a route to stalk laid out that, in each case, proved successful.

As a diversion from caribou hunting and shooting, the ptarmigan were good sport and very plentiful. A man must not think of doing promiscuous shooting, however, until after he has secured his big game, or intends to leave the camp for some other camping spot. The cock birds begin to crow just as the first streaks of dawn show in the east, so that they make fine alarm clocks. There is no danger of oversleeping on the barrens of Newfoundland!

Of one thing be sure—you will never regret a trip to this strange island, discovered by John Cabot. It is distinctly different from anything to be found on our own mainland.

After my return from this delightful trip, I heard stories of large bands of caribou to be found on the head waters of the Nipisiquit, in Northern New Brunswick. These caribou were of the woodland variety, while those of Newfoundland were the barren ground. Desiring

to have trophies of both species, I arranged a trip to that section of New Brunswick about Little Bald Mountain and the headwaters of the Nipisiquit. I took this trip the fall following the one to Newfoundland, and I am going to tell you just exactly what I saw. You may draw your own conclusions as to which place you would prefer to go to, were you contemplating a hunt for caribou.

After a journey of five days, I found myself at my destination. The next morning my guide and I went from camp up to the barrens. Shortly after arrival, two small caribou hove in sight, at the point we intended to watch from. Then a band of eight others appeared, and others still, until I had seen twenty-nine caribou in approximately two hours. The rain starting in then, and coming down in torrents, we left our lookout and went back to camp. The weather having cleared during the night, we went up to the barrens again. As we looked over the ridge into what looked more or less like an amphitheater, our eyes fell upon a band of seventeen caribou, all feeding in a bunch together. There were several heads that were fairly good, but nothing that came up to my standard of requirements. Inasmuch as in New Brunswick you are only allowed to take one head, and having had three Newfoundland heads, all good ones, I resolved to hold my fire until I found something so good that I would not stand much chance of seeing anything better. With this in mind, the guide and I watched this company until it disappeared over the sky line. A few moments later, five more came along; then another band of sixteen, and in this last lot there was a head on which I deliberated quite a while before deciding not to shoot. They kept coming and feeding by, down wind, in twos and threes, until



KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND THE AUTHOR IN CAMP AT HEADWATERS OF THE NIPISIQUIT.



A NEW BRUNSWICK CARIBOU.



A NORTHERN NEW BRUNSWICK MOOSE.

about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when we had actually seen eighty caribou, but nothing large enough to take. Had I not possessed my Newfoundland trophies; however, I should certainly have selected one of them.

About 3:30, a herd of eight came into sight, led by the very prince of his fellows. This head satisfied me in every detail, and made me feel that nothing would be left to be desired if I could land it. The big fellow was in a difficult position to stalk from where we were, but, after an hour's maneuvering, I got up within range. The picture tells the rest of the story. This picture was not taken that evening, as it was too late. We left him where he fell until the next morning, when we found that he had stiffened during the night, so that we raised him to his feet, put a little spruce under his jaw and took the picture shown.

On this particular barren, from this one lookout, in two hours' hunting one day, and about six hours the next day, we saw one hundred and seventeen caribou. The friend who was with me went up the next morning to the same lookout, and before he shot, saw forty-three caribou, so that on this one barren, in three days' watching, there passed 160 different caribou, which certainly entitles this section of the country to be classed as a caribou country.

That same night about eight inches of snow fell, and the next morning we went up the valley, looking for moose. We had not gone far, when we struck a trail of four, among which was a large track, which clearly indicated a big bull. After about an hour of traveling and trailing, the guide stopped suddenly, pointing with his right hand into a clump of spruce. When I looked, I saw the big fellow lying down. He saw us about the same time and immediately sprang to his feet, but that was as far as he got.

In conclusion, I will state that we saw more caribou in three days of actual hunting for caribou in this section than I saw in Newfoundland in ten days. Again, not only is it reasonably sure that you will get a nice specimen of this game, but your chances for getting a moose are very good, so that with deer, moose and caribou, you have three possibilities in New Brunswick, two of which cannot be realized in

Newfoundland. I should not recommend going to New Brunswick for caribou until, say about the first of November. Previous to this time, the caribou are in the green woods, and do not come out on the barrens until cold weather sets in. Then they come for hundreds of miles through the big timber out to these barrens.

In Newfoundland, wherever a caribou lies down to sleep at night, he will find his breakfast awaiting him in the morning, as the moss feed practically covers the island.

In New Brunswick this is not so. This particular moss grows in a very limited area, so that the caribou, in order to get it, must centralize on these comparatively small barrens, making your chances of success practically sure. I believe the Newfoundland caribou heads run a little larger, as an average, but if you are not too anxious and will hold your fire long enough, you can secure a beautiful specimen in Northern New Brunswick, and, in addition, if you are persevering, you can get a bull moose, as well as two deer.

Aside from the question of game, I shall never forget the beautiful panorama spread out before me when I reached the top of the first mountain chain on the South Shore of Newfoundland. Off to the south was the broad, blue Atlantic, with not a sail in sight, and to the North, the barren waste—mountain chain after mountain chain outlined against the blue sky. As I stood there, looking on this beautiful picture, with no sign of man's work in sight, either on land or water, I could not help but feel that there was a lesson to be learned from that which was before me. Living, as most of us do, in the big cities, surrounded by skyscrapers, electric railways, and all the other complexities of modern city life, we are inclined to feel the sense of our own importance, and a pride in the things that we have accomplished, but the thought came to me there how really insignificant would be the efforts of all mankind, should it be asked to duplicate even that small portion of the universe outlined before me. Indeed, how absolutely insignificant are our works in comparison with those of our Creator. One needs to get back to nature to come to a proper realization of this fact.



THE TOP RAIL.

I was in Billy Townsend's gun store recently and in a talk with an old-time ducker, who yet occasionally shoulders his beloved double barrel for a day in the field, I gathered some information which should prove interesting. He was talking of the days of the market hunter, when it was no crime or disgrace to defray one's shooting expenses by selling his game.

One season—it must have been nearly a quarter of a century ago—he made a bag of over 800 mixed ducks, canvasbacks, redhead, mallard, widgeon, bluebill and teal.

He was then a fair field shot, and it required a good many forays upon the many adjacent ducking grounds to make the final count he did. So much for his dexterity as a hunter.

Say, for instance, that he had killed an even sixty-seven dozen birds, and sold them at the highest market price, and yet they would not have brought him more than \$50 or \$60. Compare this sum with his expenses; in those days manifold more than they would be to-day: Time, \$100; railroad fare, \$50; ammunition, \$50; incidentals, \$50; or a total of \$250, or \$200 more than the birds would have brought him if he had sold them all.

If the average duck hunter did not derive more sport than lucre out of the shooting, he would never go out. But no true sportsman then had any thoughts of augmenting his bank account through the instrumentality of his favorite sport; enjoyment and health were his main and only objects.

What royal fun it is, beginning with the anticipating pleasure of an expedition, continuing delightfully on through all the work of preparation, and culminating in a grand cataclysm of happiness when once the camp-fire is blazing.

GRIZZLY KING.

A Day's Hunting in the Maine Woods

By MOCCASIN MAC

ONE bright, frosty October morning the writer hit the trail about 7:30 and, full of high anticipations—and a good venison breakfast—hiked briskly along the Buckboard Road for a mile and a half, then turned to the right up the Shawmut logging road, and with eyes and ears alert for any sign or sound of game, climbed slowly and stealthily up the steep incline back of Hard Scrabble Mountain to the base of Rowell Mountain. I worked my way laboriously over the fallen trees, gradually ascending the fire-scarred side of the mountain, looking carefully and expectantly among the spruce tops and prostrate tree trunks where deer signs were abundant. For here deer found excellent feed in the luxuriant growth of weeds and tender shoots, which had sprung up on the burnt land that was fire-swept two years before. Here deer might lie unseen among the raspberry bushes, or stand quietly concealed behind the spruce logs so like them in color. Stealthily, with eye and ear alert, I climbed to the top of the mountain and silently traversed the moss-covered corridors of the green woods where fire had not wrought its desolation. It was high twelve and I had not had sight or sound of game. Reaching a commanding view I rested and contemplated the illimitable woods, dotted here and there with shining lakes and ponds, that extended in billowy mountains to the horizon round. I enjoyed the vast forest and the wild beauty of the rugged landscape. All this panoramic view seemed peaceful and quiet, and yet the stillness was broken by many sounds of life. In the distance the log cock called shrilly and hammered loudly on a dead tree. Nearby the hairy and downy woodpeckers kept up their calls and hammering on the trees. Further down the mountainside could be heard the peculiar call of the black three-toed woodpecker. Whisky Jack perched on a nearby limb, and uttered some of his various calls. A red squirrel came almost within reach and then scampered up a tree and chattered and laughed.

As I sat there, contemplating wild nature, I realized that the enjoyment of the day's hunt was not all in the game secured. Were it so, some days would be very stale. Finally, with limbs rested and eyes and ears feasted with the sights and sounds of the great wilderness, I descended slowly and as silently as possibly the north side of the mountain, passing again over the strip of burnt land that encircled the mountain, now well covered with a growth of weeds and bushes, where fresh deer signs were everywhere to be seen, gradually down to the heavy hardwood growth where the fire had not traversed. Here a good view could be had for some distance among the great trunks of the beeches and maples. Glancing to the left, as I walked quietly and cautiously along carefully scanning every object in sight, I saw, about seventy-five yards away, a reddish-brown object—the right color for a deer! My rifle came quickly to my shoulder, with the hammer at full cock, my eye ran along the barrel and drew a fine bead on the brown object. I hesitated. This object had no legs or head, and any kind of a

decent deer should have both. It might be standing behind some obstruction that concealed the legs, but a deer would certainly have a head. No, it was not a deer! It was a partially decayed stump of some huge tree that had been felled by the lumberman's ax years gone by. I lowered my rifle. I wasn't going to shoot a stump! But how easily I could plunk it if it had been a deer! I looked at the stump wistfully and more carefully and fancied I could see the black of a deer's tail hanging down. No, it was only a burnt place on the stump. I moved a little to one side and looked at a slightly different angle and was sure I could see the white hair on the side of a deer's tail. A conviction flashed through my dull brain, it is a deer! At the same instant a white flag flashed up from that stump and went waving

and tossing down the mountainside just showing about the underbrush, as its owner bounded away faster than any stump ever moved before. Oh, yes! it was a deer!

I turned back over the mountain and passed down its southern slope toward camp, lamenting that I had not fired, for it surely would have done no harm to shoot a stump, if it had been a stump. But then, I reflected, it was only a doe and it would have been difficult to drag the carcass back over the mountain anyway. Thus blaming and consoling myself by turns, I hunted slowly along, scrutinizing every object closely, determined not to be fooled similarly again or miss another opportunity, when suddenly down through the vista of trees ahead I saw two big ears above the low bushes!

(Continued on page 544.)



STARTLED IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Cooting on Cape Cod

By GEORGE O. ALMY

"U² KUM."

That's all there was to Lon Green's postal card message, but it was sufficient. Had he written a ten-page letter, crediting him with the inclination and ability, he couldn't have conveyed more.

For weeks I had waited for that word, waited anxiously, for on it hinged an outing that I had been looking forward to for a whole year. And the word just left me by the letter-carrier was that the birds were flying down off the Kendal Harbor shore, Cape Cod, and flying good, or Lon would not have written.

Lon is one of the natives of the place and earns his living by pulling lobster pots, fishing and odd jobs ashore. He knows the coast in the vicinity of the Cape like a book. Brave, courteous and on the square with all, he is one of those princes in disguise which we run against now and then in unexpected places.

So much for Lon, good fellow. As for my chum Stuart and myself, for the next half hour after receiving that postal card, it was hustle and bustle with us. We couldn't throw our duds into our small trunk fast enough and depend with any degree of accuracy that everything was there. Rubber boots, oil skins, sweaters and gloves, along with shells, gun tools, oil and other toggery were jammed into that trunk with wonderful rapidity. Two hours later, guns under arm and precious trunk aboard, we were seemingly crawling down to our little Cape town destination on the only express train that goes over the line, off from the city for a three days' trip.

It seemed an age before we got our first whiff of the good salt sea, an odor that sets the blood of the live man tingling, while from the car windows we could see the surf rolling in on a far distant yellow beach. That first sniff and sight of old ocean banished all thoughts of dull care left behind and took a dozen years off our shoulders.

My! How that train did drag. It was more than two hours later that the little Kendal Harbor station came to sight. The brakes had not ceased grinding when we were out on the platform, and there waiting to greet us was dear old Lon. Sea clothes and hat and his old don't-care air, but the same old boy, heavy of mitt and strong with the "How be yer, boys?" Happy? Well, you can just place it that we all were. It was a pleasure to be there. That annual greeting and handshake each fall at Kendal Harbor station is something historical.

It was a two-mile drive in the vehicle termed in local politeness "the stage," to Lon's home on the ocean front and little harbor that gives the place its name, but any horse can walk the distance and we eventually arrived.

Mrs. Lon was equally as glad to see us as her husband; even the baby honored us with a squeal, and we were soon "all hunky" in the guest chamber, none of us being strong on ceremony. It was off with the store clothes and into duds, and if the latter did not look well, they felt so. There's something about old clothes that gets me every time. And best of

all, as we dressed, we could hear the call of the ocean—booming, sloshing, ker-chunking and slamming as the waves washed and tore at the breakwater and bar that nearly locks the harbor mouth.

Naturally, with such music to stir our blood, we were anxious to get out and down to the shore, but Mrs. Lon had cooked a big dinner and she would not hear of it. You know how it is with women after they have been tinkering over a stove all the morning. And then, we were a bit hungry. That salt air, you know.

But every good thing has its end and so

over in the marshes we knocked down a woodcock and a couple of partridges. And there was a big red fox that I blindly stumbled on to. This meeting was such an unexpected and decidedly unusual occurrence, I having almost stepped on Reynard as I was forcing my way through the waist-deep grass and underbrush, that I clean forgot to fire at him until he reappeared in a little opening fully 200 feet away. Then we all gave it to him and the air fairly sang with the lead, but though we ruffled him, No. 5's at that distance made no serious impression. He gave us a grin, put head down and tail up and bade us a polite but final good



TWO THAT WOULD HAVE PASSED BY.

did that dinner. Not long after we were down on the shingle beach looking over the situation. And situation is a good word, for the rollers were coming in something grand, breaking three and four times out from the shore before the final crash on the beach. Over the breakwater hung an almost continual haze of mist and foam as wave after wave tossed its shattered arms high into the air after vain effort to wrench apart the massive stonework. Truly, a spectacle for the artist or camera man, but a poor outlook for the gunner. I knew from experience that it was all off for that afternoon, and Lon confirmed my forecast.

"I hate to disappoint you, boys," he said. "but this sea is pretty nasty. We might venture it, but outside there'd be no fun and we might get more than we bargained for. You know what an upset would mean in this water and at this time of year."

Yes, with rubber boots, oil skins, heavy clothing and a pocket full of shells in a November sea, I knew what it would mean, and having some personal regard for my own carcass as well as for the feelings of those at home, was satisfied to take Lon's word for it.

So it was land for us that afternoon, but

day. That episode will never pass from my memory.

Did we sleep that night? We did, making up for a deal of nights and lost sleep. The gusts of wind that tore over the roof, rattling a loose shingle here and there, played a lullaby that locked us fast. "That fox," I always refer to him thus, caused me to dream and in my slumber I had that afternoon's hunt all over again. But this time the fox did not run. I fired and fired but could not bowl him over. Finally we came to close quarters and the brute had me by the shoulder, when Lon's hand reaching through the partly opened door nearly landed me out of bed.

"Hey, you lubbers!" he exclaimed, "are you fellows dead? I have called you twice. Are you going cooting or are you going to lie abed all day? Come, now, get up. The wind has gone down and we will have a grand day on the water." We then tackled Stuart, who was still sleeping as unconcernedly as if he were home in bed on a Sunday, and dragged him out of slumberland. Of course, it was dark. New England November mornings at 4:30 o'clock always are. Over in the East the sun was casting its searchlight along the horizon, just a

glimmer of its awakening, while up above the stars still twinkled, laughing and winking at us as we shivered in the chill morning air. But the cold helped us dress, and, despite the chill, there was that gladsome feeling that betokened the near approach of a fair day.

Breakfast, with plenty of coffee, over, we were soon down to the boat landing and a few minutes later out to Lon's big motorboat that swung at its mooring in midstream. Lon, who can cuss without repeating, tackled the engine, and to make it short, we were soon chug-chugging for the open sea. We were out for coots, and cooting at Kendal Harbor is not done from the shore, but from five to ten miles outside where enough birds can be found to make it worth while.

Once beyond the breakwater we found a lively sea still running, not too lively, you know, but with kick enough to cause the motorboat Lizzie to throw up her nose and heels like a racer after a layoff. As for our two towing dories, they jumped and skipped about in all directions, each apparently trying to start on a voyage of its own, only to be jerked back into line every few moments by the painters.

From the nor'east a breeze was blowing. Far out, close to the tops of the waves, we could see bunches of coot scudding southward, making the best of the favoring wind. Miles beyond them and high in the air, huge flocks of black duck filled the sky, all sails set and south-bound like the coot. These black fellows were perfectly safe, so far as the local gunners were concerned, flying too high and too far out to make it worth while to go after them.

An hour of riding the rollers and we were on the cooting grounds, and a few minutes later, with anchor down and dories hauled alongside were doing our best to get ourselves and our toggle into them without shipping any more water than necessary. We succeeded, but not until after much pitching, tossing and straining, with a weather eye open all the time for bumped fingers. Finally we were all aboard and off to set the block and profile decoys.

These are arranged in strings and held in place by anchors at either end, tide and wind being taken into consideration, and in rough water it is a ticklish job. There's a whole lot in knowing how when a dory is trying to stand on its nose or tail, or hop like a frog. And it is also just as well to leave the poor old ocean where it belongs and not try to take it in over the side of a boat and away from its native home.



TAKING IN DECOYS.



A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

The decoys out, there was a bit more tugging and rowing, and then we were in place in a sun field back of the strings, Lon off to the right a few hundred feet, with Stuart and I in the other dory to the left.

"Heigh-ho! Dead ahead!" Lon had spotted a bunch of white wings coming down on us from the northward, and his warning cry put us down on our knees in the dory, trusting that our yellow slickers would fool the birds into thinking that we were but a part of our yellow-hued boat. Spread out in one long line, a hundred feet or more from end to end and about 40 feet up, their wings working with a clean-cut snap that an experienced eye can detect a surprisingly long way off, the birds in a very few minutes were upon us.

Their wise old leader had spotted the boats and noted us early. Knowing the danger that lurked beneath, he gave his signal of alarm and mapped a course that would carry all higher up into safety. The bunch took the cue, but a dozen or so youngsters, over-estimating their own importance and wisdom, paid no heed to their leader. They swung in over the decoys to sort of get acquainted, wings tipped up—an excellent shot.

From both boats came flashes and four birds went into the water with a splash. Two remained on top, their days of flying over forever. But with the splash, the other two disappeared with a swirl beneath the surface, sure sign we were in for a chase.

For us it was wait and watch, for the coot were merely taking a deep dive and would soon be back. The tossing waves are most deceptive; a dozen times we thought we saw the birds and brought gun to shoulder, only to find that we had been fooled. Finally, however, up popped a coot head far off our stern, while a second was soon showing over beyond the blocks and ahead of Lon's boat. Both birds swung up into the wind and at once started for the open sea, an inch or so of head and neck being all that was visible of them.

It was now or never with us, and quick work at that, for a wounded coot in the water, if not seriously damaged, has every chance in

the world of getting away. For us, it was slip anchor ropes, toss over buoys and a stern chase, with boats jumping this way and that. Stuart watched one of the birds while I took to the oars. Once lose sight of your coot after he starts swimming and you might as well put back to the anchorage.

Now it was row, row, row, a strong pull and a pull all together. What Lon was doing we had no time to notice. If anyone could get a bird he could. A couple of barks from his gun and a yell a few minutes later told us that he had bagged his quarry. Stuart soon opened fire from our boat, and, after the coot had dived two or three times, finally nailed him. Before we could get him into the boat, though, there came another warning cry from Lon. Almost instantly another bunch of birds was on us, and, despite the commotion we were making, turned and swung in between the boats. We gave them a cross-fire, but over caution for fear of shooting into each other gave us but two birds.

It was half an hour before we were back at our anchorages. So the day drifted on with now and then a bunch of coot, gray white wings, butterballs, etc., a banging of guns, often more misses than hits, but all kinds of fun nevertheless for a couple of city chaps. As the sun began to sink, going-home time, we counted a dozen birds—not very heavy shooting, but entirely ample for us.

Taking in the decoys was fully as difficult as getting them out, a wet, nasty job at all times and something fierce in rough water. I, for one, was glad when it was over, and we were heading back to the big motor boat. Out there in the ocean, with dusking falling fast and the land a long way off, the Lizzie looked to Stuart and me as big as a liner. Mounting a wild mustang would describe the process of boarding her, for, with the small boats hopping and skipping in one direction and the Lizzie plunging in another, to get from one to the other without being smashed up or upset was just a bit exciting.

That night it was supper, a smoke and then bed, and if Stuart was not asleep when he "hit

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Out in the Chicken Country

By AMOS BURHANS

THERE was a time when the steady advance of the prairie farmer drove the grouse and the prairie chicken before him. The birds loved the untrampled heather of ungrazed grasses and seldom were found near the domain of the man with the shoot-stick whose peculiarly true aim, owing to the price of powder and shot, reduced their ranks when they flushed within range. To-day the major portion of old-time conditions have gone their way. The birds nest everywhere, and these nests are protected as much as possible by the owners of the land. Thousands of them are discovered every season by the farmers whose lands lie out on the prairies of the Dakotas, Minnesota, Nebraska and Wisconsin. To bother a nest means a covey less for the fall shooting. The birds are encouraged with nesting and food and courteously discouraged with the scatter gun.

If you will look over your map of Minnesota, scan the counties of the southwestern part of that State and note the fairly well watered prairies that stretch away invitingly, you will a bit better understand my following paragraphs. There are countless creeks, each flowing through the center of a rich prairie valley, and none of them are on other than the county maps. It is sometimes five and sometimes ten miles from one valley's creek over the rolling land that separates it from another. These creeks all find their way into the Minnesota River, the Des Moines River and eventually feed the Big Wet that carries them to the Gulf. Generally speaking, my remarks will fit any of the northwestern watered prairies.

On the 7th of September I began a short trip for prairie chickens in Southwestern Minnesota. The morning of the first day of the open season was cool and very damp with a heavy dew. The night before I had driven out to the home of a farmer friend, an enthusiast over hunting who lived right in the heart of the best chicken country between the Chicago & Northwestern Railway and the Minneapolis and St. Louis R. R. extension to Watertown, S. D. The county was the last one west of the range in which it lay, and from an eminence we could look across the valley and see the little town of Gary, S. D., nestling among the rolling hills.

Practically none of the fall plowing had been done in this county. The shock or stook threshing was finished, and threshing rigs were drawing up to the stacks where they laid idle until the haying season was over, and the grain had "sweat" its sweat. Hunters were few and far between. A few farmers were in the field after certain coveys that could be easily located, as all of the birds had chosen to stay close to their hatching and drumming grounds and frequent the shady corn that so well protected them from the warm winds and beating rains of summer. And the great stubble fields, with the uncut hay meadows of thousands of acres, gave the birds all the chances to escape detection. At the same time last season all the stubbles had been converted to plowed fields, the hay meadows were stripped of their crop, and much of the corn was cut and in the shock. Last season there appeared to be hundreds of large and small coveys of birds, the larger coveys meaning that

the birds had started to pack or flock for the winter.

The dogs released, we left the farmyard at daylight. The chores had been completed and breakfast of bacon, eggs, corn bread and coffee stowed away in the human bunkers. Across Quail Creek we waded. It circled through the pastures and meadows, the inviting refuge of tangle, briars, grape vines and resin weed hiding numerous coveys of quail. I would estimate a covey to the farm. Entering a stubble of oats, the dogs made long casts ahead, quartered the field and one bolted the course for a piece of wheat that laid across the road to the left of us half a mile away. The setter, John, full of fire and eager to find game, be it furred or feathered, dropped his head a bit as he went over a low knoll and came to point along the bank of the creek.

"Point, Judge," I cried, mockingly, to John's owner, thinking there was nothing ahead of the dog, whose work I was unfamiliar with.

"Before the day is done you'll change your tune," answered my friend.

And sure enough, ahead of the dog, now edging on into his game as we went up behind him, a nice covey of fully grown young quail whirred into the air. Both of us were surprised. And the dog I imagine was, too, for neither of us fired. The season on these little brown denizens did not open for three weeks, and we neither cared to be called "sooners."

John finished the field and we took to the road. A little white church amid a plain of wheat stubble and hay land was our objective



THE DANCE OF THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

point, for in a heavily weeded stubble nearby we were to begin the true day's hunt. That particular field was birdless, and we crossed the patch of weedy flax, forded the drainage ditch that emptied into the creek and went into a piece of oat stubble again. Not a breath of air was stirring. The stubble was damp. We were all wet to the knees from the long grass we trekked through. Jimmy had on low shoes and refused to wade the ditch, so he stood and watched us. The head of the dog went down again. His nose detected something familiar, and he began roading a covey of young birds. As the stubble was so scanty in this field, we did not expect a bird, thinking they had been feeding there, and then moved back to some other point as the morning wore on. Rather quickly John stiffened to a point and the lashing of his great tail ceased. He was immovable. Yet we could see no birds and went ahead carefully to give the dog a chance. Then from beneath our feet rose eight young birds, frightened

of cotton cord and acted as if he were thoroughly subdued by the disgrace.

The cloudy sky began to give way to the sun above, and being wet we loaded pipes and kidded Jack over his field trial dog. A good half mile to the south a large covey of birds swung over a field of corn and dropped into the long grass. There had been some shooting in the country about as we walked to the fields. This had now ceased. It was probably done by residents who looked for known coveys to supply the family dinner pot. As the dew left the grass, however, they seemed to hasten to the hay fields and leave their shooting until another time. Someone had flushed the covey we saw alight to the south, and pure luck had shunted them within our sight. All were anxious to start for them.

As we drew up to the spot where they should be, Jack suggested that he would not shoot, but would handle the dogs. John would not flush the birds, though he did chase when

either dog should have found and stood. So ended the shooting of the first morning of the season.

Sunday, the second day, was hot and windy. The dogs could not have located an abattoir, to say nothing of chickens, and outside of an exercising run morning and night, they were kept up.

Monday was a day to give credit to both dogs and men. They located every bird we had a chance at, never flushed, never ran in to break shot or wing, and the morning totaled twelve birds, which we called satisfactory shooting. This would be rotten compared with the slaughter practiced years ago by the market hunters who depleted the prairies. We found birds that day where they were least expected. For one I had thought that birds fed in the morning as much or more than they did at nightfall, but that morning's shoot gave the lie to the idea. We found birds, scattering pairs and trios and singles, in the corn's edge, in the flax, in the grasses of the roadside, by the creek and elsewhere. Brock declared they had been driven into these places and been separated from their coveys because of the many hunters of Sunday and the heat of that day driving them to water and shade. For myself I refused to formulate any theories, as all mine had been explored in the past.

Almost invariably, however, every bird rushed into the corn if he got away. In the chicken country of to-day it is their haven of refuge, and they seem to know it. Some got up before the dogs had a chance of making a point and scuttled for the corn. Beneath its heavy cover they can bask and sport without fear. When you try to get them out of it they run like Chinese or ring-neck pheasants of the Pacific coast and hide in the grass that grows after the last plowing of the fields.

With such a winter as blizzed through this country, 1911-12, it is a wonder that there was a single prairie chicken left. There is an abundance of food in the small grain fields until they are plowed. Some are not plowed until spring. The birds feed in them until the snow is so deep they cannot dig through it. The corn is largely shucked in the fields, and the nubbins never being taken in along with the ears missed, leaves plenty of corn to carry the birds along. This spring was a fairly favorable nesting season. There was no great abundance of rain after pairing time, and chicks were not drowned or eggs washed away.

Our best evening's shooting occurred on the last day of our stay. The morning had been hot, so hot that we turned for camp at 9 o'clock. We had just a half dozen birds and those killed the day before could not stay sweet even in the cool cellar, so we decided. I drove eight miles for ice, and when the birds were packed on it, we felt better. The afternoon cooled off as the sky clouded, and the bit of a shower fell. At four we went toward the little white church, one of the boys bringing up the rear in a buggy as he was off food temporarily. The excellent stubbles near the church on the hill had not given us a bird and we were going to try for them there for the last time.

Working down wind through the field, keeping the dogs well in, we had given the birds up when three old birds shot into the air straight for us and swung as usual for the corn. One paid toll and two winged away, the shot rattling



"COVEY AHEAD, GENTLEMEN," SAID THE DOG.

and anxious to be off. They made for the corn east of the field, and when they were a fair distance off, two guns began to decimate their ranks.

Only four birds fell to six shots and a cripple dropped a little way off too weak to fly further. John rushed in to chase the flying birds, and one of us sprang to catch the cord that connected with his choke collar. The other tried to mark the crippled bird and began to gather up the fallen chickens. And after order had been somewhat restored we found that neither of us had definitely located the cripple, nor could the dog. Behind us came the cry of Jimmy who waved to us from beyond the ditch. He had it marked for a surety, though neither of us could make out what he was trying to impart. I went back and carried him across the ditch and he found the cripple, now dead, just as John came up to him and made the point on his bird.

And in the fracas none of us save Jimmy had marked down the remainder of the covey. They had dropped in the corn up the long slope of the divide. It was useless to pursue them, anyway we might leave them for seed. In the distance came Jack with his bolting pointer, the latter in leash. By the time they came up to us that dog had been flushed to a hundred feet

they got up. He was a year old pup with a great nose and a woeful absence of yard breaking. He would not drop to shot or wing. Jack declared the pointer broken, but was afraid of giving the dog free rein after he had disobeyed so untowardly. Into the stubble adjoining the grass we went. The birds were holding well. John stiffened to point and the pointer backed him. Away ahead rose into the air an old wary cock. He was not to be caught napping. An automatic's first pair of shots dropped him, however. And then the balance of the covey rose stragglingly. Brock, on the left, fired on, shot at a nicely distanced bird, and stood looking at it until the birds had all flown off. He was that surprised at having missed it.

Between the other two of us who were shooting, the covey paid four birds. Beyond the corn they dropped in an unknown and posted territory. Then came the working of the dogs on the dead birds and teaching them to hold their points. This gave Jack courage, for his pointer worked nicely and had dropped as we began shooting. The choke collar he had applied expeditiously on John as that worthy setter started to chase the rising birds, much to the dog's surprise and his eventual subjugation. On the way back for dinner we sprang a single that

against their tightly feathered breasts and wings unharmed, for they were a little beyond range.

Into the field where we once got up a covey and killed but three, we started. Half way down the dogs pointed in a dense patch of weeds and oats the harvesters had failed to glean, and up went seven birds, four of which we secured easily. The rest of that end of the valley gave us nothing, though we saw some birds drop into the corn and grass and thought we had located and marked them truly. Across the road we traveled and east the dogs loose in a piece of wheat stubble. Never a bird was to be found. Coming to the end of this, another stubble of oats along a large field of corn caught our attention, and we got up a covey a hundred yards ahead. One straggler dropped to our guns. Perhaps that extra two grains of Ballistite did the trick. It was a long shot, anyway.

Across the valley we saw a large piece of stubble from which we had once seen two nice coveys get up a few hundred yards ahead of us. The stubble was high and surrounded by corn and looked good. The sick man tied his horse and rig to a haystack and accompanied us into this Eden for the prairie chicken. One lone hen rose before we advanced a hundred yards. She tumbled quickly. On the crest of a knoll John began his roading, and we were sure birds were there or had been there within the hour.

Near a bit of hay land, and yet in the stubble, John and the pointer came to a perfect stand. They were a long way ahead and the birds refused to hold. Fifteen or sixteen rose into the air before we were within range and only three stragglers that lay to the dogs' points did we get. If they had not risen against the wind, we would have lost even these. But the dogs still held their points and we could not understand it.

"More birds in here somewhere," declared one.

"Nonsense. With all that shooting?" asked another.

Then John dropped his nose, roaded a bit and advanced into the wind toward the ground we had just covered and raised his head. The pointer drew alongside and both their noses quivered as they sniffed the odor of birds. Being curious we went back the way we had come over the knoll and soon the air was thick with raising chickens. They had laid tight to the ground, and as we passed them before, they had failed to flush. The battery of four guns began their usefulness, and at last we had enough birds to start home with ten each on the following morning.

We had been in the chicken country five days, were sunburned and tanned and freckled. The dogs were gaunting up and settling to their work beautifully. We had made friends among the farmers, killed only enough for food and were fagged out from the chase over the country afoot. Invitations for another year poured in—and we shall accept.

THERE was a flight of woodcock on the new moon, in Sullivan county, N. Y., but the grounds were too hard to hold them. They dropped in and then moved elsewhere. On good feeding grounds they will usually remain until the next good frost, but birds should be dropping in every night now. The time is short, as the first hard freeze, making ice, will send them further south.

Reminiscences of "Ragged Islands"

I.

WHEN the "Governor" offered my brother and me the choice of a share in one of the Southern ducking clubs, we were in a quandary what to choose. A friend, Dr. W., who had been a member of the Ragged Islands Gunning Club Association with property in the "Back Bay" at the head of Currituck Sound, suggested that we buy a share of "Ragged Islands" if there were one for sale. We found a dry goods merchant in Norfolk who had the article in question. He agreed to take me as his guest to the club for a week, and if satisfied with the property I was to purchase his share. I went to "Ragged Islands," saw the property and the fowl, and bought the share. This happened in 1896, and during the following four years I visited the islands at least once and often twice during the shooting season. Those were my first real ducking days, and I shall remember them as long as I live. Following are a few of the incidents that recur most vividly to my mind's eye:

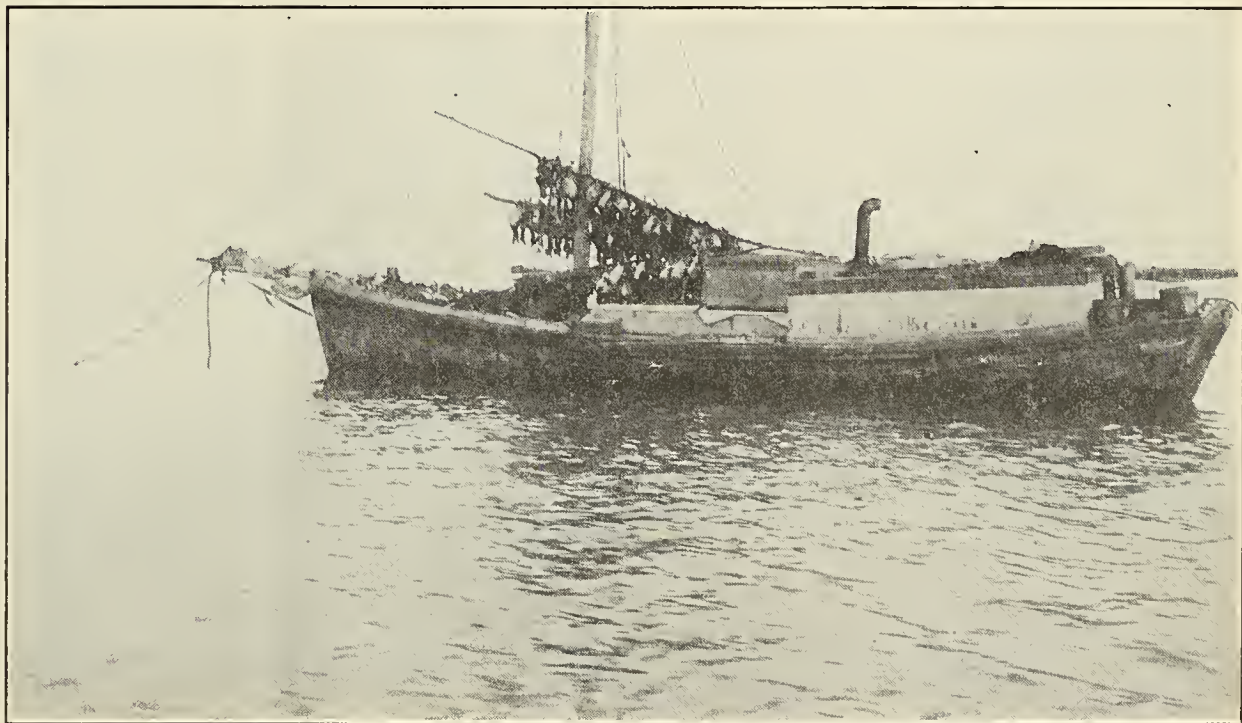
II.

Young Burke, son of the dry goods merchant, and I arrived at Virginia Beach shortly after noon. There we obtained a rig from the livery men and drove down the beach twenty-five miles. It was a long, cold journey, but the sight of numerous ducks and geese resting in the ocean just outside the line of breakers was enough to keep me warm. We found Waterfield, the club keeper, and one of the guides, Howard Cooper, waiting for us with the "big boat" at Barbour's Place opposite the club house. A short sail landed us at "Ragged Islands."

The old club house with its gun room, its big open fireplaces in living room and dining room, its double feather beds—two to a bedroom—the weather arrow on the dining room ceiling, connected with the vane on the roof, showing the direction of the wind, first claimed

my attention. Then Burke, taking down a glass from a hook over the door, guided me up to the lookout to investigate. As it was Sunday, a "rest day," the fowl had not been disturbed, and every cove and pond in the marshes had its quota of ducks, geese or swan. In "House Cove," a few minutes' walk back of the club house, sat a flock of fifty or sixty swans accompanied by numerous bunches of geese, while ducks of all kinds dabbled about the edges or "traded" back and forth. That night it was all I could do to sleep because of the racket of those geese and swans, augmented by their brethren who had flown in from the ocean to feed in the moonlight.

Besides Waterfield, the keeper, the club employed three men—two as guides and one as guide and game warden to keep off the poachers. The first two, Howard Cooper and "Os" Moore, were typical Southern baymen. Cooper was of medium height with good shoulders, a red face, tiny red moustache and closely cropped, dark red hair. A good-natured, lazy fellow, but a great man in a shoving skiff—one who always did his "darndest" to get you shooting, and the best shot I ever saw in a blind. "Os" was rather different. He was about Howard's height, but slim and wiry with a long drooping brown moustache and sharp cadaverous features. My impression of "Os" was that he did no more than he thought you'd put up with. He was not as good a shot in a blind as Howard, but was far his superior in a battery. Each was jealous of the other's shooting and each had his "parlor tricks." The third man, "Old Beacham," didn't come around to the club house unless he was so required. He lived in a little shack on the bay side of the marshes and guarded the property. I remember one night when he was at the club house someone was "firelighting Shed Cove" and "Old Beacham" started after them with a "shove skiff." He took along a regular arsenal of rifles and shotguns, but didn't need them, as the poachers heard him coming and got away. The



A BACK BAY MARKET HUNTER'S RIG.

old fellow must have been well over fifty, but had just been married for the third time. Whenever I met him he would reach into his pocket and draw out a wedding day photograph of himself and "his woman." It was plain to see who was the boss of that household, as his wife would make just about three of the "old man." As a young fellow, Beacham was considered the best shot on the Back Bay, and was said to have killed seventy-seven canvasbacks from a battery without a miss.

III.

At "Ragged Islands" it was the custom to shoot the outside points in the mornings, and the marsh in the late afternoon and evening. At the former you had chances at the diving ducks



THE OLD CLUB HOUSE, RAGGED ISLAND.

—canvasback, redhead, bluebill and an occasional goose or swan; in the marsh your opportunities were at teal, blackduck, mallard, widgeon, shoveler, pintail, an occasional woodduck and more geese.

My first day at the club was a "blue bird day," as Howard called it, and we set out our twenty or thirty stools off South Point, as what little wind there was came from the southwest. After sitting in the stand for some time without a shot—plenty of ducks flying, but high—Howard, who must have had eyes in the back of his head, whispered, "Keep quiet. Here comes a little bunch of canvas from over in the ocean." I turned slightly and saw seven big ducks headed our way. I didn't think they would come down, but Howard's call, "H-a-a-r, h-a-a-r, h-a-a-r," attracted their attention, and they began to circle. Around and around they flew while I squatted, not daring to move a muscle. Finally with a whistle of wings they flew right over our heads into the decoys. "Now!" said Cooper, and we stood up. We each got one as they jumped, but as the sun had risen and they flew right into its glare, a wing-tipped drake was the sole result of our second barrels.

IV.

I was at "Whitsun's" with Howard. The sun was warm. I drowsed off. A dig from Cooper's elbow brought me to. "Get down! Here comes an old swan!" I slipped one load of BB's and one of T's into my "12" and

watched the great white bird fly steadily along. He was pretty well out and high up, but as he got directly in front of the stand, I gave him one barrel after the other. To my joy he turned about three somersaults and struck the water with a tremendous splash, but his head was up. Howard grabbed his gun, and jumping into the "shove skiff" started after him, while the swan swam off with the speed of a race horse. Finally Cooper thought he was near enough and started to raise his gun, but the wise old bird was too wary. He rose and flew about 200 yards and Howard started after him. The bird rose again and this "fly" carried him out over a mile into the sound. We never saw him again.

V.

On another trip I was at Lane's. Contrary to custom we had decided to shoot this point in the afternoon and evening, as a battery which had spoiled our shooting in the morning had just taken up. A few bluebills, two canvasbacks and a goose were lying in the grass back of the stand, and it seemed as if this was to be the total of the day's bag, as the birds had stopped flying. A sailboat tacking up the bay rallied a large raft of fowl, ducks, geese and swans, many of which headed for the ocean. Their line of flight carried them in our direction, but they were very high and out of range. A bunch of about forty swans followed the ducks toward the sea. They were flying low—not over twenty feet above the surface of the water—but were well out from the shore. As they came by our point they cut in a little to pass over the bay next to us and this brought them about seventy yards from the stand. In the center of the flock some eight of the great white bodies in line caught my eye, and the heavy eight-gauge sent a couple of charges of BB's hurtling in their direction.

"Confound it, Howard, I didn't lead them enough."

"Yes, you did, sir," was his answer, "look there and there."

Fully a quarter of a mile away what looked like a white feather pillow was floating on the water, and nearly as far again another swan was down, but with her head up and paddling off. Cooper lost no time in hustling after the cripple in the skiff. He was gone till dark and I heard him shoot several times, but when he came back he brought with him both swans. They were so heavy and clumsy to carry that one apiece made a good load from the boat landing to the club house. On the scales one bird weighed sixteen and the other eighteen pounds. Mounted, with wings extended, the big one measured exactly seven feet from tip to tip.

VI.

When I first went to "Ragged Islands" the rule about taking up at sundown was strictly adhered to, and this put a stop to "duskin" ducks, so that unless the weather was blustery the shooting was pretty tame after sunset. One evening I had tied out in the west box at Murray Cove. A westerly wind had been coming up all afternoon and the ducks began to fly before I was ready for them at 4 p. m. This left me only half an hour to shoot, as the sun set at 4:30. I had hardly settled down in the stand before a single blackduck hovered over the decoys. I pulled on him twice in quick order, but

missed clean. Then a pair of shovelers—the first I had ever seen—set their wings and started to light among the stools. I gave them two barrels, but they hurried on their way. I was beginning to get exasperated, and when a huge flock of mallards came straight across the cove to me and two "guns" brought no results, I decided it was time to steady down, take my time and do something. A wisp of "bluewings" whizzed over the decoys, and this time I scored a double. An inquisitive pair of widgeon also came to stay as did a fat mallard drake. I had found myself and until I took up at 4:30 I didn't miss another shot. Twenty-two was my bag in that short half hour and a pretty variety it contained—mallard, blackduck, blue-winged teal, widgeon and pintail. I never expect to have such a shoot again.

VII.

A year or two later the sea came over the beach into the Back Bay and killed all the "wild celery" with the result that the shooting from the outside points was practically nil. Much of the "duck grass" in the coves was cleaned out, and except in very rough weather there were no ducks till after sundown. This started the members of the club shooting at night, and when I made my annual visit I followed their lead. There were a great many geese "using" in "Shed Cove" at the northern extremity of the club property, and one moonlight night Cooper took me up there. I led "Mike," the Chesapeake Bay dog, into the little old stand, while Howard improvised a dozen decoys in the shallow water from bundles of duck grass set on sticks. Far superior to blocks for night shooting and much less trouble. This accomplished, Cooper shoved off to try another small cove a quarter of a mile further on.

It was an ideal night for the sport. The bright moon, reflected in the waters, cast dark



MARSH STAND.

shadows along the edges of the cove. The roar of the sea on the beach presaged an easterly wind for the morrow. There were just enough light clouds in the sky to make the birds show up well. "Mike" began to tremble with excitement and a couple of dark bodies passed over me with whistling wings, but were gone before I could get my gun up. Again "Mike" began to shiver while his tail thumped against the rushes. A

splash, a low "Honk" and a single goose dropped into the cove. I stood up and killed her as she rose against the silvery sky. Twice more this happened, though the second time two Canadas came to bag. Then I heard the hoarse clamor of a big bunch of geese as they came in from the sea to feed. The noise grew louder and louder as the birds came into view. As they approached they came down out of the air, set their wings on the further edge, and started to sail over the water for the decoys. I was planning how many I could get with my two guns, the "eight" and the "twelve," when "Mike," who could stand the strain no longer, leaped over the front of the stand toward the approaching fowl. The noise was deafening as the frightened birds turned to escape, and all I killed was one big gander, which had come too close before my canine companion put in an appearance.

The old dog certainly deserved a whipping, but I didn't have the heart to administer it after his faithful retrieving of the other birds. He had been at the club for many years and had never before been guilty of such actions.

It was a pretty sight to see him after a wounded duck. When the bird dove he would paddle around where the duck had gone down to pounce on him the instant the tip of his bill appeared. He was a wonderful swimmer, had in his younger days swam down a wing-tipped swan in broken ice, and one day when Jesse Waterfield had sailed over to Cedar Island, leaving "Mike," as he thought, tied up, the old dog swam the three miles after his master.

After the catastrophe I had several more shots at singles, pairs and once at a bunch of five, out of which I killed three. When the flight stopped I had thirteen of the big fellows set up on stick to help out the decoys. I had heard several shots from Cooper, and as he didn't seem to be coming, I sat back in the stand and dozed off. I woke with a start. It was as dark as a pocket and the moon had disappeared. There were no heavy clouds in the sky, and for a few minutes I tried to puzzle it out. Then it occurred to me that there was an eclipse of the moon due that night. The "plash" of a paddle sounded and Howard pushed ashore. He had six geese in the skiff which, together with mine, made a pretty respectable bag. The moon came out again to view our luck before we reached the landing, and it was a tired pair that it lighted up the old plank walk to the club house.

VIII.

It was the rule to determine the choice of points, guides and dogs for the following morning by cutting the cards the evening before. Once I cut with Leroy Davis, the president of the club, and "Old Bob" Smith, the clerk of the county court. Davis tried first and got a queen. "Old Bob" caught a king and I topped them both with an ace. I also won choice of guides and took Howard, reserving choice of points till morning. Davis had choice of dogs and took "Old Mike." In the morning the wind was to the southwest, and on Howard's advice I chose South Point, as great strings of redheads had been trading through the pass between this point and Cedar Island. I made this decision rather against my will, as the day before I had killed the first "canvas" of the season at Gordon's
(Continued on page 546.)

Shooting Conditions in United States and Canada

Compiled by W. G. BEECROFT

AFTER a careful canvass of game and fish commissioners and wardens, we are able to give the following data on the actual conditions throughout the country. The object of this summary is to enable FOREST AND STREAM readers to select their shooting territory with a thorough knowledge of possibilities after the season has opened. Space in this issue compels brevity, but the complete reports from those in authority will be published in later issues as space permits.

It is mighty interesting reading, explaining as it does, reasons for game conditions as they now are found. Any reader desiring details as to town, hotels, etc., in territory herein described may obtain same by writing Information Department, FOREST AND STREAM.

Alabama.

BY JOHN H. WALLACE, JR., STATE GAME AND FISH COMMISSIONER.

Alabama has always been a great game State. Deer are found in more than fifty counties. These animals are fairly abundant along the rivers in the southern portion of the State.

Black bear occur in the counties of Baldwin, Mobile, Washington and Clarke.

Wild turkey have been seen within the last year in all of our counties.

Squirrels are to be found everywhere.

Doves are quite plentiful.

Duck shooting is fine along the rivers and in the bays.

Wild goose shooting is enjoyed in the Tennessee River that runs through the northern portion of Alabama.

A few woodcock are killed each year.

Snipe and plover, during the spring, are very abundant.

The most popular game bird of Alabama is

the quail. These birds are found in great abundance in every section of the State.

Arizona.

BY CHAS. M. BLEDSOE, MARSHAL.

The northern part of Arizona being mountainous, bear, deer and turkey are plentiful.

Mountain lion, timber wolves and bobcats are too plentiful for the stock interests of the country.

Quail, dove and white wings are very plentiful in the southern part.

Delaware.

BY EDW. G. BRADFORD, JR., BOARD OF GAME AND FISH COMMISSIONERS.

I am happy to report that game conditions are more favorable this season than for years past, there being a great abundance of quail, rabbits and other game in Kent and Sussex counties and particularly in Sussex.

Our new board of game and fish commissioners, which has only been in existence a little over a year, has done much already, and I am confident will do much more in the immediate future in the way of securing greater abundance of game and better sport for our own as well as visiting gunners.

Georgia.

BY J. E. MERCER, COMMISSIONER.

Never in the history of the State have game birds been so numerous, particularly quail. For two seasons past the hatching conditions have been ideal.

Ducks are plentiful along the coast, but they come in spasmodic flights, and the sport is often disappointing on that account.

Deer are not numerous except on the islands of the coast, although some deer may be found in almost every county in the State.

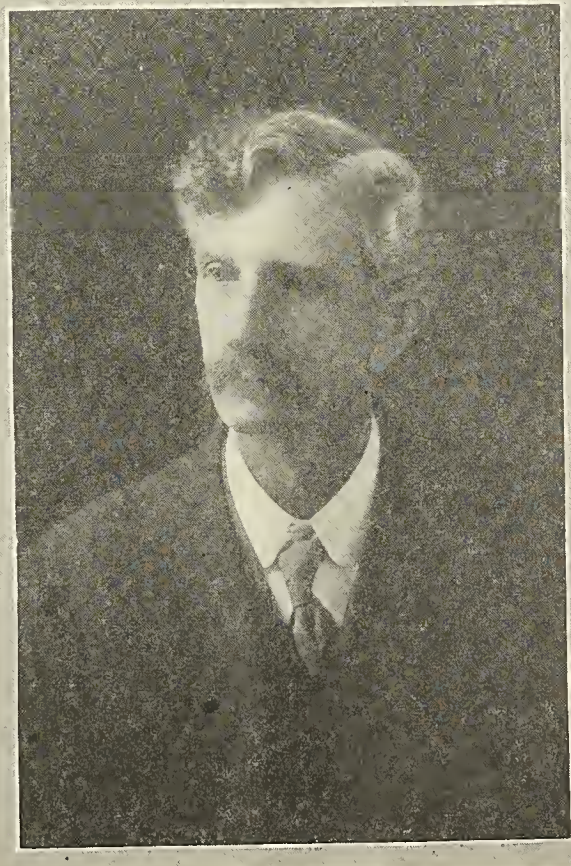
Wild turkey are plentiful in some of the swamps in South Georgia.

The wire grass section of Southern Georgia is now the greatest quail shooting field in the Union, the quantity of game and the forest conditions considered.

Indiana.

BY MABEL WHISNER, SECRETARY TO GEO. W. MILES, COMMISSIONER.

The condition of the game in our State is very good. We have quail in abundance. The



C. K. CRANSTON, FISH AND GAME COMMISSIONER, OREGON.



JOHN TITCOMB, FISH AND GAME COMMISSIONER,
VERMONT.

best hunting is in the southern part of the State, especially in the southwestern territory.

It may be of interest to know that Indiana is said to have more prairie chickens at this time than any other State in the Union. However, there is no open season on them.

Iowa.

BY GEO. A. LINCOLN, STATE FISH AND GAME
WARDEN.

Quail are abundant over our entire State, especially in the central and northern part. Prairie chicken shooting has been good in the northern part, and in the larger lakes of the State ducks are found in great numbers and many are getting the bag limit.

Kentucky.

BY ROBERT R. BURNHAM, MEMBER OF KENTUCKY
FISH AND GAME COMMISSION.

Game throughout Kentucky is very scarce indeed. We have no large game at all. This has long ago been destroyed by lack of game laws. The only sport is quail shooting. The best shooting in this State is either in Western Kentucky or in the mountains. In the latter place birds are generally plentiful, but the walking is very rough indeed.

Kansas.

BY L. L. DYCHE, WARDEN.

Kansas is essentially an agricultural State. The entire State is now in use either for agriculture, horticulture or stock-raising purposes. This is a serious drawback to nearly all kinds of game.

Prairie chickens, formerly common in the eastern half of this State, are confined to a few localities in the western third of the State, particularly to a few counties in the southwestern corner. In these localities there is still a considerable number of these birds. Quail are more or less common all over this State, except in the open prairie counties where there is little or no protection for them.

Last winter was a very severe one, and in many parts of the State the birds had a hard

time of it. Many were reported as frozen to death. One discouraging thing about this was that some of the birds reported frozen were reported to have had their crops full of food. However, the conditions were unusual. Rain that wet the earth and the birds themselves was followed by snow and very cold weather.

There are still ducks and geese that pass through the State during the migratory season.

Rabbits, both cottontails and jack rabbits, can be found in every county.

Maine.

BY J. S. P. H. WILSON, CHAIRMAN COMMISSIONERS
OF INLAND FISHERIES AND GAME.

Up to the present time I think the hunters have been more successful than for a number of years. Game is reported to be very plentiful.

For deer I would recommend the Dead River region, Rangeley section and Aroostook county; for moose, Washington county; for partridge, Somerset and Oxford counties.

Maryland.

BY TALBOTT DENMEAD, FOR STATE GAME WARDEN COX.

Good duck shooting can still be obtained on the Susquehanna Flats.

Partridge (bobwhite) shooting is not what it should be. There is shooting out of season. We have had severe winters. No respect has been paid to the bag limit and the game warden with limited means has been unable to properly attend to all reports of violations. The lower counties still have some good partridge shooting.

Rabbits are everywhere, even in the city limits of Baltimore. Squirrel shooting can be obtained in almost any county. Wild turkeys and ruffed grouse are only found in the three westernmost counties, while deer are too scarce to mention.

Maryland probably has in its thirty miles of coast the best shore bird shooting there is to be had. Ocean City, Md., is situated on a strip of sand between the ocean and Sinepuxent Bay. This narrow strip runs clear over into Virginia, and on the beach and around the ponds can be found the yellow legs, willet, curlew, robin snipe, gray backs, calico backs, black-breasted plover, dowitcher, ring-neck and other birds of like character. When the weather is just right and the ponds are filled with water, the yellowleg shooting over decoys is simply great. We also have reed bird shooting on the great wild oat marshes of the Patuxent River.

Massachusetts.

BY G. W. FIELD, CHAIRMAN COMMISSIONERS ON
FISHERIES AND GAME.

The general shooting conditions are apparently normal. There has been about the average number of partridges and woodcock, and more than an average number of quail.

The number of ducks breeding in the interior of the State has increased rapidly in the last two years. The migratory ducks and geese are practically confined to the eastern counties of the State as a result of excessive shooting in past years.

Pheasants in the eastern section of the State have increased rapidly.

Gray squirrels and rabbits are numerous. Foxes are very abundant.

The best shooting for ruffed grouse and deer is west of Middlesex county; for ducks and quail in the counties east of this; for squirrels and rabbits in the central and eastern part of the State.

Michigan.

BY WILLIAM R. OATES, WARDEN.

Game conditions in this State were never better than this season. From reports of my deputies in various parts of the State I am informed that partridge are most plentiful in every section of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, as well as the counties of the Lower Peninsula above the north line of Montcalm and Gratiot counties.

Deer are also numerous in all that part of Michigan north of the Straits of Mackinac. If I should attempt to tell you in what part of Northern Michigan deer and partridge were most plentiful, it would be a matter of speculation, as they are plentiful in every section, except in the immediate vicinity of the larger cities and towns.

There seems also to be a great number of black bear this year north of the Straits as well as a great number of fur-bearing animals, such as beaver, fox, mink, etc. Wolves and coyotes abound in great numbers.

Owing to the severity of the winter of 1911-12 and the great abundance of snow in this State, quail are nearly exterminated.

Minnesota.

BY GEO. J. BRADLEY, PRESIDENT STATE GAME AND
FISH COMMISSION.

There is a good number of moose. The best hunting is in the vicinity of the Superior Forest Reserve in the counties of Cook, Lake, St. Louis, Itaska and Koochiching.

Virginia deer are more or less abundant in all our counties north and west of Duluth.

We had a larger crop of partridge last season than we have had before in fifteen years.

(Continued on page 531.)



HON. JESSE A. TOLERTON, MISSOURI GAME AND FISH
COMMISSIONER.



Low License for Non-Resident Sportsmen.

BY GOLDEN GATE.

THE fish and game commissions of California, Oregon and Nevada are now acting more in accord with one another than has ever been the case before, and the friendly relations that have been established are expected to result in some changes in the present license laws that will cause much rejoicing among sportsmen in these States. At the present time residents of any one of these States desiring to hunt within the confines of an adjoining State must pay a license of \$10, but a movement is on foot to reduce this to \$1. This matter will be brought up at the coming session of the different State Legislatures and will doubtlessly receive favorable attention.

Of late years the commissions in these three States have come to see that the interests of all are common, and efforts have been made to secure more uniform fish and game laws, especially along the boundary lines. Formerly fishing was allowed in Nevada before it was permissible on the California side with the result that California anglers had very poor sport in the Truckee and the fish were not allowed to get up-stream to spawn. Now the regulations are more uniform. The same is true in regard to Oregon where a number of streams rising in one State cross the boundary line into the other.

The Board of Supervisors of Marin county has passed an ordinance in effect immediately shortening the open season on deer and quail. Under the State law the quail shooting season commences Oct. 15 and lasts for four months, but the Marin officials have shortened it by one month, making Nov. 15 the opening date. The district attorney of Marin county has announced that no person will be prosecuted for having quail in possession while passing through the county, the birds having been killed in other counties.

That the new measure is badly needed this year is the general opinion among sportsmen, as the season is such a backward one that the young quail are not half grown at the present time.

Operations have been very successful this season at the State Game Farm at Hayward and more birds have been distributed throughout the State than has ever been the case before in one season. Since the middle of August over 1,200 pheasants and wild turkeys have been liberated as follows: Monterey county, 100 pheasants; Santa Cruz county, 50 pheasants; Placer county, 25 turkeys; San Benito county, 100 pheasants and fifty wild turkeys; Humboldt county, 100 pheasants and 50 turkeys; Solano county, 100 pheasants; Tulare county, 165 pheasants; Fresno county, 160 pheasants; Lassen county, 150 pheasants; Mendocino county, 50 pheasants; Napa county, 100 pheasants; Del Norte county, 100 pheasants; Nevada county, 30 turkeys; Sonoma county, 25 turkeys; Alameda county, 50 pheasants; Goat Island, San Francisco county, 25 pheasants. Most of the birds now on hand at the farm will be retained for breeding purposes.

Ruffed Grouse and Woodcock.

SULLIVAN Co., N. Y., Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The outlook for ruffed grouse shooting in October and November was quite good before the season opened. I found birds myself and had many reports of full broods. These reports are usually too favorable, as they are often based on seeing a single brood of young birds with the old hen. One of the best observers in this region says that the grouse are not really plentiful. They are certainly well scattered as one flushes mostly single birds. If I had a first-rate dog I could judge better, as when the leaves are on the trees one may pass by many birds without flushing them. A few woodcock have been bagged, but these were mostly local birds. The flight birds should move in the first moon in October and one or two good frosts would bring them down. Some good ground has been spoiled by floods which covered the feeding grounds with sand or washed out the soft rich soil on the bottoms. It is a beautiful country, but not an easy one to shoot over. There is much good cover and the ruffed grouse are usually quite smart. Many rise out of shot and fly a long distance. Probably a well bred pointer of mature years that has been much shot over is the best dog for this section. Such a dog has had experience and is clever at handling these birds. He is content to point at a distance, works a running grouse carefully, until it lies for him, and he can establish a point. With a sly old pointer one will get many shots where a heedless fast dog would flush the birds out of range.

There was a good crop of gray squirrels, and rabbits seem to be plentiful. Guns were heard frequently yesterday and one man reported three ruffed grouse and five rabbits. The fact is that a dozen birds in two days, grouse and woodcock, is a good bag nowadays. One must be satisfied to work hard for modest results. I know that a brace of grouse in an afternoon would satisfy me. There is a fascination about these wary birds that causes one to persevere in spite of blank days. At any moment in the most unlikely places a bird or two may get up and give you an opportunity to retrieve the situation.

A long tramp this afternoon gave me one old cock grouse and two rabbits. I flushed but two birds, yet I know the ground well.

THEODORE GORDON.

LIBERTY, N. Y., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This seems likely to prove a fair season for shooting in this part of the country. The ruffed grouse have recovered to some extent from the loss by disease in 1907. No flight of woodcock yet, but local birds are found wherever there is good feeding ground and cover. Deer are said to have done well this year. THEODORE GORDON.

THE wild deer in Devon and Somerset, owing to the abundance of good food, have become too fat to provide the followers of the Devon and Somerset staghounds with good sport.—From the London Daily Mail.

New Cure for Rattlesnake Poison.

BY HARRY H. DUNN.

GOLONDRINA, a common weed of the southern part of California and so named by the Mexican residents, is now credited with robbing the deadly fang of the rattlesnake of its terrors. C. S. Jenkins, who has lived in this part of the country for a number of years, got the remedy from an Indian twenty years ago. He claims to have seen the weed used with success on several occasions where, without its help, the victim must have died.

At the time of his discovery, Jenkins, who is now a captain in the local fire department, was working on his father's ranch in Castaic Cañon, above Newhall. One day one of the horses came into camp with its head badly swollen from the bite of a snake. The wound was on the upper lip, and apparently had been received by the animal while grazing on the short grass of the region.

The white men at the ranch wanted to shoot the animal, but an Indian volunteered to save it by a weed that he knew. This weed, golondrina, was gathered and a strong tea brewed from it. This was poured down the throat of the horse and the leaves, left from the steeping, were bound on the nose, after the wound had been cut open. In the morning the horse was as well as ever, save for a little stiffness of the joints.

After this the weed was used frequently on the Jenkins ranch, and the local firefighter says that it is the common remedy on many of the mountain ranches of the Sierra region and of the Mexican desert.

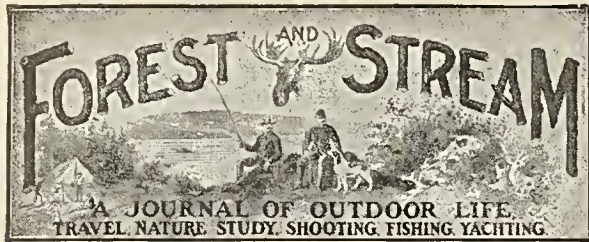
Golondrina is a weed common to Southern California. It grows close to the ground, and has small leaves of an ashy color. The tiny blossom suggests a snake's eye, being white with black center. Captain Jenkins says that if used when green the weed should be boiled, as it is too strong in its natural state.

The weed has a white milky juice which must be boiled into a sort of tea before it can be taken. When dry it can be chewed with no bad effects. It is easily dried in the sunlight and retains its strength well, even when kept a number of seasons. It grows commonly in the vacant lots of Los Angeles and other Southern California cities.

A LIVE turkey vulture, or "buzzard," alighted on the power transmission wire of the Edison Electric Company in the San Fernando valley a few days ago, stretched himself, spread his wings until the fleshy part of one of them touched an uninsulated wire, and the buzzard went up in a puff of smoke and a flash of flame.

Sheepshearers at work in the valley below the big steel-cable tower, near which the bird alighted, saw the flash of flame against the sky, saw the burned carcass of the bird falling apparently from the heavens, and, dropping their shears, fled for their lives.

Peculiarly, no damage was done in the powerhouse. A sudden brightening of the lamps in the resistance circuit was all the workmen in any of the houses knew of what had happened. It was not until the route man reported the involuntary suicide of the buzzard that the accident became known.



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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

GOLFERS AND THE BIRDS.

THE annual money loss to the country through the damage inflicted by insect pests amounts to billions of dollars. Garden crops, grain crops and timber crops suffer alike.

The trees are especially liable to insect attacks. In New England the larvæ of a beetle are destroying the hickory trees in alarming numbers. There is a bark beetle which kills the hemlocks, another which has its home in the red cedar and still another that is most destructive to certain species of pine.

The enormous economic value rendered and to be rendered to the United States by the Audubon Societies—which by preserving the birds which feed on insects are reducing this annual loss—is only just beginning to be appreciated by the public. Last summer the newspapers had much to say about the damage to lawns, and especially to golf links by the white grub, the larva of the May beetles, or June bugs. These lay their eggs in the soil. The larvæ feed on the roots of the grass and the grass dies.

These larvæ before they go deeply into the ground to pupate, live close to the grass roots and are the food of a number of birds; crows, certain woodpeckers, and above all of the starling.

We recall an admirable lawn formerly in the middle of the New York city—in what was once Audubon Park—which was long the breeding place of June bugs in great numbers. All through the early summer the adult June bugs were so abundant as to cause great trouble at night by flying into the houses and annoying the occupants.

At length, not so very many years ago, a flock of starlings took possession of the spire of the old church nearby, and for years thereafter, during the summer, this lawn was their favorite feeding ground. In little companies they walked

over it, industriously probing the soil and feeding on insects, and in a year or two the plague of June bugs ceased.

While it is true that no starlings were killed and examined to see whether they actually ate the white grubs, it was the opinion of ornithologists that there was a direct connection between the arrival of the starlings and the disappearance of the beetles.

The lawns in the Botanical Garden in New York suffered greatly during the past summer and many efforts were made to reduce the damage which was being done.

In the birds we have a special set of unpaid insect killers working all the time—weekdays, Sundays and holidays and summer and winter—to reduce the number of harmful insects which prey on vegetation. It is worth the while of every good citizen to strive to impress on his neighbors and his children the value to the country of the birds.

DRUMMING OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

FEW subjects have been so much discussed by sportsmen as the whistle of the woodcock and the drumming of the ruffed grouse. To the latter sound much mystery has always attached. The dull roll of thunder comes out of the air from a distance in the depth of the forest, and excites the wonder of the listener, but its direction and its distance seem so uncertain that he is not likely to try to find it. Few persons have seen the bird in the act of drumming, and of those few a still smaller number have been trained to observe the ways of nature or to draw just conclusions from what they may have seen. Nevertheless, many people—some observers and some more theorists—have expounded their views on the subject. It has been declared that the grouse drums by beating his wings against the object on which he stands, against his own body, or against each other above the back; but none of these have satisfied all the conditions, and all are to be rejected. The best descriptions of the drumming ever given is that by William Brewster, printed in the old American Sportsman, in 1874, and the still earlier one of Audubon in his "Birds of America."

In 1905, however, Prof. C. F. Hodge, of Clarke University, carried on a series of observations on his domesticated ruffed grouse which point to another explanation, and which, illustrated by a multitude of photographs, appear to show that the sound is made by the rapidly repeated blows of the stiff wing quills against the erected and expanded feathers of the side, which thus form a feather cushion. Professor Hodge says: "In fact, the sound, so far as quality goes, can be best imitated by striking with a wing properly stretched or even a concave fan on an extremely light eiderdown cushion." Professor Hodge conjectures, too, that the bird while drumming fills the air sac of the breast and abdomen. "In this way the contour surfaces of the strong wing supports along the sides are made to inclose a large cavity filled with air, and this acts like the resonance chamber of a drum, and yields the booming throb to the air."

Many ornithologists, judging by analogy from the habits of other grouse, have conjectured that the air sac at the sides of the neck had some—as yet entirely undetermined—relation

to the drumming of the grouse. This, of course, remains to be proved.

Certainly no one has ever had such ample opportunity for studying and recording by photography the drumming of the ruffed grouse as had Professor Hodge, who, in two days, took no less than forty photographs of the bird in action, and his account must be regarded as the most important contribution ever made to the subject.

Professor Hodge believes, as has long been agreed, that the drumming of the ruffed grouse is a mating call. The fact that the bird drums in autumn is no valid objection to this conclusion, since many birds produce in autumn sounds which we are accustomed to regard as peculiar to the breeding season, though such sounds are often or usually made by young birds.

NON-EXPORT GAME LAWS.

THERE are in this country two systems of non-export game laws. One permits the taking out of a limited amount of game, accompanied by the owner. The other prohibits exportation altogether. In the practice of those States where the first system prevails, experience has demonstrated that the modified restriction is quite sufficient to accomplish the purpose of the statute, which is to cut off the marketing of game. This being insured, the game carried home by the visiting sportsman is not in such quantity as to be a factor in the problem of protection. This is only another way of saying that absolute prohibition is not essential. Game may be and is protected without it. The deprivation it imposes upon the non-resident sportsman has no good reason. The law would accomplish the purpose without it. This is the consideration which renders the law so obnoxious. If absolute prohibition of export were essential to game preservation, the sportsman who is deprived of the satisfaction of carrying his birds home to his family could not complain.

Since this absolute prohibition of export is not necessary, and since it works hardship by the deprivation of privileges which might reasonably be accorded to the visiting sportsman, the law should be amended.

These laws as they stand now are in conflict with the interests not only of the visiting sportsman, but of the transportation companies which get revenue from the sportsmen's travel and of hotels and camps which entertain sportsmen. Their repeal would be "good business."

THE BULL MOOSE.

This week's cover was reproduced from an original drawing made especially for us by that famous animal artist, Carl Rungius. A limited number of copies done in artotype, handsomely printed on a heavy 22 by 28-inch plate board, may be purchased by those desiring them. The price is three dollars. Framed, this picture, which is 13 by 19 inches, makes an ideal decoration for den, library or gun room. The early checks get the moose.

FOREST AND STREAM's work meets with the cordial approbation of those who are in a position to judge of the efficiency of its labors in behalf of better sportsmanship.

SHOOTING CONDITIONS IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

Continued from page 528.

There are a number of localities in the northern part where partridge, ducks, deer and moose are found.

Montana.

BY HENRY AVARE, STATE GAME AND FISH WARDEN.

During the season of 1911 there were more than 15,000 deer killed in Montana, and over 1,000 elk. The kill this year will probably equal, if not exceed, that of last fall. Small numbers of mountain goat and sheep fell under the hunter's bullet.

There are so many different localities in Montana that present opportunities for the hunter that it is almost impossible to advise as to which is best, but for deer hunting alone, the northwestern part of the State, that is, Lincoln and Flathead counties, while counties bordering the Yellowstone National Park afford the best opportunities for elk hunting.

The headwaters of Sun River, above Augusta, however, also present alluring opportunities for the pursuit of elk, and it is not a field being overeroded by hunters as is so often the case near the Yellowstone National Park.

Nebraska.

BY H. N. MILLER, CHIEF WARDEN.

Game conditions in Nebraska are as good this year as they have been for the past five years. In the western counties, where the prairie chickens hatch, conditions were favorable during the months of April, May and June, having very little rain and fully two-thirds of the young chickens matured.

In Rock, Brown Cherry, Sheridan, Dawes and Box Butte counties, where the ducks hatch, I would judge that the crop is fully one-third greater than has been for the past five years.

Our quail has decreased fully one-half in the past year due to severe cold weather last winter. In some counties they were wiped out entirely, but where the brush was thick along streams some quail were saved.

New Hampshire.

BY F. P. BROWN, FISH AND GAME COMMISSIONER.

Game conditions are better than last year. Deer are the most abundant game and found in Coos and Grafton counties.

New Jersey.

BY J. M. STRATTON, PROTECTOR.

Last year the New Jersey Board of Fish and Game Commissioners liberated a number of quail, ring-neck pheasants and Hungarian partridges in all counties of the State, and two years ago a number of deer were liberated, chiefly in the southern counties of the State. Good reports have been heard as to an increase from the birds and deer liberated.

The best quail and rabbit shooting is to be found in the counties south of Hunterdon and Middlesex.

Deer are reported in Ocean, Burlington, Atlantic, Cumberland and Cape May counties.

Ducks are found in large numbers on Barnegat Bay, and the connecting bays and thoroughfares from Bay Head to Atlantic City.

Snipe and mudhen shooting may also be found in the above mentioned duck section. Duck may also be found on the lower Delaware River and bay.

Reed and rail bird shooting is best along the Maurice and Cohansey rivers to Cumberland county, and along the Delaware River and tributaries in Salem, Gloucester and Burlington counties.

Woodcock are found in small numbers in all parts of the State, but are more plentiful in Cape May county during the month of November.

New York.

BY LLEWELLYN LEGGE, CHIEF GAME PROTECTOR.

I can say without hesitancy that the number of deer in the Adirondack Mountains at the present time is greater than in the past twenty-five years. This information comes first-hand from the protectors of the Adirondack region.

There is no doubt from the reports received that our native ruffed grouse are again becoming more plentiful, and I thoroughly believe that the bag limit of four a day as provided in the law at the present time will be the means of increasing the supply.

The pheasants are also increasing throughout the State.

From what I can ascertain from the reports of the protectors throughout the State, the ruffed grouse is being found in their old haunts again, and in increased numbers. I do not know that this applies to any particular part of the State, but wherever the cover is good, they seem to be increasing.

Nova Scotia.

BY J. A. KNIGHT, K. C., CHIEF GAME WARDEN.

Big game in Nova Scotia consists of bear, moose, caribou and deer.

Moose are found in large numbers in almost all counties in the Province. Among the best districts are Sheet Harbor and Moser River in Halifax county and Caledonia, Liscomb and Country Harbor in Guysboro county. Many favorite localities are situated in the more western counties of Annapolis, Digby, Yarmouth, Shelburne and Queens. Some other sections of the Province are about equally good, though not so much visited by sportsmen.

Caribou in considerable numbers are found in the northern part of the Province in the counties of Victoria and Inverness. All other counties closed until 1915. The caribou of Northern Nova Scotia are among the largest known.

Rabbits, fox and wildcat are found in all sections of the Province. Among game birds are ruffed grouse, woodcock, snipe, curlew, plover and the smaller shore birds, wild geese, brant, blackduck and the various sea ducks.

Inquiries as to the best districts for shooting the different kinds of birds and other small game can be sent to the office of the chief game commissioner, Halifax, N. S.

Among the best places for woodcock and snipe are Lawrencetown and Musquodoboit in Halifax county and various places in Digby, Yarmouth and Kings counties. The best place for wild geese is Port Joli in Queens county.

Information regarding the best localities for hunting various kinds of game can always be obtained from the office of the chief game com-

missioner at Halifax, where a register of licensed guides is kept.

Ohio.

First—Conditions are better this year than last.

Second—Quail, ruffed grouse, rabbit, woodcock and wild duck are most abundant.

Third—Rabbits are most plentiful, but reports and indications point to good supply of quail.

Fourth—Southern and southeastern sections of the State offer the best prospects. Much of this territory is not cultivated and furnishes ideal cover and range. It is hilly and rugged, thus forcing the hunter to work.

BY PAUL NORTH, PRESIDENT FISH AND GAME COMMISSION.

Game conditions are better than last year. Duck, snipe, woodcock, quail, grouse, rabbit and squirrel are found in this State.

Ducks, rabbits and quail are most abundant. Shooting is best in lake section for ducks; southern part of State for other game.

Oregon.

BY C. K. CRANSTON, CHAIRMAN FISH AND GAME COMMISSION.

Game and game fish conditions generally throughout Oregon have improved since the creation of the present fish and game commission.

Game and game fish are fairly abundant throughout the whole State of Oregon. Elk, all the species and varieties of Western deer, American antelope, mountain sheep, mountain goats, gray squirrels, all the species and varieties of American grouse (except ptarmigan), Oregon mountain quail and practically all of the American aquatic game birds may be found wild within the State. To this list of native game must be added the bobwhite quail and the China ring-neck pheasant. Both of these fine birds have been introduced, and the latter particularly has thrived marvelously. The portion of the State west of the Cascade Mountains is practically all well stocked with pheasants. The Grande Ronde valley, in Eastern Oregon, has a very fair start, and we are making numerous liberations in other parts of Eastern Oregon. Deer may be found in most of the rough, sparsely inhabited sections of the State, but deer can hardly be said to be plentiful in more than a few isolated places.

Southwestern Oregon is probably the part of the State where the most quail exist. Blue and ruffed grouse are still fairly abundant in most of the parts of the State where they were originally found. The blue grouse, or sooty grouse, is perhaps most abundant in the northeast corner of the State, in Wallowa county.

Prince Edward Island.

BY E. T. CARBONELL, GAME INSPECTOR.

The game birds in Prince Edward Island are increasing in numbers. Ducks and mergansers were plentiful. Golden plover also put in their appearance after an absence of several years. Bartramian sandpipers are fairly numerous, while Hudsonian curlew and gray field plover are to be found in large flocks.

Wild geese are abundant in Hillsboro and Elliott and York rivers. They are also plentiful

at Rustico, Tracadie, Malpeque, Summerside, Bedeque, Alberton, Kildare and Tignish.

Woodcock and snipe are reported fully up to the average.

Rabbits are fairly plentiful all through the Province.

Rhode Island.

BY C. E. PEIRCE, CHAIRMAN COMMISSIONERS OF BIRDS.

We note an improvement in the condition of game in this State over that of previous years, especially bobwhite. Ruffed grouse are not so plentiful. Very few woodcock are found. Good shooting has been reported of blackduck, woodduck, peep, plover, snipe and yellowlegs. These can be found in Charlestown Pond, Point Judith and Newport county.

The best hunting for upland birds is in the South county. Rabbits, hares and gray squirrels are also very plentiful.

South Carolina.

BY JAMES HENRY RICE, JR., CHIEF GAME WARDEN.

Although impaired by long neglect, the game resources of South Carolina are still considerable. With adequate protection they would be enormous.

As it is, good hunting may be had in many parts of the State by parties who go for it and exercise a little judgment and patience.

The rivers and marshes of Georgetown, Charleston and Beaufort afford abundant duck shooting, the best being mallard and blackduck.

The counties that furnish deer and turkey shooting are: Horry, Georgetown, Charleston, Berkeley, Colleton, Hampton, Beaufort and Jasper on the eastern side. Further inland there is good deer and turkey hunting in portions of Chesterfield, Darlington, Marion, Kershaw, Orangeburg, Williamsburg and Dorchester.

In nearly all counties partridges (bobwhite) are abundant. The bag limit is twenty-five per day to each gun, and may be made whenever desired. Doves (turtle doves) furnish abundant sport.

Woodcock abound in Horry county.

Snipe are found in abundance only after Christmas when they are returning to the breeding grounds.

Shore birds are numerous anywhere on the coast line.

Canada geese are still fairly numerous on Broad, Catawba and Saluda rivers. The greater snow goose is sometimes found.

Of cottontail rabbits, opossums, gray squirrels and fox squirrels and raccoons there is no limit.

Deer suffered during last season with "black tongue," but none has been reported this year, and in some sections farmers are complaining of damage done to crops by deer being too numerous.

The river swamps on Santee, Peedee, Waccamaw, Savannah and lower Edisto contain a good many black bear, and they are apparently increasing in numbers. There are a few ruffed grouse in the mountain counties.

Tennessee.

BY V. M. GRIBBLE, SECRETARY DEPARTMENT OF GAME, FISH AND FORESTRY.

Game conditions in Tennessee are unusually

good the present season. It is reported to this department from all sections of the State that we will have an unusually large number of quail.

Our principal duck shooting is at Reelfoot Lake. There is already a large flight of teal. Reelfoot Lake will afford great sport during the months of November and December.

Almost at any point in Tennessee good quail shooting can be secured.

Non-residents contemplating visiting Tennessee to shoot should send their applications to this department, and in addition any specific information requested will be cheerfully furnished.

Texas.

BY JEFF D. COX, CHIEF DEPUTY.

The game situation in the State of Texas may be said to be better than it has been for several years past. This is especially true of deer in south and west Texas, and quail in the central western portion of the State. There is a great abundance of wild doves over the entire State. Geese and ducks are already coming in and old hunters says that the signs indicate that there will be a great flight of all kinds of waterfowl this season.

Vermont.

BY JOHN W. TITCOMB, COMMISSIONER.

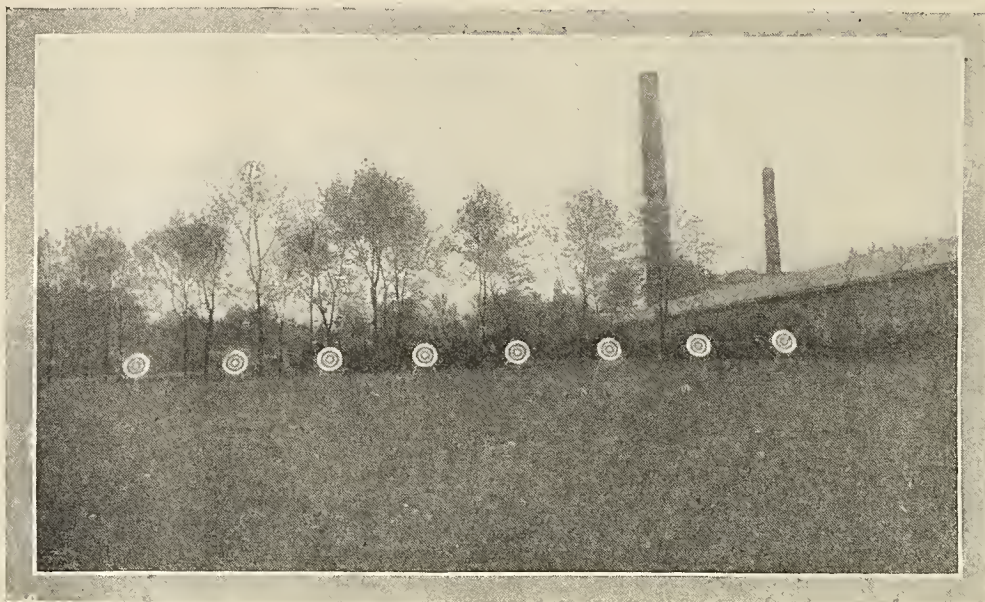
There are probably as many partridges in Vermont as there were ten years ago when this State was a "great" partridge State. Woodcock are scarce.

Deer never were more abundant than now. During 1911, 2,644 deer were killed, average weight being 194 pounds. In 1910, 3,609 deer were killed, but in that year there was no close season. During 1911 no does were lawfully killed. The best deer counties are Rochester, Plymouth, Bridgewater, Chester, Stockbridge, Norwich, Bethel, Barnard, Hartford, Ludlow, Reading, Royalton, Sharon, Springfield, Weathersfield, Weston and Woodstock.

Wisconsin.

BY JOHN A. SHOLTS, STATE FISH AND GAME WARDEN

The north half of the State has an abundance of game. Plenty of deer in nearly every county of the northern half of the State, with numberless partridges and fur-bearing animals.



CHICAGO ARCHERY CLUB RANGE IN WASHINGTON PARK.

Archery

Extraordinary Archery.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After the Columbus Day country-wide archery contest had been finished, and Mrs. Witwer Taylor had completed her Columbia Round, she shot another twenty-four arrows at 30 yards. The shooting was in Washington Park.

The woman champion was at her best, and made a score which we believe has never been equalled by a woman archer. It was 24 hits, 204 score.

If she had made all golds, a "possible"—which is a thing never considered in archery, for it is never done—she would have made 216, only 12 score more than she actually made.

With the first end, or 6 arrows, she made 3 golds, 2 reds and a blue, scoring 46. With the second end, 5 golds and a red were made, scoring 52; the third end was like the second. The last six arrows all struck the gold, three of them within an inch of the pinhole, and the others not far off.

Out of the 24 shots there were 19 golds, 4 reds and 1 blue.

Only a few days before Mrs. Witwer-Taylor had made an end of 6 golds.

The shooting was done before a number of spectators, and though only a practice score, should be publicly recorded. EDWARD E. WESTON.

Archery in Pittsburgh.

SCORES of the archers of Pittsburgh for the past week are as follows:

Team round, 96 arrows, 60 yards:							
	Hits. Score.		Hits. Score.				
Hertig	87	451	86	416			
Holmes	78	378			
Jiles	55	217	67	296			
Haines	50	190			
American round, 30 arrows at 60, 50 and 40 yards:							
	60yds.		50yds.		40yds.		Total.
Hertig	29	149	30	158	28	180	87 487
Holmes	28	110	28	130	30	178	86 418
Jiles	24	80	25	127	25	129	74 336
Haines	19	83	21	111	26	114	66 308
Holmes	28	142	25	107	30	142	83 391
Haines	17	59	18	82	19	83	54 224

In one end of six arrows at 60 yards Dr. Hertig made 9 9 9 9 7 7=50.

Probably a dozen archers around and about Pittsburgh are shooting regularly, but fail to send in their scores. J. S. JILES.



CHAMPION WOMAN'S TEAM OF BOSTON ARCHERY CLUB.

Left to right: Mrs. S. P. Bryant, Mrs. B. P. Gray, Miss M. G. Brownell, Miss F. M. Pa rick.

National Archery Association.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose announcement of the opening of the new archery range on the Boston Fenway, which will be held this coming Saturday. The range is within a few minutes' walk of the residential section of Back Bay.

Boston is the fourth municipality to provide a range for archery. Chicago was the first, Newton, Mass., the second, Jersey City the third and Boston the fourth.

It gives me pleasure to hand you herewith an article written at my request by H. B. Richardson, of Boston.

Let me compliment you on the archery page in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM. It will give me pleasure to send you from time to time archery notes, and I am sure the other archers will be pleased to do so.

BURTON PAYNE GRAY, Sec'y.

Fenway Archery Club.

ON Thanksgiving day it is planned to have a shoot for the Northeastern League medals at

Fenway Park, Boston. It is hoped to make this an annual event.

Archery in and around Boston has received an impetus through the opening of the archery field in the Fenway. Almost any pleasant afternoon those riding or walking in the Fenway in the vicinity of Boylston street may see the archers practicing.

The idea is that of Wallace Bryant, an enthusiastic archer, and one of the best known in the country. An artist by profession, archery is his recreation. Purely for the love of it he instructs classes at Wellesley, Vassar and Smith colleges and Cornell University. His brother, George Philip Bryant, acknowledged to be the best archer in this country, was instructed by him. Henry B. Richardson, who has won several national championships, also is a pupil of Mr. Bryant.

The club to have use of the field is not yet fully organized. It will probably be known as the Fenway Archery Club, and is to be limited in membership. All members must be residents of Boston, but there will be a large associate membership of men and women living out of the city who yet may have the privileges of the field.

Spring City Gun Club.

THAT thirty-seven shooters took part in the two-day program of the Rhea Springs, Tenn., Jack Rabbit tournament, Oct. 10-11, shows the rapidly gaining popularity of the trapshooting game in East Tennessee, and particularly in Rhea county. Not alone was there shooting on the two tournament days, but on each of the three preceding days of the fair the sport was indulged in to such an extent that on the afternoon of the last day of the tournament the program had to be cut short on account of the supply of targets having become exhausted, and the enthusiastic shooters and spectators finished up the day viewing the many other attractions furnished by the up-to-date management of the Rhea and Meigs County Fair Association.

The Spring City Gun Club, headed by those popular sportsmen, Dr. W. S. McDonald and Ross Fishesser, kept the three traps going in splendid style, but three expert traps, no matter how ably handled, furnished at best but erratic targets, and the scores made by this enthusiastic bunch of shooters, many of whom were shooting in their first tournament, while very creditable indeed under the circumstances, it would hardly be fair to some to publish, so we will only say that the following list of thorough sportsmen gave the very best there was in them on this occasion and enjoyed themselves to the limit:

W. P. Lea, W. R. Lee, and Gus Gunter, of Bridgeport, Ala.; J. R. Crawford, J. T. Crawford, H. E. Crawford, S. E. Johnson and Dr. McKenzie, Dayton, Tenn.; W. F. Hall, E. L. Moss, Frank Spence, J. W. Barnett, Knoxville, Tenn.; Geo. T. Linn, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.; Keith Webb, Wells Boyd, Frank Seifers, A. J. Tector, Johnnie Green, and P. B. Plummer, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Dr. W. S. McDonald, Ross Fishesser, R. L. Train, F. S. Ingle, Doc. Cunningham, T. B. Moore, Spring City, Tenn.; J. W. Hornsby, J. M. Hornsby, H. L. Peak, Pin Hook, Tenn.; J. W. Hughey, F. S. Leuty, Frank Day, Rhea Springs, Tenn.; W. F. Benson, J. W. Wheeler, W. L. Park, Rhea county, Tenn.

Pick-Ups.

Keith Webb, president of the Mountaineers, of Chattanooga, in those "good old days," walked away with the \$20 high average money, being high amateur for both days' shooting.

Dr. McDonald, of the Spring City Gun Club, and J. Hardie Johnson, president of the Fair Association, are certainly "a pair hard to beat," and when they announced that they would give a big added money shoot next year, it met with general approval on all sides and an assurance of a good attendance even at this distant date.

W. F. Hall and E. L. Moss, of Knoxville, Tenn., and P. B. Plummer, of Chattanooga, were the trade representatives present, and conducted themselves in a manner most creditable to their respective companies. To the latter fell the lot of looking after the cashier's office, and lending a general supervision to the details of the shoot.

Mr. J. W. Barnett, manager of the Hippodrome, found time each morning to give a good account of himself at the traps, and the part he took in furnishing attractions at the fair, met with general approval.

The Bridgeport, Ala., boys took care of themselves in a creditable manner, but, much to the regret of their many friends, were unable to remain over for the second day's shooting.

Frank Spence, that excellent field shot, showed a lack of practice at the traps, but he is game and a thorough sportsman withal.

Mr. Oswald Rothe, the "original bear winner," did some good work, and gave a good account of himself the first day, and it was a cause of general disappointment that he was compelled to return home and forego the second day's shooting.

The Dayton boys showed a lack of practice, but were general favorites with the crowd and added greatly to the pleasure of the shoot.

The shooting of Mr. Ingle, of the local club, gives promise of real high class work with a little practice. His wins of first money in several of the earlier events were very popular indeed.

Ross Fishesser was too busy looking after the handling of the ammunition and other details to give his usual good account of himself at the score, but his unselfish efforts to add to the pleasure of the shooters present was easily in the 100 per cent. class.

That "old man" Webb can take care of himself goes without saying, for in addition to winning high average at the traps, he was unanimously chosen to act as judge at the Bay Show, and he "got away with it." To our certain knowledge the "old man" has had little or no practice at targets for the past year or more, but he made a good judge, all right.

A SHOOTER.

Monument Beach Gun Club.

If the folks along the Jersey coast, between the Highlands and Long Branch, are disturbed by any unusual cannonading within the next few weeks, they need not be alarmed. It will not mean that Fort Hancock is being attacked by a hostile fleet, nor some stray 12-inch shells from the Proving Grounds. We have been requested to notify the clubs of Monmouth county of the organization of the Monmouth Beach Gun Club.

The little borough on the Shrewsbury can boast of some crack shots, who are determined to decorate their new club house with big trophies this season.

Organized with fifteen members, they will hold their first election and meet on Saturday, Oct. 26. There will be a house-warming, and visitors will receive a great big welcome.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

- Oct. 29-30.—Demopolis (Ala.) G. C. W. C. Du Fue, Sec.
- Oct. 30.—Medford (Okla.) G. C. Dr. I. V. Hardy, Sec'y.
- Nov. 7.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
- Nov. 21-22.—Clinton (Ont.) G. C. J. E. Cantelon, Sec'y.
- Dec. 2-6.—St. Thomas, (Ont.) G. C. W. J. McCance, Asst. Mgr.
- 1913.
- Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.
- July 8-13.—Cedar Point, O.—The Indians' tournament. D. H. Eaton, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Sportsmen of McDonough county, Ill., have completed the organization of a gun club with fifty charter members. Officers elected: President, Howard Mathers;

Secretary, Albert Pennington; Treasurer, Archibald Curtis.

The Freeport, Ill., Gun Club has decided to give a shooting tournament on Nov. 7, open to marksmen of Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin. There will be a merchandise shoot of five events of 10 targets each, and a Jack Rabbit shoot of ten events, each of 10 targets. The concluding event of the day will be the contest for the W. L. Karcher cup. Three successive winners constitute ownership.

W. G. BEECROFT.

Charleston Gun Club.

Good conditions prevailed at the shoot of the Charleston Gun Club, of Charleston, W. Va., on Oct. 19, and the following scores were made:

	Shot at	Broke		Shot at	Broke
Davis	100	92	Beardsley	50	42
Fultz	100	89	Mettsheard	50	36
Nicholson	100	81			

DR. G. NICHOLSON, Sec'y.

Post Season Tournament

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 15-18

THE third Post Season tournament of the Interstate Association was held at Cincinnati, O., under the auspices of the Cincinnati Gun Club, on Oct. 15 to 18 inclusive. The club's grounds are located at Rosedale, across the river, about thirty minutes' ride from the center of the business district of the city. The grounds include about forty acres, ample for a tournament of the largest proportions, and are equipped in a strictly up-to-date manner. A fine club house, with large verandas, affords a pleasant resting place for shooters between squads, and the dinners furnished by Mrs. Gambell have acquired a widespread reputation among the trapshooters for their excellence. The club is one of the oldest in the country, and on its grounds have been held some of the largest club tournaments ever held. The superintendent, Mr. Arthur Gambell, is thoroughly familiar with the needs of the shooters, having been connected with the club for some years in this capacity, and being a shooter himself of no mean ability. It is needless to mention that everything possible was done to make the visitors' stay a pleasant one.

Roger Davies, the club secretary, attended to the arrangements for the office work and other necessary details, and certainly did the work in first-class style. The office was the nearest to what such a place should be that the writer has ever seen at a tournament, and it would be hard to mention a detail tending to make the work go smoothly, that Davies had not provided for.

The field force, an important part of the machinery of a tournament, was well selected, and every member did the duties of his position in a manner above criticism. The events were pulled off over three traps, placed in a straight line, and were only a few yards from the club house, being reached by concrete and cinder paths.

At No. 1 R. Ward was referee, and J. Breaton scorer; No. 2, Arthur Gambell and Len Shepard alternated as referee; W. Collins, scorer; No. 3, W. J. Randall referee, J. Concannon, scorer. John Braunagle acted as squad hustler and made himself useful in various ways.

The trade was well represented, there being present at times during the week, in addition to the professional shooters, Messrs. F. B. Clark, J. M. Barr and O. S. Lawrence, U. M. C.; R. L. Trimble, Winchester; Messrs. Du Pont and Higgins, Du Pont Powder Co.; W. Keplinger, W. R. Chamberlain, L. H. Fitzsimmons, O. J. Holaday and C. A. Young, Peters Cartridge Co.

The office was in charge of Luther J. Squier, which insured the prompt and accurate payment of the moneys at the close of each day, if the winners desired to cash in. The office assistants were D. H. Eaton and A. A. Hoffman, of Cincinnati. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Association, was of course present and in general charge of the tournament. The shooters all know him, and know that with him at the head they will get absolutely a square deal, that the rules of the competition will be impartially enforced, and that there will be no favorites played. His retirement from active participation in the management of tournaments would be an irreparable loss to the interests of the trapshooters, and it is to be hoped that that time is still many years in the future.

The attendance of shooters was a disappointment to the management. No large crowd was expected, the required qualifications making this impossible; but it was thought that out of the 179 amateurs eligible, at least 75 would show up. It would almost seem that the high class shooters prefer to attend where there are fewer of their own class among the contestants. This tournament should be the crowning event of the year, and a win here ought to far outrank one at the G. A. H., or any other tournament of the season. The professionals who were eligible, twenty-seven in number, were all present with the exception of seven.

The weather was of the finest until the last day, which was rainy and disagreeable. Those present were unanimous in their praise of the arrangements made for their comfort by the Cincinnati Club, and declared that it was the most enjoyable tournament they had attended.

Practice Day, Oct. 14.

The preliminary program was started to-day under most auspicious conditions. The sky was clear, and there was just a suspicion of autumn crispness in the air, enough to make active sport a pleasure, and a seat in the sun not uncomfortable. There was not a breath of wind stirring, and none of the misses could be attributed to the erratic flight of the targets; they were the result of a plain case of not pointing right. Everything was in readiness for the opening event long before the shooters began to arrive at the grounds.

There were thrown during the afternoon 7,050 targets. The attendance was even a little beyond expectations, fifty shooters entering, and all but six going through the program of six 25-target events. The first event was started promptly at 1 o'clock, according to the accepted order of things when Elmer E. Shaner is on deck, and at 3:39 the last squad finished in the sixth event. A fine lunch was served in the club house. This was an unlooked-for feature of the day, but Mrs. Gambell took pity on the hungry shooters, and set out a most appetizing spread, to which they did full justice. The first event started at 1 o'clock, and at 3:30 the traps were clear for the team race at doubles, which was finished at 3:55. W. R. Crosby captured professional honors with 149, breaking the first 75 straight, and then missing the 76th, when everyone had him marked for a long run. He saved the 74th as a starter for Tuesday. Fred Bills gave him a close race, breaking 99 in the last 100 and going out with 147. Then came J. M. Hawkins with 146 and W. H. Heer and C. G. Spencer with 145 each. The former scored 97 and the latter 98 in the first 100. The amateurs put up some nice scores, but were not

keeping pace with the pros. Al Heil was first with 147, breaking 98 in the last 100; W. I. Spangler started off with a straight, and finished in second place with 143. Bart Lewis came next with 141, and Harvey Dixon fourth on 140. The contestants in the team race, Fred Gilbert and L. S. German vs. J. S. Day and H. D. Freeman, were lined up back of trap No. 2, as soon as the regular events were finished, and had a crowd keeping tab on every shot. The race was an exciting one, as had been predicted, and the result was not certain until the last move. At the finish of the first 25 pairs, Gilbert's team was one to the good. In the second round first one and then the other team had the advantage, but toward the last Freeman struck a streak of hard luck, and the finish showed Gilbert and German 3 targets ahead.

J. S. Day was high man in the match with 90. It was a hot race with Gilbert, who broke 89. The match was refereed by G. K. Mackie, with T. H. Clay acting as judge and Len Shepard official scorer.

O. S. Lawrence, one of the most popular trade representatives who visits this territory, was on hand to help make the strangers welcome. Hon. Tom Marshall was here, of course, and made a clean score at the lunch table, though he did not make his usual good showing on the firing line, still 90 per cent. is not so bad. It was some classy day's shoot, only ten of the forty-four men who shot through the program failing to score 90 percent. or better.

*C O Le Compte.....	129	C D Coburn.....	130
*Guy Ward	140	H C Downey.....	127
*J S Day.....	138	A B Shobe.....	131
*W H Heer.....	145	*R W Clancy.....	142
*W Henderson	142	*C E Goodrich.....	135
H Schlicher	131	A C Connor.....	138
S A Huntley.....	135	*C G Spencer.....	145
H D Duckman	122	*L S German.....	140
Al Heil	147	Bart Lewis	141
John Deist	128	*J M Hawkins.....	146
R H Bruns.....	132	Frank Campbell	138
H W Kahler.....	139	C F Moore.....	138
J W Hightower.....	136	*F Gilbert (75 tgts)....	73
C B Eaton.....	139	*J R Taylor.....	138

T H Clay, Jr.....	128	*W R Crosby	149
*Mrs Topperwein	139	*O R Dickey.....	143
*F G Bills.....	147	*T A Marshall.....	135
*H Dixon	140	F B Clark.....	126
*G K Mackie.....	131	W I Spangler.....	143
*G W Maxwell.....	143	F C Koch.....	139
T J Donald.....	129	*H D Freeman (75)....	72
T E Donald.....	137	*C A Young (75).....	68
J O Sirmon.....	127	G L Pearson (75)	56
H Clark	140	J A Smith (75)	71
E M Daniels.....	135	L R Meyers (75)	43

*Professionals.

The team race at 50 pairs doubles per man resulted as follows:
Day 90 | Gilbert | 89 |

Freeman 81-171 | German | 85-174 |

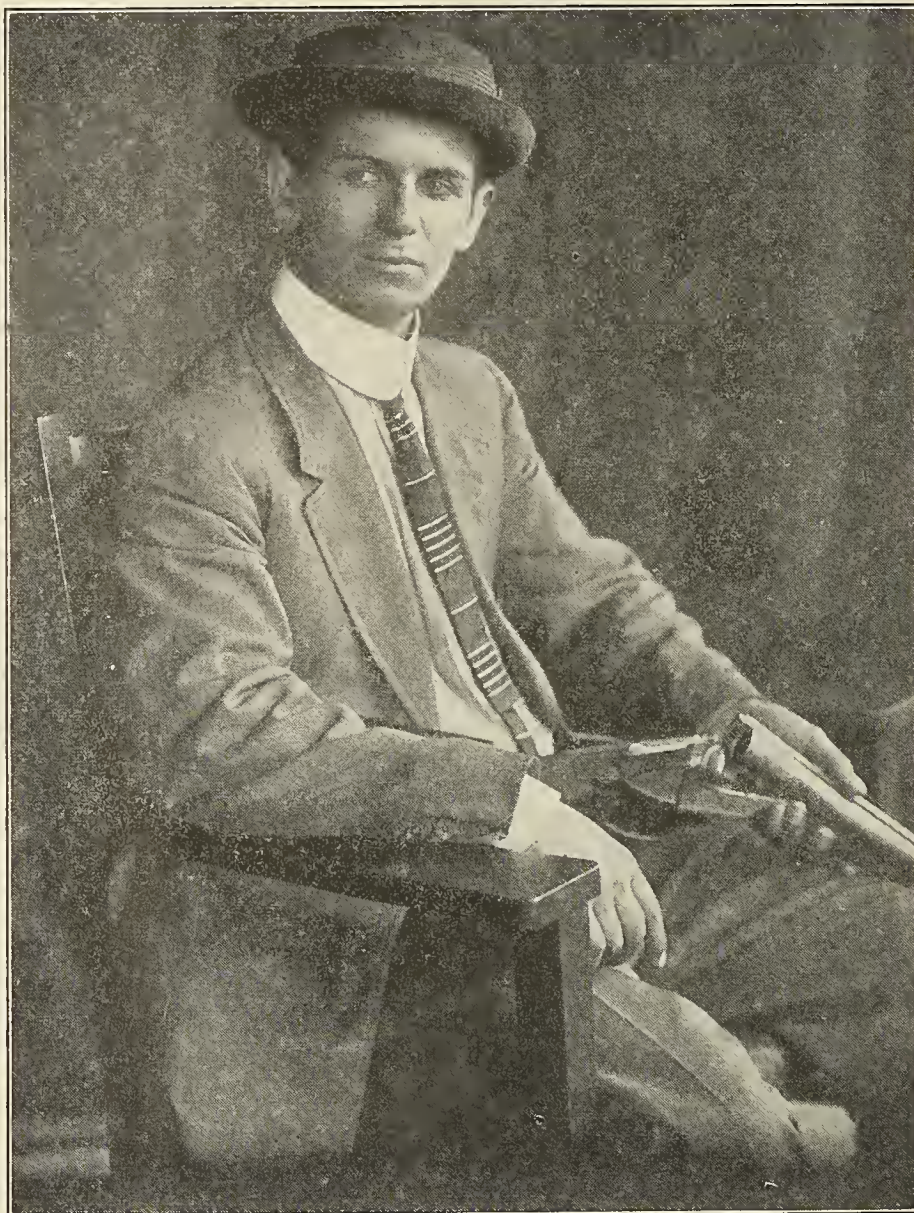
First Day, Oct. 14.

Tuesday, the opening day of the tournament, was delightful fall weather—clear and bright, and even more favorable for shooting than on Monday. The targets were very even in their flight.

Before starting the shooting, Mr. Shaner gave his usual little talk, explaining the conditions of the contest, and instructing the referees and scorers as to their duties, and also cautioning the shooters to watch the score board, that no mistakes should pass undetected.

The program consisted of eight 25-target events and one at 25 pairs, a total of 250 targets. Entrance, \$2.50 in the events at singles and \$3.00 in the event at doubles. The first four events were divided Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1, and Nos. 5 to 9 inclusive, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. There was \$100 added money for high average in the single targets. Then there were \$1.00 optional sweeps in each event, and a \$3 optional on the day's singles for the shooters who wanted to take a chance and travel a short road to wealth.

The attendance was somewhat of a disappointment, several shooters who had made arrangements to be present did not show up, and only sixty-one men entered for the day, 58 shooting through the singles and 47 the entire program, including doubles. The shooting was started soon after 9 o'clock, and was finished about 3:10, not a balk occurring in the trapping of 14,350 targets. The attendance of spectators was large, and they were generous with their applause. Fred G. Bills was the star in to-day's work, leading the professionals with 196, missing two targets in each 100. Crosby and Clark were tied for second on 195. These two were tied with Bills in the first 100. W. H. Heer was in the lead at the half-way post, with one down, but struck a snag



R. H. BRUNS.

Second High Amateur at Singles—Post Season Tournament.

in the fifth event and finished third on 193. In the doubles J. S. Day did nice work, outclassing the field, and finished in first with 45. Maxwell, Gilbert and Henderson kept together, tying for second on 44. Then came R. W. Clancy with 42.

Among the amateurs, R. H. Bruns, who has been in the lime light since his phenomenal work at Denver this fall, was high with 195. He broke his first 109 targets straight, making a long run of 113, including the last 4 targets on Monday. This entitles him to the Du Pont amateur long run trophy. Wm. Ridley was second with 193; Al. Heil and George Volk were third with 192 each. Heil and J. S. Young tied for first place in the event at doubles, with 43 each; E. M. Daniels and J. H. Noel, 42 each, and W. Ridley 41.

In all the events for the 250 targets, G. W. Maxwell and F. G. Bills tied for high on 236. Then came the amateur, Heil, with 235, followed by two amateurs, Ridley and J. S. Young, and J. S. Day, professional, with 234 each; Heer, professional, was third with 233, and Geo. Volk, amateur, 230.

J. M. Hawkins started the day with a credit of 69 targets on Monday, and broke his first 31 straight, making a run of just one century. W. R. Crosby scored a run of 102, including the last 74 of practice day. Geo. Volk broke 80 without a miss. The banner squad of the day was No. 3—Ridley, F. Campbell, W. S. Hoon, Bart Lewis and C. F. Moore. In the sixth event they scored 124 out of 125; Campbell was the guilty party and had to take the guns to the house.

Mrs. Topperwein always had a good gallery when she was on the firing line, and she shot better than 90 per cent. Her record is a long one, and pretty well known to all followers of the sport; but we would like to recall the fact that she has made forty-five long runs of 100 or better, some of the best being 226, 197 and 167. Probably one of her best pieces of work was in the Pacific Coast handicap in 1910, when she broke 190 out of 200, including 20 pairs, which is traveling a 95 per cent. gait.

Singles. Prs.	Singles. Prs.	Singles. Prs.	Singles. Prs.
R H Bruns..... 195	..	*R W Clancy... 189	42
H W Kahler.... 187	39	*W Henderson.. 187	44
J Hightower.... 184	38	*J M Hawkins.. 186	36
C B Eaton..... 190	..	*Guy Ward 181	35
T H Clay, Jr... 173	36	*T A Marshall.. 185	40
H Schlichter... 181	37	*C Le Compte. 168	35
S A Huntley... 184	40	*C E Goodrich.. 180	37
H D Duckham. 179	..	*O R Dickey... 191	41
Al Heil 192	43	*J S Day..... 189	45
J Deist 179	30	T J Donald.... 162	..
Wm Ridley 193	41	T E Donald.... 175	..
F Campbell 186	31	H Dixon 191	38
W S Hoon..... 184	..	G K Mackie... 170	37
B Lewis 189	..	F B Clark..... 158	..
C F Moore..... 188	..	J O Sirmon.... 177	31
C D Coburn.... 180	34	J Barto 187	38
J A Smith.... 175	28	A C Connor... 175	35
B S Cooper.... 182	..	Wm Webster ... 185	38
W I Spangler... 181	..	E M Daniels... 184	42
A B Shobe.... 178	34	J S Young.... 191	43
*J R Taylor... 187	41	F C Koch..... 186	..
*L S German... 188	41	F M Edwards.. 177	26
*W H Heer.... 193	40	Geo Volk 192	38
*W R Crosby... 195	..	H E Smith.... 181	40
*G W Maxwell. 192	44	Geo Roll 188	28
*Fred Gilbert .. 187	44	J H Noel..... 176	42
*F G Bills.... 196	40	*O J Holaday.. 129	..
*H Clark 195	37	Lon Fisher... 184	35
*C G Spencer... 190	40	J A Blunt..... 183	32
*H D Freeman. 190	40	*C A Young.... 49	34
*Mrs Topperwein 181	37		

Second Day, Oct. 16.

The shooters were treated to another day of fine weather for their second trial at the traps. There was not a breath of wind, and the flight of the targets was very even. Fifty-eight shooters were entered for the day, three of them failing to shoot through, thus losing any chance they may have had for the high average prizes. Promptly at 9 o'clock the first squad was called to the firing line, and there was no let up in the shooting until 2:20, when the last event was finished. The event at doubles seemed to have little attraction for the amateurs, only twenty-one caring to take a chance. R. H. Bruns continued to shoot in the form he displayed at Denver, and at the close of the day was tied with W. R. Crosby, which is about all the honor a young amateur ought to want. F. M. Edwards was called home by a telegram before he had fairly gotten under way. C. A. Young shot in order to fill out a squad. E. A. W. Everitt did not reach the grounds in time to take in the first three events, and started in the fourth, but hardly shot up to his usual form; he also shot to fill out a squad. T. J. Donald was obliged to leave on Tuesday night, and did not expect to get back, but the call of clays was too much for him, and he reached the grounds in time to enter and shoot through; his score was much below his usual mark. Everything moved smoothly; 13,400 targets being trapped without a hitch; the only stop was for the purpose of setting the traps for the doubles, and Charlie North did not delay the game for that purpose. J. S. Day had them all guessing in the event at doubles, and in spite of a "dutch double," went out with 46, which shows that Jimmy is some quick with his shooting stick, as well as having a sharp eye. Clark and Spencer followed him with 44 each, and Taylor and Heer were a good third with 43 each. In the singles professionals and amateurs were close together. For the latter class, W. R. Crosby was high with 195, a repetition of his first day's work; Henderson came next with 194, and J. M. Hawkins 193. Bruns, Ridley and Hoon made a great fight for high amateur honors, the former going out with 195, tying Crosby, and the two latter getting 194 each. Heil and Roll scored 192 each; C. F. Moore and B. S. Cooper 191. These men divided the \$100 average money.

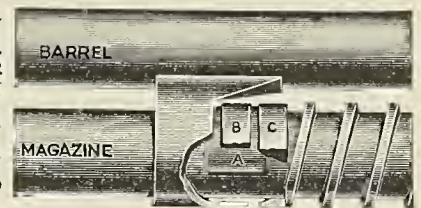
In the doubles, Volk led with 43; Heil 42, Ridley 41, Hightower and Schlichter 40 each.

The totals for the first two days showed the amateurs



For singles—trap or field—just toss in a shell, press the button and—"PULL." The side bolt makes it easy. You don't have to tug at the barrel or watch an on-and-off device. The action stays open after each single shot is fired,—It always stays open when the magazine is empty. Five shots—three to get the cripples—each under absolute control of the trigger finger. The recoil reloads for you—kicks another shell in; takes the strain off the gun—the discomfort out of the kick—all without diminishing the drive behind the shot.

And a friction brake feature found only on the *Remington-UMC* Autoloading Shotgun, slows down the rearward motion of the barrel and bolt. The greater the recoil, the more force taken up by this ring. The shooter's shoulder does not have to stand the difference in kick between a blank and a 3½—1¼ load. Simple take-down—a few turns of the readily handled magazine screw-cap makes cleaning, carrying and interchange of barrels quick and easy.



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New York City

to have the best of it. Bruns was tied with Crosby on 390; Ridley came next with 387; Heil 384; then Fred. Bills dropped into place with 382, followed by Henderson with 381, and Heil with 380.

For the two days' events at doubles, 50 pairs, Day was high with 91; Maxwell 86; then came an amateur, Heil, with 85; Spencer, Taylor, and Gilbert were in next place with 84 each, and Ridley followed with 82. So far the amateurs developed fully as much class as their professional brothers, and held their own with the veterans. The cartoons by Fred Slear, of Philadelphia, did a whole lot to keep the boys amused, and made the unfortunate ones forget, for a time at least, the lost target, that may be cost them dollars. He monopolized one side of the club house with the productions of his pencil, and no one made a kick. In the afternoon a pleasant surprise was sprung on the shooters and representatives by the reception of the following: "You are cordially invited to attend the informal dinner to be given Wednesday evening, Oct. 16, at 6:30 o'clock, at the Alt Heidelberg, 522 Vine street, second floor. Complimentary to the shooters and representatives attending the Post Season tournament." This invitation was extended by the publishers of the Sportsman's Review, and it is needless to say was generally accepted, seventy-three

guests being at the table when Mr. Elmer E. Shaner called for a rising toast to the host. The menu was as follows: Heublein cocktails, caviar slices, turtle soup, fried sea, pommes grande, peas, potatoes, head lettuce, coffee, cheese, ice cream, cigars.

When the cigars were well alight, Mr. Shaner rose and expressed for those present and the Interstate Association their appreciation of the entertainment. He then called on the Hon. Tom Marshall (Chief Long Talk), who responded as he alone can, in a short speech replete with witticisms, which kept the guests in a roar of laughter. He reviewed very briefly the sport of trap-shooting from the time of the gyro pigeon to the present days of perfection, and declared that it was the cleanest sport known, and that its devotees were the salt of the earth, or words to that effect.

Mr. Rosenthal being called upon, responded in a few words, expressing his pleasure in meeting face to face, those whom he knew so well by name and reputation.

Other speakers were: Arthur Gambell, superintendent of the Cincinnati Gun Club; R. Davis, secretary of the club; Fred E. Pond, editor of the Review, and A. F. Hochwalt, kennel editor of the same publication. After drinking a rising toast to their host, the boys adjourned.



AL HEIL,

High Amateur at Singles and Doubles—Post Season Tournament.



WOOLFOLK HENDERSON,

High Professional at Singles and Doubles—Post Season Tournament.

It was a very pleasant affair, and the entire lack of formality made it all the more enjoyable.

The members of the office force at the tournament wish to register a protest against the insinuations of one of the old-timers of the club, viz., Bob Ward. He looked through the window to-day, and dubbed the place "the monkey house." An explanation or an apology is due from him.

It was learned at this shoot, quite by accident, that Fred Gilbert's favorite outdoor sport is dove shooting. Another interesting fact was brought to light at this tournament, and that is, that Lester German never shoots out of season. He positively declared that he would not be guilty of such an action, even to ascertain the pattern of his gun.

This being the last of the season's Interstate tournaments, the boys are anxious to know what Elmer Shaner will do all winter.

A banner was displayed on the house veranda, calling attention to the coming Indian shoot on July 8, 9 and 10, 1913, to be held at beautiful Cedar Point, O.

The big chiefs surely believe in the efficacy of advertising, and are starting in early to round up a crowd. Well, a better place for a week's outing, or a better bunch of boys to have a good time with would be hard to find.

Singles Pairs		Singles Pairs	
R H Bruns.....	195	*H D Freeman..	188
H W Kahler....	185	*Mrs Topperwein	190
J Hightower....	184	*R W Clancy... 190	36
C B Eaton.....	187	*W Henderson..	194
T H Clay, Jr....	167	*J M Hawkins... 193	40
H Schlichter ...	174	*Guy Ward..... 178	38
S A Huntley....	182	*T A Marshall.. 187	36
H D Duckham..	171	*C Le Compte... 175	39
Al Heil.....	192	*G E Goodrich.. 188	39
J Deist.....	167	*O R Dickey.... 188	34
Wm Ridley....	194	*J S Day..... 184	46
F Campbell....	185	Geo Roll..... 192	38
W S Hoon.....	194	J H Noel..... 174	38
B Lewis.....	181	H Dixon..... 188	34
C F Moore.....	191	G K Mackie.... 179	34
C D Coburn....	184	J A Blunt..... 183	26
J A Smith.....	182	J O Simon..... 180	39

B S Cooper....	191	..	J Barto.....	189	38
W I Spangler...	182	..	Lon Fisher....	133	..
A B Shobe.....	175	32	Wm Webster...	185	32
*J R Taylor....	182	43	E M Daniels...	186	36
*L S German....	190	42	J S Young....	188	40
*W H Heer....	190	43	F M Edwards...	65	..
*W R Crosby... 195	F C Koch.....	171	..
*G W Maxwell.. 190	42	..	Geo Volk.....	181	43
*Fred Gilbert.. 191	40	..	H E Smith....	184	38
*F G Bills..... 186	38	..	C A Young....	185	41
*Homer Clark.. 190	44	..	T J Donald... 163
*C G Spencer... 186	44	..	E A W Everitt.. 85

Third Day, Oct. 17.

When the shooters awoke on the morning of this day they found the sun hidden by thick clouds, and every indication that the fine weather of the previous days was at an end. Later in the morning, however, it partially cleared off, and the balance of the day was all that could be desired. Elmer Shaner was rather inclined to look on the dark side, and predicted the worst, but meeting with no encouragement, he became more cheerful and hopeful that this Post Season would hold the record for uninterrupted good weather.

There was a slight delay in starting, as Superintendent Gambell desired to line up the shooters in front of the camera before any of them got away. This ordeal over, the first squad took its place on the firing line at 9:10, and at 2:07 the last squad in the event at doubles was handed into the office, and the day's shoot was over. The attendance had dropped off a little, fifty-one shooters going through the entire program, and one man taking part in six of the eight events. As the end of the tournament approached, many of the contestants and spectators gathered at the bulletin board, watching the returns and getting a line on the high men in the endeavor to pick the winner. R. H. Bruns, who was the favorite at the close of Tuesday's events on account of his fine work here and the reputation he had made at Denver, went to pieces and did not land in the day's average money. The strain was just a little too much for him, and he could not maintain the gait at which he had started out. He was still a favorite for place in

the first flight at the finish, but his chances for capturing high average were considered lost. The amateurs did not keep quite so nearly even with the professionals as on the other days. Geo. Roll was high man with 192; then came Volk, Heil, Ridley and Barto with 191 each, followed by Dixon with 190. In the event at doubles with fifteen amateurs entered, Volk and Heil tied for first place on 42; Kahler, Huntley, H. E. Smith, Noel and Dixon were second with 41 each; Barto and Daniels 41 each.

There were some shifts in the standing of the professionals also. Crosby, while still shooting a fast pace, and putting up a better score than on the other days, was edged out of first place by C. G. Spencer, who broke 197 to the former's 196. Third place had three occupants, Freeman, Maxwell and German, with 194 each; German and Bills, third with 42 each. The amateurs were well bunched for the three days at 600 single targets, only 6 targets separating first and fourth men. Ridley was at the head with 578; Heil second with 575; Bruns, despite his poor showing for the day, was only one target behind second man and got third place on 574; Roll in fourth place with 572.

Heil had a lead of three targets for the three days' doubles, 75 pairs, with 127 to Volk's 123. Barto was next with 116, and Ridley two targets behind with 114.

Among the professionals, Crosby's lead in the singles was such as to make him a sure winner of high average. He had 586 to his credit, 8 targets ahead of his nearest competitor, Clark, who had 578; Maxwell was third with 576, and Henderson fourth with 574.

In the doubles Day had a good lead with 136; Maxwell and Henderson were tied for second on 129; Gilbert, Clark and Spencer third with 124 each.

The wise ones picked the winner of the high average trophy on all targets, singles and doubles, when the returns for the three days were in. Heil had a lead of 16 targets over Ridley, with 702 to 692; Barto was third with 683.

The race among the professionals was much closer, only 3 targets separating the first three men. Maxwell was at the head of the list with 705; Henderson with 703 and Homer Clark third with 702.

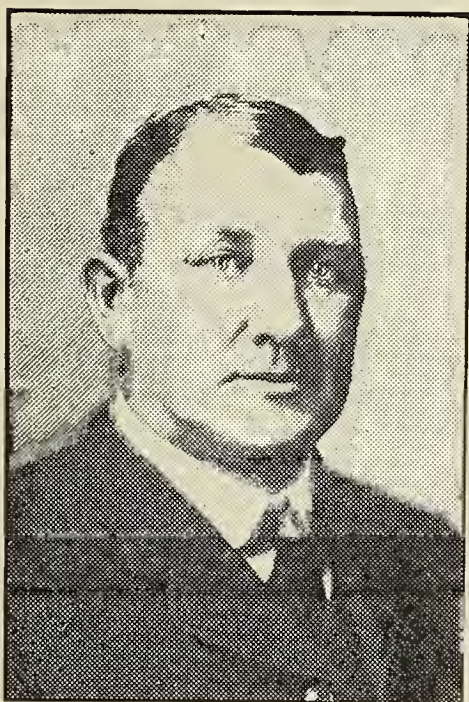
WINCHESTER

Red W Goods

WIN THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION'S OFFICIAL SEASON AVERAGE FOR 1912

— And Also Make —

A Great "Clean-up" at the Post Season Tournament



W. R. CROSBY

AT the Interstate Association's Post Season Tournament held in Cincinnati, October 15-18, W. R. Crosby won High Professional Average, and by so doing captured the Official Season's Average for 1912, the most coveted honor in trapshootingdom. His record for the four tournaments he participated in was 1952 x 2000, .976%. Of course, Mr. Crosby shot Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells, the same loads he used at Denver when he established a New World's Record of 98 out of 100 targets from 23 yards. Hats off again to Crosby, and also to Red W Goods, which have won

11 out of 13 Official Seasons' Averages.

Out of the first 12 professionals in the Season's Average Contest for 1912, 9 used Winchester Loaded Shells, or Winchester Shotguns, or both. Some shooting, eh?

THE POST SEASON TELLS THE STORY

In the language of the prevalent politician, "We point with pride" to the record of Red W Goods at this important tourney—Here it is:

HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE ON SINGLE AND DOUBLE TARGETS: A. Heil, with Winchester Loaded "Leader" Shells. Score: 933 ex 1000.

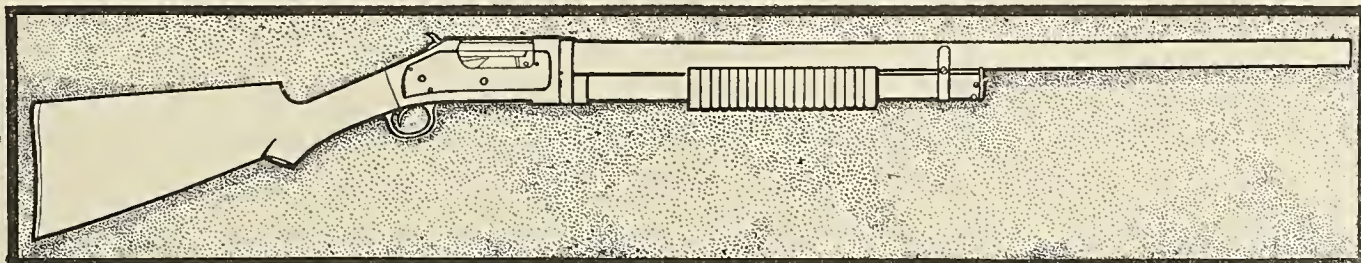
HIGH PROFESSIONAL AVERAGE ON SINGLE TARGETS: W. R. Crosby, with Winchester Loaded "Leader" Shells. Score: 783 ex 800. **Second:** Homer Clark, with a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Score: 772 ex 800.

HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE ON DOUBLE TARGETS: A. Heil, with Winchester Loaded "Leader" Shells. Score: 170 ex 200.

HIGH PROFESSIONAL AVERAGE ON DOUBLE TARGETS: J. S. Day, with a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Score: 179 ex 200.

LONG RUNS: C. G. Spencer, with a Winchester Repeating Shotgun and Winchester Loaded Shells, 122. W. R. Crosby, with Winchester "Leader" Loaded Shells, two of 102 each, and J. M. Hawkins, with Winchester "Leader" Loaded Shells and a Winchester Repeating Shotgun, 100.

WINCHESTER QUALITY WINS THE BIG VICTORIES



18 Winning Scores—Averaging 95.27%

MADE WITH

Peters

FACTORY LOADS

The law of averages affirms again the superior shooting quality of the Red P Ammunition. **Fourteen** different men, amateurs and professionals, competing in **eighteen** tournaments, won **eighteen** first averages. Isn't that conclusive? Here is the dope:

Wichita Falls, Tex., Sept. 1-3.....	H. R. Bosley, High Amateur.....	377 ex 400
Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 2.....	H. S. Welles, High Professional.....	144 ex 150
Salem, Ore., Sept. 2-3.....	L. H. Reid, High Professional.....	297 ex 310
Holdrege, Neb., Sept. 6.....	J. S. Day, High Professional.....	146 ex 150
Mechanicsburg, Ohio, Sept. 7.....	W. R. Chamberlain, High Professional.....	149 ex 150
McKeesport, Pa., Sept. 10.....	W. Henderson, High Professional.....	148 ex 150
Oklahoma City, Okla., Sept. 18-20.....	Harvey Dixon, High Amateur.....	269 ex 300
Bridgeport, Ala., Sept. 19-20.....	Walter Huff, High Professional.....	283 ex 300
Leitchfield, Ky., Sept. 23.....	W. Henderson, High Professional.....	98 ex 100
Princeton, Ky., Sept. 25.....	W. Henderson, High Professional.....	98 ex 100
Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 29.....	W. S. Trout, High Amateur.....	194 ex 200
Maquoketa, Ia., Oct. 1.....	W. S. Hoon, High Amateur.....	186 ex 200
Omaha, Neb., Oct. 1-2.....	E. W. Varner, High Amateur.....	375 ex 400
Winchester, Ky., Oct. 3.....	Guy Ward, High Professional.....	99 ex 100
McAlester, Okla., Oct. 4.....	H. J. Donnelly, High Professional.....	95 ex 100
Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 5.....	W. Henderson, High Professional.....	96 ex 100
Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 5.....	Lester German, High Professional.....	143 ex 150
Decatur, Ill., Oct. 6.....	A. C. Connor, High Amateur.....	147 ex 150

Use P Shells {at the trap
on your fall hunt} if you want results

3344 ex 3510

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

NEW YORK: 98 Chambers St., T. H. Keller, Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO: 608-612 Howard St., J. S. French, Manager.

NEW ORLEANS: 321 Magazine St., Lee Omohundro, Manager.

The amateurs finished for the day in doubles and singles with Volk and Heil at the head on 233 each; Barto and Dixon 231 each; Young and Daniels 227 each. Professional scores were higher, Henderson being first with 238; Maxwell, Spencer and Freeman 237 each; German 236.

Long runs were made by C. G. Spencer, professional, 122, which included the last 21 of Wednesday. W. S. Hoon started the day with an unfinished run of 50, and added the first 40 targets of to-day's program, giving him a total of 90; Volk got a run of 80 during the day and Roll one of 87.

The dailies of the city have devoted some space to the tournament, and the result was apparent in the goodly crowds of spectators, which have been present since Monday. Among those here to-day were Horace Bonser, a former member of the club and known as the Boy Wonder from the wonderful scores he used to make at the St. Bernard grounds when he first began shooting four or five years ago. He has dropped out of the game altogether, but still retains a friendly feeling for his old-time competitors at the clay birds. Much disappointment has been expressed by the shooters at not meeting "Pop" Heikes at this tournament, and it was a great surprise to many to know that he had not qualified. His percentage was high enough and then some, but he had not got into enough of the Interstate handicaps during the year.

R H Brunns.....	184	..	*F G Bills.....	191	42
H W Kahler.....	185	41	*Homer Clark ..	193	43
J S Hightower.....	183	38	*C G Spencer.....	197	40
C B Eaton.....	183	..	*H D Freeman.....	194	43
J S Young.....	188	39	*Mrs Topperwein	187	34
Geo Volk.....	191	42	*R W Clancy.....	189	40
H D Duckham.....	180	..	*W Henderson.....	193	45
S A Huntley.....	180	41	*J M Hawkins.....	192	40
Al Heil.....	191	42	*Guy Ward.....	186	36
H E Smith.....	180	41	*T A Marshall.....	187	37
Wm Ridley.....	191	32	*C Le Compte.....	170	35
F Campbell.....	187	..	*C E Goodrich..	187	33
W S Hoon.....	189	..	*O R Dickey.....	178	40
Bart Lewis.....	186	..	*J S Day.....	172	45
C F Moore.....	182	..	Geo Roll.....	192	..
C D Coburn.....	187	34	J H Noel.....	183	41
J A Smith.....	179	..	H Dixon.....	190	41
B S Cooper.....	186	..	G K Mackie.....	177	..
W I Spangler.....	174	..	C A Edmonson.....	174	..
A B Shobe.....	182	..	J O Simon.....	162	35
*J R Taylor.....	190	37	J Barto.....	191	40
*L S German.....	194	42	F C Koch.....	188	..
*W H Heer.....	183	43	W Webster.....	181	..
*W R Crosby.....	196	43	E M Daniels.....	187	40
*G W Maxwell.....	194	43	Lon Fisher.....	186	..
*F Gilbert.....	187	40	E A W Everitt..	111	27

Fourth Day, Oct. 18.

Well, we got it for the last day without a question, and Elmer's predictions were fulfilled to the letter. It was regulation Post Season "get-away" day weather, according to the records. There was a light drizzle of rain in the early morning, but the clouds were thin, and the indications for clearing up seemed good. Instead of getting better as the day grew, it steadily be-

came worse, and the last event was finished in a heavy downpour. The weather prevented any visitors from attending, and the shooters had no gallery to urge them on. At 9 o'clock the first squad was called to the score, and at 1:15 it was all over, and another Post Season tournament was a matter of history. Only forty-eight shooters were on hand to-day, forty-four going through the program. Some of the best scores of the week were made to-day, in spite of the weather. W. H. Heer was the star performer, finishing his 200 singles without a miss, making a straight run of 240, including the last 40 of the day before. Henderson also did his best work to-day, tying with Crosby for second place on 197; German got in third place with 195, and was followed by Clark and Hawkins with 194 each.

High amateurs for the day were: Roll 194, Barto 193, Brunns (who had got back nearly to his right form) and Dixon, 192 each; F. Campbell 191, Daniels, J. S. Young and Moore, 190 each.

Long runs were made by Crosby, 102, including the last two targets of the day before; Barto, 97, and Hawkins 80, which took in 5 from Thursday.

High amateur on the day's program, singles and doubles, were: Barto 235, Daniels and Noel 234 each, Young 233, all well bunched.

The professionals also finished close together; German first with 242, Heer 241 and Henderson 240.

The Interstate Association divided \$300 among the ten high amateurs shooting at all the singles for the four days, 800. This was won by Ridley, 767; Brunns and Roll, 766 each; Heil, 763; Dixon, 761; Barto, 760; Young, 757; Hoon, 755; Volk, 752, and Moore 751.

The six high average moneys, \$100 in all, for high scores in the four days at doubles, 100 pairs, were won by Heil, 170; Noel, 167; Young and Volk, 165 each; Daniels, 162, and Barto, 158.

The trophy, a gold watch valued at \$100, for the amateur making high score at all targets, singles and doubles, 1000 in all, for the four days, was won by Al Heil, of Allentown, Pa., with a score of 933, 10 targets in the lead of Wm. Ridley, who broke 823; J. S. Young was a close third with 922.

The professional trophy went to W. Henderson, Lexington, Ky., with 943; Homer Clark was second with 940, and L. S. German third with 939.

Squad No. 5—Taylor, German, Heer, Crosby and Maxwell—made the squad record of the tournament, breaking 125 straight in the first event to-day. Squad 2, all amateurs—Volk, Koch, Huntley, Heil and Barto—came within one target of tying the pros in the same event, going out with a score of 124.

During the tournament, including practice day, 57,575 targets were trapped without a delay.

R H Brunns.....	192	..	*G W Maxwell.....	193	39
H W Kahler.....	188	42	*Fred Gilbert ..	187	41
E M Daniels.....	190	44	*F G Bills.....	192	43
C B Eaton.....	187	..	*H Clark.....	194	44
J S Young.....	190	43	*C G Spencer.....	191	45
Geo Volk.....	188	42	*H D Freeman.....	192	42
F C Koch.....	188	..	*Mrs Topperwein	186	40
S A Huntley.....	182	39	*R W Clancy.....	185	43
Al Heil.....	188	43	*W Henderson..	197	43
J Barto.....	193	42	*J M Hawkins..	194	43

Wm Ridley.....	189	42	*Guy Ward.....	188	35
F Campbell.....	191	..	*T A Marshall..	181	38
W S Hoon.....	188	..	*C Le Compte..	128	..
Bart Lewis.....	187	..	*C E Goodrich..	188	34
C F Moore.....	190	..	*O R Dickey.....	186	37
C D Coburn.....	187	..	*J S Day.....	185	43
J A Smith.....	186	..	Geo Roll.....	194	..
B S Cooper.....	185	..	J H Noel.....	188	46
W I Spangler.....	187	34	H Dixon.....	192	37
A B Shobe.....	185	..	G K Mackie.....	174	..
*J R Taylor.....	184	40	J O Sirmon.....	181	38
*L S German.....	195	47	Lon Fisher.....	90	..
*W H Heer.....	200	41	C L Moeller.....	54	..
*W R Crosby.....	197	..	E A W Everitt..	70	..

General Averages.

The general averages were as follows:

		Singles.		Doubles.		Total.	
R H Brunns.....	766	766	
H W Kahler.....	745	155	900	
C B Eaton.....	747	747	
S A Huntley.....	728	155	883	
Al Heil.....	763	170	933	
Wm Ridley.....	767	156	923	
F Campbell.....	749	749	
W S Hoon.....	755	755	
Bart Lewis.....	743	743	
C F Moore.....	751	751	
C D Coburn.....	738	738	
J A Smith.....	722	722	
B S Cooper.....	744	744	
W I Spangler.....	724	724	
A B Shobe.....	720	720	
*J R Taylor.....	743	161	904	
*L S German.....	767	172	939	
*W H Heer.....	766	167	933	
*W R Crosby.....	783	783	
*G W Maxwell.....	769	168	937	
*Fred Gilbert.....	752	165	917	
*F G Bills.....	765	163	928	
*Homer Clark.....	772	171	943	
*C G Spencer.....	764	169	933	
*H D Freeman.....	764	164	928	
*Mrs Topperwein ..	744	149	893	
*R W Clancy.....	753	161	914	
*W Henderson.....	771	172	943	
*J M Hawkins.....	765	159	924	
*Guy Ward.....	733	144	877	
*T A Marshall.....	740	151	891	
*C E Goodrich.....	743	143	886	
*O R Dickey.....	743	152	895	
*J S Day.....	730	179	909	
H Dixon.....	761	150	911	
G K Mackie.....	760	760	
J O Sirmon.....	700	143	843	
J Barto.....	760	158	918	
E M Daniels.....	747	162	902	
J S Young.....	757	165	922	
F C Koch.....	733	733	
Geo Volk.....	752	165	917	
Geo Roll.....	766	766	
J H Noel.....	721	167	888	

*Professionals.



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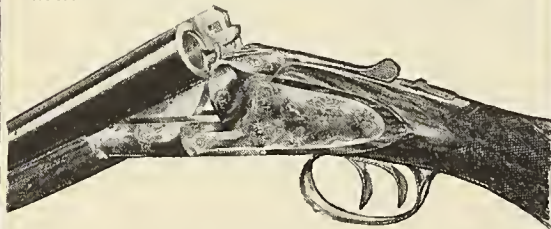
The makers of the L. C. Smith Guns have worked from a different point of view. For the past 22 years they have concentrated all effort on the purpose to *eliminate shortcomings*, rather than to add merely novel features. The New Book of Smith Guns will show you how the old shortcomings have been eliminated, one by one.

It will show you how *loss of aim from fumbling for the trigger* has been eliminated by the successful Hunter One-Trigger (which recently broke the *world's record on double targets*). How *inaccessibility of working parts* has been eliminated by the Smith One-Screw Access. How *shooting loose* has been eliminated by the Smith Rotary Bolt, which takes up wear in all directions.

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Being a light oil it enters the pores of the metal and forms an imperceptible covering that is moisture-proof without making the gun sticky or greasy to handle. Best for oiling the fine mechanisms of the finest gun, because it does not dry out, gum, harden, turn rancid, collect dust.

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Dusted Targets.

Supt. Gambell got his canvas target saver installed in time for the tournament. It is a money-maker all right, and the "pick-ups" will soon pay its cost.

Guy Ward was much interested in the culinary department. Likely he's considering a course in domestic science.

Jim Day set a fast gait in the match at doubles on practice day—just a little too speedy for Fritz Gilbert.

A. C. Connors, of Springfield, Ill., was with us a couple of days, but was obliged to quit shooting, as he has not fully recovered from a recent illness. The boys were glad to see him, for they have not forgotten his courtesies during the G. A. H. He is some shooter or he would not have been here.

Charlie Young has just returned from a trip in the Northwest, and stopped over here to greet the boys. He shot a few targets, going in to fill up a squad.

O. S. Lawrence, one of the most popular trade representatives on the road, made himself useful to the management, and circulated among the shooters, making friends. He is a good shot, but had no chance to get in here.

Bart Lewis came over from Auburn, Ill., to show the Buckeyes how to shoot. He's well qualified for the position of shooting master, and can make the best of them travel.

Mrs. Topperwein was the great attraction for the visitors, and a crowd followed her down the line. Her record is one to be proud of. Forty-five long runs of 100 or better, such as 226, 197 and 167. One of her best scores was made at the Pacific Coast Handicap in 1910, when she broke 190 out of 200, including 20 pairs.

Lester German, holder of the 1911 professional championship at singles and doubles, has proved his skill at the traps in many hard-fought contests. Perhaps his most creditable victory was in 1910, at the first Post Season tournament, when he won the Paul North trophy contest, open only to the ten high professionals for that season.

R. H. Bruns, Brookville, Ind., is a young shooter who has already made a name for himself. His work at the Denver Handicap was remarkable, only 4 dropped in 500, and a run of 283 to his credit. He is a cool shooter, and when in form can give the best of them a run for their money.

Harry Kahler, of Philadelphia, has as many friends in the West as in the East, and they're all glad to see him when he comes this way. He is not one of the older shooters, but can give the best of them a hot race. The \$500 Pinehurst event was won by him with 89 out of 100 at 2lyds., and at Denver he scored 92 out of 50 pairs.

J. S. Day can make them sit up and take notice when he is in his best form. As an amateur in 1910, he made the remarkable showing of .9728 per cent, on 4280 targets, and has been doing great shooting ever since.

W. I. Spangler, of Circleville, O., president of the Ohio State Trapshooters' League, is one of the highest class shooters in the State, both socially and based upon skill. His artistic manner of handling a shotgun is the envy of all contestants. He promises the shooters a great time when they attend the State shoot next June.

J. A. Blunt, of Greensboro, Ala., came further to attend the Post Season shoot than any other contestant. He is very proud of his \$1000 gun, and his consistent scores are an evidence that he made no mistake in his purchase of the same.

Jess Young, George Roll and Joe Barto. Guess when you speak of the "Big Chicago Three" you have said something. They are congenial to the limit. Based upon shooting ability, if rated by Bradstreet, they would be listed A.A.1 in the shooting world.

Fred. G. Bills, "Chicago's Giant." But one trouble with Fred, his body is not big enough for his heart. He is also some shooter, as his scores will attest. Formerly a Kansas sheriff, as handy at sticking State papers down gopher holes as the average boy is advertisements under the sidewalk.

George Mackie and Harvey Dixon, two college chums, are the owners of the largest coal mine in Kansas. It has been their policy from the opening of the mine to devote one quarter of the receipts to charity.

C. O. Le Compte, the "Kentucky Gentleman," hails from the Blue Grass State. Charlie insists that there is too much atmosphere where they have failed to place targets when he is on the firing line. The management has promised to remedy this fault at the next Post Season shoot.

Lester German, based upon the fact that he had missed a target, went over into an adjoining field to again pattern his gun. A complaint was made by the owner of the farm. It required the united efforts of Elmer Shaner, Tom Marshall and Bill Crosby to keep him out of jail.

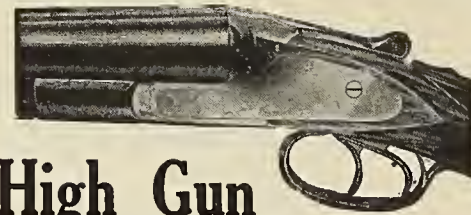
A notable fact—that the major portion of the old-timers are qualified to shoot in the Post Season.

The Post Season seemed like an invitation party. Every contestant was able to shake hands with his neighbor and call him by name. They have all met so frequently during the season, introductions were unnecessary.

Genial Fred Clark, head of the Remington-U. M. C. representatives, was present with the glad hand and smile. Brother Clark attends most of the big shoots and is personally acquainted with shooters. This is the correct plan—mix and affiliate—no man can remain in his office at the round top desk and know the requisites of the shooting world.

Bill Crosby, the "machine shooter," was at all times in evidence. A good shot, a good fellow, a good one in all lines and at all times. He is the winner of more trophies than any other man who has ever faced the traps.

William H. Heer, "Cyclone Shooter," not talker. Constant at all times and crushes the mud pies with regularity. Witness his work on Friday, in bad weather, 200 without a miss. You must pass it along to Billy.



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On the 700 single targets, including handicaps, Mr. Bruns scored **683 out of 700.**

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On the 500 single 16-yard target for amateurs, Mr. Bruns scored **494 out of 500.**

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448 PAGE CATALOGUE FREE WRITE TODAY

Rising Sun Gun Club.

RISING SUN, Md., Oct. 16.—The twelfth annual shoot of the Rising Sun Gun Club, held here to-day, was a howling success. The attendance was unprecedented, there being fifty-six shooters, and the club was totally unprepared for such a crowd, and the program of 150 targets had to be cut to 105 owing to darkness. Thirty-seven shooters went through the program, and as we had but one trap, we were unable to complete the program. The team race between Elkton, Chesapeake City and Rising Sun drew a number of shooters, and the Du Pont Club, of Wilmington, sent twelve shooters. The club managers were swamped with entries, and entries were refused after 12 o'clock. Of professionals, Ed. Banks was high with 101 out of 105, and was tied by I. E. Eyer, of Baltimore, and H. H. Sloan, amateurs. Worthington and Apgar were next in the professional ranks with 100, and Clyde Leedom and Jim McKelvey tied with them. The team race resulted in a walkover for Rising Sun with 159.

A Richardson... 105	98	V Williams.... 105	98
J H Minnick... 105	98	H H Johnson... 105	84
C Leedom 105	100	C O Williams.. 105	87
W Hammond... 105	87	*H S Welles.... 105	98
T Martin 100	89	G B Scarlett... 105	83
W A Brown... 105	90	J E Eyer..... 105	101
W B Smith, Jr. 100	86	W R Fieles.... 105	80
W B Cochran... 105	88	J W Whiteford. 105	89
S L King..... 105	83	Wm Holland... 105	93
T Riale 105	97	H R England... 105	86
*E Banks 105	101	H Alexander... 105	94
Dr Steele 105	90	Minner 60	42
S Tughton 105	90	W Stevens 45	34
J A McKelvey.. 105	100	N Bouchelle ... 45	37
J B McHugh... 105	97	Everett 45	32
*H Worthington 105	100	E E Du Pont... 75	71
*N Apgar 105	100	J S Gifford.... 60	53
*H H Stevens... 105	97	M E Rose..... 60	52
H H Sloan.... 105	101	G A Hunter... 15	7
*L R Lewis.... 105	92	J M Holden... 60	51
R H Rees..... 105	82	A B Keen..... 45	38
J H Reynolds.. 105	99	J McCush 30	23
J D Carrie.... 105	50	A Armour 30	24
C A Stearns... 105	85	M Connor 30	26
J W Ewing.... 105	96	H Kirk 30	23

*Professionals.

Dunkirk Gun Club.

DUNKIRK, N. Y.—Following are scores of the regular monthly shoot of the Dunkirk Gun Club, made Oct. 13. A fairly good crowd was out, considering the bad day. The trade was represented by Sim Glover and George Hassam:

Match for Stevens trophy, 50 targets, handicap:

	H. B.	H. B.	Total.
Tyler	2 23	1 23	46
Parker	2 20	4 22	42
Schweda	7 24	5 25	49
Koch	7 23	6 23	46
Watch	7 19	10 24	43
Russell	2 20	4 25	45
Leyer	0 21	1 23	44
Anderson	10 17	13 25	42
Kirk	11 22	9 24	46
Loeb	6 16

Schweda won trophy for first try.

Other matches were shot as follows:

Glover	22	24	22	23
Hasson	21	24	23	21
Tyler	17	21	22	23
Schweda	18	17	20	..
Walch	17	12	14	..
Russell	17	18	23	..
Leyer	22	21	22	19
Loeb	8	6
Anderson	12	7	13	..
Martin	18	11	14	..
McLean	6	10	8	..
Newinger	9	5	7	..
Baumgartner	10	8
Tousley	14
P Baumgartner	4	6
Riley	8

At 12 pairs of doubles, the following scores were made: Schweda 10, Parker 10, Leyer 19, Tyler 8, Hassam 9.

Marine and Field Club.

THE Marine and Field Club, Bath Beach, N. Y., will open its trapshooting season on Nov. 2, at 2:30 P.M. and continue until April 30, 1913.

Monthly series prizes will be competed for on Saturdays and holidays under the same conditions as last year. Rules governing the contests and handicaps will be posted in the cottage.

Prizes for special events have been offered. Details governing competition therefor will be announced later.

For the information of those members who are not familiar with the trapshooting department of the club, the cottage is open throughout the season and members desiring to remain over night will find adequate provision for their comfort. Luncheon is served on all shooting days at 1:30 P. M.

Those members desiring to shoot on other than the regular days can make arrangements therefor by telephoning the office.

The committee earnestly desires to enlist the co-operation of the members in this branch of the club's sports, and trusts that there may be a large attendance at the opening.

A limited number of guns are available at the club for the temporary use of such members as are not already provided for.

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This score was made by the "OLD RELIABLE" PARKER GUN in the hands of Bill Crosby, again demonstrating to the shooters of the world that the PARKER GUN makes the highest scores.

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The PARKER GUN also won the Amateur Average for the tournament.

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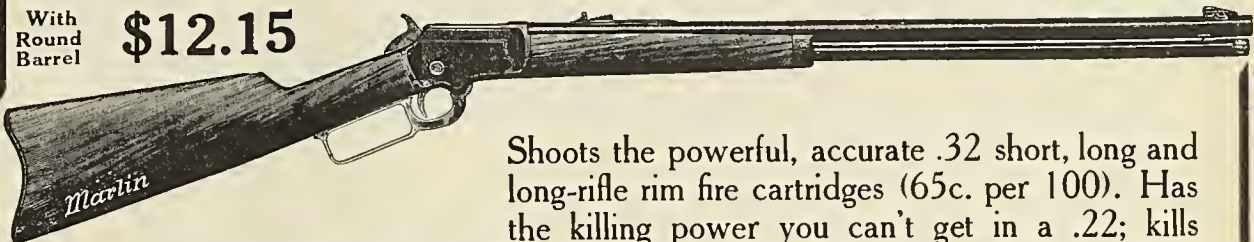
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Riverside Gun Club.

RED BANK, N. J., Oct. 19.—The fourth shoot for the C. R. James trophy and the seventh shoot for the Du Pont trophy was held at the Riverside Gun Club, on Shrewsbury avenue, here to-day. The fourteen participants and their scores in the first shoot for 50 birds each were:

C M Johnson..... 12	50	A D Cooper..... 14	49
T H Grant..... 18	50	R Applegate 16	49
E von Kattengell.. 6	50	A L Ivins..... 1	49
B Hance 14	50	G Allen 20	49
A Sussman 8	50	Geo Bray 28	47
A B Delby..... 20	50	C Throckmorton... 12	46
W Chandler 14	50	E H Cooper..... 6	43
G Gallo 15	50	H Simpson..... 16	41

In the shoot-off for those that were handicapped and broke 50 in the first event, the following scores were made at 25 birds each:

C M Johnson.... 3	25	A Sussman 2	21
T H Grant..... 4½	25	A Dalby 5	20
B Hance 3½	22½	W Chandler 3½	19½
E von Kattengell. 1½	23½		

As there were three ties in this shoot-off the third shoot-off resulted as follows:

Johnson 3	24	Von Kattengell . 1½	24½
Grant. 4½	23½	Hance 3½	23½

The second event was open to professionals only, and the scores were: H. H. Stevens 49 out of 50, Frederick Applegate 31, and Dr. H. B. Garrison, handicap of 11, broke 25.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

THE attendance at the gun club practice, on Oct. 19, was better than usual. Conditions were about right, but the average of scores not up to the mark. In the practice, at 16yds., Moller and Dixon tied for first place; Edmonson next. Moller won the spoon, standing at 22yds. The scores follow:

Practice:		Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke		
		Yds.	T'l.	Yds.	T'l.	
*Hymer	145	124		Stille	60	39
Wilkes.	105	57		Vietmeyer	55	49
Dixon	100	88		Appel	50	45
Moller	100	88		Alig	50	42
Edmonson	100	85		Lewis	50	42
Parry	100	84		Neighbors	50	34
Smith	80	59		Golden	50	31
Hofer	70	46		Mock	40	38
Kleinmeyer	70	46		Britton	30	17
McCarty.	70	43		Burdick	20	10
Riley	70	36				

*Professional.

Spoon event, 50 targets, distance handicap:

		Yds. T'l.		Yds. T'l.		
Dixon	20	38		Appel	19	40
Moller	22	43		Lewis	20	38
Edmonson	22	31		Neighbors	18	40
Parry	22	41		Golden	16	40
Hofer	20	40		Britton	20	35
Vietmeyer	22	38				R. R.

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Tarboro Gun Club.

TARBORO, N. C., Oct. 9.—The scores of our registered shoot, held to-day, follow. In addition to the regular program, four extra events, each at 25 targets were shot, making 250 in all:

	First Day.		Second Day.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
J B Pennington.....	250	229	250	222
E F Killete.....	250	234	250	225
W P McCraw.....	250	218	250	234
J P Gallagher.....	250	215	250	229
W W Simms.....	250	217	250	225
T C Tilshman.....	250	202	250	219
E P Meredith.....	200	167	150	131
R L Pittman.....	250	201	250	205
St E White.....	150	120	250	218
R E L Cook.....	250	203	250	211
C C Austin.....	250	194	250	207
W B Sedbury.....	250	179	150	113
B E Gardner.....	200	150	150	108
E D Taylor.....	250	198	250	148
W M Moore.....	150	77	150	98
R Pittman.....	225	156
C B Walton.....	200	137	145	108
M W Haynes.....	235	142
L Berry.....	15	8
Professionals:				
W Huff.....	250	238	250	231
E H Storr.....	250	235	250	237
C E Goodrich.....	250	227	250	239
C H Knight.....	250	226	250	218
J D Barnes.....	250	214	250	200
E S Richards.....	250	181	250	197

New Hanover Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Oct. 18.—The following scores were made at our regular shoot to-day:

Targets:	25	25	25	Total.
Grant.....	22	23	24	69
Dreher.....	23	23	23	69
Boylan.....	21	16	18	55
Osterman.....	11	12	14	37

J. H. DREHER, Sec'y.

Daniel Boone Gun Club.

MARTHASVILLE, Mo., Oct. 14.—One of our gun club members, a farmer, brought in seven sheep, to be butchered and the meat shot for. Each sheep was divided into six parts—four quarters, hide and heart and liver. We made four events of them, two sheep for each of the first three events and one sheep for event 4. The shooting did not begin until late, so each event was made to consist of 10 birds.

Below are the scores. A. F. Ahmann had a "crooked neck," but it seemed to help him rather than hinder, for he made a straight in the last three events. The first event he did not shoot, on account of his neck, but the

crack of the guns made him forget his dread of the recoil.

	Shot at.	Broke		Shot at.	Broke
J Mutert.....	40	35	F Suhre.....	40	17
G Lichtenberg.....	40	35	A F Amann.....	30	30
J Wyatt.....	40	35	Dr L C Holt.....	30	25
J O Wilson.....	40	32	H W Meyer.....	30	24
Wm Koelling.....	40	31	Florence Mutert.....	30	21
L Struebbe.....	40	31	R Gardyne.....	30	20
J F Koch.....	40	29	Chas Freese.....	30	18
F Mutert.....	40	27	Geo Koelling.....	20	17
Fritz Koelling.....	40	22	Geo Fortmann.....	20	15
W Gardyne.....	40	22	E Riske.....	10	3

J. O. WILSON, Sec'y.

Jersey City Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Oct. 19.—We had the first shoot of the season to-day at the Jersey City Gun Club, and twelve shooters were out to help start the ball rolling. Engle was high with an average of 87 per cent. for the day, and Dixon and Dr. Groll tied for second honors with 84 per cent. Summerfield is our latest member, and tried his hand at the game for the first time to-day. The scores follow in strings of 25:

Engle.....	23	19	22	22	23
Dr Moeller.....	19	20	14	21	16
Dalton.....	19	14	21	17	19	14	15	19
Summerfield.....	8	5	2	2	4
Dixon.....	22	25	19	19	20
Dr Groll.....	21	21	22	20
Shannon.....	24	23	16	19	20
M C Lemore.....	22	20	18	21
Huggins.....	15	18	15	15
Jones.....	16	13	14	12
Brady.....	15	15	19	17
Sampton.....	21	14	13

Team pick-up match, 25 targets per team: Dr. Groll and M C Lemore 25. Huggins and Shannon 20. Dr. Dalton and Dr. Moeller 21.

SECRETARY.

Robin Hood Gun Club.

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., Oct. 14.—W. L. Bush wins third and final leg on the Du Pont trophy. Ten shooters were on the firing line at our shoot on Oct. 12 and turned in some very good scores, the main event being the Du Pont trophy shoot at 50 birds, and was hotly contested, four men having two legs on the same. Scores: No. 1 was for Du Pont trophy; No. 2 for merchandise; both were at 50 targets:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	50	50	Targets:	50	50
Hutchings.....	44	45	Clark.....	26	32
Beyersdorf.....	41	43	Butler.....	29	33
Conelley.....	39	44	Banks.....	32	31
Bush.....	46	37	Rierson.....	35	37
McKean.....	39	35	Smith.....	28	35

GEO. CONELLEY, Sec'y.

The Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 19.—The regular program at the Du Pont Gun Club to-day consisted of the Coleman du Pont spoon events and the Frank L. Connable cup. At the end of the spoon event, J. B. McHugh, J. H. Minnick, J. T. Roberson and E. E. du Pont tied at 24. In the shoot-off, McHugh and Minnick each broke 25. It was finally won by McHugh, 23 out of 25.

In Class B, W. Edmanson and J. J. Magahern tied at 23. In the shoot-off Edmanson won, 23 out of 25. In Class C, William Coyne, T. W. Mathewson and W. Hinkson all tied at 22. This contest was not settled. Dr. Horace Betts had things all his own way in Class D by making the excellent score of 21 out of 25.

J. B. McHugh was winner in the Frank L. Connable cup contest. He broke 24 out of 25 from 22yds. S. G. David, shooting from the 16yd. mark, broke 23. E. E. du Pont, the holder of Class A challenge cup, was challenged by J. T. Skelly. Mr. du Pont retains the cup because he got 45 to Mr. Skelly's 40.

Next Saturday the first match of the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League will take place on the home grounds. The Camden Club will be here. It is the desire of the management that the home club make a good showing, as the Camden team is very strong.

Wm. Armistead and R. D. Snodgrass did some fine shooting. Mr. Armistead is an enthusiastic member of the Du Pont Gun Club, and comes to Wilmington whenever possible.

W. S. Colfax, Jr., was in good form, as his score of 97 out of 100 shows. J. B. McHugh was not far behind, his score being 95. Mr. Minnick broke 96 and Mr. Edmanson made a score of 93. The scores follow:

Coleman du Pont spoon event:
Class A—J. B. McHugh 24, J. H. Minnick 24, J. T. Roberson 24, E. E. du Pont 24. Shoot-off: McHugh won, 23 out of 25.

Class B—W. Edmanson 23, J. J. Magahern 23. Shoot-off: Edmanson won, 23 out of 25.

Class C—William Coyne 22, T. W. Mathewson 22, W. Hinkson 22.

Class D—Dr. H. Betts, 21 out of 25.

Class A challenge cup match: E. E. du Pont (holder) 45, J. T. Skelly 40.

Regular event: E. M. Ross 18, A. J. Curley 15, H. W. Bush 18, J. W. Mathews 18, S. J. Newman 17, J. J. Magahern 23, J. T. Roberson 24, J. B. McHugh 24, E. E. du Pont 24, W. J. Highfield 10, S. G. David 18, W. B. Smith, Jr., 18, Wm. Armistead 19, J. G. Highfield, Jr., 19, Lee Moore 15, W. Hinkson 22, Dr. E. O. Bullock 19, W. Edmanson 23, J. H. Minnick 24, T. W. Mathewson 22, L. L. Jarrell 19, L. C. Lyon 21, H. P. Carlon 22, H. T. Reed 20, Wm. Coyne 22, Dr. H. Betts 21, Dr. H. Patterson 20, *J. T. Skelly 25, *W. S. Colfax, Jr., 25, R. D. Snodgrass 16, *L. D. Willis 24.

*Not eligible for spoon event.

F. L. Connable cup contest: J. T. Roberson (22yds.) 22, J. H. Minnick (22) 23, J. B. McHugh (22) 24, E. E. du Pont (22) 22, H. P. Carlon (22) 16, H. W. Bush (21) 16, W. Edmanson (21) 20, J. J. Magahern (20) 17, Wm. Armistead (20) 20, L. L. Jarrell (20) 18, L. C. Lyon (20) 20, Dr. H. Patterson (20) 19, E. M. Ross (18) 7, J. G. Highfield, Jr. (18) 12, T. W. Mathewson (18) 18, H. T. Reed (18) 19, W. B. Smith, Jr. (18) 20, Wm. Coyne (18) 18, W. Hinkson (18) 21, W. J. Highfield (16) 9, S. G. David (16) 23, Lec Moore (16) 18, A. J. Curley (16) 16, S. J. Newman (16) 19.

J. B. McHugh was high for Connable cup, breaking 24 out of 25 from 22yds.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 20.—The Analostan Gun Club was the scene of an interesting contest on Oct. 19, when a team representing the Street Car Company of Wilmington, Del., met a team composed of the members in the employ of the Washington Railway and Electric Company of this city. The Wilmington team was captained by W. H. Hitchcock, and the Washington team was headed by J. T. Moffitt. The Wilmington team won the contest by 5 birds. Hitchcock possessed all the cunning that Muggsy McGraw is reputed to have, and put one over on Moffitt when the second 25 was shot. In the first inning he found Dolson wabbling—he had lost his batting eye—only scoring 9 out of his 25. This would not do, and when the Wilmington squad was called to the bat for the second round Hitchcock put in a pinch hitter, Al Smith, and he batted out 21 out of 25, and saved the day for his team. The team shot at 250, and the results were as follows:

Wilmington Team.	W. R. & E. Co. Team.		
W H Hitchcock.....	36	Moffitt.....	33
Geo Spear.....	42	R H Leight.....	44
G McKinney.....	42	W A Wenner.....	37
J H Thomas.....	34	S A Folsom.....	36
J Dolson.....	30—184	W A Anderson.....	28—179

Following are the scores made by the members and visitors during the afternoon:

Shot at.	Broke	Shot at.	Broke		
Peck.....	100	85	Thomas.....	85	56
Huseman.....	100	93	R H Leight.....	50	44
Green.....	100	72	Wenner.....	50	37
Hogan.....	100	91	Kirk.....	50	37
Stine.....	100	92	Bohnke.....	50	42
Wallace.....	75	50	Ed Banks.....	50	48
Folsom.....	100	69	Joslyn.....	50	43
Brown.....	75	62	Martin.....	50	45
Livcsey.....	75	57	J W Anderson.....	50	45
Dolson.....	50	26	Shoup.....	50	43
Spear.....	100	83	Bradford.....	50	36
Snead.....	50	30	Kahrs.....	50	44
Touret.....	25	14	Monroe.....	50	46
Al Smith.....	75	54	Mammila.....	25	16
McKinney.....	100	80	W E Anderson.....	50	29
Geo Anderson.....	25	12	Parsons.....	25	22

In the shoot at 12 pairs doubles, the scores stood: Brown 17, Wallace 14, Monroe 20, Kirk 16, Parson 20, Huseman 18.

MYLES TAYLOR, Sec'y.

Chicago Interurban League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 14.—The last series of shoots of the Chicago Interurban League of Gun Clubs was held on the grounds of the Arlington Heights Club, Oct. 13. There was an attendance of sixty members of the League and five professionals. The day was ideal for trapshooting, although the scores turned in were below the average.

This shoot now settled the winners of prizes. The Chicago Gun Club is the individual winner of the League trophy. The Long Lake Gun Club won the Du Pont trophy. Among the individual winners, G. Hausler, of the South Chicago Gun Club, secured the highest total for the best five scores, score being 230. Dave Thomas won the individual trophy for high man in the winning team.

The standing of the clubs at the finish of this shoot is as follows:

Chicago Gun Club... 43	South Shore 26
Long Lake 41	Hammond 14
National 32	Arlington Heights... 7
South Chicago 32	

That the League has been a grand success is fully assured. The average attendance at each shoot has been seventy-five shooters, and the total, 175 members of the League have taken part in one or more contests. Some of the five best scores are as follows:

C G Hausler..... 230	C W May..... 216
F Staunton 225	Tom Graham 216
Wm Jackson 225	Jesse Young 215
Chas Emery 223	O P Goode..... 214
Dave Thomas 223	J W Stanton..... 212
E W Heath..... 222	H Wolf 211
J L Humpfer..... 222	Chas Antoine 210
Dr B B Cronk..... 220	B L Kammerer..... 209
L M Fetherston..... 220	W A Davis 207
C E Shaw..... 217	C F Seelig..... 205
Pat Graham 217	J C Becker 204
W B Fenstermaker... 217	J H Amberg..... 203
Geo McDermott 216	Ray Loring 202

The scores made by the different teams in the seventh shoot follow:

Long Lake G. C.	National G. C.
L M Fetherston... 48	Dr Cronk 41
Tom Graham 40	W C Brown..... 40
Wm Jackson 45	C W May..... 40
R Kuss 45	O P Goode..... 40
F Stanton 41-219	B L Kammerer...43-204

Chicago G. C.	Hammond G. C.
J S Young..... 44	J L Humpfer..... 39
Geo Roll 41	J C Becker..... 36
Dave Thomas 43	P M Warnimont... 37
H E Dickerman... 44	H Green 29
E Silver 44-216	W Fenstermaker.. 41-182

South Shore G. C.	Arlington Heights G. C.
Dr Carson 41	H Martens 37
E Heath..... 39	E Smith 27
W L Darlington.. 43	John Proctor ... 32
A J White..... 44	C Kossmin 33
W E Phillips..... 42-209	Ed Meyers 37-166

South Chicago G. C.	Professionals.
G Hausler 45	Ed Graham 33
G Johnson 43	H Kirkwood 41
C Emery 42	A H Ammann... 37
E Hausler 40	W Stannard 38
Dr J W Stanton.. 39-209	R W Clancy..... 39-188

Smith Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 19.—High gun honors went to J. Baldwin to-day, at the Smith Gun Club. The following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
R M Shanley, Jr.....	20	23	22	24	21	20	23	23	22	21	21	22
F Butler	16	22	15	17
T Baldwin	21	22	21	22	20	24	25	21	21	25	22	21
J Cooper	14	14	18	19
H Higgs	23	21	23	22	23
G Hatfield	14	22	17	14	15
T A Davis.....	18	20	16	14
Dr Martin	20	22	19	21
Dr Healy	6	9	9	5
W Hagan	14	17	16

Plattsville Gun Club.

PLATTSVILLE, Wis., Oct. 13.—The attendance was low on account of the hunting season opening up. B. Dorscher was high in both events, 44 out of 50 and 24 out of 25. Dorscher also won the Stevens trophy, breaking 176 out of 200. Scores:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	50	25	Targets:	50	25
B Dorscher	44	24	P Kamman	38	18
R Long	38	16	H McKown	32	..
B Kammann	21	..	Bridges	40	..
M Burnes	15	12			

T. J. BRIDGES, Sec'y.

Rifle and Revolver

Individual Rifle Championship Match.

The nineteenth grand annual individual rifle championship match for 1912 will be held under the auspices of the Zettler Rifle Club, at Union Hill Schuetzen Park, Union Hill, N. J., on Election Day, Tuesday, Nov. 5. The committee in charge is as follows: A. Begerow, Chairman; H. M. Pope, L. C. Buss, B. Zettler, C.

Zettler, C. A. Schrag, F. Hecking. All riflemen intending to participate in this match will please address Zettler Brothers, 159 West Twenty-third street, New York, or F. Hecking, same address. The N. R. A. medal will be competed for by members of the Zettler Rifle Club on the same day. American Standard target to be used.

NEARLY \$200,000 IN HUNTERS' FEES.

THE biennial report of State Fish and Game Warden George A. Lincoln, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, filed with the Governor, shows \$182,029 collected in hunters' license tax in the past two years. Prosecutions of violators of fish and game laws have netted the State \$11,829.50. The warden has destroyed \$7,500 worth of unlawful devices for fishing and trapping. There have been 120,000 game fish placed in the waters of the State and millions of spawn planted. Fish have been seined from dead waters, such as bayous, ponds, etc., and placed in running water to the number of 723,000. Of this number 500,000 were taken from overflows of the Mississippi. The State has received from border licenses, mostly Mississippi River seine fishermen, \$3,221.41. There have been about two million buffalo and carp taken from our fresh water lake. Most of these were buffalo. About two million garfish have also been removed and destroyed. The other fish were sold.

MAINE GAME WARDENS SHOT.

ON Saturday, Oct. 12, 1912, Deputy Bird Commissioner Walter P. Medbury, assisted by John Quinn, of Maine State Commission, while attempting to arrest Rafael Sansone for shooting gray squirrels during the close season were both wounded by a revolver bullet in the hands of this Rafael Sansone. Mr. Medbury being shot twice in the breast and Mr. Quinn was shot in the knee, shattering the same. Rafael Sansone was also shot through the lung by the wardens. The three wounded men had a serious time in getting out of the woods and they were all taken to the Rhode Island Hospital for treatment. C. E. PEIRCE, Bird Com.

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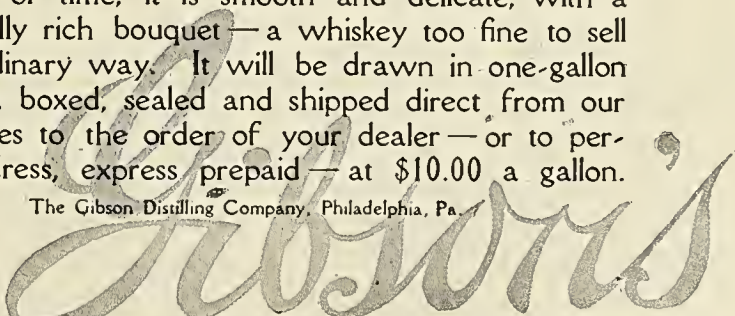
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For Sale—About 400 acres of fine open land that has not been in cultivation for several years, and well stocked with partridge and other game. Situated four (4) miles from Ridgeway, S. C.; three (3) miles from Blythewood, S. C., on Southern Railway, and twenty (20) miles north of Columbia, S. C., in a beautiful rolling country and an ideal hunting section. This place has seven cottages, fine drinking water, together with several streams running through the place, and would rent for sufficient to pay interest on the investment. Privilege could be secured on 1000 or more acres at a very reasonable price for hunting purposes. Price, \$20.00 per acre. For further information address

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A DAY'S HUNTING IN THE MAINE WOODS.

Continued from page 520.

Surely there was a deer looking directly at me. The distance was too great for a sure shot and my first impulse was to move nearer. But remembering that a friend of mine the year before had seen what he thought to be two sticks above some bushes, and when he approached nearer to make sure whether he saw sticks or deer's ears, a deer bounded away and escaped. I determined to take no chances of this kind, but to test my skill from where I stood. Taking careful aim about eight inches below, and midway between, the ears, I fired. The ears were still there. I aimed more carefully and fired again. I felt sure I saw the ears move, but they were still there. Again I aimed, holding my rifle firmly, and the instant I had the bead on what I considered to be the right spot, I pressed the trigger. The ears disappeared. I exclaimed half aloud to myself, "I've got him!" and made headlong haste to reach the spot where the ears had disappeared. There was no deer there, no blood. I looked carefully, no tracks. I examined nearby objects closely. One bullet had hit a stick on the ground, smashing it to splinters. Another had hit a spruce stump about the right height above the ground to have struck a deer; a third had also hit the stump a few inches below the other. One of these bullets I found had cut off a raspberry bush. I placed the bush carefully on its stem and viewed it from the direction of my shot and saw that its leaves covered the stump except for two spaces about the size and position of a deer's ears. One of my shots had gone so near the raspberry bush it had made the bush wave slightly and it gave the appearance of the "ears" moving. The next cut off the bush, the whole stump was in view, and the "ears" disappeared. I had shot a stump!

What did it matter that further down the forest, as I made my way toward camp, I saw a white flag float gracefully over the bushes and vanish. I made no effort to stop its flight.

I reached camp a little after dark bringing in only a healthy weariness, a ravenous appetite and pleasant memories. As I saw through the window in the lighted log cabin the genial faces of my companions, already returned, rehearsing the day's experiences, I felt that, although a hunter might bag no game, a day's hunting in the Maine woods cannot be uneventful or without enjoyment.

COOTING ON CAPE COD.

Continued from page 522.

the straw," we both were dead to the world one minute afterward.

Ten minutes later it was morning; at least it seemed that way to us. It was a beautiful morning, but being Sunday there was consequently no gunning. But, like good churchmen, we all went fishing. We had some good luck with never a drowning despite the day. On Monday it was the guns again with a smoother sea, something we all appreciated, and plenty of good sport. There was also an incident and a laugh, though not even a smile at the time.

Along in the middle of the afternoon, having quite overlooked taking a jug of water out with us, we were all so dry that a match could

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have been lighted on our tongues. "Say, boys," called Lon from his boat, "I think there is a bottle of pop under the head of the Lizzie. Row back and get it, will you." On the instant we were cast adrift, and the next were headed back for the motor boat, four oars out and pulling as if in a regatta.

We found the bottle and were on the way back with it when in a moment of selfishness Stuart and I decided that we would get in our work first. It was a case of a pint of ginger pop among three thirsty men, you know; also two votes to one in favor of opening the bottle in our boat. So you see we were confronted with great temptation. As the elder in our boat I was deputized to act as master of ceremonies. I had just succeeded in clearing the patent top and was in the act of contemplating the contents through the neck of the bottle when a bunch of coot headed directly for us. I sat down the bottle carefully and quickly as possible. We both grabbed our guns and let 'em go.

With his first barrel Lon from his boat brought down the old drake leader, throwing the whole flock into confusion. Three times the birds came across us, passing and re-passing, vainly seeking their lost chieftain, and every time we fed them lead. Once they came so low that we could almost reach them with our guns. Stuart in his excitement tried it and pulled trigger without putting the butt to his shoulder. Yes, it happened.

Two broken teeth, snapped short off, and a split lip, but curiously enough Stuart got his bird. This made him forget his damaged face for the time. The bird was only wounded, and it was out oars and after him.

Stuart, hot with excitement and pain from his hurts, jumped up into the bow of the boat and began banging away in most reckless fashion, never at any time coming within ten feet of the coot, which creature had started off as if he had business on the other side of the Atlantic. Finally, I managed to swing the boat broadside for the moment, giving me a chance to shoot, and as the coot came up on the crest of a wave and was outlined against the sky, I gave him a barrel. That particular hunt was over. During the battle, fully fifteen shots were fired from both boats, and as for that last coot, more lead was expended on him than on any other bird that fall.

And that bottle of pop! When the shooting was over and the dead collected, we found the bottle resting gently on its side on the bottom of the boat, every drop of its contents spilled. Remarks and explanations by all three were immediately in order, but our thirst, needless to say, went right on accumulating.

Tuesday found us repacking the little trunk, this time thoughtful and slow, for our holiday was at an end. How we hated to pack up, but there was no escape. You all know how it is; you've all been there.

Mrs. Lon surely did the honors that day in the little kitchen. It was a splendid feed. All too soon we found ourselves back on the platform of the little station. Then came the train, a good-bye to Lon until next season, and we were on our way back to Boston.

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REMINISCENCES OF "RAGGED ISLANDS"

Continued from page 527.

Bend, pulling him down from high up in the air with the big "eight." Also the grass was all "tore up" in the deep water off the bend—a sign of canvas "using" there. However, we went to South Point, Davis to Gordon's Bend and Bob Smith to Lane's. We had hardly set out when the fog shut in so thickly we could hardly see the stool, and it did not lift till noon. This spoiled our morning redhead flight, and our bag that day was one redhead and one goose.

"I wonder what Mr. Davis got at Gordon's," Howard remarked when we started for home.

At the club house door both Davis and Smith met us, anxious to see our bag, and I glimpsed a poorly concealed grin when they saw its slimmness. They followed me into the gun room with smiling faces. Ye gods! What a sight! Twenty-six "canvas" lay in state before my eyes. Didn't I wish I'd chosen Gordon's Bend when I heard their story. Davis had had canvas falling all over his stool and had come home to lunch when the flight was thickest. Also he had done wretched shooting, though he had bagged sixteen. "Os" Moore who had been with him said that if Mr. Davis had not come home to lunch and done any decent shooting, he should have killed anywhere from fifty to seventy-five canvas. Think of it! Bob Smith at Lane's had picked up ten that had come to him from Davis's flocks. I decided after that experience that choice of points didn't always mean most birds.

IX.

At "Ragged Islands" I also had my first experience at battery shooting. An outfit was always kept ready aboard the "big boat," a large open sloop or sharpie. It was seldom used, however, except by a few of the club members on very calm days. One such day I determined to try it and had "Os" and Howard tie me out in the "flyway" between Cedar Island and South Point. There was not much moving except numerous bunches of "boobies" or ruddy ducks—"greasers" I believe they call them on the Chesapeake. None of them seemed to fly my way, however, though I kept well down according to instructions from the guides. I constantly heard the whistle of wings, but when I looked up, the birds were always out of range. Finally Moore shoved up to me and said, "What's the matter? Why don't you shoot?"

"At what? I haven't had a chance."

"Yes, you have," was his answer. "Those 'boobies' have been cutting over the stool back of your head all the time you've been in there. Would you like me to try it for a little while?"

I assented and "Os" changed with me while I swallowed some lunch aboard the "big boat." He shot a number of times and on my way back Howard picked up thirteen "boobies" that had fallen to Oscar's gun.

The flight seemed to have ceased when I got in again, but after a long wait a solitary canvasback drake circled around the outfit and lit in the stool back of my right shoulder. I was not posted on the battery man's trick of throwing his feet out of the box and spinning around on a pivot for shots of this kind, so I took a chance from my left shoulder which resulted in a cut lip and the escape of the "canvas." We took up soon afterward, and I went ashore without killing a bird.

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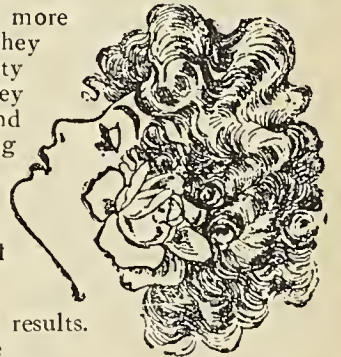
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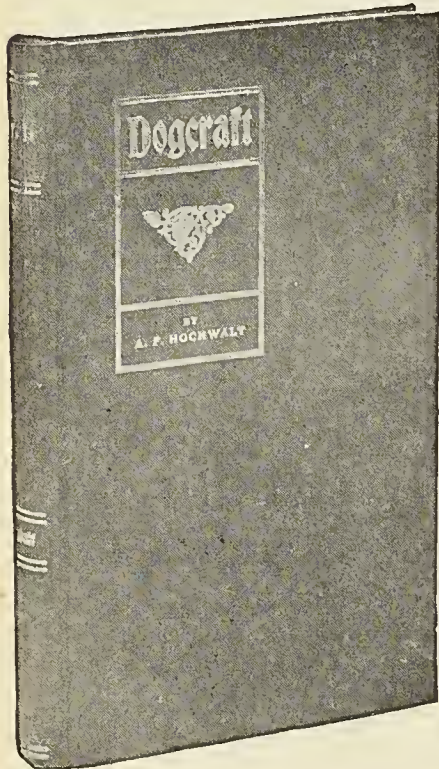
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Kennel Editor THE SPORTSMEN'S REVIEW.

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SWORD FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

THE San Francisco Bulletin of Oct. 5 has the following account:

For about fifteen years past the Catalina Island waters have been the resort of the champion big game fish anglers of the world. Eight-foot swordfish, the swash buckler of the ocean; mighty leaping tunas, giant black sea bass and smaller but none the less game fighting varieties have tested the skill and endurance of expert anglers from all parts of the United States, from England, the Continent, and one rod enthusiast from far-away Nairobi, in Mid-Africa.

Some of these deep-water knights of the rod have made numerous annual visits and expended large sums of money in the endeavor to land a big fish and win a Tuna Club trophy or button.

Various records have been achieved for angling prowess by sportsmen of the Coast, the East and abroad, but it remained for a San Francisco angler, Colonel J. W. Dorsey, to reach the apex of deep-water fame in making a world's record catch of swordfish with a rod and line, tackle of the regulation Tuna Club requirements—a twenty-four strong cuttyhunk line and a six-foot eleven-ounce rod tip, with a flyingfish baited tuna hook.

In a week's fishing with W. B. Sharpe twelve of these big fish were taken. Colonel Dorsey landed eight, the individual world's record catch of swordfish, and also the added record of having caught the five largest of this species ever taken by one angler. His largest fish scaled 249 pounds. Mr. Sharpe caught four, a 260-pound fish, the heaviest of the take, being landed by him. Four of the fish weighed over 250 pounds each.

The club swordfish season closed Sept. 30 with a tally of ninety-six swordfish for this year. Each one of the dozen fish had affixed to its gills one or two remorras, a parasite fish that retains its position by means of suckers.

The Catalina swordfish is described as long and slender in body, rarely running over 300 pounds, the average weight being 150 pounds, making the fish available as a rod and reel consideration. It is one of the most beautiful fishes of the ocean waters, garbed in a purple coat of extraordinary brilliancy, with broad, dark lateral stripes on its back and sides.

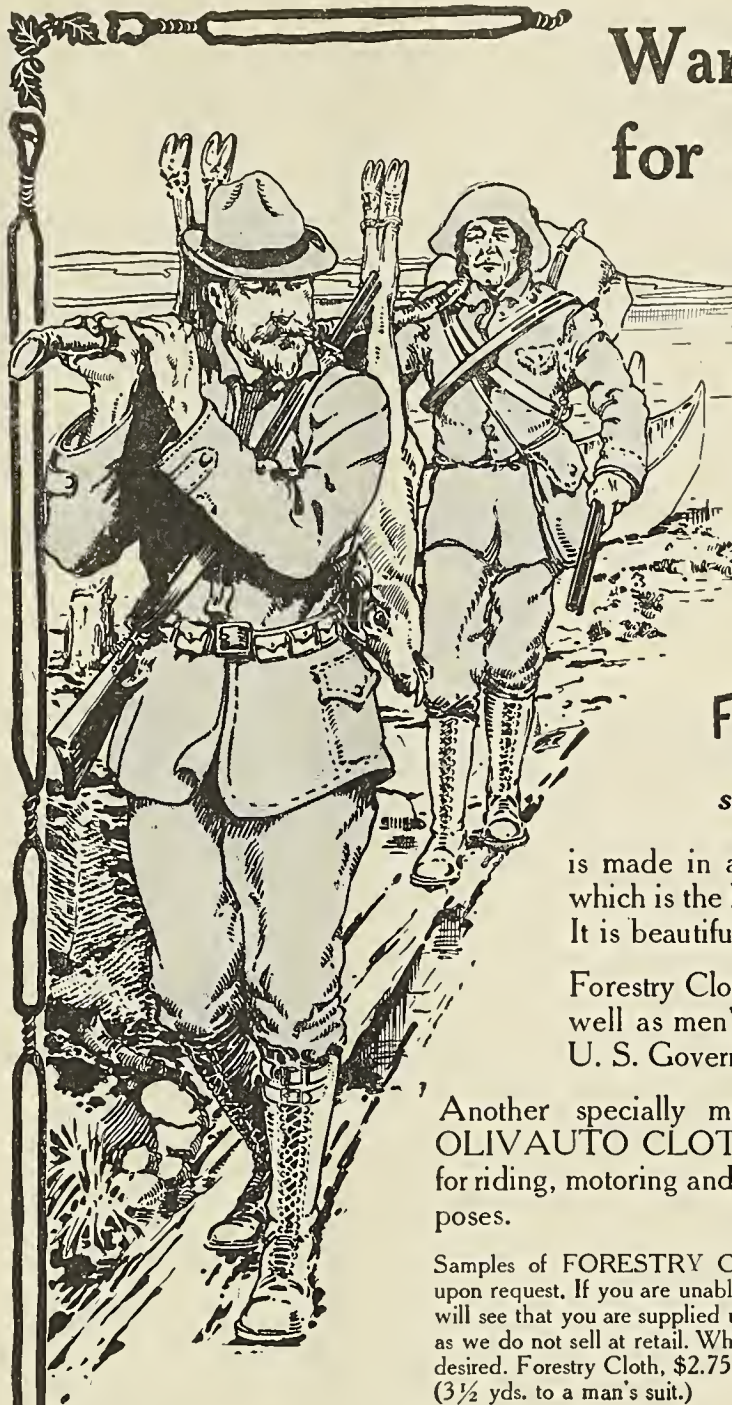
Its sharp sword is much shorter than that of its larger cousin, the common eastern swordfish, also found in our coast waters. The weapon is more of a poniard than a sword; in fact, the fish has virtually two, as the lower jaw is also pointed, sharp and dangerous. A large black eye, silver belly and royal purple back; a wide, crescent-shaped tail; long, slender pectorals and tail, spiny dorsal fin, which rests in a sheath along its back, is the make-up of as debonair a marine lanzknecht as ever swam the seas.

The swordfish preys on fishes of all kinds, dashing into schools of mackerel or other small fry, slashing and cutting them up, then gorging on the pieces, for they are comparatively small-mouthed. Here is where the remorra fish comes in for free lunch.

The swordfish is very pugnacious, some very extraordinary battles having been witnessed between these fishes or in combat with other marine warriors. Data relating to the vicious nature of swordfishes have been compiled, showing a list of boats and ships that have been damaged, rammed or even sunk by them, including injuries inflicted upon human beings.

The first fish caught towed the trolling launch ten miles to sea, turning the big boat around as if it had been a skiff. The longest fight was three hours and forty-five minutes; the average time for gaffing the fishes was one hour.

One fish ran out nearly 1,000 feet of line, another one, supposed to be 200 feet astern, broke water 100 feet ahead and in making the turn ran through the line loop and made a knot. Another one, in fighting, turned, and the heavy wire leader cut him almost to the backbone.



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This fish put up the toughest fight of the bunch.

In fishing for these fish the line is let out 150 or 200 feet; the boat will travel from four and one-half to six miles an hour. The swordfish, like the tarpon, has a very hard mouth. When the flyingfish baited hook is struck the angler gives out line, giving the fish a chance to take the bait. When the "butt" is given and the fish hooked, it generally goes up into the air in a wild, clumsy leap, falling back on its side in a crash—entirely different gymnastics from that of a tarpon or a tuna.

If well hooked, the fight is on, and the swordfish will make a run calculated to give any man's nerves a test. A big one has been known to slip away with 600 feet of line, to the discomfiture of the angler. The average fish can be stopped before this bad luck happens, and then it is that the swordfish of this sea will demonstrate that he is the tiger king of all

game fishes so far as spectacular play is concerned—which is saying much, having the tarpon in view.

A live, healthy tarpon will jump ten or twelve times. One of Colonel Dorsey's fish jumped fifty times, another one caught turned the trick forty-nine times. Many of these jumps were fifteen feet out of the water. Three fish hooked broke the line and got away.

In its dying throes the swordfish, like the dolphin, shows a transition of colors, from the most gorgeous rainbow hues to finally dull gray. Even the dark stripes gradually fade away, and the silver fins become translucent.

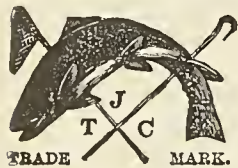
The two largest swordfish taken off Catalina prior to the above catch weighed 392 and 339 pounds. The big catch enabled Colonel Dorsey's boatman, Captain Darrickson, to hold a tie for high-hook boat for the season on swordfish.

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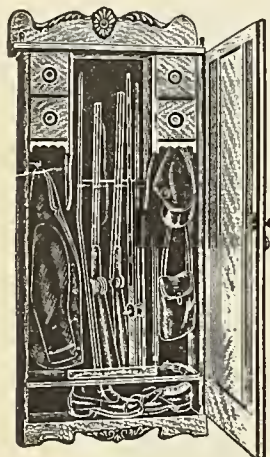
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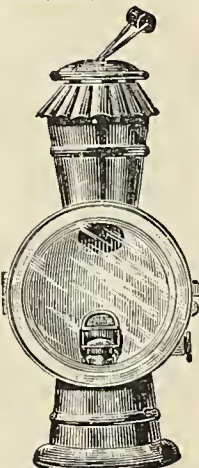


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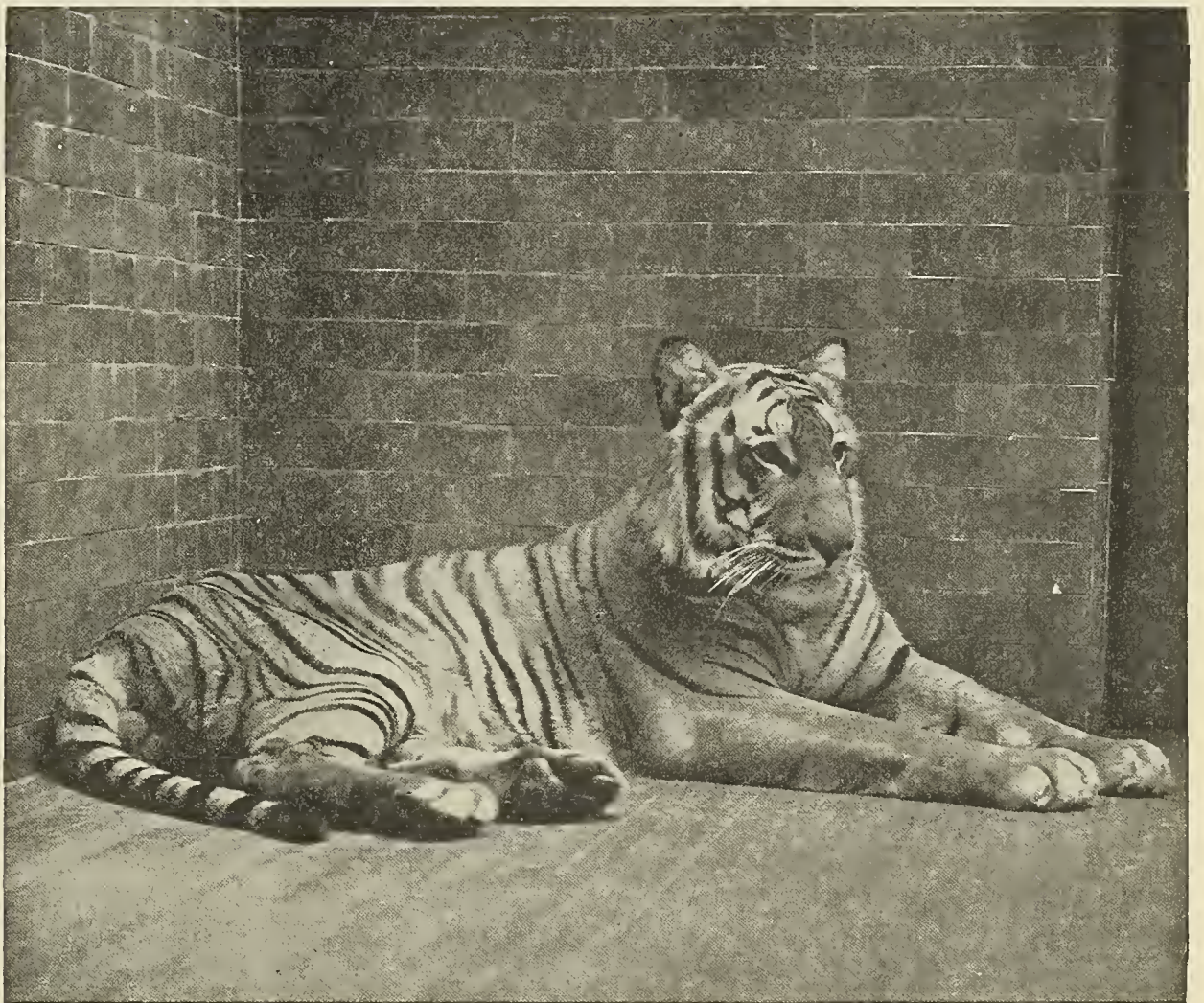
Travel and Colonization

Blank Days in the Arakan Hills, Burmah

By W. R. GILBERT

I THINK Sahib is a little tired," said MounG Gye with a smile in which sympathy and appeal were happily blended. "He has walked since there was light to see the veins in the hand, and certainly this place is very good to stay to-night."

MounG Gye was always anxious lest I should tire myself, or him, and for the merits of a camping place he had an eye which grew hourly keener after noon. He was lazy even for a Burman, and that is saying much; but then he was such an admirable tracker, and so good at organizing a beat that one could overlook his disinclination to over-exert himself. This place was, as he said, a good one to camp for the night, even if we had not fairly earned the right to halt by hours of scrambling along rocky water courses and game paths more or less choked. The track we had been following brought us abruptly out of the jungle gloom upon the crest of a perpendicular bank which overlooked a wide strip of sand overgrown with rank grass in the middle, and with the remains of the rain floods that had cut this road through the forest, lingering in deep, clear pools under either bank. "This place," said MounG Gye, crouching on his heels and jerking his head sideways, "is all water in the rainy season. The Illustrious One sees the water below and over there." MounG Gye had a tendency to insist upon the obvious. I did see the water, particularly the deep, black pool below which must be crossed to reach the hard, dry sand which promised so excellent a bivouac; the strip of water on the opposite side was bridged at intervals by trees whose roots had been undermined by the rushing floods, and whose crests had stuck in the now dry part of the bed. There must be similar bridges on this side, but the path struck the bank at a sharp convexity, and we could not see a dozen yards on either side for the dense undergrowth which overhung the very edge of the miniature cliff. "When the other men came up," said MounG Gye, surveying the scene with the air of a proprietor, "one shall swim across and find a place where the Illustrious One may get over." MounG Gye was always anxious to save me trouble at somebody else's expense. Having made this arrangement he laid down my express, and sought in his waistcoat for a chew of betel nut, which he mouthed contentedly till the rest of my fol-



"IT'S CURIOUS HOW GROOVY A TIGER IS."

lowing arrived, and deputed one of their number to scramble down and swim across. Half an hour afterwards we had everything safely on the sand, having crossed by a convenient tree-bridge which our pioneer pointed out, and to which the men quickly cut a path with their dahs, that useful tool which is ever in the jungle man's hand, to cut firewood, trim a toenail, carve meat or an enemy.

There was still a good hour of daylight, so marking the spot where my bed was to be made—I had no tent—MounG Gye and I started for a stroll. These flood-worn rifts—choungs—in the jungle are numerous up among the hills, and have an interest of their own; for to them to roll, drink, or bathe, comes every beast that can leave a tantalizing foot-

print on the sand, ere he retires again to the dense thickets, where he is only too safe from the rifle.

Following the water's edge, now daily shrinking back, we came on tracks of sambhur, leopard, bear and tiger pugs in plenty, some old, some new; the last were so frequent that we set to work to quarter the ground in search of that well-trodden path, which indicates a tiger's regular beat. It is curious how "groovy" the tiger is when he pursues the way of life undisturbed; he will take the same walk night after night, and if you can by luck happen upon his beat he is yours; you have only to choose your place and wait for him. We made the ground good for half a mile up the winding choung, but though tiger pugs crossed and re-

crossed and ran along it, there was nothing to show a regular path that would be worth watching, and presently my attention was distracted by a peculiar steady rustling among the bamboos on the bank a little to our left front. Mounng Gye, who always kept very close behind me when marks, old or new, of dangerous game were visible, whispered to stop and listen, pointing to the disturbance in the bamboo tops. The feathery crests were quivering, bending and jerking; now a taller crown was seized with an attack of shivers, which suddenly ended in a sharp sweep downward, in response from a pull from below, to whip up again, while a neighbor went through the same performance. Now and again I caught through the foliage a glimpse of a black something, which turned and twisted and writhed.

The first time I saw this mysterious "troubling of treetops," I supposed it was caused by monkeys, and thought to give the animals a surprise. The surprise was chiefly on my side; I had stolen very close when the rustling suddenly ceased, a dozen of smithy bellows heaved blasting sighs, and the bamboos crashed before elephants in full retreat, like dogs through grain.

Now, as we stood watching, came the sounds that betray; the thrash, thrash, thrash of an elephant bruising a trunkful of tough shoots across his knee, and that sigh like the birth of the north wind in the cave of Boreas. We moved forward cautiously, hoping to get a sight of them, but had no chance on that open sand; the rustling in the bamboo tops ceased, and we heard the beasts brushing their way along some open track.

Elephants are numerous in these hills, but it is hardly necessary to say are strictly preserved. You can get leave to shoot one from the deputy commissioner, or, if desired, any village headman will swear away the character of any elephant for 5 rupees, to the end that you may shoot him for a rogue—or vagabond rather—whose death no 500 rupees fine will avenge. I have often been urged to go and slay an elephant chance had sent in the way, the men vowing that they knew his spoor for that of a paddy-thief, who ate acres of grain in a single night in the kwins five days' march away. They would observe, parenthetically, that "elephant flesh is very good to eat."

The elephants gone, we strolled up to the choung with eyes well open; one of the prettiest sights I ever saw was in such a place as this—a narrow stream between wide sand margins winding between steep jungle-clad hill. We were walking in the face of a light evening wind, looking for jungle fowl or what the gods might send to fill an empty pot, when the man who was leading suddenly collapsed in the act of turning a corner round some great boulders and folded himself up in a hole, imploring caution with both hands. My rifle was ready, but apart from fines, it was not a case for using it. Peeping cautiously through a crack between the rocks, I saw how nearly we had disturbed a little nursery comedy. Not seventy yards away, standing out clearly against the sand, was a cow elephant with a young one at the margin of the water. The calf was the merest baby, not, at a guess, over ten hands high; his mother had apparently brought him to have a tub, and he would not get in. I made myself comfort-

able and watched them. First the mother took a step or two into the shallow, swished about her trunk and blew water over her own head; a little besprinkled her child, who shook his ears impatiently. She backed slowly out of the water, when he promptly charged under her to suckle; she pushed him away and caressed him, as it appeared, with her trunk, but he began to scream like a pig, turning his little round stern resolutely upon the water. When he did this his patient mother took sand in her trunk and blew it over herself and him; he seemed to enjoy this. I suppose the sand blast agreeably tickled his hide, and she did it again. Then, after swinging her trunk and tail idly for half a minute, she put her arm—I should say trunk—round the butcha, and blew sand against his belly, which obviously pleased him. Having thus got him into a good temper, she took a short slow step waterward, with her trunk still about him; but the moment the peevish little beast felt the gentle force, he burst out in such a pitiful scream that she gave in and stopped. I was wondering why she did not squirt water over him if he needed a bath, and was drawing some vague comparisons between the intelligence of the unlettered jungle elephant and that of the highly educated graduate of the timber yards, when something in the jungle opposite alarmed the cow. She threw out her ears, and her restless tail became still. I could hear nothing, but after standing statue-like for ten seconds, she wheeled nimbly about, and rolled swiftly up the jungle with the calf close under her flank. Query for the philosophic naturalist: Did the mother cease urging her child to bathe because his squeals might, as they probably did, attract a foe, or was it foolish maternal indulgence?

The elephant receives more praise than he deserves for his cleanly instincts. He does enjoy a bath after a long day's work, but like the other pachyderms, he is very partial to wallowing in mud. I came across a sin-low, or elephant wallow, once up in these hills; it was an oval basin about ten feet in longest diameter, which had been scraped and rubbed into the face of a steep bank. I did not try what the depth of the mud might be, for the path which led to it was wet and slippery, and my nose urged abstention from risk of personal experiment. The smell was awful, for the wallow had been so recently used that wet blots of mud nearly covered the track. It was tolerably deep, as the earth a few inches above the level of the mud was pierced and marked by tusks. The men declared that the elephant used their tusks to break soil into the wallow when the mud became unduly thin; but the character of the holes and scars suggested that wallowers were in the habit of using their tusks as alpenstocks to aid them in clambering out. An elephant is a wonderful climber as we all know, but the paths on either side of this wallow were on an angle calculated to tax the most agile of the species. This mud path obviously owed its beginning to an abrupt dip in the path which ran along the face of the slope. The mud accumulating there in rainy season had been gradually churned deeper, and in no very long time came to be used as a regular wallow.

We turned back soon after disturbing the elephants among the bamboos and turning, had a slight shock. We were walking, as I said,

along the margin of the water, which was overlooked by a low perpendicular bank, smothered with undergrowth; we had gone scarcely forty yards when we were brought up by the sight on the sand of pugs, which were not there when we passed five minutes before, and, looking closely, saw that the water was slowly percolating into the deep impression made by the ball of the tiger's foot, which alighted a few inches from the edge of the pool. The beast clearly had jumped across immediately after we had passed: the wonder was that we did not hear the rustle of the jungle as he sprang, for the gap he made in the grass was plain as the pugs at our feet. He had gone straight up the sand, and I had not the slightest difficulty in tracking him through the strip of grass to the opposite side, where two beautifully clear pugs, showing the claws this time, marked where he had jumped upon a fallen tree which spanned the water. Mounng Gye did not follow me through the grass; he looked in, saw that the place "was not good," and said he would "watch on this side," his motives being those which impelled Mark Twain to go and "see if any Bedouins were coming in the other direction," on a classic occasion. It certainly was a place in which it would have been rash to follow a wounded tiger, as the grass was merely the fringe, hiding a perfect chaos of water-worn holes, boulders, stranded trunks, and flood wreck of all kinds. You might have stumbled over a crouching tiger before you saw him. He had not dallied there for a moment, however, and the excitement was over almost before it had fairly begun.

When we returned to the spot where we left the men, "the sky had shut," as the Burmese put it; in other words, night had closed in. I never carried a tent on these short hill trips, and a camp without a tent is not deserving of the name. The stout basket which contained eatables and table equipage stood forlornly apart with the gun cases, bedding-roll and chair, while the men sat around the fires nursing their knees and watching the rice-pots boil. From the smoke curling slowly overhead fell a constant shower of insects, not too stupified to sting; but the men accepted this trifle with the calm of phlegmatic temperament under a thick skin. Most of the party were content to "laze," but two or three who, combined with energy and taste for good living, (Continued on page 576.)



HUNTING ELEPHANT'S EQUIPMENT AND CREW.

Houseless Housekeeping

By FRANK A. WAUGH

THE wisdom of the ancients" never greatly appealed to me. Their habit of "sleeping with their fathers" seems to have been peculiarly reprehensible and in most cases fatal. Yet in some of their other domestic arrangements they positively had the right idea. For example, take their practice of living in tents. That was good. In one hundred different ways it was better than living in city flats, and though no sane person could ever doubt it, we have been proving it in our own tents this summer. I don't mean that one of us had a cute little striped tent on the garden lawn in which he slept through an occasional pretty night, but the whole big family of us emigrated to the mountains, established ourselves in six khaki army tents, and there lived, cooked, read, wrote and entertained company for weeks at a stretch and were sorry only when a stupid routine of a stupider civilization called us away to live in a house with plumbing and flies and gas bills.

Now a good tent is a thoroughly proper place of residence, and suited to all the reasonable activities of housekeeping. It is cool in hot weather and warm enough in cold weather. Men and women of delicate health now practice outdoor sleeping in tents or porches all winter, which proves they are better off without the hot air furnace. And a good tent is perfectly dry in wet weather if one really cares to miss the joy of the rain. In a tent one can keep as dry as he wishes and still enjoy largely the benefits of the rain. This morning I lay abed two glorious extra hours and heard the steady pat-pat-patter of a heavy rain storm on the fly. I got up for a moment to tie back the tent curtains so that I could see the heavy mists of rain drifting through the treetops. Do any of the most luxurious millionaires in their palaces on Fifth avenue have that pleasure? Why, not even their maids and butlers can get a taste of it.

Thus in our houseless housekeeping do we find the necessities, the comforts and the luxuries of life provided. The real luxuries, native and primal, not the spurious luxuries, invented latterly to mitigate the hardships of civilization. Even the amenities of life are by no means forgotten. As I write these lines during the pleasant rain which continues steadily to pour, a cheery camp-fire blazes on a flat stone in front of my tent door, and the wreath of smoke on the slender stem of flame makes a domestic picture which the best appointed parlors cannot match. Over yonder in the city, people find this a cold, unpleasant morning, and perhaps the most fortunate of them have a gas log to light. What a substitute for a camp-fire! No slender spire of smoke, no incense of burning birchwood, no amiable crackle of coals sputtering in the rain.

At the focus of our camp on a convenient level green is the social camp-fire. All the tents look out toward it. Every evening when the fire is lighted this forms the center of the picture. The inviting blaze throws into relief the big surrounding trees which seem to advance with dignified playfulness out of the mysterious brooding gathering shadows all around. The light flickers on the tents and their denizens, unable



THE MORNING MIST ARISING.

to resist the appeal, come and gather into the social circle for the evening. Was there ever any such domestic opportunity as this in houses? Can any family anywhere find itself touching elbows round a steam radiator? An artist might delight to paint that picture—the thread of white smoke in the midst and the fire surrounded by the family on upturned sap tubs and the circle of big guardian trees. And as an artist might paint it, a saint might bless it.

Our houseless housekeeping is as convenient as it is simple. People talk about household conveniences, but all the modern inventions only complicate life, while simplification offers the greatest convenience of all. We have good beds. In this case they are not made of balsam boughs, though we could well wish they were. But they serve admirably. We have a table with benches alongside. We have napkins. They are made of paper and can be thrown away cheaper than hemstitched napkins can be laundered. We have water from the spring—fresh, cool water which tastes better than seltzer and has no germs in it. We have an extra suit of clothes apiece hanging against the tent poles, and another pair of shoes under the bed. Heart could not desire more. Of if it did we have a shelf of books, too, the

shelf having been built with our own hands, as were the table and benches, and we have a game of pinochle if we were not too much occupied with other entertainment ever to play it, and there is a flute which leads the singing around the evening camp-fire. The picture which hangs in the lady's tent is newly painted by the artist in the family. On the walls of houses in the city they have pictures cut from Sunday papers. Those people live among the comforts of civilization.

After dilating on such glorious blessings as those of our sleeping rooms and our camp-fire, it might seem like an anti-climax to mention our eating. Yet in camp we do truly eat—eat with a frequency and a fervor which bring astonishment and delight to all, even to the cook. For of all the departments of housekeeping in which tent life surpasses house life, the cooking and eating department has the surest supremacy. The simplicity of it is most engaging, as the results are satisfying. The boy scout shows us how to start a fire in the rain, the other youngsters fetch wood, and in a jiffy there is a roaring cook fire. Over this there steams a kettle of chile con carne, reminiscence of the great southwestern desert, or a kettle of pea soup,

equally reminiscent of the Canadian woods, for we get as many human points of view and literary allusions with our camp cooking as city dwellers get with their sermons. Or it may be a clam chowder from Duxbury, or a chicken stew à la Missouri, or the frying-pan may smoke with fish and bacon or a batch of home-made sausage, but whatever it is, a fragrant whiff of it is blown through the woods and presently brings to the long bench under the trees a dozen most admirable appetites.

There are those who suppose that cooking over a camp-fire is a poor makeshifty method. The Inexperienced Person in our company insisted on bringing an oil stove to the camp, but after a week's initiation she has allowed it to rust in the cook tent while she joins the rest of us round the alder wood crane. It is a fact that a fair experience in making up the camp-fire and managing the frying-pan will enable any cooking-wise person to finish his favorite dishes quite as nicely as over the gas range in a town flat. It is an error to suppose that the superiority of camp cookery is wholly in the woods appetites.

But the greatest glory of housekeeping is to provide a home where the different family units meet and fuse easily into a larger whole. The warmth of that fusion, too, should be enough to melt into the same circle the transient guest. That is genuine home life and genuine hospitality. Measured by these, the highest standards of domestic art, our houseless housekeeping still earns our praise. The free family intercourse about the cook tent or the camp-fire is rather better than can be provided for in houses. Here we have as much room as we could have in the biggest palace, and as much intimacy as though we all lived, ate and slept in the kitchen. We meet at a common point with common interests. Yet there is ample space for the expansion of each personality. Everyone can do as he pleases.

Then when company comes the household has something to offer. Awhile ago I said that the kitchen department shines to special advantage when compared with a kitchen in a house, but I might as well say that houseless hospitality also has its indisputable advantages. Into that house, which we call home, we admit guests with trepidation. There may not be room to spare for them, or the carpet on the hall is worn and unrepresentable, or the furniture is not so good as they are used to, or we have not time to spare from pressing duties to entertain them. Oh, dear! But out here in camp there is room for everybody, and the furniture is good enough for anybody. While as for entertainment we can please the stupidest soul, satisfy the most fastidious taste or call out the flashingest social wit. The place is expansive—something very different from expensive. People are natural and at their best. This describes both host and guest. If the visitor wishes to loaf, here are all the facilities. Will he be nervously doing something all the while? We can fully occupy him with mountain climbing, blueberrying, fishing, playing quoits, target shooting, botanizing, bird ogling, story telling, and if he is yet restless and unsatisfied we can put him to the wood pile and the buck-saw. To "entertain" such a guest at home, *id est* to be shut up in a house with him, is a terrible experience. We can take him one turn about the garden and then it is all shown; we can give him a look at the chickens, but he despises them;

we can play him a game of pinochle, only he probably doesn't know that game and wants to make it bridge, but what we finally do is to shut him up in the library and think of an imperative errand down town.

So we pull together the embers of the camp-fire, our guest tells his last and best story, we join in a jolly song, and we separate for the night. Each one takes a long quiet look at the deep blue star-sprinkled dome overhead and goes to bed to the faint far calls of the whippoorwill, glad in his heart that he belongs to a household without a house.

Effective Game Freezer.

WATERVILLE, Minn., Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The accompanying photograph shows a home made game freezer that a friend of mine designed for himself. The capacity of those on the market was not sufficient for him. The galvanized tank in the center of the ice chest is about twenty by twenty by forty inches. The sliding partition in the center of the chest is shown raised. The center tank is for the storing of the game. It is made of the heaviest iron. The top of the game container rests on cleats at the ends of the chest, and is so ar-

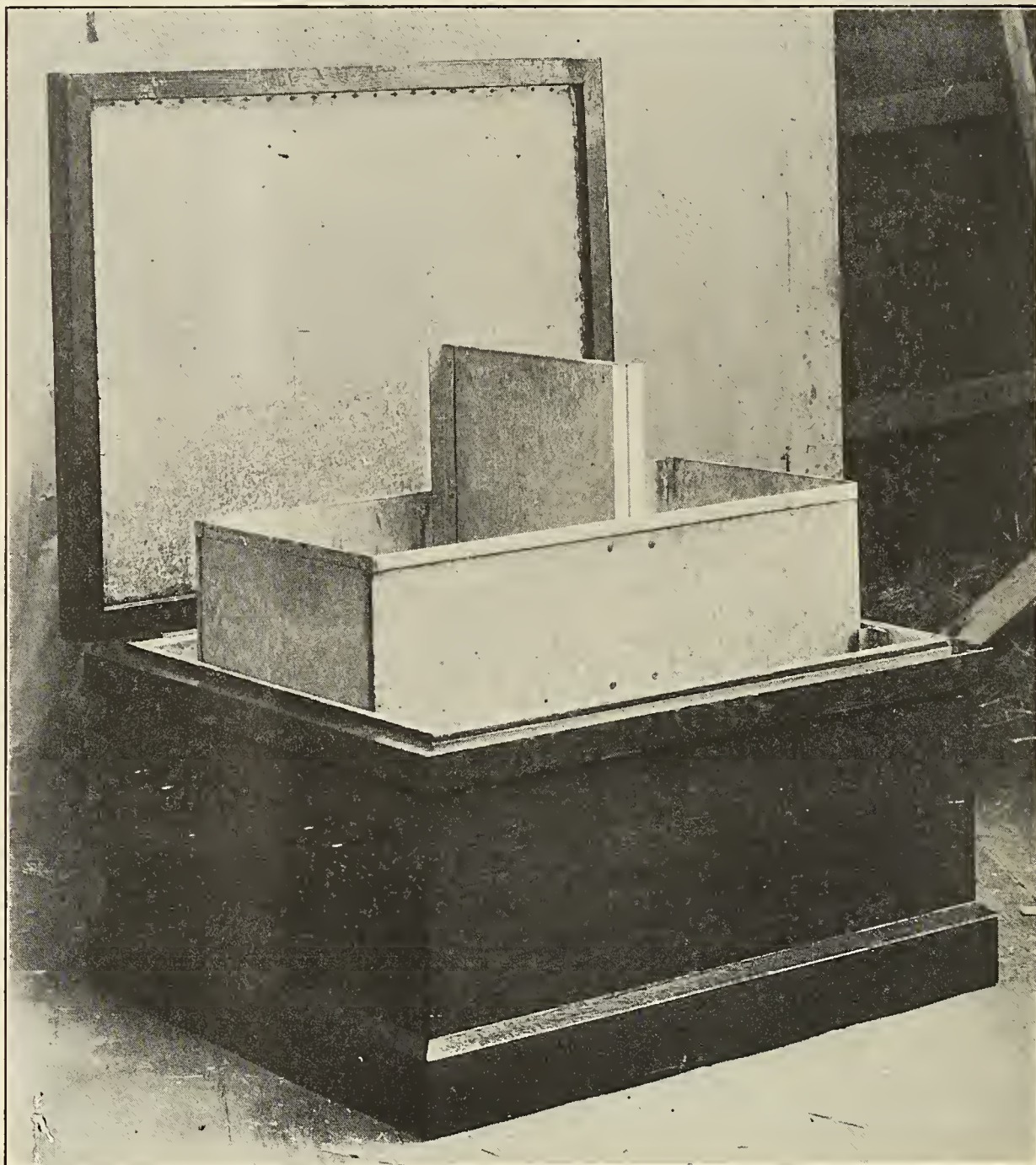
ranged that it will not shake about. It lacks four inches of reaching to the bottom of the chest.

The lining of the chest is of heavy galvanized iron also. It is of the best, and in its making none of the galvanizing was broken off. This is essential owing to the salt water that keeps the game chilled. Ice and salt are packed about the side of the container, and the birds or other game put in the chest will not spoil and have been kept over a week. There is a plug at one end of the bottom of the chest from which to draw off the water if it gets too high on the sides of the container. When the ice and salt are kept in the chest in the right proportions and the cover securely kept down, the container can be placed in a baggage car and will not have to be looked at for forty-eight hours.

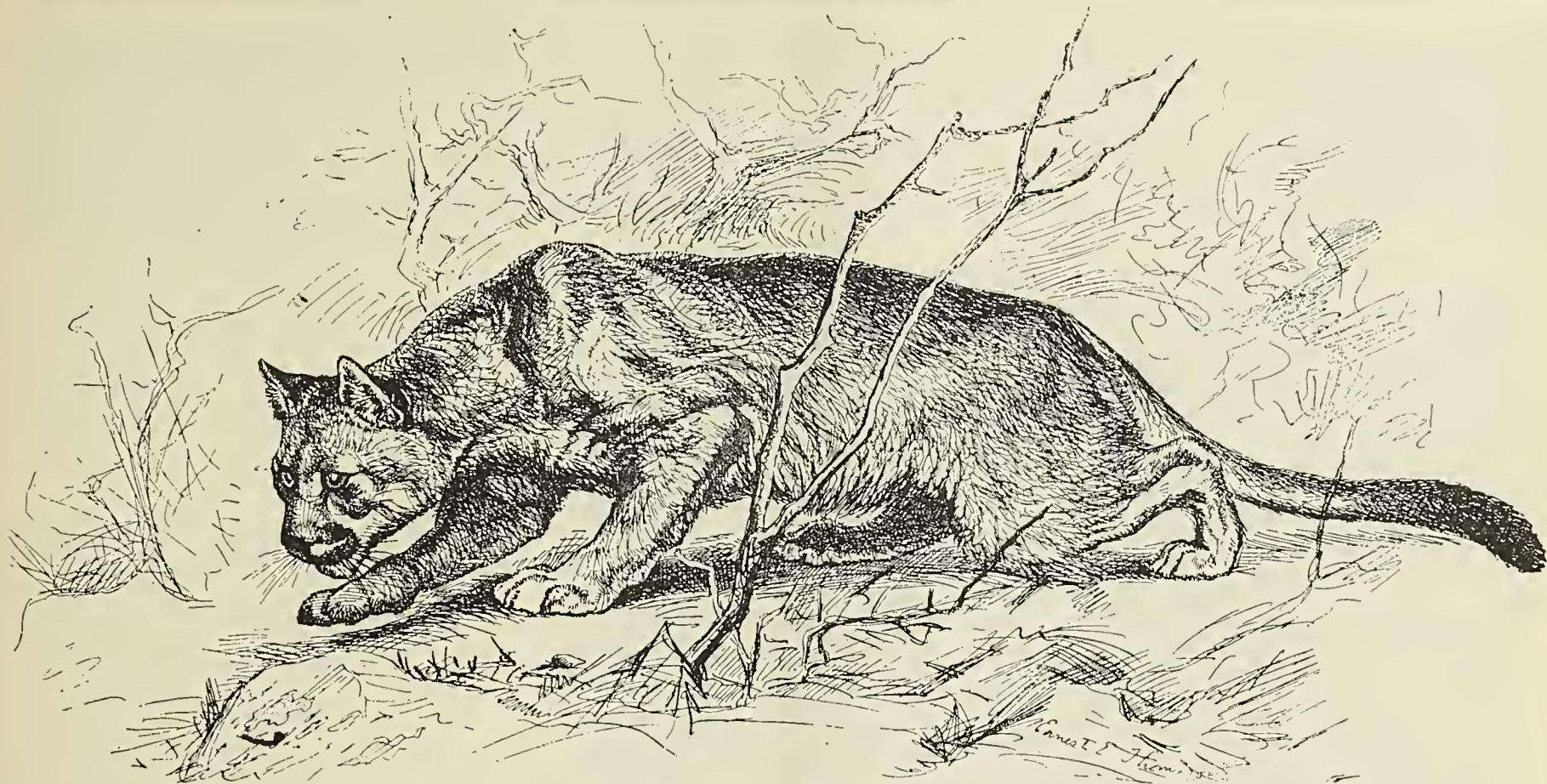
Note that the top is made to fit snugly. Handles are strong to prevent it falling from the hands of railroad employes. If desired, the plug can be withdrawn from the chest and unsalted ice packed about the container for a short trip. The chest may then be placed on a fish rack and drain as the ice melts.

The wood work is of oak, though lighter materials may be used to advantage. A "This Side Up" sign should be placed on the cover of the chest.

AMOS BURHANS.



AN EFFECTIVE GAME FREEZER.



THE SKIN'S FIRST OWNER.

Rearing Fur-Bearing Animals

By RALEIGH RAINES

THE increasing scarcity of many of the fur-bearing animals and the increased demand for furs has for a long time been the subject for considerable attention by the experts of the Department of Agriculture. Until the past session of Congress, however, an appropriation could never be obtained for use in experimenting in the propagation and raising of fur-bearing animals, which lack of funds has seriously retarded and impeded the work along the lines of investigating the possibilities of raising animals purely for the fur markets. Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, introduced a bill during the last session of Congress providing for the investigations and experiments in connection with rearing fur-bearing animals, including the mink and marten, which item was incorporated in the provisions of the agricultural appropriation bill for the current year. The two animals "mink and marten" are enumerated in the law, which was done to insure that the investigations and experiments would include these two very valuable fur-bearing animals. Of course the law would permit the investigations to include other animals, as no kind of fur-bearing animal is expressly prohibited, but for the present it is probable that the experiments will be limited to the two animals mentioned. There has been some question about the appropriation being available for the purpose mentioned, notwithstanding that the law specifically names the animals, therefore it was necessary for the Treasury Department to render a decision interpreting the provisions of the appropriation, which has just been done, allowing the Department of Agriculture to proceed with the experiments and investigations in raising the mink and marten. The fur farm will be imme-

diately established, and located in the State of Idaho, probably in the mountain region, where it gets good and cold, as the cold climate appears to be necessary for the production of good quality of furs. This industry of fur farming appears never to have been tried anywhere on a scientific scale, though there have been several successful private experiments in raising the rare black, blue and silver foxes for their skins. These experiments in fox farming have been especially successful in parts of Canada. The Department of Agriculture plans to begin with the raising of the mink and marten, as they are two reasonably prolific animals whose skins are not only valuable, but are becoming scarcer every year. The wholesale prices of these pelts vary with locality, because the color of the fur varies with climatic influence, the best pelts coming from the colder climates, which produces the best colors. The average prices for mink skins varies from less than a dollar each in the South, which produces thin fur, and lighter in color, while in Alaska the pelt ranges in price from \$6 to \$7, and in New England the prices range even higher. The marten skins are more expensive and are commonly known as "Hudson Bay sable" and are worth from \$8 to \$10 each wholesale, according to the thickness and color of the fur. Some of the very fine skins of the marten sell for even higher prices and have brought \$50 each, though the pelt is scarcely larger than a rabbit skin. In Europe they have the marten also, where it is usually known as the stone marten or the tree marten, the pelts being worth from \$8 to \$10 each and are used extensively for dyeing and patching. When it comes to the genuine sable, the price goes up with a rush, for

there is a wide variation in color and quality, but high class skins have been sold for as much as \$500 each. The Department of Agriculture intends to begin modestly in the fur-raising work, because breeding stock for good animals is expensive, and moreover there will necessarily be a great deal learned about the food and habits of the animals in captivity. When experiments were first begun in raising the fox in captivity, it was thought that the industry would never become successful and profitable, until it was discovered that the female must have a small inclosure by herself. When this first principle was learned, the success was insured, and now there are several valuable fox farms. Some of the breeders are rearing animals that almost always come black, and some of them have been sold for fabulous prices, bringing in many cases from \$2,000 to \$3,000 each. These experiments in fur farming by the Department of Agriculture will be watched with interest not only by the trappers, fur dealers, and buyers of raw furs, but by the public in general, especially those who wear fur garments, as the prices of manufactured furs have steadily increased for the past few years. In the case of the mink and marten it will not be very difficult for the department to secure desirable breeding stock. As the experiments and investigations progress, it is the intention and purpose to extend the work to include other fur-bearing animals until it is demonstrated which of the fur-bearing animals can be raised for profit. The publication of the experiences along these lines of investigations will be of great interest and promises to become one of the most popular as well as valuable works the department has attempted.



NATURAL HISTORY



MALE AND FEMALE ELEPHANT SEALS.

Reprinted from issue of April 29, 1911.

Mammals of the Albatross Expedition.

IN Volume XXXI, of the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, Dr. Charles H. Townsend writes of the mammals brought back by the Albatross Expedition in 1911, the expedition on which the colony of elephant seals was found at Guadaloupe Islands. The finding of a considerable colony of an enormous mammal supposed to be extinct was perhaps the most spectacular result of the expedition, but from the scientific standpoint many other results were equally important. The Albatross brought back 259 specimens of mammals, representing fifty-nine species, of which ten from the islands of the Gulf of California, appeared to be undescribed. These mammals belong to many groups. Woodrats, pocket mice and deer mice were especially abundant. Deer and coyotes, lynx, foxes and raccoons were found at various points. The only locality for the elephant seals was at Guadaloupe Islands. New species were found on the islands of Tiberon, Angel de la Guardia, San Esteban and Carmen. Tiberon, the largest island in the Gulf, about thirty miles long by fifteen in width, has long been famous as the home of the Seri Indians, who have had the name of being invariably hostile, and are said to have been the most primitive people known in North America. The Angel of the Guard is near the western coast of the Gulf, and while now uninhabited, yet shows signs of former occupancy, as pointed out by Geo. H. Gould in *FOREST AND STREAM*. San Esteban is a large mountainous island, without fresh water and uninhabited, while on the island of Carmen there are important salt works.

A single mountain sheep, the sub-species known as *cremnotates*, was seen, but four pairs of horns were secured. The Lower California antelope, of which a head was brought back, is

now rare. The Lower California deer and the Tiberon Island deer were abundant, and specimens were secured, but the Cedros Island deer is probably now extinct. Most of the mammals brought back were hares, mice and rats, among which there were several new sub-species. Four species of bats are found in the collection. Elephant seals and California sea lions were noted, but no specimens of the Lower California fur seal, which has not been seen since 1894. The wolf of Tiberon Island proves to be a new species and was named for Arthur Curtiss James, of New York, through whose generosity the museum was enabled to co-operate in the expedition of the Albatross.

The paper, which is illustrated by two plates, possesses great interest.

No More Black Fly Bites.

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Please note the accompanying clipping from the Therapeutic Gazette, one of our most reliable medical journals. If this is all that is claimed for it, it will prove to be a boon to sportsmen, particularly those in the Southern States. Please publish it and ask for the report of experiences.

CHAS. T. McCLINTOCK, M.D.

The clipping follows:

BITES OF INSECTS.—Neal writes to the China Medical Journal for March, 1912, that he has found the following procedure very useful: Take one ounce of Epsom salt and dissolve it in one pint of water, wet a bath cloth so that it will not drip and rub the body well all over, and not wipe afterward, but dress, and flies, gnats, fleas, bedbugs, mosquitoes, etc., will never touch you. If one is exposed more than usual, being near water, or in a forest, then make a

somewhat stronger solution, wet a cloth and rub the face, neck, ears and hands well—do not wipe, but allow it to dry; it will leave a fine powder over the face that the most bloodthirsty insect will not attack. Besides, the solution is healing and cleansing; it will heal the bites, subdue the consequent inflammation, and cure many diseases of the skin.

Mutual Aid Among Wild Animals.

BY W. J. MURRAY.

THE gregarious habit is very generally in animated nature, especially among mammals and birds. Those animals of a solitary kind are decidedly in the minority; and, owing to their comparatively unprotected condition, they are constantly exposed to the attacks of their natural enemies, while the associated animals are saved by the wisdom and acuteness of their wisest members, and by the strength which results from united action.

A great many hoofed animals, such as antelopes, deer, goats and elephants, live in herds; which are not mere irregular crowds, but regular organized bands, with definite conventions, and with a power of united resistance which frequently enables them to successfully withstand the attacks of predatory carnivores. Most monkeys, as individuals, are comparatively defenseless, and, as a rule, are not disposed to come to close quarters with their enemies; yet, when in a body, they are often formidable, and are frequently able to help one another out of difficulties.

Brehm relates how he encountered a troop of baboons which were able to defy his dogs and to retreat in good order up the heights. A baby baboon being left behind called loudly for help. One of the large males courageously returned, went to the young one and carried it up the heights in triumph—the dogs being too much astonished, apparently, to make any attack.

A rabbit is generally supposed to be a stupid little animal, yet he makes an excellent sentinel in keeping watch while the others are feeding. On seeing danger, he kicks the earth in his burrow violently, by means of which the whole warren becomes alarmed and flees to safety.

Some of the most successful carnivorous animals, such as wolves, hunt in packs; and many birds of prey, such as eagles, vultures and kites act in unison for the purpose of destroying their quarry. Combination, for the purposes of defense, has its counterpart in combination for attack. In each case the united action is usually associated with the practice of posting sentinels to warn the rest, or of sending out scouts to reconnoiter.

Specially interesting are those instances in which the comparatively weak combine to attack the strong; thus, for instance, a few kites will rob an eagle, and wagtails will persecute

and harass a sparrow-hawk. Kropotkine relates how the aquatic birds, crowding on the shores of seas and lakes, frequently combine to drive off intruding birds of prey.

Brehm calls attention to the fact that many monkys act in complete concert in their plundering expeditions, sending out scouts, posting sentinels, and even forming a long chain for the transport of the spoils. When a Brazilian kite has captured a prey too large for it to carry, it summons its friends to its aid.

Pelicans fish together in large companies, forming an extended semi-circle, facing the shore, and catching the fish thus inclosed.

But, perhaps, of all cases of combined action for a common end, the migration of birds of passage is at once the most familiar and the most interesting—the mustering of the birds, the excitement leading up to the departure, the trail flights, the confidence placed in the guides and chosen leaders of the movement. Migration is usually social, and is sustained by tradition.

The social habits of the beavers are well known. The Indians have invested this rodent with immortality. Certain it is they show more sagacity than can be explained by heredity habit, for they frequently adapt their actions to new conditions with an aptitude, and in a manner that must be regarded as nothing short of intelligent, especially when we bear in mind that the beaver belongs to a rather stupid race of rodents. Perhaps being more socialized than others of its kind may account for its cleverness.

Many birds, such as rooks, starlings and swallows build their nests together, and their sociality is frequently advantageous to them. Kropotkine, quoting from Dr. Coues, refers to some cliff swallows which built their nests in a colony quite near the home of a prairie-falcon. "The little peaceful birds had no fear of their rapacious neighbor; they did not even let it approach to their colony. They immediately surrounded it and chased it, so that it had to make off at once."

In regard to cranes, the same authority notes that they are very "sociable, and live in friendly relations, not only with their congeners, but also with most aquatic birds." They post sentries, send out scouts, have numerous friends and few foes; and are very intelligent. Parrots are faithful associates; and the members of each band stick closely to each other through good or ill luck. They feed together, and fly together, and find enjoyment, as well as protection in combination, and, with the exception of man, they appear to have few enemies.

The social habits of ants and bees, and their wonderful skill and power of organization in everything connected with the well-being of their communities, are well known to all who are familiar with country life; and writers like Sir John Lubbock (now Lord Avebury) and others have greatly added to our store of knowledge on this highly interesting subject.

The foregoing natural features of animal life would seem to warrant the conclusion that, whatever may be the varying degrees of intelligence observed in the lower animals regarding general subjects, there can be no doubt, in all things appertaining to their own safety and welfare, they show, on the whole, remarkable sagacity and rare wisdom in many instances.

Again the Wild Pigeon.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with a great deal of interest the contribution of Ernest L. Ewbank, whom I know personally to be an excellent observer and a "king" fisherman, on the subject of the wild pigeon in Western North Carolina in your issue of Sept. 28, and particularly that part of it which stated that all the great flocks that he saw were traveling south.

Some thirty odd years ago, during my early boyhood, I was always allowed to spend the period from about the 10th of May to the 20th of November of each year with my grandfather at his summer residence at Flat Rock, Henderson county, North Carolina, in the heart of what was then a really wild mountain country, and every fall I looked forward to the coming of the wild pigeons. I became very familiar with them, for from the time of their arrival until we began our return journey to the low country of South Carolina there was generally a string of them hanging in the pantry, and I never tired of admiring their iridescent neck plumage and the fiery orange eye of the male in its red setting, and incidentally of eating them. I don't remember many very large flocks, but I do remember distinctly the passage of one that must have contained many millions and strangely enough, to judge from Mr. Ewbank's experience, it was flying nearly due west. I know this because the window from which I saw it faces north, and a projection of the house cut off my view of the east, the direction from which the flock was coming and the south, so that I could not get a view of the breadth of the whole flock at any time. The darkening of the rising sun and the beating of their wings made me rush to the window and get my head out long before our old nurse came running in to tell me to "Git right up and look at de pigeons comin'," and as far as I could see to the west and north the great flock extended, a sight that I will never forget. Looking back over the years it seems to me that it was a long time in passing, but probably it did not take many minutes. At any rate, I never saw its like again.

I suppose the direction of this flight was determined by the search for food, and it seems to me that its presence in large quantities or absence, in a given region, must often have had much to do with the travels of a bird whose migrations, as I recollect them, were irregular as compared with the periodic migrations of birds flying to other continents, and whose numbers were almost incredible.

Smaller flocks were fairly frequent, as I recollect it, during the late seventies and early eighties, and occasionally my grandfather, who was a splendid wing shot, would shoot a few stragglers during some afternoon flight from the terraces with his little muzzleloading Joe Manton, afterward my most cherished possession, and which disappeared mysteriously while I was in the North at school. Still, it is "better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." I killed my first bird with it, but as one of the members of the family, owing possibly to certain Civil War experiences, was, as one of the servants put it, "Berry timerish 'bout gun," it was some time before I was allowed to use it alone, and during those dismal years I was forced to indulge my sporting proclivities at second hand

by trailing after such of my more fortunate companions as were allowed to carry guns, and I hoped might be unselfish enough not to want to do all the shooting. On two of these occasions I remember coming across wild pigeons. The first was one cold ashen-red afternoon in early November, when I sat as ordered with another small boy on the bank of a pond, while the proud possessor of a single-barreled muzzleloader successfully sneaked up on a small flock and raked a dead limb covered with pigeons and actually got enough to divide—not equally—but still to divide, and the second was a year or two later, much earlier in the fall, when after staying as long as I dared with a companion at a pond, waiting for ducks that never came, I saw on my way home a single pigeon and ran back nearly a mile to tell him about it. Post haste we hurried to the spot and again the pigeon, the last I ever saw in the woods, flew up and he shot it. I remember just how it looked when we picked it up, and that we could find neither ruffled feather nor trace of a wound, and I never pass the spot without thinking of it.

Shortly afterward my regular school days began and by Oct. 1 I had to be in Charleston, so I never knew of my own knowledge whether the pigeons ceased to come to the North Carolina Mountains gradually or all at once. Two years ago I asked one of the mountaineers who used to supply us with pigeons and game about it, and he said that he didn't remember, but now Mr. Ewbank has settled the point for me by saying in effect that this year they were and the next they were not. In those days there were no railroads in that part of Western North Carolina, and the Charleston gentlemen who owned places there were obliged to send their traveling carriages to Greenville on the upper edge of South Carolina, and then drive up forty miles or more over the mountains. It was a very sparsely settled region, and the people who lived there used the rifle and not the shotgun. Birds of all kinds were practically undisturbed by the natives, except the wild turkey, and with its millions of uninhabited, inaccessible acres, teeming with food, this "land of the sky," it seems to me would have been looked upon by the wild pigeons as a natural place of refuge, to which they would have continually returned had any of them survived the slaughter at their last great nesting ground. Apparently none of them did, but at any rate it is now "all up" with *Columba migratoria*. DRAYTON F. HASTIE.

Michigan Bird Life.

It was in 1893 that Prof. A. J. Cook published, as a Bulletin of the Michigan Agriculture Experiment Station, a list of the "Birds of Michigan." This paper was a list, and little more than that, though it gave some facts as to distribution. The notes on the habits of the different species were brief. It contained 149 pages.

Prof. Barrows' handsome volume, which has just come from the press at Lansing, Mich., has 822 pages, with seventy plates, besides many figures in the text. It deals with 326 species. It is a special bulletin of the Department of Zoology and Physiology of the Michigan Agricultural College.

Prof. Barrows has cut out from Mr. Cook's list about thirty species, and has introduced

twenty species that were not found in the earlier list.

As might be imagined from what we know of the geography of the State of Michigan, its bird population is large and the number of species considerable. Michigan ornithologists, and especially members of the Michigan Ornithological Club, have been cordial in their efforts to assist Prof. Barrows in preparing this volume, as have also many ornithologists throughout the United States, notably members of the Biological Survey in Washington.

The volume opens with an introduction which lays an admirable foundation for the excellent material to follow. This introduction deals with climate, distribution of plant and animal life, with bird life in Michigan and recent changes in that life, points out how to study birds, gives an example of the use of the keys and concludes with an interesting discussion of migration and then an artificial key to the larger groups.

The list of the birds follows. The bird's name comes first, followed by popular synonyms and a reference to plate or figure; then are given its distribution, a compact account of its habits and finally a technical description of the species. A key for use with specimen precedes each family and will be found very useful. There are six appendices devoted to additions and corrections; a hypothetical list, a bibliography, glossary of technical terms, outline and classification of North American birds and a list of contributors. The work concludes with a full index. The volume is one of very great usefulness to all ornithologists, and no one at all interested in the bird life of the Middle West can afford to be without it.

Sportsmen will feel a peculiar interest in Prof. Barrows' remarks on the game birds—especially the gallinaceous birds—whose story is a sad one. The wild turkey has been exterminated. The willow ptarmigan—always rare—is no longer found in Michigan. The spruce partridge, once common, has disappeared with the forests from most of the land. The prairie chicken, formerly abundant, is almost gone and only a very, very few sharptail grouse remain. Bobwhite, through over-shooting and severe winters, has grown much scarcer, though still abundant in some localities in the southern part of the State.

Prof. Barrows speaks of the enormous service of the quail in consuming immense quantities of harmful insects during the warmer half of the year, and the fact that it feeds on the seeds of weeds, which are among the worst enemies of the farmer. He adds: "If the farmer had a little more foresight he would keep his acres well stocked with these birds, feeding them about his barns and strawstacks during severe winters, and posting his land to prevent shooting without permission. Under such conditions he could get all the benefit to be derived from the presence of the birds during the summer, and might still give his friends good shooting in the fall or even rent the shooting privilege under certain restrictions, as is sometimes done in other parts of the country."

The only one of the non-migratory game birds which is in any degree holding its own is the ruffed grouse, of which two forms—the common and the northern—appear to be found.

"GET your principles right," said Napoleon, "and the rest is a matter of details."



Shooting Conditions in Different States

In Fuller Detail, as Promised Last Week

Alabama.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Alabama has always been a great game State, and under the operation of the game law system now in force, every species of native birds and animals have increased.

Deer are found in more than fifty counties. These animals are fairly abundant along the rivers in the southern portion of the State.

Black bear occur in the counties of Baldwin, Mobile, Washington and Clarke. They are frequently hunted by sportsmen who succeed each year in bagging quite a number of these animals.

Wild turkey have been seen within the last year in all of our counties. That provision of the law restricting the killing of this, the most aristocratic birds of the forest, to gobblers, has caused turkeys to rapidly increase.

Squirrels are to be found everywhere. These animals, however, are not generally hunted by sportsmen.

Doves are quite plentiful and are a much sought after bird during August and September of each year, when large numbers are killed.

Duck shooting is fine along the rivers and in the bays during the fall and winter. For the last few years the flights have been exceptionally heavy, and ducks have been inclined to remain in Alabama for a longer period than before.

Wild goose shooting is a fascinating sport enjoyed annually in the Tennessee River that runs through the northern portion of Alabama. Wild geese spend a great portion of the day on the mussel shoals, only leaving the river to feed in the early morning or late afternoon.

A few woodcock are killed each year.

Snipe and plover, during the spring, are very abundant.

The most popular game bird of Alabama is the quail. These birds are found in great abundance in every section of the State. Quail shooting is enjoyed by Alabama sportsmen with the keenest zest possible. Many bebies are now found within the limits of incorporated cities and towns. The practice of trapping and netting these birds, and the shipping of them out of the State to Northern markets has been absolutely stopped. For many years shippers of quail thrived in Alabama. They had agents in nearly all of the counties who collected the live birds and expressed them to the concentrating point from which they were transported alive to restock the depleted fields and to be served on the tables of the restaurants in distant States.

The pursuit of quail possesses many fascinations. It is in the enjoyment of this sport that the well-trained pointer and setter can be seen to best advantage. The thrill that pervades the being of the happy hunter when his dogs make game, the delight that is his when with two well directed shots he brings down "a double" on a bevy rise, the sport he enjoys in

seeing his dogs pick up the "singles" furnishes recreation incomparable.

Quail are most highly esteemed by our people as an elegant article of diet, and their numbers have so largely increased that they are found in practically every spot adapted to their habits.

By reason of the fact that quail are found in such great abundance, Alabama has come to be the field trial center of the American continent.

JOHN H. WALLACE, JR.,
State Game and Fish Commissioner.

Arizona.

WINSLOW, Ariz., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The northern part of Arizona being mountainous, big game is very plentiful, such as bear, deer and turkey, and very few hunters go out from this section of the country but what get the limit on deer and some turkey, and occasionally a bear. Ducks are also very plentiful and some geese during the fall and winter.

Other game such as mountain lion, timber wolves and bobcats are also too plentiful for the stock interests of the country, and there is also big game such as mentioned above in nearly all parts of the State, but more abundant in the northern part. Quail, dove and white wings are very plentiful in the southern part.

CHAS. M. BLEDSOE, Marshal.

Georgia.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Never in the history of the State have game birds been so numerous, particularly quail or bobwhite, and partridges. For two seasons past the hatching conditions have been ideal. Forest fires that have in the past destroyed more birds, nests and eggs probably than anything else have not been so numerous and destructive on account of the frequent rains. While the hatching seasons have been favorable, the weather has been unfavorable and too wet for hunting, with the result that birds have multiplied amazingly. As many as three broods have been hatched off by the same pair this season, and nearly all of them are healthy, and the first hatch is now large enough to kill.

The statement that bobwhites are more numerous now than ever before in the State might be questioned by those who will argue that they must have been more plentiful years ago before pointer and setter dogs and shotguns and good shots were so numerous, but there are two reasons why the birds then were not as numerous as now. In former years, before we had in this State what is known as the stock law, swine ranged at large in all of the State, and they found more partridge nests than any other enemy, and of course destroyed every egg, and often the very young birds. Then the forest

fires, in the wire grass section, the lower half of Georgia and the ideal quail country, burned annually over the entire area. Lands were cheap and cattle and sheep were the principal property of the residents of that section, and for the sake of the pastures in the early spring or late winter, the woods were burned and fire swept across large areas, destroying the birds as well as other property.

Doves are hardly as numerous as they were a few years ago before they were destroyed by thousands over baited fields, but they are multiplying rapidly.

The dove and quail season opens in this State on the 20th day of November.

Ducks are plentiful along the coast, but they come in spasmodic flights, and the sport is often disappointing on that account.

The deer season is from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1, and the season bag limit is three bucks; fawn and doe are protected. The deer are not numerous except on the islands of the coast, although some deer may be found in almost every county in the State.

Wild turkey are plentiful in some of the swamps in South Georgia, and gobblers may be killed from Nov. 20 to March 1; same season as partridges, doves and plovers.

Squirrels are common to every county in the State, and very numerous in the southern half and the extreme northern counties, and also along the rivers of middle Georgia.

The wire grass section of Southern Georgia is now the greatest quail shooting field in the Union, the quantity of game and the forest conditions considered.

J. E. MERCER, Commissioner.

Kansas.

TOPEKA, Kan., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kansas is essentially an agricultural State. The entire State is now in use either for agriculture, horticulture or stock raising purposes. This is a serious drawback to nearly all kinds of game.

Prairie chickens were formerly common in the eastern half of this State. Now they are confined to a few localities in the western third of the State, and particularly to a few counties in the southwestern corner. In these localities there is still a considerable number of these birds. However, there is very little winter food for the prairie chickens, and they would soon become extinct if it were not for the fact that ranchers supply them with kaffir corn for food during the winter months.

There is only one more resident game bird—the quail—that is really worthy of mention. Quail are more or less common all over this State, except in the open prairie counties where there is little or no protection for them. They do well even in thickly settled communities. However, intensive farming, which means that the brush patches are being grubbed up, and that ravines, woody places and rough ground is being pastured, makes it more difficult each year for these birds to find suitable places to live. They usually seek the open meadows, and particularly the alfalfa fields for nesting purposes. Thousands of nests are destroyed each year, as the birds are usually on their first setting of eggs about the time the alfalfa fields are mowed for the first crop of hay.

Last winter was a very severe one, and in

PLEASE POST WARNING!

Information on Forest, Game and Fish Laws.

When, how and where you may Hunt and Fish.

OPEN SEASON GAME

DEER—(with horns over four inches long) Oct. 15th. to Dec. 1st. **SQUIRREL**--(Gray, Black, Red, Fox) Sept. 1st. to Dec. 1st. **RABBIT** and all fur bearing animals, no closed season. **SKUNK**— is protected in counties where protection has been approved by majority of voters. It is unlawful to pursue deer with dogs at any time.

BIRDS

QUAIL--(Virginia Partridge) Nov. 1st. to Dec. 1st. **RUFFED GROUSE**--(Pheasant) Wild Turkey. Oct. 15th. to Dec. 1st. **PLOVER, SAND PIPER, WOOD COCK, REED BIRD, RAIL, (Ortolan)** July 15th to Dec. 20th. **SNIPE**--Oct. 15th. to March 1st. **DUCK**--(except wood duck) **GOOSE, BRANT**, Sept. 1st. to April 20th Foreign game birds, wood duck, no open season. English Sparrows, Owls, Hawks, Eagles, Crows and King Fishers, may be killed at any time; all other non-game birds are protected at all times.

BAG LIMITS--12 quail, 6 ruffed grouse, 2 wild turkeys in a day or
96 " 25 " " 6 " " in a season.

FISH

JACK SALMON (commonly called Jack fish or white salmon) June 15th. to April 15th. **TROUT** or landlock salmon. April 1st. to Sept. 1st. Black, green, willow and rock bass, pike or pickerel, June 15th. to April 15th. In Brooke, Hancock and Ohio counties, the open season on the last named fish is from May 29th. to April 15th.

UNLAWFUL

To hunt or fish on Sunday; to hunt or fish on the enclosed or improved lands of another, without written permission; to sell or buy, or transport out of the State, or serve at hotel or restaurant--protected birds, game or fish; to maintain a dam or other thing which obstructs the easy passage of fish up or down the stream, without a suitable fish-way; to allow to enter any stream of water, saw-dust or other matter deleterious to fish; to catch fish, kill birds or game out of season; to use seines, except in the Ohio river, when properly registered; to kill or catch game fish, except with rod, hook and line, or by trot line; to set out forest fires; to catch fish under size, as prescribed by law; to catch by seine, net, bait, trap or snare, or any kind of device--wild turkey, ruffed grouse or quail; to shoot or discharge fire arms across any public road, or within 400 feet of any school house, or on the lands of another--within 600 feet of an occupied dwelling house; to hunt without a license, unless you are a citizen of West Virginia. To carelessly wound or kill any human being, or any live stock constitutes an offense punishable by a fine not to exceed one thousand dollars, and a jail sentence of one year.

FELONY

To use any dynamite, or other explosive mixtures for the purpose of killing fish.

I earnestly ask the co-operation of every citizen of West Virginia, in helping to enforce the law. Any information of violations given will be appreciated, and the name of the informer will be kept strictly confidential.

J. A. VIQUESNEY,

Belington, W. Va.

Forest, Game and Fish Warden.

 UP-ON PUBLISHING CO. CHARLESTON, W. VA.

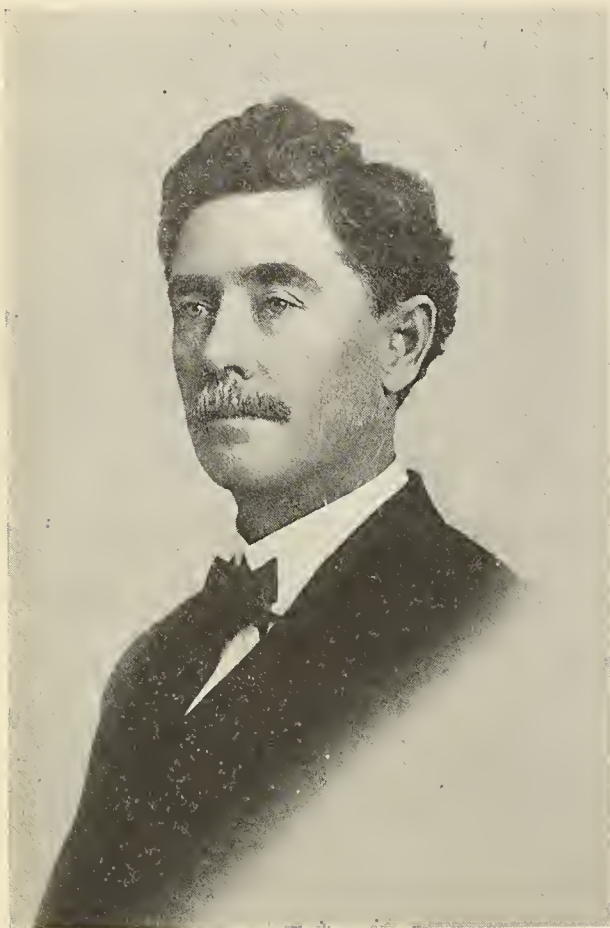
A SUGGESTION THAT MIGHT BE CARRIED OUT IN EVERY STATE.

many parts of the State the birds had a hard time of it. Many were reported as frozen to death. One discouraging thing about this was that some of the birds reported frozen were reported to have had their crops full of food. However, the conditions were unusual. Rain that wet

the earth and the birds themselves was followed by snow and very cold weather.

The wild turkey has been extinct for many years.

There are still ducks and geese that pass through the State during the migratory season.



L. L. DYCBE, GAME WARDEN, KANSAS.

In some localities fairly good shooting can be had. However, I have noticed that the birds have been gradually decreasing in number for the past forty years.

Unless some action for the protection of these birds is brought about, something like Federal protection or uniform laws in the various States, it will not be many years until there will be practically no geese and ducks in this part of the country.

The water birds, commonly known as shore birds, including the various kinds of snipe and sandpipers, curlews and willets, are becoming scarce. The fact is that very few have been seen during the last few years.

There are a very considerable number of turtle doves, and many sportsmen would like to have these birds placed in the list with game birds, but the sentiment of the country generally is against the killing of turtle doves.

We still have spring shooting of ducks and geese in this State. I would favor a law that would allow a larger game bag in the fall and one that would cut out spring shooting altogether.

There are very few game animals in the State of Kansas. Once the State was noted for its buffalo, antelope, deer and elk. The large game animals have all disappeared except a few antelope confined to the western tier of counties.

Rabbits are still common, both cottontail and jack rabbit. They can be found in each and every county of the State and will in the future afford a certain amount of sport when all other kinds of game have practically disappeared.

There are also a good many fox squirrels in the wooded portions of the State, and in some localities good squirrel hunting can still be had.

The coyote wolf holds its own against every scheme that has been devised for its extermination. So far as I know there are coyote wolves in every county in the State. During the winter time they are chased with hounds and packs of

dogs of all descriptions. They are trapped, shot at and poisoned, and yet they seem to hold their own and really are quite common in many localities. Raccoons are also common in the wooded portions of the State. Skunks and minks hold their own in very good shape. The beaver and the otter have practically disappeared, though there may be a few stragglers left.

L. L. DYCBE, Warden.

Minnesota.

NORWOOD, Miss., Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We still have a good number of moose, and most any fair big-game hunter with a little perseverance ought to be able to take home a trophy. The best hunting grounds are in the vicinity of the Superior Forest Reserve in the counties of Cook, Lake, St. Louis, Itaska and Koochiching.

Hunting on the reserve is prohibited at all seasons. Virginia deer are also to be found in more or less abundance in all our counties north and west of Duluth.

With our splendid reserve system we are satisfied that we can perpetuate a limited amount of big-game shooting for all times.

We had a larger crop of partridge last season than we have had before in fifteen years. I attribute this to the activity of our trappers and the betterment of our game warden service.

Last season I left for my annual hunting trip on Oct. 10, and camped in the northern part of Itaska county, where I have been each season for the past ten years. It was no trick to bag the legal limit of partridge; in fact, it was too easy. There are a number of localities in the northern part of the State where one can catch fish, hunt partridge, ducks, deer and moose. In order to do this it will be necessary to camp. We usually go about Oct. 10, which allows us one month to hunt ducks and partridge.

There are a number of localities in the northern part where partridge, ducks, deer and moose are found.

When your old shooting grounds prove unsatisfactory, try Minnesota. Address Hon. H. A. Rider, Executive Agent, State Capitol, St. Paul, for any information you may desire.

GEO. J. BRADLEY,

President State Game and Fish Commission.

Michigan.

LANSING, Mich., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game conditions in this State were never better than this season. From reports of my deputies in various parts of the State I am informed that partridge are most plentiful in every section of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, as well as the counties of the Lower Peninsula above the north line of Montcalm and Gratiot counties.

Deer are also numerous in all that part of Michigan north of the Straits of Mackinac. If I should attempt to tell you in what part of Northern Michigan deer and partridge were most plentiful, it would be a matter of speculation, as they are plentiful in every section, except in the immediate vicinity of the larger cities and towns.

There seems also to be a great number of black bear this year north of the Straits as well as a great number of fur-bearing animals, such as beaver, fox, mink, etc. Wolves and coyotes

abound in great numbers. The open season on bear and other fur-bearing animals, except beaver, begins on Nov. 1 and continues until March 30 of the year following. The season for taking beaver in this State has been closed for a number of years. The fact that this animal has been protected accounts for its great numbers at the present time in the northern peninsula of this State. These animals can be taken after January 1, 1913, under a special act which takes effect at that time, after securing a permit from the owner of lands and a license from the county clerk in one of the counties in which one proposes to trap, after the payment of a ten-dollar license fee.

Squirrels are very numerous in all sections of Lower Michigan, but these animals cannot be taken until 1914. In some sections of Eastern Michigan ducks are very numerous, especially in the vicinity of St. Clair River and flats and the Lake Erie marshes.

Nonresidents of this State are required to procure a license to hunt all protected game and birds in this State. The fee for such a license is ten dollars, which will permit the holder to take as hand baggage from the State a number equal to one day's bag of each kind of bird or animal, except deer.

Owing to the severity of the winter of 1911-12 and the great abundance of snow in this State, quail are nearly exterminated. The farmers of this State are beginning to recognize the great economic value of this bird as an insect and seed destroyer. Therefore, at the last special session of the Legislature of this State, which convened in June, these birds were protected until 1915.

Under the present restrictive laws of this State and the rigid enforcement of the same, some birds and game of all kinds seem to be on the increase in Michigan.

WILLIAM R. OATES,

State Game, Fish and Forestry Warden.



GEO. J. BRADLEY, PRESIDENT GAME AND FISH COMMISSION, MINNESOTA.

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

St. Louis Fly- and Bait-Casting Club.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Following are the scores of the St. Louis Fly- and Bait-Casting Club:

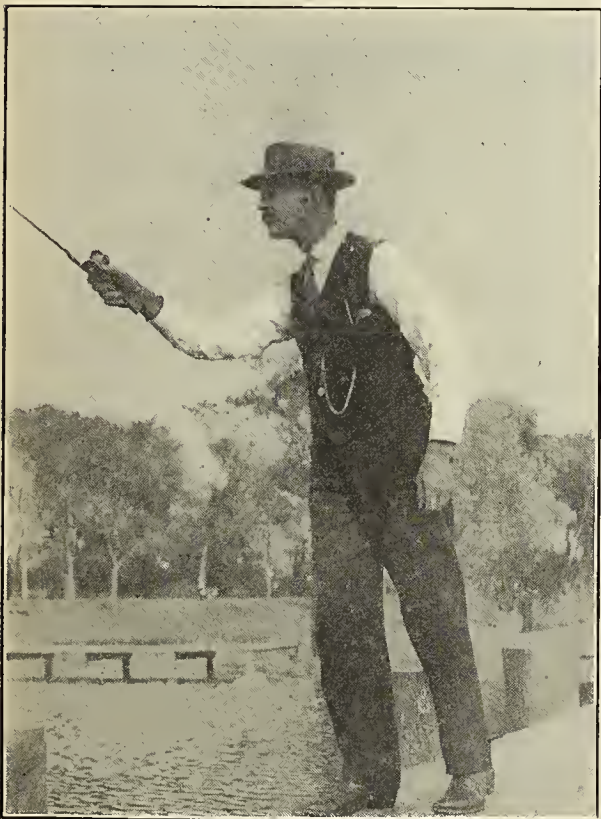
Accuracy fly:		R. L. Smith..... 97 4-15
S. S. Pingree..... 98 10-15		A. P. Hebard..... 97 3-15
H. J. Brennan..... 98 9-15		A. Cyran..... 96 2-15
B. A. Fleming..... 98 8-15		
I. H. Hellman..... 98 1-15		
Distance fly:		
	Feet.	Feet.
M. J. Brennan..... 81		A. Cyran..... 70
B. A. Fleming..... 74		I. H. Hellman..... 69
S. S. Pingree..... 74		
Half-ounce accuracy:		
I. H. Hellman..... 99.2		B. A. Fleming..... 96.2
S. S. Pingree..... 98.3		H. Adler..... 95.5
A. Cyran..... 97		
Quarter-ounce, distance:		
	Feet.	Feet.
S. S. Pingree..... 442		I. H. Hellman..... 389
Aug. Cyran..... 400		
Longest cast, S. S. Pingree, 118 feet.		
Quarter-ounce, accuracy:		
S. S. Pingree..... 95.3		I. H. Hellman..... 93.5
Aug. Cyran..... 94.9		
B. A. Fleming's score unfinished.		
Half-ounce distance:		
	Feet.	Feet.
I. H. Hellman..... 714		H. Adler..... 398
S. S. Pingree..... 607		B. A. Fleming..... 317
Aug. Cyran..... 557		
Longest cast, I. H. Hellman, 163 feet.		

GEO. ASHTON, Secretary.

Illinois Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Following are the corrections in the completed season's scores in the report mailed on Oct. 10:

Stanley's combined average in fly events should be 99.03 instead of 99.3. Hartsall's score in accuracy bait should be 98.09 instead of 98.9. DeGarmo instead of Stanley is the winner of light tackle distance fly with 83 1-3 feet. Stanley's score was an error. A. F. SWISHER, Sec'y.



WILLIAM STANLEY,

100 per cent. score, 1/2-ounce accuracy bait at annual fall tournament, Illinois Casting Club.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

THE medal contests of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club were held on Sept. 28, Oct. 12 and 13. The wind was variable, weather fair.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 28.

Event No. 2, accuracy, per cent.:

Paul W. Shattuck..... 97.48	James Watt..... 97.44
C. G. Young..... 99	C. H. Kewell..... 98.24
F. A. Webster..... 98	*T. C. Kierulff..... 99.4
Geo. C. Edwards..... 98.48	*Geo. C. Edwards..... 98.28
T. C. Kierulff..... 99.4	*F. H. Webster..... 98.32
J. F. Burgin..... 98.56	*J. F. Burgin..... 97.48

Event No. 3, delicacy, per cent.:

Accuracy.	Delicacy.	Net.
P. W. Shattuck..... 98	95.50	96.55
C. G. Young..... 98.48	99.40	99.14
F. A. Webster..... 98.56	100	99.28
Geo. C. Edwards..... 98.36	99.24	98.58
T. G. Kierulff..... 98.44	99.20	99.2
J. F. Burgin..... 96.52	96.10	96.31
Jarvis Watt..... 98	98	98
C. H. Kewell..... 99	98.50	98.45
*T. C. Kierulff..... 98.44	79.10	98.55
*Geo. C. Edwards..... 98.28	99	98.44
*F. H. Webster..... 98.56	99.30	99.13

Event No. 4, 1/2-ounce lure casting, per cent.:

Paul W. Shattuck..... 93.4	James Watt..... 98
C. G. Young..... 98.9	C. H. Kewell..... 96.9
F. H. Webster..... 99	*T. C. Kierulff..... 96.8
Geo. C. Edwards..... 95.9	*Geo. C. Edwards..... 96.9
T. C. Kierulff..... 98.2	*F. H. Webster..... 94.5
J. F. Brown..... 96.4	

Judges, F. A. Webster, Geo. P. Edwards and F. G. Cooper; Clerk, E. O. Ritter.

SATURDAY, OCT. 12.

Event No. 2, accuracy, per cent.:

F. H. Webster..... 98.36	L. G. Burpee..... 97.28
J. F. Burgin..... 98.44	*F. H. Webster..... 99.20
James Watt..... 99.12	*C. G. Young..... 99.8
Paul W. Shattuck..... 96.56	*L. G. Burpee..... 98.36
C. G. Young..... 98.52	

Event No. 3, delicacy, per cent.:

Accuracy.	Delicacy.	Net.
F. H. Webster..... 99.8	99	99.4
J. F. Burgin..... 97.40	97.40	97.40
James Watt..... 97.48	98.40	98.14
C. G. Young..... 99	98.40	98.50
L. G. Burpee..... 98.4	96.10	97.8
*F. H. Webster..... 98.52	97.30	98.11
*L. G. Burpee..... 96.56	96.20	96.38

Event No. 4, 1/2-ounce lure casting, per cent.:

F. H. Webster..... 96.9	C. G. Young..... 97.5
J. F. Burgin..... 95.8	L. G. Burpee..... 89.8
James Watt..... 98.3	*L. G. Burpee..... 88.1
Paul W. Shattuck..... 93.1	

Event No. 5, 1/2-ounce lure casting, average feet:

F. H. Webster..... 140	*L. G. Burpee..... 74
J. F. Burgin..... 79	*James Watt..... 171
James Watt..... 133	*James Watt..... 170
Paul W. Shattuck..... 85	J. F. Burgin..... 156
L. G. Burpee..... 100	*L. G. Burpee..... 80

Judges, J. F. Burgin, James Watt and C. G. Young; Clerk, E. O. Ritter.

SUNDAY, OCT. 13.

Event No. 1, distance feet:

J. F. Burgin..... 95	*J. F. Burgin..... 90
A. Sperry..... 98	

Event No. 2, accuracy, per cent.:

Paul W. Shattuck..... 97.32	A. Sperry..... 97.4
James Watt..... 97.16	F. J. Cooper..... 99.32
Paul M. Nippert..... 95.52	*F. J. Cooper..... 97.40
C. G. Young..... 98.32	*Paul M. Nippert..... 96.52
J. F. Burgin..... 97.14	*Paul M. Nippert..... 96.56
C. H. Kewell..... 96.52	*A. Sperry..... 97.8
Dr. W. E. Brooks..... 98.12	

Event No. 3, delicacy, per cent.:

Accuracy.	Delicacy.	Net.
James Watt..... 99.28	98.30	97.58
Paul M. Nippert..... 98.8	96.00	97.19
C. G. Young..... 98.32	98.20	98.26
J. F. Burgin..... 96.4	97.10	96.37
C. H. Kewell..... 97.16	97.50	97.23
Dr. W. E. Brooks..... 98.20	99.30	98.55
H. Sperry..... 97.52	97.20	97.26
F. J. Cooper..... 97.56	96	96.58
*Paul M. Nippert..... 98.24	97.40	98.2
A. Sperry..... 97.56	97.10	97.33
*J. F. Burgin..... 97.40	47.40	97.40

Event No. 4, 1/2-ounce lure casting, per cent.:

Paul W. Shattuck..... 95.9	A. Sperry..... 96.1
James Watt..... 98.4	F. J. Cooper..... 97.3
Paul M. Nippert..... 83.1	*F. J. Cooper..... 96.3
C. G. Young..... 97.8	*Paul M. Nippert..... 82.6
J. F. Burgin..... 97.3	*A. Sperry..... 97.8
C. H. Kewell..... 95.1	*Paul W. Shattuck..... 97
Dr. W. E. Brooks..... 94	



COL. WILLIAM WALLACE, OF LACONIA, N. H.
Fishing through the ice in Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

Event No. 5, 1/2-ounce lure casting, average feet:

Paul W. Shattuck..... 124	*J. F. Burgin..... 110
James Watt..... 124	*Paul W. Shattuck..... 117
Paul M. Nippert..... 104	*Dr. W. E. Brooks..... 87
J. F. Burgin..... 90	*Dr. W. E. Brooks..... 125
C. H. Kewell..... 131	*Dr. W. E. Brooks..... 125
Dr. W. E. Brooks..... 105	*C. H. Kewell..... 142
A. Sperry..... 126	*James Watt..... 160
F. J. Cooper..... 138	

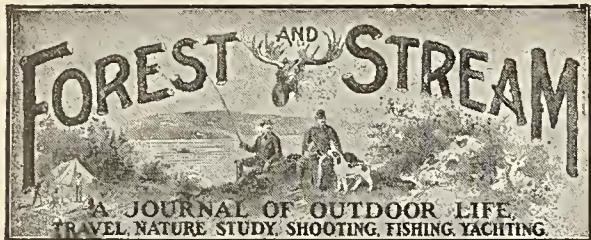
Judges, C. H. Kewell, J. F. Burgin, Paul W. Shattuck; Clerk, E. O. Ritter.

California Fishing.

SANTA MONICA, Cal., Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I receive the FOREST AND STREAM just the same as when I lived in Iowa, and feel that I can hardly get along without the very valuable paper. I feel the same interest in the sportsman that I did thirty years ago when I was president of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. Just below where I live the Los Angeles Shooting Club have fine grounds where they shoot every week. I meet many of my old friends there. The club invites all sportsmen to join with them in breaking as many targets as possible.

I have had many pleasant visits at the Los Angeles Gun Club grounds. I spend most of my time fishing and have fished along the Pacific coast from Santa Monica to Newport. There are a great many fish in the Santa Monica Bay at the present time. Large schools of yellowtail, yellowfin, mackerel and jack smelts are around

(Continued on page 565)



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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

PAINTINGS OF ANCIENT TIMES.

A LITTLE more than a year ago FOREST AND STREAM printed an illustrated article describing some of the paintings of animals made on the walls of caverns in Southern Europe by the men who made and used tools and implements only of stone and bone. Some of these paintings then figured showed a high degree of artistic skill and are altogether wonderful.

Last summer another French cavern with paleolithic mural engravings was discovered near St. Girons, in Southern France, by Count Begouen, of Toulouse. The walls of the great cavern, which is very difficult of access, were adorned by figures of half a dozen horses, a number of bison, a single reindeer, and some other figures, as yet not identified. The drawing of the reindeer has a special interest as showing the existence of that animal in this southern region at that time.

As it happened, Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, and George Grant McCurdy, of the Peabody Museum of Yale University, were in France at the time, and being advised of the discovery, visited the place and were shown through the cavern by Count Begouen. On this visit other drawings and sculpture were found.

The cavern is one of great beauty and will be protected by Count Begouen, who is the Mayor of the Commune in which it is situated.

Absolutely unknown heretofore, it has yet been previously visited, for at one point during the first visit Count Begouen and his sons discovered a name with the date 1689, and at another point a name and the date 1701. They found also a small pit which seemed to have been recently dug in the search for primitive implements.

It is a matter of great interest that Prof. McCurdy, who has given us the first summary

of these ancient mural paintings, happened to be so near the spot at the time of this discovery, and was able almost at once to be on the ground.

FORESTS NEED PROTECTION.

THE Department of Agriculture has recently issued a statement declaring that for some years past forest fires in the United States have caused an average annual loss of seventy human lives, the destruction of trees worth at least \$25,000,000 and the loss of stock, crops, buildings and other improvements amounting to many millions more. It is very desirable that careful statistics on this point should be made public, for the reason that Congress seems unwilling to make adequate appropriations for the proper care of the national and other forests, and their effective protection against fire.

It is difficult to understand the mental attitude of certain Western representatives in Congress. Notwithstanding the fact that it is especially the Western country that has suffered the greatest losses from forest fires within the past few years, these representatives bitterly oppose appropriations looking toward more effective forest protection. If we recollect aright it was a Congressman from Idaho—where only two or three years ago there occurred terrible destruction of human life, private property and forests—who most bitterly opposed every movement looking toward better control of fires.

Even among the representatives chosen by the American people to enact their laws, the growth of intelligence in some matters of this kind seems deplorably slow. Nevertheless, if slow, it is, we believe, steady, and before very long it is likely to become a force strong enough to cause the enactment of laws, and their enforcement, which will save much life and much property.

FOREST AND STREAM'S PLATFORM.

OUR neighbor, FOREST AND STREAM, asks: "Have you observed the improvement in FOREST AND STREAM?" We have. It seems to be waking up. We fail, however, to observe that it is aware how rapidly the game is being made abundant in many places and how soon the markets will be filled with cheap game. Does FOREST AND STREAM still favor the prohibition of profitable propagation? Does it still stand on its old platform prohibiting the sale of desirable foods? Does it still believe that one or two shots in a week or in a season are enough to satisfy the demands of sport and the makers of arms and ammunition?

The above observations are from our neighbor, "Game Breeder." Our only rejoinder is that we are glad our editorial mite has done something toward making possible the honest statement, "How rapidly game is being made abundant in many places." Had it not been for the herculean efforts of conservationists, of whom FOREST AND STREAM has been the mouthpiece, the quotation would have been paraphrased thus: "How rapidly game is being made scarcer everywhere." Editorially, on the question of game protection, bag limit and open season, FOREST AND STREAM stands exactly where it has stood since Aug. 14, 1873—for moderation.

FOREST AND STREAM is specially edited to make it a high class publication. Its various departments are prepared with this idea in view.

"SPORTSMAN."

MORE or less fanciful distinctions have been drawn between the "sportsman" and the "sport." We venture a new one. In the woods the visiting angler or shooter is commonly called a "sport," and his guide speaks of him as "my sport." Now a good working distinction between a "sport" and a "sportsman" is this: A "sport" is one who goes into the woods in charge of a guide to show him the way, finds the game and tells him when to shoot. A "sportsman" is one who goes into the woods by himself, or with a cook, finds his way and his own game, and shoots his game when he knows that it is game and not a man. The "true sportsman" is one who goes into the woods with a guide at \$3.50 a day, and shows the guide the way around and leads him back to the trail when he gets lost. And the "true sportsman" of this type is not unknown in the Maine woods.

THE State Department has transmitted to the Japanese and British Government checks in payment of the amounts appropriated by Congress at the last session to enable the Secretary of Commerce and Labor to pay those Governments, under the fur seal treaty, the sum of \$200,000 each for the abandonment of the fur seal industry in the Bering Sea and North Pacific Ocean by the respective nations. This treaty was negotiated between the Governments of this country, Japan, England and Russia to prevent the threatened destruction of the seals. How well the work of reclaiming the seals is progressing is evidenced by the report of the Bureau of Fisheries, which states that the seal pack is the largest in approximately fifteen years with the possible exception of one year. The bureau shows that there are 90,000 more seals in the rookeries up in the Bering region than there were last year. Of this number the females have increased from 39,400 to 81,934. This large increase in numbers is attributed by the bureau to the suspension of pelagic sealing and poaching, over which such a bitter controversy has been waged in Congress during the past.

The Open Road.

BY ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.

O, the winding road shall take me
 Out into the fields unhampered,
 And the glorious day shall make me
 Free of heart and free of mind.
 There shall be no sun-ways pampered
 By the mock illusion born us,
 And the song of birds shall ease me
 When upon the sod reclined.
 I shall hear the breezes whisper
 Tender notes among the flowers,
 Feel the soft requiem of vesper
 Fall upon the twilight hills.
 I shall wander to the sunset,
 Where the gold is hoarded lavish,
 Far into the land of dreaming
 On the quiet shores of peace.
 There no more to bend in slavish
 Toil throughout the weary hour,
 Only that which is and seeming
 Stirring with the stately trees.
 Then for me the brooks will murmur
 And the night will find me quiet,
 Where the stars look down upon me
 In between the boughs of fir,
 And the evening hour from riot
 Of pure gold make labor free.

CALIFORNIA FISHING.

Continued from page 563.

the piers almost every day. At times there are three or four hundred people fishing from the Santa Monica pier at the same time. The Santa Monica pier is built of cement and steel, and is used only as a pleasure pier. There are metal rails about four feet high along the edge of the pier and good seats, so that the fishermen can sit down and enjoy themselves while waiting for a strike. The pier is kept nice and clean, and has two bait houses, where one can buy or rent a full outfit for fishing.

The Santa Monica pier runs out 2,000 feet into the ocean and is thirty feet wide. I enjoy fishing for jack smelts more than any other fish where there is a good run of the silver fish. The jack smelts we catch are from ten to twenty inches in length and although they do not put up the fight of a pound or two-pound mackerel or many of the larger kinds of fish, yet it is very pleasant to have a sixteen-inch jack send in that he is on one of the hooks at the end of a 150-foot line all ready to be reeled in. We have about twelve No. 6 hooks on our lines and cast out from the pier from 125 to 200 feet. Sometimes we reel in three or four at the same time. Then we have business on hand. I have 300 feet of fine line on my reel. The line is warranted to stand a twenty-five-pound pull. When a large fish like the sea trout or yellowfin takes hold, the extra line is needed.

A short time ago I was catching pompano. While reeling a small pompano in, a sea trout took hold of the fish. I hooked the trout and then had to play him quite a long time before bringing him up to the pier. I landed the trout and found that I had a fish weighing six pounds.

Three weeks ago I went to the Los Angeles pier with a friend from Iowa. In one morning we landed eighty-five mackerel. Only two hooks are needed for mackerel there if there is a good run. The sportsman will have enough to do, as they fight well. The Los Angeles pier runs into the ocean 5,200 feet where the water is fifty feet deep. It is a fine pier for yellowtail, bass and the larger fish. At times sharks are very plentiful and the larger ones carry off many good hooks and lines. When a large shark takes hold, no small line will stop him. He goes out to sea.

It is about time for the pompanos to come in. They are a very beautiful fish and are considered about the best table fish on the west coast.

The climate of Santa Monica is such that one can fish every day, winter and summer. The winters and summers are much alike. In winter there is not frost enough to kill a tomato plant. I have seen them grow through two winters. Once last summer I saw the mercury at 87 degrees for a short time. Almost any day it runs up to about 75 degrees. There is hardly rain enough to interfere with fishing. Less than twelve inches fell in 1911.

The duck shooting season is now open and every morning I hear the guns on the flats below Venice. I think the shooting is good. Shall try it before long. The ducks are hardly as good for table use as the ducks of Iowa.

JOHN G. SMITH.

FOREST AND STREAM'S audience is growing for the simple reason that the magazine is getting better all the time.

The Cogitative Bass Crank.

BY JOSEPH CAWTHORN.

I'VE been thinking, sadly thinking,
As these autumn evenings pass,
Of my time and money wasted,
In pursuing striped bass.
For the cash that I have spent on bait
And tackle, I'll be bound.
I could buy a whole fish market
And put in a private pound.

Shedder crabs and bloodworms
I've purchased by the ton;
I've stood for hours on the beach,
Been parboiled by the sun.
I've tramped the sands in rubber boots
Till I was nearly dead,
Digging big holes in the ocean
With a four-ounce chunk of lead.

I've fouled and "busted" rod and reel,
And cast along the shore,
Of leaders, swivels, hooks and leads,
A million, maybe more.



JOSEPH CAWTHORN.

Although this gentleman is one of America's leading actors, he also is an authority on surf-fishing. He holds the channel bass record for the New Jersey coast with a 94-pounder.

I've neglected friends and relatives,
My business, home and wife,
I've bought tackle till John Seger
Has a mortgage on my life.

And what have I to show
For all this waste of energy,
After flirting all last summer
With this measly, stingy sea?
Toadfish, skates and robins.
(I can always yank them in),
Dog sharks by the thousand,
But of the stripers, not a fin.

At night I dream of zebras,
And convicts of all types,
American flags and barber poles—
Everything with stripes.
I dream I'm fishing for them all—
I'm a Jonah, sure, it seems—
It's pretty tough, for I can't even
Catch them in my dreams.

And then I sit and listen
For hours at a stretch,
While the old-time anglers 'round here

Tell of fish they used to catch.
One begins and tells you
How he started out at noon,
And by six o'clock had eighty-seven
Stripers on the flume.

Another says, "That's nothing,
When the wind was in the south,
I could always drop a bloodworm
In a sixty-pounder's mouth."
I listen and say nothing—
After all, they're not to blame,
When I've fished as long as they have
I suppose I'll lie the same.

The bass ran fine last summer,
No one stopped them, you can bet,
And from Seger's list I reckon
That they're running somewhere yet.
It's really quite pathetic
How we fishermen hope on
For a year of real good fishing
Like we had in seasons gone.

I have sworn by all the gods,
That I will never fish again;
But if I'm alive next summer,
It's a good bet, just the same,
You'll find me somewhere on the beach,
And perhaps you'll hear me swear,
As I stand and fish for hours
For the bass that isn't there.

And when my time has come
To shuffle off this mortal coil,
And leave behind my fishing days
And other care and toil,
When I cross the River Jordan,
If it's rough or smooth as glass,
I'll be sitting in the stern sheets
Trolling for a bass.



THE TOP RAIL.

AN Indiana game warden being at a loss to account for the suddenly increasing number of fish offered in the markets of his locality made an investigation, thinking to discover the illegal use of nets, but in this particular he was disappointed. He did, however, discover the cause of the activity in the fish market. He noticed two men, one of whom had taken up a position on a bridge used by a trolley company, and the other was in a boat just below. At frequent intervals the man on the bridge was observed to strike the trolley wire with his fishpole, and immediately after the other would gather up quantities of fish. They were fishing by electricity, and at each strike a charge of electricity passed through a wire from the pole into the water and killed the fish in the vicinity.

* * *

WHILE Seth Eaton, a rural mail carrier, was driving over his trip on Plymouth street, Middleboro, Mass., a few days ago, his horse stopped and Seth saw a flock of fifteen quail dusting themselves in the soft sand on the road ahead. He would have run over them had the horse not shied and stopped. Also on Thompson street there have been seen many flocks of this little bird, some of them numbering eighteen and twenty.

GRIZZLY KING.

Target and Hunting Archery

By H. B. RICHARDSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Henry B. Richardson, of Boston, has the distinction of being the only American who has competed in the English championship tournaments and defeated the English archers. In 1908, after shooting in the Olympic games at London, he entered the English tournaments and won all the events. In 1910 Richardson won the American York championship with a score of 231 hits and 1111 points. This score is second to that made in 1857 by Horace A. Ford, of England. Ford was the father of modern archery, and the method of aiming now in use was introduced by him. Ford is acknowledged to have been the best archer the world has seen.

TARGET archery differs from hunting archery as much as any two sports with the same implements can differ, as much as cricket differs from baseball. Target archery demands uniform excellence under constant and favorable conditions, whereas hunting demands occasional brilliance under varying and trying ones. Since in the former the ranges are known and fixed, it is possible to shoot the long ranges accurately. The target is at the same level as the archer. The ground is level and there are no obstacles. Under such conditions every arrow must be carefully shot, and uniform excellence is indispensable. There must be some systematic means of controlling the line, length of pull, and the location of each arrow shot. To regulate the line or direction of the arrow the archer must, when aiming, keep it in the same vertical plane as the eye. He can then see directly any deviation—to the right or left of the target. To regulate the length of pull, he must draw to some definite point every time, the best way being to touch with the second finger of the drawing hand a point under the jaw such that the bow-string will cross the corner of the mouth. For controlling the elevation the only reliable system so far discovered is the "point of aim." This means that the left arm is raised until the head of the arrow at full draw covers some point, such as a branch or a bunch of grass, above or below the target, but in line with it. This point has been found by experiment to produce the right elevation. There are many other details to attend to—standing straight, keeping the head up, not letting the left arm flinch, loosing without disturbing the line, etc., but they are, after all, details. The principles of line, length of pull, and elevation must be followed by everyone who aspires to success.

The tackle used in target archery is in keeping with the kind of shooting. The bow is comparatively light, so that it is well within the archer's control. The arrows are light for the long ranges. They must be extremely carefully made, and as carefully watched to see that they fly alike. Those that do not conform to type should be discarded.

Contrast hunting archery. The range is unknown and has to be estimated each time. Since the limit of accurate estimate of distance is about sixty yards, all shooting beyond that distance is chiefly guess work. The ground is likely to be anything but level. The target is small, of varying size, and may be up a tree or down a ravine. Obstacles are numerous and perplexing. Only the perfect shots count. The man who makes one perfect shot and five bad ones is a better archer than one who makes six merely good ones. No particular principle of shooting needs to be followed, although

pulling to the ear has been found the best. The shooting should be as instinctive and natural as possible. Concentration on the mark and practice are the chief means of improvement. It is in hunting that the "born" archer is in clover. In target archery, he may get "hipped" on his particular style of shooting, with the re-



MRS. WITWER-TAYLOR, SIX GOLDS AT THIRTY YARDS.

sult that he passes imperceptibly from a "promising young archer" to an "old duffer" if, indeed, he does not get discouraged in the process. In hunting he has no such handicap.

The tackle is much heavier and stronger than that used in target shooting. The bow can be ten pounds heavier, since it is shot intermittently. The arrows are about twice as big around and three times as heavy as target arrows. They are made of second-growth hickory, which is almost as hard and tough as iron. Blunt-heads, used for small birds and squirrels, are made of a mixture of lead and babbitt metal hard enough to resist crushing, yet soft enough to absorb some of the shock. Sharp heads, for grouse, rabbits, and such are made of unhardened tool steel, hard enough to penetrate, yet soft enough to absorb some of

the shock of hitting rocks. The head, which is in the shape of a trowel, is inserted in the end of the arrow, wired on, and fastened to the wire with solder. The feathers, about three inches in length, are glued on slightly spirally. They guide the arrow most accurately if left untrimmed, but slow it down.

An incident from a hunting trip in which I participated last summer will illustrate the difficulties of hunting archery. The party consisted of Will Thompson, of Seattle; Z. E. Jackson and J. M. Challiss, of Atchison, Kan., and myself, of Boston. We had left Vancouver in a motor boat, and had anchored off an island at the mouth of the Jarvis Inlet, one of the long arms of the sea that pierce far into the rugged coast of British Columbia. We paddled our two canoes ashore, carried them across a small neck of land on an old logging chute, and launched them in a beautiful little lake. Above the edge of the water rose high, steep, wooded banks, and below the bottom shelved off abruptly, disappearing in clear depths so far down as to make you dizzy to look. From coves on all sides came the eerie dismal chant of the loon. From the middle of the lake we could see a rugged peak of the Rockies looming up jagged and white in the distance. The place looked like game and felt like it. We strung our bows and paddled stealthily along the shore, but for Challiss and I, who were together, there was no luck. We separated from the others, and, having hunted till dusk, went home to the boat without even having drawn a bow-string. Long after dark the other two came aboard very tired and hungry, and proceeded to eat supper. They asked us what luck we had had, and denied having any better themselves, yet there was something mysterious about their manner. Finally, Jackson, having filled and lit his four-bore "Missouri meerschaum, commonly known as a corncob," said to me, "Look in our canoe, and see if you can't find something." I found a gunny sack, with something in it that was all I could lift. Taking the bag by the corners, I opened it, and out tumbled a large wildcat. When the surprise of this disclosure abated, Jackson consented to tell us how it had happened. It seems that as he was sitting in the bow of the canoe ready to shoot, he saw something moving in the bushes uphill about sixty yards off. He signaled to stop, but by the time they had done so and had worked back to the original place the thing had disappeared. Thompson was discouraged, and spoke out, "Oh, he's gone now," much to the disgust of Jackson, who at that instant spotted the animal again. He shot very deliberately and as he released could see the arrow traveling straight toward the one visible spot of the animal. The arrow disappeared in the bushes. There was a scrambling and a crackling of twigs, then a little later another crackling, and then silence. "You've got him," said Thompson. They went ashore and found a large wildcat, dead. The arrow had gone through both shoulders about an inch from the heart.

This was a remarkable shot, quite different from any target shooting. Jackson was sitting in an unsteady canoe, shooting uphill, at an unknown range, and at a mark just barely visible. He had waited in suspense for some time. Moreover, he was using a target bow, some five

pounds lighter than his hunting bow, and a light hunting arrow made of fir instead of hickory. Anyone of these conditions would entirely upset any target archery.

Hunting with the bow has a charm quite apart from the variety which it affords, and that is the contest of skill between hunter and hunted. The chances of the game are very large, discouragingly so to the beginner in hunting. To illustrate:

Earlier in the same trip we stopped at a small island that had been lumbered or burned over. Only a few of the lofty trees were standing, the rest were gone or else lying prone, bolstered up on masses of roots. The space between fallen trunks was filled with ferns five to seven feet high, interlaced with a tangle of fallen branches. Such a country made hard going. Toward sundown I started a grouse, which flew to a limb some distance off. Standing balanced on a narrow log, the only available footing, I discharged several arrows at it, very badly, without dislodging it. Having no more to shoot, I called Challiss. At first he couldn't see the bird, but finally he said, "Oh, way off there. I thought you meant somewhere near you." Approach being out of the question, he shot. His first arrow fell short, but the second flew straight as a June bug for the grouse's head. "Meat for supper," I thought, but not at all. The grouse, seeing the danger, ducked its head by a quick teetering motion, just in time to let the arrow go by. Apparently it considered the last shot too close for comfort, for it left before the next. It may seem unsatisfactory to a hunter with firearms that the game should have got away after we had made a perfect shot. In reality, it was not so. The grouse had been quick of eye and body, and had by its cleverness deserved to live. All the demands for sport were satisfied; there was no need of killing.

If killing is the hunter's ordinary object, he should not go equipped with a bow. He can buy a large amount of accuracy ready-made in the shape of a rifle. The force behind the bullet is regulated by the manufacturer. Necessity for estimating distance less than one hundred or two hundred yards is obviated by the flatness of the trajectory. Elevation beyond this distance is controlled mechanically by means of the rear sight. The butt end of the gun is held in place by the stock. The hunter has merely to aim, pull the trigger and hold firm—the manufacturer does the rest. With implements of such simplicity as the bow and arrow the hunter has to manufacture his accuracy for himself. The force behind the arrow is regulated by the amount he pulls it. Every distance shot has to be estimated. There is no mechanical device controlling the elevation. Both ends of the arrow have to be kept in line, and that most particularly when the strain on the archer's arms is suddenly reduced from sixty pounds to zero. Aiming and firing is but one department in a complex series of motions.

On the other hand, the bow has certain advantages, chief of which are silence and consequent opportunity of shooting several times at the same game. Minor advantages are the ability to shoot over obstacles, to strike parts of game below the surface of the water, or to correct shots made at flying game. All these

are, however, so over-balanced that it is no wonder that the bow could not compete in war even with very primitive firearms. The comparison is not fair, however. In war the supply of enemy is practically unlimited. In hunting, the game is easily killed off. It is quite conceivable that had the firearm never been invented there would have been as much game killed as there is now. There is an analogy in the fishing industry. In bays and limited bodies of water the use of nets instead of hand lines causes at first a large increase in the number of fish caught. Later fish become so scarce that fewer are taken with nets than were in the old days with hand lines. So with game; it is more than likely that the primitive weapon, with its insidious silent attack, might now be killing the same amount of game as is the rifle. There would be more game, more shooting, more sport, and probably as much killed.

These last considerations, are, of course, useless from a practical point of view, unless some archer goes into game preserving on a large scale. They are worth remembering, however, in case an archer should have the misfortune to go hunting in company with a gunner. The latter will invariably grant him one shot, and if he misses, scare all of the game out of the neighborhood, and then laugh at the archer for using an inefficient weapon.

The man who has done target archery does not need to be told the fascination of using a primitive weapon and manufacturing his accuracy for himself. He knows that it is the very simplicity of his implements that makes the use of them such a difficult and fascinating study. He might like to know, however, whether he could not get still more pleasure out of hunting, also whether it is possible to do both target and hunting archery.

In my opinion, by far the best of the two sports for a standby is target archery. The necessity of relentless accuracy demands intelligence, study and practice. There are more archers who won't learn how to shoot than who can't. Anyone who is determined to learn the game will sooner or later be rewarded; yet no one is so experienced that he has nothing more to learn. In hunting he is likely to reach a level that he can do nothing to improve. On the other hand, there is a certain artificiality about shooting fixed distances at fixed targets, and it is a relief to get off into the woods, where no two shots are alike. It is quite possible for a target archer to do so without hurting his target shooting. One rule, however, is absolute. He must not change his form from target style to hunting style, and vice versa. The penalty for doing so is mastery of neither. By sticking to his target form he can do much better at hunting than the hunter can at the targets. Even in hunting he can give the hunter a good run for his money, at the short ranges, and perhaps beat him at the long. If the target archer is careful not to let his form deteriorate he will not be harmed by hunting, but gain in concentration and in sensitiveness to adverse conditions, as well as adding variety to the other charms of archery.

The aim of every advertiser is to gain an audience. FOREST AND STREAM readers make a big one.

Practice Archery Scores.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following scores were made by Chicago archers within the past few days:

Women's team round, 96 arrows at 50yds.:										
Mrs. Witwer-Taylor..	22	108	23	119	22	124	22	122	89	473
	23	109	21	107	24	154	23	139	91	507
Men's team round, 96 arrows at 60yds.:										
Mrs. Witwer-Taylor	19	75	17	73	23	93	19	81	78	330
Columbia round:										
Mrs. Witwer-Taylor	24	138	23	167	24	180	71	485		
Men's team round:										
Geo. L. Nichols.....	24	116	22	98	22	114	24	118	92	446
	21	115	24	146	23	127	23	135	91	523
Homer W. Bishop...	21	95	19	115	21	97	22	122	83	429
H. L. Walker.....	20	92	21	109	18	80	19	91	78	372
Dr. E. B. Weston...	20	92	20	106	18	74	21	99	79	371
Jas. H. Pendry.....	80	346

We recently had a pleasant visit from C. W. Nichols, of Batavia, Ill. Mr. Nichols is the father of our George W. Nichols, and took part in the first national tournament, which was held in Chicago in 1879. Though Mr. Nichols is seventy-nine years old, he shot both forenoon and afternoon, and made creditable scores.

Mr. Tac Hussey, of Des Moines, who also shot in the first tournament, is another young-old archer, who has not yet quit the game. Mr. Hussey is over eighty, and recently made an American round score of 84—464, a fine score for any archer.

I am sending to you a few scores recently made by Mrs. Burton Payne Gray. When it is known that Mrs. Gray shot but a few arrows before the national meeting, held in Boston last August, it will be seen that her work is remarkable. It should greatly encourage young archers when they see what can be done in a short time. Mrs. Gray's double Columbia round score, here given, was higher than the one which Mrs. Witwer-Taylor made in the tournament when she won the Columbia round championship.

Double National round:							
60yds.		50yds.		Total.			
Hits.	Score.	Hits.	Score.	Hits.	Score.		
36	137	16	82	51	219		
39	161	22	96	61	257		
75	298	38	178	112	476		
Double Columbia round:							
50yds.		40yds.		30yds.		Total.	
Hits.	Score.	Hits.	Score.	Hits.	Score.	Hits.	Score.
21	121	22	136	22	144	65	401
22	124	24	134	22	142	68	400
43	245	46	270	44	286	133	801
Mrs. Gray's last men's team round, 96 arrows at 60yds.:							
16	68	19	89	18	80	21	103
							74
							340

Mr. Gray writes in part facetiously: "These scores were made by a woman who took up the sport in the summer of 1912 to please her husband, and in doing it has become so in love with archery that everything else is of minor consequence—even her husband."

This whole subject interests me in two ways: First, from the standpoint of an archer; then because of my friendship for the Gray family.

We first met and lived in Highland Park, Ill., more than thirty years ago. Mr. Gray's father, the Rev. W. B. D. Gray, and I together shot in the first national tournament in 1879 and again in 1912.

In 1880 the Gray family moved to South Dakota, which was then a hunter's paradise. It was my good fortune to visit them annually for ten years, when it was time to harvest the prairie chickens, or the ducks and geese, and the memories of those days are among the pleasantest of my life.

The four Gray boys went to college. After graduating, Burton the eldest went to Boston and its law school. When he had completed his

(Continued on page 579.)



YACHTING

Yachts Change Hands.

THE Hollis Burgess Yacht Agency has sold the 46-foot waterline cutter *Alga*, owned by W. Starling Burgess, of Marblehead, Mass., to W. L. Stinson, of the Portland Y. C.; the 25-foot waterline auxiliary sloop *Rembha* owned by W. J. Norcross, of the Corinthian Y. C., to a member of the Boston Y. C.; the 21-foot sloop yacht *Little Haste* to G. W. Sargent, of Quincy, who will race her in Class A of the Massachusetts Inter-Club Y. R. A.; the 23-foot waterline auxiliary sloop *Sue* owned by T. W. Powers, of the Boston Y. C., to Professor W. H. Howell, of Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, Md.; and the 21-foot knockabout *Tern* owned by Miss Hilda Cunningham, of Milton, Mass., to Maurice Briggs, of Lynn, Mass.

The same agency has sold the 25-foot waterline sloop yacht *Oleander* to A. B. Corthell, of Winchester, Mass., who will race her in Class A for the Massachusetts Inter-Club Y. R. A. next season. Also the 25-foot waterline yawl *Tantrum*, owned by Mrs. Chester T. Jones, of Milton, Mass., to a well known Winthrop yachtsman.

Newport Yacht Officers Chosen.

THE Newport Yacht Racing Association at its annual meeting elected the following officers: President, George L. Rives; Vice-President, Francis K. Sturges; Secretary-Treasurer, Charles L. F. Robinson; Governors, Maximilian Agassiz, John R. Drexel, Royal Phelps Carroll, Henry F. Eldridge, Elbridge T. Gerry, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., C. Oliver Iselin, Edwin D. Morgan, George L. Rives, Charles L. F. Robinson, United States Senator George Peabody Wetmore, Francis K. Sturges and Pembroke Jones; Regatta Committee, Royal Phelps Carroll, Pembroke Jones and the officers.

Canoeing

Labor Day Cruise of Delaware C. C.

SWINGING our duffle bags on our shoulders we caught the car for Newport, Saturday, Aug. 31, arriving there at 12 noon. Some of us evidently remembered that old rhyme:

"If bloomin' duty doth with pleasure clash,
Let bloomin' duty go to smash,"

for we went regardless of how much work we let go unfinished. The cruise was to last till Labor Day, and to be to Smalley's Dam on the Christiana, a two hours' paddle from Newport.

About thirty members and guests of the Delaware C. C. left the club house at 1:15 Saturday afternoon, and arrived at Smalley's about 3:15. After a short portage over the dam, we paddled up the lake about a quarter of a mile to a grove which some of the party had picked out. As the grove was about thirty feet above water level, the drainage and view were all that were to be desired.

Camp was soon made, and as supper was fast approaching, fires were quickly built while the men went out to visit the various farm houses to purchase milk, corn, etc., and to see if they could get an armful of straw, with which to ease our weary bones. That night everyone was genuinely tired and camp was soon quiet.

Camp was astir at 7 o'clock Sunday morning, and breakfast over, we put our respective tents to rights in short order, for there were many places to be explored—the stream itself and its branches. Most of the day was spent in fishing and exploring, and when night came, we were well pleased with the day. That night being the last, a roaring camp-fire was built and many of the songs that never die were sung around its cheerful glow.

During the night a heavy thunderstorm came up, but as we were sheltered by the woods, we came through all right. The next day was spent in further explorations, dinner and breaking camp. Four o'clock saw us over the dam on our way home. Some of the party stopped about two thirds of the way home for supper which caused them to get to the club house about 8 o'clock, some two hours after the others.

We all regretted that the season proper had come to a close, but many of us will refuse to consider it closed until falling snow shall declare that winter, the close of the year, is at hand.

S. C. SINGLETON, JR.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—Angus S. Macdonald, 612 West 115th street, New York city, by Louis Reichert; Jessie L. Austin, 227 Rodney street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Harry Henemier, 125 Manhattan street, New York city, and David W. Thorn, 1851 Carter avenue, Bronx, New York city, all by Paul J. Kuhn; Frederick

Grant, 306 East 142d street, New York city; Carl T. Hatch, 746 St. Nicholas avenue, New York city; Alfred N. Rea, Jr., 65 East Tremont avenue, New York city, and Charles W. Rea, 65 East Tremont avenue, New York city, all by Betram M. Henemier; N. Wright Crowder, 3939 Frisby street, Baltimore, Md., by W. P. Stephens; Henry C. Webendorfer, 544 West 147th street, New York city, by Harry J. Dietrich; Waldemar Van B. Clausen, 235 West 100th street, New York city, by H. C. Calahan.

Western Division.—Roland S. Brand, 505 Belle avenue, Highland Park, Ill., by Jos. E. Zdankiewicz; Hon. William Hector Maclean, Wilmette, Ill., by John W. McConnell.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—6540, Charles S. Edgumbe, 74 Brinkerhoff street, Jersey city, N. J.; 6541, Arthur F. Edgumbe, 74 Brinkerhoff street, Jersey City, N. J.; 6542, Eugene J. Cole, 323 West Jersey street, Elizabeth, N. J.; 6543, Harold C. Chapman, 39 Belmont avenue, Jersey City, N. J.; 6544, H. R. Richards, 500 West 122d street, New York city; 6545, J. F. Lockard, 1 St. Nicholas Terrace, New York city.

Western Division.—6531, S. W. Prime, 1705 Fisher Building, Chicago, Ill.; 6532, F. C. Brown, 233 Hinckley avenue, Rockford, Ill.; 6533, W. A. Maynard, 1009 Chestnut avenue, Wilmette, Ill.; 6534, Carl Wm. Rudelius, 822 Second avenue, Rockford, Ill.; 6535, Guy Weaver, 199 Galena street, Aurora, Ill.; 6536, Frederick Barker, 414 North Court street, Rockford, Ill.; 6537, S. M. Woodruff, 725 Chestnut street, Rockford, Ill.; 6538, R. F. Stockdale, Jr., 839 Wilson avenue, Chicago, Ill.; 6539, Charles A. Haring, 2011 Geddings avenue, Chicago, Ill.

MEMBER DECEASED.

Eastern Division.—1941, Edward T. Brigham, East Pepperell, Mass. Mr. Brigham was one of the old members of Innitou Canoe Club, of Woburn, Mass., and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

Mrs. Oscar J. West, Mrs. Carl Martin, Mrs. John McKay, Mrs. F. B. Coggin, Miss Charlotte Friese, Miss Elizabeth Friese, Miss Charlotte Mount.



TRAP SHOOTING

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

Nov. 7.—Adams (Neb.) G. C. H. K. Mitton, Sec'y.
Nov. 21-22.—Clinton (Ont.) G. C. J. E. Cantelon, Sec'y.
Dec. 2-6.—St. Thomas, (Ont.) G. C. W. J. McCance, Asst. Mgr.

1913.

Jan. 1.—Utica, N. Y.—Genesee Gun Club. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.

Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.

July 8-13.—Cedar Point, O.—The Indians' tournament. D. H. Eaton, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Next fall, when the final figures are in and the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League is telling the winner, just see if the name doesn't sound like du Pont.

Five-man team from Orange Gun Club has challenged team from Freehold Gun Club to a match for State five-man team championship. Title now is held by Freehold. Orange holds individual championship, as well as two-man and three-man honors.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner announces that "the places for holding the several handicap tournaments, the Grand American Handicap included, that will be directly given by the Interstate Association next year, will be decided upon at the annual meeting of the Association, scheduled for Dec. 5-6. Gun clubs desiring any of said tournaments to be held on their grounds, should make application on or before Dec. 1. Each trapshooting season numerous gun clubs signify their intention of applying for these tournaments, to be held under their auspices the following year, but they fail to send in their application, or wait until it is too late for the Association to take action on them. Why not do it now?"

W. G. BEECROFT.

Du Pont vs. Camdem.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 26.—Du Pont got away with the gun to-day in the first shoot in the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League. The Wilmington aggregation put the ball on the huskies from Camden by a score of 460 to 424. Camden had twenty-one scores to draw from, while Du Pont lifted from forty-three, the rules of the game allowing selection of top ten shooters. Camden was well off form, based on last season's scores. Du Pont shooters were in fine fettle, the lowest ten qualifying being 45, while McHugh, topper for both teams, reduced to infinitesimal atoms 48 of the whirling der-vishes of clay. High cracker from Jersey was H. Greene with a bag of 45. Low Jersey man punctured on 40 of his allotment. During the shoot of the big guns, Linn Worthington worked a 20-gauge gun for 38 out of 50, while Ed. Banks, who because of his attachment to the pink sheet brigade, was ineligible to crack rocks in the match event, busted up 49 out of 50 and 98 out of 100, much to the annoyance of Les. German, who came along one behind.

Table with 2 columns: Du Pont Gun Club and Camden Shooting Assn. listing names and scores.

*W. L. Cross, H. L. Borden and Edward Holloway broke 40 each, but were counted out for the team on the tie.

Other Camden Shooting Association members scored as follows: W. Lippincott 38, H. G. Eisenhardt and J. B. Duncan 37, F. J. McConnell 36, Charles Good-fellow 27, L. Lichenstein 25, G. R. E. Dawson 24, and W. J. Moore, who retired at the end of his first string of 25, 9.

Du Pont Gun Club members who took part in the match, but did not qualify for the team were: H. W. Bush, W. M. Hammond, J. T. Roberson and J. H. Minnick 44; W. M. Armistead, C. H. Simon and A. J. Curley 43; Clyde Leedom, W. B. Smith, Jr., J. B. Grier, Stanley Tughton and R. S. Wood 42, E. A. W. Everitt, Thorpe Martin, L. L. Jarrell, N. K. Smith, Dr. A. Patterson and Dr. Horace Beets 41; R. F. Willis and W. A. Joslyn 40; Ike Turner, Dr. Steele, Walter Tomlinson and W. G. Wood 39; J. W. Anderson, Jr., H. T. Reed and P. K. McElroy 37; C. Mammele and Z. H. Lofland 36; W. G. Robelen and C. R. Kenworthy 31; T. E. Doremus 30; W. J. Highfield 23; Edward Banks 49; Lester German 48; Walter Huff 47; J. T. Skelly 43.

New York A. C.

COLD weather having driven the piazza fleet behind battened hatches and left empty porch rockers to be rocked by the November winds, the trappers at Travers Island timidly over-tured last Saturday to shoot up a few clays, as is apt to be the case when two or three trapshooters are gathered together under the left hind foot of Mercury. A take-home trophy event at 100 targets was decided upon for an opener. Handicaps were based on averages of the shooting last year. George Corbett was allowed four, but he didn't need 'em, as he turned in a net score of 94, the same being four better than his nearest neighbor. Tom McMahon and Doc. Culver, each of whom proved partners on 90. J. Stuart Blackton tried his hand at steering No. 8 shot at high speeding aerosaucers. He did pretty well for a tyro, netting 31 out of his 100, with 6 to his credit out of ten pairs.

In doubles, C. W. Billings came back to his form, cracking 16 out of 20, H. H. Shannon and Dr. Culver trotting a dead heat at 13. T. H. Keller, Jack Fanning and J. H. Hessian took care of the professional interests with their usual consideration.

Table with 2 columns: H. T. listing names and scores.

Ten pairs of doubles; scratch: C W Billings 16 T J McMahon 12 *H Keller 14 Dr De Wolf 12 *Jack Fanning 13 *J H Hessian 10 H H Shannon 13 J. S. Blackton 6 Dr Culver 13 *Professionals.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Oct. 26.—There was a practice shoot held on the grounds of the Ossining Gun Club to-day which drew a small attendance. Scores were low, Blanford being the only one in form. On Thanksgiving Day a Westchester county championship shoot will be held on these grounds during the afternoon. A team match between Peekskill, White Plains, Mt. Kisco, Ossining and possibly Mt. Vernon will be one of the features of the shoot. Two merchandise events will be included in the program of 100 targets.

Scores to-day at 50 targets each: C. G. Blandford 45, A. R. R. Wood 29, Wm. Holden 35, A. Bedell 37. Wood and Bedell shot with strange guns, which, in a measure accounts for their poor showing. C. G. B., Capt.

REMINGTON-UMC SPEED SHELLS



Make Highest 1912 Amateur Records



- WILLIAM RIDLEY - - - 767 ex 800—.9587%
ROY H. BRUNS - - - 766 ex 800—.9575%
GEORGE J. ROLL - - - 766 ex 800—.9575%

All Shooting The World-Beating Handicap Winners

These names are first, second and third, respectively, on the Interstate Association's Official List of the year's Amateur Averages at Single Targets.

W. H. Heer's 1910 Record Still Unbeaten By Any Professional Or Amateur 1955 ex 2000—.9775%, with Remington-UMC Speed Shells

Though trap shooting has developed by rapid strides since 1910, Mr. Heer's high mark, 1955 ex 2000, has never been equalled. It stands as a guide to all shooters who look for exceptional field and trap averages.

Shoot Remington-UMC—a century's experience to back up your aim

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO. 299-301 Broadway - - - - - New York, N. Y.

Orange Gun Club.

ALBERT IVINS, of Red Bank, essayed, last Saturday, to take from Ernest von Lengerke, of Orange Gun Club, the title of New Jersey State champion, and his essay came within two of being successful, when, after a match that was everybody's to the finish, von Lengerke kept the title with one aerosaucer to the good. His final score was 48 out of 50. The match was as interesting as the post season baseball game, and had to go the limit before a winner could be picked.

Four sweepstake events were shot, at 25 targets each. Ivins shot in two of these and got place in each. Event one went to Dukes, Colquitt and Von Lengerke on 23 each. Second to Dukes and Ivins on 25 each. Third event to Hopper on 25 straight, and fourth to Colquitt on 25 straight. Scores in sweepstakes:

Table with 2 columns: Events: 1 2 3 4 listing names and scores.

Table with 2 columns: H Howe 22 17 17 .. Hopper 25 23 L Colquitt 23 23 23 25 Crane 17 21 O L Yeomans. 21 24 Bush 22 20 J Thompson.... 22 21 24 21 Williamson 19 ..

Princeton Trims Dartmouth.

PRINCETON, N. J., Oct. 26.—While the Tiger eleven was putting the Dartmouth football squad in Hanovarian, the trap five of old Nassau was shooting the heads off the New Hampshire five over back of the green. The final score was 198 to 192, which, considering the advantage of home grounds, was not so appalling as might have been. High gun of the ten wore the green, being H. A. Stiles, who cracked 44 out of 50. Comstock, of Dartmouth; E. R. Simpson and H. R. Green, from Wilson's burg, tied on 43. Had L. C. Martin shot up to standard, the answer would have been different. He broke only 29. Scores:

Table with 2 columns: Princeton. Dartmouth. listing names and scores.

Independent Tournament.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 24.—The four-day tournament ended here to-day. Scores follow:

The preliminary event at 100 targets, shot on Oct. 21, had scores as follows:

Brown	82	Lewis	100
Ball	90	Eaton	94
Clegg	90	Hicks	89
J A Campbell	90	Fahrenkrog	91
Crosby	87	Haws	76
Huston	88	Pettengill	88
Leib	87	Wilson	77
Connors	87	Flanagan	55
E F Slear	89	J B McCosker	91
Davidson	90	Hamlin	97
Roll	92	Buckles	91
Mackie	89	Stephens	87
H Dixon	94	Bardill	86
Varner	90	Huntley	92
Thompson	88	Zahner	81
McGahan	83	P Burns	86
Miller	85	Collins	86
Simonds	81	Fuchs	80
Corfield	87	Beard	84
Allen	84	Erskin	91
Troutner	85	Green	85
Kennicott	84	Edmondson	86
Rumpfer	83	Wilson	80
Rambo	80	Cornell	74
Kahler	93	Monzell	85
M Arie	95	H Clark	97
Kammerman	94	McGrady	80
Barto	95	Moritz	96
Loring	87	Lippott	77
Campbell	80	Connors, Jr.	77
Stannard	92	Venable	88
Bruns	92	Strawbridge	93
Mrs Burrows	83	Ragle	86
Hodges	76	Benson	89
Grovo	82	Workman	93
Ridley	90	A Skinner	80
F Campbell	93	J Skinner	89
Hoon	98		

Second Day, Oct. 23.

Mrs Burrows	160	Shanks	186
Zahner	155	Watson	168
Ball	176	Koche	187
Bardell	143	Gapple	170
Campbell	180	Powers	185
Edwards	175	Wulf	177
Dr Leib	187	Novinger	184
A C Connor	177	Shoop	179
Slear	177	Mulford	194
Roll	185	Heiligenstein	166
Miller	175	Dressler	178
Mackie	174	Glover	149
H Dixon	186	Miller	154
H Varner	189	Roach	170
Thompson	177	Vance	169
Long	189	Goode	157
Kahler	193	May	168
Davidson	173	Graham	191
Eaton	180	Jackson	181
Bruno	183	Hiltz	165
Fuchs	155	Huntley	182
Beard	179	*Troutner	84
Erskine	169	Harris	179
Greene	163	Stewart	164
Edmondson	171	Jewett	182
Arie	187	Workman	177
Kammerman	191	Huff	162
Barto	190	Keister	177
Loring	186	Seibert	156
Campbell	160	Rubbett	157
Moritz	183	McKinley	160
Corfield	181	Hazelrigg	162
Hamlin	175	Kneussl	172
*Simonds	75	Winters	106
Crosby	184	Miller	179
McGeehan	167	Drew	102
Hodges	164	Butler	102
Brown	162	Holmes	185
Haws	162	Venable	169
Ridley	190	Ahler	181
Campbell	188	Smith	182
Hoon	198	Hall	175
Lewis	190	Gray	184
Clegg, Jr.	174	*Kelly	84

Hicks	191	Kumpfer	144
Eaton	185	Morley	163
Rambo	166	*Booker	82
Cammell	145	Huston	189
Mouzell	173	*Robley	77
Kennicott	188	Robbins	177
Wilson	164	*McGinnis	84
Collins	176	Griffin	183
Buckles	182	*McKinley	74
*Ragle	81	*Simpson	73
Booker	172	*A L Mulford	81

*Shot at 100.

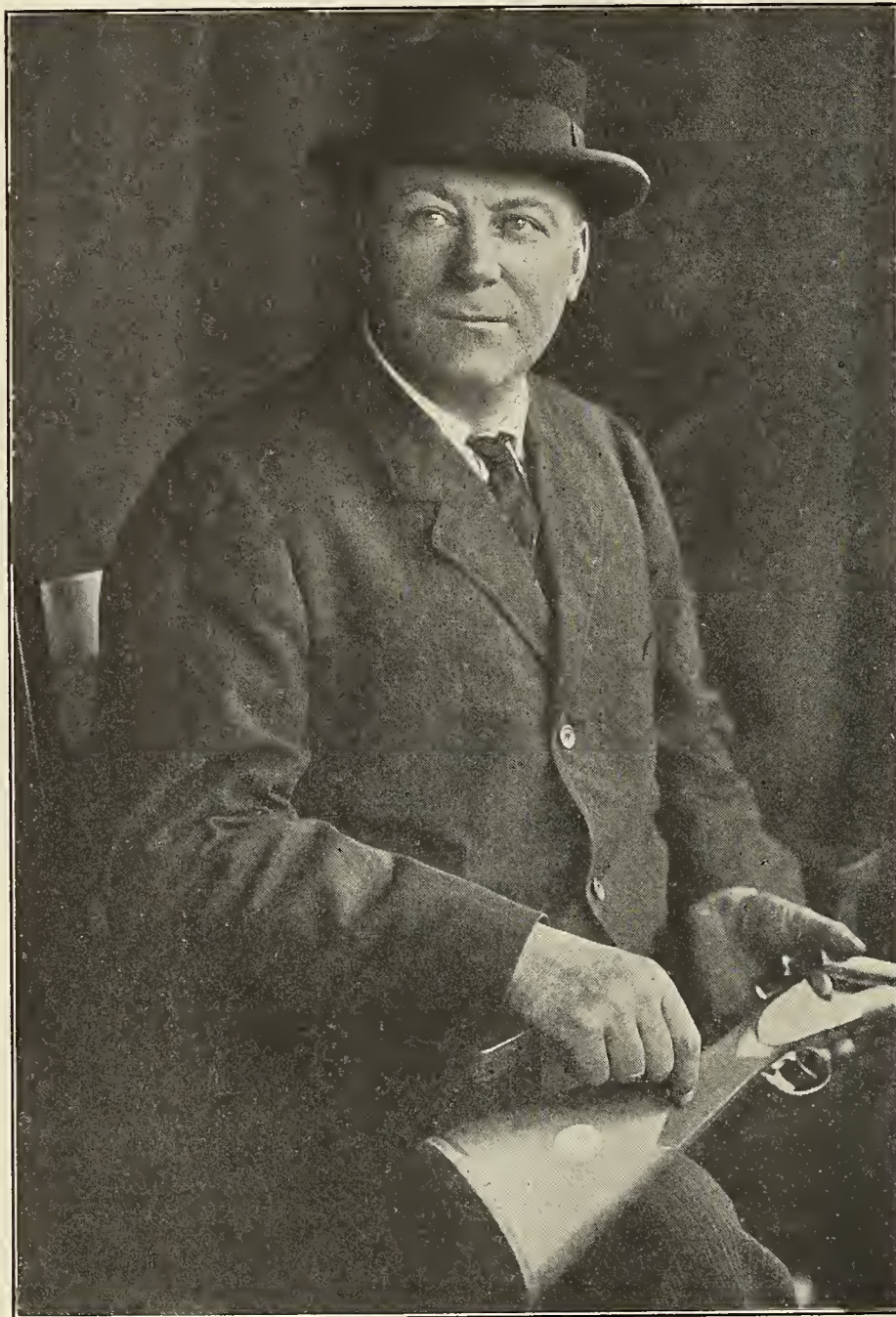
Third Day, Oct. 24.

	Yds.	T'l.		Yds.	T'l.
Grovo	16	80	Novinger	17	80
Wilson	16	78	Strawbridge	17	85
Mouzell	16	75	Secley	17	75
Wolf	16	96	Rupert	18	80
Huff	16	40	Loring	18	84
Stubblefield	16	84	Wulf	18	81
Campbell	16	74	Campbell	18	84
Baker	16	84	Hamlin	18	78
P Burns	16	80	Dressler	18	84
Flanagan	16	70	Hodges	18	84
Simpson	16	79	Morley	18	77
Drews	16	94	Beard	18	88
Fuchs	16	79	Malana	18	90
Glover	16	75	Tippott	18	81
Erskine	16	85	Crosby	18	87
Bardwell	16	79	Robley	18	81
Zahner	16	72	Stephens	18	92
Brown	16	81	Booker	18	89
Huston	16	87	Anheuser	18	79
Scibert	16	81	Edmondson	18	77
McGinnis	16	92	Vance	18	80
Timms	16	76	Fahrenkrog	18	88
May	16	78	Wagner	19	81
Goode	16	86	Crothers	19	83
Geehan	16	84	Winters	19	88
Ball	16	79	Corfield	19	86
Cannell	16	74	Shank	19	78
Wilson	16	81	Kammerman	19	81
Collins	16	80	Barto	19	92
Miller	16	84	Buckles	19	86

First Day, Oct. 22.

Nettie Burrows	136	O T Good	158
G A Zahner	143	T W May	156
G W Ball	154	P Graham	177
J O Bardell	157	W T Jackson	180
J A Campbell	173	J J Strawbridge	176
F D Huston	153	D Allen	152
Dr J R Leib	183	F A Huntley	180
A C Connor	181	Troutner	168
E F Slear	173	F C Glenn	168
D O Miller	161	A C Stewart	163
Geo Roll	185	K L Jewett	175
G K Mackie	174	S C Workman	172
H Dixon	188	H B Patillo	133
Ed Varner	185	H Kearns	176
R Thompson	179	J G Reeves	159
I Long	179	J A Dawson	179
I C Davidson	172	R Crawford	155
C D Eaton	184	J G Brandt	161
R H Bruns	175	H A Collins	161
F C Fuchs	163	M K Mathewson	170
G A Beard	145	J Skinner	182
W W Erskine	172	A Skinner	154
A Green	145	F A Draper	183
C A Edmondson	160	J Perino	163
M Arie	190	Wm Wettleaf	192
J Kammerman	184	A Abramson	175
J D Barto	180	J E Naland	176
R Loring	174	O N Williams	170
Chas Campbell	155	C Bothell	181
D E Moritz	181	F S Tomlin	187
W E Corfield	181	G W Wagoner	178
H J Hamlin	161	W Fahrenkrog	180
B S Veach	161	C E Pettengill	172
C H Simonds	146	F Grovo	165
Geo Crosby	182	W J Timms	134
W E McGeehan	168	C V Timms	170
W H Hodges	166	H Dunnell	182
W L Brown	165	W P Berney	166
W H Haws	145	*W M Fanning	79
Wm Ridley	188	F Rupert	174
F Campbell	187	*J A Barnes	75
W S Hoon	191	*C A Hazelrig	78
B Lewis	195	*Chas Seibert	75
Wm Cleg, Jr.	176	M Kneussl	185
H H Hicks	102	R Winters	172
W O Stevens	178	Geo Miller	183
L F Rambo	172	A L Drews	161
A H Kennell	144	H J Butler	175
R E Kennedy	183	W E Haines	167
J Wilson	159	*C W Venable	89
Frank Collins	170	J M Ehlen	173
Dr E Buckles	180	W A Smith	165
Fred Ragle	165	*Tom Hall	91
H Benson	169	N R Huff	177
F E Shank	185	P R Keller	127
T E Watson	160	E R Crothers	179
F B Koch	178	Jim Gray	180
F Gappa	168	J Mosley	161
C M Powers	173	W F Bookers, Jr.	177
Jack Wulf	170	N O Baker	174
I Novinger	170	W B Hays	158
M Shoop	171	H Robley	174
W L Mulford	155	Geo Robbins	169
*E Heiligenstein	79	A Meaders	172
*H A Dressler	74	W M Griffith	177
N M Glover	151	*McGillis	89
R O Miller	155	*Kumpfer	79
W E Roach	155	†Edwards	55
Alex Vance	164	†Hinson	72

*Shot at 100. †Shot at 80.



GEORGE ROLL,

Third High Amateur at Singles—Post Season Tournament.

WINCHESTER

Red **W** Goods

WIN THE

**High Amateur Average For Single And Double Targets;
High Amateur Average For Double Targets, And High
Professional Averages For Single And For Double
Targets, For The Season Of 1912**

THE official returns for the trap shooting season of 1912 are now all in. The result was as the canvass indicated it would be. Winchester Red **W** Goods, by the run they made again proved, as they have many a time before, that they are the winning campaigners. There was no split or defection in the ranks of the vast army of intelligent shooters who used Winchester Loaded Shells and Shotguns. They supported them straight. There was no falling off in Winchester quality or popularity. The mid-season claims of some brands would make a political aerocyst green with envy. But the result—and the result is the thing that counts—shows another landslide for the old reliable Winchester Red **W** Brand. The self-proclaimed “world-beating”, “speed” candidate was snowed under by the world-beatingest, speediest combination extant, while of the contender of the ebon name naught was left save a cavernous flash-passage into which to withdraw.

And now for the official returns to which, in the language of the prevalent politician, “we point with pride.”

11 out of 13 Official Seasons' Averages

Out of the first 12 professionals in the Season's Average Contest for 1912, 9 used Winchester Loaded Shells, or Winchester Shotguns, or both. Some shooting, eh?

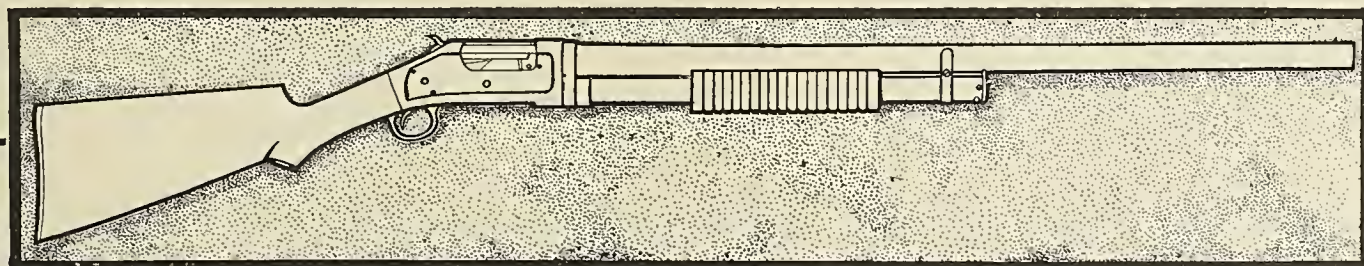
Season's High Amateur Average on Single and Double Targets: Won by Allen Heil of Allentown, Pa., with Winchester Loaded “Leader” Shells. Score, 933 x 1000.

Season's High Amateur Average on Double Targets: Won by Allen Heil of Allentown, Pa., with Winchester Loaded “Leader” Shells. Score, 260 x 300.

Season's High Professional Average on Single Targets: Won by W. R. Crosby of O'Fallon, Ill., with Winchester Loaded “Leader” Shells. Score, 1952 x 2000.

Season's High Professional Average on Double Targets: Won by Fred Gilbert of Spirit Lake, Ia., with Winchester Loaded “Leader” Shells. Score, 522 x 600.

WINCHESTER QUALITY WINS THE BIG VICTORIES



The 1912 Averages.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Following herewith is the official Association list of amateur and professional averages for 1912, with names of contestants, total number of targets shot at, total number of targets scored and percentages.

The averages for amateurs in the single targets are based on the 800 single targets shot at from the 16yd. mark at the Post Season tournament, as per the Interstate Association ruling to that effect.

The averages for professionals in the single targets are based on a minimum of 2000 targets shot at from the 16yd. mark at the Interstate Association's Southern, Grand American, Eastern, Western and Pacific Coast handicaps, and the Post Season tournament.

The averages for double targets, both amateurs and professionals, are computed on the Interstate Association tournaments only, and they are based on taking part in two tournaments as a minimum, as per the Interstate Association ruling to that effect.

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Treas.

AVERAGES FOR SINGLE TARGETS—AMATEURS.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per-centage.
Wm Ridley, What Cheer, Ia.....	800	767	.9587
R H Bruns, Brookville, Ind.....	800	766	.9575
Geo J Roll, Blue Island, Ill.....	800	766	.9575
Allen Heil, Allentown, Pa.....	800	763	.9537
Harvey Dixon, Oronogo, Mo.....	800	761	.9512
J B Barto, Chicago, Ill.....	800	760	.9500
J S Young, Chicago, Ill.....	800	757	.9462
W S Hoon, Jewell, Ia.....	800	755	.9437
Geo Volk, Toledo, O.....	800	752	.9400
Carl F Moore, Brownsville, Pa...	800	751	.9387
F Campbell, Wauke, Ia.....	800	749	.9362
E M Daniels, Lynchburg, Va.....	800	747	.9337
C B Eaton, Fayette, Mo.....	800	747	.9337
H W Kahler, Philadelphia, Pa....	800	745	.9312
B S Cooper, Thornville, O.....	800	744	.9300
Bart Lewis, Auburn, Ill.....	800	743	.9287
C D Coburn, Mechanicsburg, O...	800	738	.9225
F C Koch, Phillipsburg, O.....	800	733	.9162
S Huntley, Sioux City, Ia.....	800	728	.9100
W I Spangler, Tarlton, O.....	800	724	.9050
J A Smith, South Solon, O.....	800	722	.9025
John Noel, Nashville, Tenn.....	800	721	.9012
A B Shobe, Springfield, O.....	800	720	.9000
Geo K Mackie, Scammon, Kans...	800	700	.8750
J O Sirmon, Mobile, Ala.....	800	699	.8737

AVERAGES FOR SINGLE TARGETS—PROFESSIONALS

W R Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.....	2000	1952	.9760
Geo W Maxwell, Hastings, Neb...	2000	1931	.9655
Homer Clark, Alton, Ill.....	2000	1930	.9650
W H Heer, Guthrie, Okla.....	2000	1930	.9650
L S German, Aberdeen, Md.....	2000	1927	.9635
H D Freeman, College Park, Ga...	2000	1922	.9610
C G Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.....	2000	1921	.9605
F G Bills, Chicago, Ill.....	2000	1919	.9595
J M Hawkins, Baltimore, Md.....	2000	1919	.9595
F Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.....	2000	1906	.9530
J R Taylor, Columbus, O.....	2000	1902	.9510
Mrs A Topperwein, San Antonio.	2000	1897	.9485

AVERAGES FOR DOUBLE TARGETS—AMATEURS.

A Heil, Allentown, Pa.....	300	260	.8666
C M Powers, Decatur, Ill.....	200	169	.8450
H W Kahler, Philadelphia, Pa.....	500	417	.8340
J S Young, Chicago, Ill.....	300	249	.8300
R Thompson, Cainsville, Mo.....	200	166	.8300
Wm Ridley, What Cheer, Ia.....	400	328	.8200
H E Snyder, Kansas City, Mo.....	200	163	.8150
J H Noel, Nashville, Tenn.....	400	322	.8050
Geo Volk, Toledo, O.....	400	324	.8100
H Dixon, Oronogo, Mo.....	400	319	.7975
H E Smith, Columbus, O.....	200	159	.7950
J B Barto, Chicago, Ill.....	300	237	.7900
W A Weidebusch, Fairmont W Va	200	158	.7900
F S Wright, South Wales, N. Y.	200	154	.7700
A C Connor, Springfield, Ill.....	250	190	.7600
J W Hightower, Americus, Ga.....	250	190	.7600
H Schlicher, Allentown, Pa.....	200	152	.7600
B S Donnelley, Chicago, Ill.....	200	151	.7550
Wm Wettleaf, Nichols, Ia.....	200	151	.7550
C B Eaton, Fayette, Mo.....	200	148	.7400
F M Edwards, Columbus, O.....	150	105	.7000
Geo K Mackie, Scammon, Kans...	250	172	.6880
T H Clay, Jr, Austerlitz, Ky.....	200	137	.6850
Joe Gray, Farber, Mo.....	150	99	.6600
F Campbell, Wauke, Ia.....	100	66	.6600
M Kneuss, Ottawa, Ill.....	150	98	.6533
Wm Webster, Columbus, O.....	250	162	.6480
J A Blunt, Greensboro, Ala.....	200	126	.6300
W H Clegg, Jr, St. Louis, Mo.....	150	71	.4733
J P Sousa, New York.....	300	128	.4266

AVERAGES FOR DOUBLE TARGETS—PROFESSIONALS.

F Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.....	600	522	.8700
L S German, Aberdeen, Md.....	600	522	.8700
Jas S Day, Cincinnati, O.....	500	427	.8540
W Henderson, Lexington, Ky....	400	341	.8525
W Huff, Macon, Ga.....	200	170	.8500
F G Bills, Chicago, Ill.....	600	504	.8400
W H Heer, Guthrie, Okla.....	600	502	.8366
R W Clancy, Chicago, Ill.....	500	416	.8320
Ed O'Brien, Florence, Kans.....	200	166	.8300
C G Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.....	600	496	.8266
G W Maxwell, Hastings, Neb....	600	493	.8216
H D Freeman, College Park, Ga...	550	451	.8200
J R Taylor, Columbus, O.....	600	491	.8183
J M Hawkins, Baltimore, Md.....	500	405	.8100
H C Kirkwood, Le Grange, Ill....	200	159	.7950
Homer Clark, Alton, Ill.....	600	475	.7916
C A Young, Springfield, O.....	200	156	.7800
T A Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill....	400	308	.7700
O R Dickev, Boston, Mass.....	500	382	.7640
C O Le Compte, Eminence, Ky...	350	267	.7628
W R Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.....	400	305	.7625
Guy Ward, Birmingham, Ala.....	500	379	.7580
A H Durston, Syracuse, N. Y.....	200	151	.7550

Du Pont Powders at Springfield, Ill.

Same Results as Last June—"Bring Home the Bacon"

Henry Drews of Lake Mills, Wis., tied for First Place in the Western "Independent" Handicap

Mr. Drews used Ballistite

FOURTEEN OF THE FIRST SEVENTEEN MONEYS

Were won by shooters who used

DU PONT POWDERS

High Average on All Targets Shot At

- 1st. Bart Lewis, Auburn, Ill... 577 ex 600 with Schultze
- 2d. William Hoon, Jewell, Ia... 568 ex 600 with Dupont

Long Runs

- Bart Lewis... 159 with Schultze
- William Hoon... 147 with Dupont

And At The "Post Season"

High Average on All Targets Shot At

- Woolfolk Henderson 943 ex 1000 with Schultze

High Amateur Average on All Targets Shot at

- Allen Heil... 933 ex 1000 with Dupont

Long Runs

- W. H. Heer, 127 and 240 unfinished. Roy H. Bruns, 113.
- J. M. Hawkins, 100, All made with Dupont
- W. R. Crosby... 102 and 102 with Schultze

What Powder Will You Use In The Field?

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Tents	2.20 "	7 Shot Carbine	3.50 "
New Uniforms	1.50 "	Old Pistols	.50 "
Colts Cal. 45, Single or Double Action Revolver			\$ 8.50
Springfield-Mauser High Power Sporting Rifle			11.85
Colts Revolver Cts. 1c. each, Springfield-Mauser Cts. 2c. each			

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Full Speed Ahead

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Prove for yourself that R. H. shoots further, gets there quicker and hits harder; buy some from your dealer and test it.

Send for our free booklet, "Facts About Our Shell Game," full of interesting information.

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You will enjoy every word and your eyes will be opened to the value of the Maxim Silencer in preventing report noise and reducing recoil.

Hiram Percy Maxim, President
MAXIM SILENT FIREARMS CO. 17 Colt's Armory
Hartford, Conn.



D D Gross, Kansas City, Mo.....	200	151	.7550
Mrs A Topperwein, San Antonio	600	446	.7433
E A W Everitt, Wilmington, Del..	250	182	.7280
Art Killam, St. Louis, Mo.....	200	144	.7200
C E Goodrich, Belvidere, Ill	400	286	.7150
J T Skelly, Wilmington, Del.....	450	298	.6622

Hudson Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Oct. 26.—Appended are the scores made by the members of the Hudson Gun Club on Oct. 6. There were fifteen members in attendance who competed for the Du Pont trophy that was put in competition on this date. Event No. 2 shows scores made with added handicaps. Dave Engle was high average for the day with 82 per cent.:

D D Engle.....	23 49 20 20	Bem	18 .. 16 18
W O'Brien	21 48 20 19	P Pfannsteil ...	17 42 15 19
J Williams.....	19 39 17 16	Dr O'Brien	14 50 20 17
R Young	17 44 19 44	W Roach	19 42 16 18
H Pape	14 50 18 14	W Raymond	16 50 16 15
J E Smith.....	21 44 18 18	J Whitley	14 50 16 17
Beyersdoft	14 50 19 18	C von Lengerke	19 45 16 19

Oct. 20.—There were twenty-three shooters who took part in the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, on the above date. Event No. 2 was for the Du Pont trophy, with twenty shooters competing, and shows scores with added handicap. The best shot of the day was the old reliable Dave Engle, who managed to break 114 out of 125 shot at, with Carl von Lengerke a good second, falling short 2 targets of Engle's score, and which is going some at our traps. Jack Fanning was on the job this morning with a new gun which he was trying out, and his scores suffered accordingly.

D D Engle	24 48 21 24 ..
H Pape	19 41 10 17 ..
J Craft	21 41 16 19 ..
J H Williams.....	20 49 11 17 ..
B Beyersdoft	23 50 20 20 ..
J Williams, Jr.....	13 50 17 19 ..
W Roach	18 50 20 21 ..
W Raymond	10 45 15 10 ..
C von Lengerke.....	20 50 22 23 ..
W Hutchings	22 50 19 17 ..
H J Burlington.....	17 48 19 20 ..
W Tewes	10 40 16 19 ..
C A Kurzell.....	16 45 16 17 ..
E J Smith	20 50 20 18 ..
G Woilfarth	13 47 17 17 ..
J Dobson	8 25 10 9 11
T Kelley	16 49 22 21 ..
H van Duyne	18 44 19 16 19
R Doves	10 39 15 14 ..
W Semise	12 .. 11 15 ..
J A Casey.....	7 .. 10 9 ..
W O'Brien	17 .. 19 20 ..
F Pfannsteil	10 50 7 9 ..
J Fanning	18 35 18 13 ..

T. H. K., Sec'y.

Birmingham Gun Club.

THE class shoot and Alabama handicap of the Birmingham Gun Club was a most successful affair. The attendance was not up to expectations. The class shoot was won by John Fletcher in Class A. J. C. Broyles won Class B, Lucien Brown, Class C, and Wm. Dunn Class D. E. R. Holt was high professional.

The weather was windy and dark, consequently the scores are below the average. In the 100-bird handicap C. J. Broyles, the old veteran shooter and gunsmith, won out and received the sterling silver trophy, shooting from 19yds. He was closely followed by E. M. Cornwell and O. L. Garl. E. R. Holt was again high professional, he shooting from 23yds. J. K. Warren, for some reason, was shooting below his average. Mrs. Garl was also shooting badly, owing to her recent illness.

Class shoot, 100 targets:			
J Fletcher	92	Wm Walker	72
E R Holt	92	J De Jarnette.....	72
J K Warren	91	P B Plummer.....	72
J C Broyles	82	Mrs Garl	66
R R Skinner.....	81	Wm Dunn	65
Lee Moody	79	R L Kennon.....	60
J Lambeth	78	Stollenwerk	56
L Brown	77	E C Janney.....	51
E M Cornwell.....	76	L Sellers	51
P H Lallande.....	72	Higgins (50tgts.)...	35

Alabama handicap, 100 targets, distance handicap:			
Yds.		Yds.	
E R Holt.....	23 85	L Brown	19 74
C J Broyles.....	19 84	C Hunter	16 73
E M Cornwell..	16 84	Mrs Garl	16 71
O L Garl.....	18 84	R L Kennon... ..	16 70
J Fletcher	23 79	P B Plummer... ..	20 68
R R Skinner... ..	22 76	Wm Walker	18 65
P H Lallande... ..	18 78	H Hamilton.....	18 63
Wm Dunn	16 76	J K Warren.....	23 58
L Moody	16 74	Stollenwerk	16 34

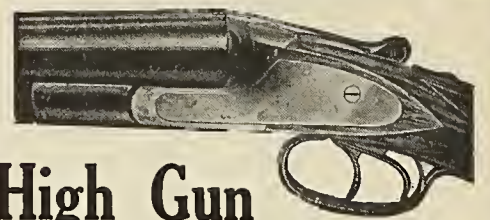
PARTICIPANT.

New Hanover Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Oct. 25.—The following scores were made on the grounds of the New Hanover Gun Club, at our regular shoot on the above date:

Targets:			
Grant	25 25 25 25	Total.	
Dreher	23 25 23 21		92
Underwood	22 25 23 22		92
Cooper	21 22 21 23		87
Miller	16 14 20 16		66
Osterman	17 22 19 ..		58
Robbins	14 17 15 ..		46
Coley	23 20		43
	20 23		43

J. H. DREHER, Sec'y.



High Gun

AT DENVER, 1912
HANDICAP, SEPT. 10-13

Mr. R. H. Bruns, shooting his
LEFEVER

made the marvellous run of
283 without a miss.

On the 700 single targets, including handicaps, Mr. Bruns scored **683 out of 700.**

The second day of the tournament on the day's program of 200 targets, Mr. Bruns and his Lefever gun scored **200 out of 200.** A world's record for ten traps.

On the 500 single 16-yard target for amateurs, Mr. Bruns scored **494 out of 500.**

ANOTHER WINNER AT THE PACIFIC COAST HANDICAP

Mr. L. H. Reid, shooting his Lefever gun, won second high average with **381 out of 400.**

Why don't you shoot a LEFEVER?

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LEFEVER ARMS COMPANY
Guns of Lasting Fame
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Over 12,000 now in use.

F. A. HARDY & CO.
750 Silversmith Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

EIGHTEEN men faced the traps of the Indianapolis Gun Club on Oct. 26 under sunny, autumn skies and conditions which generally promise or warrant class performance. But with one or two exceptions the results were otherwise. Parry led in the practice event with 92 per cent., and Wilson, at 16yds. won in the spoon contest at 50 targets. The scores:

	Practice.		Spoon Handicap.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Yds.	Total.
*Barr	125	120	23	46
Parry	125	115	23	40
Moller	125	113	22	36
Edmonson	125	110	23	37
Stitle	125	85	16	34
Britton	100	85
Golden	100	63
Neighbors	100	64
Kuhn	100	61
Alig	80	66
Dixon	75	63	22	32
Appel	75	60	18	37
Lewis	75	59	16	41
Hofer	75	58	18	40
Wilson	70	60	16	47
Womack	60	46
Simmons	60	41
Brennan	25	24

*Professional. R. R.

Jersey City Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Oct. 26.—Fifteen shooters were out at the regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the Jersey City Gun Club to-day, and while competition was keen, a strong wind blowing across the meadows kept the scores unusually low. Dave Engle was high again to-day with an average of 81 per cent., and North and Dixon tied for second honors with 80 per cent. each. The scores follow, strings of 25:

Engle	18	19	23	21
Lawton	11	17	12	12	18
North	19	19	24	20	19	18	22
Summerfield	4	7	9	4	3	7	..
Windisch	15	19	20	20
Dixon	19	21	17	21	22	20	..
Zollinger	12	18	12	8
Morse	7	10	10
Mueller	2	4	11
Jones	16	16	14
Brady	18	15	13
Sampson	16	14	12
Lefty	12	18	18
Lewis	15	15	16
Blow	16	17	10

SECRETARY.

Smith Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 26.—The first of five shoots to decide the winner of a handsome gun, donated by a member of the Smith Gun Club, was shot off this afternoon. On the second Saturday after the monthly prize shoot the gun is to be shot for five successive months. Each shoot is to be at 50 targets, and the man with the three highest scores wins the gun. To-day B. M. Shanley, Jr., led the field with 41 breaks to his credit. S. Thornton came in second with 39.

In addition to the gun event, sweepstakes were indulged. The following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
B. M. Shanley, Jr.	21	22	23	22	24	24	41
J. T. Pryor	16	14	18	20	36
G. Francisco	13	12	16	18	19	..	37
Sam Thornton	18	18	20	21	39
John Erb	17	20	16	19	32
H. Higo	23	23
P. Kellar	15	14	17	18	34
D. Vreeland	15	18	17	17
F. Fischer	14	12	15	16
F. Hazel	15	19	18	17
C. A. Barnett	18	16	13
J. Riley	17	20	21	20
B. Parkins	16	15	17
Steger	20	19

Buffalo Audubon Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 19.—Please find scores of our club made to-day under very unfavorable weather conditions. A high gusty wind played havoc with good scores:

Targets:	10	20	20	20	25
Lambert	12	16	15	16	19
Kelsey	12	18	15	18	20
Wright	11	16	18	15	24
Fish	13	17	18	17	23
Northcott	9	18	19	15	17
Ebberts	13	16	18	16	20
Imhoff	12	16	17	18	19
Fletcher	1	5	5
Cannon	8	13	14	10	14
Wacker	13	16	12	16	18
Blackmer	12	14	14	15	18
D. Wilson	12	15	14	15	19
Moser	11	9	13
Seymour	..	15	15
Reed	12	16	15	17	19
Wootton	21

W. C. WOOTTON, Sec'y.

Plattsville Gun Club.

PLATTSVILLE, Wis., Oct. 20.—A hard rain cut down our attendance at the trap to-day. The following scores were made at 50 targets per man: B. H. Doescher 47, A. E. Gilmore 35, Pete Karrmann 35, Bridges 36, B. Karrmann 28. T. A. BRIDGES, Sec'y.

1952 x 2000, or .976 %

This score was made by the "OLD RELIABLE" PARKER GUN in the hands of Bill Crosby, again demonstrating to the shooters of the world that the PARKER GUN makes the highest scores.

The above mentioned score won for the PARKER GUN and Mr. Crosby the Professional Season's Average for the year 1912, and was completed at the Post Season Tournament, Cincinnati, O., Oct. 15-18, 1912.

The PARKER GUN also won the Amateur Average for the tournament.

Buy an "OLD RELIABLE" PARKER GUN, and improve your scores.

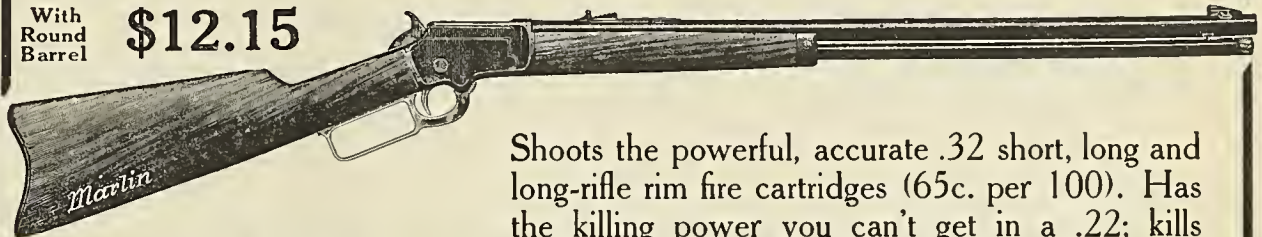
PARKER BROS. :-: Meriden, Conn.
New York Salesrooms, 32 Warren Street

Woodchucks at 65c. per 100

—a chuck with every shot from

Marlin Model 1892—32 Caliber Repeating Rifle

With Round Barrel \$12.15



Shoots the powerful, accurate .32 short, long and long-rifle rim fire cartridges (65c. per 100). Has the killing power you can't get in a .22; kills anything smaller than deer up to 200 yards easily and at slight cost for cartridges.

It's light, quick handling, thoroughly accurate and reliable. Has removable side-plate and action parts; the easiest of all repeaters to keep clean. Adjustable Rocky Mountain sights. Extra firing pin (free) allows use of .32 C.F. cartridges in same rifle.

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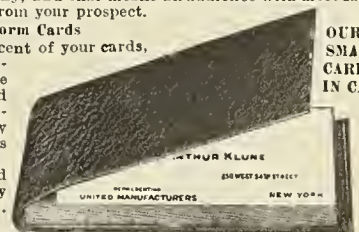
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Cleveland, Ohio

Holland Gun Club.

BATAVIA, N. Y., Oct. 21.—Mr. and Mrs. Topperwein gave their very excellent exhibition before an audience of 350. Our advice to your readers is that if they shoot anywhere near where they are, take the day off and go to see them, even to a considerable trip on the cars, they will not be disappointed. Mrs. Topperwein shot the regular program, breaking 97 out of 100. The scores follow, all 25-target events:

Mrs. Topperwein	23	24	25	25
Brumber	20	22	23	21	19	21
Gardiner	24	24	23	22	23	25
Watson	19	22	18	18	20	19
Walls	21	20	22	19	21	21
Williams	12	23	11
Fisher	21	17	17
Howland	17	13
Palmer	11	18
Ward	20	22
Bort	9

CHAS. W. GARDINER, Sec'y.

Guernsey Gun Club.

GUERNSEY, Ia., Oct. 19.—The Guernsey Gun Club had two little practice shoots this week. Scores attached:

Oct. 14:		Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
J W Dobbins	25	22	A Dalezal	25	23
Mrs J W Dobbins	25	19	Joe Dalezal	25	20
Oct. 19:		Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
J W Dobbins	45	41	C F Foster	20	17
Mrs J W Dobbins	25	18	L C Furney	10	7
*E E Dobbins	25	23	R Wenger	30	8

*Fifteen years old.

J. W. DOBBINS, Pres.

Daniel Boone Gun Club.

THE scores made by the Daniel Boone Club, of Marthasville, Mo., on Oct. 19, follow:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke			
Holt	65	51	E Suhre	30	26
Hilgedick	65	45	Fortmann	30	23
Ahmann	40	37	F Suhre	30	20
Lichtenberg	40	33	Koch	20	15
Bollmann	40	29	Meyer	10	6
Gardyne	40	27			

J. O. WILSON, Sec'y.

TRAVEL AND COLONIZATION.

Continued from page 554.

disregard for the Bhuddist law, which forbids the taking of life, were spearing fish. They were rather clever at this; in one hand the poacher carried a burning brand, while with the other he wielded a six-foot bamboo, whose "business end" was split into a dozen sharpened points, splayed out with a twist or two of creeper. The shallows were populated with shoals of fish resembling lythe, which ran about a quarter of a pound. The men waded deep and then advanced in line, holding their torches low; the fish upon which the primitive leister descended was either impaled or wedged safely between the points. The men made a basket of ten or a dozen, which their more orthodox companions helped them to eat. Burmese cookery is an infant science; the men did not trouble to clean the fish, they ate them half roasted among the embers, and made no complaints about the adhering sand and ashes. The Burman is not discriminating in gastronomical matters, and will eat most things. He recognizes no difference between the meat of an animal which has been killed and that of one which has succumbed to old age, accident, or disease; and he cherishes an unlovely affection for items of the interior of a dead cow (mule or pony), which civilization in its prejudice discards. Some years ago the sanitary authorities of a certain station in the Lower Province were much disturbed by the discovery that the guileless villagers were obtaining supplies of meat from the place of burial set apart for defunct transport bullocks and mules. Parties used to visit the ground at night with mamootes and dahs, disintomb any recently buried carcass and cut it up on the spot. The Burman has no opinion of any sanitary precautions, and

(Continued on page 578.)

There's just the difference between a raw, poorly made Cocktail and a

Club Cocktail

that there is between a raw, new Whiskey and a soft old one.

The best of ingredients—the most accurate blending cannot give the softness and mellowness that age imparts.

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Kennel Department

Central States Field Trial Association.

THE annual trials were held on Oct. 23 and 24, on grounds near Hamilton, Ohio. There were two stakes, derby and all-age, with \$100 purse guaranteed in each, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The derby stake had eighteen entries and 15 starters. The all-age, fourteen entries and ten starters. Mr. Willard Smith of Petersburg, Ind., acted as judge, handling the derby stake alone, and having the assistance of Mr. Nick Daniels, of Dayton, Ohio, in the all-age. Weather conditions were good during the two days of the trials. The country was quite a birdy one, and nearly every dog in the two stakes had an opportunity to show his quality on game. Babblebrook Joe, the all-age winner was the winner at Carmichaels, Pa., trials. He showed good field trial class, and the ability to handle game. Babblebrook Bob, the derby winner, is a promising youngster, with good speed and range, and plenty of bird sense. Both dogs are by Mohawk II., and are owned by Louis McGrew, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

SORGHUM CAKES PRAISED ABOVE BUCKWHEATS.

PEOPLE who are fond of buckwheat cakes are reminded that something at least equal, if not superior, to buckwheat is a flour made from sorghum seed. The editor of this paper has tried the battercakes made from cane seed flour and knows whereof he speaks. Indeed, a gentleman who was considered a connoisseur on matters culinary tried the cakes at the same time, and he said it was superior to buckwheat any time. Now that cane seed is a plentiful product we should like for some of our people who are fond of good things to take a bushel or two of the seed to his miller, have some of the flour made and then have his wife make some battercakes.—Hazel Green Herald.

Kennel.

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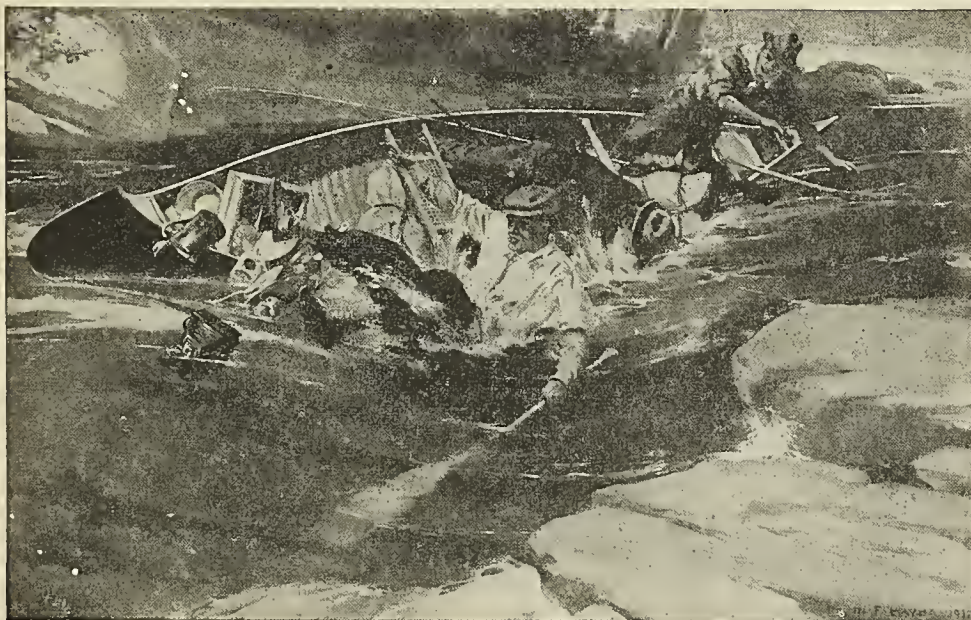
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E. E. SPANGENBERG, Manager.

TRAVEL AND COLONIZATION.

Continued from page 576.

the closing of what the people no doubt regarded as an excellent and cheap source of meat supply caused much unpleasantness.

My lamp had come to grief that morning, so there was nothing to stay up for after the digestive cheroot which follows dinner, and which may as well be smoked in bed as out of it. I have often slept on the ground, but the practice is not to be recommended; and as an ordinary low camp bed does not raise one above the influence of miasma, that piece of furniture was left behind, and the men constructed for me a bamboo framework to which my waterproof sheet was laced, forming a roomy hammock, fully five feet from the ground. Mounq Gye once volunteered to make me a bed, and, receiving encouragement, spent a day over the task, detaining three beaters to help him. The result reflected credit upon his ingenuity and capacity for taking pains, but scarcely accorded with European ideas. He took a coffin for his model and with infinite labor, built of split bamboos a long box which he left open at the end, so that I could wriggle in. It was so carefully made that the air was practically excluded, and I might enjoy to the fullest the not very exhilarating odor of fresh cut bamboos. I slept on the top of the box by way of compromise; and can recommend a bamboo mattress as much superior to any known device to stimulate early rising.

There is no hardship in sleeping under the stars in the jungle when the weather is fine, but one does feel the want of a tent when it is time to get up. It is dark, but the owls are silent, the cricket's shrill song has died away, and the world is very still. Dawn is at hand, and you lie fighting against the sleep that drags at the eyelids, for you have arranged to start very early for that valley a mile away, where the gaur comes before daybreak to feed on the juicy khine grass, whence he retires to the hills when the sun first touches the highest treetops. A chilly wreath of mist is eddying ghost-like along the choung as you throw back the blankets, and, shivering in pajamas, swing yourself down on the sand in search of the clothes you stowed on the camp chair under the bed last night. My guns always sleep with me, to avoid risk of damp. They are not the bed-fellows one would choose to share a slack hammock, or even their flannel-lined canvas cases, they seem to be all hammers, which dig into one's back, knees, shins—any spot upon which they may press themselves on your attention. Once on the sand, the sooner you dress the better, for, if you don't, the one solitary advantage in getting up in the dark is lost. Rise after daylight, when the men are waking up, and if you are a modest man you will learn what it feels like to blush on a really large scale. The Burman is polite and amiable, but his code of etiquette omits deprecation of personal remarks; he has also a very fine eye for points, and by the time you get your coat on you know what a horse may be supposed to feel when the judges have done with him in the show ring.

The man who sends his shikari out to look for spoor, and waits in camp till it is found, loses half the fun of the game, to my thinking. It may be the natural perversity which has so

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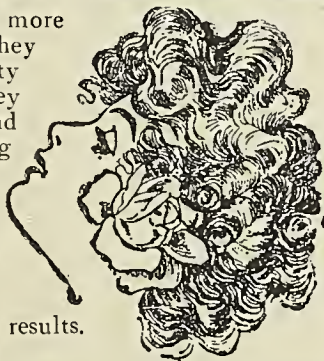
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often led me astray in this vale of sunshine and occasional tears, but I confess to a preference for sharing the tracker's work from the very beginning; whence this painful early rising. Down in the deep, often precipitous, valleys among these hills the bison—to give him his popularly inaccurate name—seeks his breakfast in the tall fleshy grasses which clothe the bottoms. He bites it off a foot or two above the ground, and eats the juicy stems as he wanders along. As daylight approaches he turns his head to the hills and moves off, picking a stem here and another there. The severed stem quickly oxidizes, and you soon learn to tell by the degree of moistness and discoloration how many minutes have passed since it was bitten, and that is the beauty of this kind of tracking. When you find a stem still oozing and without a shade of brown to rust its whiteness, look out, and keep your ears open. When the gaur has breakfasted he makes his way by the shortest path—a well-trodden track it is, usually—to some favorite resting place high up, in cover more or less dense, where he spends the heat of the day in meditation. He is too wary to be said to sleep, so far as my experience goes, though a Karen tracker did on one occasion take me fairly up to a big bull lying down. That I had two shots and had to leave him wounded is a circumstance which pertaineth not to this discursive tale.

PRACTICE ARCHERY SCORES.

Continued from page 567.

course in law, he decided that the East was good enough for him, and he did not return to the wild West. Alone, he opened an office in the Hub, and has become a successful attorney. He has a beautiful home in Newton Centre, and is president of the Board of Aldermen of the city of Newton.

Mr. Gray's rise in archery has also been rapid. He became a member of the National Association in 1910, when he knew nothing about the sport. At the next annual meeting he was chosen secretary-treasurer, and so satisfactorily did he perform the duties of the office that this year he was unanimously elected president of the association. He has also become a good shot, and we believe that he and Mrs. Gray will be strong contenders for the championships next year.

Burton P. Gray, Jr., has an archery outfit, and is shooting well for a lad of ten.

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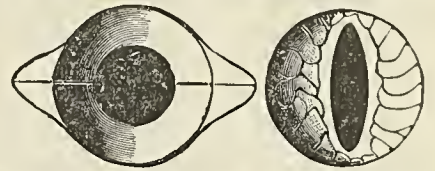
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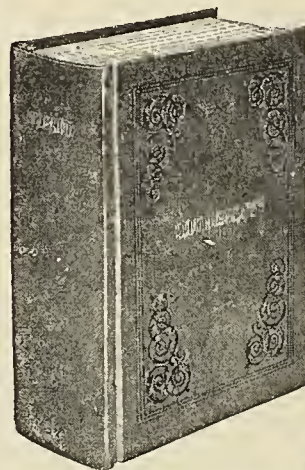
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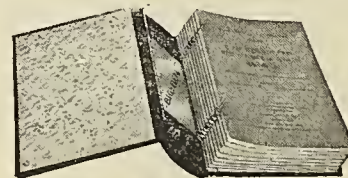


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DEER SHOOTING IN THE ADIRONDACKS
Photograph by W. S. Bellis.

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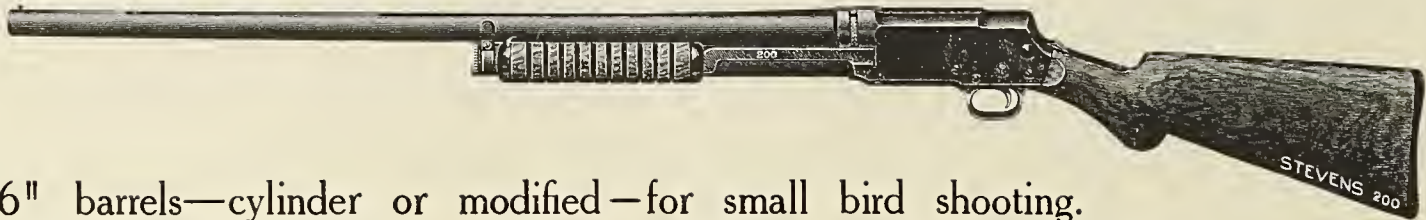
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PORPOISE FISHING.

A FRIEND of mine, says Dr. H. A. Lawton in the New York Sun, who has done much fishing told me once never to go after porpoise, because, he added, porpoises when wounded cry like human beings, and until my dying day I would feel as if I had slain one of my own kind. But I was out with a man from Cleveland, who, when he gets after fish, has no mercy.

Well, we were off Key Largo, when we started into a blind creek to get loggerhead turtles. Ketchel, the guide, who was on the lookout, suddenly turned and said, "If you want some sport I can give it to you. There goes a bunch of porpoises up that blind creek. It is shallow water, and there is no way for them to get out except by passing us." Well, I didn't want to hunt porpoises, but my friend was cager for it, so I gave way.

When the school of porpoises realized that our boat was between them and deep water they started back. There were probably twelve in the lot, and as they rushed by Ketchel sank his harpoon into a little calf. It towed us along like fury. But the bull and the mother of that calf put up the most pitiful fight I ever saw. I begged Ketchel to cut the rope and let the calf go, but my friend wouldn't have it. You know the porpoise is a mammal, but I did not know it could be so attached to its young. They fairly flung themselves out of the water. The bull stayed by the calf, but the mother jumped over and dived under it, bit at the rope to which the harpoon was fastened, and as her head came out of the water she made noises that were like awful human groans. Once the mother turned at the boat and jumped clean over the bow, narrowly missing Ketchel. If she had hit him he would have gone overboard sure, and the things were enraged to such a point they would have undoubtedly attacked him. The mother tried to tip our little boat over, and Ketchel had to beat her over the head with an oar to keep her away. Well, that battle lasted half an hour, the other porpoises trying to release the calf. Then the poor calf gave up the ghost with a real groan and the mother kept sobbing pitifully. Finally Ketchel took a machete and sunk it into the calf. There will be no more porpoise hunting for me. It's too near cruelty.

BIG PACK GIVES CHASE TO DEER.

BARRE, Mass., Oct. 16.—The Brunswick Foxhound Club opened its all-age field trials to-day at the Kneland farm with sixty-five dogs in the pack. This beats all previous records as to number. To-day's sport could not be properly called a fox hunt, but rather a deer chase which was fast and exciting.

There was nothing spectacular about the getaway, but it was a pretty picture, as the dogs started out in search of a fox. There were foxes a-plenty, as several hunters reported seeing them, but the stronger scent of the deer attracted the hounds when they had reached a place known as The Steps, which is a ridge just outside of Barre.

Nearly the whole pack took up the trail at this point and drove the deer for eight miles toward Hardwick at a fast clip which changed from a drive to a race.

Those on foot were soon out of the running and the mounted hunters were obliged to use the spurs to keep up with the pack.

There was a fine race through brush, over rocky plains, up and down valleys and then up and down hills again. The hunters who used automobiles to follow the hunt covered from thirty to fifty miles and some more in following the hounds.

About three-quarters of an hour after the getaway Dr. A. C. Heffenger sighted a big fox in a meadow about 150 yards off the Hardwick road. About six stray dogs came across the trail and gave a fine drive toward the west and were soon out of sight and hearing.

An hour afterward a pack of dogs got track of a doe and gave chase toward Poverty Hill, where they were joined by the big pack of

about fifty hounds. The chase was up the side of the nearby hill, which is the highest point in the town of Barre, and then down the Hardwick side. The deer succeeded in escaping by plunging into a pond formed by Muddy Brook.

After the deer trail was lost the hounds circled around the hill, worked hard to get back on the scent. An hour later a pack of about forty dogs was seen racing a doe and a buck in the hill region to the west. The animals were in plain sight of several hunters and gave some fine exhibitions of high jumping.

The hounds pressed the deer hard which headed for another pond about three miles from Hardwick. Both the doe and the buck jumped

a wall and plunged into the pond. The doe circled the pond two or three times. One of the hunters threw a stone at the animal to frighten her out and she came ashore and hid in the bushes, the hounds being unable to find her, she did not move until their baying could be heard in the other direction.

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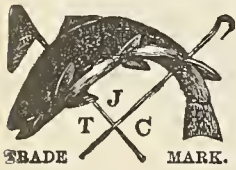
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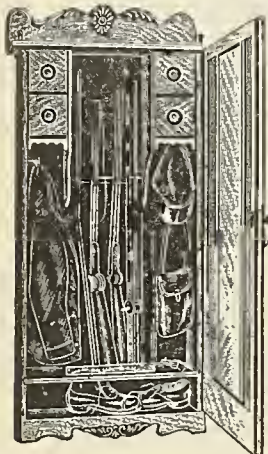
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1912.

VOL. LXXIX.—No. 19.
127 Franklin St., New York.

“My Guide Ephraim”

By ALBERT M. BIGELOW

Photographs by W. S. Bellis.

SOME years ago on reaching one of the well-known Maine fishing resorts a little after the early arrivals in September, I found the house nearly full and all the available guides engaged. As the fishing there was all to be done from the bow of a canoe, I agreed with the house manager, Barnes (his name was not that, but we will call him Barnes), when he said: “Wall, you got ter hev a guide,” and I was pleased to have him, “and ef you’ll git inter the waggon ’th me, we’ll go and hustle one up down t’ the village.” Arriving there he said: “There; see that big feller standin’ over there in the tavern door? He’s a good guide. He’s a pretty good bragger and he’s fond o’ whiskey, but he don’t git drunk, and he’s a good willin’ feller and a good fisherman. His name is Eph Barker.” I said: “He’s just the man we’re looking for. If he’s a good fisherman I’d like to hear him brag sometimes, but I’ve only a smallish flask of whiskey, and I suppose I can’t get any more in this State of ‘no license.’” I looked at Barnes. He didn’t say anything, but looked off at the distant sky. An experience which I will mention later, in the matter of getting whiskey there, recalled that look to my memory.

We called Ephraim. His name was not really Ephraim or Barker, and so we put the misnomer fiction on Mr. Barnes as aforesaid. “Ephraim” was a red-faced, stout-bodied “spirit of good humor.” He was soon engaged, and before morning he was up at Barnes’ getting things ready to meet me after breakfast. Some of the guests whom I had met elsewhere told me that I had come to the poorest fishing “ever,” and that there hadn’t been a fish on the table for more than a week. When I mentioned this to Eph, he said: “Oh, I’ll git you fish all right. I c’n alwers git ’em. I c’n put you right on top of ’em.” So we pushed off on the lake. Surely enough, he did put me on the fish, and we had taken fifteen or sixteen when he said in a reflecting way: “Mr. ———, I think you’re a putty lucky man.” I had been flattering myself that it was more skill than luck, so I said: “Why so, Eph?” “Wall, haow you happen to git me for a guide?” This was his first specimen of brag, and not a bad one. “Do you always bring luck, Eph?” “You bet. The boys all think tain’t no use to go for moose unless Eph Barker goes along. They’ve learned that. Now, I know all the places for fish, and I’m gonter tell you somethin’. I don’t like all the other guides to know what I know about the places to get trout; big

ones, too. The other fellers are always a-watchin’ me tryin’ to find out. I’m goneter take you to a place that I don’t want you to talk about.” So he took me to a fine looking pool and said: “Now, I’m goneter leave you here on this rock, and I’m going up on the side hill to keep a kind-a-watch-out for these other guides who’re always tryin’ to get on ter my pools.”

I thought him very suspicious, but as at my first cast I hooked a fine fish that afterward proved to weigh four and a half pounds, I didn’t find any fault, especially as soon after that I took another weighing four and three-quarters.

Eph suddenly appeared with the canoe and said: “We’d better be gettin’ along back now; I know another good place. You’d better kind o’ put your rod down so’s not to let any ’f the guides we’re likely to meet think we’re fishin’; only kinder lunchin’ or suthin’.”

After getting a little distance away from where we had been fishing, we began fishing along back. The fishing proved very good, but the weather was pretty bad. A September fog and rain. I pulled out my flask of whiskey. It

acted on Eph’s eyes like a magnet. They were glued to the flask for a second. With a strong effort he closed them and then opened them on the distant landscape and waited. “Eph, will you have a drop?” “No sir No whiskey for me. I tell the boys here that they’d be a good deal better off if they’d let whiskey alone. I don’t believe in it.”

About a minute’s silence (surprise caused it on my part). He was waiting for me to say something. I didn’t speak, so he did, rather hesitatingly. “Sometimes—waal, *sometimes*, it ain’t bad as a medicine, when a man’s cold or wet; it kind o’ prevents trouble in bad, rainy weather—say, waal, something like to-day.” And his eyes had got around to the flask again with a very interested expression. I handed the flask to him. He turned out and hastily swallowed a good big drink. “That ain’t bad whiskey. Didn’t git it around here, I guess.” That was the last temperance lecture I ever had from Ephraim.

When we got to the camp that afternoon our catch, which was sixty-four fish, including two weighing over four pounds each, there was much



ROCK RIVER CAMP IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

surprise, as it was the first good catch of the season. But I found out by accident that the pool where I got the large fish and where Eph watched from the woods, because as he said he was afraid some other guide would learn of his good places, was forbidden fishing, and was illegal. I was very angry and expressed myself very decidedly to Ephraim, who said: "The' ain't no sense closing the fishin' there, anyway," but I told him that any other such guiding on his part would end our relations, etc. When he really appreciated the fact that I would not have any illicit fishing and was really on what seemed to him such a low level of technical morality, he yielded to it, and was, so far as fishing was concerned, a very satisfactory guide, and he was full of entertaining woods companionship.

His interest in the whiskey, as to which his prescription was very liberal, and which he found so very beneficial as a medicine, rather developed as we went on. It rather "devil-upped" on the night after the first day's fishing, and this is the story of it:

I had a room over the "office," which was the sitting room of the guides and others, and the stove pipe from the stove there came up through my floor and made audible every sound in the room below. The guides were laughing and talking down there after I was in bed, and I was amused to hear Ephraim say to the others: "Say, fellers, my old man's got some of the best whiskey you ever smelt. His flask's in his coat pocket, and he hung it right up here 'n the office. Won't you hev some?" And I heard him get my flask and they had their drinks. It was all I had, and I laughed as I thought Ephraim would have to ride on the "water wagon" for the rest of the way.

In the morning, after breakfast, as he and I went down to the canoe to start off on our morning's fishing, I waited for him to bring my

overcoat and—perhaps, say something. As he came down toward the canoe he appeared to suddenly think of something, and said in a kind of reflective way: "Why, what ju do 'th your coat last night? You didn't leave it 'n the office, did ye?" "Did I, Eph?" "Why, you did; but you didn't leave your whiskey in it, did ye?" Pulling out the flask, he said: "Waal, you did sure, and it's all gone. Now, I tell yer what 'tis, you can trust us guides with money or anythin' like that, jes' as well as you kin any bank, 'n better, too, 'n some of 'em, but if you kin o' leave whiskey around or a few flies, why we sort of think you mean for us to help ourselves. We wouldn't do nothing bad, anyway." I said: "Well, Eph, of course we can't get any more in this State, can we? So we are in for 'total abstinence' after this. His face lighted up a little as he said: "Waal, no, of course it's hard to git it—but I'll tell ye, if you go down to Barnes's and say you ain't very well and need some whiskey." "Oh, I'm well enough, Eph. I don't need any." "Waal, you say somethin' kin' o' like that, anyway, 'n then he'll look 'round a little 'n say it's again' the law 'n he can't sell none to nobody, 'n then 's he's lookin' around he'll see suthin' up'n the cubberd 'n say, 'What's this! I d'know! Why, here's a couple o' bottles! Must be on the way up to Si Smith's camp, but I guess they ain't in any hurry for it. You can take this, and I can kin' o' fix it up with 'em some way when they come down.'"

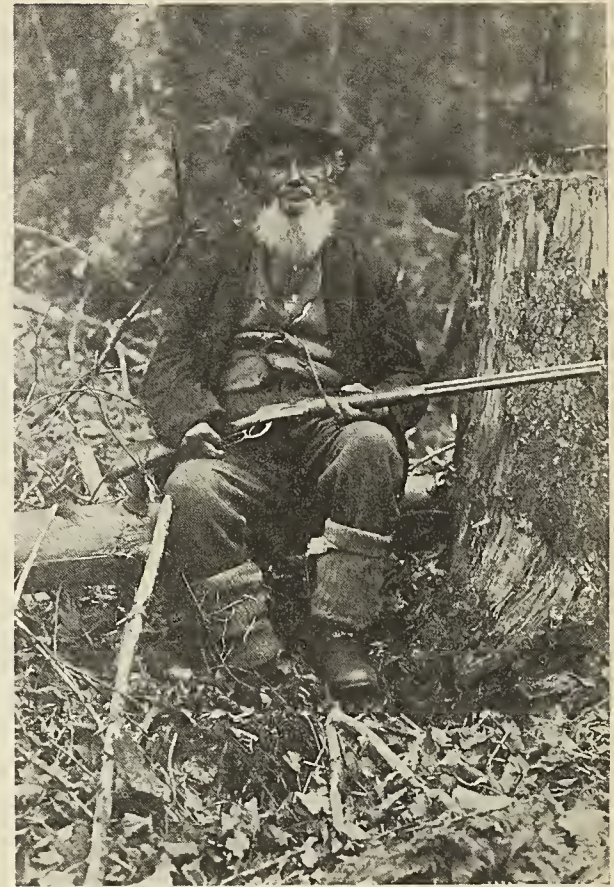
So I went to Barnes and the scene worked out exactly as rehearsed, and I recalled Barnes' look at the distant sky when he took me down to the village to get Ephraim as guide and something was said about the difficulty of getting more whiskey in the "Prohibition State" of Maine.

Ephraim didn't ride on any "water wagon" that season. There was always a package of something in that "cubberd" which proved to be bottles of "suthin' or 'nother" on the way in to Si Smith's camp, which they weren't in any hurry to have sent in to them.

Well, Ephraim was a good guide, a keen-eyed fisherman, and he took a natural pride in his judgment as to places where a trout would be and where he would not be, and he always watched with interest to see how and just where the fly dropped on the water.

I remember once his paddling me through a fine winding stream and my seeing an inviting deep and dark looking pool by a big rock and my saying: "Slow up a bit, Ephraim, there's a place for a big one." He did slow up slightly, but said: "'Tain't no use o' tryin' there. No fish in it this time o' year." As he spoke a fine big fish came up with a splash and took the fly, and Eph finished his remark by adding, "Unless 'tis now and then a scatterin' one." I had much enjoyment in getting a "now and then scatterin' one" in the pools he didn't believe in. He used to let himself down by saying: "Waal, this weather 's darn queer that the trout git into places where gen'ally you can't get 'em in September, but you kin get 'em in May well enough." "All right, Eph. I like the scatterin' ones best. I don't care so much to fish in schools. I am willing to get the only one. The scatterin' ones are often the largest ones."

Eph was a good guide for the fishing. There is a great difference between having a guide who has a "natural" love of fishing and enjoys it



UNCLE TOM SOLOMON,

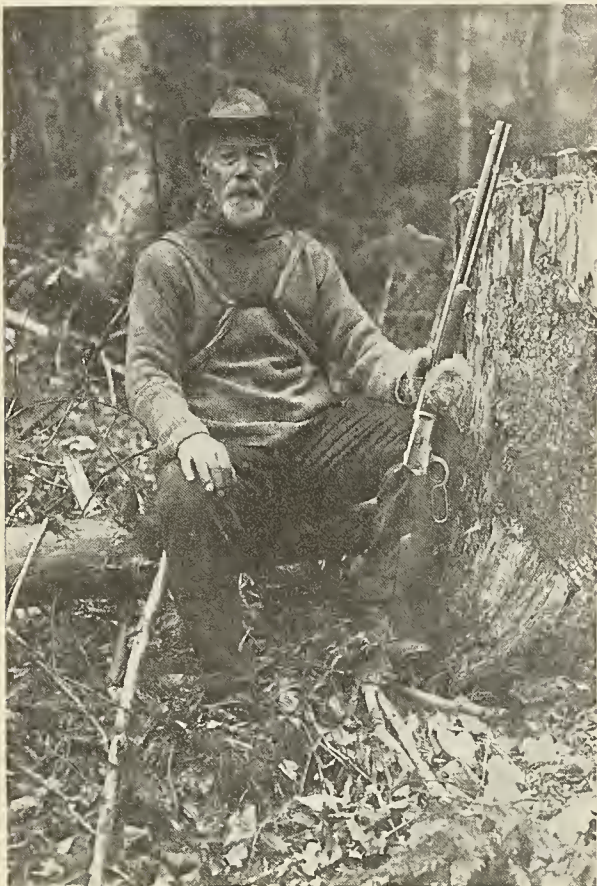
The "Grand Old Man" of Dun Brook, Eagle River, Rock River and Beaver River. Famous as an Adirondack guide in late forties and up to 1895. Born 1825; died 1911.

and appreciates any skill in the angler, and one who works only for his pay, and is always willing to get away from the midst of a good fishing to dinner or supper. He was eager as to the fishing and an excellent canoe paddler and poler, and knew with a fisherman's instinct all the waters of the region. I was very glad to have him for several seasons, and liked him better the longer I had him. He was a good cook, and when we found it necessary to have our meals off in the woods, his coffee, his fried trout and his potatoes roasted in the ground under the fire, and his cakes (or flapjacks) were all fine and memorable. He always displayed also a fine zest in partaking of all the repasts.

I remember when once he was coming to the end of an eager and industrious performance in breakfast eating, he said in a sort of self-excusing way: "Waal, breakfast is my principal meal." Feeling my eyes upon him, he added after a second or so: "Waal, unless it is dinner, sometimes when I've done a good deal." He still felt my eyes fixed on him and so he further added: "Waal, supper tastes kind er good, and don't seem to do me no harm." Then he felt that my eyes were being taken off, and he laughed and said as he patted the neighborhood of his stomach: "Waal, there is suthin' real kin' o' ree-storin' about vittles, anyway, ain't there?"

Eph was a good guide and a good woods companion, as I have said. When I go down there again, expecting to have Eph join me there, I shall take with me a liberal prescription of his medicine dose, and I shall go prepared also to hear some more of his interesting accounts of his experiences and to stretch my mind to the extent of his narrations.

I think Ephraim's stories did not all task credulity to the limit more than others I have



DICK BIRCH NOW AT INDIAN LAKE,

A famous Adirondack guide in late forties and up to ten years ago. Still does a little trapping. Born about 1828.

listened to, but when some of the extremest of them ended up with the proof that "Old Bill Sampson was right there with me all the time. He uster like to tell about it, allers. He died two or three years ago," he knew by my looks and my silence that I was inwardly relegating his story to fiction, but he smiled, as he knew that I could not convict him in the absence of a witness. This was the case on one occasion when he showed me his big silver (or pewter) watch and said: "She's a putty good ticker, ain't she?" I didn't disagree with him, and he proceeded with his story. "Four years ago last November I lost her off in the woods when I was after moose. There was considerable snow that winter, and the next summer I couldn't go back there, though I knew putty well about where I lost her. The next winter the snows was heavy and stayed all winter, and no lumberin' was done there, and I couldn't get in there till 'long in November that year—two years ago now, almost, when I was in with a feller after moose, and by gum, I found her right where I must ha' dropped her, but I never would have found her if I hadn't heard her tickin'."

He looked off at the mountain with a set expression which seemed to say, "If you think I'm goneter believe them stories of yourn about houses forty stories high in New York, you got ter believe about my watch."

All I could say to him was: "Well, Eph, you are just as good a ticker as your watch is. I may not be here for a year or two, but I certainly expect to hear you ticking when I do come." And I would be sorry to miss his kind of "ticking" in the woods.



HIS INITIAL BAG.

The Hunters.

A HUNTER popped a partridge on a hill;
It made a great to-do, and then was still.
It seems (when later on his bag he spied)
It was the guide.

One shot a squirrel in a nearby wood—
A pretty shot, offhand, from where he stood.
(It wore, they said, a shooting hat of brown,
And lived in town.)

And one dispatched a rabbit for his haul
That later proved to measure six feet tall;
And, lest you think I'm handing you a myth—
Its name was Smith.

Another Nimrod slew the champion fox,
He glimpsed him lurking in among the rocks.
One rapid shot. It never spoke nor moved,
The inquest proved.

A "cautious" man espied a gleam of brown;
Was it a deer—or Jones, a friend from town?
But while he pondered by the river's rim
Jones potted him.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Old Guard

By GEORGE WESLEY BEATTY

Editor Forest and Stream:

IT is so many years now that I have read FOREST AND STREAM that I am rather timid about looking backward and counting up for fear of knowing just how much the years are holding against me.

More and more am I impressed with the writings of the Old Guard—men who have moved up—men whose writings enlivened your pages and carried the scent of brine, the dank odors of the forest and the fragrance of the camp-fire into thousands of homes. Those men of sterling worth, who lived at a time when this country was in its glorious infancy—its childhood, its spring time, when the antelope, the pigeon and buffalo were still among us, part of us—have left behind a pleasant savor, a lasting memory; unconsciously molded us and now are their silent hands pointing the dim forest aisles and presiding at our camp-fires.

As I see the names conspicuous by their absence I am moved to dedicate this little verse to them—your friends, my friends, our friends, humanity's friends.

They told through FOREST AND STREAM of a time in this country which can never be repeated in the history of the world—the antelope, pigeon, buffalo and red man have passed away to be seen no more forever. Let us, therefore, keep their memory green as they did, the days of long ago.

G. W. BEATTY.

The Old Guard.

BY GEORGE WESLEY BEATTY.

OUTSIDE, the sleet is driving,
And the night is cold and drear,
And the wee sma' hours are gliding
Toward the closing of the year;
And the fire snaps and crackles
Up the chimney in the dark,
While the window casing rattles,
And the flying of the sparks
Work a secret spell about me
As I sit here in their glow,
Showing faces I no longer see—
The friends of long ago.

* * * * *

Coming faintly in my vision
From their home in the beyond—
Faintly, dimly from the region
Of the Happy Hunting Ground—
While their hands outspread in greeting
To their friend of years ago—
Brings to memory, so fleeting,
Forms and faces that I know.
There is Nanit and Recapper,
And Du Bois and Mont Clare, too,
Neddie Buntline, trim and dapper,
And Will Wildwood, good and true,

And Vaux (Dot) and Kephart sailing
Close by Ike McClelland's side
With his rhythmic pages telling
Tales of old Long Island's tide.
In the distance, shining brightly,
Shows a star of wondrous grace;
Who can that be, formed so lightly?
Ah, I know the smiling face,
'Tis the form of fair Na-tah-ki,
Waiting for her chief to come.
You have won our hearts, Na-tah-ki;
Keep them with "The Old Man," "Sun."

* * * * *

In ten thousand hearts your home is,
At their hearthstones you preside;
There, unconsciously you teach us

Love, devotion, side by side,
Moving in the distance dimly,
There I see another form,
Moving in the haze that thinly
Cloaks the lake at early dawn,
With his duffle stowed in tightly
In the dainty Sairy Gamp,
And as ever "going lightly,"
Nessmuk making up his camp.

Then I see another member,
Who had once a tale to tell,
And my heart will e'er remember
What he told, and, ah! how well!
Scented with the prairie grasses,
Mesquite, palo verde and sage,
Buffalo and Indian passes,
Till the very living page
Trembled in our eager fingers,
Trembled in our hearts, and so
There the memory still lingers
Of dear Cabia Blanco.

* * * * *

Major Mather stands among them,
With his fly-rod lightly poised;
Jacobstaff and Hallock, men
Whose sentiments are voiced
By the thousands that come after,
And in tales of yesterday,
Brimming o'er with joy and laughter,
Speeding us upon our way.
Harris with his mighty tarpon,
And his tales of fishing lore,
Hand in hand with old Ike Walton,
Heart of youth and head of hoar.

Ahwahsoose and Yo and Henshall,
Some of them are with us now,
Ready to report and marshal
In the land beyond the snow.
Soon the "call to arms" will send us
Clear across the Great Divide,
Where with waiting arms to greet—thus
Stand the "Old Guard" side by side.
Deal thou gently, Time, in passing,
Let your hoar-frosts fall like snow,
May our pleasures be long lasting,
Till we hear the call to go.

* * * * *

Then in that great Land of Glory,
May we cut the "Old Guard's" trail,
Drain our brimming cups of story,
Tell again the wondrous tale;
There the antelope and bison
Live, as once we saw them here,
And the glowing red horizon
Shows the stately standing deer.
There we find rejuvenation,
There our arms will never fail,
In that Land of jubilation,
Hail, dear Old Guard! Hail, thrice hail!

Wyoming Notes.

JELM, Wyo., Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been in the timber of late and got a good many grouse, but am anxious to get pictures to accompany an article. One has no difficulty in getting the birds, but photo supplies take a long time to get to this neck of the woods.

The last few days have been unusually severe for this time of year, and at the present writing the snow is waist deep to a tall Swede. It looks very pretty in pictures, but we get a trifle too much of its fluffy purity out here to suit me. It's good for the hay crop, but I don't eat hay if I can possibly avoid it.

R. W. RATHBORNE, JR.

A Vacation in the Adirondacks

By ELSIE SCHNEIDER

Photographs by the Author.

WE left home on the evening of the second of August, and after a journey of more than a day, reached the Mecca of the East, Lake Placid.

The next morning we were refreshed and eager to begin our preliminary practice for mountain climbing. After breakfast we drove sixteen miles through the most beautiful valley past the Cascade Lakes to the Owl's Head, at

we could see Marcy, the Big and Little Elephants, and many other mountains in the Sentinel Range.

Tuesday we arose at five-thirty, jumped into our middies and bloomers, put on stout high-topped shoes, and after a hasty breakfast, started toward formidable Mount Marcy.

Three guides—Hull, Hail and Martin—carried all our duffel, except a few steamer rugs

We were caught in several light showers, which gave us a few bits of rest under the overhanging rocks. Our longest rest came at noon when we fell wearily upon a large rock in the brook, and there ate our cold lunch.

We moved on for a few rods and came upon beautiful nameless falls, about one hundred feet high, made when nature heaved up two immense rocks, stood them strata on end



"MOOSETTES."



AN UNLUCKY NUMBER AT THE TOP OF MT. MARCY.

Keene, famous for its maple sugar and griddle cakes, which are made fourteen inches in diameter, stacked seven or eight deep.

We spent the first afternoon on the side of a little hill from which we could get a comprehensive view of the surrounding mountains.

Monday afternoon we went to Hurricane Lodge, which looks like a pocket edition of Lake Placid Club, without the watermarks. The lodge is about half way up the mountain, with a good wagon road all the way.

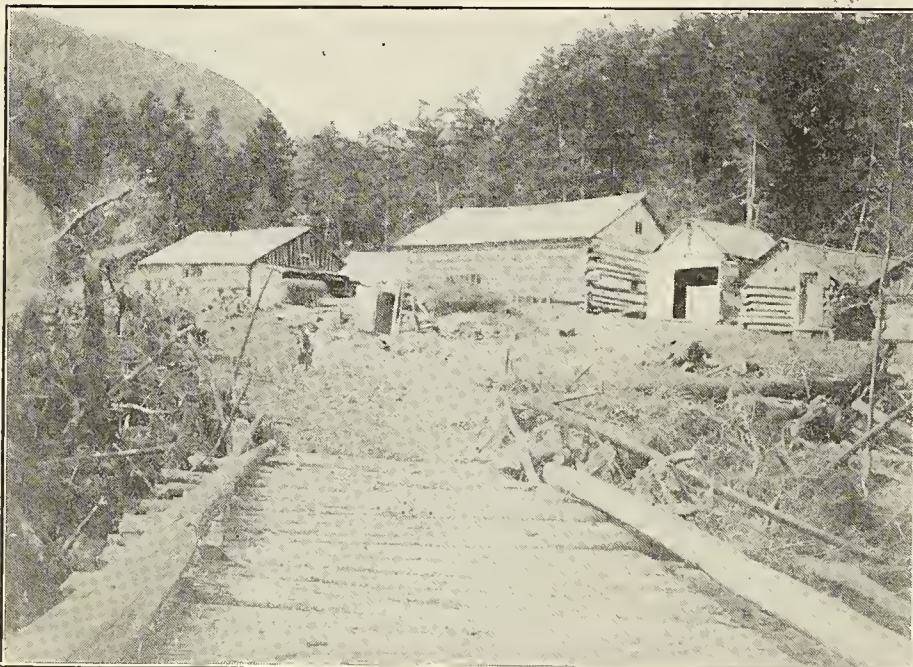
We came down Jackson Hill, from which

and tin cups. The John's Brook trail, which we followed, leads over an old lumber trail with bits of corduroy road. When the roads became impassable for horses, we got out and walked. Our guides, with well-filled pack-baskets, started up the woody trail, which is much like that on the lower half of Whiteface Mountain. Mr. Martin, who owns the camp on Marcy, shortened the regular and longer trail by leading us right through the bed of John's Brook for two miles, over stones, into puddles, often through the shallow cold water,

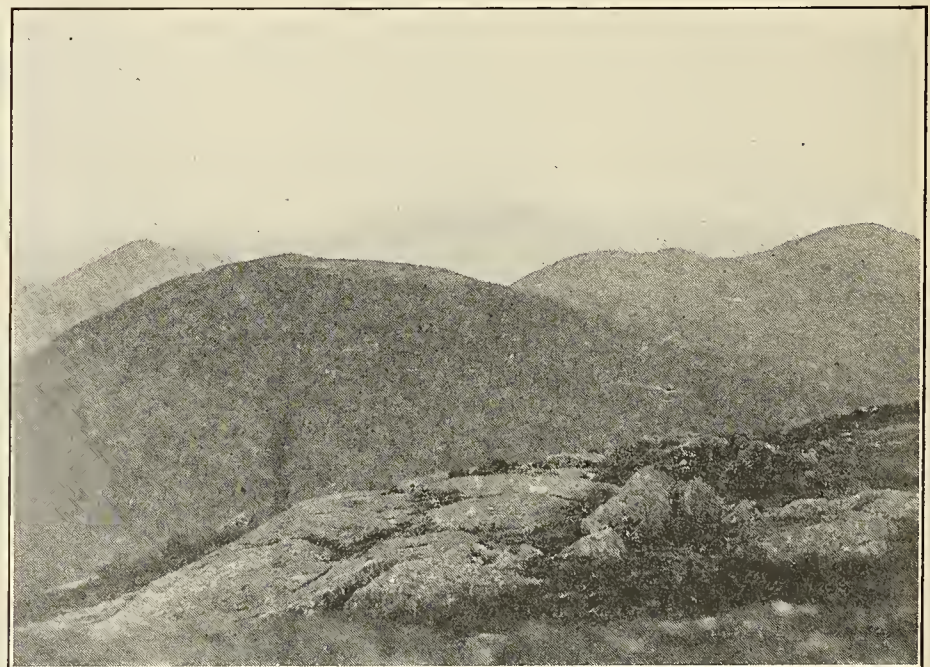
and lavished her laughing waters over them.

The next few miles led us through a forest of pines, balsams, impressive hemlock and spruce, with their black trunks and sighing branches. Here and there a silver birch stood in bold relief against the dark evergreens. The maple and the sturdy oak are missing on the higher trails and there even the graceful willow forsakes the banks of the brook. Ferns of every kind nod gracefully in the pine-laden breeze, and with the little pale white flower that

(Continued on page 604.)



BEEDE'S LUMBER CAMP.



FROM TOP OF MT. MARCY LOOKING WEST.

Stalking Wild Swans

By W. R. GILBERT

SOME years ago L. was back in England after a sojourn in India. Feeling the effects of the climate, I jumped at the chance of some real rough shooting in Scotland, where I hoped to regain some of my lost energy.

Danna Island, about as wild and bleak a place as a sportsman can well find, is situated at the mouth of Loch Swin, Argyllshire and forms an almost ideal station for the wildfowler. On one side of it are the sheltered waters of the various branches of Loch Swin, which extend for eight miles inland in five various directions. On the other side lie the McCormaig and Cais-aig islands and Loch Kiels. I know of no other waters so well suited for wildfowling, or where there are more geese, widgeon and other ducks. I may have seen perhaps more in some parts of India and even in Egypt, but it seems to me that wildfowl shooting is far more enjoyable in such a climate as Scotland or Ireland than under the blazing sun of the before-mentioned countries.

On my first day out I found that a pair of wild swans frequented this district, and I made up my mind to devote what little energy I had left to the securing of them, and for several days I made fruitless endeavors to get within range of them. As the eagle is king among the birds of the air, so is the wild swan the king among the water birds, and I often observed these swans driving the ducks off Knap Point, as well as in the sound of Danna Island, and in a branch of Loch Swin, called Linnhe Vurich. On one occasion I stalked to within fair range of them as they rested on a small fresh water loch, having a twelve-bore and only No. 4 cartridges with me. When they rose, I fired both barrels at the head and neck of the largest bird. Twice he fell head over heels in the air, but recovered and both then flew right out of sight toward the island of Jura.

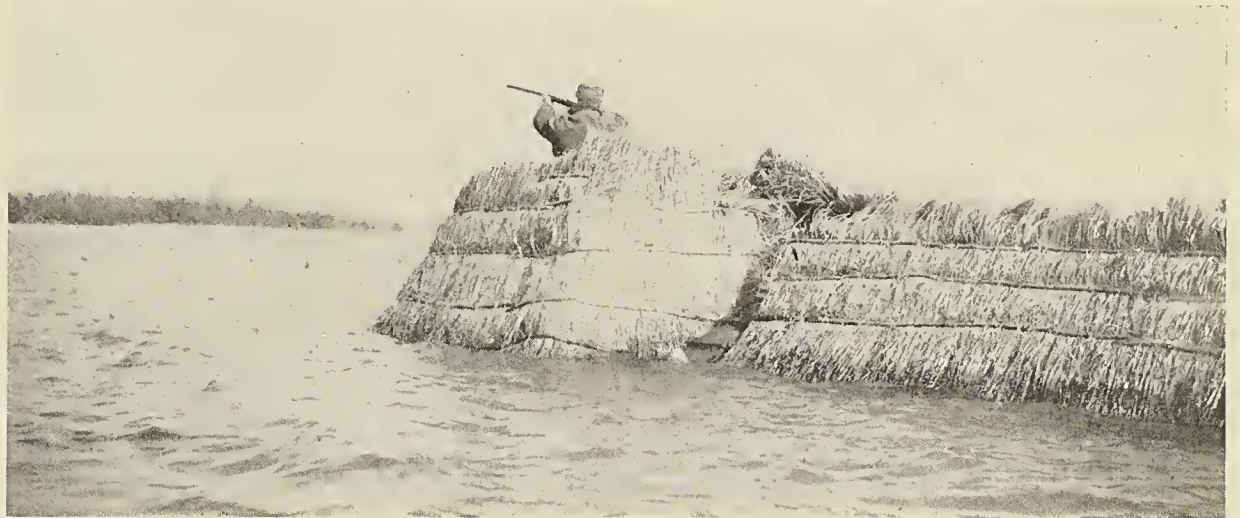
One morning I found them feeding in the shallow waters at the head of Loch Kiels, opposite Port-na, Gollan and succeeded in stalking within thirty yards of them. I had my twelve-bore and some cartridges loaded for the purpose with No. 2 shot. The first one I killed and severely wounded the other, which made off across Loch Kiels. As the wind was off the land, and I had neither dog nor boat, I had to swim for the swan and succeeded in bringing him safely to shore. He was an immense bird and I could scarcely carry him up the rocks from low water mark. The cold was intense, and being as I have said all "run down" from the heat of India, this January bath chilled me to the bone. Still I pursued the wounded swan, having to walk five miles round the head of Loch Kiels before I could approach him. The shore whereon he had alighted was so flat that I could not get near enough to finish him off, although I fired both barrels without effect.

Darkness then came on and I took refuge in Ulva school house on the other side of Loch Kiels, having another three miles to walk there. What a difference to shooting in India, where I should have been carried this distance! The water had frozen on my clothes and I could hardly speak from the cold. At the school house

I found my dead swan, which a man had carried there. He looked enormous and measured five feet nine inches from beak to tail. I was so prostrated with the cold that I could not follow the wounded swan any further that night, although he had taken refuge on the side of Loch Kiels on which Ulva school house is situated. Having procured a change of clothes, food and a stiff glass—come to think of it, it might have been filled again—of hot whiskey and water, I walked to a farm house on Danna and slept the sleep of the just.

Next morning I was up before daybreak. The weather was very stormy and a heavy gale was blowing. From the hill upon which the farm house was built I saw at dawn the wounded swan swim out of Loch Kiels in the direction of Knap Point and followed him along the

Point, where the water is very deep, to an inlet on the northern side of the loch, where the water is shallow, and where he was able to feed. I knew he could not stop long out in the deep water. Unfortunately I was on the southern shore of the loch, and had to stalk five miles round before I could get to where he was resting. I had previously carefully marked the spot where he had gone ashore, and among the high rocks of Kiels Point stalked within thirty-five yards of where he was standing on a small islet. The first barrel floored him and I fired the second at his feet and breast as he kicked spasmodically upside down. I was suffering so severely from the wetting of the day before—developing "cold feet"—I simply dared not go out after him for fear of cramps. The wind was off the land and the tide setting out, and to my sorrow



POINT BLIND, BOWLEY'S QUARTERS, MARYLAND.

Photo by Talbott Denmead.

rocky shores of Danna, out to Danna Point. The ground was very favorable for a stalk, but the great bird never came within shot of the shore. The rough water and the tidal race at the entrance of Loch Swin turned him back. I could see the waves breaking right over him, and he then swam back along Danna past the mouth of Loch Kiels almost out to the islet of Carraig nan Damph, a mile northwest of the entrance to Loch Kiels. The snow squalls were so heavy that I often lost sight of him, and to add to my troubles a thunder storm came on. Its effects on the ducks which frequent the Jura side of Danna was most remarkable. I think they mistook Heaven's Artillery for the heavy gunshots of man, their mortal foe. I might have had a splendid morning's duck shooting as I lay among the rocks watching the course of the swan. I had determined, however, to fire at nothing except the wounded swan. The lightning struck the rocks several times close to me, and the force of the tempest was such that during the worst squalls I could hardly raise my head above the rocks, so violently did the hail patter in my face. My eyes were so sore that I could not follow the white speck in the distance which was my wounded swan. Being unable to stem the strong tide, which runs in the sound of Jura, the swan at last turned back, re-entered Loch Kiels, and swam along Kiels

I saw him drift out to sea into the rough waters of the Sound of Jura.

The gulls kept stooping at him as he floated upside down, and I feared they would spoil his skin. I fired several times to scare them, but they took not the slightest notice of the shots. The dead swan vanished in the snow squalls. Fortunately I had heard that there was a strong current outside the mouth of Loch Kiels, which would set him on the Danna shore, and "done brown" as I was, I had to go another five miles round Loch Kiels in search of him. The farmers on Danna confidently assured me that he would have drifted out through Islay Sound, but this was not so. I found him floating along the shore just where I expected, and he was washed up in a small bay almost at the extreme point of Danna. It was no easy task to carry him and my gun up the steep hills to the farm, but I accomplished it at last. I hung him over my back and even then his body nearly trailed on the ground behind me. It took me—with the aid of the farmer—nearly all the next day to skin the two birds. The second one was nearly as large as the first, and they were both old cobs (males), which accounts perhaps for their savageness to the other wildfowl. They were rather strong food when washed, and I was content with eggs and bacon and the satisfaction of having secured the skins.

Hunting in Civil War Time

By FRED A. OLDS

THE writer has never seen a story about how hunting was done in the South during the trying period of the Civil War; a time when people's minds in most cases ran to slaughter in quite another fashion, the game being man. But amid all the horrors of that four years, in the small boy there still abode the love of the pursuit of game, and this, if the reader pleases, will be a little story of the life of a Confederate boy; the place, Piedmont, North Carolina, and the time between the winter of 1862-63 and the close of hostilities.

In the first place, it must be remembered that everything was subordinate to war, and yet schools had to go on, the children had to be looked after in many ways, amusements of some sort provided for them, and upon the plantation life must flow as regularly as possible, since it was the plantation which after all was the backbone of the Confederacy. The little boy grew very used to tithes; for a tithes—that is, a tenth—of everything produced on the farm had to be turned over to the Confederate States and go into the storehouses. So went some of all the grain grown, the leather made, the tobacco, the cotton, etc., not to speak of the meat. The slaves had to be fed and clothed and looked after, and to the little boy, whose associates must needs be oftentimes the little slave boys, there was the idea of proprietorship, for one of the little slaves had been given to him for his own, and in his child mind there was the idea, not so much of proprietorship, for that was indeed dim, but comradeship, and this is the keynote of the regard which the whites and the blacks of the war-time yet have for each other. It may seem like an anomaly, but this regard is very keen and there is a lot of human nature in it.

Cold weather had come, the leaves were beginning to fall, the slaves and their owners had changed their home-made cotton clothes of the warm season for woolen ones, also home-made, and to the mind of the little boy there came the human instinct for hunting. During the hot months he had been many a time in the nearby "swimming-hole" with his little companions, white and black, and he had seen the young game in all directions, for during the war, when hunting was done on so limited a scale, game and fish of all kinds increased immensely in the South, certainly in North Carolina, and deer, foxes, rabbits, pheasant or grouse, quail, squirrels, etc., were on every hand. So when cold weather came, the little boy went to a negro cabin and there found "Uncle Esek," whose snowy hair looked amazingly like wool, and who, though incapacitated for any particular farm work, was always strong enough to "git erbout wid little Marster," who, to be surc, he always called by his first name. "Black Mammy," the wife of this veteran, whose hair was carefully wrapped in a home-made handkerchief, dyed with some product of the woods or fields, was equally glad to see the little boy, who had come to "put out de rabbit gums," as Uncle Esek put it; that is, to set about here and there in the rabbit runways little boxes made of four narrow planks, but very often a hollow log, which, with a trigger, a

slide and a bait made of some green thing (preferably a bit of cabbage leaf), was and is the boy's favorite as a catcher of rabbits. These "gums" were set all about and were visited every morning by the black man or the little boy, oftentimes by both. The rabbit was food, and his skin was in demand, because it would go to the hatter, for in nearly every town there was a man who made hats out of wool and rabbit fur, for everything was in request, the rags going to the paper mills or being converted into home-made carpets; cloth was used and re-used, dyed and re-dyed; every bit of leather was



A MISS IS AS GOOD AS HER SMILE.

precious, and the soles of many shoes were made of wood, leather being only used for the uppers.

The little boy was barely big enough to use a shotgun, and his father's double barrel, a 14-gauge, with the muzzles worn quite thin by long use, was to the little fellow by far the most valuable object on the plantation. Sometimes he cut wads out of paper, with the old wad-cutter, but very often he used what Uncle Esek told him was "de bes' kin' of waddin' dat whar you gits fum wasses nesses." By this the old darkey meant that the sort of paper which the wasp uses in building a nest was an excellent thing for wadding. There were no manufactured shot to be had, so the boy had to make them himself. He did this in a very simple way. The farm blacksmith took a small bar of iron and through this drilled a hole, and then reamed this out, so that it was shaped like a V. The boy took a plank and with a plane cut trenches in this about two feet long, into which he poured molten lead, so as to make long and square pieces. These he rubbed with tallow, and taking

them and the bar of iron to the blacksmith shop, he and Uncle Esek heated the iron and placed it across the tub of water into which the blacksmith dipped his tools, etc. Taking one of the little bars of led in the hand, one end was placed in the opening in the bar, pressed down, the heat melting it and the molten lead dropped in little pellets, sometimes not exactly round, into the water. The bar was heated and re-heated until the lead was worked up.

Now then, the boy had his shot. He must get the powder. This had to come from one of the powder-mills, where rude, yet efficient, powder was made from willow-wood charcoal, nitre and saltpeter, the latter laboriously gathered, the nitre coming from certain caves in Virginia. The boy bought the precious powder, paying for it with a dingy Confederate dollar note, which carried on its face a promise of payment "two years after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States of America and the United States of America," a promise which was never realized, however. Having thus obtained the powder, the last thing to be done was to get the caps for the gun, and these the merchant had, they having been made in the cap factory at Raleigh. They were rough affairs, of copper and fulminate of mercury, but they were more or less effective.

Carrying the precious powder and caps home, the boy prepared for a hunt, and with him went his uncle, who had but lately lost an arm in battle, and who was convalescing. In the hickory trees the squirrels were busy and unafraid, as they were but seldom molested, and the boy had good sport. Uncle Esek was on hand, of course, and the boy carried his father's gun and also the game bag with knitted exterior and within a pouch in which was a large piece of the wasp nest. On the other side hung the powder flask with the gauge which measured the amount, though, to be sure, the little boy used a little more, making allowance for the poor quality of the powder. There was the shot pouch, with its gauge, containing the home-made shot, some of the latter being almost pear-shaped. But with this outfit the boy killed squirrels and contrived to knock over a rabbit or two. The great joy was to come on the return home, for as the trio approached a little thicket of sassafras bushes, rich with the color of their leaves, a great bird burst out and took wing, and the boy, as nervous as a pointer dog on a frosty morning, yet pulled himself together enough to fire and brought down a young turkey gobbler. He had gone his limit, and as the bird fell, he actually dropped his gun and ran for that turkey, which was threshing about in the weeds. Uncle Esek was at his heels, and as the boy grabbed the struggling bird, which with quick wings was beating him on arms and body, Uncle Esek came up and helped him with his big prize. He was boy enough to insist on carrying the gun and other game home, letting Uncle Esek carry the turkey until the "front gate" was reached, but when he must needs take that bird, and so with half a dozen squirrels, a couple of rabbits and the gobbler, he walked into the house, a bigger

man by far, in his own mind and that of Uncle Esek, too, than his big uncle, who strolled along, tall and gaunt and pale, with an empty sleeve pinned upon the breast of his rough jacket. Mother was delighted to see her young huntsman and heard again and again his story of how he killed his first wild turkey.

In the afternoon he went to the village on a mule, actually wearing his uncle's spurs, and there got a letter from father, who was with Lee up in Virginia, which to the little boy seemed as far away as the very border of the world. Uncle said to the little fellow when he came back and brought the letter, "Well, Jimmie, you've won your spurs." In all the Confederacy there was not a prouder or happier boy, and mother had to smile at him through her tears, as she read, half aloud and half to herself, that letter from father, written on paper, one side of which had been already used for some other purpose, and contained in an envelope which had also been used and had been turned and regummed. And Uncle Esek was there, too, to pay his tribute, for he said, "I sholy knows dat Marse Henry will be proud of dis boy when he hears what kine uv er hunter he is. He's er gwin ter be a man, pint blank like Marse Henry hisself." To Uncle Esek this was the crowning compliment, and the little boy so took it.



DANA'S FIRST THIS YEAR IN TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

The Brilliant Autumn Time.

Written from memory by E. Platt Robinson from Frank Forester's "Field Sports in America."

It is brilliant autumn time, the most brilliant time of all,
When the gorgeous woods are gleaming ere the leaves
begin to fall;

When the maple leaves are crimson, and the hickories
shine like gold,

When the noons are sultry hot and the nights are frosty
cold.

When the country has no green, but the sword-grass by
the rill,

The willow in the valley and the pine upon the hill;

When the pippin leaves its bough and the sumac's fruit
is red,

And the quail are piping loudly from the buckwheat
where they fed.

When the sky is blue as steel, and the river clear as glass,
When the mists are on the mountains and the network
on the grass;

When the harvests all are housed and the farmer's work
is done,

And the woodlands are resounding with the spaniels and
the gun.

I doubt not, thousands of your readers have never seen these lines, and they are good enough to be printed every year at this season in every sportsmen's journal in the country.

I have known your paper many years, but never when it was better or even as good as at present.

E. P. ROBINSON.

PACKER, Conn., Oct. 16.



Blue Foxes on St. Paul and Otter Island, Alaska.

IN past years much has been printed in *FOREST AND STREAM* with regard to the breeding of the blue foxes in semi-domestication in Alaska. This appears to have been carried on more successfully in the Pribilof Islands than anywhere else, for on a number of islands it has hopelessly failed, the foxes mysteriously disappearing or becoming so few that their owners became discouraged and gave up the business.

Three years ago James Judge, of Washington, D. C., gave a detailed report of the blue fox industry on St. George Island, and now in Volume VIII., of the Annual Reports of the American Breeders' Association, he gives some notes on the blue foxes of St. Paul, Otter Island and other islands of the Pribilof group.

On St. George Island, where the foxes are fed during the winter, it is the practice to trap the animals, the finest being branded and turned out for breeding purposes, while the poorest individuals are killed for fur. During the winter of 1907-08, 985 foxes were caught there, of which 446 were killed for fur and 539 released. During the winter of 1909-10, the number caught was 778, of which 421 were set free and 357 killed. Food is abundant on St. George Island, and the foxes there are well fed and flourishing. In earlier years when the killing of seals and sea lions was carried on to a greater extent, they were somewhat more numerous than now, and at that time more than 1,000 a year were killed.

On St. Paul and Otter Island the conditions are quite different. On St. Paul the foxes were first fed in 1897, and this feeding has been continued in the winter up to the present, although for many years the foxes scarcely ate the food. They seemed to care nothing for the seal meat and salmon that was relished by the St. George foxes, and it was only in 1907 that they began to eat the food offered with any regularity. During the fall of that year a quantity of whale blubber came ashore and the foxes fed on it. They were given salted salmon that had been freshened, and the carcasses of a couple of mules shot the previous autumn. In the winter of 1908-09 they seemed to go more regularly to their food, much of which, however, was eaten by the gulls. Foxes of course follow the beach, feeding on the wash, so long as the beach is open, but when the ice comes down in January, the beach is closed to them, and this is their season of scarcity.

Because the foxes on St. Paul will not go regularly to their food, while the skins are prime, the natives were permitted to use steel traps for a period of six days, beginning Nov. 28. This resulted in a catch of 130 blue and 35 white fox skins. At Otter Island, from Dec. 6 to 14, one white and nineteen blue foxes were taken. It will be noticed that the proportion of white skins is unusually large, but in former years the percentage of white skins in the catches of St. Paul varied between 1 and 10 per cent. The percentage of white foxes in the catches on St. George

Island down to 1901 tallied closely with that on St. Paul, but efforts have been put forth to exterminate the white foxes on St. George Island, and apparently with some success.

Of the foxes taken on St. Paul Island, about 51 per cent. were males. Immediately after death ninety-three males and seventy-six females were weighed as they were caught. The weights on St. Paul varied between 8½ and 15 pounds for males, and 7 and 13 pounds for females. On Otter Island the weights varied between 7 and 10½ pounds for males and 6½ and 9 pounds for females. This would seem to show that the St. Paul foxes were well fed and in good condition, while those on Otter Island were ill nourished. From May until January, the St. Paul foxes have comparative abundance of food from the bird rookeries, seal rookeries and the killing fields. On the other hand, as there are no seals on Otter Island, the foxes there have food in plenty only from May until September.

Of the numbers examined, thirty-nine were yearlings and fifty-five males, and thirty-five females were of breeding age. As litters of newborn foxes are known to number from five to twelve, the mortality among the young foxes must be very great, and here is opened a great field for study.

The skins taken on St. Paul Island were of unusual high quality, the fur long, dark and lustrous, while those from Otter Island were poor in quality, with short fur and many of them streaked with gray.

It seems altogether conceivable that the observations made on blue fox breeding on islands of the Pribilof group may result in discoveries which will once more set the blue fox industry of Alaska on its feet. The young foxes have a thousand enemies, of which we know little or nothing, but that eagles, ravens, gulls and numbers of predatory birds are perpetually on the watch for them is quite certain. Mr. Judge's papers on this subject are of very great interest.

Should Muskrats be Protected?

THE St. Bernard (La.) Hunters' Association held a meeting last week and discussed the various hunting laws, especially those in reference to trapping. President Grinyer said the Legislature should not have passed a law protecting muskrats, and on the contrary there should be a law paying a bonus for each muskrat slain. He said the muskrat destroys the levees and also kills the alligators. It was stated that several of the hunting laws should be amended relating to those who are making a living trapping and hunting. St. Bernard parish joins Orleans parish and is only a short distance from New Orleans. The general hunting laws and the new amendments are meeting with considerable opposition, especially the restriction which confines the trapping season from November to January in each year.

The make-up, the text, the illustrations and the typography of *FOREST AND STREAM* are designed to appeal to sportsmen.

The White Egrets.

BY T. GILBERT PEARSON, SECRETARY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES.

THE most beautiful, and one of the most popular millinery decorations with civilized women, is that dainty and exquisitely formed feather known as the "aigrette" in America, and the "osprey" in Europe.

It is a sad fact that this personal decoration, so much esteemed by our modishly dressed women, is procurable only by inflicting unspeakable agonies on some of the most beautiful creatures which inhabit the earth.

In the early days of the Audubon movement, its leaders raised their hands in protest against the traffic in these feathers. Their cry has been

ing colonies located. Wardens have been employed to remain in the fever-infested swamps to guard the localities which the birds had chosen for their rookeries. Frequently, these men have had to contend with unscrupulous feather-gatherers. Three Audubon wardens have been killed, and at least two others probably saved their lives only by promptly returning the rifle fire of their would-be assassins.

Yet, despite all our efforts, the birds have continually become scarcer, and, in fact, so depleted are their numbers to-day that we did not know of over fifteen colonies in the United States in the summer of 1911.

In these ancestral nesting-places still gather a few thousand birds, the pitiful remnant of the great flocks which inhabited our Southern States

same territory and under very similar conditions. They formerly bred from Oregon and New York on the north, south through Mexico and the northern Central America to Patagonia and Chile. Their range, however, in the United States has been greatly restricted. One small colony is reported to be still in existence in Eastern Oregon, and it is just possible that there are one or more groups of birds in Southern California. The most northern nesting-place on the Atlantic Coast is in North Carolina, down close to the southern boundary line. Large areas in Florida, where, in years gone by, the birds were more abundant than in any other place in the United States, are now devoid of either species, except now and then a rare straggler. After the nesting season, a few egrets wander northward. Thus, in the summer of 1911, several were seen in Massachusetts, some of them being photographed by Dr. Geo. W. Field, of Boston. If the colonies along the south Atlantic Coast can be guarded and the traffic in plumes suppressed, there seems every reason to believe that the birds will again extend their natural breeding range northward, until they once more inhabit suitable regions in the neighborhood of New York.

Egrets feed chiefly in the rice fields, and about the marshy borders of ponds, lakes and streams. When the period of nidification arrives, they usually retire to the depths of more or less inaccessible swamps, and there, in company with other herons, assemble to build their nests on the horizontal limbs of the cypress or willow trees.

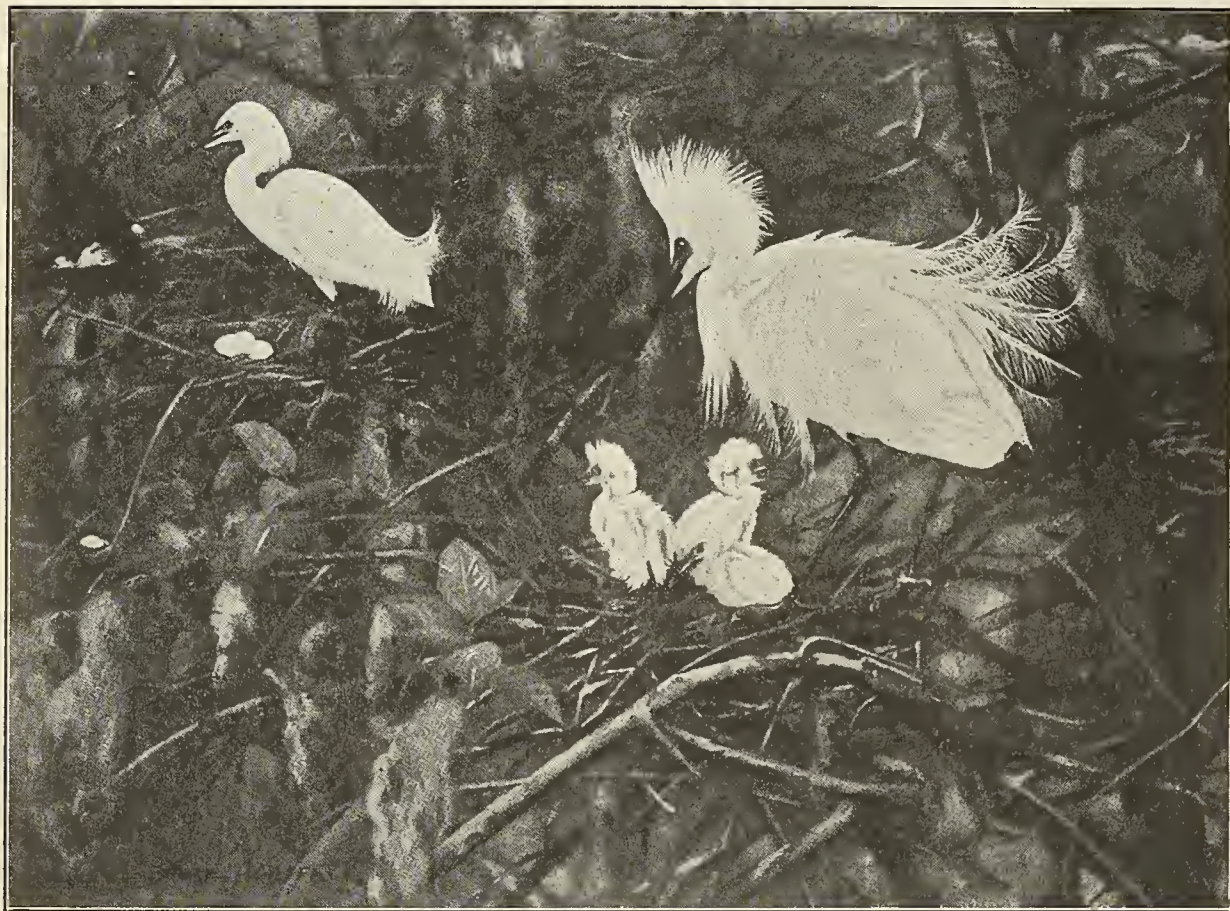
The eggs range from three to five in number. These are blue in color, and are laid on a frail platform of sticks and twigs which the birds gather in the neighborhood. For food, frogs, snakes, fish and other aquatic forms of life, are ready at hand.

Egrets are not regarded as of very great economic value as destroyers of obnoxious insects. This, however, is no reason why they do not deserve our protection. The pure, glossy whiteness of their plumage and the elegance of their form and movement are sufficient reasons for preserving these living objects of statuary of the southern marshes, even as civilized man preserves in the home and in the forum the marble statues, carved by the hands of inspired artists.

The Audubon workers, by constant agitation and an immense amount of labor, have succeeded in securing the passage of laws which prohibit the sale of these birds in the States of New York, New Jersey, Louisiana, Ohio, Missouri, Massachusetts, Oregon and California. This is only a beginning in the line of legislation for suppressing the traffic in their feathers, for the sale still goes on in every city of any size in the other States of the Union.

Even where the trade in aigrettes is now declared to be illegal, there are frequent evidences of violation of the law; for so valuable and so alluring are the profits, that many annually run the risk of prosecution in order to deal in the feathers. The price of aigrettes has gone up and up, until to-day prime feathers are actually worth more than twice their weight in gold.

As the birds have become exterminated in the United States, the millinery feather agents have turned their attention to the *tierra caliente* of Mexico, and the rivers of South America. Here, in the swamps of the hot countries, the feather-gatherers are to be found every year. It



SNOWY EGRETS.

Three ages of a popular millinery decoration.

taken up by many other organizations and societies interested in various phases of humane work. To-day it seems incredible that there should be any well-read person in the United States who is not aware of the fact that the "aigrette" is the nuptial plume worn by the white egret at the nesting-time of the year, to procure which it is necessary to shoot the birds, which means that the young, in turn, are left to slowly die of starvation.

In fighting the traffic in these feathers, the Audubon Societies have published and distributed millions of pages of literature bearing on the subject; have contributed thousands of columns of matter to the public press, and their speakers have addressed audiences aggregating hundreds of thousands of hearers, in all of which there have been set forth the unanswerable facts relative to the methods of procuring the material for this heartless trade.

In their efforts to safeguard the interests of these birds, agents have been sent to those regions still inhabited by the white egrets, and their nest-

a few decades ago. These, this association is exerting every possible effort to protect.

In the summer of 1906, the writer spent five weeks on the Gulf Coast of Florida, covering the territory between Tampa and Key West. About twenty-five colonies of water-birds were examined, and innumerable feeding-grounds of herons were visited. In all this stretch of territory—two hundred miles in length—less than a dozen white egrets were found; whereas, in the same region eleven years before, the writer had found the birds plentiful, and in places very abundant.

There are two species of plume-bearing white egrets in America. The large one (*Herodias egretta*) is a beautiful long-legged, long-necked bird, standing between three and four feet in height, and the snowy heron (*Egretta candidissima*), of much shorter stature. From the back of the former are obtained the long, straight plumes, and from the latter are taken the short, curved ones, known to the trade as the "cross aigrette." Both species are normally found in the

is such a profitable industry that the fortunate hunter who gets possession of one of the big colonies, or *garzeros*, usually guards it with jealous care, and his gun is turned against all comers. It is customary to wait until the eggs are hatched, for then the old birds, responding to the cries of their young, are loth to leave the neighborhood, and readily fall a prey to the gunners. The millinery dealers, in their efforts to defend this nefarious traffic, seek to mislead the public by the statements to the effect that aigrettes are gathered from the ground underneath the nests. Every ornithologist, or other person, who has had experience with heron rookeries, knows the falsity of this statement. At least twenty well-known naturalists have filed affidavits to this effect with the officers of the National Association of Audubon Societies.

How Long Will a Fish Live Out of Water?

EAST HOLLISTER, Mass., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 12 I saw one of your correspondents asked for data in regard to the length of time fishes would live out of water. When I have been fishing I frequently have had perch that had been out of water between two and three hours and were all dried and stiff and "come to" on being thrown into a bucket of water and allowed to remain there fifteen or twenty minutes.

Out of a pailful of hornpout, caught at night, I have found one or two alive in the morning. Eels also will live for several hours if kept in a damp, dark place, like a bucket of damp moss, but they die quickly if exposed to sun or heat.

The fish that I have found most tenacious of life are the small ones living in the brackish pools of salt marshes. I used to catch them when I was a boy to keep alive. We called them "mummychugs" (I spell phonetically). These fish would live for several hours out of water and once when a "cold snap" came a panful of these fishes that I had in the yard froze solid. I took the piece of ice into the house, thawed it and put the fish into their native element where they seemed none the worse, though they must have been frozen up for eight or ten hours.

BRYANT STRONG.

Wild Woodcock in New York City.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This morning my neighbor, Mr. Jennings, of 27 West Fiftieth street, this city, informed me that he had seen a woodcock in his yard, which had flown into my yard at 29 West Fiftieth street. On looking out of my window I saw a woodcock sitting on the grass plot, but evidently ready to fly at once and uninjured. I secured the bird and think it quite remarkable to find a woodcock in the middle of a crowded city.

SPENCER ALDRICH.

An Appreciation.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 14.—*Forest and Stream Publishing Co.:* GENTLEMEN—Enclosed please find check for the next four years.

I have been reading FOREST AND STREAM for a great many years. I have enjoyed reading it, and it is very seldom that I miss it, unless I am away from home. I wish it every success.

A. T. CLARK.



Hunting in California.

BY GOLDEN GATE.

THE open season for ducks, ibis and most shore birds commenced in Central California on Oct. 15, and hunting is now general throughout the State, having commenced in Northern and Southern California two weeks before this date. The need of a change in the date of the opening season was never more apparent than it was this year when more than one-half of the birds bagged spoiled before they could be used. Very warm weather was experienced during the first three weeks of October, and hunters visiting the interior, where the best shooting was to be enjoyed, found that their heavy hunting togs were entirely out of place. Many sportsmen realized that it would be impossible to bring birds home with them in good condition, and refrained from shooting even after reaching the grounds.

From the number of birds now on hand it would seem that some splendid sport would be enjoyed this season, but there are many favorite feeding grounds where ducks are scarce, owing to unfavorable conditions. But little rain has fallen to date, and many streams that usually have a large flow of water are practically dry, causing the birds to gather on the salt marshes and at other favored localities. At Los Banos and Gustine there is plenty of water, and some splendid shooting is being enjoyed there. On the Suisun marsh, ducks are quite plentiful, but baiting seems to be necessary to insure a good shoot at any of the ponds. On the marshes of San Francisco Bay a few birds are to be found, but because of the hot spell they have been keeping out in the open.

The ducks now being bagged are mostly home-bred birds, and are in splendid shape. Sprig, teal and mallards are the birds now being secured, but canvasbacks are commencing to appear on Tomales Bay and will probably be plentiful soon. Immense numbers of home-bred birds are to be found on Tulare Lake, and these are reported to be very fat. Shipments of birds from this section made following the opening day, spoiled in transit, so warm was the weather.

The season just closed has been a good one for sportsmen, deer having been plentiful in almost every game district. From all sections of the State opinions are being received to the effect that the opening season is entirely too early and a shorter season is favored by many. Resolutions to this effect are being prepared by many game protective associations, and it is believed that a marked change in the law will be made at the next session of the State Legislature. At a meeting of Tulare county sportsmen, held in October, a county game and fish protective association was formed, and recommendations will be made soon by this organization for a shorter and later deer season. In addition the establishment of a game reserve will be strongly recommended, it being suggested that a portion of the forest reserve be set aside as districts in which shooting will not be allowed.

Some of the duck hunters out for the opening day sport could not resist the temptation to

bag plover, curlew and snipe, which are protected for another month, with the result that several found themselves in trouble. A. P. Kammermeyer, of San Francisco, bagged two fine curlew near Petaluma, but was arrested by Deputy Fish and Game Commissioner William Wagner and was fined \$25.

William H. Metson, president of the Board of Golden Gate Park Commissioners, has presented to the Park Museum a magnificent collection of mounted wild ducks killed in California, comprising all of the varieties found here.

Bear seem to be very plentiful in the mountains this year, and some very large ones have been killed. Joe Elgoriogo recently killed a very large one on Poplar Creek, in Plumas county, and has also killed several smaller ones. At Shady Rest, further down the Feather River, a dozen have been killed this season by hunters from San Francisco. A plan is now on foot to establish a closed season for bear during the summer months when the hide is worthless.

Annual Meeting Maryland G. & F. P. A.

A PLEA for State-wide game law was the feature of the address delivered before the annual meeting of the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association. T. S. Palmer, acting chief of the Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, pointed out that Maryland and North Carolina only have conflicting county laws that prevented the preservation of game and worked an injury to neighboring States. He asked the association to make a concerted effort to get the Legislature to adopt a uniform law that would prevent the misunderstandings that now exist.

Franklin Cox, State game warden, told of his efforts to co-operate with members of the association and stated that he was ready to join in any movement for the betterment of the laws regulating hunting in the State. D. C. Spenburgh, of the American Game Protective and Propagation Association, told of the work of the national organization. Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, State warden of Pennsylvania, told of the benefits of a uniform law in that State.

Resolutions of regret at the death of the president of the State association, J. Olney Norris, were passed. The following were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, Talbott Denmead; Vice-Presidents, L. M. Levering and Felix Sullivan; Treasurer, H. N. Abercrombie; Secretary, Henry P. Bridges.

The Herons of Andalusia.

OF all the birds he had studied, said W. Farren in a lecture at the Royal Photographic Society's exhibition, none showed conjugal affection in quite the same way as the brown-backed herons of Andalusia in Spain. Whenever the husband relieved his wife at the nest he invariably laid his neck over hers in a momentary embrace and then took up his position while the other bird flew away. The herons never omitted this affectionate salutation.—London Standard.

Poor Shooting So Far.

MILFORD, Conn., Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although the shooting season began nearly a month ago, I have heard of very few birds having been killed in this town. A good deal of shooting is heard in the fields and woods, and a number of ducks and two Canada geese have been killed on the Housatonic River, but most of the shooting seems to have been at squirrels, rabbits and blackbirds.

Partridges (ruffed grouse) seem extraordinarily scarce, but that is not remarkable when we consider that during the month of October they are usually wandering about and are never found twice in the same place. It is their running—their crazy—season.

I have seen no quail this year, but a day or two since a gunner reported finding a single brood, the members of which seemed only half grown. Very likely this was a second brood.

Deer are increasing. They nibble the soft cobs of the farmers' corn, and their fresh tracks are frequently seen about clover and alfalfa patches. The harm they do to the crops is negligible. The reported injury to young fruit trees might be serious.

G. B. G.

Alternate Open Seasons.

FULLERTON, Cal., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Just a few words toward the protection of wild birds.

Having hunted on this coast for thirty years I notice the great difference in the quantity of ducks and quail. I have given their protection much thought for the last few years. I really believe it is possible to keep them with us always if the following law could be passed in each State; if it is impossible, to make a Federal law. Every other year the killing of all ducks and water birds should be prohibited, and every other year the killing of all land birds prohibited. The idea would be to give the young birds a chance to breed. If the first year they were protected, they would have chance to more than double.

No hunter should object to this. One year he could hunt ducks, the next year quail.

Let me know what you think of it?

EDW. K. BENCHLEY.

Hunting Licenses.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I like your article of low license for non-residents. I spend part of each winter in Florida and have to pay \$10 for each county I hunt in. With the trespass signs and hunting up the boundary lines of each county you hunt in keeps you quite busy. If each hunter paid \$1 it would place the resident and non-resident on the same footing, and I think would net the States more money. In going back and forth from Florida I would like to stop off at favorable places and hunt a few days, but the license prohibits. To size the thing up, a license keeps people from traveling to new hunting grounds. It is the straw that breaks the camel's back.

J. H. DRAKE.

A magazine that has held the sportsmen's favor for forty years must have something to it, and the fact is you know it has, but we wish your friend, who doesn't know it, did.

Shooting Conditions in Different States

(Continued from last week.)

Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to the fact that our sportsmen and general public are taking an interest in matters pertaining to the outdoors and are backing up the efforts of the game commission, game conditions in Pennsylvania are becoming better every year. However, as Pennsylvania is one of the few States not operating under a \$1 resident hunter's license law, we are rather handicapped for want of sufficient funds for the propagation and protection of game. You will understand this when I tell you that last year we received only \$20,000 for game protection and \$7,500 for establishing game preserves, stocking and maintaining them.

Our legislators claim that it is unfair to tax 100 per cent. of the people for the benefit of the 3 per cent. that hunts. Our sportsmen have taken the matter up and will likely ask for the passage of the resident hunter's license law at the next session of the Legislature this winter.

Owing to the enforcement of the law prohibiting the running of deer with dogs, the law prohibiting the killing of does and fawns, and the establishment of game preserves or sanctuaries, our deer are increasing very rapidly. Ruffed grouse are also more plentiful this year than for some time. Quail, which five or six

years ago were almost extinct in the State, are now getting plentiful. We imported about six years ago some from Alabama, and many farmers are now protecting them from the sportsmen and feeding and caring for them during our severe winters.

Wild turkeys in our central and southern mountain counties are on the increase. Black bear are also increasing, and we estimate that there were about 300 killed last year in Pennsylvania between Oct. 1 and Jan. 1. Bear are found in greatest numbers in our central and northern counties in our mountainous regions. They are also spreading to country where the timber has been cut off and which is now covered with thick brush.

JOHN M. PHILLIPS.

West Virginia.

BELINGTON, W. Va., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game conditions are better in West Virginia than for years past. We have had a very stringent law for four years and same has been well enforced. The prohibition of the sale of game, shipping from State and serving at hotels and restaurants has had a good effect in checking the pot and market hunter. Only deer with horns four inches long may now be killed, which is causing our deer to increase. Squirrels

(Continued on page 598.)



J. A. VIQUESNEY, PRESIDENT OF WEST VIRGINIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Fishing in California.

BY GOLDEN GATE.

TROUT fishing in the Sierra Nevadas is now at an end. Snow has fallen in many places and rain is being experienced at others, bringing to a close one of the best seasons on record. Low water has been the rule, permitting early fishing, and it is likely that more trout have been taken with hook and line this year than ever before, even when larger limits were allowed.

Exceptionally heavy catches of striped bass have been made during the past few weeks, the Carquinez Straits section having been the ground where the best run was experienced. Big catches have been made from the Port Costa wharves and from the South Vallejo breakwater, some of the fish weighing as much as twenty-five pounds, a good weight for fall run fish. Fly-fishing for striped bass has been tried by several experts with good results, a red fly having been the most successful lure. More bass and other fish are now to be found in the upper stretches of the bay than has been the case in several years, but it is feared that good line fishing will soon be at an end, as net fishing for salmon and bass in tide water will be in order after Oct. 23. Anglers believe that the increased number of fish to be found is the result of the setting aside of an adequate breeding place in Cache Slough, and in enforcing a close season on shrimps. The Chinese shrimp fishermen caught tons of young fish yearly, operating near the breeding grounds.

Striped bass fishing is good in the Russian River, several fish having been taken there of late tipping the scales at from twenty to twenty-five pounds. The bar of the river is now closed and good sport is expected until the heavy rains wash this out.

Splendid steelhead fishing has been enjoyed this month on the Eel River, but fishing ended above tide water on Nov. 1.

Dr. B. F. Alden, of San Francisco, is an enthusiastic angler who takes great delight in fishing off the Catalina Islands. He has just returned from a trip there during which he hooked and brought to gaff a swordfish weighing 165 pounds, this making the third fish of this kind taken by him this year.

Michigan Fishing.

MECHANISBURG, O., Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In September I visited quite a bit of the lakes in Michigan, and Takis, Mullet, Burt, Crooked and Walloon can still be relied on, and good times had there at reasonable expense, although a little later would have been better. There is a little lake called Round Lake that is passed up by many on account of its size that will give a good account of itself if used right. All these are easily reached from Petosky by railroad or boat. I failed to find a single lake that did not furnish good sport.

W. S. GUY.

Fishing in North Carolina.

LINVILLE FALLS, N. C., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Rainbow trout continue to be active and full of sport in Linville River till the last of November. This was proved the past week by the taking of the largest fish of the season, 21¼ inches long, 11 inches in circumference and weighing 3¼ pounds. This fish was caught on very ordinary tackle, with angle-worms as bait, by Mrs. Eliza Franklin, an old



A MOUNTAIN ANGLER AND HER BIG ONE.

veteran fisherwoman of this place, who often scores the best catch of the season. Last season she took a fish thirty-one inches long, weighing over four pounds. The fishing this season has been good.

F. W. BICKNELL.

"TOMMY," said the visitor, "have you read the books in your Sunday school library?" "Some of them," he replied, rather doubtfully. "Can you tell me what happened to the boy who went fishing on Sunday?" "Yes, he caught three catfish and an eel." "How do you know that?" "Cos I was him."—Exchange.

EVERY Saturday most all the best sportsmen in the country await the coming of FOREST AND STREAM.

"Just Up the Beach."

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Most anglers when they get a big fish hesitate about disclosing the spot where the fish was caught, this being only natural, as they anticipate further sport if they can keep the place to themselves.

A good number of big striped bass were taken this year by anglers of the Asbury Park Fishing Club, and when they were asked where the fish were caught, the answer was invariably, "Up the beach." This got to be a standing joke among the members, and when John Seger displayed a 47-pound bass in front of his little tackle store on the pier it bore the inscription that it was caught, "Just up the beach."

The entertaining article, put to verse, contributed by Mr. Hartie Phillips, of a trip to Seaside Park, which appeared in a recent number of your interesting paper, prompted the writer to try his hand in composing rhyme, which you will find herewith. It is sent to you to dispose of as you see fit, either in your fishing column or the scrap basket.

D. W. MITCHELL.

The night was cold and dreary,

As I tread my way to the pier,
And entered the club house cheerfully,
To meet those who stay all the year.

The fire in the stove burned brightly,
Sending forth a most cheerful glow,
While outside the breakers rose mightily
As they pounded the old spilings below.

The talk naturally turned to fishing,
How that bass was fought and won;
Each around that stove was wishing
That he had caught the big one.

Each had his tale to relate;
Of the big fish that got away,
To be taunted and giped by his club mate,
Who had a gold button to display.

The next subject discussed was bait—
Whether to use shedder, squid or worms;
But a bait that all considered great
Is one calculated to kill germs.

To know where the big strippers hove,
On the flats, in the holes or slues,
Is what each angler around that stove,
Has traveled many miles for clues.

They all have plugged lead and lost rigs,
From early morn till dawn of next day,
But shout with joy and dance jigs,
Should they hook one that don't get away.

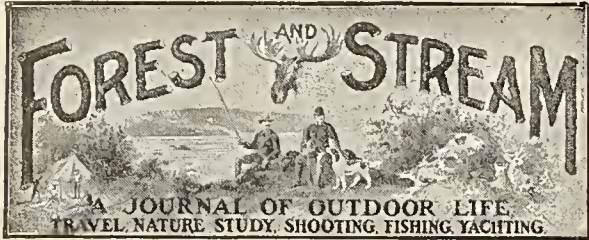
He trudges through soft sand with that striper,
That weighs close to a half hundred weight;
He may be a tired, hungry side swiper,
But nothing shows this in his gait.

If seeking lessons on fishing,
In hopes that he is willing to teach,
To know where he caught it you are wishing,
You are told, "It was just up the beach."

He willingly tells how he played him,
How often it was just out of reach;
Every detail he relates with much vim,
But the place, "It was just up the beach."

DAVE.

THE influence of FOREST AND STREAM among the leading sportsmen of the country is a splendid indication of its popularity.



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CORRESPONDENCE—FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted, but, of course, are not responsible for the views of correspondents. Anonymous communications cannot be regarded.

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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

SHOOTING WITHOUT A GUN.

DOUBTLESS the highest test of sportsmanship is the woodcraft which gives one that knowledge of the habits of game that enables him to find it under the various conditions of weather and seasons, and the ability to make the stealthy approach which shall bring him within range, without alarming the object of his pursuit.

Without these qualities, partly inborn and partly acquired, there cannot be completely successful sportsmanship, however skilled one may be in the use of the gun, a skill that may be acquired in great measure by practice at the fixed and flying target.

All the skill of woodcraft that goes to the making of the successful hunter with the gun must be possessed by him who hunts his game with the camera.

His must be the stealthy, panther-like tread that breaks no twig nor rustles the fallen leaves. His the eye that reads at a glance the signs that to the ordinary sight are a blank or at most are an untranslatable enigma. His a patience that counts time as nothing when measured with the object sought.

When by the use and practice of these he has drawn within a closer range of his timid game than his brother of the gun need attain, he pulls trigger of a weapon that destroys not, but preserves its unharmed quarry in the very counterfeit of life and motion.

The wild world is not made the poorer by one life for his shot, nor nature's peace disturbed, nor her nicely adjusted balance jarred.

He bears home his game, wearing still its pretty ways of life in the midst of its loved surroundings, the swaying hemlock bough where the grouse perched, the bending ferns about the deer's couch, the dew-beaded sedges where the woodcock hops in the shadows of the alders, the lichened trunks and dim vistas of primeval

woods, the sheen of voiceless waterfalls, the flash of sunlit waves that never break.

His trophies the moth may not assail. His game touches a finer sense than the palate possesses, satisfies a nobler appetite than the stomach's craving, and furnishes forth a feast that, ever spread, ever invites, and never palls upon the taste.

Moreover, this gentlest of sportsmen is hampered by no restriction of close time, nor confronted by penalties of trespass. All seasons are open for his bloodless forays, all woods and waters free to his harmless weapon.

Neither is he trammelled by any nice distinctions as to what may or may not be considered game.

Everything counts in his score. The eagle on his craggy perch, the high hole on his hollow tree are as legitimate game for him as the deer and grouse.

All things beautiful and wild and picturesque are his, yet he kills them not, but makes them a living and enduring joy, to himself and all who behold them.

OUR VERY GOOD FRIENDS.

THE annual meeting of the National Association of Audubon Societies, held last week, may remind us again of the growing interest in bird protection.

This interest, which for a time was founded on humanitarian sentiment, has of recent years come to have a far more substantial—an economic—basis. The Audubon Society, and all those that have made a special study of birds, know that they should be protected, not for sentimental reasons, but because they are a most valuable asset of the country. They aid the farmer by destroying his worst enemies. They save him time, labor and expense, and besides this they increase his crops.

The Agricultural Department is reported recently to have issued a statement that the annual injury to farmers of the United States by insect destruction to their crops is \$420,000,000, and it may well enough be that this is an underestimate. Readers who recall the interesting paper on the "Food of Bobwhite," abstracted in FOREST AND STREAM two or three years ago from the observations of Mrs. M. M. Nice, will remember that a single bobwhite in one day may eat thousands of harmful insects.

Because many people are careless observers, the work done by the birds is as wholly unnoticed as if it were done in secret. It is done nevertheless, and done continuously day after day throughout the year, and if it should stop, only for a brief time, this country would witness a panic greater than it has ever seen.

These things are worth pondering.

WAITING FOR COLD WEATHER.

ALL through the month of October, field shooters along the Atlantic coast have had to struggle with difficulties. The weather has been so mild that he who set out faithfully to tramp the lots and hills after his dog suffered much from the heat. The leaves clung to the trees, green through much of the month, and only changed color toward its end as they matured; for there was little or no frost to paint them

with the brilliant hues that we expect in early autumn.

Reports from gunning resorts along the coast declare that as yet the wildfowl are few, and the great migration which follows the first touch of sharp cold weather in the North has hardly begun. Reports as to the numbers of upland birds tell of few prairie chickens and ruffed grouse, and of broods of quail that are still too small to shoot. So far, in the field, or on the water, there has been little to cheer the gunner.

In certain portions of the East, November opened with a steady rain, which wrenched from the trees the leaves that still clung to them, and will make the shooting more open for the month, when brown woodcock are to be expected from the North, and after a short stay will pass on southward.

In certain States, which have but a short open season—as for example Connecticut—the warm weather and the thick leaves have served to protect the few birds still found there.

It will not be until after a few sharp frosts that any judgment can be made on the quality and quantity of the field shooting in these thickly populated States, where the gunners far outnumber the birds.

CHANGING BOUNDARIES OF NATIONAL FORESTS.

PRESIDENT TAFT has issued proclamations changing the boundaries of the Missoula and Madison National Forests, Montana. From the former 4,960 acres are eliminated, and from the latter 68,140 acres. These eliminations are the result of field examinations which the Department of Agriculture has been making in pursuance of a general plan to correct the National Forest boundary lines.

The areas eliminated from the Missoula National Forest are along the borders of the Flint Creek and Rock Creek exclusion of the Southern Division. They consist of small areas along the foothills chiefly valuable for grazing purposes.

The greater part of the Madison elimination embraces what is locally known as the Lower Madison Basin and lies in two main bodies, one in Townships 9 and 10 S., R. 1 W., and the other in Townships 11, 12 and 13 S., Rgs. 1 and 2 E. Another rather large exclusion occurs in Townships 9 and 10 S., R. 4 W. The remaining areas are small tracts at various points along the borders of the forest. Most of the lands excluded are grazing lands, although some areas in the Lower Madison Valley are susceptible of cultivation.

The public lands within the areas were by the same proclamation withdrawn for classification under the Act of June 25, 1910, to be restored to settlement and entry at the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior.

THE most ancient known work on fishing is said to be the "Haleutics of Oppian," the work of a Greek poet A. D. 198, from which it is learned that many articles on fishing, thought to be modern, were known then; while from Atheneus it is learned that several writers wrote treatises or poems on fishing centuries before the Christian era.

Archery

Scores of Thirty-fourth Meeting.

A LIMITED number of copies may be had of July 31 issue of FOREST AND STREAM in which appeared the story and complete scores of the thirty-fourth annual tournament of the National Archery Association, held in Boston.

Fine Archery.

BY EDWARD B. WESTON.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* E. J. Rendtorff is a teacher of science in Lake Forest (Ill.) Academy.

After receiving a report of his wonderful team round score of 95 hits, 631 score, which as far as I know has only been surpassed in this country by Homer S. Taylor's score of 96 hits, 638 score, made thirty years ago, I wrote him asking numerous questions. His answers follow:

"It was with considerable reluctance that I let Mr. Wheeler, the captain of our Lake Forest Academy Association, report my recent team round of 24 hits, 170 score; 23 hits, 151 score; 24 hits, 152 score; 24 hits, 158 score; total, 95 hits, 631 score. Had he not shot with me, and counted every arrow, I would have kept the score a secret. At present I could not hope to duplicate my better scores on a strange course. I will, however, give you a history of my archery experience.

"Before entering the University of Wisconsin I spent considerable time training for baseball and boxing. During my Sophomore year I took up football and played right tackle on the university team of 1893. Before the season closed I dislocated my right knee, and was not able to do much playing after that.

"Prof. Thomas, of Lake Forest College, is responsible for my taking up archery. I knew for years that he shot, but considered it child's sport. In the fall of 1910 I saw him shoot for the first time, and at once realized that it was a game of skill and worthy of a man's attention.

"Next spring I purchased an outfit and shot for the first time in my life early in March of 1911. After two days' practice at 20 yards, under his supervision, I shot 96 arrows at 40 yards, making a score of 66 hits, 286 score, 3 golds. The weather then became quite bad, and I could not shoot again until the 17th of April. On May 3 I shot above 500 for the first time, the score being 93 hits, 517 score, 20 golds. My best score at 40 yards was made on May 29, 1912, 96 hits, 712 score, 34 golds.

"My first attempt at the team round, 96 arrows at 60 yards, was on May 11, 1911, when I made 58 hits, 213 score, 4 golds. On Oct. 13 of that year I shot my first team round of over 500, making 96 hits, score 544. This year I have passed 600 twice; first on Aug. 26, making 96 hits, 612 score, 30 golds, and then the 95 hits, 631 score, 32 golds, which has caused all this stir.

"At first my shooting at 50 yards was not good, but on May 25 I shot 96 hits, score 620. Since then I have shot at 50 yards only in connection with the American round.

"In the American round I have shot above 600 twice, first on May 30, making:

60yds.		50yds.		40yds.		Totals.		Golds.
H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.	
29	193	30	208	30	236	89	637	33

On July 16, the second best score was made:

60yds.		50yds.		40yds.		Totals.		Golds.
H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.	
30	170	30	212	30	234	90	616	..

Best double American round:

60yds.		50yds.		40yds.		Totals.		Golds.	
H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.		
29	193	30	208	30	236	89	637	50	
29	177	30	184	30	222	89	583	..	
							178	1220	

"The 30 hits, 236 score is my best score at 40 yards; 30 hits, 212 score the best at 50 yards and 30 hits, 208 score (13 golds) at 60 yards. It is needless to say that these were not made in the same round.

"I never shot at 80 yards, with the exception of a few occasional arrows, until last Wednesday afternoon, when Wheeler and I shot 96 arrows, I making 84 hits, 204 score, with 11 golds. Next day we repeated, and made 89 hits, 204 score, with 12 golds. The first 48 arrows scored 45 hits, 259 score. On Oct. 28 I shot for the third time at 80 yards, making with the first 48 arrows, 47 hits, 287 score, and with second 48, 46 hits, 234 score.

"I have never shot a York round, and have had a very limited experience at 100 yards. Last spring I occasionally shot a few arrows at that distance. On Oct. 29 I shot my first 72 arrows at 100 yards. It was very windy so that the best results were not possible, but I made 49 hits, 197 score.

"About the middle of September I got a 55-pound lemon wood bow from Duff. At first it shot the arrows a little to the left of the target. Some ten days ago I discovered a slight skew on the back of the bow, which I at once removed with a file. My score of 95 hits, 631 score at 60 yards I made the day after making the change in the bow.

"I shoot a Whitman arrow, 29 inches long, of 435 grains weight. When I first got them I adjusted their weights until they were the same within about one-seventh of a grain.

"I do not release from underneath the chin, as I believe most archers do, but from the hollow between mouth and chin. At 60 yards my point of aim is on the ground about 25 yards from the target; at 50 yards, 27 yards, and at 40 yards about 23 yards. At the 80-yard range my point of aim is on the target itself; on the top for arrows No. 1 and 5, on the gold for No. 3, and on the upper blue for the remaining three arrows. It was the discovery of this variable point of aim that helped me to raise my 80-yard score from 84 hits, 404 score, to 89 hits, score 481, in one day. The arrows seem to be about the same weight, but the feathers produce a somewhat different flight.

"The score of which I feel most proud was made this last summer, Aug. 26, when at 60 yards I hit the gold with the six arrows of an end and got another gold with the first arrow of the following end.

"I aim on the full draw, with the direct vision on the center of the target, and the secondary vision on the point of aim for the 40, 50 and 60 yards. At 80 yards the two coincide as my aim is on the target. I do my best shooting when not conscious of the fact. I have my bad as well as my good days, but always try to

shoot each arrow to the best of my ability. When I find that my best efforts are poor, I quit shooting until another time, so as not to get into careless habits.

"Whatever success I have had, I attribute to constant practice at the short ranges during the time I have been an archer—great care in shooting each and every arrow, keeping the tackle in the best of order, and to a fair knowledge of the physics and mathematics of the sport. I also believe that selecting a heavy arrow (435 grains) instead of the customary lighter one, has had something to do with my success. I also believe in using a heavy bow, and one somewhat shorter than the customary 6-foot length. I have very radical ideas concerning arrows, and now have in mind slight alterations that I will try to incorporate in arrows that I intend to make this winter.

"There is one more thing I failed to state before, and that is the effect of my previous training. At college I took an engineering course for four years, and then specialized three years in physics. Before that I graduated from the Chicago Manual Training School. My training in accuracy in the shop, the drafting room and the physical laboratory is greatly responsible for a consequent accuracy in archery.

"I believe I have now answered all of your questions. Permit me to add, however, that in the Lake Forest Academy we now have a regular archery club, of some dozen members. None of them have become experts, but the enthusiasm is there. I believe ours is the first boy's school to start a club of that nature."

Archers will be interested in comparing these private practice scores of a comparative novice, with the practice scores made by Col. Williams, Phil Bryant, Wallace Bryant, L. W. Maxson, W. A. Clark, C. C. Beach, H. B. Richardson, W. H. Thompson, H. S. Taylor, Dr. R. P. Elmer, W. H. Wills and other old masters of the art of archery.

Pittsburgh Archery Scores.

THE shooting of Mr. Holmes, of the Bon Air Club is remarkable, as he has been engaged at the sport just fourteen weeks. A tally of 90 hits, score 452, would be a creditable performance for anyone. His tutor, Dr. Hertig, had to bestir himself to escape defeat, and, no doubt, if he continues to improve, Mr. Holmes will make a top-notch.

AT THE BON AIR RANGE.

Oct. 26.—Team round, 96 arrows, 60yds.:

Hits.		Score		Hits.		Score	
Dr. Haines	45	180	Dr. Hertig	91	495		
W. J. Holmes	90	452					

AT THE BEECHVIEW RANGE.

Oct. 27.—American round:

	60yds.		50yds.		40yds.		Total.
	H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.	
Jas. S. Jiles	25	99	28	115	30	156	83 370
	18	61	24	108	30	142	72 311
O. L. Hertig	27	145	28	162	30	188	85 495

Team round:

Hits.		Score		Hits.		Score	
O. L. Hertig	94	506	W. J. Gray	32	120		
J. S. Jiles	71	295					

On Saturday, Nov. 2, a new archery club opened its range on the golf grounds of the Oakmount Country Club. This is one of the most important steps forward that the cause of archery has yet taken, and it is to be hoped that all the golf clubs in the country may soon install archery ranges as adjuncts to their links.

The bowmen of the Pittsburgh Athletic Club hold shoots every Monday and Friday evening;

but the time for shooting is so short that no stated round can be finished. Mr. James Patch, Mr. T. R. Hartly, Drs. Haimes, Howard and Holroyd are promising well.

On Thanksgiving Day a team round will be shot on the club range. All the archers in the vicinity are invited to take part.

The scores of this meet will be sent to national headquarters at Boston for comparison.

O. L. HERTIG.

Fenway Archery Club.

FOLLOWING are the scores of the Fenway Archery Club which were held on Oct. 26:

Columbia round:			
	Score.	Handicap.	Total.
Miss Kinnon	284	111	395
Mrs. B. P. Gray.....	375	Scratch	375
Miss Mathes	266	100	366
Miss Anderson	198	155	353
Miss Guiot	166	176	342
Miss Wesson	292	33	325
Miss Norma Pierce	265	56	321
Mrs. L. C. Smith.....	293	9	302
Miss Dorothy Smith	61	182	243
American round:			
L. C. Smith.....	378	135	513
H. B. Richardson.....	494	Scratch	494
B. P. Gray	363	124	487
S. W. Wilder.....	333	115	448

Handicaps were reckoned on scores made on Oct. 19.

SHOOTING CONDITIONS IN DIFFERENT STATES.

Continued from page 594.

are plentiful in all wooded sections of the State. Black bear are to be found in all the mountains of our State. Randolph, Pendleton, Pocahontas, Greenbrier, Webster and Hardy counties are good for deer, bear, turkey, grouse and squirrel.

I am sending you under separate cover copy of law, biennial report, copy of annual of West Virginia Fish and Game Protective Association and cloth poster, the latter having been of great advantage in checking violations, being more easily understood than the game laws themselves. I post about 10,000 of these each year. We are establishing a game and fish preserve in our State at the present time and have already stocked same with elk, deer and other game.

J. A. VIQUESNEY,
Forest, Game and Fish Warden.

Quebec.

QUEBEC, Canada, Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game conditions are much better than last year, and moose, caribou and deer are found in this province. Deer and moose are most abundant. Ottawa, Pontiac, Chicoutimi, Lake St. John, Rimouski and Matone counties offer the best shooting.

J. A. BELLISLE,
Inspector General Fish and Game.

New Brunswick.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game conditions in New Brunswick are perhaps better this year than ever before. This might be said more particularly as regards big game, which is increasing year by year. So far this season sportsmen have been most successful in getting their quota of game. One record moose head having a spread of sixty-four inches has been reported.

It is somewhat difficult to say where the best hunting conditions prevail, as some of the best shooting has been found adjacent to settlements and railway lines. To give an instance of this,

only a few days ago seven moose were called up on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway some three miles from McAdam Junction, where there is a town of considerable size, and where the shops of the Atlantic Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway are located. The great game country is in the interior of the Province remote from railway lines and settlement. Moose are found in every county of the Province, but caribou, a more timid animal, generally makes its home in the least accessible localities, such as the headwaters of the Nepisiguit River in the counties of Restigouche, Gloucester and Northumberland and some fifty miles from railway lines.

The big-game season ends the 30th of November. Sportsmen coming into the Province will have no trouble in securing licenses, as vendors are appointed in nearly every small town and village. A non-resident big-game license costs \$50, bird licenses, which includes wildfowl, \$10. Splendid arrangements for greatest convenience of visiting sportsmen have been made with the custom officials regarding guns brought into the Province. Splendid guides can be secured, though it is well to arrange ahead so that the guides and teams will be on hand at the train. Many of the guides have hunting camps fully equipped, so practically all the sportsman has to bring with him is his rifle and personal luggage.

Special permits are granted to ship big game whole or in part on a non-resident license. Partridge, however, may not be transported.

Telegraph or phone directly to the deputy surveyor general at Fredericton and every courtesy and attention will be given you.

Wildfowl shooting, including geese, brant, ducks, etc., is to be had in abundance. The best grounds are along the Gulf of St. Lawrence at such points as Miscou, Tracadie, Tabusintac and Richibucto. Come to New Brunswick for the best big-game shooting in America.

T. G. LOGGIE,
Deputy Surveyor General

Quebec.

QUEBEC, Canada, Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game conditions are somewhat better than last year. Moose, caribou and deer are found in this Province. Deer are found in the south and moose in the north of this State. In the Lake St. John region are found moose and deer in Bruce and Dorchester counties; caribou are found in the National Park.

HECTOR CARON,
General Superintendent of Fisheries and Game.

South Dakota.

WATERTOWN, S. D., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Am very sorry that I was not home when your letter of the 18th inst. was received, as I would have been glad to have given you the information desired relative to game matters in this State this season.

However, I will now answer your questions, whether or not the replies will be of any use to you: First—Game conditions in this State are much better than last year, particularly as to waterfowl. Plenty of prairie chickens, but very few hunters bagged the limit at any time. Second—In this State we have ducks, geese, prairie chickens, grouse, quail and deer. Third—Ducks are most abundant this year. Fourth—The north-

eastern part of the State is the best waterfowl hunting, as well as for prairie chickens. Along the Missouri River and also the Jim River may be found many quail. The grouse are mostly in the Black Hills as also the deer.

W. F. BANCROFT,
State Game Warden.

Vancouver.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game conditions are infinitely better than last year. With the exception of antelope and musk ox, every species of game that exists or ever did exist in the continent of North America is still to be found in British Columbia; most species in good numbers. There are even a few buffalo still to be found. It is hard to state which species of game is most abundant, but probably moose and caribou in the north and goats and deer in the south are especially plentiful. In the Lillooet district sheep are also quite numerous.

The Cassiar district is by far the best big-game country; moose, caribou, goats, stone sheep and both black and grizzly bear are all still very numerous.

For bird shooting, the southern part of Vancouver Island abounds in grouse, pheasants and quail. There are also any number of Columbia deer.

A. BRYAN WILLIAMS,
Provincial Game Warden.

New York.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I can say without hesitancy that the number of deer in the Adirondack Mountains at the present time is greater than in the past twenty-five years. This information comes first hand from the protectors of the Adirondack region. This is partly due to the fact that last winter was very mild, and very few of the deer winter-killed, and also that this commission has been experimenting with cutting hay in the beaver meadows for the deer to feed on during the more severe weather. This hay is salted and stacked in small cocks on a crib above the snow level in places where the deer are liable to yard. At every meadow where the deer hay was cut the fall of 1911, it looked like a sheep pasture from the congregating of the deer around the stacks of hay. Every morsel was eaten up. This year the commission has gone into the proposition of cutting hay throughout the Adirondacks for feeding deer very extensively, and there has been cut about \$600 worth of hay scattered throughout the Adirondacks.

There is no doubt from the reports received that our native ruffed grouse are again becoming more plentiful, and I thoroughly believe that the bag limit of four a day as provided in the law at the present time will be the means of increasing the supply.

The pheasants are also increasing throughout the State. This year the department had applications for about 125,000 pheasant eggs and 28,000 pheasants. Of course the one game farm owned by the State was unable to furnish that amount, but the department did furnish about 4,000 pheasants and 20,000 eggs. I am in hopes to see the time come when we will have in the State at least five game farms, as in my opinion it is coming to the proposition of placing the

pheasants in the covers of the State and allowing them to be killed off in the fall, which is the English and French method. With the sportsmen of the State paying into the State Treasury approximately \$160,000 for hunting licenses annually, there is no reason why the State should not own at least five game farms given over to the raising of different species of game birds to be distributed throughout the State, under the same conditions in vogue at the present time in distributing pheasants.

From what I can ascertain from the reports of the protectors throughout the State, the ruffed grouse is being found in their old haunts again, and in increased numbers. I do not know that this applies to any particular part of the State, but wherever the cover is good, they seem to be increasing.

LEWELLYN LEGGE, Chief Game Protector.

Maryland.

BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Good duck shooting can still be obtained on the Susquehanna Flats, and non-residents of the State can arrange with the gunners holding sink box licenses to give them pretty good sport when the weather is right. Shooting days are on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. During the spring shooting, Saturday is added.

The ducking shores from Miller's Island to the flats are owned by private parties, and an invitation from owners is necessary.

Partridge (bobwhite) shooting is not what it should be. There is shooting out of season. We have had severe winters. No respect has been paid to the bag limit and the game warden with limited means has been unable to properly attend to all reports of violations of the closed seasons. Some sections of the State, notably the lower counties, still have some good partridge shooting. Local licenses are required in each county. Some permit non-residents to hunt without license, provided they have the permission of the landowner. It will be necessary for the sportsman to inform himself of the laws covering the special point in which he is interested.

Wild turkeys and ruffed grouse are only found in the three westernmost counties, while deer are too scarce to mention. Several clubs in Western Maryland have especially fine turkey shooting, notably the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club, in Washington county, where every member or guest obtains the club limit most every time they hunt.

Maryland probably has in its thirty miles of coast the best shore bird shooting there is to be had. Ocean City, Md., is situated on a strip of sand between the ocean and Sinepuxent Bay. This narrow strip runs clear over into Virginia, and on the beach and around the ponds can be found the yellowlegs, willet, curlew, robin, snipe, gray backs, calico backs, black-breasted plover, dowitcher, ring-neck and other birds of like character.

The non-resident need have no fear of the law to hunt these birds at this place. No license is required of the non-resident to hunt them, and there is no closed season for shore birds. Numerous hotels will accommodate the sportsmen, and Captain Quillan will take them far enough down the beach in his launch to get away from the city and find birds. Good ducking can be had here also, but non-residents must have license.

The season for wildfowl is from Nov. 1 to April 10, State law.

Last but not least we have the rail and reed bird shooting on the great wild oat marshes of the Patuxent River. There the reed birds and rail are found in great quantities, and the sportsmen from Washington, Philadelphia, as well as from Baltimore, will be found on these marshes when the season opens on Sept. 13 every year, being pushed over the marshes by experienced pushers after the fat rail or sora. This is an easy bird to hit on the wing, but the sport is fascinating, and the pushers know their business. I have seen them accurately mark five and six dead birds down at one time and find every one. The bag limit of seventy-five rail birds per day can easily be reached during the first part of the season if the tide is moderately high. Of course when the tide is low, the marsh is too high to push the boats over and "bounce" the rail. License for non-residents of the State is \$11.

TALBOTT DENMEAD,
For State Game Warden Cox.

New Mexico.

SANTA FE, N. M., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game conditions are better than last year. Bear, deer, turkey, grouse and quail are found in this State. There is an abundance of turkey, quail, grouse and doves in the northern and southern parts of this State.

TRINIDAD C. DE BACA, Warden.

Prince Edward Island.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. Island, Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game birds in Prince Edward Island are increasing in numbers, each year finding them more abundant than in the previous year. This season the black ducks and mergansers were very plentiful and were about equally distributed throughout the Province. Golden plover also put in their appearance after an absence of several years. Bartramian sandpipers are fairly numerous, while Hudsonian curlew and gray field plover are to be found in large flocks.

At the time of writing wild geese are very abundant; it is by no means a rare sight to behold pods of from 400 to 500 of these beautiful birds leisurely swimming in the rivers or bays and sometimes even resting on the shores. Yesterday a reliable sportsman who had just returned from Flat River informed me that game birds were very abundant there, and that he had never before seen so many wild geese or such quantities of gray land plover.

Wild geese are abundant in Hillsboro and Elliott and York rivers. They are also plentiful

at Rustico, Tracadie, Malpeque, Summerside, Bedeque, Alberton, Kildare and Tignish.

Brant were exceedingly abundant last spring, but owing to the curtailing of the open season comparatively few were killed, and as a natural consequence, a much larger showing is expected this fall than in other years. They frequent the same waters as the wild geese.

Woodcock and snipe are reported fully up to the average and are in prime condition.

Partridges, under judicious protection, are rapidly increasing in numbers. This year is a close season for these birds, so next year, in the natural course of events, will doubtless be a banner year for partridge shooting.

Rabbits are fairly plentiful all through the Province.

E. T. CARBONELL, Game Inspector.

North Carolina.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game conditions are better than last year. Quail, pheasant, turkey and deer are found in this State. Quail is most abundant in Piedmont or central section.

P. D. GOLD, JR.,
Secretary Audubon Society of North Carolina.

Oklahoma.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game conditions are better than last year. Deer, turkey, bear and prairie chicken are found in this State. Quail is abundant. Good shooting is found in all sections of this State.

JOHN B. DOOLIN, Warden.

Wyoming.

LANDER, Wyo., Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game conditions are better than last year. Elk, deer, moose, mountain sheep and game birds are found in this State. Elk and deer are most abundant. The best shooting is found in Uinta, Fremont and Park counties.

D. F. HUDSON, State Game Warden.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game conditions this year are about the same as they were a year ago. Elk, deer, bear, mountain sheep, sage chicken, grouse, ducks, geese, etc., are the leading game animals and birds of Wyoming. Of the big game, elk are the most abundant. Big-game hunting is best in the counties of Uinta, Park and Fremont. Birds are plentiful everywhere.

JAMES D. LECRON,
Executive Secretary.



Cruising in the Caribbean.

BY J. HOBART EGBERT.

ONE might readily be excused for not recognizing the old aspirant for international yachting honors as she lay off the wharf at Bluff, the entrance to Bluefields lagoon on the Caribbean

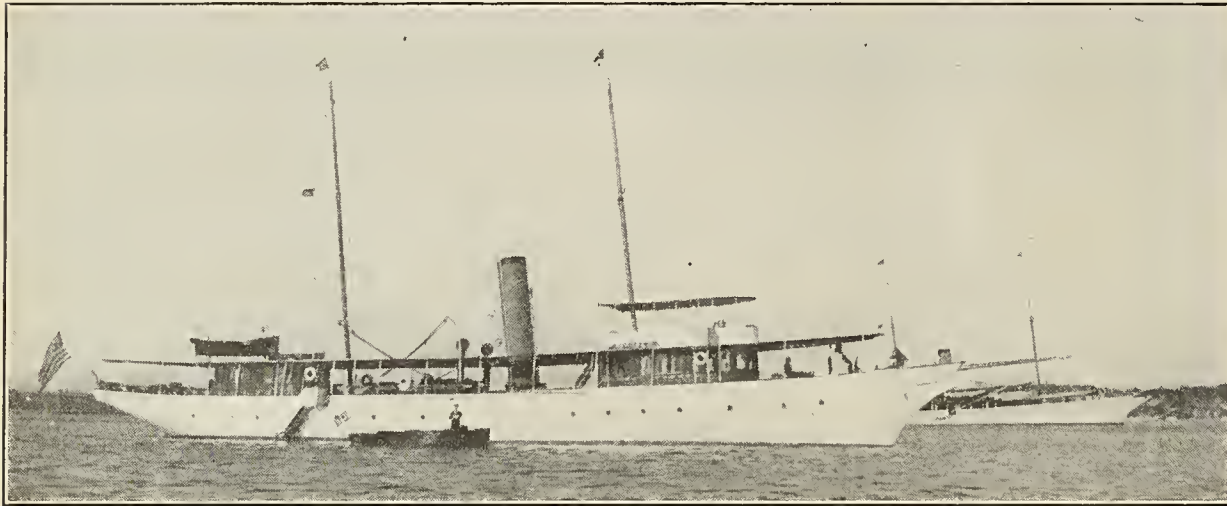
coast of Nicaragua, in schooner rig, down almost to her gunwales with a cargo of coconuts, the bare timbers of her hull showing here and there through her white paint, her deck littered with sacks of coconuts, barrels, tarpaulin, etc., and with an ununiformed (almost undressed) colored crew. And yet there was some-

thing in her visible lines, her sheer, her low bulwarks, her narrow, graceful stern and general set of spars and rigging that at once engaged the attention of the deep water yachtsman. But failure to recognize her superior plan and build as she plowed under full spread of canvas the tumultuous waters of the Caribbean almost into the teeth of a strong northeast wind that at times freshened into little less than a gale, would certainly have been quite impossible in one not truly a "land lubber."

We sailed from Bluff a few minutes after 9 o'clock, the night of Saturday, Aug. 24. Had expected to put out during the daylight, but

fresh from the northeast—many seas broke over her port bow and washed over her flush deck, sail was not shortened, except when the wind blew out the jib topsail, and ample opportunity was given to admire her fine sea qualities.

It was not until well toward mid day Monday that the weather cleared and the wind abated, but even then the heavy sea, now more abeam, caused the vessel to roll heavily. Land was sighted shortly after noon, and before 3 P. M. we were anchored in the bight fronting the sea wall which extends from Colon to Cristobal. The port physician and Customs inspector were soon on board, and before 3:30 we were ashore. The



MRS. R. C. BLACK'S YACHT NIAD.

owing to the disturbed conditions in Nicaragua, and evident friction between the Governor of Bluefields and the representative of the American bankers (who are trying to control Nicaragua) in charge of the Custom House at Bluff, clearance of this, an American, vessel was not obtained until this late hour. Fortunately an almost full moon was shining from a fairly clear sky, so anchor was weighed, head sails set, and as she swung off and headed for the bar, foresail and mainsail were run up. By the time we were outside, topsails were added, and after passing the U. S. S. Tacoma, which lay outside the bar, the course E. S. E. was laid for Colon, Republic of Panama. A heavy swell was running, and by midnight the moderate breeze had increased to a strong wind, and a heavy sea was rolling in from across the reaches of the Gulf.

The vessel was heavily loaded, and though during the night and throughout the following day—during which the weather remained unsettled with occasional rain and the wind blew

Atlantic, heavily loaded, had made the run, in bad weather and under sail alone from Bluff, Nicaragua, to Colon, Panama, in forty-two hours.

The auxiliary schooner Atlantic is known along the Caribbean coast as one of the smartest and ablest crafts in that trade, and why not? She was formerly the racing sloop Atlantic, built at Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1887, as an aspirant to international cup honors. She is 96 feet long and of eighty-six tons register, though now in schooner rig she still spreads a large area of canvas. Her big lead fin was removed and she was rebuilt to her present rig in 1904 for Mr. Rector, the New York restaurateur, as a deep sea cruiser and a 80 horsepower Richmond motor installed. She is now owned and managed by Capt. A. Sandberg and engaged in the Caribbean and Gulf trade, principally in live turtle traffic, though occasionally carrying cocoanuts for New York to Colon from the Nicaragua and Honduras coasts. She still flies the United States flag, her home port being Key West.

A talk with representatives in prominent cartridge companies brings forth information that never before has the demand for shells for field shooting been as great as in the present season.

Harvard University Gun Club matches are as follows: Nov. 2—Harvard vs. Princeton at Cambridge. Nov. 9—Intercollegiate shoot at New Haven. Nov. 23—Harvard vs. Yale at Cambridge.

Thanksgiving Day will bring joy to Ossining trapists. A merchandise shoot will be held. Start will be made at 1 o'clock sharp. Further particulars from Chas. G. Blandford, Captain, Ossining, N. Y.

When Charley Hyde gets the rest of the ducks along the Sound the trap season will open at the Port Washington Y. C. Everything else is ready but Charley; at least, that is what one of the peevish aerosaucer experts writes us.

The newly organized Monmouth Beach Gun Club, designated in our trap columns last week by a generally unerring compositor, as Monument Beach, held its first clection of officers last Saturday. The club already has nineteen members and barrels of enthusiasm.

Geo. W. Wakeley, president, writes that the regular shoots of the Orange Gun Club will be held on the second and fourth Saturdays, and that on Thanksgiving Day the club will hold the annual club championship event at 100 targets with suitable trophy to the winner.

With the Lloyds' Harbor freezeout race uncorked, New Rochelle Y. C. will get after the scalers next Saturday. So much envy over Joe Donovan's Du Pont medal has been suppressed all summer, to about the same extent as a man's size yawn under a lady's hand, that there will be a case of by and large in the way of effort for "one of those" this season. Who knows but what Ed Locke may bag one with his single-trigger Lefever.

W. G. BEECROFT.

Buffalo Audubon Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 2.—Buffalo Audubon Club members, nineteen strong, turned out for to-day's sport. Covert was the bright shining star with a good 90, which is going some, the last two events being distance handicaps, and he at 20yds. A strong 50yd. target was thrown, which was affected by the wind. Scores:

Targets:	15	20	20	20	25
Fish	14	16	18	17	19
Kelsey	9	13	12	13	20
Rogers	15	17	16	17	18
Immel	14	15	17	15	21
Ebberts	15	15	19	16	21
Ward	9	14	14	14	15
Wacker	13	13	17	16	19
Blackmer	12	13	15	17	21
Wright	14	18	20	15	19
Cummings	11	17	17	16	18
Imhoff	11	14	15	18	19
Covert	14	20	18	18	20
Rommel	11	17	17	14	20
Mosher	1	15	12	12	..
Savage	11
Lambert	12	17	14	14	21
Seymour	..	13	17	14	..
Burgwardt	13	11	14	15	24
Wootton	21

W. C. WOOTTON, Sec'y.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

DR. MARTIN and P. Von Boeckman tied for high gun at the Bergen Beach Gun Club on Oct. 26. The event was at 100 targets, and each nimrod had a total of 94. The shoot-off was captured by the Doctor. The scores:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	Handicap.	Total
Dr Martin	18	20	18	18	20	94
P Von Boeckman	23	23	25	22	2	94
R Morgan	23	23	21	22	2	91
J Gaughan	22	23	23	15	6	89
Dr Sauter	23	22	21	21	2	89
A V Suydam	22	22	18	22	4	88
W L Skidmore	15	20	19	22	10	86
H D Bergen	19	15	21	21	10	86
J H Vanderveer	19	23	21	17	5	85
W D Francott	24	20	18	18	5	85
H W Drever	17	19	19	18	10	83
W Weibacher	17	13	15	18	10	83
H Hewens	16	19	11	17	17	80
W L Groll	19	17	17	17	10	80
W Simonson	19	19	20	19	2	79
H D Tracy	13	11	19	16	16	75
C Schroeder	10	12	14	14	20	70
D Healy	12	15	12	12	20	68
T Rhode	12	9	12	12	20	65

TRAP SHOOTING

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

- Nov. 21-22.—Clinton (Ont.) G. C. J. E. Cantelon, Sec'y.
- Dec. 2-6.—St. Thomas, (Ont.) G. C. W. J. McCance, Asst. Mgr.
- 1913.
- Jan. 1.—Utica, N. Y.—Genesee Gun Club. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
- Jan. 22-25.—Pinchurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.
- July 8-13.—Cedar Point, O.—The Indians' tournament. D. H. Eaton, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The lure of the open was too strong to go unheeded by trappers at Smith Gun Club last Saturday, so there was no shoot. The regular shoot will be held to-day.

Louis Colquitt lost the New Jersey State championship so quietly that one hardly knew it had changed hands. There is being more noise than success, however, in taking it away from the present holder, Ernest Von Lengerke, of Orange Gun Club. Looks as though it preferred class Orange to cosmopolitan Newark.

New York A. C.

PELHAM MANOR, N. Y., Nov. 2.—Regular trapshooting was carded to-day, for the first time this season, at Travers Island. With the exception of Capt. Billings, most of the "great guns" were at the scores. R. L. Spotts was on deck with his usual enthusiasm and eye. He took scratch trophy with 90 out of 100, and distance handicap from 2lyds. mark, with 22 out of 25. Olympic style event went to D. F. McMahon, whose total was 22, handicap one; the Day trophy, on 100 rocks, also fell into his maw with 92 from a handicap of four. Dr. L. Culver tacked one on the Ogden mug, after shooting off a tie with O. Muller and E. M. Higginson. W. B. Ogden shot a leg on the November cup, after tying with Dan McMahon. McMahon cup will have J. M. Higgins' name engraved upon its front, though W. J. Simpson made a serious effort for the first lines on the cup, being denied the honor only after shooting off a tie. J. M. Jones, with a liberal handicap, took premier honors for the Travers Island trophy.

"When We Were Twenty-one" would be an apt title for the day, as twenty-one gunners lent their support to the ammunition companies, so ably represented by "Gentleman Georgie" Lyon from the place in North Carolina where the bull was made famous. Considerable interest was added to the day's joys in the appearance of several promising tyros, who were given the glad hand and encouraged in every way possible. The scores:

November cup, handicap, 25 targets:
H. T.
W B Ogden 2 24 B M Higginson..... 1 21
D F McMahon 1 24 F A Hodgman 1 21
G L Lyon 0 24 O Muller 6 21
C Stein 7 23 Dr R J Held 1 19
A L Spotts 0 23 G H McLemore 5 19
Dr L Culver 1 23 H Locatelli 7 19
W J Simpson 3 23 G M Huggins 7 18
J M Jones 6 23 G H Abbott 2 17
G J Corbett, 1 22 T Lenane, Jr..... 5 15
F Hall 1 22 J W Hessian 0 14
Shoot-off of tie:
W B Ogden 2 23 D F McMahon 1 21
G. L. Lyon did not compete for the trophy.

Ogden trophy, handicap, 25 targets:
Dr L Culver 1 24 C Stein 7 20
B M Higginson 1 24 W J Simpson 3 20
O Muller 6 24 Dr R Held 1 20
G L Lyon 0 23 F Hall 1 19
F A Hodgman 1 22 G H Abbott 2 19
G J Corbett 1 21 J M Jones 6 19
D F McMahon 1 21 J W Hessian 2 19
W B Ogden 1 21 G M Huggins 7 17
R L Spotts 0 21 G H McLemore 5 16
T Lenane, Jr 5 21 H Locatelli 7 16
Shoot-off of tie:
Dr Culver 1 23 O Muller 6 17
B M Higginson 1 22

McMahon trophy, handicap, 25 targets:
G M Higgins 7 24 J M Jones 6 22
W J Simpson 3 24 Dr R J Held 1 21
G J Corbett 1 23 W B Ogden 1 20
D E McMahon 1 23 F A Hodgman 1 20
R L Spotts 0 23 G H McLemore 5 20
B M Higginson 1 22 C Stein 7 19
G L Lyon 0 22 J W Hessian 0 19
F Hall 1 22 G H Abbott 2 19
Dr L Culver 0 22 H Locatelli 7 15
T Lenane, Jr 5 22 O Muller 6 17
Shoot-off of tie:
J M Huggins 6 23 W J Simpson 3 16

Travers Island trophy, handicap, 25 targets:
J M Jones..... 6 25 G H McLemore 5 22
D F Mahon 1 24 F Hall 1 20
T Lenane, Jr..... 5 24 Dr L Culver 0 20
O Muller 6 24 G J Corbett 1 17
H Locatelli 7 24 J W Hessian 0 17
B M Higginson 1 23 W B Ogden 1 17
R L Spotts 0 23 G H Abbott 2 17
F A Hodgman 1 23 C Stein 7 16
G M Huggins 6 23 W J Simpson 3 16
Dr R J Held 1 22

Distance trophy, handicap yards, 25 targets:
R L Spotts 21 22 Dr R J Held 20 16
G H Abbott 20 19 Dr Bogart 16 16
G L Lyon 19 19 F Hall 20 15
W J Simpson 18 20 F A Hodgman 20 15
B M Higginson 20 18 D F McMahon 20 14
Dr L Culver 21 18 W B Ogden 20 14
T Lenane, Jr..... 16 18 G H Abbott 19 14
J M Jones 16 17 J W Hessian 21 11
G M Huggins 16 17 C Stein 16 2

Olympic trophy, handicap, 25 targets, under Olympic rules:
D F McMahon 1 22 F A Hodgman 1 20
G L Lyon 0 21 R L Spotts 0 18
W J Simpson 3 21 Dr L Culver 0 17
G J Corbett 1 20 W B Ogden 1 14
W Hessian 0 20 B M Higginson 1 14
F Hall 1 20 O Muller 6 13

Day trophy, handicap, 100 targets:
G L Lyon 0 93 W J Simpson 12 83
D F McMahon 4 92 W J Simpson 12 83
Dr L Culver 4 91 T Lenane, Jr..... 20 82
J M Jones 24 91 Dr R J Held 4 82
R L Spotts 0 90 J M Huggins 28 82
B M Higginson 4 90 C Stein 28 78
W B Ogden 8 86 G H McLenane 20 77
F A Hodgman 4 86 G H Abbott 8 72
O Muller 24 86 H Locatelli 28 74
G J Corbett 4 83 J W Hessian 0 68
F Hall 4 83

Won by D. F. McMahon, G. L. Lyon not competing for trophy.

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Illinois State Championship
Indiana State Championship
Maine State Championship
Minnesota State Championship
Mississippi State Championship
Nebraska State Championship

North Dakota State Championship
Oklahoma State Championship
South Dakota State Championship
Utah State Championship
Virginia State Championship
Wisconsin State Championship
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Nevada State Championship

North Carolina State Championship
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High gun trophy, scratch, 100 targets:
R L Spotts 90 W J Simpson 71
G L Lyon 93 J W Hessian 68
D F McMahon 88 J M Jones 67
B M Higginson 86 O Muller 62
Dr L Culver 87 T Lenane, Jr..... 62
F A Hodgman 82 G H Abbott 64
G J Corbett 79 G M McLemore 57
F Hall 79 G M Huggins 54
Dr R J Held 78 C Stein 50
W B Ogden 78 H Locatelli 46

handy" and own a desire, you can borrow a gun and become a trap enthusiast.

Special shoot, 100 targets, handicap:
H. T.
D K Morrell 8 85 R L Low 12 73
J F Simonson 6 81 T R Chatran 8 72
W Hyland 8 77 D Mathaway 8 71
J Medler 6 77 H Stein 12 50
Dr Cleghorn 12 74

Plattsville Gun Club.

PLATTSVILLE, Wis., Oct. 28.—B. Dorscher made a run of 66 at the trap to-day, finishing with 95 out of the century. Two more members this week helps some. We had to postpone our picnic shoot on account of the bad weather. The visiting clubs could not get here. The scores:

Targets: 50 25 25
B Dorscher 49 25 21 Bridges 34 ...
W Rose 35 ... C E Gilmore..... 41 20 ...
Brunes 28 20 21 P Karrmann 34 24 16
Karrmann 25 ... F List 3 8

Queens Gun Club.

QUEENS, L. I., Nov. 2.—Nine ardent shouldered arms here to-day in the opening clay-bagging contest of the season, 100 rocks being pulled on a handicap basis. D. K. Morrell, with 8 hand-outs, scored 85 for high gun. J. F. Simonson, with 2 less handicap, scored four less fliers, while Bill Hyland needed 8 give aways to take third joy place with 77. Tyros are gladly received and cheerfully instructed down at Queens, so if you "live

The Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 2.—Alden B. Richardson, of Dover kept the title of State champion in a match to-day, beating J. H. Minnick to a frazzle.

Each man shot at 100 targets, the score being 97 to 91. Minnick lost in the first half, over-shooting his third, ninth and fourteenth targets in the first string. Richardson dropped only his twenty-second target.

In the second string the title holder broke twenty-five, scoring 49 out of his first 50. In his second twenty-five, Minnick lost his thirteenth, sixteenth and twenty-second birds. Score, 49 to 44 at the half.

In the third twenty-five Minnick gained two, breaking them straight. Richardson lost his first and twentieth. Score, 72 to 69.

In the last quarter both men broke straight until the eighteenth, when Minnick dropped one, and then dropped his twentieth and twenty-fourth. Richardson broke his straight, winning by six targets.

The score follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Total.
Targets:	25	25	25	25	97
Richardson	24	25	23	25	97
Minnick	22	22	25	22	91

Another feature of the day was between J. B. McHugh, challenger for the 1912 Class A trophy, and Eugene E. du Pont, holder, at 50 targets per man. Neither man shot to his form. The final score was 42 to 34 in favor of McHugh.

Mr. McHugh's victory in this race, and Mr. Richardson's success in defending his title to the State championship, brought about an interesting condition of affairs. Mr. McHugh had previously challenged the winner of the Richardson-Minnick match, while Mr. Richardson had challenged the winner of the E. E. du Pont-McHugh race. As a result the two are matched to shoot two separate and distinct races. The first match will be for the 1912 Class A trophy at 50 targets, the second for the Delaware State championship at 100 targets.

The special club program included the E. E. du Pont team trophy contests. Thirteen teams entered, but only one team managed to secure the full maximum of 50 breaks. handicap allowance included. This team was H. P. Carlon (Class A) and S. G. David (Class C), who broke 24 and 21 respectively, and with their respective allowances of 1 and 5, managed to score the highest possible. Eugene du Pont and Dr. A. Patterson as one team, S. C. Newman and W. G. Wood as another, and W. Edmanson and J. T. Roberson as a third team all scored 48 targets and took second place. Dr. Horace Beets, and Victor du Pont, Jr., took third honors.

The several team scores were as follows:

H P Carlon.....	1	24	J J Magahern...	3	19
S G David.....	5	21-50	J J Curzon.....	7	14-43
E du Pont.....	1	22	W Smith, Jr....	5	17
Dr Patterson...	3	22-48	S Tuchton.....	2	18-42
S J Newman....	2	23	J H Minnick....	1	25
W G Wood.....	1	22-48	H W Bush.....	3	14-42
W Edmanson....	1	24	W M Hammond	1	23
J T Roberson...	1	22-48	L L Jarrell....	1	17-42
Dr H Betts.....	7	18	J G Highfield...	5	14
V du Pont.....	3	19-47	W J Highfield...	7	15-41
D C Lyon.....	1	22	T W Mathewson	5	11
W Armistead...	3	20-46	J B McHugh....	1	23-40
A B Richardson.	1	22	N K Smith.....	3	19
T Martin.....	3	19-45	W G Robelen...	7	11-40
Z H Lofland....	5	21			
C Leedom.....	2	16-44			

Marine and Field Club.

GRAVESEND BAY, N. Y., Nov. 2.—The opening day of the trapshooting of the Marine and Field Club was very successful, everything going along nicely, the weather condition was perfect for shooting, and the attendance was fair, as a few of the shooting members were out of town.

The opening event of the day was a trial shoot of 25 targets from scratch, as follows: S. P. Hopkins, D.D., 21, E. H. Lott 21, C. M. Camp 16, C. B. Ludwig 16, P. R. Towne 14, H. D. Lott II. Tie was not shot off.

The following handicaps were given out by Chairman C. M. Camp for the November cup, 300 targets with handicaps, the best 100 targets from the regular shooting days, Saturday and holidays. The handicaps for the month of November, on 100 targets, are: E. H. Lott, scratch; P. R. Towne 10, C. B. Ludwig 12, J. M. Knox 18, C. D. Sayre 18, S. P. Hopkins 8, J. H. Emanuel, Jr 12, C. M. Camp 12, H. B. Smith 18, E. D. Church 18.

Handicap, 100 targets:

	H. T.	H. T.
E H Lott	0	93
P R Towne.....	10	89
Dr S P Hopkins...	8	87
H D Lott.....	13	84
J M Knox	18	82
C B Ludwig.....	12	76
C M Camp.....	12	66

Mr. John M. Knox offered a very pretty silver pencil for this event, which was won by E. H. Lott, shooting from scratch. These scores also go on the monthly cup if the gentlemen care to select from this hundred at the end of the month; but as there are two holidays and four more Saturdays, the gentlemen with low scores have a good chance to overcome the high scores.

Mr. W. H. Davol, who has been away from the city shooting in the Catskill Mountains, came back this afternoon, but came too late, as the gunners stop shooting after they finish the 100 targets, but he went out and tried 25 targets and got 18. He is one of our old gunners, and will be shooting here the entire season.

LEO H. BENDER, Supt.

Demopolis Gun Club.

DEMOPOLIS, Ala., Oct. 29.—The registered tournament held here to-day was pretty successful. Scores follow:

	First Day.	Second Day.
	Shot at. Broke.	Shot at. Broke.
J A Blount	250 225	250 224
A Lawson	250 229	250 238
E V Otts	250 215	250 222
C W Wheeler	250 202	...
E C Singley	250 177	250 149
Geo Darnes	250 199	...
W C du Fen	250 203	250 207
B H McCoy	150 110	250 175
Dr Edward B Bailey.....	250 187	250 195
C W Dunlap	250 223	250 224
J K Warren	250 238	250 229
I E Bennett	250 196	250 217
Ernest Levy	250 220	250 231
Dr T H De Loach	150 103	250 199
E R Berry	150 121	...
Dr Edward Taylor	250 204	250 205
W T Laslie	250 233	250 231
N G Winn	100 71	...
Archie Ortman	100 73	...
S K Simon	100 50	...
W G Mitchell	80 51	...
Dr T T Reid	40 22	...
Rane McMillen	60 38	30 16
A R Smith	40 31	...
Harry Norton	40 25	...
W W Coker	90 60
Professionals:		
H D Freeman.....	250 226	250 238
Oscar McDade.....	250 231	250 232
L M Norwood.....	250 221	250 211
Guy Ward	250 226

L. M. OTTS, Cashier.

Bourbon Gun Club.

BOURBON, Md., Oct. 30.—Twenty-four scale bird devotees set forth their arguments in a merchandise controversy here to-day. Most every one took home something in the way of a souvenir, a few remembrances being in the shape of shoulder portraits in black and blue. Several new men were welcomed and encouraged to try again. Brother Hymen, from the pink sheet squad of Remington, cheered the weak and jeered the strong, metaphorically of course, in the latter instance.

	Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke
Houser	100 69	Radcliff	25 13
Slick	100 67	Kring	25 9
Hymen	175 134	Loney	50 24
D Dilley	75 44	Stoakes	50 30
V Blue	100 76	Joyce	50 25
L Russell	150 122	Burns	50 2
C Blue	100 63	Wm Russell ...	50 13
T Dilley	50 38	Neiwanger ...	35 20
Teal	75 54	W Watson	10 7
Spahr	75 38	L Watson	5 0
Herron	50 9	Ellinger	10 4
Jerrard	25 6	Compton	10 3

INMAN D. RUSSELL, Pres.

Birmingham Gun Club.

FIFTEEN shooters were at the weekly shoot of the Birmingham Gun Club on Oct. 26. Good scores were made. The weather was very nice for shooting, a light wind caused the targets to jump some. Major Winters, of Montgomery, paid us a visit, as did also Mr. Boardman, of Louisville, Ky. Professionals, Tom Cassity, H. Hamilton and Dick Leland were present. Some of the beginners are shooting very well. J. De Jarnette, Jr., is still leading on the Du Pont trophy.

Shooting will continue every Saturday afternoon during the winter. Visitors are always welcome to the Birmingham Gun Club. Professionals and trade representatives are specially invited to come to Birmingham and get their winter's practice.

	Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke
*Tom Cassity...	100 87	Dr Sellers	100 67
*H Hamilton...	100 84	De Jarnette, Jr..	70 60
*Dick Leland...	100 72	Dick Brown	80 54
Mrs Garl	95 67	Major Winters...	45 40
Hodges	100 65	Ed Cornell.....	30 20
O Garl	70 64	J De Jarnette,Sr	15 11
Boardman	100 64		

*Professionals.

PARTICIPANT.

Daniel Boone Gun Club.

MARTHASVILLE, Mo., Oct. 20.—Only ten exponents of the gentle art of acrosaucer extermination were observable here to-day, but those ten enjoyed themselves.

J. Mutert, Ahmann and Lichtenberg appeared in the class, each clearing the ambient atmosphere of 37 of the 40 "birds" that scaled across the horizon. Fred Suhr passed up two opportunities and finished fourth with 35. The scores:

	Shot at. Brk.		Shot at. Brk.
J Mutert	40 37	Meyer	20 17
Ahmann	40 37	Fortmann	20 14
Lichtenberg ...	40 37	Gardyne	20 13
F Suhr	40 35	F Mutert	20 10
Struebbe	40 32	Koch	14 6

J. O. WILSON, Sec'y.

Rifle and Revolver

P. S. A. L. Championships.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Oct. 21.—The rifle shooting championship of the Public Schools Athletic League were decided here on Saturday last. The shoot was held under the supervision of representatives of the War Department and the State National Guard, who were agreeably surprised by the fine performances of the boys. All the records made in the last Public Schools Athletic League outdoor rifle tourney, at Creedmoor, L. I., in 1907, were eclipsed.

Manhattan schools led the van. The individual championship was won by J. Pullman, of the High School of Commerce, with the excellent score of 96 out of 100.

The competition among first teams for the Du Pont trophy also resulted in a victory for Commerce with 192 out of 250. The second teams contest, for the Ullman trophy, was won by Morris High School with 183. De Witt Clinton carried off the plaque for the greatest number of qualifications of junior marksmen.

The individual title was decided in the junior marksman qualification shoot, in which the War Department presented silver medals to those who succeeded in scoring at least 35 standing and 40 prone, for the minimum total of 75 out of 100, at the 200yd. range.

One hundred and thirty lads competed in the morning and fifty-nine qualified. The boys used the regulation army service Springfield rifle, which was quite a change from the sub-target machines.

The marksman qualification scores were:

	200yds.	200yds.	Total.
	Standing.	Prone.	
J Pullman, Commerce.....	47	49	96
R Pickett, Morris	45	47	92
H Dutton, Clinton	46	46	92
H Bryde, Stuyvesant.....	44	47	91
J Blackman, Stuyvesant.....	45	46	91
A Daparna, Commerce	42	49	91
A Bancel, Clinton	43	46	89
F Kerr, Morris	44	44	88
A Shields, Clinton	44	43	87
D Shapiro, Commerce.....	44	43	87
H Brin, Commerce.....	43	43	86
J A De Vecr, Jamaica.....	40	46	86
W G York, Flushing.....	41	45	86
L H Morvay, Clinton.....	44	41	85
L Braunstein, Morris	40	45	85
W Foskett, Clinton.....	45	40	85
W Welton, Clinton.....	43	42	85
C Vogel, Commerce.....	39	46	85
J Suffeld, Commerce.....	43	46	89
T F Neilson, Stuyvesant.....	38	46	84
R Petzer, Commerce.....	43	41	84
L Enowitz, Morris	40	43	83
F Clark, Morris	38	45	83
L Schwartz, Clinton.....	42	41	83
C Elliott, Clinton	40	43	83
G Gregory, Clinton	36	47	83
H Hollings, Commercial.....	43	40	83
A Eliot, Bryant	37	45	82
J McKeon, Bryant	40	41	81
E Frick, Stuyvesant	39	42	81
W J Clayton, Clinton.....	38	43	81
L Schneider, Clinton	38	43	81
F McHugh, Morris	43	37	80
J Carr, Flushing.....	46	34	80
C Layton, Stuyvesant	41	39	80
A Snedeker, Curtis	38	42	80
R Zickel, Curtis	37	43	80
H Dougherty, Manual	37	41	78
G Waite, Flushing	40	38	78
H D Colgan, Commercial	41	37	78
T Halstead, Commerce	35	43	78
W Lieberman, Jamaica	35	43	78
I Day, Jamaica	40	37	77
I Hirschfeld, Clinton.....	39	38	77
C T Armstrong, Flushing.....	38	39	77
T Dugan, Morris	38	39	77
J Furia, Morris	40	37	77
F Rescoil, Morris	35	41	76
G Kapelman, Boys'	39	37	76
S Pfeiffer, Stuyvesant	35	41	76
J C Irwin, Manual	35	41	76
R McGraw, Bryant	39	36	75
W Blatt, Eastern District	35	40	75
A K Mayer, Richmond Hill.....	37	38	75
L E King, Richmond Hill.....	36	39	75
A Schroeder, Richmond Hill.....	36	39	75
B Benson, Stuyvesant	41	34	75
E Gresch, Morris	35	40	75

Scores of the first team's competition at 200 and 500 yards follow:

	Commerce.	Manual Training.	
A Daparna..	16 17-33	J Irvine	14 18-32
J Pullman..	23 18-41	W Berg	21 18-39
J Suffeld ..	24 19-43	H Dougherty	18 17-35
B Ulmer....	17 14-31	W Kellam....	14 15-29
D Shapiro ..	23 21-44-192	F Fernstrom	14 9-23-158
Morris.			
F Kerr	24 19-43	A Eliot	17 13-30
F McHugh..	13 19-32	J McKeon ...	13 0-13
R Pickett..	21 17-38	F Genovese..	17 19-36
L Braunstein	25 21-46	J Dornes ...	24 12-36
J Furia	17 10-27-186	P Iorio	13 15-33-148
Stuyvesant.			
R Petzel	24 20-44	L J Burnes..	17 11-28
J Blackman..	23 10-33	J Carr	22 11-33
C Layton ...	22 11-33	G Waite	20 12-32
T F Neilson.	25 16-41	C Armstrong.	9 4-13
B Benson....	23 8-31-182	W G York....	19 22-41-147

WINCHESTER

Red **W** Goods

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**High Amateur Average For Single And Double Targets;
High Amateur Average for Double Targets, and High Professional
Averages for Single and for Double Targets, for the Season of 1912**

THE official returns for the trap shooting season of 1912 are now all in. The result was as the canvass indicated it would be. Winchester Red **W** Goods, by the run they made again proved, as they have many a time before, that they are the winning campaigners. There was no split or defection in the ranks of the vast army of intelligent shooters who used Winchester Loaded Shells and Shotguns. They supported them straight. There was no falling off in Winchester quality or popularity. The mid-season claims of some brands would make a political aerocyst green with envy. But the result—and the result is the thing that counts—shows another landslide for the old reliable Winchester Red **W** Brand. The self-proclaimed “world-beating”, “speed” candidate was snowed under by the world-beatingest, speediest combination extant, while of the contender of the ebon name naught was left save a cavernous flash-passage into which to withdraw.

And now for the official returns to which, in the language of the prevalent politician, “we point with pride.”

11 out of 13 Official Seasons' Averages

Out of the first 12 professionals in the Season's Average Contest for 1912, 9 used Winchester Loaded Shells, or Winchester Shotguns, or both. Some shooting, eh?

Season's High Amateur Average on Single and Double Targets: Won by Allen Heil of Allentown, Pa., with Winchester Loaded “Leader” Shells. Score, 1023 x 1100.

Season's High Professional Average on Single Targets: Won by W. R. Crosby of O'Fallon, Ill., with Winchester Loaded “Leader” Shells. Score, 1952 x 2000.

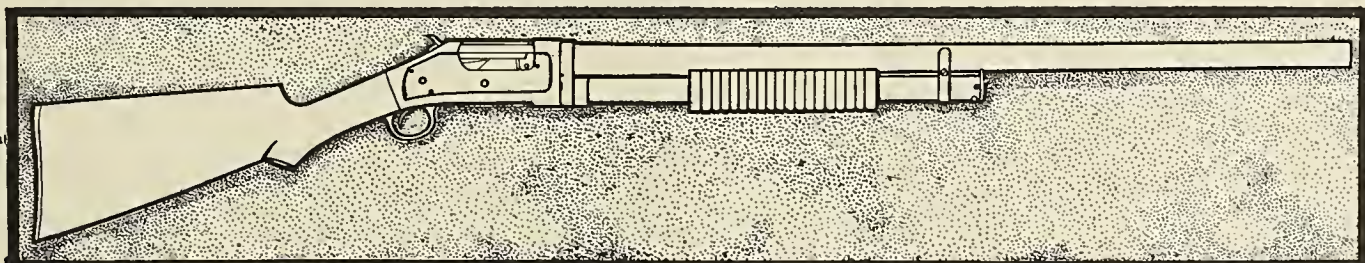
Season's High Amateur Average on Double Targets: Won by Allen Heil of Allentown, Pa., with Winchester Loaded “Leader” Shells. Score, 260 x 300.

Season's High Professional Average on Double Targets: Won by Fred Gilbert of Spirit Lake, Ia., with Winchester Loaded “Leader” Shells. Score, 522 x 600.

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Wichita Falls, Tex., Sept. 1-3.....	H. R. Bosley, High Amateur.....	377 ex 400
Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 2.....	H. S. Welles, High Professional.....	144 ex 150
Salem, Ore., Sept. 2-3.....	L. H. Reid, High Professional.....	297 ex 310
Holdrege, Neb., Sept. 6.....	J. S. Day, High Professional.....	146 ex 150
Mechanicsburg, Ohio, Sept. 7.....	W. R. Chamberlain, High Professional.....	149 ex 150
McKeesport, Pa., Sept. 10.....	W. Henderson, High Professional.....	148 ex 150
Oklahoma City, Okla., Sept. 18-20.....	Harvey Dixon, High Amateur.....	269 ex 300
Bridgeport, Ala., Sept. 19-20.....	Walter Huff, High Professional.....	283 ex 300
Leitchfield, Ky., Sept. 23.....	W. Henderson, High Professional.....	98 ex 100
Princeton, Ky., Sept. 25.....	W. Henderson, High Professional.....	98 ex 100
Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 29.....	W. S. Trout, High Amateur.....	194 ex 200
Maquoketa, Ia., Oct. 1.....	W. S. Hoon, High Amateur.....	186 ex 200
Omaha, Neb., Oct. 1-2.....	E. W. Varner, High Amateur.....	375 ex 400
Winchester, Ky., Oct. 3.....	Guy Ward, High Professional.....	99 ex 100
McAlester, Okla., Oct. 4.....	H. J. Donnelly, High Professional.....	95 ex 100
Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 5.....	W. Henderson, High Professional.....	96 ex 100
Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 5.....	Lester German, High Professional.....	143 ex 150
Decatur, Ill., Oct. 6.....	A. C. Connor, High Amateur.....	147 ex 150

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De Witt Clinton.	Eastern District.
A Bancel ... 20 13-33	J Mabel ... 13 4-17
L H Morvay 24 14-38	C Radack .. 20 10-30
W Welton... 21 22-43	J Shimberg. 12 6-18
H Dutton .. 16 19-35	H Mand'lb'm 20 14-34
L Schneider. 19 13-32-131	W Blatt 19 21-40-139
Curtis.	Richmond Hill.
L Belj 22 15-37	A K Mayer... 19 15-34
G Bowles ... 23 22-45	A H Quale.. 18 14-32
A Snedeker.. 22 17-39	J Maurierty. 20 17-37
F Zickel 22 3-25	F E King... 17 10-27
R Zickel 18 13-31-177	J Schroder .. 7 0-7-137
Jamaica.	Boys'.
J De Veer.. 22 14-36	G Kapelman. 16 6-22
C Wengerath 20 16-36	E Shapiro .. 20 6-26
L Day 15 15-30	S Henricke . 15 20-35
L Lieberman 20 6-26	M Berliner . 16 14-30
H Van Sycke 20 11-31-159	M Brunner.. 14 5-19-132
Commercial.	
H Brin 13 11-24	H Colgan .. 18 10-28
H Hollingsh'd 19 3-22	E Borst 10 2-12-112
F Rieke 19 7-26	
Second team competition:	
Morris.	Manual Training.
L Jaeger ... 20 22-42	G Pope 11 11-22
R Reppert . 21 21-42	S Speat 23 15-38
W Hoffman. 15 6-21	Oberndorfer. 15 8-23
F Rescori .. 20 19-39	J Irwin 13 10-23
D Clark 17 22-39-183	J Rosenlicht. 15 9-24-130
Stuyvesant.	Commerce.
G Grasselt.. 20 18-38	L Grieco ... 9 7-16
H Albertine. 22 14-36	G Horton .. 20 13-33
C Pfeiffer .. 20 15-35	A Camuti... 11 14-25
E Frick 23 8-31	A Meyer 17 0-17
A Gibson ... 23 13-36-176	L Behrman.. 21 17-38-129
De Witt Clinton.	Curtis.
W Clayton... 12 15-27	J Moore ... 14 4-18
A Shields ... 21 10-31	B Witopsky. 17 10-27
C Elliott ... 21 17-38	L Stahl 18 2-20
D Schwartz.. 16 19-35	B Klauber... 18 3-21
W Foskett... 19 11-30-161	K Lambert.. 21 19-40-126

New Orleans Rifle and Revolver Club.

THE preliminary meeting of the New Orleans Rifle and Revolver Club was held in this city Oct. 23, and steps taken for a permanent organization. The temporary headquarters will be at 307 St. Charles street. S. A. Heitkamp acted as temporary chairman, and will probably be elected president. The organization will apply for membership in the National Rifle and Revolver Association. It was stated that there are forty-five applications for membership in the local organization, and it is expected this number will be increased, if the club desires it.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

A VACATION IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Continued from 588.

dotted the greens, and the soft mysterious light peeping through the trees, the scenes were beautiful and varied, for at every turn in the trail, there were new delights to the eye.

But on the upward trip one does not have time to enjoy all these beauties, as no time for meditation or appreciation is given by the ever-energetic and practical guides.

We footed the narrow and steep ascent of the Hedgehog's Back Ridge, which is the watershed between John's Brook and Ore Bed Brook. Of course, the trail is not cleared every year, and often we got a bruised knee or stubbed toes against the trees in our path or the boulders that raised their heads defiantly in our way. Some of the way we had to wade in water and mud ankle deep to avoid a precipice.

Mr. Martin then led us through a half mile of woods, where many of the trees had been cut, and the underbrush was thick and hard to pass. We came upon a lumberman's trail, a monotonous stretch of corduroy road. This took us to a clearing where Beede's lumber camps give a cheering sign of humanity to the weary, foot-sore climber. These camps (two large ones, one for cooking and dining and the other for sleeping) besides some smaller ones, are huddled together like a colony of white men in an Indian village.

Picturesque as these rough log huts are, upon inspection they proved to be filthy and verminous. The beds were wooden frames, straw-filled.

Further travel through the mud and burnt timber lands brought us to a steep and stony

climb, forcing us to stop several times for breath. A very tiresome part of our trip was the stumbling through brush and fallen pine trees, long turned rusty and brown. Wading through this, a foot or two deep, for half a mile, we were surprised to see a deer lying directly in our path. It had been dead a day or two and was the prey of myriads of deer flies.

A very hard and steep climb, during which we brushed most of the tree moisture on to bloomers and blouses, led up very suddenly to our home for the night, the Martin Camp, situated on a small clearing, surrounded by the ever-present pine. The camp consisted of one good rainproof shack in which there is a tin stove resting on a couple of stones, a table big enough for eight, and two cots, one on each side of the stove. Our map and charts had to be suspended from the ceiling to keep them dry. There were no luxuries in camp. Dishes were of tin or granite, chairs were rough but comfortable, being patterned after the Adirondack sanitarium chair. The shack had two windows and a door.

To the right of the door and abutting the shack was a lean-to, roofed with logs and tar paper; it was closed on the north and east sides and entirely open to the south.

The guides relieved themselves of their packs and set to work. Mr. Martin built a fire in the stove and made lavish preparations for our evening meal. Hull and Hail took ax and saw and crossed the head of John's Brook just a few feet back of the lean-to, and while one gathered pine boughs for our bed in the lean-to, the other chopped down a few trees and built a roaring big fire just outside the camp.

We huddled about the quickly made fire,

and removing our dripping wet shoes, tried to dry them. Unfortunately some dried too fast, thus wrinkling the lining inside. Curious was the sight of half a dozen pairs of stockings steaming and as many pairs of legs, all stretched out toward the little stove.

We girls fell exhausted upon the welcome pine-bed, and rested our bruised and over-worked legs until supper time. A gentle rain set in, and we were thankful that we had reached camp and had no more climbing to do that day.

While we were resting comfortably by the blazing fire, four followers of the trail came upon us. They were young men from the Lake Placid Club. One was as white as death and looked too weak to continue upward. Another, the youngest of the quartette, had been injured in the climb and limped. They seemed much disappointed at finding Martin's camp occupied, but proceeded bravely to the summit of Marcy.

Great was our hunger, but greater our delight, when we sat down at the table, covered with white oil-cloth, and ate our fill, while Mr. Martin made delicious Adirondack Mountain flapjacks.

We ate the flapjacks with maple syrup as thick as molasses in January.

Our long and tiresome journey did not impair our appetites, for we ate heartily of broiled steak, boiled potatoes, bread, baked beans, stewed corn, pickles, olives, coffee, pears and peaches. While we ate, Hull and Hail laid to in a second lean-to in which there is a long table with a loft above "furnished" with a mattress upon which a lone traveler might find rest for the night.

The girls had a wood-sawing contest after supper. Two at a time took the big cross-saw and labored to learn which two could saw through the trunk of a tree in the shortest time.

Just west of the camp there is an immense rock with a flat top about fifteen feet in diameter. We climbed upon this plateau after our wood-cutting, and from there we got a splendid view of the valley through which we had traveled that day. Way off, beyond the valley, we could see the two lakes, Mirror and Placid, and the beautifully illuminated town of Lake Placid. The sky cleared and a few stars appeared. After lounging lazily about the blazing fire just outside our doors, we retired in bloomers and blouses to the lean-to. We covered ourselves with steamer-rugs and blankets and fell asleep.

The three guides took to the cabin and slept on the two cots by the stove. Hull, being a big and burly fellow, probably left little room for Hail, who spent most of the night outside, feeding the flames and guarding us against the intrusion of bears which inhabit that region.

We awoke about three the next morning, full of enthusiasm, donned our sweaters, took some bread and sardines with us, and by the light of a single lantern and a flashlight, started the tortuous ascent, hoping to see a glorious sunrise.

But the way was treacherous and dark and wet. The stony steep climb bruised us many a time, and most of the way led us through the brook bed of icy water which froze our feet. Once we lost the trail in the darkness and were

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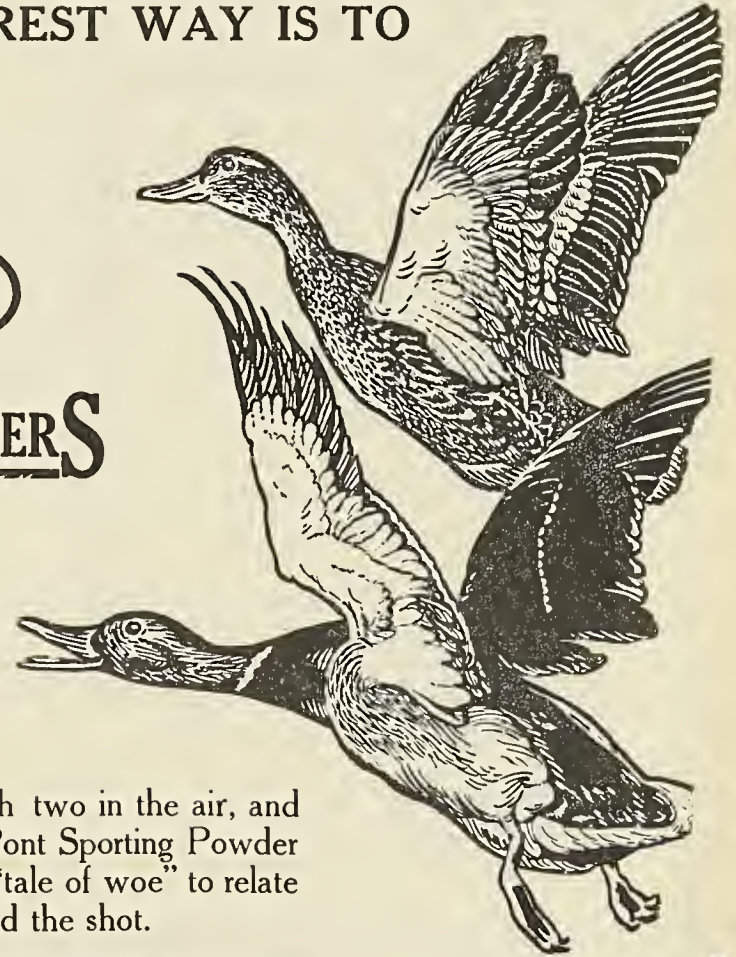
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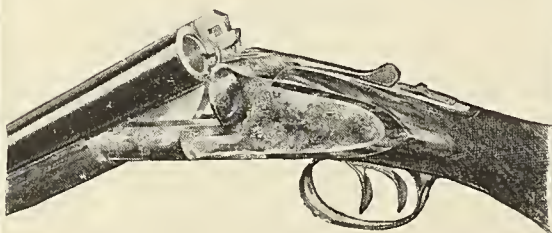
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almost precipitated down the steep bank in the direction of the cañon. The stiff frost-covered limbs of the balsam had to lend us their aid over the high rocks and deep holes, and so our hands were frozen, too.

We reached the clearing just below the summit in time to see the big red sun trying to burst through a cloud. It was wonderful and awe-inspiring to see all the earth beneath, still as death, and we, a handful of women, with two men, above it all.

After passing the vegetation line on the mountain, there was a good stiff climb over bare, bald rocks for at least half a mile. With chattering teeth and wavering limbs we reached the top-most point of old Tahawus, better known as Mount Marcy. A feeling of thankfulness, because we had all reached the summit in safety, made us speechless for a few moments. It was about five-fifteen when we arrived.

Looking about below the big rock, we saw, hugging a small fitful fire of pine bough-tops, the four youths who had passed our camp the evening before. In the most sheltered spot they could find, they had started a fire of wet boughs. Nearby were a couple of white oil-cloth sheets and a few cotton blankets.

We were warmly welcomed by the boys, who hastily made room for us at their fire, that we might thaw our fingers and toes and dry out our clothes. The boys bathed their faces in a little pool, made by the rain in the hollow of a rock. Then they cooked coffee and broiled steak which gave us an appetite that would not be appeased by our meagre breakfast of bread and sardines. We used the oil from our lantern to start a fire of our own.

The clouds hung heavily in the valleys and over the many lakes, and although the sun had risen a few hours before, the clouds would not lift. All about us we could see the lordly procession of peaks in the Sentinel Range, while Marcy lorded over them all.

Partially dried and still a little tired, we started down the mountain at a greater pace than when we came up. We descended by way of the same wet and muddy trail as far as the camp, when Mr. Martin had a good breakfast awaiting us.

Shortly after nine we took our baggage and started down the South Meadows trail, which is much easier, though longer than the John's Brook trail. Much of the way, on the lower trail, was a broad wagon road. The day was hot but the previous rain kept the road almost free from dust.

The descent was uneventful, and we reached the foot of the trail about two o'clock, bathed our weary and sore feet in the brook, ate our lunch, and were driven home to the Owl's Head in time for dinner that night.

To the hardy and adventurous, I would recommend the Mount Marcy trip by way of John's Brook trail, but to those who like a good twenty-mile tramp but care not too much for dangerous and difficult paths, I would recommend the South Meadows trail. And to all, both men and women, who have a good pair of lungs, a good pair of legs, the spirit of adventure and a love of nature, I would recommend the Marcy trip as part of an ideal vacation.

THE SENTINEL OF THE DEEP DEN.

BY ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.

My friend the woodchuck, the sentinel of the deep den on the hillside where the low hanging trees droop their branches over the retreat. Truly, my friend, for have I not watched him and lived with him for many and many a day throughout the summer? Perhaps I am rather a suspicious object, but still he has come to know me as being harmless and very much interested in his affairs. Else why should I lie in the shade of the large oak and sketch him as he sits solitary at sentinel duty before his door? Why should I bring a camera with me and seek to take some pictures of him when he ambles around in search of things to eat? Both interesting from the naturalist point of view and as a mild observer of wild life. Who indeed has not heard of the woodchuck, and forsooth what farmer's boy has not had experiences with his lordship? Truly, he is familiar to all lads in the country, for there they are common, and at times said to raise havoc with the farmers' gardens.

This animal is generally of a light or dark brown color and sometimes even black. They are slow in their motions, and at certain times of the year they become fat and amble around like a gentleman of undue proportions. Then they are rather comical to look upon. The home of the woodchuck is usually in some secluded wood in a bank or in some tree. However, they are rarely found in the latter. This interesting little animal is often seen near our homes in the midst of civilization where they make homes under barns and under walls. However, they usually are found in a den which is dug on some hillside where the sunshine has a chance to filter through where they can bask and sleep in the genial warmth on tranquil summer days. This den slopes downward for some distance and then gradually turns upward where it strikes a level and continues on till it comes to the chamber. The chamber is where the animal sleeps and is

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comfortably lined with selected grasses and fine leaves, making it warm and cozy. Generally there are some exits, but in most cases there is just one entrance which is the main one. It seems rather funny that the animal can dig down so far and push the dirt out, and yet they do it with apparent easiness. They work for some time, throwing out dirt with their fore feet and then when they have accumulated a pile, they work with their hind feet, throwing it out with great energy. Thus they keep on till they come below the surface, and then they turn around and push it out with their nose, clearing away as fast as they go. One only has to watch them to know that they are rapid workers. Armed as they are with sharp claws, they make the earth fly until they have finished their abode, and then of course they rest from their labors in a long nap that lasts all through the winter months.

Early in the month of May they bring forth their young which usually number as high as four and five—cute little things that are innocence personified. During the weeks that follow they grow and bask like their mother in the warmth of the awakening world. Many a day I hid me away to the den on the hillside, for I knew that new arrivals in the woodchuck circle were to be expected. The mother appeared to be strangely uneasy and would regard me with suspicion as I lay motionless under the shade of the wide spreading oak. I was a familiar figure in that neighborhood, and I was pained to think that she would not trust me. However, it was many days before she brought out her little brood, and when she did she kept all her faculties on the alert for any suspicious movements from under the tree. You may well suppose that I was highly engrossed in my observations and stirred not the least. So she ambled forth at the head of the youngsters and gave them their first lessons in the school of nature. When the mother stopped and listened, the cubs did likewise, holding their heads on a slant and peering forth with their little eyes in wonder. They imitated her in everything and she looked on in what I took to be a pleased manner. Not far from the den were some tender shoots of bushes, and here she led the band that tumbled over each other trying to be the first to taste the new-found delicacy, for it was their initial trial at selecting their own food. Carefully the mother sought out a twig and nipped the tender bark. In a moment and a moment only the youngsters set to work with great energy to appease their hunger, and soon they were very busy. Now the mother would sit up and glance about her with keen eyes, immovable as a statue. Knowing that something was on, the cubs stopped eating and sat perfectly silent, waiting for their mother's warning ere they scooted for shelter. Thus the old one sat for some time, and finally she had some premonition that there was danger in the air, and dropping lightly to her feet she ambled off with the young ones at her heels, no doubt with quaking hearts. The little ones tumbled into their home and the mother turned her eyes toward the oak where I lay and watched the shadows intently. Then she softly followed her offspring.

Thus, day after day I watched them and was repaid many times over for my observations. Gradually the cubs grew and soon they were most as large as their mother. Their fur was a light gray which changed as the weeks went by until it was a dainty brown that glittered in the rays of the summer sun. They learned to sit sentinel and often the whole band would be on their haunches, alert to the dangers that beset them. Boys often strayed that way, and once a dog got the notion to come there, but I saw to it that he did not stop and do any damage to the family and their home. So the summer went by and autumn, crisp and golden, was heralded and a new leaf was turned. The mother woodchuck was plump and inclined to grow fatter every day. Great pouches gathered at her cheeks and almost hid her eyes. The young ones left the home of their parent and strayed for themselves, each to make his home and go to sleep for the winter. The old mother stayed at her den and I saw her quite often sitting solitary and watchful. Where her young ones were I cannot say, but the vicinity

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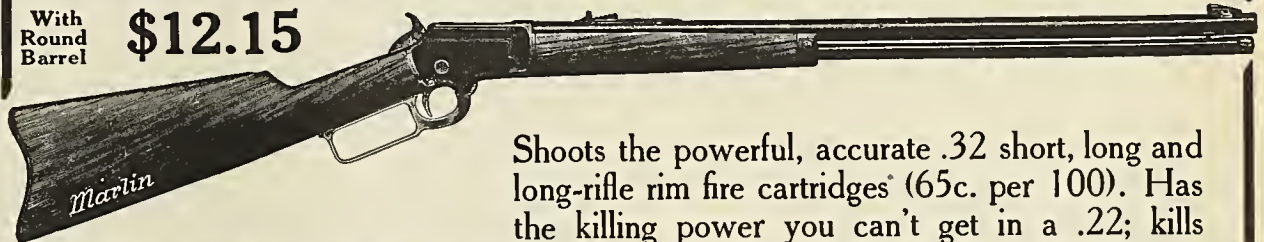
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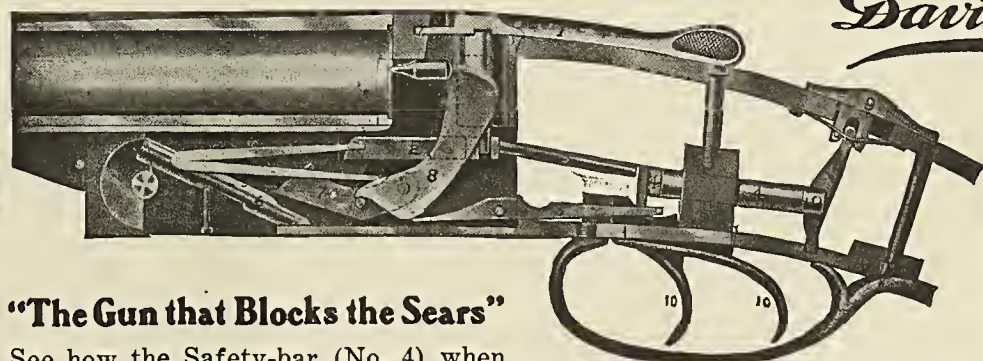
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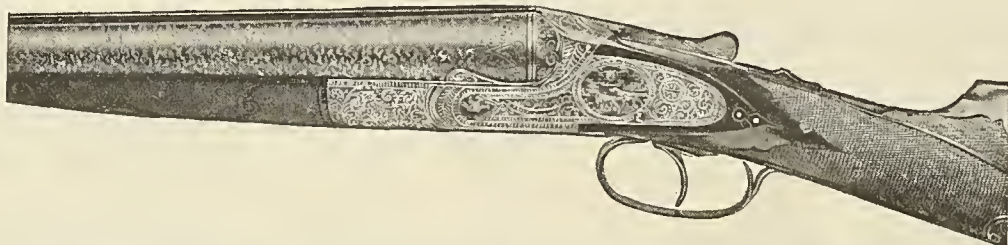
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bore evidence of the workings of other woodchucks. Sure enough there in yonder wood I found a young one busily at work throwing the dirt up with the easiness of an old-timer.

So the mild days of autumn waned and winter was on the way to shroud the hills and vales in ermine. The snow clouds gathered in the west and the sky assumed a leaden color that foreboded bad. Now the dens of the woodchucks were ready and the days of sleep were coming. Long ago the chambers had been lined with the grasses and leaves and was ready to admit the occupant. Only one, for each woodchuck has a den of its own. At rare times more than one is found in a den, but seldom. Cold weather came, and in its wake the snow winged its way to earth in feathery multitudes. Deep down in the underground homes the woodchucks curled up and closed their eyes in slumber. What cared they if the snow piled high above them and the raging winds tore the bare limbs of the trees and whined mournfully down the vale. The cold penetrated not the warm abode in the hillside where everything was silent in sleep.

That very winter I drove a rabbit into one of the holes and was rather glad that he had found shelter. Did the occupant and owner awake from his sleep and seek to drive the intruder out? No, for little knew he that his chamber was shared by a rabbit, shaking with fear. He slept on and on.

EAGLE'S FIERCE FIGHT.

EDWARD PHILLIPS, sixteen years old, who lives in the neighborhood of Cold Springs, had an experience with a wounded eagle that will last him for some time as far as excitement is concerned. Young Phillips was tracing a "bee" tree by the honey bees from some late clover that blossomed in his father's fields, and the trail lay across the plateau that crosses into the Big Schrader country, a high and somewhat barren stretch of a dozen miles, over which the fires have run and killed many of the trees. It is a section noted for its number of eagles and hawks, because of its isolation.

Phillips was as much as three miles from home when his attention was attracted by the queer maneuvers of a monster bird which was moving about over a great fallen tree, with its wings dragging alongside as if it were wounded. The bird proved to be an eagle of the gray variety and one of the largest of its kind. His wings were wounded, evidently having been shot by some bear hunter that came across his path. The bird was showing evident resentment at the approach of the youth, and rather than fright, was evincing a spirit of pugnacity that at first somewhat frightened the youth.

Phillips finally decided to capture the big fellow and believed that if he could throw his coat over the bird's head, he would be able to carry him off. The coat went wide of its mark, though the effort at throwing it had caused the boy to lose his equilibrium, and he found himself stumbling within reach of the big bird.

The eagle attacked him with its talons, and though one of its wings was shot so that it dropped helplessly at its side, the other one still had sufficient strength to bear some weight, and with this the bird managed to get on the youth's back. Its talons grasped his neck and shoulders, while with its beak it wrought terrible vengeance upon the boy before he succeeded in shaking it off. Phillips finally managed to grasp the bird by the neck, and then he made it give up the fight. But once on its feet it managed to get away into the thicket and was gone before the boy could prevent its escape. Young Phillips was badly torn of flesh and one hand, which was grasped in the bird's beak when he attempted first to reach its neck, was severely wounded.

Phillips let up on the job of trailing the bees and went right home to have his wounds dressed.—Laporte Correspondence, Philadelphia North American.

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Kennel Department**Southern Ohio Field Trial Association.**

THE trials were run near Bethel, Ohio, on Oct. 28 and 29. The territory selected was in a gently rolling country, and included a number of fields large enough to try out the speed and range of the dogs to good advantage. One thing only detracted from the pleasure of the trials, and that was the absence of birds on which to work the dogs. This was especially deplored in the all-age stake, as from the quality of the starters, some fine exhibitions of bird work had been looked for. The weather was pleasant on both days, but in the middle of the day it was very warm, making the running hard for dogs and handlers. Babblebrook Bob ran a good race, showing himself to be an earnest and intelligent hunter, and won the derby here, as he had done the week before at Hamilton, Ohio. In the trials at Carmichaels, Pa., he showed his quality by getting second place in the all-age. He is by Mohawk II. out of Blackeyed Susan, and is owned by Louis McGrew, of Pittsburgh.

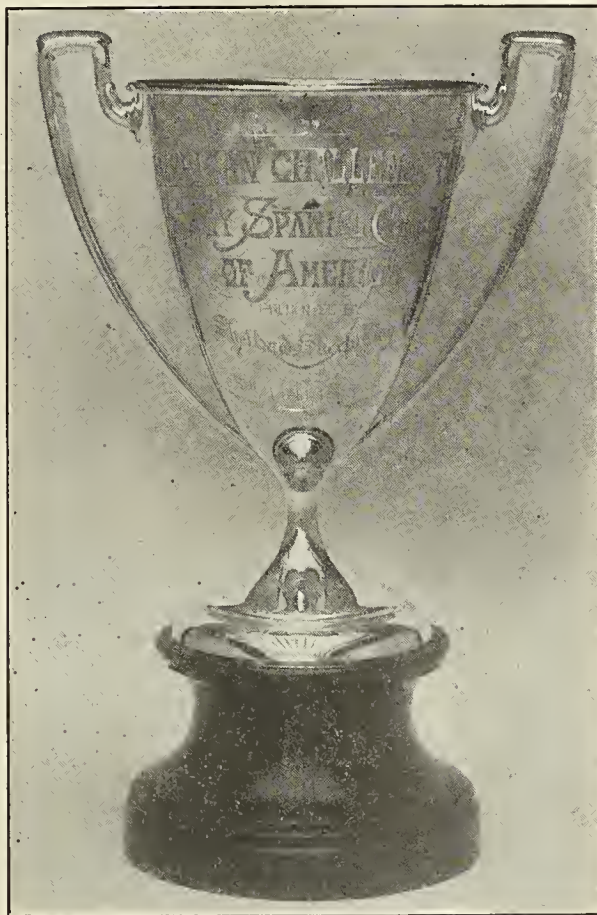
Babblebrook Joe, winner of first in the all-age stake, is a speedy, wide-ranging dog, stylish in action, and with good bird sense, as could be seen by his conduct when in the field. He is by Mohawk II. out of Early Dawn, and is also owned by Mr. McGrew. Babblebrook Buster, second in the derby and all-age stakes, fared better here than at Carmichaels, where he finished two places below Haverland's Buster in the free-for-all stake. He is a litter brother of Babblebrook Bob, a nice ranging, speedy dog, and was thought by some of the trial followers to be a trifle the better of the two, but Bob's lucky find in his first heat gave him the preference in the derby.

After the drawing of the all-age dogs on Monday evening there was a bench show of the competing dogs. C. H. Cord offered a silver cup for the best pointer and G. R. Harris, the club secretary, gave a cup for the best setter. A. F. Hochwalt acted as judge. Eight pointers and eleven setters were entered. Mt. Tabor's Sensation, owned by H. D. Abbott, and Haverland's Buster, owned by L. G. Haverland, were given first and second in the dog division; Morlidge's Babe, owned by George E. Morlidge, and Fannie, owned by W. S. Harris, first and second in the bitch division. The cup for the best pointer was won by Morlidge's Babe.

In the setter class Joe Whitestone, owned by B. H. Delin, and Medler, owned by Louis Reehl, took first and second respectively. Prus Bondhu, owned by W. E. Oliver, the only bitch entered, was given first. The Harris cup was won by Joe Whitestone.

Shetland Sheep Dog Cup.

ONE of the handsomest cups thus far offered for competition at any dog show will be that presented by the Shetland Sheep Dog Club. It will be known as the American challenge cup



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of the Toy Spaniel Club of America and will first be put up for competition at the show at Waldorf, New York city, Dec. 6 and 7. The cup, which is seventeen and one-half inches high, heavily and artistically built and mounted on an ebony pedestal, must be won three times by the same owner before becoming individual property.

Soudan Swiveller.

W. P. WOLCOTT, of the Kenmare Kennels, has purchased the Airedale Terrier, Ch. Soudan Swiveller, from the Batson Estate. This dog has been a consistent winner since the first show. Mr. Wolcott also owns Kenmare Sorcesses.

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Toronto Kennel Clubs' Beagle Trials.

THE first annual trials of the Toronto Kennel Club took place at Guelph, Ont., Oct. 28. It was decided to put the dogs down at Parker's Bush, some three miles out from Guelph. Arriving there in due time, grounds were looked over by the rules committee and decided as satisfactory. The entries were as follows:

Beagles over 13 inches to 16 inches, F. E. Smith, Guelph, Ont. Primus, dog, 15 months, black, white and tan. Hiram Cord, Elora, Ont., Sun Bonnet Sue, bitch, 4 years, black, white and tan. T. R. DeGeer, Toronto, Ont., Wee Melody, bitch, 15 months, black, white and tan. J. T. Smith, Guelph, Ont., Champion Yodler dog, 6 years, black, white and tan. Geo. Palmer, Guelph, Ont., Gypsy bitch, 4 years, white, black and tan.

Beagles under 13 inches: Hiram Cord, Elora, Ont., Elora Jennette, bitch, 3 years, white, black and tan. Sun Bonnet Sue, handled by Hiram Cord. Champ Yodler, handled by J. Smith and Gypsy, handled by T. R. DeGeer, were put down at 11:05 and immediately ranged away in good form, trying well in several likely places

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without a cry. There was considerable water in most of the flat places worked over (I must say I have hunted a great many days every fall for thirty years, and in all that time I never experienced anything that could compare to the condition of the county—it is simply inundated) which made it extremely hard for dogs to get scent sufficient to make a start. Hounds whimpered occasionally, as if some scent was still lying. Dogs were lifted at 12 o'clock noon without a start. It was decided by the committee to try a swamp a short distance away where there was a good ridge along it where conditions might or should be more satisfactory, and where there was expected some hare would be found.

At 12:30 P. M. same dogs were cast off again for another try and were soon lost to view of the spectators. Gypsy was the first to tongue and was quickly joined by Yodler, and then Sue chimed in, the three running well with a graded burst of music, rattling bunny clear through the swamp to the opposite side to a check. After several casts the line was again picked out by Sue and run for a considerable distance before being joined by the other hounds who only just got nicely in to a check. It was some time before the line was straightened out and owned by Yodler for some considerable distance when all three dogs settled down again to a real good run for thirty minutes to a loss.

Hounds were then called up, the heat being awarded to Gypsy, who in the last twenty minutes, running well ahead all the time, easily showed the speed to the others and was a keen, tireless little worker who was hunting every minute she was down. At 2:15 P. M. Wee Melody, handled by T. R. DeGeer, and Primus, handled by Jim Smith, were taken to the east end of the same swamp and turned loose. Both hounds ranged away well and were soon heard giving tongue. Unfortunately for this brace, some other hounds were heard coming up the swamp in full cry. This pair harked to them and soon were out of hearing. It was surmised the visiting hounds were running a fox. After a wait of thirty minutes, hounds not returning were counted out.

The only entry in the under 13 inches was

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302 Greenwich St., New York, N. Y.

Hiram Cords, Elora, Ont. Elora Jennette was put down and furnished a really genuine surprise to a great many of the spectators the way she worked. After two or three casts she owned a scent, and in a few jumps was trailing her hare at a real good clip without a loss for fully 200 yards. The check was short and soon again she was hustling the rabbit along in really high class form and was easily entitled to the honor of winning the silver cup for beagles under 13 inches, presented by the Toronto Kennel Club; also a special prize of a pair of hunting boots donated by Messrs. D. Pike & Co., Toronto, for the best beagle owned by a member of the Toronto Kennel Club.

At 3:10 P. M. Gypsy and Elora Jennett were put down to decide which hound would win the honor and title of champion for 1912, also the silver cup the emolument for the struggle. It was an uneven trial in one sense, but the "little un" demonstrated to a great many of us that it is the size of the heart, not the quantity of lumber that wins oftentimes and makes the ideal hunting dog. This pair put a hare up and down the swamp, now a loss then a full cry, both working keen for a quick find after every check. I could do nothing else but award the title to Gypsy for speed, other qualities being equal. Gypsy also won the Fred Smith cup for speed and tongue, open to hounds over 13 inches.

Awards: Hounds, over 13 inches, first, Gypsy; second, Champ Yodler; third, Sun Bonnet Sue.

Hounds under 13 inches: First, Elora Jennette.

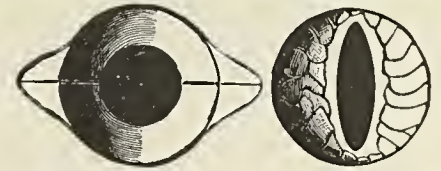
Several new members were added to the Toronto Kennel Club.

HARRY TAYLOR, Judge.

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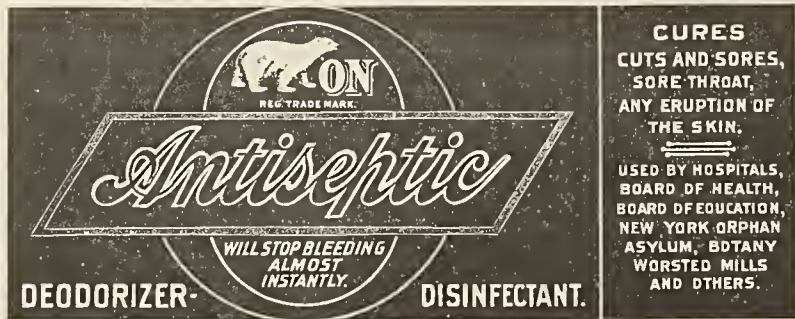
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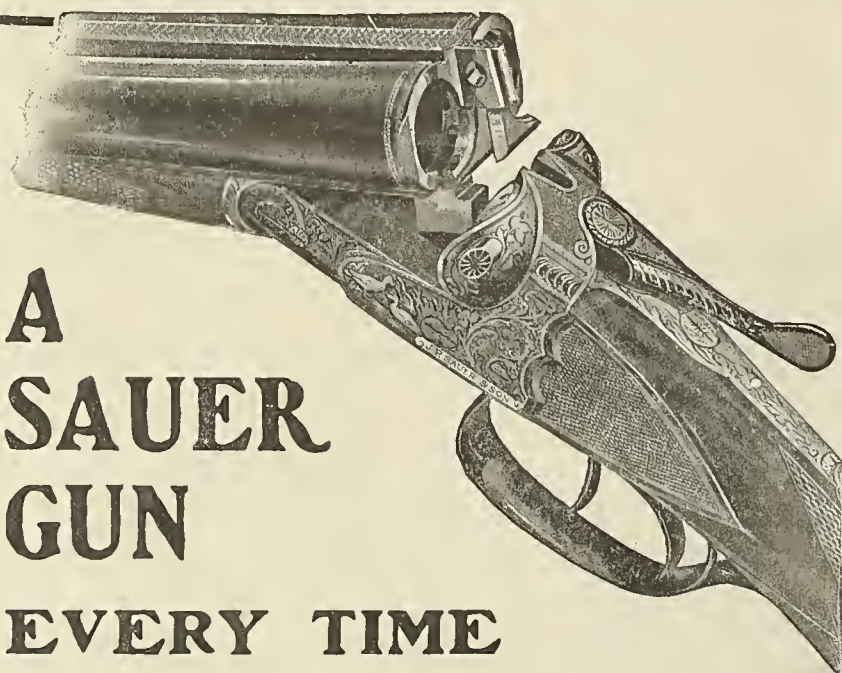
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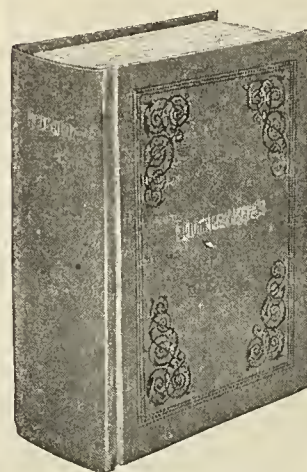
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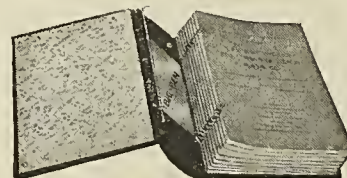


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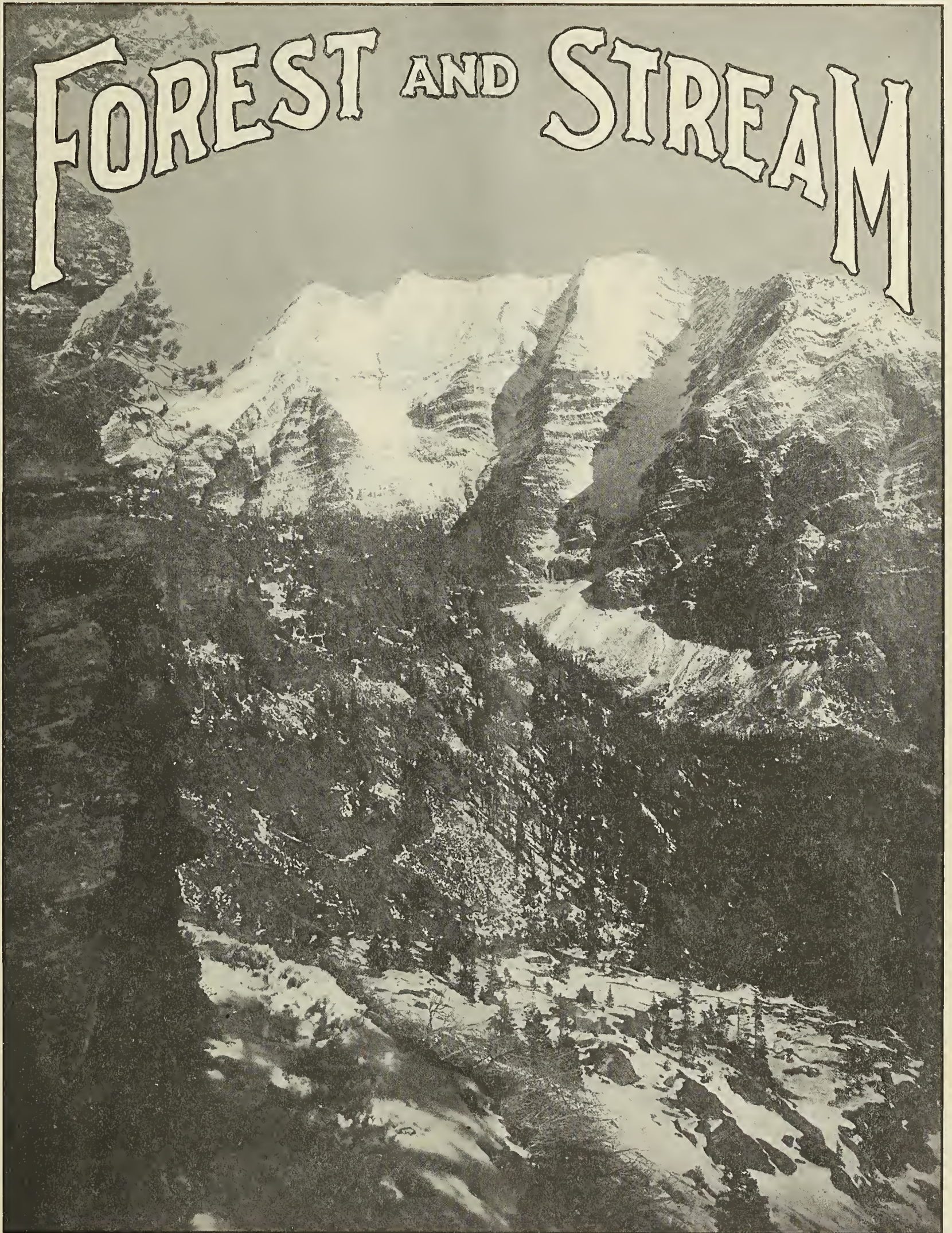
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By PERRY D. FRAZER

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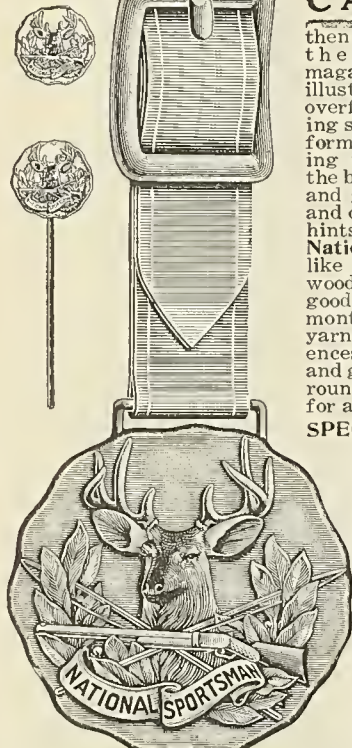
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AFRICAN PUFF VIPER.

It is seldom one sees such a rare combination of beauty in color and pattern and of repulsiveness in form and aspect as is exhibited by the two puff adders of tropical Africa, commonly called the gaboon viper and the nose-horned viper. Entirely lacking the sinuous grace characteristic of the majority of snakes, these vipers have a body almost sluglike in its obesity, while the huge arrow-shaped head, supported on a slender neck, and with glassy cat-like eyes set close behind the blunt snout is the very incarnation of the popular conception of the word "venomous" when applied to poisonous as opposed to harmless species of snakes.

Of the color and pattern no words can give an adequate idea, but perhaps Sir Harry Johnston's description of the gaboon viper's beautiful carpet pattern of pinkish gray, black, lemon yellow and slaty blue summarizes the general effect as well as another. It must not be supposed that the pattern is a confused medley of these tints. On the contrary, the patches are arranged sub-symmetrically with reference to the middle line of the body, a row of about a dozen or more large oblong yellow marks running down the spine being the first feature in the coloration to catch the eye. Another noticeable characteristic is that the skin has none of the sheen which whether accompanied or not by metallic reflections one associates with the scaling of snakes, but is dull and suggestive of carpet pile as much as of anything else.

Despite the beautiful coloration of these vipers it seems that they must be very difficult to see lying on the variegated carpet of fallen leaves in the forest. And there is evidence that the common puff adder of north, east and south Africa is also obliteratedly tinted. At the same time they are extraordinarily fearless and sluggish reptiles, as if conscious of immunity from attack. Nevertheless when provoked or alarmed they speedily advertise their presence by inflating their lungs with air and slowly expelling it with a loud and prolonged hiss comparable in effect, according to the "warning" theory to the rattle of the rattlesnake.

The deadly daboia, or Russell's viper of India, is also a loud hisser, and in this connection it is interesting to recall that the desert viper attracts attention in a different way—namely, by rubbing the heeled and serrated scales of one part of the body against those of another part, thus giving rise to an audible rustling.

Nevertheless the "warning" methods of all these viperines are in principle the same in the sense that they appeal to the ear. In this respect they differ from the "warning" methods of the cobras, which appeal to the sense of sight.—London Field.

MILKWEED AS FOOD.

ONE of the economic triumphs of the age is the utilization of waste material, and the use of weeds as food staples is a phase of this triumph.

The most interesting of these new "weed foods" is milkweed, the common wild variety that grows in every rocky pasture, in meadows and by roadsides.

Its large thick smooth leaves are familiar to all, and its deep, dull pink tuft of flowers, and later its seed pods filled with delicate floss and flat brown seeds. When it is broken off a thick white milky juice exudes. This is rich in nutrition.

This common and luxuriant weed is now being cultivated in gardens as a valuable food staple and makes one of the most delicious of vegetables. It tastes almost exactly like asparagus and is cooked in much the same way as spinach. It has been found to be rich in natural salts and nutrition and is easily cultivated.—Leslie's Weekly.



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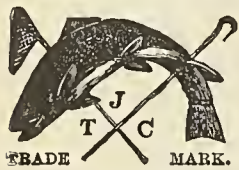
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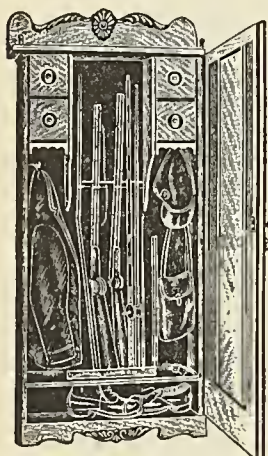
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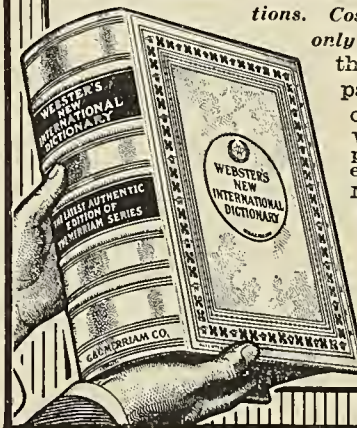
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VOL. LXXIX.—No. 20.
127 Franklin St., New York.

Otter Hunting with the Essex Otter Hounds

By J. M. M. B. DURHAM

Photographs by the Author.

SEEING that the United States of America simply teem with rattling good sportsmen, it seems passing strange that the grand old English sport of otter hunting has never been given a fair trial in that country. We use the words "fair trial" advisedly, as doubtless master *Lutra canadensis* is occasionally hunted in your rivers and streams by a scratch or bobbery pack (i. e., a heterogeneous rabble of dogs of all sorts, breeds, conditions and sizes), but never so far as the present writer has been able to ascertain by searching the kennel books and records of the various packs of English, Irish, Scottish

advice, but with drafts of good hounds from their own kennels to boot.

Otter hunting, which may be pursued during the warm season only, is essentially an early morning sport, and to assure a good drag, huntsmen and hounds must be astir early, for during the summer months the ground, generally speaking, holds but very little scent when the heavy night dew has been dissipated by the hot rays of the sun; while to follow on "shank's mare" a long and fast drag, with the thermometer registering perchance 90 degrees in the shade, would savor too much of furnace stoking in the tropics.

panied us, and which had been used to otter hunting in his native Scottish isle, bolted a fine dog otter from its holt (usually a hole in the river bank, or the hollow trunk of a tree, the entrance to which is below the surface of the water) at the foot of a large alder. For thirty minutes or so we enjoyed quite an exciting hunt up the valley, the stream being too shallow and clear to allow the quarry to elude us by breaking back under cover of water, and thanks to a very heavy thunderstorm the preceding night the earth was well saturated and held a burning scent. The little terrier, who possessed a



A HALT ON THE WAY.



HARK TO THE RAMBLER.

and Welsh otterhounds has anything in the shape of a pack of otterhounds ever crossed the "herring pond."

There is, we believe, no dearth of otters in the rivers and streams of the North American continent, and our acquaintance with some of the waters in question prompts us to state that they might easily be hunted by the "shaggy beauties." Ten or twelve couple of the rough-coated, bell-voiced, old-fashioned strain of otterhounds and foxhounds (some M. O. H.'s swear by the latter) would prove quite sufficient to hunt the American waters, and masters of otterhounds on this side of the Atlantic would, we feel sure, be only too glad to see their favorite sport established in the United States of America and would further the endeavors of any sportsman or sportsmen desirous of introducing otter hunting thereto, not only with sound practical

Notwithstanding such small drawbacks as heat and early rising, however, we believe that otter hunting would prove a huge success if it were once set on foot in districts where sportsmen, and incidentally others, are sufficiently numerous to make the game worthy the candle. All expense should of course be covered by subscription. *Lutra's* natural habitat being ever by lake, river or stream, a drag often runs through highly picturesque scenery, and we have in our mind's eye a charming little valley situate not a hundred miles from the good old city of Boston, Mass., and watered by a bubbling elder-fringed brook.

One glorious July morning, while collecting botanical specimens, we came across the seal (i. e., pad-prints) of an otter in the spongy bed of a small spring or feeder of the brook. A little later old "Mac," the Skye terrier which accom-

wonderful nose, was able to carry the line with scarcely a check or a falter, but a single and somewhat ancient Skye terrier and a man armed with a specimen tin could scarcely be expected to hunt an otter to the death.

Be that as it may, we proved unequal to the task, and master *Lutra*, after showing us what he could do as a beast of the chase, made good his escape by bolting into a rocky stronghold furnished by a cluster of half-submerged boulders from which haven of refuge we were unable to dislodge him. A well hunted pack of otterhounds, however, would in all probability have accounted for that game otter after showing a grand hunt along the banks of the little river and through some of the most beautiful sylvan and moorland scenery imaginable.

And now a few words about ways and means. Not every sportsman's purse is suffi-



HAS HE GONE UP OR DOWN STREAM?



OFF TO DRAW.

ently well lined to permit him to maintain a pack of otterhounds at his own expense. The would-be M. O. H. of limited means should, therefore, call a meeting of his fellow sportsmen to discuss the possibilities of raising a pack by subscription, as mentioned earlier herein. About a dozen couple of hounds are all that are required to hunt the otter. English M. O. H.'s would be only too happy to send out drafts from their kennels, and among such drafts a few couple of old and reliable working hounds should be included to lead and teach the younger entry their business. Masters cannot be expected to part with the "cream" of their kennels, but the hunting instinct is strongly inherent in otterhounds, and the tyro M. O. H. will find that even the unentered hounds of his pack will take very kindly to the chase of their legitimate quarry, providing they come of good stock.

The waters hunted by the West of England packs are, generally speaking, not unlike many of the small rivers and streams of the Eastern States as regards shallowness and swiftness of current, and a draft of those dashing hounds that hunt the Welsh, Herefordshire, Devonshire, Somerset and Cornish streams should, if possible, be acquired. By even mail we are sending to the editor of *FOREST AND STREAM* a list of every recognized otter hunt in the United Kingdom, together with the names of the respective masters thereof, and this might prove useful to any American sportsman desirous of forming a pack.

Though otterhounds require less skillful handling in the field than foxhounds, and indeed they are often seen at their best when left to puzzle out a "problem of scent" unaided, it behooves the huntsman and his whippers-in to learn their business thoroughly, while a knowledge of the habits of *Lutra* is indispensable.

There are many good works on otter hunting and on the haunts and habits of the otter, from the pages of which a great deal of interesting and useful information may be gleaned, but practical knowledge gained in the field will alone teach one to become a proficient huntsman and a keen, intelligent novice may, by closely watching and studying the working of hounds and the movements of their quarry, very soon learn the rudiments of his craft; the rest will come to him in due course.

Trencher-fed hounds seldom, if ever, hunt with the same amount of unity and amity as a pack kennelled under one roof, but when subscriptions are few and far between, a trencher pack may be maintained at comparatively small expense, one man keeping a couple of hounds here, another man a couple and a half there, and so forth until the whole pack is "lodged" and "boarded" out as it were. On the other hand, when sufficient funds are available for hounds to be kenneled in the orthodox manner, care should be taken that a healthy, open site be chosen for the housing of the pack, as not only do hounds require plenty of pure, fresh air, but also space upon which to exercise on non-hunting days, while plenty of road exercise is essential to all hounds, otherwise their feet are liable to become tender.

The erection of small kennels (lodging and feeding rooms and concreted yard) will not cost a very large sum, but particular attention must be paid to ventilation and drainage, for unsanitary kennels "spells" sick hounds.

As regards diet, both oat and corn meal porridge boiled in broth are excellent, especially the former, and the kennel larder must be kept well supplied with beef, horse, mule or donkey meat. The flesh is boiled and broth from the same mixed with meal will form the staple food of the pack. Too much flesh is not good for hounds during hot weather, but in moderation it is quite essential, and fresh vegetables (cabbage, carrots, etc.) may not be omitted from the canine menu.

A good deal more might be written regarding the possibilities of otter hunting on American soil, but having already encroached upon the limits of space allotted to us we must perforce lay down our pen.

The Trapping and Selling of Grouse.

BY THEODORE GORDON.

IN the lower portions of the Catskills, particularly in parts of Sullivan and Ulster counties, a good deal of trapping and selling of ruffed grouse has already been done. It is probably practiced more or less wherever there is much wild land and a comparatively small population. The stock of grouse had been slowly increasing since the bad year of 1907, and this season pros-

pects for sport seemed good. Many full broods were reported in August and September, but when the season opened they were found to be widely scattered, and in a short time it became difficult to locate them.

The trappers must have been very busy. One respectable farmer bound for New York was caught on an O. & W. R. R. train with forty-six grouse in two suit cases and got off with a fine of \$100, as he "split" on one or two of his confreres. One of these paid a small fine. I understand that in certain districts this trapping and buying of grouse has been going on for several years. Women have carried the birds to New York at times when it seemed too risky for the men.

It is a miserable business. A man named De Silva, a Delaware county game protector, seems to have done most of the detective work so far. With a good stock of birds in the big woods there is a reserve supply to draw upon, as in the autumn grouse are great wanderers. They drift out into the smaller woodlands and covers near the streams where a good dog can work to better advantage. Even without a dog one can bag a few birds occasionally.

There was a good flight of woodcock on the first moon in October, but they did not tarry, except in the few places where they found good feeding grounds.

It may be worth while to send these notes to *FOREST AND STREAM*. The American people are peculiar in regard to the laws. Some of these are scrupulously obeyed, while others are lightly considered. There is a constant tinkering with the game laws of most States which benefits neither the birds nor the people. There are many factors influencing the supply of game, good breeding seasons, the presence of natural enemies, epidemic diseases, extremely severe winters, etc. With rational laws well enforced large covers and plenty of food, the ruffed grouse (except in wilderness) is a wild and hardy bird, and with present bag limits (four birds) is not likely to suffer greatly at the hands of sportsmen, but owing to certain habits they are quite easily trapped.

THEY are feasting on dog steaks in Germany—eating the demnition bow-wows to keep from going to them, as it were.

Hints for Campers.

BEDS: First on the list comes the old-time bed of balsam browse. If you have faithful guides and camp in a balsam or hemlock region, it makes a fair bed. But it requires an hour's time to make it and requires rebuilding every day. It is surprising how the browse will pack under the weight of your body. This can be lessened to a great extent by first building a spring mattress of hemlock branches (not browse) laid crosswise with the butts outside and the feather in the middle, and then build the browse bed on the branches. Your guide may kick because it is not according to Indian usage; but you can tell him that many old campers have built beds in this way, although few have written about it.

A canoeist does not have to make his bed every night. Frazier's cork cushion bed cannot be surpassed. But two cushions, each three feet long, eighteen inches wide, and three or four inches thick, are better than one. If you have your camp furnisher make them, give him very positive directions not to pack the cork tightly. He will try to give you your money's worth of cork and you will wonder why any one ever recommended cork cushions. These cushions serve as a floor to your canoe, as a seat, and as a bed. They are light, and it does not matter if they get wet, as they quickly dry out, and your waterproof sheet will take care of that. And speaking of waterproof sheets, I do not mean a rubber blanket, but one made of waterproof balloon cloth.

Rope mattresses are made of two logs with pegs driven in auger holes and rope laced between them. They do not appeal to me as I do not take an auger to the woods. I have never tried them, but I think a canvas stretcher bed would be far better.

Canvas stretcher beds cannot always be rigged for lack of suitable poles or logs, and the poles generally do not fit well in the tent. I have one. I tried to use it once. It makes a very good floor for my tent.

Folding cots are a luxury, the catalogue says, but on ordinary trips we leave luxuries at home. On a wagon trip to a permanent camp they are all right if properly used. Kephart says they are like a pine board, and he is right. He suggests the use of a quilt; but a quilt will not remove the trouble. A much better plan is to build a mattress of branches and browse or leaves, at least six inches thick, on top of the cot. So used, a folding cot affords a most luxuriant bed, the best I have ever slept on in camp. But a folding cot weighs sixteen pounds, and, excepting on a wagon trip, is, for me at least, a burden not to be thought of.

Hammocks are very nice for an afternoon siesta, but hardly all that you could wish for as a bed in camp.

And now, where is the bed perfect for all purposes? I have not found it. So far as canoeing and a permanent camp are concerned, the cork cushions and the folding cot with its spring mattress of branches are good enough.

As to a canvas bag filled with browse or leaves, my experience has been that it makes you tired to fill it properly, and it makes you tired the next morning if it be not properly filled.

LORNA.



TWO FROM NEW BERN, N. C.

New Publications.

THE COMPLETE WILDFOWLER, ASHORE AND AFLOAT. By Stanley Duncan and Guy Thorne. Illustrated, \$3.75 net. Outing Publishing Co., New York.

To paraphrase the revered W. S., a good book needs no prologue. This book has one which explains in effect why the work was not called the wet nurse to English wildfowlers, for it is that in everything but title. If the composition did not cost \$3.75, the book could be passed by with this suggestion: If you build your library from the viewpoint of artistically bound books, with comprehensive titles, you should by all means have a place made for this book. If, however, as is the case with most of us, your sportsman's library is selected for service, you do not want this collaboration. The sportsman who prides himself upon his knowledge of dog, gun and birds will mentally fight his way through the "Wildfowler," for its authors are imbued with the conviction that no one treats a gun properly, wears the right sort of shooting clothes, and that every reader has an insane desire to cross breed shooting dogs, which inci-

dentally is about the last thing a bird hunter would think of. Even a bad boy with a good gun couldn't spoil it in the padded cell architecture of Mr. Thorne's ginger bread gun room. Our old friend Kiffe will, for twelve dollars, give us a gun cabinet in which may safely be racked the best friend in the gun line we ever had.

Our further criticism of the "Complete Wildfowler" is its title, which is an absolute misnomer as far as American wildfowl shooting is concerned, for there is not in the entire 360 pages a single bit of information helpful to the wildfowl shooter on this side of the Atlantic, where punt guns are outlawed and where guns of calibers from 2 to 10 are things of the past, having been superseded by 12's and 16's because the American sportsman shoots for fun and not for feathers.

SAYS I to myself,

Says I,

FOREST AND STREAM'S the paper to buy,

Says I.

How about sending us a card with the name of a friend who would like a sample copy?

Fishing in Great Watchet Lake

By HENRY D. ATWOOD

I WAS at my desk in the office engaged upon my books one morning in March when the door opened, and in walked old Sam Whittworth. Sam was a curious character, employed by the railroad as freight agent and collector. He was about five feet six inches in height, of dark complexion, with straight, black hair, and bright, piercing black eyes; his weight was 190 pounds. He greeted me with a hearty good morning and presented me with the company's freight bill for the past month for settlement.

After looking the bill over, I in turn presented him with a check for the amount. Sam receipted the bill, and as he was about to depart, said: "How would you like to go fishing down East with me?"

"I would like it well enough. When are you going?"

"I shall have my vacation next week and will be ready to leave here on Saturday."

"Very well, I will go with you. What shall you want me to carry?"

"Oh, I have got the traps and lincs, etc. All we want will be some live bait. The fishing will be through the ice, and we can get no bait there."

"Very well, I will see that you have bait enough." Thereupon Sam departed with the understanding that I was to meet him on the following Saturday at 4 P. M. at the depot in Boston.

In the course of the day I hunted up an old acquaintance, and getting him into the carriage with me, drove to a creek I knew of, where minnows were likely to be found.

The winter had been very cold, and there were great fields of ice all over the meadows, where it was stranded, and had settled down as the tide went out. For some time we were not rewarded by the sight of a single minnow, and Dan walked up the bank to the head of the basin when he called out: "There are shoals of fish here enough to fill your basket." When we drew the seine and dumped the minnows into the basket we had bait enough.

I had not got half way across Boston Common on the next Saturday when I ran against another pedestrian. It was snowing and both of us had our heads down to face the bitter blasts. I dropped my pail of minnows; the other fellow dropped his umbrella, each equally ready for an emergency. When we had taken a good look at one another, each exclaimed: "Halloa, Atkinson! Halloa, Atwood!"

Atkinson was my classmate, the son of a minister, which may have induced him to have better tendencies than myself, but he was glad to see me. Then he asked me where I was going. I told him to the station.

"I will go with you," said he, and taking hold of one side of the handle of my pail, he asked: "What have you got in there?"

"Bait," said I.

"What for?"

"Any fish that swims."

"Well, I will help you carry them."

At parting Atkinson said: "I wish you luck and would like to go with you."

"Come on."

"No, I have got to go and see my cousin,

who lives nearby." And so we parted. If Atkinson had only gone with me he might have become a good fisherman. As it was, he went to California and became the president of a college.

At the railway station I met my friend Sam and we took our seats in the smoking car and in due time reached Portland.

The next day being Sunday we kept indoors, for the snow was still falling fast. There was no let up in the downfall until Monday forenoon. Then we started for Great Watchet. Sam secured a horse and sleigh and we bundled our traps aboard.

The snow was badly drifted, and we made

people so much that we told him we would stay with him a day or two before going to Great Watchet Lake. With shovel, axe, ice-spade, traps and bait we arrived at the pond and commenced operations.

We first shoveled away the snow from the location where we intended to fish, cut the holes and set our traps. As the ice was very thick, it was slow work and occupied the whole forenoon.

The fish bit well and we caught a goodly number, the bulk of them being perch.

On the following day we tried our fortune on one of the other ponds in the vicinity, but had poor success, and accordingly made up our minds



BEFORE THE LAKE FROZE OVER.

Lewis and His String.

slow progress. When night overtook us, we stopped with a man who ran a shingle mill by water power, and whose house was near the road, and who readily agreed to harbor us over night or as long as we concluded to stay, "for," said he, "there is very good fishing on my mill-pond, and also on other ponds in the neighborhood." This miller was a very jolly old fellow. I shall never forget him, for he and his wife treated us with great hospitality.

They had a famous old kitchen with a fire-place large enough for half a dozen to sit around comfortably and enjoy the welcome warmth.

Prompt with the sun we heard the good folks stirring, and so we arose and were on hand for an early breakfast of potatoes, pork, pie and coffee.

Sam and I liked the hospitality of the old

to try the mill pond the next day, where we met with better fortune and made a fair catch. On Friday we again tried a neighboring pond, but the wind was from the north and had a fair sweep over the pond and skimmed over the holes almost as fast as we could break them out, so that we eventually abandoned the attempt and retreated to the house to thaw out our benumbed fingers.

Saturday we decided to set out for the goal of our original intentions, and so after breakfast, bidding the miller and his wife good-bye, and making them due compensation for their kindness, we hitched up old Dobbin and started.

We arrived at Alfred at noon, and just as a wedding party was coming down a steep hill on their way to the church, where the wedding ceremony was to take place. There was a long

string of sleighs, each one having a couple, and the bride and groom were in the lead. The snow lay deep from the foot of the hill across the main road to the church, and all of the party were going at a pretty fast gait. The steed driven by the groom dashed across the road, and plunging into the snow the sleigh went up into the air, and bride and groom left it as if fired from a catapult. Both came down head first into the snow in front of the church door. I never saw a moving picture to equal this.

When we reached the lake, Sam went to work shoveling off the snow in the location where he proposed to place the traps, and I began to take some healthy exercise with the ice chisel. This was an iron spade with a long handle, which Sam had sharpened to perfection, and was far better than any axe for the purpose; in fact, the ice on the lake was between three and four feet thick, almost as thick as it is on the St. Lawrence River. We set some twenty traps as fast as possible, for it was now near sundown, and scrambled up the bank, carrying our impedimenta with us, and made tracks for the sleigh. The way was long and dreary before we saw a light, which emanated from a house where we were.

I have never forgotten that woman and her husband. The supper that was soon to be served was a regular New England Saturday night supper, consisting of hot brown bread and homemade butter, baked beans, coffee and apple sauce, and Sam and I ate as never men did before, unless they had been on short rations for a week.

When we arrived at the lake next day, Sam said: "Now, you go down and pull up the traps, and I will stay here and look on, for I told my wife when I left home that I would not fish on Sundays."

"You did! Why, I thought you were a Baptist and not afraid of water."

Sam lingered on the bank, looking with longing eyes as I set forth to pull up the lines. Every line that I drew in had either a fine togue or fat pickerel attached to it, with exception of a few, from which the bait had been taken. As I pulled in the fish I saw Sam jumping up and down as if he were cold, and finally he sprang down the bank and commenced pulling up the lines and throwing out the fish without stopping to detach them from the hooks.

A few minutes sufficed to rebait and replace the traps, and then Sam and I started across the lake to the island on the north side of which was a deep hole, wherein the fish gathered, and sheltered by the island, we could fish without being exposed to the full sweep of the wind. Here Sam cut a number of holes and I set the traps. Then he went over to the mainland to a cove, a little south of our first line of traps, and there he put in a number of others. Then he came back and said he would go up to the south end of the island, and there he would put in the remainder of the traps.

Little did I think, as he departed, that my jesting words upon a Baptist being afraid of water on the Sabbath would come near to having a tragical conclusion. Sam was a good half-mile away from my position north of the island, and it would have taken a fast traveler through the snow to have gone the distance in ten minutes. While I was watching my traps and also casting a look occasionally to those on the line of the lee shores, and more especially those in the cove, I saw a number of the traps flick

up, and so started for them. I got over to the cove and succeeded in pulling in three fair fish and losing a fourth. I rebaited all the traps which were bare and stood for some time watching them to see if there would be any more hungry rovers waiting for a meal. There was one trap in especial which occupied my diligent attention. It would fly up and drop back, and every time I pulled in the line the bait was gone.

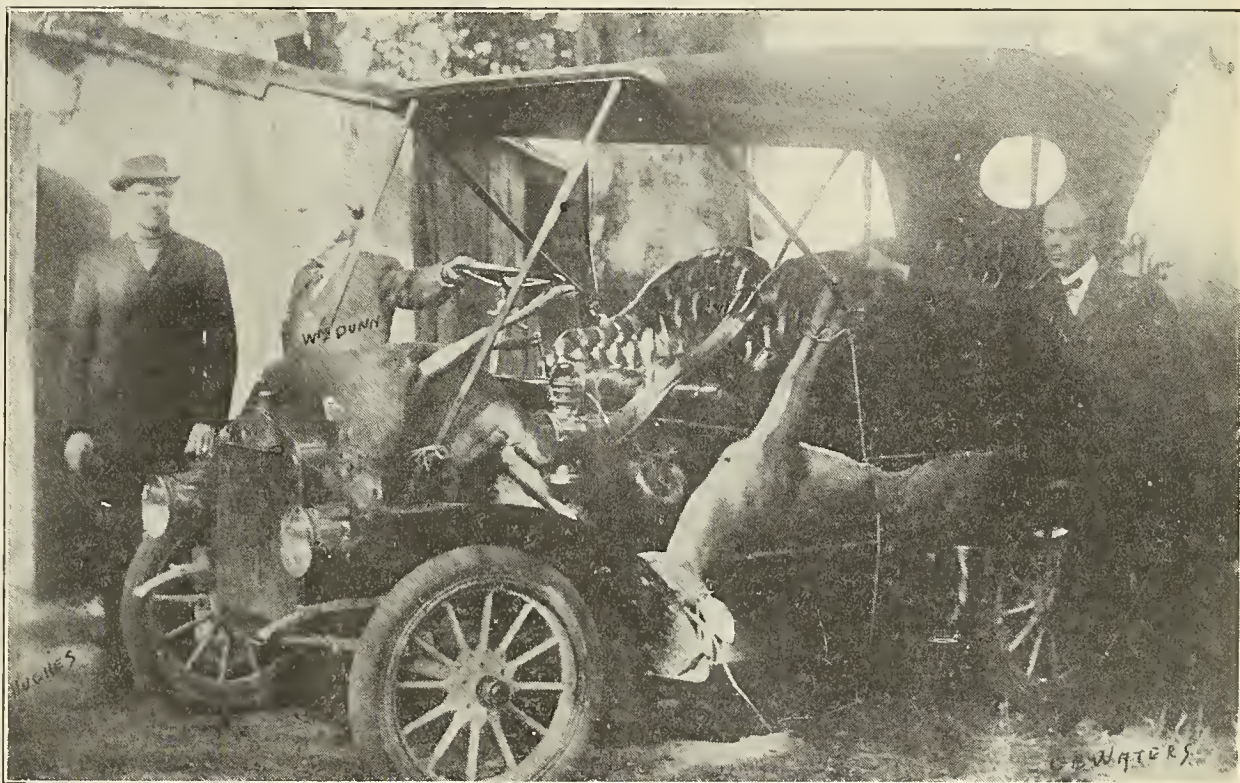
I concluded I had a dainty fish to deal with or a consummately cunning one, so I stepped up to the trap and waited for several minutes until up went the trap again. I grabbed the line and pulled in. The bait was gone. I rebaited and waited around until tired, so I walked back to my station by the island and proceeded to attend to business there.

In a short time, having examined all of my lines I looked over to the cove, and behold, my especial trap was up again and wiggling back and forth at a great rate. I started on the run to get there in time, as I hoped, to secure the fish. About half way across the lake the ice

fully back again, and presently I saw my traps flick and stooped gently over it and gave a quick and vigorous pull. And this time I had something in earnest. The fish was fast. I hauled him in and eventually brought to bag a good six-pound pickerel.

I took my good fish, and observing a lot of hungry crows around, I dug a hole in the snow and deposited it therein and carefully covered it up. Then I went back to my island as happy as a clam. I was for some time engaged in rebaiting and replacing my traps there, and when I looked up from my labors, I saw a congregation of crows, all forming around the spot where I had concealed my big pickerel at the cove.

I knew what they were up to as soon as I saw them and started on the run for them, but despite all my exertions, before I got there these harpies had uncovered and torn and picked my much prized pickerel half to pieces. To say that I was mad would not be correct, unless you should add several intensives, and I hurled expletions after my departing guests, whom I ab-



AN UNCOMMON CARRIER.

Photograph by O. B. Waters, New Bern, N. C.

broke under me, and down I went. I thought I was a goner sure enough, but suddenly I brought up in solid footing again.

The case was this: The first ice that formed had been covered by a heavy snow fall; upon that snow fell rain, and the snow was melted. Over that water ice again formed, and upon that ice subsequently a heavy fall of snow was deposited. The water all around the margin of the lake was frozen solidly down to the bottom for a considerable distance from the shore. I scrambled out of that chasm as quickly as possible and proceeded with a grateful heart and good hopes of catching the wiley fish that was still tugging at the fateful line. When I arrived these hopes fell, the hook was bare, the fish departed.

Alas, for blasted hopes. "Bait it," said I. "I'll have you yet." So I rebaited and then made all the noise I could as I went away. Having retired a few rods, I turned and walked care-

jured by all the names that suggested themselves in my vocabulary, as thieves, robbers and black-dyed villains, to which they answered with derisive "caws" and perched themselves in plain view on top of the big pines on the shore, and no doubt enjoyed the reflection upon that sumptuous feast with little compunctions of conscience. Oh! how I pined for a gun.

"Confound those crows," was the last thing I said as I turned to my traps again at the island. About four o'clock I saw Sam coming around the head of the island, bearing with him a large string of fish, and he had one pickerel taken out of the deep hole that weighed about eight pounds.

I told Sam about my big fish, and the feast the crows had made of him, and all Sam said was: "I don't blame the crows."

We had all the fish we wanted, however, and so many in fact that in order to get them from the lake to the sleigh we cut a lot of cedar

boughs and made a sled of them, laying the fish upon them and dragged them over the snow to the shore, up the banks and along to the place where we had left our horse.

We then hitched up, put all our stuff aboard, and harked back to our headquarters. When we arrived there we found another good supper in waiting, to which we did ample justice. And whereas the wise man has said, "That it is impossible to crave food with any ulterior design, and it is impossible to eat food with any ample calculation," I am sure that I partook of that meal with craving for it, and a hopeful calculation that there might be enough left for the next morning's service.

And here ends the truthful recital of the incidents attending my long desired excursion to Great Watchet Lakes.



THE TOP RAIL.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., Oct. 23.—*Dear Grizzly King:* Recently a young friend of mine, a lawyer, had occasion to take a team and drive into the wilds of the town of L. He arrived at the small apology of a hotel late at night, and after seeing his horse carefully attended to, he entered the office where six of the local celebrities, including the proprietor, sat about the great stove warming their toes and smoking freshly lighted cigars. This caught my friend T.'s attention and he drifted over to the cigar counter, and noticed that it was absolutely empty. He pretended not to notice, however, and asked the young girl who stood behind the counter for some cigars. At the word the proprietor, a man with grizzled hair and long goatee, thick eyebrows, a hawkish nose and a raucous voice, dropped his evening paper, and bringing his heavy hand down with a slap on his thigh, exclaimed, "Hell fire! Cigars! I've had them six cigars a-layin' in that case more'n a year and I told the boys tonight that we'd smoke 'em up and get rid of the danged things, and just as we got 'em goin' you comes 'round and asks for cigars"; and without another word he buried himself in his paper.

My friend has a most acute sense of humor and he appreciated all this to the last notch and thought he would follow up the vein a little, so he casually asked the landlord where the lavatory was.

"Lavatory! Well I guess that must be up to Bill Sykes' store. The post office an' town clerk's office an' everything else is up there, and I guess that must be, too."

After supper my friend thought that he would retire early and suggested as much to the landlord, who said he had better wait until the room could warm up and he would go and build a fire right away; so T. waited until the landlady, after numerous flying trips, told him she "guessed 'twould be all right now," and

the landlord showed him up the stairs and into an old-fashioned room some twenty-five feet square, in one corner of which was the bed, with its typical huge feather-bed and homely but comfortable quilts, and in the most distant corner a miniature sheet-iron stove, capable of holding about one stick of ordinary stove wood, and calculated to heat up that room in the winter season at the end of the first week.

Mr. T., in order to keep the landlord interested, asked him if he would kindly bring him a pitcher of ice water. "Hell fire!" says he, "ice water!" and he went off down the hall and T. could hear him saying, at every step: "Hell fire! ice water. Hell fire! ice water!" Soon he came back with a big pitcher and an apologetic air, and said, "Guess you'll find that cold enough. We hain't got any ice water," and then his face lighted as one inspired, and he rushed to the window, threw up the sash, reached out and pulled in an icicle as long as his arm, broke it over his knee, soused it into the pitcher, and handed it to T. "There," says he, "guess that'll be cold enough for you," and went away mumbling "ice water" and his favorite cuss word under his breath.

T. sat up all night trying to keep that stove warm, and in the morning the fastidious young man, who was accustomed to breakfast on an orange and a little crisp toast and coffee, sat down to a menu of bean soup, pork steak, fried sausage, mince and apple pie; but as he is young and healthy, he did justice to the repast, and ordering his team hitched up, bundled himself in the sleigh and pulled out for home, the last words of his host ringing faintly in his ears: "Say, mister, Bill Sykes says this town don't boast no lavatory, but old Doc Peters has got a jim-dandy phonegraph." W. W. B.

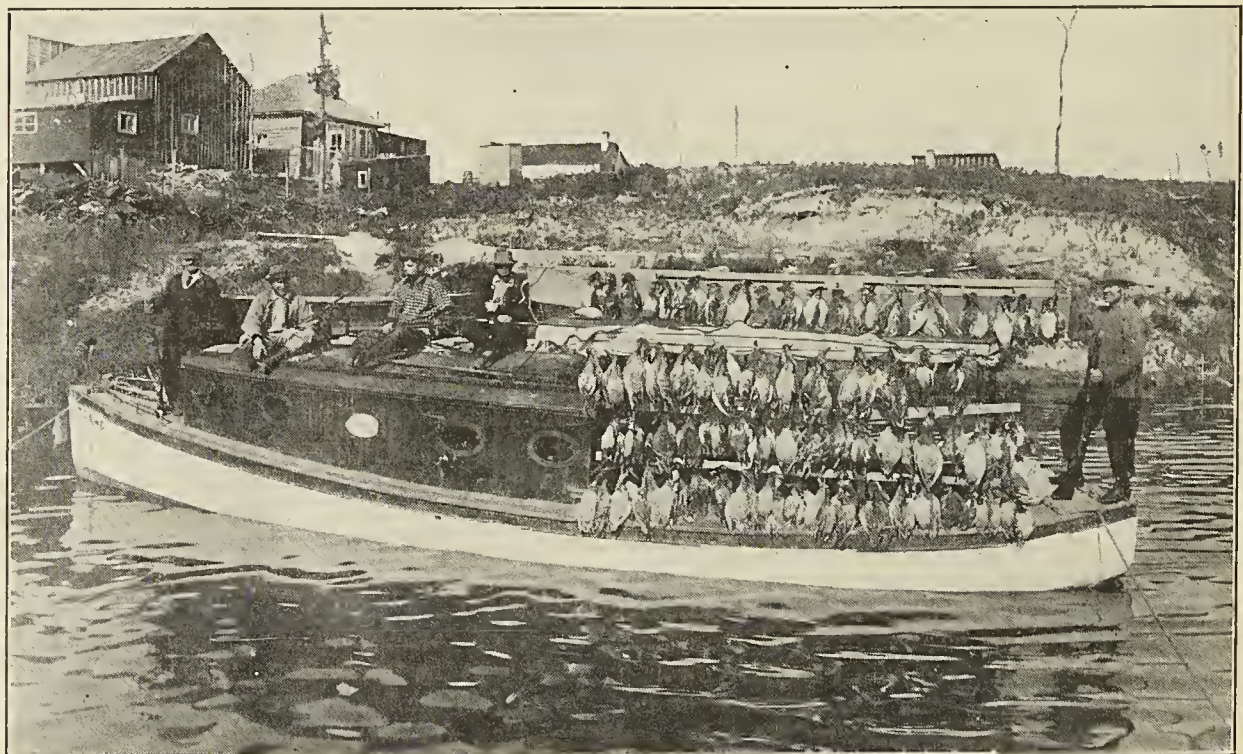
WITH the completion of the Panama Canal, Japanese steamships will probably, for the first time, ply on the Atlantic seaboard, particularly in connection with the extensive raw cotton freight traffic.

"Names of Animals."

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the issue of Oct. 12, under the heading, "Names of Animals," quoting from the New York Sun, you say, "The red Indians speak of the wishton-wish, when they mean that pretty little marmot of the plains, which we refer to as the prairie dog." Now, I take exception to this statement. I do not think that the Indians called this animals by any such name. According to Fenimore Cooper this was their name for the whippoorwill. The Indians are inclined to call an animal or bird by a name that would represent its call, as much as they could imitate it, and "wishton-wish" would represent "whippoorwill" a great deal more than it would the barking note made by the *Cynomys ludovicianus*, from which it gets its name of "prairie dog."

I have seen several articles in FOREST AND STREAM about the wild pigeon. I well remember, when a small boy, the great flocks of wild pigeons that would go over our house in the fall and winter. I think it was about 1873 or '74 that they were very abundant. The next year they were scattering, and then they never showed up again. I remember hearing my mother tell of the great times they had when they came in such great numbers. Last October I made a trip to the coast from Roseburg, Oregon. From Roseburg to Myrtle Point, a distance of sixty-three miles, we traveled in a stage. In a cañon along the Coquille River we came across a small flock of very dark blue pigeons, which looked like the ones I had seen as a boy. I asked the driver what they were and he said, "Wild pigeons," but said he did not think they were the wild pigeons that he had seen as a boy, when living East. We saw these several times, but not very close by. I could not see any marking at all on the wings or tail—they seemed to be a dark blue all over. I could not identify them at all. I would like some reader who is acquainted with the Oregon birds to name them if they can.

W. W. WESTGATE.



A DAY'S BAG ON LAKE OF THE WOODS, BAUDETTE, MINN.
Capt. E. Riley, Tony Hoover, "Cub" Perkins and J. Perkins.

Shooting Conditions in Different States

(Continued from last week.)

Oregon.

PENDLETON, Ore., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game and game fish conditions generally throughout Oregon have improved since the creation of the present fish and game commission.

Prior to that time, May, 1911, enforcement of protective laws had degenerated into a standing joke. The first work of the commission was to appoint an energetic and efficient game warden, in the person of William L. Finley, widely known previously as an agent of the National Audubon Society and an interesting writer on the subject of American birds.

The salary of the game warden was immediately raised to a figure commensurate with the work demanded and the whole warden service entirely reorganized.

Results in the shape of decreased violations and an improved public sentiment toward laws for protection and propagation were noticeable almost immediately. We believe improvement in these directions has been constant, and we are hopeful that it will continue indefinitely.

The State board, of which I am the chairman, has control of all matters relating to the game of the State and also the game—and commercial—fish and fishing of the State. Propagation and protection of game—and commercial—fishes is under the management of a Master Fish Warden in the person of Mr. R. E. Clanton, an efficient and energetic officer.

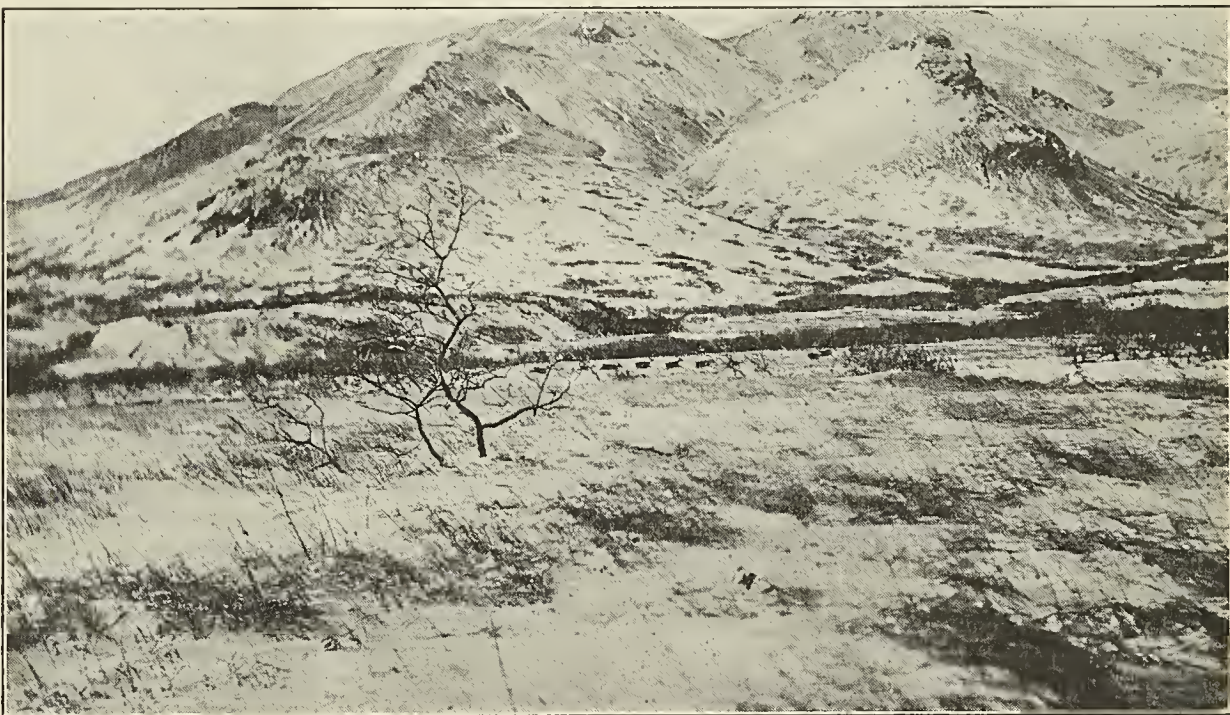
The State Game Warden and the Master Fish Warden work in conjunction as far as the propagation and protection of game fishes is concerned. We are doing artificial propagation work on a large scale and are confident that results already apparent fully justify us in our determination to continue on an increased scale in the future.

We have also undertaken propagation of game birds, but on a rather modest scale as compared with our fish propagation work. We have leased a game farm, bought breeding stock and contracted for the services of an experienced game breeder, 'Gene Simpson. We are now liberating the birds reared this past season. Our main effort has been directed toward raising two species, namely China ring-neck and Reeves' pheasants, but we are experimenting with many other species and varieties. All our liberations are upon areas under contract to the State by the owners to be protected as game-bird refuges, and our hope is that the birds thus liberated will there naturally increase and gradually spread and stock surrounding areas.

Our work in connection with the game mammals of the State has been almost entirely confined to an effort to enforce the protective statutes now in force. We have conducted one experiment, with which you are probably familiar, in introducing the Wyoming wapiti into Oregon. The results of that trial, so far, bid fair to prove successful. A fair proportion of the elk survived the trip and have adapted themselves to their new surroundings. I have no report on them down to date, but the last word received indicated that

we may hope for a good increase of the band next season.

Game and game fish are fairly abundant throughout the whole State of Oregon. Elk, all the species and varieties of Western deer, American antelope, mountain sheep, mountain goats, gray squirrels, all the species and varieties of American grouse (except ptarmigan), Oregon mountain quail and practically all of the American aquatic game birds may be found wild within the State. To this list of native game must be added the bobwhite quail and the China ring-neck pheasant. Both of these fine birds have been introduced, and the latter particularly has



CARIBOU ON ALASKA PENINSULA.

Photograph taken December, 1911, by J. C. Tolman, Game Warden.

thrived marvelously. In 1911 a law was enacted stopping shooting of pheasants for two years, in order to allow the stock to "catch up" from the effects of over shooting. Reports this summer indicate that they have "caught up" all right. Over the area of the State where they were formerly plentiful they are now more abundant than ever. The portion of the State west of the Cascade Mountains is practically all well stocked with pheasants. The Grande Ronde valley, in Eastern Oregon, has a very fair start, and we are making numerous liberations in other parts of Eastern Oregon. Elk have become very scarce in Oregon. No open season for shooting them is allowed, and we think it doubtful that they will become plentiful enough to permit of an open season being declared for many years in the future, if at all. Deer may be found in most of the rough, sparsely inhabited sections of the State, but deer can hardly be said to be plentiful in more than a few isolated places of comparatively small areas. I attribute the depletion of the stock of deer in this State to a number of causes, chief of which is, I believe, the close pasturing of the forest areas by sheep. Preda-

tory animals and unfair hunting have also contributed their share of the damage. Native quail are still abundant in a few localities, but they, too, are greatly depleted over much of the range where they were once plentiful. Southwestern Oregon is, probably, the part of the State where the most quail exist. Blue and ruffed grouse are still fairly abundant in most of the parts of the State where they were originally found. The blue grouse, or sooty grouse, is perhaps most abundant in the northeast corner of the State, in Wallowa county.

It just occurs to me that I have said nothing about the many fine streams of the State and the fine stock of game fishes which inhabit them. We probably have as fine angling waters in Oregon as in any place in the world, bar none. Our stock of game fishes includes all the American trouts, the pacific salmon, Williamson's whitefish, black bass, crappies and

bullheads. It would take another page or two to enumerate and describe the waters where fine angling may be had, so I will not elaborate further.

C. K. CRANSTON,

Chairman Fish and Game Commission.

South Carolina.

SUMMERVILLE, S. C., Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although impaired by long neglect, the game resources of South Carolina are still considerable. With adequate protection they would be enormous.

As it is, good hunting may be had in many parts of the State by parties who go for it and exercise a little judgment and patience.

The rivers and marshes of Georgetown, Charleston and Beaufort afford abundant duck shooting, the best being mallard and blackduck. Georgetown, on account of its vast area of abandoned rice fields, affords the best ducking ground. Naturally the choicest shooting has been pre-empted by hunting clubs, but there is enough good shooting outside that may be had, with proper guides that know the country. This is all reached from Georgetown.



HON. J. K. FLEMMING,
Surveyor-General, New Brunswick.

The counties that furnish deer and turkey shooting are: Horry, Georgetown, Charleston, Berkeley, Colleton, Hampton, Beaufort and Jasper on the eastern side. Further inland there is good deer and turkey hunting in portions of Chesterfield, Darlington, Marion, Kershaw, Orangeburg, Williamsburg and Dorchester.

In nearly all counties partridges (bobwhite) are abundant and the shooting is fine. The bag limit is twenty-five per day to each gun, and may be made whenever desired. The limit ought to be reduced. The same limit is on doves (turtle doves), and they furnish abundant sport.

Woodcock abound in Horry county; in fact, they are more numerous there than in any locality with which I am acquainted in the South.

Snipe are found in abundance only after Christmas when they are returning to the breeding grounds.

Shore birds are numerous anywhere on the coast line, and especially on the numerous sea islands, from fifty miles north of Charleston to the Savannah River on the south.

Canada geese are still fairly numerous on Broad, Catawba and Saluda rivers. The greater snow goose is sometimes found.

Of cottontail rabbits, opossums, gray squirrels and fox squirrels and raccoons there is no limit.

The nonresident license is \$10.25, procurable from the clerks of courts in various counties.

Any holder of a shooting license is permitted to take out fifty partridges, fifty doves, fifty ducks, two deer, twelve woodcock and fifty shore birds.

The present season has been an exceptionally good one for birds, as they have passed all vicissitudes and my wardens report decided increase in all kinds throughout the State.

Deer suffered during last season with "black

tongue," but none has been reported this year, and in some sections farmers are complaining of damage done to crops by deer being too numerous.

The river swamps on Santee, Pee Dee, Waccamaw, Savannah and lower Edisto contain a good many black bear, and they are apparently increasing in numbers. There are a few ruffed grouse in the mountain counties.

The winter climate of South Carolina is perhaps the most bracing in America, being neither too hot nor too cold, but with just enough champagne in the air to make the nerves tingle and to add proper zest to sport.

Good accommodation can be had cheap and strangers are welcome. No man who can find his way home when he is two miles away ought to have the slightest trouble in South Carolina.

JAMES HENRY RICE, JR.,
Chief Game Warden.

New Hampshire.

CONCORD, N. H., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game conditions are better than last year. Partridge, woodcock, duck, shore birds, deer, rabbit, fox, bear, raccoon, etc., are found in this State in abundance. Shooting is good in all counties.

CHARLES B. CLARKE,
Secretary Department of Fish and Game.

An Odd Little Owl.

BY CHAS. S. MOODY.

SOME years ago a gentleman discovered, deep in the wooded mountains of Central Idaho, an owl entirely unknown to science. It proved to be a tiny little owl, living deep in the wilds far from human habitations, so shy and retiring in its habits that it is small wonder bird students had overlooked it. The gentleman only succeeded in capturing a very few specimens, and these, together with a full description of the bird, he sent to Washington, where all the ornithologists united in agreeing that it was a new species, and they called it *Megascops flammeola idahoensis*, which means that it has a round head and large eyes, is colored reddish brown, and lives in Idaho. While the head tells you that the owl is a *megascops*, it is far from being a screech owl. The bird would scorn to produce some of the unearthly sounds affected by the eastern screech owl, for no other purpose, I verily believe, than to scare boys out of their wits when they are sent to drive the cows up from the woods pasture of a late evening.

Being interested in birds, I naturally became interested in this one as soon as I read about its discovery, and, living on the borderland of the country where it had been discovered, determined to know more of it from actual observation. I learned much about the dwarf screech owl, as it is called, and the knowledge came purely by accident. One summer, in company with a number of my Nez Perce Indian friends, I encamped on the Lochsaw branch of the Clearwater River in the dense cedar, pine and hemlock forests of Central Idaho. My attention was attracted to a clear bell-like note which came ringing through the still air at sunset. The sound was unlike any bird note I had ever heard and still I was sure it was produced by a bird, for

it had a certain avian quality unlike the vibrant tones of a quadruped. You grow to know bird sounds from those of the animals by a certain something impossible to define, yet quite characteristic. I was unable to locate the twilight bell ringer. Tread as softly as I might, no sooner had I entered the forest than the sound ceased. I might seat myself on a fallen log and remain still as the log itself, yet all was silence save the rustle of a poaching weasel among the dried leaves, or the murmur of the night wind in the treetops. No sooner, however, had I returned to camp than the sound came again, now here, now there, a weird baffling ventriloquial note breathing the very spirit of the somber cedars.

I was several days before I knew the author of those beautiful clear tones. I questioned the Indians, but they were unable to tell me, so I was forced to find out for myself. There was a mountain meadow of some few rods in extent not many miles from where we were encamped, and this meadow and the small stream flowing through it had been pre-empted by a small colony of beavers. I watched this meadow in the hope that I might surprise the artisans at work. It was growing dusk one evening and I had arisen from my place of concealment to return to camp, when right above my head came the elusive bird sound. I sank back quietly and strained my eyes to see the bird. Soon it came again, then another from a different point, then another, and another. In a short time a tiny owl slipped silently out of the forest and perched on a dead limb just at the edge of the meadow, where the last rays of the setting sun shone full upon him. It was the long sought for dwarf screech owl. The little bird turned his head from side to side watching the marshy ground below, then ruffled his feathers, sat up straight, cocked his head and uttered the bell-like note, a single tone like the striking a silver bell. The marsh was peopled by innumerable green frogs that sat on the half submerged logs and croaked the evening through in unison. These frogs were the object of the owl's visit. He swept down, alighted on a half sunken log, walked out it for a distance, lifted an unsuspecting frog and returned to the dead limb. I was struck with a singular fact. The owl did not swoop down upon the frog as do most birds of prey, but caught it from the ground. All about the marsh the owls were calling and dark forms were flitting across the open space until it grew too dark for me to see.

The season was too late for nest hunting, but I never forgot the owls, and one spring early found me again in the mountains. Owls nest early, sometimes before the snows are gone, and I reasoned that the little owl was no exception to the rule. Nor was it. Contrary to my expectations the dwarf owl was strangely silent. The deep toned hooting of the great horned owl, singing his love song, rang through the woods day and night, but never once did I hear the note of the little fellow. After several days' close watch I saw a pair of them slipping through the dark timber, watching me anxiously from the covert of some deeply umbrageous cedar. Their anxiety convinced me that their nest was near. A half hour's search revealed a woodpecker hole in a tall fir snag that stood on an open hillside above the cedar forest. I "shinned" up this snag at the cost of a pair of badly torn trousers, gazed down into the dark cavity and saw six milk-white eggs about the size of robin's eggs, re-

posing on a bed of moss and feathers. I left the parents in possession of their treasures, what though ornithologists offered fabulous prices for a set of the bird's eggs. I could not bring myself to disturb the housekeeping for a mere matter of dollars. I could hardly see where the cause of science would be advanced by my committing burglary.

It is hardly probable that you will ever see the dwarf screech owl even were you to visit the country where they dwell. To discover one requires sharp eyes and a certain knowledge of the habits of birds. This owl does not resemble his Eastern cousin either in looks or manners. While the Eastern bird is familiar, living near farms and even villages, the Western owl seeks the immense solitudes, far from settlements of

men. The Eastern bird is noisy, while the Western is silent save for the one note which is the most musical sound I ever heard. Instead of the flat face and prominent ear tufts of the screech owl, the Western bird has a round head and face with eyes set so near the top of the head that he has the appearance of always gazing at the stars, while ear tufts are very small, being raised only in anger or excitement. The dwarf owl has a blackish band extending from just behind the ears, around and under the throat, which gives him a ludicrous resemblance to an old lady with a black silk bonnet with the strings tied beneath her chin. He is much smaller than the Eastern bird, being not over six inches in length. The back is a rusty brown, breast and under parts lighter with umber-brown streaks.

Stone Harbor, N. J., a nesting place of laughing gulls and other shore birds, a warden being in charge of the refuge. This island had been the scene of barbarous slaughter among the gulls to supply the heartless demand by women for the plumage of the gulls, and had not protection been given, the colony would long ago have ceased to exist, so nearly was this the case that only a few hundreds remained. Under protection the birds have greatly increased in numbers. In the month of May the multitudes of gulls building, brooding or hovering over their nests presents a most interesting spectacle to bird lovers.

The value of the league work among the young is universally recognized by school principals as a moral as well as a protective agency, and the progress of the movement is held in check only because of the lack of funds to pay for competent workers to spread the gospel of protection broadcast over our States.

While men of science are paid for service in their respective fields, the aggressive work has so far been done entirely for love of the cause—the organizing and interesting the young through earnest talks from high school to kindergarten, all of which has been done without cost for service.

The movement is practically at a standstill, as far as aggressive steps are concerned, for the want of means to put workers in the field. The school doors are open and the calls for service come from many sides, but without increase of income the possibilities lie chiefly within already established lines.

The executive officers are as follows: President, Waldron De Witt Miller, Museum of Natural History, New York City; First Vice-President, P. E. M. VanWyck, Summit, N. J.; Second Vice-President, Alfred C. Kinsey, South Orange, N. J.; Treasurer and Recording Secretary, Captain Geo. S. Musgrave, Summit, N. J.; General Secretary, Mrs. Benj. P. Holmes, Summit, N. J.



For the Protection of Nature.

BY GEORGIANNA KLINGLE HOLMES.

THE La Rue Holmes Nature Lovers' League for the protection of nature was incorporated in 1906, and is doing an increasingly beneficent work, especially among the young.

It has been erroneously said that the movement was instituted by the mother of the young naturalist whose name it bears, but it existed before the death of the latter and was only continued, and the name given after this demise, by those who became responsible for the further conduct of the work.

The membership, which exists chiefly in schools, has reached over 9,000, the organization being so simple, and the requirements so amenable to possibilities that it is received in the busiest of public, private and parochial schools.

The league motto is—self-sacrifice, heroism for another. Its corner stone of sentiment is—kindness to all things having life. Its reason for being is—to help make the world happy. Among the ways proposed for accomplishing the latter purpose is the protection of nature's riches through which alone the health, happiness and general prosperity of this country can be maintained.

The mission of bird life as a protector of vegetation, the especial mission of tree life as a protector of the country's water supply, the mission of our wild flora as a means of uplifting pleasure to poor and rich alike are themes impressed constantly upon the minds of the young through lectures, leaflets and tramps for observation in woods and meadow.

To quote some items of work done as given in last report:

- Blanks for wild flora census given out.... 234
- Packages of garden seeds distributed, about .70 000
- Books, pamphlets, leaflets, etc.35,900
- Bird pictures12,276

Many books and periodicals were loaned. Some hundreds of petitions and circular letters were sent out in the interest of the Burton Act for the preservation of Niagara Falls; the Appalachian and White Mountain bill; the plumage bill; bill for game protection; the hawk and

owl bill, etc., when the bills were before Congress or the New Jersey Legislature.

Mere assent to become nature's friend is required of the young people who thereby become associate junior members. The payment afterward of any trifle in money for a badge or toward maintaining the cause constitutes a sustaining junior member.

Committees of three are chosen in each school room, such committees to represent the league cause and to place in sight, on the first school day of each month, the league day card, which bears the motto and serves as a mute reminder of league sentiment.

The work is administered by a central organization, located at Summit, N. J., with power to create chapters in any State.

In 1907 the league purchased an island of 150 acres off the coast of Cape May county, near



ON SUMMIT OF MT. TAMALPAIS, CALIFORNIA.

Photograph by Mary C. Beecroft.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

A Little Talk About the Anglers' Flies

By THEODORE GORDON

THE study of the insects born of the water and forming a considerable portion of the trout's food is one proposition. The imitation of these delicate creatures is another and requires much time, labor and close attention to detail. The hard-worked business or professional man, whose recreation is angling, can by close observation become sufficiently acquainted with the insects most favored by the trout for all practical purposes. He will, if he is a believer in imitation, have sufficient knowledge of the insects that prevail upon the waters he fishes, to guide him in the selection of his artificial flies and will know naturals when they appear, also their seasons, and when to expect them. He has not much leisure for fly dressing, nor for the endless task of searching for and buying perfect materials that will satisfy him and enable him to realize his ideals. Many of the best amateur fly tiers purchase a portion of their stock, thus saving time for the creation of a few favorite patterns. They know that enormous stocks of well dressed artificials are carried by the best shops, and that they can match most flies in size and color. However, their fingers are often busy in leisure hours, and there is great satisfaction in killing trout with the work of one's own hands.

Those of us who have actually lived upon the trout streams in youth and in maturity have been favored by opportunity. We have not the diversions, the excitement and keen competition of life in a great city. In the country, sport and all things pertaining to it becomes of great importance to us, and fishing and shooting become to a great extent our only recreations. We spend our leisure in or near the water, and the habit of observation grows upon us. The flies that interest the angler and the trout, aside from those land insects occasionally blown upon the water, or like the ants, seek it in the winged state of their own will, may be divided into a few great families and may be recognized by the position of their wings and their habits when in or on the water. These insects are the day flies (*Ephemera*), the stone flies (*Perlida*), the case worms or caddis flies (*Phryganida*) and gnats and midges which belong mostly to the order of the *Diptera*. There are other flies, of course, but these are by far the most important. We wish to know in advance what insects may be expected at certain times, and their sizes and colors, as we do not care to be tying flies when we would be fishing. Then we ascertain the time of the rise; that is, the hours of the day when these insects will undergo the transformation from larva, nymphs or grubs, into winged flies, and this varies with the seasons and temperature. Yet day after day it may occur at nearly the

same hour. I fancy that the temperature of the water has a good deal to do with it. Early in the season the rise is usually after mid-day and before 3 o'clock p. m. As the weather becomes warmer, the flies may appear early and late in the day, but the best of days for the angler are those when the rise is at short intervals, or when a few flies continue to hatch out all day long. The day flies come from a larva that lives in the gravel, under stones or in moss or mud; the caddis flies from little cases of sand and gravel or bits of wood; the stone flies from larva and the gnats and midges from the water and the land. A well made artificial fly having a natural appearance and having good colors put into it may answer for more than one species.

Dun for instance is a common color among insects, from gray to almost purple, a dark blue dun. Yellow is another standard color, from a pale fleshy yellow through delicate primrose to orange. Brown is quite fashionable, particularly for evening wear, although in spring it is quite proper in the morning and may run from a soft yellowish brown to brown red. Black is never out of season and is *comme il faut* for bugs and gnats of many sorts.

I have even collected a black spinner, a perfect day fly with clear wings.

The family names of all the gnats and midges need not trouble us over much. We want only the position of the wings, color and size of these tiny creatures. Many of the day flies and caddis are extremely small, but are easily recognized. The larger trout are not much given to midging on our mountain streams, unless these insects are superabundant. If any man wishes to tackle a tough proposition, let him try for a big trout that is rising at tiny insects, in quiet water that is as clear as glass (and as smooth). Unless the fish happens to be unsophisticated and will accept a fly of respectable proportions, the task is a difficult one. Then, if ever, one wishes for invisible gut and the hand of a fairy. Trout that are feeding, or ready to feed, in rough or crinkly water are easy if the surroundings are such that we can present the fly from the correct position and place it so that it floats down naturally.

A fly dressed after a day fly may answer for one of the caddis of similar coloration. Pull off the tail if you like, but it assists in balancing and floating the fly. When the caddis flutters, its wings are up. When in the air and sunlight, its buzzing wings and the legs give one the impression of a little halo around the body. The stone flies often raise their big wings when running on the water, and when laying eggs of course their wings are up. Because of the color of the wings the English yellow Sally is often used for one

of our caddis flies, but a simple yellow hackle of the right shade will often kill better, and I have seen a yellow tag do good work. Hackle flies may be made to float and kill well. I have used what are called spent spinners a great deal, and these are supposed to represent the day flies in the very last stage of their existence, but mine are not always spent. Some insects carry their eggs in a bag at their hinder ends, and when this is conspicuous, it must be quite attractive to the trout. The insect may deposit its eggs in one parcel by a single dip in the water, but then again it may not. I have seen them come down from a height, make one dip and fly away, but many flies dip a number of times in one place, then fly a short distance and do it again. I have seen an insect come out from a bush and pound up and down like a piece of machinery, then fly back to the bush. The female stone flies are heavy and clumsy in laying eggs. They are sometimes caught by the current and carried down stream a short distance before they can rise again.

The common stone fly appears on these waters in limited numbers throughout the season, but there are other species of this fly that have a short season during which they are plentiful. One of these is quite fat and more yellow than the common species. Some of the western rivers have great hatches of stone flies. We have at least two species of May fly (*Ephemera*) and probably many more. I have had specimens of three that I thought differed most decidedly in coloration and even in size, but color is not very reliable in distinguishing the species in fish and flies. Some familiar insects rise in multitudes one year and are scarce the next season. Any angler of experience can select an assortment of artificial flies that will kill well on all waters where the dry-fly is good medicine. As the years pass, he picks up a pattern here and there and stows it away in his box for a special occasion. He has known days when one little shabby fly made all the difference between a full creel and a few small trout, and he has an eye for any fly of perfect coloration.

One day last June I would have (cheerfully) paid \$2 for just one more fly. I had tied only one, as I fancied it too dark for the season, and the hackles were too rare to waste. However, there was a tremendous rise of these dark caddis flies. Many were hatching out, while older insects were laying eggs and doing stunts in the air over the water. All the water and the air over it seemed full of excitement and the trout were crazy. I broke my hook in extracting it from the hard roofing of a big trout's mouth, and there I was with the fish rising under my nose. I tried pattern after pattern and did kill one trout with a very dark hare's ear, but that was all. I put in the broken fly by way of experiment and rose six large fish one after another. We do not have these opportunities often in a season, but I shall not stock up with this fly. Its period is too short, as next day the

show of fly was not great, and I had difficulty in finding the good fish. They had dropped down on to the shallow water while I was patiently fishing the pools. However, I found them before dusk and killed three, every one of which made a grand rush for his pool the instant he felt the hook. After leaving the water the dun (sub-imago) does not move about much after finding a good resting place, sheltered from the wind and sun until it undergoes the transfiguration into a spinner, or perfect insect of the *Ephemeridæ*, and the latter will often remain at rest for a day or two.

I have had them under observation at large and also in boxes. The caddis flies are perfect insects when they rise from the water and the stone flies remain among the stones for some time while growing their wings. Many queer insects appear from time to time, but they are not usually of importance to the angler. If he fishes at night he may want a few big flies. The moths and large brown caddis flies are often about, but for daylight work rather small flies usually kill best. On the high water, when the trout had fed well, I made the mistake of fishing flies too large and lost a couple of fine fish by it. I discovered that the trout were not hooking well and changed to much smaller flies with satisfactory results. The fish were probably a bit shy and indifferent, as the first conspicuous fly put up was refused by two trout. Yet many had been taken with the same pattern earlier. When the stone flies are growing wings, one may find the trout close in shore in water that will scarcely cover them. When a man takes to the floating fly, it is well for him to have had much experience of wet-fly fishing, not only with lures, but with small imitations of nature. He will not be apt to affect or feel superiority, as he knows that there is a science of the wet-fly as well as of the dry.

Big trout are at times averse to breaking the surface, and in waters where they feed almost entirely upon minnows, the floater may only tempt the small fish. A man who confines himself to fly-fishing on free waters should be proficient with the wet, dry and even the sunk fly. If there are very big trout about, you want one of them, and there is this to be said for the artificial purist. He develops all that is inherent in the fly. Small wet flies and imitation of the nymphs are being used to some extent on the chalk streams of England; the home of the dry-fly for a great many years. If the trout are feeding just under the surface upon immature insects, why not meet them there? The larva and remains of grub cases will often be found in their stomachs. We fish the dry-fly because it is most interesting, not because superior. There have been some wonderfully clever men with the wet-fly. If a man is excited when casting a dry-fly to a large trout, he is apt to strike too quickly and too hard, pull the fly away from the fish, or leave it in its mouth. Fine gut will not endure being jerked, yet will bear a steady strain.

Fishermen should be considerate of each other and remember that other men are following them. On a big stream in a full water the trout are not so easily scared, and I have had a good day after nine men had preceded me, but a careless or indifferent angler can spoil sport for hours on low water or in a small stream.

We are greatly interested at present in the problem of providing sport on free waters for

the rapidly growing army of anglers. Much can be done by restocking with fingerlings or larger trout, but probably still more by saving the streams of rapid descent, checking the terrific forces of the water and rolling stones in time of flood, and providing safe harbors with deep waters for the larger trout during long drouths. If this work is skillfully done, the cost need not be very great. Trout can go without food for a considerable time, but feed freely when the water rises. In floating flies much depends upon a well-shaped hook, and for small flies nothing seems to be better than the Hall. Big hooks may spoil sport when not well taken, and with tiniest midge hooks one is apt to miss or scratch a good many fish. I have fussed over hooks for many years and spent time and more cash than I should in the pursuit of perfect hooks, only to arrive at the conclusion that several bends are good when well made. Also that fine wired hooks are best for fine fishing in a low water, but that stout wires are required where the trout run large. On the back cast the fly is moving at high speed, and any hook may be broken if it touches a hard object. Plenty of expensive salmon flies have been ruined in this way, even when dressed in the heaviest O'Shaughnessy or Pennell hooks.

While we have a wonderful variety in insect life, and many more large flies than are found on English waters, we also have many flies that approximate British species in size and color. For instance, we have lovely little red spinners, Jenny spinners, yellow and blue duns, big spring Browns and many others. We have whacking big red spinners and many caddis flies different from any described by English writers. Even when one finds insects that are very similar in size and color, they are not quite the same.

I found a lot of small *Ephemeridæ* that appeared to be dull Jenny spinners, but saw that they were duns (sub-imagos). After shedding their coats they appeared as lonely little spinners with clear glassy wings. The markings at the tail end and thorax were similar to the English Jenny. A similar but larger fly had only a touch of color below the wings.

When insects are plentiful upon the water or have been so recently, imitation may be of great importance, but when the trout are in position to feed, they may be quite ready to accept any natural appearing fly if it is presented attractively. Theories are interesting, but of little value unless they have been tested on the stream. We can theorize as much as we please and fish as much as we are able during many years, but there is always something new to learn; some fresh difficulty to be conquered.

Britian River.

THE stream indicated tumbles its way down from the Canadian Cascade Mountains and finally into Jervais Inlet, an arm of the Pacific, coursing through a forest of gigantic fir and cedar. Cold and clear, one's thirst is continually invited, and upon the July day I am going to tell you about, it was gratefully accepted.

We were a party of four, good companions at home, in the woods, and mountains. An early start from our cruiser, the Totem, allowed us an easy tramp of about six miles over a crooked blazed trail before 11 o'clock. The point of arrival at the river was shaded and cool. The

writer suggested lunch, and that for lunch I would catch a few trout.

Setting up my rod I rigged a cast of a gray and a brown hackle No. 8. Meanwhile the three good fellows under the maples hauled out of my creel a nice lot of sliced bacon, lettuce, sandwiches, fruit and other ictas. Biff! My flies had struck the pool nicely and I had struck a 24-inch rainbow, which after a beautiful vigorous fight I landed in about ten minutes, having no net to discourage him with.

Walking across the bar with this perfect specimen I presented him for lunch, but though we admired him greatly, the opinion was unanimous that he would be awkward to fry in a tin pie plate, so he was dressed and laid carefully on the wet moss in the shade.

While I fried bacon, the commodore took the rod, and in a few minutes landed a modest offering of four pretty six-ounce fellows of the same kind, but from a shallow riffle. Of course those who have been there know that it is right difficult to keep trout as fresh as these from curling right out of the pan, but notwithstanding the sweet smelling smoke, which seemed to follow one around the little fire, they were done to a turn.

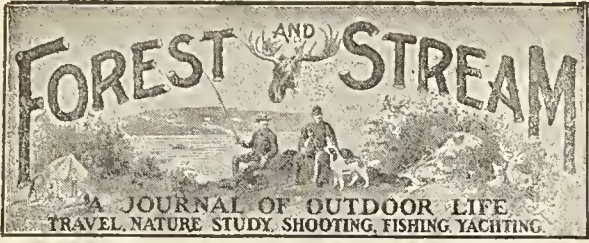
When this "best ever" lunch was finished and the cigars lighted, the commodore in the mean time having stolen from my pool on that same gray hackle a three-pound perfect cut-throat, I went back to the music of the uneasy water and took another three-pounder and five from one to one and a quarter pounds each, all rainbows, certainly the brightest jewel of all the trout.

Then the rod was taken down. Our party on board could not eat more than sixteen pounds of trout, and besides, the creel was full, and for me at least the day was full, and in truth I am not so sure that those under the maples, all good sportsmen, had not enjoyed it as much as I, for the landing of those big rainbows was against as pretty a fight as I ever saw; one of them by actual count having leaped twelve times fully two feet in the clear.

So much for the trout, and I could tell you something about the timber which we really went up there to look at. The cedars are 200 feet high, the lower half free of limb or knot. I will not mention the firs because I would like to have you believe all of this story (it being my first appearance and I intend to tell you something more later on). But there are red deer as well as rainbow trout. A pretty two-year-old buck deliberately waded the river on a riffle not 200 feet above where we were resting and filling our pipes on our way up stream. But though I believe our Canadian cousins would not expect us to go hungry even in the close season, we were not in fact very hungry, and besides there was no rifle, and what was more regrettable we did not bring the camera.

Britian River, though beautiful and wonderfully attractive, is by comparison with other British Columbia rivers not a trout stream. The bars are miles long of smooth flowing rapid water with practically no pools, but the few trout are certainly fine.

THE total American yield of diamonds, emeralds, sapphires and other precious stones in 1911 amounted to only \$343,692. Most American diamonds come from Arkansas and California.



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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

RED WHALES CAPTURED.

In the American Museum Journal, published by the American Museum of Natural History, Roy C. Andrews has given an interesting account of a recent visit to Korea, made to complete the study and collection of the Japanese whales, upon which work had been begun in 1910.

The two species especially sought were the California gray whale and the humpback. The first of these has been thought by many naturalists to be extinct. It is so rare that no complete specimen exists in any other museum of Europe or America. Mr. Andrews has before been to the Orient in search of whales and porpoises besides killing at different points along the Atlantic coast animals thrown up on the shore. He has thus had much experience. How successful he was in securing the desired specimens is told in the Museum Journal article, from which we extract a few paragraphs:

"When I arrived in the Orient at the beginning of 1912," says the explorer, "everything had been prepared for my reception. I left Japan immediately upon one of the company's transports for the Korean station, situated in the beautiful bay at Ulsan, on the east coast forty miles north of Fusan. The next day I had my first view of the California gray whale, for a splendid specimen was brought in by the steamship Olga Maru.

"It was especially interesting to examine the specimen with reference to the accounts of the species which have already been published, for all are full of inaccuracies. Probably no whale has more individual peculiarities than has this species—the shape of the head, of flippers and flukes, and in fact of the entire body is quite unlike that of any other large cetacean.

"Its habits, too, are distinctly individual. About the middle of December the animals begin to appear on the coast of Central Korea, follow-

ing the shore line closely on their migration to the islands of the south.

"In April the young are large enough to travel northward and accompany their parents on the long trip to the Okhotsk Sea and the ice-bound shores of the Arctic.

"Gray whales live in perpetual terror of the killer whale, which seems to single this species especially for attacks.

"When a herd of killer whales surrounds a gray one, the latter will often turn upon its back, the fins extended, and lie quietly at the surface, seemingly paralyzed by fear.

"The killers force open the mouth and at times eat out almost the entire tongue before the gray whale escapes, or the animal may be killed and completely devoured.

"One fine skeleton was taken for the museum and a second, by arrangement, for the National Museum at Washington. Many photographs also were secured (the only ones in existence of this species) together with much alcoholic material and three rolls of motion picture films, besides notes and measurements of the thirty individuals which were taken during my stay at Ulsan.

"We wished to get the skeleton of a humpbacked whale. Although humpbacks are common in many parts of the world, they have been so persistently hunted in Japan that they are now extremely rare.

"The humpback furnishes the most highly esteemed food of all the whales, and in the Japanese markets the flesh of a single individual brings as much as 5,000 yen (\$2,500).

"February came and I had almost despaired of getting a humpback in Corea, for only one had been taken during the entire season. On the 13th of the month, however, three specimens were brought in and the skeleton of the largest was preserved, a male, 48½ feet long. The museum is fortunate in securing such a splendid representative of this species.

"As soon as the bones had been cleaned and crated, I chartered a schooner and sent the whale skeletons to Shimonoseki for transportation to New York."

EPIDEMIC AMONG DUCKS.

For several weeks prior to the opening of the duck shooting season reports were received by the California Fish and Game Commission to the effect that in certain sections of the State ducks were dying by thousands, and a careful investigation of this matter has been made to determine, if possible, the nature of the epidemic. A number of dead birds were sent to the San Francisco office of the commission, together with several that had not yet succumbed to the malady, and these have been placed in the hands of experts for examination. Theodore Kytka, the prominent hand writing expert, chemist and bird fancier, took a number of these and has just made a report of his findings. There are no evidences of a contagious disease to be found in the birds, and it is now believed that the heavy mortality is the result of food and water conditions. The sick ducks placed in charge of Mr. Kytka speedily recovered when given clean food and water. However, it is possible that the ducks are affected with a disease that is communicated from one to another and the investigation will be continued.

The frequent recurrence of epidemics among

ducks and deer in California has brought out clearly the need of a change in the game laws whereby the commissioners would be empowered to declare a closed season in any section where disease was prevalent. Just now it is almost impossible to secure a sick duck, as these, being unable to make their escape, have fallen an early victim to the market hunter. The present epidemic seems to be confined to Buena Vista and Tulare Lakes and the Alvarado marshes.

HIGH COST OF LICENSE.

Now and then we get letters from gunners who complain of high cost of license. It is difficult to make some of these complainants understand that every dollar paid for license by the sportsman comes back to him through its investment in improving game conditions. There are those who raise the issue that they cannot take out enough game on a non-resident license to pay the cost of the license. We hope this is true. In no line of sport does the true sportsman expect remuneration for his pleasure. Does the trapshooter get back in prizes the cost of his season's shells and targets? Does the golfer get any money back for the balls he slices into the woods or fozzles into the water hazard? Does the baseball player draw any dividend from his time and expense through indulgence in the national pastime? Does the yachtsman win in cups the money invested in yachting? To every question the reply is no—decidedly no. Nor do any of those indulging in these sports expect in return anything but the recreation and improved health that goes with each divertimento. To those unconvinced by the "value received in sport" argument we cite the deadly parallel—that of the cost of license, or certificate, in England. To carry a gun, 10 shillings; to shoot game, 5 pounds a year or 2 pounds for less period; for two weeks' period, 1 pound, with shooting prohibited Sundays and Christmas.

THE FLUSH OF AUTUMN.

DURING these days the pulse of nature is beating fast and sending added color to her cheeks. We stand awed by her beauty and sobered by her fate.

The hectic flush is but the indication that she is wooed by death. A feeling that nature but reflects our life, comes over us, and we bow our heads in sympathy with her.

But is she wooed by death or by the promise of a larger, more complete life?

As a babe, mother earth nursed her. She was rocked by the breezes and kissed by the light. Her father sun smiled upon her and she grew through the spring of her youth into the summer of her maidenhood.

She flirted with the elements and danced her merry youth away until autumn, in all the bloom of life, wooed her. Then she waxed beautiful. Sobered by new responsibilities, yet sweetened and chastened by experience, her autumn is one of fulfillment of life rather than resignation to death. Tenderly she cared for her children, knowing full well their little hearts would develop even as hers. Sublime faith and love illumined her days. She had married death and found that his soul was eternal life.

[This pretty bit of sentiment was written by Miss Elsie Schneider.]

Archery

Drawing the Short Bow.

BY DR. EDWARD B. WESTON.

MR. RENDTORFF, of Lake Forest, Ill., has been shooting for only two seasons, and for several weeks in that time was unable to draw the bow on account of an accident to one of his hands.

Never having attended a public meeting his scores have not become generally known. When a few of them were recently published, the archery world was startled by what he had accomplished in so short a time. The comments on his tackle and methods were very interesting, and will probably lead to considerable discussion and perhaps to some dissent from the older archers.

Though Mr. Rendtorff is a young archer he has read and thought much on the science of the sport, and his opinions would carry weight, even if his scores had been small.

Being a tall, powerful man, he uses a heavy bow, shorter than the usual length, and long heavy arrows. Being perfectly able to use a strong bow he can get a better loose than with a light one, though a heavy bow is not necessary to command the ranges of the American round.

Some archers would differ with him in regard to the length of bow.

W. A. Clark has made 63 hits with 72 arrows at 100 yards. We believe this number of hits has never been equalled in this country. Mr. Clark, owing to a gun shot wound received in the Civil War, has a short arm. He uses a 25-inch arrow, which he draws about eighteen inches. And still he can make a higher score with a 6-foot bow than with a shorter one.

Mr. Rendtorff shows the skillful archer that he is by his ability to change his point of aim when shooting at 80 yards and using arrows which are so nearly alike that the slight difference between them can only be detected by their flight. The average archer could not do this.

But the thing which interests us most in Mr. Rendtorff's comments is the statement that in aiming at all ranges up to and including 80 yards, his direct vision is on the gold, and his indirect vision on the point of aim. This differs with the practice of nearly all archers. This subject was considered in the *Christian Science Monitor*, May 25.

The Rev. Eyre W. Hussey, in Badminton, and other prominent archers, considers it a good method at the shorter ranges, where the point of aim is on the ground in front of the target, but as it is not so good at 100 yards, where the point of aim is above the target, the method used at the shorter ranges should be sacrificed to the one best adapted for 100 yards.

It hardly seems logical to give up the method best at four ranges, for the one which may be best at one range, and that the one cared least for by most archers. However, it should not be difficult for an archer who has shot much to use a different method of aiming at the long and at the short ranges.

Suppose we are shooting at 60 yards, and our point of aim is 20 yards in front of the target. There may or may not be something at

that place for us to use as a "point." It must be on a straight line from the archer to the target. If the point of the arrow and the direct vision are held on the "point of aim," and the shot perfectly made, the result will be satisfactory.

As soon as the arrow leaves the string, one almost always watches it. Often one looks up an instant before the arrow has left, and if he does the bow hand also moves up and the shot is spoiled. This does not often happen when direct vision is fixed on the gold, for the eyes do not have to be moved in order to watch the arrow in its flight.

But to whichever place your direct vision is turned, be sure to hold it there until the arrow is well gone.

In the early days we were taught to look intently at the gold and shoot. This is the hunter's method. One instinctively looks at the object he is trying to hit, whether he is shooting a gun or throwing a ball. However, if we look at the gold directly and intently we must not forget that there is a "point of aim" to be seen indirectly. And if we can find no "point," we can by practice readily and accurately estimate a distance from the target to where "the point" should be. We know of archers who have adopted the method of aiming followed by Mr. Rendtorff after having for years used the orthodox one, and at once have greatly improved their scores.

And we believe some do this without knowing it. Otherwise how could a good archer move several feet sidewise while shooting an end? It is not so easy to find "points" that he could find a new one every few seconds. He probably unconsciously estimates a distance.

Since the above was written we have received from Mr. Rendtorff his first double York round score, made in the last week in October.

100Yds.		80Yds.		60Yds.		Totals.	
H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.	H.	S.
49	197	47	287	24	154	120	638
48	198	46	234	24	144	118	576
97	395	93	521	48	298	238	1214

Archery Scores by Novices.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: It may be a question when an archer passes from the novice class to the higher ranks. Is it a question of time, or of skill? We should say that an archer who had shot a year was no longer a novice, whatever his skill might be.

A man who had practiced for years could not be called a novice, simply because he was a poor shot.

We report fine scores made by novices, for a number of reasons. Every one likes to read about them. It shows those who have taken up the sport that they can become good shots in a comparatively short time by patient, intelligent practice.

Those who have never drawn the long bow may be divided into two classes—those who think it an easy, childish sport and are surprised when they try it to learn how mistaken they were; the other class is made up of those who look at the matter seriously, and dread the long time which they think must elapse before they can become fair shots.

All should be encouraged when they see what has been done in a short time. No one

should be discouraged because he has not advanced as rapidly as some others have. Some grow faster than others. And remember that if you never make the higher scores, you may get more pleasure from the recreation than those who do. It is the doing, the trying, which satisfies as well as the result.

The following scores were made by archers young in the sport.

Dr. O. L. Hertig is a dentist, and a teacher in the University of Pittsburgh. He showed his good sense by taking part in the National archery tournament in Boston last August, the first held after he took up the sport.

The doctor wrote on the 22d of October: "My year as an archer was up on the 19th inst., and I celebrated by shooting an American round, making 87 hits, 487 score, and a team round of 86 hits, 416 score."

He reported his best practice scores as follows: Single York round, 99 hits, 459 score; double York round, 181 hits, 807 score; seventy-two arrows at 100 yards, 40 hits, 156 score; forty-eight arrows at 80 yards, 36 hits, 190 score; twenty-four arrows at 60 yards, 24 hits, 148 score; single American round, 88 hits, 514 score; double American round, 168 hits, 918 score; thirty arrows at 60 yards, 30 hits, 176 score; thirty arrows at 50 yards, 30 hits, 194 score; thirty arrows at 40 yards, 30 hits, 194 score; team round, 87 hits, 451 score. An end at 60 yards, 9, 9, 9, 9, 7, 7, 6 hits, 50 score.

Few archers do as well as Dr. Hertig has in their first year. All beginners should try and do better. But they will have to think hard in order to succeed.

F. Nelson Clay took up archery in the summer of 1911. He joined the Chicago Archery Club, but is now living in the East. He expects to attend the next national tournament.

His rise was not meteoric, but steady and sure. We will let him speak for himself of his first four months in the sport:

"From the start I kept careful memoranda of all scores made, both in private and in the meets. I seldom shot a team round by my own choice, but I was vitally interested in the American round.

"I began shooting July 12, 1911. On the following morning I shot thirty arrows at 40 yards, making 16 hits, 88 score. My first American round was shot on July 16, 1911, at 5:45 A. M. Conditions were cloudy and damp; results were 60 yards, 6 hits, 22 score; 50 yards, 15 hits, 57 score; 40 yards, 20 hits, 88 score. I immediately 'whipped out' my Spalding's Guide to Archery to find out how I ranked as an archer.

"The tournament records that I found in the guide incited me to spend most of my efforts on the American round. I shot early in the morning, before sunrise sometimes. I shot until dusk many an evening. I shot whenever I had an opportunity. I shot too, too much, as you frequently told me, to make good scores. Nevertheless my health was never better, and I have rejoiced many a time that I ever met Mr. Blank; that he acquainted me with this fascinating, cleanly, health-giving diversion.

"Just to give you an opportunity to study my case I present below the averages per month for 1911, there having been about four months devoted to this sport:

"American round averages for first month, 55 hits, 239 score; for second month, 68 hits,

310 score; for the third and fourth months, 72 hits, 354 score.

"Counting every American round I find my average for the season was practically 65 hits, 301 score.

"On Sept. 30, 1911, American round—A. M., 79 hits, 427 score; P. M., 81 hits, 399 score. Total, 160 hits, 826 score.

"On Columbus day I made the following double American: First round, A. M., 79 hits, 413 score; second round, P. M., 74 hits, 394 score. Total, 153 hits, 807 score.

"Have not been able to be out much this year, but am scoring each arrow." E. B. W.

Columbus Day Scores.

ON Oct. 12 it was planned to shoot for the championships of the Eastern League, composed of archers east of the Alleghany Mountains. The association owns gold challenge medals to be held one year by the winners and representing the championships.

The archers were to gather in groups according to locality and send in the scores. As in Boston on that day the weather was wet and bad, and the same conditions prevailed in other places; most of the archers shot on Oct. 19. In Boston there was a high wind and rain on the 19th.

The Chicago archers and some others also shot at the same time, and all the scores are in the tabulations, though not all are eligible for the league championships:

YORK ROUND.

	100Yds.	80Yds.	60Yds.	Total				
	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.				
G. P. Bryant, Boston.....	37	139	40	180	24	148	101	467
W. H. Wills, New York...	36	104	33	151	20	92	89	347
H. B. Richardson, Boston..	27	119	31	133	15	75	75	327
C. T. Switzler, Newton.....	13	49	29	141	13	45	55	235
B. P. Gray, Newton.....	19	87	12	54	19	75	50	216
S. W. Wilder, Newton.....	15	67	15	61	14	48	44	176
H. L. Lake, Fulton.....	14	50	10	32	16	74	40	156
L. C. Smith, Newton.....	12	46	17	67	8	30	37	143

AMERICAN ROUND.

	60Yds.	50Yds.	40Yds.	Total				
	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.				
G. P. Bryant, Boston.....	29	181	30	174	29	195	88	550
G. L. Nichols, Chicago.....	29	159	30	180	30	210	89	549
O. L. Hertig, Pittsburgh...	26	128	30	194	30	154	86	476
Tac Hussey, Des Moines...	84	464
G. F. Henry, Des Moines...	92	460
R. P. Elmer, Wayne, Pa...	25	109	29	163	29	117	83	449
H. B. Richardson, Boston..	25	127	23	141	28	172	76	440
H. W. Bishop, Chicago....	23	111	25	149	29	175	77	435
E. B. Weston, Chicago....	26	140	26	126	29	161	81	427
H. L. Walker, Chicago....	26	130	27	127	29	165	82	422
James Duff, Jersey City...	22	97	20	120	23	152	70	369
J. H. Pendry, Chicago.....	19	87	25	125	27	137	71	349
J. S. Jiles, Pittsburgh.....	20	90	25	119	26	120	71	329
B. P. Gray, Newton.....	18	96	25	111	27	109	70	316
L. C. Smith, Newton.....	16	72	21	97	26	136	63	305
G. E. Culver, Stevens-Pt...	63	284
J. M. Cleland, Jersey City..	12	52	15	65	16	76	43	193
George Milne, Jersey City..	10	45	16	48	23	93	49	186
John McRae, Jersey City...	9	35	12	34	18	70	39	139
W. McOwan, Jersey City...	7	29	14	52	12	56	33	137
J. W. Blair, Jersey City...	6	30	8	27	10	46	24	103

The last five gentlemen from Jersey City are beginners, who have never shot but four times. They are converts and pupils of Mr. Duff.

NATIONAL ROUND.

	60Yds.	50Yds.	Total			
	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.			
Miss Helen Hutchinson, Boston..	32	136	18	74	48	210
Miss F. M. Patrick, Brooklyn.....	31	119	15	73	46	192
Miss C. Wesson, Boston.....	24	98	15	67	39	165
Miss M. Kinnon, Boston.....	24	78	15	59	39	137
Miss Mathes, Boston, Mass.....	21	85	13	43	34	128

The rest of the ladies did not finish because of rain.

COLUMBIA ROUND.

	50Yds.	40Yds.	30Yds.	Total				
	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.				
Mrs. Witwer Taylor, Chicago	24	132	23	143	24	174	71	449
Miss H. Hutchinson, Boston	22	100	23	109	23	169	68	378
Mrs. G. Wallace, Des Moines	64	318
Mrs. B. P. Gray, Newton...	20	80	21	93	23	133	64	306
Mrs. G. P. Bryant, Boston...	20	100	19	89	19	111	58	300
Mrs. L. C. Smith, Newton...	14	70	21	83	24	144	59	297

Miss F. M. Patrick, B'klyn..	21	93	16	46	17	95	54	234
Mrs. Short, Stevens Pt.....	45	236
Miss Gilruth, Stevens Pt....	46	216
Miss M. Mathes, Boston.....	5	19	21	87	20	100	46	206
Miss M. Kinnon, Boston....	13	47	18	59	19	89	50	195
Mrs. H. Wallace, Des Moines..	41	187
Miss Edna Wilson, Chicago..	8	26	16	60	20	94	44	180
Mrs. J. H. Pendry, Chicago	2	14	16	72	15	81	33	167
Miss M. Anderson, Boston...	37	151
Miss G. Guiot, Boston.....	32	130
Miss Dorothy Smith, Boston	3	9	14	48	21	67	38	124

The archers around Boston shot for the first time on the grounds in the Fenway, a part of the Boston Park system, which has just been given up to archery. The grounds were fine, but the weather abominable.

Archery in Pittsburgh.

THE range of the Oakmont Country Club was opened on Saturday, Nov. 2.

The club has one of the most beautiful golf grounds in the country, and the archery range occupies one of the many level spots.

The weather was cold, with first snow of the season, consequently a number stayed away, who otherwise would have attended.

Jas. C. Patch, Prof. G. W. Postgate, T. R. Hartley, W. J. Holmes and Drs. Haines, Howard and Hertig braved the weather and shot the opening arrows over the 60-yard station.

No definite program and no scores were

taken, but a great deal of interest was aroused.

During the week ending with Nov. 2 the following scores were made:

	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	
Dr. O. L. Hertig..	93	461	W. H. Haines.....	56	210
W. J. Holmes....	90	385	Patch	44	188
Wolf	70	240	Jiles	75	320

Dr. Hertig made 76 straight hits at 60 yards and Mr. Holmes, the boy wonder, made 68.

On Election day the Beechview Club held an all-day shoot with the following scores:

	100Yds.	80Yds.	60Yds.	Total.				
	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.				
Dr. Hertig	46	160	35	143	23	104	104	407
Jiles	23	90	24	87	22	98	67	275
Gray	5	20	8	31	12	50	25	101

American round, 30 arrows at 60, 50 and 40yds.:

	60Yds.	50Yds.	40Yds.	Total.				
	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.				
Dr. Hertig	29	133	29	175	30	206	88	514
Jiles	24	92	26	123	29	145	79	360
Gray	12	48	14	64	15	78	41	190

During the York round the wind was very high and variable. Dr. Hertig's score of 46 hits, 160 score, was under the circumstances a creditable performance.

J. S. JILES.

STORY and scores of National Archery Association's thirty-fourth annual tournament appeared in the Aug. 31st issue of FOREST AND STREAM. A few copies are still on hand.



New One-Design Schooner.

AN evidence of the increasing popularity of one-design classes is illustrated by the new Stamford Y. C. one-design schooner class, the designs for which were prepared by Messrs. Cox & Stevens, the contract having been awarded to Robert Jacob, of City Island. The dimensions of these schooners are: Length over all, 62 feet; water line, 40 feet; beam, 11 feet; draft, 7 feet. They are to be pole-masted vessels of the knock-about type, there being no bowsprit, and the main boom extending but a very short distance beyond the transom.

The proposition presented to the designers in this case was to produce a schooner that could be handled with two paid hands, would have comfortable cruising accommodations for five persons in addition to the crew, including one double stateroom, a comfortable toilet and galley of ample size, and further that the vessels when built should be excellent sea boats and have a fair turn of speed so that in addition to the one-design racing they will be able to make a fair showing when racing out of their class.

Having these requisites in mind, a minimum water line length of 40 feet was adopted as being necessary to secure a good cockpit and the accommodation required, and it being necessary to give the vessels a small rig, so that the sails could be easily handled by the contemplated crew, a beam of 11 feet was selected as being the maximum possible, in order that the vessel should not be over-canvased.

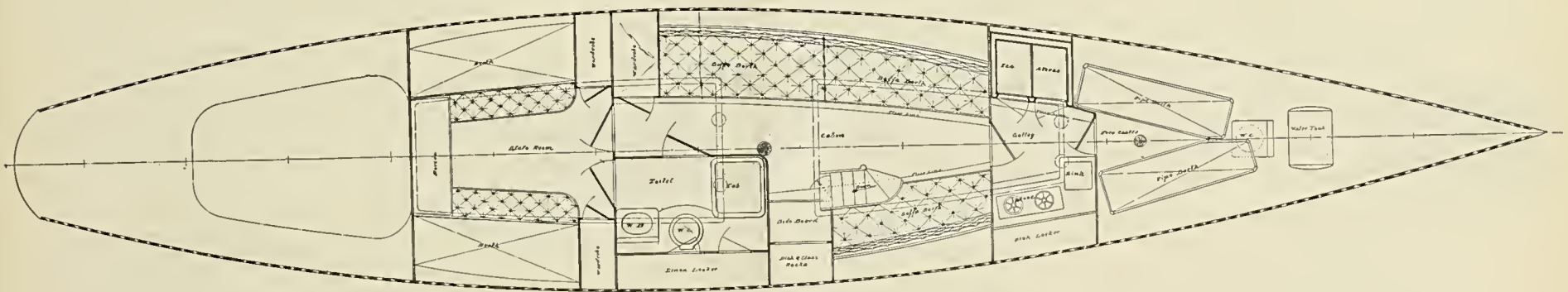
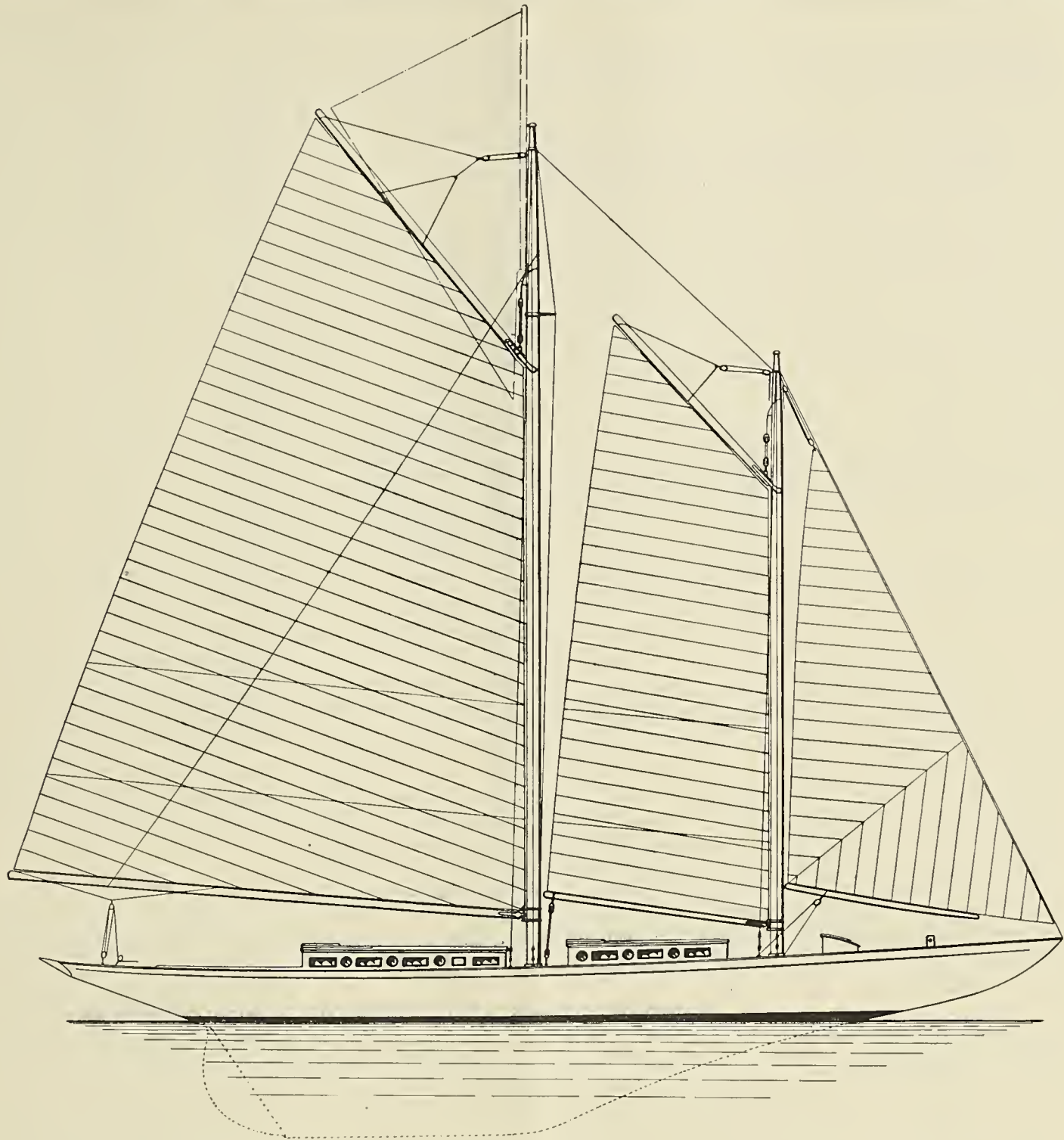
An inspection of the line shows a very fast form, and one that will drive easily even in a lump of a sea, the sections being fine, but of

sufficient power to make the boats carry their canvas well, even in a heavy blow.

These schooners have good freeboard associated with a rather lively shear and well turned and nicely proportioned ends, the entire design being pleasing and workmanlike.

In order to secure ample head room in the living quarters, two low cabin trunks have been provided, the access to the accommodations below being at the after end of the forward trunk, the companion stairs leading into a saloon having three transoms which make up as berths. Under the after trunk is a large double stateroom extending the full width of the vessel, and between the stateroom and the saloon on the starboard side is a bath room of liberal size. Forward of the saloon comes a galley with all the necessary and usual fixtures, and forward of this again is the forecabin. Special attention was paid to securing a large roomy cockpit, and it was decided to steer the boats by wheels instead of tillers in order to preserve the usefulness of the cockpits.

In construction these vessels are to be as well built as possible, all fastening being of copper or composition; the ballast, of which there will be approximately eight tons, being of lead, the keel, stem and stern timbers and frames being of oak, the planking yellow pine, the cabin trunks of mahogany, the decks of white pine and the interior finish below being colonial, the furniture, doors, berth fronts, etc., being mahogany with bulkheads and saloon of white enamel finish. While it is not proposed that these vessels shall have motors installed, they are to be provided with shaft logs so arranged that if at a future date any of the owners wish



STAMFORD Y. C. ONE-DESIGN SCHOONER.

to do so, they may install 25 horsepower motors at a minimum of expense without interfering with the accommodation as arranged.

At the present time five of these vessels have been ordered, the owners being Irving E. Raymond, Edward Corning, Howard C. Smith, C. W. Wetmore and C. G. K. Billings. It is anticipated that at least five more of these vessels will be ordered during the winter.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Harmsworth Cup Challenge Accepted.

THE Motor Boat Club of America has received from London a formal acceptance of its challenge for the Harmsworth trophy. The race will take place during the second week in August, 1913, following the Cowes regatta.

IN consequence of the continuous rain in Southern Russia, the corn crop cannot be cut. The harvest is considered a failure.

Canoeing

Annual Meeting A. C. A.

THE annual meeting of the American Canoe Association was held on Oct. 26. Meeting was called to order by Commodore Cramphorn at 10:10 A. M. There were present Commodore Cramphorn, Treasurer Samuel B. Burnham, Secretary Bancroft L. Goodwin.

The members of the executive committee who were present in person were: A. D. Berning, E. B. Ayers, F. C. Buchenberger, C. F. Wolters, William Collins, B. F. Jacobs, C. L. Patterson, H. C. Morse, W. W. Hinckley.

The following were represented by proxy: H. B. Fort by D. B. Goodsell, F. H. Smith by G. P. Douglas, F. T. Wilson by H. L. Quick, E. C. Kelly by P. F. Hogan, G. G. Richards by Payne Kretzmer, C. A. Spaulding by "Dad" Thorne, John Teach by John Wright, E. H. Demmler by Jesse Armstrong, F. W. Houston by W. A. Heath, H. P. Miller by F. B. Huntington, H. L. Boynton by J. W. Barker.

The Northern Division was not represented.

THE MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

There were present of the Board of Governors: H. L. Quick, Jesse J. Armstrong, F. B. Huntington.

There were present of the Racing Board: G. P. Douglas, Arthur G. Mather, Daniel P. Pratt, J. W. Barker.

These were represented by proxy: E. V. Walker by F. C. Buchenberger, C. T. Wilson by L. Friede, H. D. James by C. F. Wolters, J. W. McConnell by H. C. Morse.

The invitation of the Panama Pacific Exposition was read and ordered placed on file. The names of Mrs. Oscar West, Mrs. Carl Martin, Mrs. John McKay, Miss Charlotte Friese, Miss Elizabeth Friese and Miss Charlotte Mount were presented as having been properly advertised, and upon vote the ladies were declared elected associate members.

Among other routine business it was decided that the annual meeting of the association be held at Sugar Island, Aug. 8-22, 1913.

It was moved by Mr. Quick, seconded by Mr. Berning, that the retiring executive committee and officers be thanked for their very able services.

A letter from Messrs. Douglass and Palmer was read, giving to the association the Manhattan Athletic Club one-mile double blade tandem paddle trophy.

It was voted that this trophy be accepted and turned over with the original deed of gift

to the board of governors, and the matter placed in their hands.

The meeting adjourned at 3:50 P. M.
BANCROFT L. GOODWIN, Sec'y.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—6546, Angus S. Macdonald, 612 West 115th street, New York city; 6547, Jesse L. Austin, 227 Rodney street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; 6548, Harry Henemier, 125 Manhattan street, New York city; 6549, David W. Thorn, 1851 Carter avenue, Bronx, N. Y.; 6550, Frederick Grant, 306 East 142d street, New York city; 6551, Carl T. Hatch, 746 St. Nicholas avenue, New York city; 6552, Alfred N. Rea, Jr., 65 East Tremont avenue, New York city; 6553, Charles W. Rea, 65 East Tremont avenue, New York city; 6554, N. Wright Crowder, 3939 Frisby street, Baltimore, Md.; 6556, Henry C. Webendorfer, 544 West 147th street, New York city; 6557, Waldemar van B. Claussen, 235 West 100th street, New York city.

Western Division.—6555, Roland S. Brand, 505 Belle avenue, Highland Park, Ill.; 6558, Hon. William Hector Maclean, Wilmette, Ill.

MEMBER TRANSFERRED.

4663, Joseph E. Zdankiewicz, Fort Sheridan, Ill., from Atlantic Division to Western Division.

MEMBER DECEASED.

Northern Division.—1838 (Life Member No. 79), Joseph W. Sparrow, 72 Wilson avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada. Mr. Sparrow was rear commodore of the Northern Division and has been a regular attendant at the annual camps of the association and has always been one of those good men who, while having a good time himself, has helped all around him also to enjoy themselves. Commodore Sparrow will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

Western Division.—12 (Life Member No. 32), Lucien Wulsin, 142 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Report comes that Mr. Wulsin, who was one of the charter members of the association, died early in the summer, but so far it has been impossible to obtain absolute confirmation of this report.

Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

ON Oct. 26 the first shoots of the P. T. S. S. were held with following results. Scores of Du Pont-Camden match (won by Du Pont) appeared in Nov. 2 issue:

S. S. White Gun Club.	Highland Shooting Assn.
Griffith 49	McCarty 48
Willson 49	Cooper 47.
Newcomb 48	Pfeger 47
H Powers 48	Tansy 47
Cantrell 47	Hibbs 47.
W H Matthews..... 46	Wm Dalton 45
Thompson 46	Dr Crooks 44
Pratt 45	Perry 44
Howard 45	Mooney 43
Hand 43-467	"Landis" 42-455
Meadow Springs G. C.	Clearview Gun Club.
Torpey 48	Elwell 49
Hillpot 47	Oliver 46
Soley 46	F Coleman 45
Sloan 46	Fisher 44
Thompson 45	Dr Gideon 44
Rowland 44	Ferry 42
Letford 44	Green 41
Emerson 44	Steller 41
Murdock 44	McCullough 40
Renner 43-451	Puff 40-432
Lansdale Gun Club.	Glen Willow Gun Club.
Rogers 50	Hall 43
L L Swartz..... 46	Knickman 42
C C Swartz..... 46	A George 41
Rauch 45	Sheen 41
F Bender 44	Free 41
Lambourne 43	Bickings 40
Nyce 41	Wm Carter 39
Metz 41	Gillinger 37
D Schultz 40	Wilds 37
Harring 40-436	Wm Clegg 37-398

The official standing of the clubs at the close of the first shoot is as follows:

	Points.	Targets.
S. S. White Gun Club.....	2	467
Du Pont Gun Club of Wilmington.....	2	460
Highland Shooting Association	1	455
Meadow Springs Gun Club.....	2	451
Lansdale Gun Club.....	2	436
Clearview Gun Club.....	1	432
Camden Shooting Association.....	1	426
Glen Willow Gun Club.....	1	398

The second shoot of the League series is scheduled for Saturday, Dec. 7, when the clubs meet as follows: Glen Willow vs. Highland, at Edge Hill; Meadow Springs vs. Camden Shooting Association, at Camden; S. S. White vs. Lansdale, at Lansdale; Du Pont Gun Club vs. Clearview, at Darby.

The Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 9.—As another instance of the winnings of persistence, to-day J. B. McHugh took Delaware State championship away from A. B. Richardson. The chasm between winner and loser was bridged by just one target. The fact that neither score was intimately related to standard form of either shooter was due to a squally cross-wind and kaleidoscopic clouds overhead and behind the traps. The race was interesting, as may be seen by the total, 91 and 90. Each man broke 7 straight, then Richardson undershot No. 8, at which McHugh sympathetically "went and done the same." Title holder passed up his tenth. Relative positions remained the same until the 31st bird synocopated away from McHugh's fire. At first quarter score stood: Richardson 23, McHugh 22.

Each man lost his fourth, from which scale they puffed along to the tune of dead until the sixth, missed, which soared away from McHugh. Richardson then passed his 12th; then McHugh lost No. 20, and Richardson his 24th. Total, 45 to 44; Richardson one up and 50 to go.

In next 25 each broke 23. On last 25 McHugh cleaned his shooting glasses and wiped the champion's eye "worsen 'Norm' scoured 'Bob's lamp'"—to speak in a Collier's sense. The challenger disposed of 17 aerosaucers before he tripped on the 18th parallel and spilled his load into the ambient atmosphere. Richardson dropped his 3d, 15th and 20th, while challenger keen-eyed selected successfully the discs from between atmospheric molecules and luminous particles on to his last bird.

In Class A trophy event, McHugh scoured the Senator's son from Dover, 47 to 45.

For the Coleman du Pont silver souvenir spoons there were 40 contestants in the several classes, who finished as shown below. Among the visitors were Dale Bumstead, of Chicago, and Herbert Taylor, of Joplin, Mo., managers of the du Pont Company's offices in their respective cities.

The totals made by the forty-seven shooters present in the first 25 targets they shot at (the spoon event) were as follows: A. B. Richardson 21, George F. Lord 14, D. R. Rutter 16, W. A. Joslyn 17, Clyde Leedom 15, E. M. Ross 14, J. W. Anderson, Jr., 21, J. B. McHugh 21, J. H. Minnick 22, *Ed. Banks 19, C. T. Martin 16, R. P. Willis 20, J. T. Roberson 22, J. C. Rhoads 11, J. A. McMullen 7, L. C. Lvcn 15, H. P. Carlon 21, Lee Moore 15, J. G. Highfield, Jr., 14, *W. S. Colfax, Jr., 20, *L. D. Willis 22, W. G. Robelen 16, W. J. Highfield 21, H. T. Reed 19, W. B. Smith, Jr., 20, Dr. A. Patterson 19, S. G. David 14, E. H. Lambert 12, Stanley Tuchten 19, *J. T. Skelly 22, J. H. Squires 14, T. W. Mathewson 18, W. Edmanson 22, *E. A. W. Everitt 18, Victor du Pont 21, W. G. Wood 15, *Herbert Taylor 18, Eugene du Pont 20, *Dale Bumstead 15.

*Professional.

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If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

- Nov. 21-22.—Clinton (Ont.) G. C. J. E. Cantelon, Sec'y.
- Dec. 2-6.—St. Thomas (Ont.) G. C. W. J. McCance, Asst. Mgr.
- 1913.
- Jan. 1.—Utica, N. Y.—Gencsee Gun Club. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
- Jan. 22-25.—Pinchurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.
- July 8-13.—Cedar Point, Ohio.—The Indians' tournament. D. H. Eaton, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Trapshooter Banks: Well, Ted, baseball is a great sport, isn't it?

Teddy High Gun: It sure is; without it some of our leading vaudeville stars would have no summer employment.

Last week I said that State Champion Von Lengerke had beaten Louis Colquitt for New Jersey honors. This was one of those "inadvertents." Al Ivins took "champ" away from Colquitt and in turn let it slide before Von Lengerke's accurate fire. The fact remains that at this writing E. Von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, is champion aerosaucer exterminator of the State of New Jersey.

The Swedish rifle clubs, in response to the American invitation to send a team of marksmen to the United States, are making efforts to organize the strongest possible combination of riflemen to participate in the tournament. Swedish riflemen proved the closest rivals of the Americans in the shooting contests at the Olympic games, where they led all other nations. They know each other's caliber, and Capt. P. H. Hedenbald, president of the Swedish division of the International Rifle Union, is of the opinion that some keen contests may therefore be expected.

W. G. BEECROFT.

Crescent A. C.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y., Nov. 5.—An all-day shoot inaugurated formally the trapshooting season here to-day. Twenty aerosaucerists voted for the sport, depositing with more or less regularity their ballots of chilled 8's into the receptive saucers. The 100-target handicap Holiday cup went to T. S. Lawson, whose free 16 gave him 92. He took home also the Election Day Trophy; with 28 unpulled clays he scored 100 gross. George Brower made good on Committee cup with 48 from a start of 6 free birds. The new trap house and ground improvements were much appreciated by the shooters.

Election Day cup, 100 targets, handicap:

T S Lawson	100	George Bingham	82
C A Lockwood	88	J F James	80
F Weilbacher	84	F S Hyatt	80
Dr Sauer	83	P Van Boeckman	79

Committee cup, 50 targets, handicap:

H. T.	H. T.		
George Brower	6 48	George Bingham ..	14 39
T F James	0 45	R Morgan	0 39
P Van Boeckman ..	0 44	F Weilbacher	13 39
H T Spooner	8 44	Dr Sauer	0 38
M Stiner	2 43	*H Welles	0 38
J H Vanderveer ..	2 42	H W Dreyer	6 37
T S Lawson	8 45	C T Davis	10 34
C A Lockwood	6 41	H D Bergen	0 33
*T A R Elliott	0 40	R Snyder	0 32
F S Hyatt	6 39	T A Davis	0 27

Holiday cup, 100 targets, handicap:

T S Lawson	16 92	H W Dreyer	12 83
George Brower	10 91	*R Morgan	0 83
F Weilbacher	20 89	*H D Bergen	0 81
F S Hyatt	12 88	J H Vanderveer	4 77
M Stiner	4 91	H T Spooner	16 77
*Dr Sauer	0 87	R Snyder	0 68
J F James	0 84	*T A Davis	0 60
C T Davis	20 84	*H Welles	0 52
*P Van Boeckman ..	0 83		

*Visitors.

Nov. 9.—An off-shore wind made straightaways fast and flat and arched the quartering flyers enigmatically. G. G. Stephenson won the Committee cup event (3) 45, and tied on a sweep. C. R. James showed class in most events, winning four sweeps and Take Home trophy. November cup was a tie between F. B. Stephenson and D. T. Leahy. The scores follow:

Committee cup, 50 targets, handicap:

H. T.	H. T.		
G G Stephenson ...	3 45	T S Lawson	3 40
J F James	0 44	J H Vanderveer ...	2 36
C R James	1 44	D T Leahy	1 29
F B Stephenson ...	0 42		

Take home trophy 100 targets, handicap:

C R James	1 87	J S Yergeson	7 70
F J James	0 85	*C T Storke	0 68
F B Stephenson ...	0 82	*A W Balding	0 67
J H Vanderveer ...	2 78	*J F Stewart	0 65
D T Leahy	1 75	S V R Brundage ...	6 64
J S Lawson	3 74	G Bingham	7 63
G G Stephenson ...	3 71		

Sweepstakes, 25 targets, handicap:

J F James	4 24	J H Vanderveer ...	2 22
F B Stephenson ...	4 22		

Sweepstakes, 25 targets, handicap:

G G Stephenson ...	3 20	C R James	1 19
J F James	0 20	F B Stephenson ...	0 17
J H Vanderveer ...	2 20	D T Leahy	1 14

Shoot-off:

J F James	0 24	J H Vanderveer ...	0 21
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November cup, 25 targets, handicap:

F B Stephenson ...	0 22	J H Vanderveer ...	2 18
D T Leahy	1 22	C R James	1 16
G G Stephenson ...	3 20	J S Lawson	3 15
J F James	0 19		

*Guests.

Northern Kentucky Gun Club.

THE series of monthly money-back tournaments is ended for this year. These shoots have been well attended. At the last one fifteen shooters took part, among the out-of-town shooters being Lee Omohundro, New Orleans, and J. French, Texas, both trade representatives; R. Gaskell, Morrow, O.; W. Webster, Columbus; Ike Brandenburg, Dayton, and L. J. Squier, Pittsburgh, Pa.

High score of the day was made by J. S. Day, who dropped 7 out of 150. S. W. Dameron and R. Gaskell tied for high amateur score on 139. At the half-way post, 75 targets, C. W. Ford was high amateur with 73, tying with J. S. Day, but the pace was a little too hot and he finished second on 138. J. French was back here after an absence of several years, and received a warm welcome. He used to be a regular at the weekly shoots of the Cincinnati Gun Club on the old grounds, and was one of the most popular trade representatives in this section. The scores:

*J S Day	143	M J Welsh	130
G W Dameron	139	H Ertel	125
R Gaskell	139	M H Johnson	121
C W Ford	138	*Lee Omohundro ...	118
W Webster	135	*L J Squier	118
J Schreck	133	*J French	113
I Brandenburg	132	*O Holaday	106
H R Irwin	131		

The weekly shoot on Nov. 3 was poorly attended, only four men taking part. Irwin shot a good gait, breaking 91. He is "coming back" evidently, as he made high amateur score at Hamilton last week. The club will give a turkey shoot on the Tuesday before Thanksgiving, Nov. 26. The program will probably be five 20-target events, or it may be decided to make the events shorter and have more of them. Turkeys, ducks and chickens will be given in each event; ties to be shot off in following event, and in the last event, miss-

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and-out. It is going to be a fine chance to have some sport and get a Thanksgiving turkey cheap, and we want all the shooters in this part of the country to come. You can shoot in one event or in all, as suits you.

Following are the scores of Nov. 3: H. R. Irwin 91, Robin 45, Cameron 47, Richards 35.

Greenwich Field Club.

GREENWICH, Conn., Nov. 5.—A five-man team from Noroton Gun Club came over to-day and was properly Turkeyed by the Greenwich Field Club Bulgars. The score was 405 to 339. A. Elliott Ranney was big gun for the day with 92 out of his 100 Turks. Charley Martin, of the Bulgar bunch, and Fred Gallagher, of the Shotups, tied for second high with 87. Third plug was pulled by A. L. Ferguson with 82. Some of the scores by members of each team were somewhat sad, probably through lack of practice. The scores:

Field Club of Greenwich.	Noroton.		
A E Ranney	92	Fred Gallatin	87
Charles Martin	87	Dr Staub	77
A L Ferguson	82	George Hoyt	77
J R Coffin	75	J. D. Crimmins Jr.	56
John D Chapman	69	L M Dickson	48

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 2.—In the club practice to-day Moller led with 92½ per cent, Edmonson and Veitmeyer in second place with 90. In the first competition for the Stevens Arms Co. job and button, Edmonson broke the most targets, but number added under terms of the competition gave Wilson temporary possession. The scores follow:

	Practice.	Trophy.
	Shot at. Broke.	B. H. T.
Edmonson	120 108	45 0 45
*Veitmeyer	110 99	...
Alig	100 78	43 4 47
Wheeler	90 48	...
Moller	80 74	43 4 47
Lewis	60 47	43 2 45
Neighbors	60 42	34 12 46
Dixon	40 32	43 2 45
Rritton	40 30	33 10 43
Wilson	40 30	43 6 49
Appel	20 17	35 6 41

*Professional.

New York A. C.

PELHAM MANOR, N. Y., Nov. 5.—At the Election Day shoot the score sheet looked more like "those present" during the busy season in trapshooting at the island. The number was not large, but was representative. Capt. Billings, however, still is among the absent. G. M. Thomson scored one pedestal on the November cup with (3) 25, in addition to which he tied, and lost on shoot-off on Travers Island trophy. R. R. Debacher got a doubleheader, winning Ogden cup and Olympic style event.

G. J. Corbett and D. F. McMahon tied for McMahon cup, Corbett, of course, won the shoot-off. Dr. Held scored on Travers Island cup, while Ralph Spotts, from 21yds., won distance handicap with 22 out of 25.

Added events were two 100-target events, handicap and scratch, won by D. F. McMahon and G. M. Thomson, respectively. The scores:

November cup, 25 targets, handicap: G M Thomson 3 25, Dr De Wolfe 3 24, T Lenane, Jr. 5 24, Capt Borland 4 24, W B Ogden 1 23, D F McMahon 1 23, Dr Held 1 22

Ogden cup, 25 targets, handicap: R R Debacher 7 25, G F Pelham 3 24, Dr De Wolfe 3 24, W B Ogden 1 24, G M Thomson 2 23, O C Grinnell 2 23, D E McMahon 1 23

McMahon cup, 25 targets, handicap: G J Corbett 1 25, D F McMahon 1 25, G M Thomson 2 24, Dr De Wolfe 3 24, D L Spotts 0 24, T L Lenane, Jr. 5 24, O C Grinnell 2 22

Travers Island trophy, 25 targets, handicap: Dr Held 1 25, G M Thomson 2 25, D F McMahon 1 25, T Lenane, Jr. 5 25, G F Pelham 3 25, R L Spotts 0 24, Dr De Wolfe 3 24

Olympic cup, 25 targets, handicap: R R Debacher 6 25, Dr De Wolfe 3 23, D F McMahon 1 21, R L Spotts 0 15

Distance handicap, 25 targets: R L Spotts 21 22, W B Ogden 20 20, O C Grinnell 19 20, D F McMahon 20 20, B M Higginson 20 19, E M Thomson 19 19, T Lenane, Jr. 16 17

Nov. 9.—There were some changes in names and scores to-day, but no increase in the number. There was a bad down-channel wind, which sped up the saucers considerably. November cup went to Brandenburg on a shoot-off with Lenane, with a handicap of 6. A. Elliott Ranney was there with his windward eye, taking high gun with 91 out of 100. Dr. Culver followed with 88. Ranney took, among other things, Ogden trophy, shooting off with C. Stein. Lenane scooped McMahon trophy leg after a shoot-off. Travers Island trophy went to Dr. De Wolfe, who won also Day trophy, after a tie with Ranney, and a tie on Olympic cup with C. W. Billings. This tie will be decided at next shoot. The distance trophy also was won in part by Lenane, but Billings took it away on shoot-off.

This was Billings' first appearance since the regular events began, and he shot in pretty good form. Spotts was somewhat wind-fettered, being placed only in high gun event, when he made 86 from scratch. Scores:

November cup, 25 targets, handicap: J I Brandenburg 6 25, T Lenane, Jr. 5 25, G J Corbett 0 24, Dr L Culver 0 24, W J Simpson 3 23, W J Elias 2 23, G E McLemore 5 23, A E Ranney 1 22, W B Ogden 1 22, V Thaw 0 22, E N Huggins 6 22, R L Spotts 0 21

Ogden trophy, 25 targets, handicap: A E Ranney 1 25, C Stein 7 25, Dr De Wolfe 3 24, R R Debacher 6 24, J I Brandenburg 6 23, W J Simpson 3 23, W J Elias 2 23, B M Higginson 1 22, V Thaw 0 22, Dr Held 0 22, Dr Culver 0 22, C W Billings 1 21

McMahon trophy, 25 targets, handicap: T Lenane, Jr. 4 25, J M Jones 5 25, W B Ogden 1 25, Dr De Wolfe 3 24, B M Higginson 1 24, A E Ranney 0 23, R R Debacher 6 23, R L Spotts 0 23, G J Corbett 0 23, W J Simpson 3 23, S Scott 0 23, Dr Culver 0 22

Travers Island trophy, 25 targets, handicap: Dr De Wolfe 3 25, R R Debacher 6 24, J S Blackton 7 24, A E Ranney 0 23, C W Billings 1 23, J I Brandenburg 5 23, W J Elias 2 23, E N Huggins 6 23, R L Spotts 0 22, B M Higginson 1 22, W J Simpson 3 22, S Scott 0 22

Distance trophy, 25 targets, handicap: C W Billings 20 21, T Lenane, Jr. 17 21, Dr Culver 21 21, A E Ranney 21 19, R L Spotts 21 19, B M Higginson 20 19, V T Shaw 21 19, S Scott 21 19, W B Ogden 20 18, Dr Held 21 18, Dr De Wolfe 19 17, R R Debacher 16 17

Olympic cup, 25 targets, handicap, gun below the elbow rules: Dr De Wolfe 2 23, C W Billings 0 23, R L Spotts 0 20, G J Corbett 0 20, R R Debacher 6 19, A E Ranney 0 18

Shoot-off of tie between Dr. De Wolfe and C. W. Billings postponed on account of darkness. Dav trophy, 100 targets, handicap: A E Ranney 4 96, Dr De Wolfe 12 92, J I Brandenburg 20 91, W J Simpson 12 91, T Lenane, Jr. 20 90, R R Debacher 24 89, W J Elias 8 89, B M Higginson 4 88, Dr Culver 0 88, J M Jones 20 87, R L Spotts 0 86, W B Ogden 4 86

High gun trophy, 100 targets, scratch: A E Ranney 91, Dr Culver 88, R L Spotts 86, G J Corbett 85

B M Higginson 84, C W Billings 84, S Scott 84, V Thaw 83, W B Ogden 82, W J Elias 81, Dr Held 80, Dr De Wolfe 80, J M Jones 67, R R Debacher 65, G E McLemore 63, J W Hessian 62, E N Huggins 59, J S Blackton 46, C Stein 41, H H Duden 39

Jersey City Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 9.—This was one grand day for trapshooting, even if the wind did blow considerable, but that only made the competition all the keener; but if any one thinks the targets were easy, just ask Kearney, as this is the third time he had ever shot at the rocks and drew a pretty bad day for a beginner. Shannon had the honor of being high gun with the unusually low score for him of 80 per cent. Dixon and Dr. Bogart were giving him a close race for the honors until they both tried out their new guns, and, of course, their scores then took on a sickly tint. Dr. Bogart has been absent from our Saturday shoots for so long that he had forgotten the location of the club evidently, as he was almost out to Newark before he realized that he had "got by." However, after giving orders concerning a private garage he is having put up for his own private use, he promises to motor over every Saturday until the snow gets too deep. The scores follow:

Strings of 25 targets: Shannon, 18, 23, 17, 20, 21, 22, 19; Kearney, 2, 4, 6, 6, 14; Dr. Russell, 14, 11, 4, 12, 12; Dixon, 18, 21, 20, 17, 20; Dr. Bogart 19, 21, 15, 21, 16, 19; Kelly, 11, 15; Burlington, 18, 15; Kurzel, 14, 14; Dobson, 4, 8.

SECRETARY.

Danville Rod and Gun Club.

Danville, Ill., Nov. 3.—Diamond medal went to J. Ed. McMillan here to-day on a score of 46 out of 50. Dog medal (gold) was bagged by Fax Bartlett, 42 out of 50. Kinningham eliminated 61 out of 75 possibilities, while Hendrich popped away at 100 and successfully negotiated 60 of them. Fourteen trappists burned powder. The medal shoot is a regular fortnightly feature and brings out great competition. The scores:

Table with columns: Name, Shot at, Brk, Shot, Brk. Hendrick 100 60, Bartlett 50 42, Bales 100 53, Robbins 50 34, Kinningham 75 61, Kick 50 26, McMillan 75 57, Squiers 50 20, Gast 75 48, Leonard 50 20, Barkman 75 41, Kill 25 17, Barton 75 37, Plummer 25 14

H. T. TEUGEN.

Daniel Boone Gun Club.

MARTHASVILLE, Mo., Nov. 1.—The faithful seven practiced to-day with the result that Ahmann, Lichtenberg and Wyatt tied on 37 out of 40 for upper berth. These weekly rehearsals are showing wonderfully in the scores. The scores:

Table with columns: Name, Shot at, Broke. Ahmann 40 33, Freese 40 27, Lichtenberg 40 33, F Suhre 40 21, Wyatt 40 33, Meyer 20 15, E Suhre 40 30

J. O. WILSON, Sec'y.



OFFICERS OF DANIEL BOONE GUN CLUB.

Left to Right—H. F. Berg, Treas.; A. F. Ahmann, Vice-Pres.; H. W. Meyer, Pres.; J. O. Wilson, Sec'y.

WINCHESTER

Red **W** Goods

WIN THE

High Amateur Average For Single And Double Targets; High Amateur Average for Double Targets, and High Professional Averages for Single and for Double Targets, for the Season of 1912

THE official returns for the trap shooting season of 1912 are now all in. The result was as the canvass indicated it would be. Winchester Red **W** Goods, by the run they made again proved, as they have many a time before, that they are the winning campaigners. There was no split or defection in the ranks of the vast army of intelligent shooters who used Winchester Loaded Shells and Shotguns. They supported them straight. There was no falling off in Winchester quality or popularity. The mid-season claims of some brands would make a political aerocyst green with envy. But the result—and the result is the thing that counts—shows another landslide for the old reliable Winchester Red **W** Brand. The self-proclaimed “world-beating”, “speed” candidate was snowed under by the world-beatingest, speediest combination extant, while of the contender of the ebon name naught was left save a cavernous flash-passage into which to withdraw.

And now for the official returns to which, in the language of the prevalent politician, “we point with pride.”

11 out of 13 Official Seasons' Averages

Out of the first 12 professionals in the Season's Average Contest for 1912, 9 used Winchester Loaded Shells, or Winchester Shotguns, or both. Some shooting, eh?

Season's High Amateur Average on Single and Double Targets: Won by Allen Heil of Allentown, Pa., with Winchester Loaded “Leader” Shells. Score, 1023 x 1100.

Season's High Professional Average on Single Targets: Won by W. R. Crosby of O'Fallon, Ill., with Winchester Loaded “Leader” Shells. Score, 1952 x 2000.

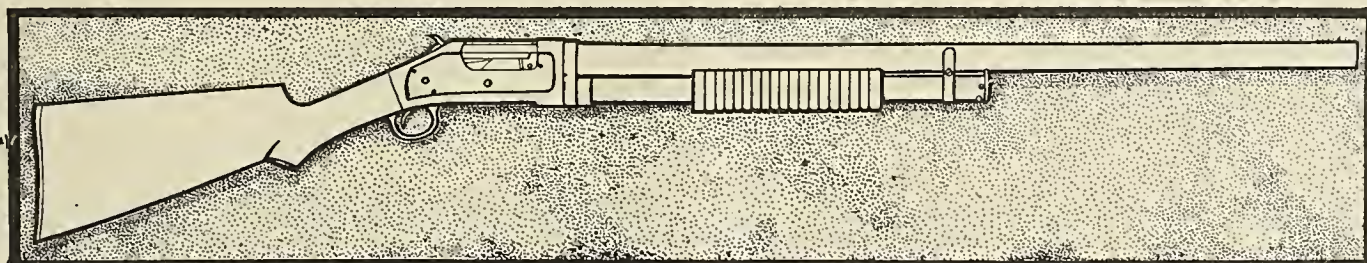
Season's High Amateur Average on Double Targets: Won by Allen Heil of Allentown, Pa., with Winchester Loaded “Leader” Shells. Score, 260 x 300.

Season's High Professional Average on Double Targets: Won by Fred Gilbert of Spirit Lake, Ia., with Winchester Loaded “Leader” Shells. Score, 522 x 600.

.98% FOR 4895 TARGETS — THE REAL UNBEATEN RECORD

This epoch-making record, which well-posted shooters all remember, was made in 1910 at REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS on *regulation targets*, by E. F. Forsgard with Winchester Loaded “Leader” and “Repeater” Shells and a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. The figures are susceptible of proof by the Interstate Association records. They stand unbeaten. Don't be misguided. Shoot Winchester Red **W** goods—they make good every claim.

WINCHESTER QUALITY WINS THE BIG VICTORIES



Marine and Field Club.

BATH BEACH, L. I., Nov. 5.—Some voted and some shot, while some voted and shot. We had out quite a few of the latter. C. D. Sayre and E. H. Lott tied on November cup with 95 out of 100, Lott shooting from scratch, while Sayre had a free start of 18. Lott then took trophy shoot with 25 straight, while in the handicap trophy event Sayre copped the mutton with 5—23. Scores:

November cup, 100 targets, handicap:			
E H Lott.....	0 95	E T Church.....	18 85
C D Sayre.....	18 95	C M Camp.....	12 84
J H Vanderveer....	14 92	P R Towne.....	10 79
S P Hopkins.....	8 87	W H Devol.....	12 74
C B Ludwig.....	12 86		

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, scratch:			
E H Lott.....	25	C M Camp.....	17
S P Hopkins.....	23	P R Towne.....	16
C B Ludwig.....	21	E T Church.....	15
W H Devol.....	20	J H Vanderveer.....	15
C D Sayre.....	19		

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap:			
C D Sayre.....	5 23	W H Devol.....	3 19
E H Lott.....	0 22	E T Church.....	3 18
P R Towne.....	3 20	C D Ludwig.....	3 13

Last Saturday (Nov. 9) E. H. Lott once more shot to form, taking another leg on November cup with 91 out of 100 from scratch. P. R. Towne and C. B. Ludwig tied, each on handicap, for first 25 handicap sweep. Second sweep went to Lott with 24 breaks against Towne next in line (2) 22. Scores:

November cup, 100 targets, handicap:			
E H Lott.....	0 91	J M Knox.....	18 75
C D Sayre.....	18 90	P R Towne.....	10 75
J H Emanuel, Jr....	12 87	W H Davol.....	18 70
F P Hopkins.....	8 79	J E Hanlon.....	20 62
C B Ludwig.....	12 77	W C Hamlin.....	25 43

Sweepstakes, 25 targets, handicap:			
P R Towne.....	3 24	C D Sayre.....	5 21
C B Ludwig.....	3 24	E H Lott.....	0 20
J H Emanuel, Jr....	3 21	W H Davol.....	4 20
J M Knox.....	5 21		

Sweepstakes, 25 targets, handicap:			
E H Lott.....	0 24	W H Davol.....	5 21
P R Towne.....	2 22	C D Sayre.....	4 20
J H Emanuel, Jr....	4 22		

Cincinnati Gun Club.

ELEVEN members took part in the weekly shoot on Nov. 10. The scores were not up to the mark, owing to the high wind, which affected the flight of the targets. In other respects the weather conditions were perfect. High score was made by J. Schreck, who broke 83 out of 95. Connelly gave him a close race, finishing in second place with 80. The near approach of the open season brought several shooters for a little practice before taking to the field for quail and rabbits. Hammer-schmidt was trying out his new 20-gauge Winchester, and did some good work, breaking 88 per cent. of his targets. McArdle also shot an 88 per cent. clip. At 12 pairs of doubles Connelly broke 10, Schreck 14, and Hammer-schmidt 15. Northcutt broke 12 and Walker 11 out of 10 pairs each.

It is a long time since Harig faced the traps, and his work showed the lack of practice, being much lower than in the old St. Bernard days, when he used to break up in the 90s.

The club will be well represented at the turkey shoot of the Northern Kentucky Gun Club on Nov. 26.

Targets:	15 15 20 15 15 15	Total.
Connelly	11 12 17 12 14 14	80
Northcutt	9 9 13 10 8 11	60
Walker	10 5 12 8 12 8	55
Schreck	13 13 18 14 12 13	83
Hammerschmidt	12 13 19	44
Riagel	11 13 11 7 8 ..	50
L Gambell	13	13
Harig	7 8 14 6 10 15	60
Clemons	6 9 11 8 7 15	56
Roswell	8 7 10	25
McArdle	14 13 17	44

Eagle Gun Club.

MANOA, Pa., Nov. 9.—Eleven gunmen shot to-day in the weekly shoot of the Eagle Gun Club, and Westward won with a straight score. Scores:

Westward, 29222222222	—10
Redman, 29122212220	—9
Hoffman, 30222202222	—9
Fisher, 302202222022	—8
Gideon, 29022012222	—8
Ocheltree, 30202112220	—8
Soley, 28202220222	—7
Wingate, 282102100211	—7
Pillottson, 27022202200	—6
Stauffer, 27102020201	—6
Aiman, 282222100222	—8

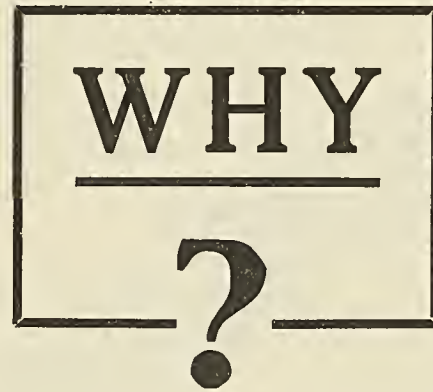
Meadow Springs Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 9.—Strong wind swept Meadow Springs Gun Club traps, but had no effect on Turner; his score of 95, including handicaps, won him a dipper, and he also landed the spoon offered for the best actual score, his total being 79. Renner and Gerber each landed a leg on the Harvey trophy. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Handi-	
	B.	B.	H.T.	H.T.	B.	Net. cap.	Total.
Turner	6	12	4	25	4	25	79 16 95
Kress	3	8	5	21	5	18	53 20 73
Renner	7	10	1	21	1	24	77 4 81
Gerber	4	13	3	39	3	24	54 9 63
Wolf	9	10	0	17	0	15	68 0 68

No. 4 was shoot for Harvey trophy.

SHOOT DUPONT Sporting Powders



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“BRING HOME THE BACON”
EVERY TIME

Independent Gun Club.

HOLMESBURG, Pa., Nov. 9.—Henry Powers and Clarence Hand played bandits here to-day, and as the guns boomed they held up Independent Gun Club for about all the goods available. Hand took his third and winning limb on president's trophy. Powers spooned away a couple of ladles and topped the bunch on the day's upper with 92 net.

McKean and Hand, with the kindly consent of the handicapping committee, tied with full scores on the dish for little fishes. Pratt took Class B feeder with 88—8 free. Scores:

Fontaine, 1620 18 21 20	79	15	94
Peeden, 1624 20 17 17	78	0	78
Smith, 1616 14 20 17	67	0	67
Ford, 1723 22 24 19	88	5	93
Freeman, 1621 21 19 21	82	12	94
Newcomb, 2022 22 17 23	84	4	88
Griffith, 2025 21 23 21	90	4	94
Hand, 1822 19 23 23	88	12	100
Cook, 1824 20 21 18	83	4	87
Powers, 1824 23 23 22	92	7	99
Edwards, 1722 18 17 16	73	9	82
Clegg, 1722 21 18 2	73	14	87

McKean, 1723 22 20 22	87	13	100
F W Mathews, 1821 24 22 22	89	8	97
W H Mathews, 1821 23 23 22	89	9	98
Kecnan, 1719 22 18 18	77	19	96
Abbott, 1619 17 21 19	76	18	94
Harkins, 1616 13 16 15	60	26	86
Pratt, 1823 16 18 23	80	8	88
Hinkson, 1610 19 19 17	65	15	80

Harvard—Princeton.

ON Nov. 2, at Princeton, Harvard Gun Club hung it on the Orange and Black by one aerosaucer. Score was 162 to 163 out of 250. No member of either team shot worth mentioning. Bullock, of Harvard, was high with 39 out of 50, while Jackson, also from Cambridge, cracked only 9 out of 25. Princeton shot five men against six scores from Crimsonville:

Harvard.		Princeton.	
Benson34	White31
Bullock39	Fumpson38
Jackson9	Greene38
Cutting16	Horne26
Lockwood34	Minrick29—162
Swift31—163		

Smith Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 9.—Those who would not substitute elay for feathers kept down attendance here to-day, but good sport was the portion of those who stayed. Sam Thornton hefted and then lifted first gold by separating 42 fliers from the atmospheric molecules, while eight others blended too successfully into the luminous particles and went their way unbroken. J. Baldwin got 40 out of 50. Sweeps made considerable joy for all and profit for some—mostly Brother Shanley. The scores:

B. M. Shanley, Jr., 20, 20, 21, 17, 15, 36; E. Robinson, 9, 11, 5; J. Baldwin, 18, 24, 13, 18, 24, 40; William Kussmaul, 7, 11, 11, 19, 27; Dr. Moeller, 13, 11, 10, 20, 15, 26; T. Pryor, 15, 9, 31; S. G. Francisco, 15, 14, 19, 29; J. H. Francisco, 20, 20, 28; John Erb, 11, 30; F. Apgar,

11, 20, 37; Sam Thornton, 16, 22, 42; C. Von Lengerke, 20, 18, 20, 39; W. Hassinger, 17, 17, 34; S. G. Barnett, 13.

Rifle and Revolver

High School Rifles.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—Stuyvesant, High School of Commerce, and Curtis High won to-day's matches in Public Schools Athletic League tournament. The rep-

resentatives of the former school won from the Morris High in a close match by the score of 264 to 262 over Stuyvesant range. It is the first time Morris team has been defeated this season. Scores:

Table with columns for Stuyvesant, Morris, Commerce, Eastern District, Curtis, De Witt Clinton, and Morris No. 2. Lists names and scores for various individuals.

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HAUNTERS OF THE ERMINE WAY.

BY ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.

THE woods lay silent— deep, endless silence such as is only found in the dim solitudes; in fact, the stillness was so deep that it brooded on the brink of an indefinite melancholy monotony that seemed to permeate everything in the realm of nature. The day was drowsed away on the mothering breast of the earth, sleepy and tired. The huge trees rose on every side and on the branches yet remained evidence of the great snow storm that had been raging the previous night. I could see through the trees the fields lying outspread in their spotless grandeur far westward till they met a wood. Here and there tufts of grass jutted through the ermine and shivered when the crisp west wind bore down upon them and was lost among the shadows of the wood. I stood motionless with alert senses beside a tall white oak. Though the day was bitter cold I felt not the chill, for I was clad in woolens and the high hunting boots were strapped tight about the ankles. My bare hands were now warm—a vigorous exercise having sent the blood down to the blue finger nails. A drowsiness possessed me, but it was only that keen exhilaration that comes after traveling many miles in the snow. Suddenly a black-capped chickadee darted through the air, seemingly from the unknown, and alighting on a dead limb, sent forth his cheery call to wake the silence that enwrapped the scene. Somehow, I cannot well tell why, I felt that something was about to occur, and I stood there waiting with eyes glancing into every covert. And then it happened. Through the trees I could discern a fluffy brown object making its way over the snow. It paused every now and then to peer into the depths of the shadows, as though in fear, and then with renewed confidence set out to brave the clutch of the loose snow. It was a muskrat that had left his home in the reeded marsh, curious to know what there was to see in the great unknown that stretched before him on every side. He did not see me and I did not move, for I was busy wondering at the queer-ness at seeing this little amphibious creature braving the woodland snowdrifts so far from his environments. Simple as it was, it impressed itself upon my mind as a mystery to be solved. What would he do, and where, in case he knew,

was he bound? I stood as rigid as a statue and watched the progress of the animal; his beautiful coat was something to marvel at. The long guard hairs were tipped with black, while the rest was a deep nut brown that seemed to change when the light fell on it. The eyes were like beads and flashed as they were turned inquisitively from side to side.

Presently, as I watched, I heard a faintly perceptible murmur in the brush to my right, and turning I saw a rabbit race into view with long graceful leaps. His course lay directly past me, but he saw me not, and darted by as though badly frightened. The muskrat in his blundering trail had risen on his haunches with a quickness that was admirable, and now sat back in the deep snow showing his teeth in a most menacing manner, calculated to drive fear into the heart of the tab-footed cousin of the wild. The rabbit perhaps would have kept right on, but suddenly stopped at a bush and began to gnaw the bark, at the same time keeping his eye on the alien. What would have happened it is uncertain to say, but at that moment afar off among the woods a beagle hound sent his prolonged, mournful bay echoing through the lonely aisles and then the spell was broken. The rabbit froze in his tracks, listening with wide ears quivering forward, and then noiselessly, as another howl melted into echoes, disappeared in a snow-wreathed tangle of brush.

After the rabbit had vanished the muskrat continued on his way and was presently lost to view. Then for the first time I moved from my position, yielding to the notion that I wanted to know what lay on the muskrat's back trail. So I set out, following the back route as it lay printed on the white mantle. I knew very soon from the general direction of the trail that the animal had stopped at the wood brook. At the side of a large oak the muskrat had rested, and I judged from the number of tracks around that he had been very restless. In a slight swale the snow had drifted over the trail, but I could make out its indistinct course without undue searching. And then as I neared the stream, slowly and silently I made my way, half crouching through the snow. There are always things occurring in the great realm of nature, but only one schooled in the ways of the wild may obtain a glimpse of the wild kindred in their haunts and truly study them. Over a snowy bank I peered, holding to a bush that I first tested for strength and any stir that it may arouse. The creek lay below, the water showing black against the heavy snow that was around the edges. In one long sweeping glance I took in all the details of the scene. At first I could detect no movement whatever, and then my eye rested on the sinister water that lay below. Suddenly a ripple appeared on the surface, and as it receded it was followed by another and then a little black head appeared, the owner of which was a black-furred mink. Impaled on his teeth was a large frog that was endeavoring to free itself from the deadly clutch, but its efforts were fruitless. The mink reached the edge of the ice and laid its victim down, watching it with savage intentness. The frog, bitten through the head, made an effort to escape, but the mink pounced upon it once more and bit it viciously, causing it to squirm piteously. I then noticed a number of other dead frogs lying in the snow at intervals in various stages of devastation. Again the mink dove silently into the water and returned to the brim presently with another of the inert hibernators. I noticed where the muskrat trail led down to the ice. Would the mink find that trail, and if so, would he follow it? Why not! Suddenly the mink turned his eyes in my direction and watched my snow bank fixedly with his bead-like eyes. His sensitive nostrils trembled as he scented the air, but with the wind blowing toward me, he was fooled. Then apparently satisfied he turned to the muskrat trail as though he had known all the while that it was there and had left it for further consideration after his frog-killing feat. With lithe leaps he followed it until it brought him to the rise and almost on a level with me. But just at that moment my bush cracked warningly, and it was all over. Like a shadow the mink disappeared. Again all

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was silent on all sides. The brook flowed on without a murmur, the frogs stirred faintly on the ice, and over all some sweet tranquillity hung its curtain.

A MODERN HERCULES.

RAMA MURTI NAIDU won the name of India's Hercules by letting an elephant weighing four tons walk over his abdomen, a 12-horsepower motor car run over his shoulder and back, two country carts loaded to the limit of their capacity with men and boys from his audience pass over his shoulders and thighs; also by bearing a stone weighing 3,000 pounds on his chest and back and letting men break a large rock on it with heavy sledge hammers, and finally, according to the Review of Reviews, by snapping asunder a stout chain about one-eighth of an inch in thickness by merely raising his shoulders.

He is a most popular figure in India and receives wherever he goes the reception of a prince. With high thinking he combines plain living, being a pure vegetarian. About two hours after his night performance is over he takes a light meal of rice, pulse, greens or one or two vegetables, all mixed together and weighing not more than half a pound in all.

He takes water or sometimes plain soda and that, too, very moderately, disdaining tea, coffee, cocoa and spirituous liquors. He leaves his bed at 8 o'clock in the forenoon, when his favorite drink is ready for him. This is made from almonds, cummin seed and black pepper, weighing in all two pounds, soaked overnight, made into a fine pulp, then mixed with a pint of water, strained through a piece of muslin and sweetened with sugar.

An hour later he eats a quarter of a pound of raw fresh butter. Breakfast is served at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. It is about the same sort of meal that he eats after his performance. At 4 o'clock he takes a drink similar to the one already described, made from almonds, wheat, bran and milk, and eats a sort of pudding made by boiling together clotted cream, honey, butter and sugar.

NET MAKING IN HOLLAND.

THE manufacture of fishing nets has for centuries been a very important industry in Holland, which in the seventeenth century had a fleet of over 2,000 smacks engaged in the herring fishery. The latest census of the industry shows that there is one fishing net factory at Scheveningen, where the first factory was established, with about ten hands; one at Apeldoorn, with about 250 hands; two at Goor, of which one is also a cotton mill, with about 630 hands; one at Leyden, with about 80 hands, and one at Gouda, with about 30 hands.

Those at Scheveningen, Goor and Leyden make chiefly nets for the herring fishery in the North Sea; the Apeldoorn factory makes all sorts of fishing nets and lines, both for the anchovy and sardine fisheries and for the herring and mackerel fisheries. The Gouda factory makes all sorts of fishing nets and lines. At Sneek there is a ropery yard which mounts and finishes nets for games as well as for fishing purposes; and there are net works at Maassluis and Katwijk. In addition to the large factories there are many small ones where hoop nets and fishing tackle are made by hand.—London Globe.

A NEW AUTOMATIC GUN.

A PRESS report states that Vickers (Ltd.) England, have recently received orders for 1,080 new automatic rifle caliber guns, the Government adopting the gun including five of the first-class powers of Europe. The new gun differs in many respects from the company's earlier types, being lighter and more mobile, while modifications have enabled the gun to continue firing for much longer periods without becoming overheated. This has been achieved partly by a new system of condensation, with the water in the jacket for cooling

the barrel in continuous circulation in association with a separate condenser. On one trial 180,000 rounds were fired from one gun, and of these 30,378 rounds were fired from the same barrel. It was only at this point that there was any falling off in efficiency. In fifteen minutes 2,672 aimed rounds were fired, and of the original supply of six liters of water in the jacket and the condenser combined, one liter still remained.

The gun weighs only twenty-seven pounds, as compared with sixty pounds of the former service automatic rifle caliber guns, while with the necessary cooling water the weight is thirty-six pounds against sixty-six and three-quarter pounds. The length of the barrel is about the same, but length of the water jacket has been increased at the chamber end, where the heat is greatest.

THIS PICTURE GRATIS



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Kennel Department

Airedale Club of America.

THE second annual bench show of the Airedale Club of America was held on Nov. 9. It brought many surprises, principal of which was Kenmare Sorceress which won over the newly imported Abbey King Nobbler for best dog or bitch in the show. Another surprise was John McGough's Gold Heels, getting the blue in open dogs, beating Champion Soudan Swiveller and Champion King Oorang. E. M. Post's cracking pup Epost, Capt. Andrew, beat a good field for the blue in the novice class. Steve Swiveller, owned by Henry Rogge, won puppy (dog) blue, while blue for bitch pup went to Cactus, owned and bred by Thomas Cadwalader. Novice bitch was won by Mr. Wolcott's Bothwell Sorceress. Other winners were: American bred dogs (champions barred) Bryan Boy, owned by T. Offerman; limit, dogs, F. G. Porter's Abbey King Nobbler; American bred, bitches, F. G. Porter's Abbey Sultana; limit, bitches, Abbey Sultana; open, bitches, Clonmel Command; open, sweep dog or bitch, American bred, Gold Heels; team and brace won by W. P. Wolcott. Judge was William L. Barclay, whose decisions were generally satisfactory and absolutely unbiased.

DISTEMPER.

To write an original article on "distemper" would be impossible. All that has been said has been said a thousand times and more, yet old stories sometimes admit of new flavors, and I will try to put a new flavor to this. Here are a few cases, and several lessons to learn from each, not lessons altogether scientific, but practical ones as well, says Dr. McLaughlin in the American Kennel Gazette.

This first case is in relation to a "Boston" that died fifty-six hours after I first saw him. I do not think any expert would have pronounced it a case of "distemper," and yet it was. If I had a strong suspicion, it was not on account of the symptoms that presented themselves. It seemed a case of pleurisy pure and simple, and so I diagnosed it. The fever was quite high, 104 2-5, the eyes and nose presented no discharge, the bowels were normal or slightly constipated, appetite very poor, vomiting constant. The latter symptom was peculiar as raw minced meat was rejected two hours after being eaten, in the same condition as it was eaten, that is, still red, still raw meat that had undergone no digestive change (yet the post-mortem showed no gastritis.) There was no cough, only that short, raspy, painful breathing so peculiar to pleurisy.

The next day he retained his food, appeared somewhat improved, his temperature was down a degree, even his breathing was easier. He certainly was holding his own, but during the night he took a sinking spell. It was apparent to his nurses that he was very ill, but before they realized it the little fellow was asleep—his last sleep.

Fortunately this little "Boston" belonged to sensible people, and they permitted an autopsy, in fact desired it. This is what the autopsy disclosed: Pleurisy, enteritis, a slightly enlarged liver, and a very much enlarged spleen. In the pleural cavity was a large mass of semi-solid, or rather a soft jelly like substance, which the microscope proved to be the result of an old pleurisy. The abdominal cavity was filled with blood.

Now let us study these post-mortem appearances: The immediate cause of death was of course the hemorrhage into the abdominal cavity. That carries no special lesson, except

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that its occurrence is not as uncommon as supposed. The enteritis was distemper, and it was extreme; it began at the stomach (the stomach itself was not involved) and continued an uninterrupted course to the large intestines.

This enteritis is what I wish to call attention to. For four months previous this dog never once had diarrhea, he eat well, evidently digested what he eat, for he seemed in splendid condition, was quite plump and showed remarkable spirits, and yet the small intestines for those four months were in an extremely crippled condition. Such experiences as this upsets all theories, except it may be the old saying "that fact is stranger than fiction."

That this was a case of recovered distemper, I do not think any expert would deny, yet for four months he had a plastic mass forming in his pleural cavity and a continual case of enteritis. Is it any wonder that such a disease baffles all investigation and obstinately refuses to be cured by any specific medication, old-fashioned or new-fashioned, drugs or serums, when it plays us such clinical tricks?

As distemper usually shows itself, the veriest tyro can diagnose it; it resembles in its early stage an ordinary cold, the symptoms are a slight watery discharge from the eyes and nose, and sometimes this is all there is to distemper, but usually these symptoms become aggravated, the discharge increasing and becoming purulent; then diarrhea sets in, a cough accompanies, breathing becomes difficult, and a long siege is in sight.

But between a typical case, and the extreme I have described, there are a thousand others, each possessing peculiarities of its own, and which give the dog breeder a shock every time they occur. Here is a case to point:

In this particular case there was no symptom whatever that was in the least characteristic of the disease. When I saw him, it was to see a lame dog, the owner suspected no illness, unless it might be rheumatism. When exercised he traveled on three legs. When resting for more than five minutes, the muscles of his head began twitching, then those of the hind leg, the lame leg showed none at all. The dog had chorea. It was the only evidence of distemper. Here is the history: Two weeks before he began vomiting, and had been vomiting more or less constantly ever since. I examined this dog (a white bullterrier) thoroughly, his eyes, ears, lungs, etc., and made every inquiry to bring out the real state of the dog, and as far as they knew he showed no other symptom. They had called me only on account of lameness, and had never noticed the chorea movements.

Here is another: A very valuable "Boston" pup. He had distemper for six weeks, he

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never was considered in danger. Like a bolt from a clear sky, a spasm and—death. Until he took the spasm, it was a simple case, a slight discharge from nose and eyes, very little cough, eating well, in good condition and in good spirits. He lived under ideal conditions in every sense of the word, and when he showed the first symptom he was given a serum treatment.

I could continue such cases indefinitely. But the lesson to be learned? Begin your treatment early and continue until every vestige of the disease disappears.

What is the treatment? The main treatment necessitates, in the first place, in the second and last, a good nurse. A good nurse is never a veterinarian any more than a good human nurse is a M. D. It is a case of help one another every time, and even then it is a hard and patient task, and when success crowns our efforts, there is enough for both and a little to spare.

The medicines? There is no specific. It is a game of skill every time, the less a nurse has to do with medicines, the better a nurse he or she is. To recommend a medicine would not be a square deal to the patient. Here is one rule that is worth remembering: separate your sick dogs, two or more dogs suffering from distemper and in close and constant contact are more difficult to cure than the same number separated. The particular germ seems to thrive outside the body as well as inside, and evidently loves its own company, and the more you crowd dogs the more you cultivate the disease.

UPLIFT THE GOAT.

CAN the goat be made to change his pelt? Can the horny grain of a goat's skin, while it is growing on his back, be made as smooth as the pelt of a calf, demands the Shoe Retailer. If it could, tanners would be saved millions they now spend for glazing goat leather.

The Scriptures say that the leopard cannot be made to change his spots. Too strict interpretation of this passage has held hosts of men in darkness for ages. Surely, the cabretta, which is neither sheep nor goat, has been bred, wild cattle have been domesticated, cows have been grown to great size, the orange has been made seedless and the cactus edible.

Why should not the goat be bred a sweeter and a smoother creature, and also a larger creature? Why should he not shake off the degradation that has been upon him for ages? Why not make him to lie beside the fatted calf on the banquet table and his pelt to serve with the pelt of the calf on the feet of the people?

Primarily the goat is held down in the shoe and leather trade because his pelt is not as smooth and as hard grained as is the pelt of a calf. Its fiber is tough, all right, but the hair pores make its grain rough, and strange to say, its grain will chafe and peel, despite the fact that the goat is one of the toughest of the small animals.

The kid leather tanners of the country would render their fellow citizens a great service and at the same time benefit themselves if they would appropriate a sum each year to encourage the breeding of a better grade of goats whose flesh would make a sweet and tender meat for the table and whose pelt would make strong and durable leather for boots and shoes.

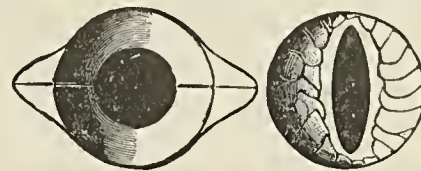
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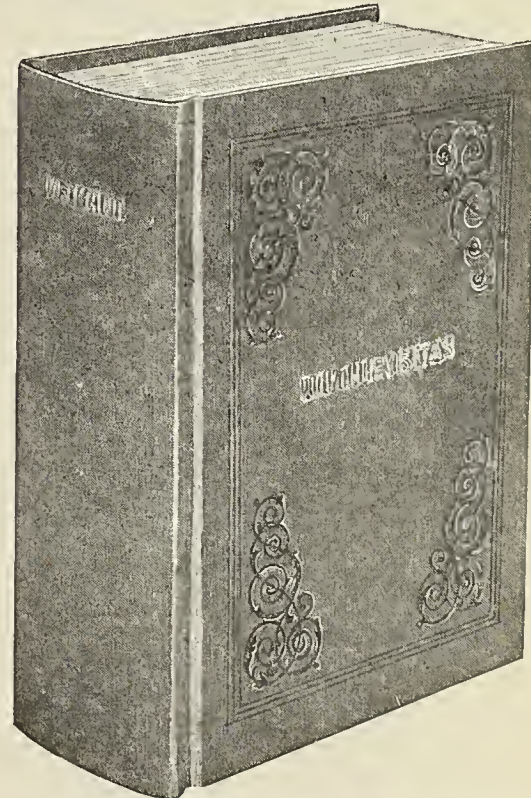
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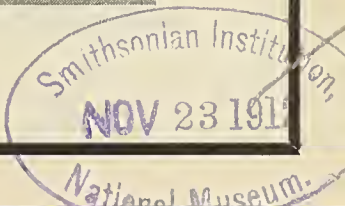
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THE NORTHERN CONDOR.

It is not commonly known that we have a condor in the United States, yet there is one on the Pacific Coast that in weight and spread of wing surpasses all other birds. From tip to tip of wing it measures more than ten feet, considerably more than the condor of the Andes and about a yard more than the largest eagle or swan.

This condor is black, tinged with brown, except under the wings, where there is a long narrow strip of almost pure white running the whole length of the wing and widening near the body. It has no ruff around the neck, but a fringe of long narrow black feathers on the back of the neck gives it a savage appearance. It nests among the rocks in lofty cliffs, laying several white eggs much larger than those of the turkey or goose. From 1875 to 1885 condors were so abundant in Southern California that I used to see them almost every day, but now they are found only in the wilder mountains. Their eggs bring \$100 each in the larger museums of the country.

If an animal is sick or disabled the condor rarely hesitates to attack it, and its fate is soon sealed if it is not strong enough to defend itself or escape its enemy.

Like the condor of the Andes, that of California will so gorge itself with food at times that it can be lassoed in the quick dash of a good horse. A friend of mine at San Jacinto had one that had been caught in that way. But, although he had thousands of sheep and cattle, he had to give the bird away, because he could not afford to feed it. It would eat a whole sheep at a meal and then look hungry and sad, as if it were badly treated.

Once clear of the grounds with wings outspread, the condor has no trouble in bearing away into the clouds a dinner that will last a week or two.

Standing on the ground at a distance, this great bird looks much like a big black Newfoundland dog sitting up for a cracker; but in the air it surpasses in grace and variety of action every other wanderer of the skies. The whooping crane that floats like a speck of down in the remotest blue; the frigate bird, whose wing seems never made to fold, even the albatross, are all clumsy and monotonous compared with the condor. It travels in a series of winding lines, in which symmetry and grace always govern the boldest sweeps of the highest bursts of speed.

Dozens of times I have laid among the rocks and had the condor come so near that I could plainly see the sparkle of the brown eyes in the vivid red of the bare head, and with the strong glass that I always carried in hunting deer I have brought the bird much nearer. Yet never could I detect the slightest motion of wing or feather beyond a lazy flap or two at intervals of several minutes or a simple inbending of the tips of the wings as if feeling the breeze to be sure it was there. And the bird often floats an hour or more without even this slight motion.

It is quite as wonderful when the condor sets its wings and slides sideways across a strong breeze, without any descent yet without falling backward, and still more so to see the great bird return with a swing of half a mile or more, arriving hundreds of feet above the point of starting and perhaps hundreds of yards ahead of it.

When I have been well hidden among the rocks I have seen a condor within a few yards hanging on the air from many seconds at a time, not like the hawk, balancing itself to fall upon some bird below, but seeming to sleep there as peacefully and quietly as a summer cloud. Then suddenly the bird has turned half over and cleft the air with a sharp hiss of wing feathers, for which there was not the slightest motion of a wing to account. And all this time the condor has been rising instead of falling, and I have vainly watched the fringed tips of the great wings for the slightest sign of motion.—Youth's Companion.

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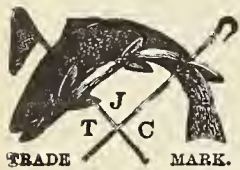
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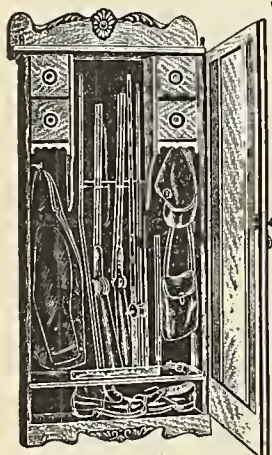
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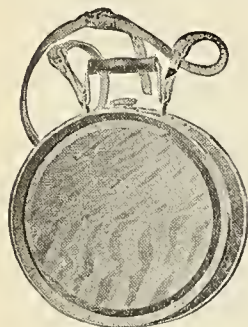


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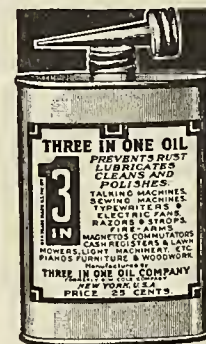
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1912.

VOL. LXXIX—No. 21.
127 Franklin St., New York.

The Big Bull of Great Lake

By "OLD WABEI"

Photographs by the Author.



THE BIG MOOSE.

LIKE all hunters and sportsmen who hunt and travel the Canadian wilds and hear wonderful stories of exceptionally large deer, caribou or moose, so I on a previous trip had heard of the big moose of the Great Lake region.

Now, a greater part of these stories are sometimes true, and it was my opportunity in a past season while hunting to hear such a wonderful tale that I decided that it was at least worth while to see what I could do, so acted accordingly.

Whether I got the big bull I do not know. My readers may draw their own conclusions.

The following season, as the time for hunting drew near, I kept the mail busy with letters to my friend, whom I shall call "Lew," for a proposed trip to the neighborhood of the big lakes near the upper portion of Shelbourn county.

At last after several days of train and steamer I jumped off at the little station and

was greeted by Lew and old Jim McKay. When Jim put eyes on me, his face beamed, and after shaking hands, he said: "Weel, weel, noo Jock, I'm verra glad to see ye," and in reply to my questions about the prospects of a good hunt, he said: "Weel, mon, I hae nae doot that ye'll manage to get muckle sport, ye ken the groons arecht." I then told him of our proposed direction and his quaint answer was, "Ye're a gid mon, and hae the proper spirit, it's a muckle shame there's nae Scotch in ye." He would have talked longer, but as I was in haste to get to the woods I bade him good-bye and jumped into the team to take me to my friend's house where I could unpack my trunk and transfer my dunnage into pack sacks and place them aboard the ox team for the first portion of our journey up the usual tote road.

The first few days were incessant paddling and portaging around bad rapids. By the fourth day in the early morning we heard a cow call toward the east, evidently about a mile away

from the river. We saw numerous good moose signs quite fresh.

The scenery had become more and more wild as well as beautiful, and finally as we turned a bend in the river we saw before us the entrance to the lake, a sportsman's paradise.

Here and there were several flocks of ducks in the distance, quite a few asleep on the rocks, while out in the lake many small islands thickly wooded having small sand banks, and in the shadows of the shore we could see the trout jumping after flies and bugs. It was indeed a sight such as would delight the heart of any sportsman and lover of nature.

Upon entering the big lake we saw approaching on the western side a small hunting canoe in which were two Indians, John Glode and Louis Francis, one of whom I knew quite well. They greeted us with their customary "Bon jou, bon jou." "How you come, eh? By river? We see good moose sign on de west side of lak; mebe you git dat big feller. We go down Walbi Lak for still-hunt; dat one good plac, must go now. Bon jou," and with their curt answer, off they paddled away.

We paddled about three miles further up the lake, found a sheltered spot and in a short time had our tent up and duffle unpacked, and while Lew cooked the supper of trout, beans and tea, I got busy with the spruce bough bed.

After a short smoke, about an hour before sundown, we started in our canoe toward the northern end of the lake to try a call. We had to be extremely careful to keep well along the western side, as there was absolutely no wind, and sound can be heard a great distance on a clear, quiet evening. Finally Lew broke the stillness with "Let's go ashore here and try a call." So we pushed our craft into the shallows and waded ashore.

Animals seem possessed of some marvelous power of distinguishing between innocent sound and noises indicating danger, consequently and absolutely calm, windless night is required for calling, and moreover the game being so wary that in coming to a call it will always circle around and try to come up the wind in order to get a scent of the animal or being from which the call seems to come. So far for the technical part of the hunt.

We carefully selected a small mound about a hundred feet from shore, facing a small birch growth. Lew climbed to the top. We waited, straining our ears to catch the slightest sounds,

but silence reigned all about us, except the melancholy hooting of a great owl close by.

We waited fully twenty minutes and then tried another, but after repeated efforts we decided to give it up, as it was so dark we could not have seen our game, so back to our canoe, to camp and into our bags.

The next morning we were up long before dawn, and after a hasty cup of coffee made over the remaining embers, we put on jackets and moccasins and climbed into our canoe for a paddle to the eastern side of the Great Lake.

We certainly appreciated the short paddle, as it helped to warm us up, as the lake was covered by a thick mist which seemed as cold as ice, but in ten minutes we reached the eastern side of the lake and disembarked. A short distance from the shore was a thick spruce covert. Here we decided to remain hidden and to give our call, as we could see the big swamp at the end as well as on the sides.

After listening a few minutes Lew gave his hoarse call three times and waited. I was just going to ask him if he had heard a noise on our right, when he said, "Listen, hear that?" and sure enough from the swamp on our right came a loud "Bwah, bwah." It sounded like a large goose and would have fooled any novice, but when you have once heard a moose call, you never forget it, and in a few more minutes he let out his "Bwah, bwah, bwah" as if requesting an answer from the supposed cow, but as he was fairly close, we dared not call again. In an hour a slight wind sprang up, and we immediately made tracks for our canoe lest he get wind of us and clear out of the locality altogether.

We quietly paddled across the lake and after eating a good breakfast took down our tent and moved our outfit about a mile down the lake so as not to disturb the big fellow.

We spent the day in cruising and fishing

around the lower shore, but refrained from doing any shooting, although we raised flocks of black ducks at every bend in the lake and river, but as we had great sport with our rods, we contented ourselves with a generous catch of the speckled beauties. That night it rained, but toward midnight the wind changed to northwest, and at dawn it was cold. Lew whispered in my ear, "Come on, get out, it's fine morning to call; we'll get that big cuss to-day."

We made our voyage across the lake and took our station, Lew on top of a handy rock and myself concealed on his left.

Again Lew gave his call, and in five seconds we had an answer, the same deep bark; in fact, it was the deepest tone I have ever heard. Lew said: "By gosh! that must be some old grandfather; I'll bet he has a pair of horns on him like a chandelier;" and I felt sure I was going to get a crack at something that day.

In another few minutes he gave a couple of short barks and Lew motioned me to be ready. Fortunately there was absolutely no wind. You could not have smelt a Gloucester banker sixty feet away. I lit a safety match, but not a breath was stirring, and to make matters better the sun was just rising over the tops of the green woods directly in front of us.

Once more Lew called, putting his horn close to the ground and giving a low, whining call with a decided gurgle on the end, and as he threw down his horn he looked at me and said: "I did the best I could on that call," and the next second he whispered excitedly, "By gad, look out! Here he comes!"

At first I did not see him, as he was sneaking down along the edge of the spruce thickets, stopping every now and then to get sight of us, but on he came until he got within about ninety yards, then crossed over in front of us. Lew gave me the signal for first shot and I put my big .45-70 up and drew a bead on his shoulder



"OLD WABEL."

and fired. He, however, did not jump at the shot, and I thought I had missed him and gave him another. "Shoot lower," yelled my companion and once more I fired, aiming about six inches lower. Then he reared up on his hind legs and turned to go back from where he came, but I hit him once again and he ran a short distance, then made his final plunge and after a few kicks, he was ours.

We quickly ran to where he lay. He was a wonderful specimen. I counted twenty points, the shovels of the horns being fourteen inches wide and the antlers having a maximum spread of forty-nine inches, both being very even.

We immediately commenced skinning the head and quartering him. It took us three days to get him to the last lake. After continuous hard packing and portaging and canoeing, where with the help of a team of oxen, we brought the outfit and our moose to the little village of Clyde.

How proud we felt both over our victory, and as we were unloading who would congratulate us but old Mac, as he said: "Mon! Mon! ye hae the recht kind now, as how did ye manage tae get sic a big yin. Ma boi! I hae the utmost respect for your hunting qualities and am verra proud o' ye. Its a muckle shame there's nae Scotch in ye."

After shaking hands with the old chap and the usual backwoods gentlemen at the little cross roads store, I immediately prepared for my trip homeward. This was the best of all my trips, and as the great head hangs on my wall, I ask myself, "Did I get the right one this time?"

Well, let my readers give me the answer. I, at least, am satisfied.

FORGETFULNESS.

ON election day, 1912: Gone and forgotten, except by a little household in Utica and some good neighbors,

JAMES SCHOOLCRAFT SHERMAN,

Vice-President of the United States.

—New York Sun.



BARRINGTON RIVER—SMALL GAME IN SIGHT.

Our Thanksgiving Ducks

By FRANK W. BICKNELL

I WASN'T going to be cheated out of the last southward flight of my favorite game, the wild duck, though it was only a few days before Thanksgiving that I was just getting up from an attack of lumbago and had plenty to do besides hunt ducks. All my usual hunting companions had had their share, were busy chasing dollars, and I could not find one to go with me. My life partner began to hope that I would have to give it up, for though she likes a duck on the table as well as anyone, she thought sitting in a blind in a cold marsh was about the last place for me at that time, and I suppose she was right as usual. But I had made up my mind to try it and could not be turned aside. If none of the boys had sense enough to take advantage of such a good thing, I would just go alone.

In Calhoun county, Northern Iowa, two little lakes once existed, with a high ridge between them. They were called Twin Lakes, and off to the south of them stretched marshes, runs, sometimes almost creeks, but always rich mud underneath in which grew the many plants that ducks like. There was the "Gunbarrel" slough, a great long irredeemable marsh that stretched for fifteen miles between slight elevations. Not far away was "Hell slough" or "Purgatory," as it was sometimes called. It was not to be trifled with, for its deadly quicksands swallowed up anything that had weight enough to sink. A farmer undertook to drive across once and was never heard of again, either he or his team or wagon. At the time of which I write all this was changing, and has now yielded still more to the demand for land. The forbidding morass has surrendered to the persistent skill of the drainage engineer, and thousands of acres of the richest land on earth have been literally lifted out of its depths. During the days of the lakes, before the draining began, a little summer hotel had been built on the ridge between. The first few ditches put the hotel out of business. Its principal guests in the summer were the gigantic mosquitoes bred in the swamp nearby. The lakes receded until nothing but sloughs were left. The hotel property became worthless and unsaleable. But in the fall, and I am ashamed to say to some extent in the spring, it was a glorious resort for duck hunters. Some of us in Des Moines planted wild rice and celery in the old lakes and had the place patrolled by wardens during the closed season, so we had splendid shooting there for a few years before too many bummers got to going there, more intent upon killing "booze" than ducks. About fifteen years ago, the time of this adventure, the place was at its best. All kinds of ducks came there, spring and fall, from the dainty little teal to the big, tempting mallard and canvasback.

Without notice to our man in charge at the lakes I arrived at the station, eight miles away, got a rig and went out. The weather was certainly getting cold, and I did not hurry out the next morning till a fire had been built in my room. After a little preliminary walk along shore, killing a few small birds and mostly losing them, I persuaded the lazy fellow in charge to take me out in our boat, for I thought with

a lame back I could not row myself. He was so awkward that I finally took hold and rowed him ashore in disgust. Nothing doing.

In the afternoon I got this man to hitch up and haul me and my boat and decoys to my sure place in the swamp about two miles away, where after a half mile of rowing I established myself in a good blind with my decoys beautifully deployed in front in open water. It looked very promising, but nothing happened till late in the afternoon, when the mallards began to spy my bogus birds, and even to come to my imper-

and told me he would always be ready to join me if I came up and wanted company. He was hungry for some congenial spirit from town. My messenger found him in the midst of several big jobs with a lot of men waiting for orders. He put in the afternoon and early evening getting rid of those men or trying to find something for them to do while he was gone, and at 1 A. M. he turned up at Twin Lakes, ready for the serious business of helping me hunt ducks.

We turned out next morning long before daylight, temperature far below freezing, cloudy



"ONLY A FEW SILLY ONES CAME NEAR US."

fect calling. By the time it was too dark to shoot I had eight mallards, two redheads and several bluebills and widgeons. I had regularly missed the spike-tails that came shooting by, and it was not till next day that I was able to hit one. Somehow it always happens that way—more trouble to gauge the flight of a pintail than any other duck, even the green-winged teal. By now my hands were nearly frozen, ice forming all around me, and I fully expected to find myself dead with a broken back next morning. But the pull out to the landing place and the walk back to the hotel warmed me up beautifully, and I was overjoyed to hear that the boy I had sent nine miles for a friend returned with the news that he would come "some time in the night." I must tell you about that friend.

Sherman Smith was a real sport. He had been an architect in Chicago on the World's Fair job under Burnham. He broke down, had nervous prostration, and had to get back to nature. Having the most convenient father imaginable, he was provided with a 700-acre farm in Calhoun county, where he was fighting swamps and nostalgia with some success, money not being much of an object. He had happened around before when we were shooting at Twin Lakes

and apparently getting colder and looking like snow. "I don't like this," observed Sherman, as we stumbled along in the dark making our way to the boat. "It means snow soon and regular winter."

"But you can't pick nice weather for duck shooting, Sherm," I replied, "and this will bring one thing sure, and that is a big flight of the last of the big ducks. We ought to make a record killing to-day."

"You can't tell me anything about that," returned Smith.

We did fairly well, what would have satisfied me under ordinary circumstances with the greenheads tumbling around us till we had a dozen or so scattered about and a few other ducks. But it was mighty cold. We had been obliged to break ice to reach the blind, and the decoys we found frozen in and had to remove the ice. About 9 o'clock Sherman had an experience that warmed him up some. We were in opposite ends of the boat, and he, being an expert, was doing the calling. I peeped up and saw two mallards coming into my field and into easy range. I waited as long as I dared, then sat up and made a double and got them both. Sherman, after letting go both barrels over my



RAILBIRD SHOOTING—PATUXENT MARSHES.

head, dropped his gun and began to kick and cuss something awful. I managed to understand that he had been calling some geese; that they had their wings set for the descent, and in a few seconds would have been "right on top of us" if I, like a fool, had not frightened them away. They were just out of range when I reached up for the two mallards. Right there we arranged some signals for a possible recurrence of such luck. The ducks now began to be rather scarce.

"Pshaw," declared Sherman, "I can show you better shooting than this right on my place. I tell you there is too much open water here; they want more shelter from this wind. Come over with me and I'll show you something worth while the next day or two. This is going to end in snow inside of twenty-four hours, and you know what that means." So we lugged the ducks and decoys back to the hotel, loaded our traps into Sherman's buggy and drove out to his farm, where I had warm bed and such fare as his Swede farmer's wife could prepare, which was plenty and good. That night we got a few ducks, but the flight had not really begun. It was the next day that I started to tell about.

We did not have far to go and set out our decoys in a little marsh behind a hill, protected from the northwest wind. The flight did not begin early—it never does on these cold mornings—but by 10 o'clock the air was full of them. They had little use for us or our decoys or calling. They rightly judged that ducks that knew no better than to sit still with such a storm coming were not fit company for sensible birds whose business was to get south as fast as possible. We could see them away up in the sky, it looked like a mile, but of course it wasn't a quarter. Only a few silly ones came near us and we missed most of them. We were so cold and had so little shooting we did not rightly judge the high speed. But about noon the snow began to come a bit, and Sherman jumped and danced with joy. "Now we'll get 'em!" he shouted. "Might as well go in and get a hot dinner. We'll have plenty of time to kill all the ducks we can eat the rest of the winter. Why, you can just stand up in plain sight by 4 o'clock and let your

gun off in any direction and kill ducks," he exulted. I had never tried this before and Sherman had, and being quite ready for the hot dinner I took his word for it.

As soon as we had eaten Sherman made me put on all the warm clothes I had till I declared I felt as still as a mummy and could not handle a gun. "Don't matter," he assured me; "any old woman can kill ducks this afternoon. I tell you I am going to show you some sport. Don't you see it's getting colder every minute and snowing harder? The cold is driving the ducks to fly south and this snow is blinding and confusing them so they hardly know what they are about. We can't begin to carry the ducks we'll get this afternoon. Come on."

Sherman knew what he was talking about. We hid near a slough, without decoys, and they began to come in great numbers. We killed many, all big ducks, but had trouble in getting them, so we got out away from the pond in the way of the flight, and still they came—mallards, redheads, canvasbacks, pintails, widgeons and a few bluebills and blue-winged teals. Just for the sake of moving about we located in a corn field, and there the mallards late in the afternoon found us ready to receive them. Finally, as it was nearing dusk and we were a couple of miles from home, Sherman insisted that as we had all we could carry and would get more on the way home, we better pull for shelter. "But get a plenty while you're getting," he advised me, "for they will all be gone to-morrow and everything frozen up solid for winter. This is the last day. Isn't it great? Hope you're not disappointed."

About 200 yards from the farm house was a little pond, really overflowed meadow, very shallow and close to a big ditch with a high bank. There we took our last stand, "for we can come back for a second load if we can't carry them all at once" my provident host observed. It was now nearly dark. I have hunted ducks all my life, often with a fair amount of success, but I never saw or heard of such shooting as this for about thirty minutes. The ducks saw this water, still and sheltered, and they came for it so thick and fast we could not begin to

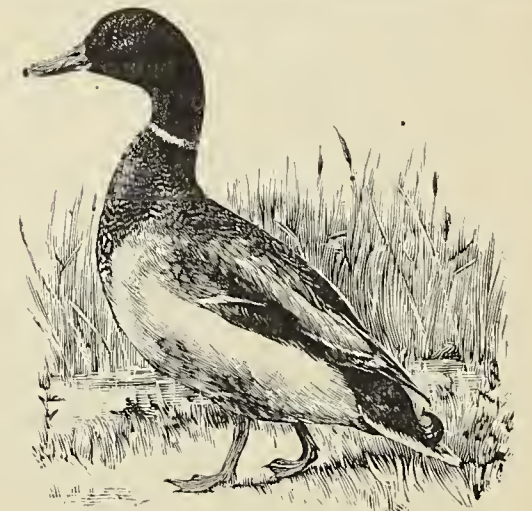
tell what we were doing. It was simply shoot and load as fast as the guns would operate and Sherman had a repeater. Finally we came out of the little cover we had and stood in plain sight, and they came just the same while we were picking up our birds. It was the most exciting half hour's sport I ever had, but the light was so bad and the confusion so great that I did execrable shooting, while Sherman was pumping his Winchester with deadly effect. Of course we did not find half the birds we killed, but many were discovered frozen in the ice next morning.

We made our way to the house under a staggering load, pockets full, duck stringers full, dozens tied together with string and rope which the farmer produced from his pockets. "I knew we'd need this string," he remarked. We hung the birds up to freeze, and I spent the evening trying to express my appreciation. Sherman was satisfied with his success in showing me a good time.

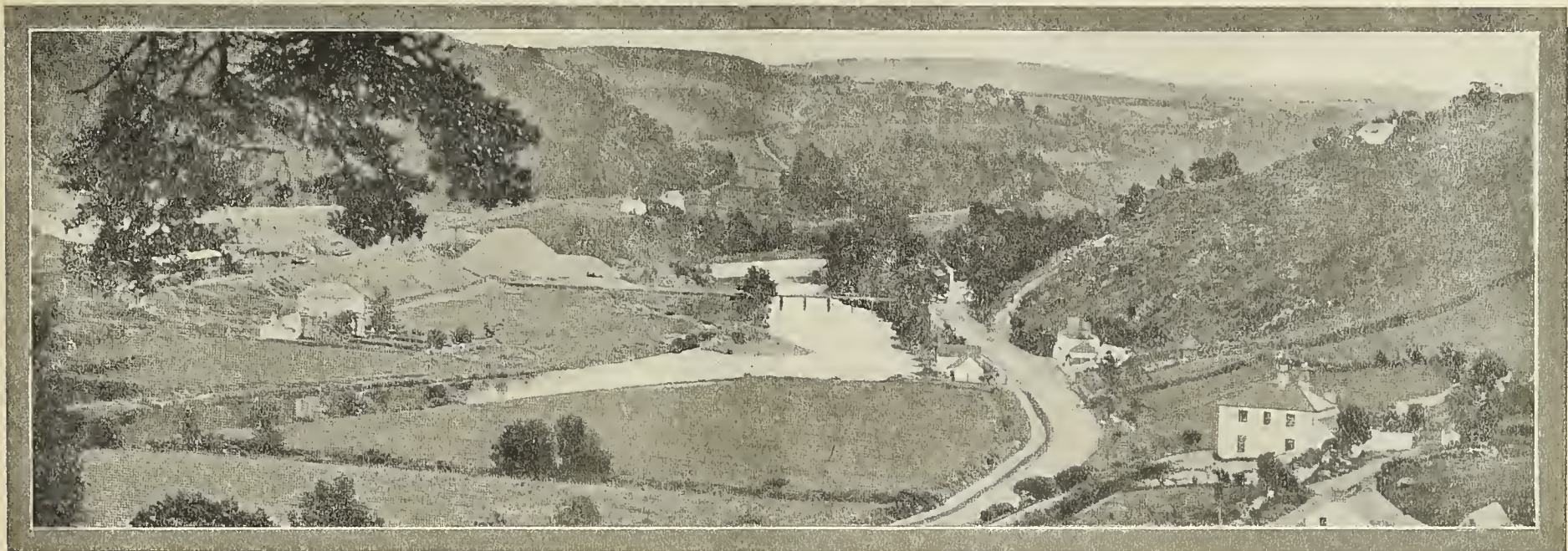
Next day he took me to the station in weather below zero, but I did not mind that, for I carried eighty beautiful ducks, having enough left when the baggage man stole ten of them after I had paid him to carry them. These fine fat birds went into cold storage, and it was worth all the hardship they cost to be able to telephone down any day for some weeks afterward and have some of them sent up, dressed, ready for the madam's final touches. Also to send various pairs to friends.

I cannot refrain from just a word about cooking a wild duck. I don't want my duck raw or stinking from lack of washing, and I venture to say that very few would if they tried our way. The duck should be thoroughly scrubbed inside and out. It is even sometimes desirable to use a pure soap, followed by much rinsing, both outside and inside. Then stuff him, using a moist dressing, containing apple, celery and the merest suggestion of onion. Roast the duck till it is done, but never parboil a duck. It is a sin, unforgiveable and almost as bad as to skin the duck instead of picking. It will take from forty-five to sixty minutes to put the duck in shape to suit us, unless it is a very small one, and the tighter your roaster the better. Basting helps. Ducks prepared this way will overcome the objections of those who do not like "that wild taste." A large part of "that wild taste" is just unremoved filth. Have your duck clean if you want it good, then roast to taste, but don't decide against my way till you have tried it.

And thus we had our Thanksgiving ducks.



HONK! HONK!



MEETING OF THE WATERS, VALE OF OVOCA.

Through Charming Wicklow on an Irish Jaunting Car

By W. J. MURRAY

IN a country such as Ireland, where admittedly nature has been lavish in her distribution of scenic attractiveness, it would seem almost invidious to suggest a comparison between one district and another. But any one who has paid a visit to the glens and hills of the county Wicklow will readily admit that there is enough of natural beauty and charm there to satisfy the tastes and æsthetic ideals of the most fastidious lovers of nature and art.

I have a very lively and pleasant recollection of a few holidays spent there not long ago, during which I visited several well-known and prominent places of interest, not only on account of their natural attractiveness, but also because of their association with some of the sweetest poems of Ireland's famous bard—Thomas Moore.

Taking the train at Harcourt street station of the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway, I proceeded to the lovely seaside resort—Bray, County Wicklow, familiarly known as "The Brighton of Ireland," which is about twelve miles from Dublin.

On arriving there I was very much struck with the prominence, beauty and grandeur of Bray Head, which is an abrupt termination on the verge of the sea of a mountain chain embracing the larger and smaller Sugar Loaf. The termination is so sudden that it looks as if a portion of the mountains were cut clean away, leaving a sheer declivity of about 700 feet to the water's edge. The Head is well wooded to about half way up, and heather-clad on the upper portion.

When this heather is in full bloom, about the month of August, it affords a sight of beauty which is not likely to be soon forgotten.

Leaving Bray, I drove on an Irish jaunting car to the demesne of Lord Monck, which is only a few miles distant. Here is the famous Dargle River flowing at the bottom of a very deep glen, which on its sides is beautifully wooded by a natural growth of a great variety

of trees and shrubs. This glen stretches across the greater part of the demesne, and is noted for the charming picture it presents.

Another little drive brought me to the demesne of Lord Powerscourt, and I visited here the far-famed Powerscourt Waterfall, which very much reminds one of Tork Waterfall in Killarney. It must be about 800 feet in height. It falls from a projecting ledge of rock on a mountainside, clear over a portion of the demesne wood, in its course toward the valley underneath. The surrounding scene is beautiful in the extreme, and one likes to tarry there.

However, I wanted to get along, so I continued my drive to the Glen-of-the-Downs, which has the appearance of a mountain which was cleft in two by an earthquake, in which no doubt it had its origin. Both sides of this ravine are richly wooded by purely natural growth, and also by planted trees and shrubs from among which great cleft rocks of rugged aspect project here and there, the whole exhibiting a most picturesque scene of natural beauty. This is a favorite resort of holiday makers and picnic parties.

Some miles distant from here is the Devil's Glen, which bears a very great resemblance to the Dargle in its general features and is equally beautiful.

Several miles from the latter place I visited the classic region of the "Seven Churches" in the valley of Glendalough, with its ancient round tower, and the fragmentary remains of its Seven Churches. The lake of Glendalough is small and its waters always look dark and gloomy, perhaps due partly to the shade cast by a dark-colored hill overhanging the lake. On this hill there is a natural outlined figure of a couch or bed, called "St. Kevin's bed." It was of Glendalough Lake that Moore wrote:

"By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er."

Within an easy distance from here I visited the well-known Vale of Ovoca immortalized in

song by Thomas Moore in his "Meeting of the Waters," from which the following lines are an extract:

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,
Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

The meeting of the waters, which means in this case the junction of the River Ovoca with one of its tributaries, takes place in a valley of most charming woodland and hill scenery, and is quite in keeping with the general character and natural features of the County Wicklow.

Before concluding my round of Wicklow, I paid a visit to Lough Dan, where I had some good sport with rod and fly. The disciple of the far-famed Izaak Walton would find his ideal fully realized by paying a visit to this celebrated haunt of the enthusiastic angler, where the mountain trout are both abundant and gamy.

Lough Dan is situated at a high altitude in a mountainous region of the County Wicklow, "far from the busy haunts of men," but in a beautiful and wild surrounding of rock and heather. The lake is about fifteen miles from the town of Bray.

On arriving at Lough Dan the fisherman will find an old-fashioned inn overlooking the fishing ground, and here he will also find every convenience and comfort during his sojourn—everything clean and good, both eating and drinking, with plenty of fresh air and delightful scenery, etc.

The lake is not very large, as is the case with most mountain lakes. It is about a mile and a half long, and a mile wide, but it is teeming with trout of a good sporting sort. They seldom grow over one pound in weight and their usual size is that of a herring. They are rather deep golden color, except on the back which is brownish, but they are well spotted with a bright red color and they look very pretty when taken out of the water.

The "take" is usually very good, often up



GLEN-OF-THE-DOWNS.

to two or three dozen fish to each rod per day, and it is a very rare experience for any fisherman to go home with an empty basket.

When the trout are in good rising humor they take almost any small fly, but the following are usually killers: (1) Claret body, silver tinsel ribs, snipe's wing feather for wings and a mallard's coat for jib. (2) Hare's ear body, black hackle and starling's wing with ribs of gold tinsel. (3) Brown mohair body, jib of partridge's tail, red hackle and landrail's wing. (4) Prussian blue body, black rooster's hackle, silver tinsel ribs. (5) Body, brown mohair, jib, should be in different shades to suit the changes

in the atmosphere and in the water, such as a bright or a dark day, a clear or muddy water, etc. A bright fly being better for muddy water and a dark fly for clear water. For the latter a black midge is often a very good killer.

It is rather remarkable that several attempts have been made from time to time by local gentlemen to introduce other breeds of trout into Lough Dan, such as the Loch Leven (Scotch) and rainbow trout, but never with success. Generally after a few months the newcomers have disappeared, leaving the native trout in undisputed possession of the lake, where they still continue their good reputation for affording

plenty of sport to the lovers of the gentle art of angling.

Lough Dan is always a great attraction for the tourist and picnic party out for a day in the country.

In conclusion I would say that while I hope the foregoing brief sketch may serve to direct attention to a region of rare beauty and interest, no mere pen-and-ink description can do it justice; it must be seen to be adequately appreciated. The tourist should make his base of operation in Bray, where he can procure every facility for traveling over the whole of the County Wicklow.

Back Again Home.

BY ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.

DEEP in the hollows, the green grassy hollows,
In the dim little land I have known,
There's an old empty cottage, a weary old cottage,
Where my heart and my joy all have flown.

There's a sunken old cottage, a dreary old cottage,
On the banks of the old, old stream;
And the last light of day marks a traveler's way
In the haunt of his last fond dream.

Back again home to the old, old home,
When the calm evening shadows do blend,
When the birds in their covert are whispering love
And the spirit cows homewardly wend.

Back again home, mother, call from the door;
Call to me, mother, I'm coming again;
Barefooted lad from the haunt of the past,
And the weary old tramp of pain.

Treading once more, the path now is hidden
Under the tall grasses swayed to and fro;
Treading it softly for fear there present them
Ghosts of the loved once now hidden below.

Sweet little cottage home, are you still dreaming?
See, I am back again, troubled no more;
What though we aged, be sunken and weary,
There shall be joy again still as of yore.

Lift up your mossed roof, smile, little cottage,
Bring once again to me thoughts of my youth;
Weary, worn beggar, thou dawn in thy splendor,
Rise like a castle and tide me the truth.

Here is the mossed well, old now and shattered;
Oft in my cheery youth here have I stood;
Now I am standing here bent-backed and aged,
Gnarled as the mighty oak deep in the wood.

O can it be, Life, so quick the journey,
Sped on its course has far left me behind?
Where are the fallen years, where is the gay lad,
Search where I will, not a vestige I find.

Here are the orchard trees, ancient and hoary,
Sunshine no longer ripens fruit on that crest;
Youth ripens dreams nevermore in my bosom,
For I am old now and crying for rest.

Here in Life's morning glow, sunshiny spirit,
Heard I the birds gayly calling with love;
And brightly rose in me thoughts of a city,
Haven, it seemed, of a fair treasure trove.

Oh how we learn this the bitter taught lesson,
We who take wings and leave home evermore;
O how we suffer when yearning for comfort—
Naught in a breast lives but memory sore.

There is nobody home in the cottage this even,
Gay will a pleasantry nevermore there resound;
Mother's fond lullaby is stilled to a memory,
There in the graveyard her mute little mound.

Scarce can I think that the past is a vision,
Cottage home, why seem you bowed low in grief?
See I am home again, a traveler burdened,
And I would rest a while calm in belief!

Back again home, mother. See, I am withered!
Cold as November blasts sweeping the plain;
Winter is coming soon, and I will join thee,
Soon will there be not a hint of my pain.

So is the journey done, mother I wait thee,
Take me this eventide close to thy breast;
For I am home, mother, home from my journey,
Lull me to sleep, mother—lull me to rest!



THE DARGLE BRIDGE.

A Day Off Cape Cod

By CHAS. G. SANDFORD

"LOW bridge," called Captain Bourse again, and the fat doctor ducked with a groan of anguish in body and mind.

We were just inside of Monomoy Bar, a finger of land, extending nine miles to the westward from Chatham, on Cape Cod.

Less than a half hour before we had sailed out of Wychmere Harbor, Harwichport, in a mild freshening breeze, and now it was blowing great guns from the southwest.

Between Nantucket (twenty-eight miles off) and Martha's Vineyard there is a clean ocean sweep that lets in ground swells on days when the wind is right, and this was one of the days.

The fat doctor had advertised himself as a good sailor and really believed it, or he never would have risked making the spectacle of himself he did before a bunch of twelve Boston school marms, good looking and good sailors all. Even now, there are some of the party who do not doubt for a minute but that he is a good sailor, for he still affirms it was only an off day with his in'ard workings.

It was dead low tide, and there was white water a-plenty. Captain Nathan Bourse had his hands full, dodging gigantic combers that seemed eager to make a mess of smart frocks and things that the wind and spray soon proved to be woefully out of place.

The first wave that came aboard hit the fat doctor. He was standing by the companionway and caught it full on his broad back. About a bucketful slopped upward and gracefully raised his new Panama hat, washing it away to leeward.

Isn't that too bad!" ejaculated one, and there came a chorus of "O's" from the others. The fat doctor seemed not to care much. A sickly smile overspread his splotchy, pallid face. It was an eloquent smile. It said: "What do I care for the loss of such a little thing as a hat when I feel so rotten all over inside."

"Can't you get it, captain?" asked one sympathetic little school marm, following the pirouetting Panama with her eyes.

"Got all I can do to keep you ladies dry," said the captain, gazing sharply ahead, where the weather was fast thickening.

The Ida Mildred, a staunch twenty-six-foot cabin cat, with a ten horse kicker, was doing nobly, but wisps of spray kept flying aboard. Occasionally, a good solid wave would come churning over the bow, searching out school marms and reducing to a sadly bedraggled condition hats and bright-colored veils that belonged ashore.

Watching his chance, Captain Nathan, with a low bridge warning, came about, shut down his motor and "went scudding" before the wind.

"No use," he said, regretfully, "we can't make Monomoy to-day."

Then there came another chorus of "O's", for Monomoy with its life saving and wireless stations was to be the chief attraction of the day.

"Sorry to disappoint you, ladies," said the genial old captain, "but it's white water over there and we couldn't get within a half mile of the point."

"What can we do to pass time before dinner?" inquired one. "The shore dinner at Monomoyck Inn isn't to be served till two."

"We can sail around in Stage Harbor for a couple of hours," answered the captain, looking at the fat doctor, "or we can land near Chatham and walk across to the upper life saving station."

"Oh, let's sail," said some, enthusiastically.

"Let's land," plead the fat doctor.

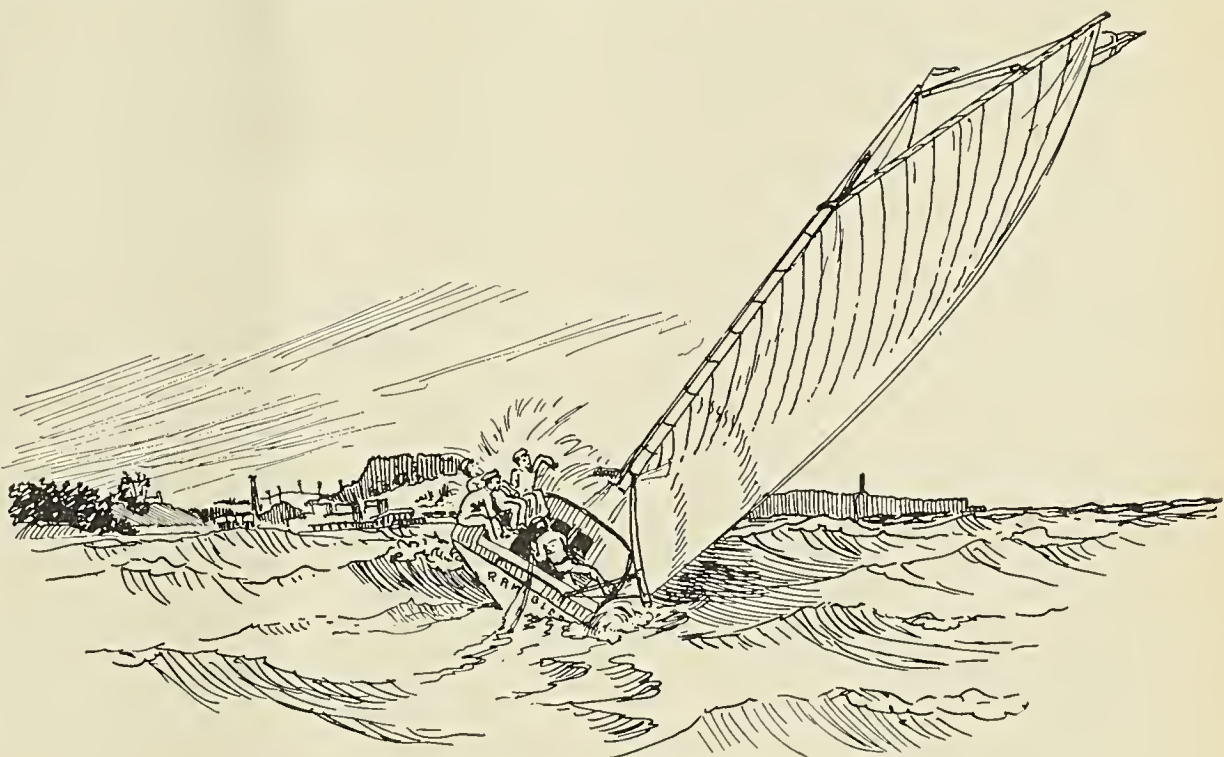
We were now sailing easily before the wind under a double reef. Captain Bourse was whirling his wheel, to hold the course against great combers that threatened to get us broadside.

It was a new experience for most of the

sunk down on the seat, and with all those school marms looking, lapsed into the throes of sea sickness. The way to the cabin was clear, and a general rush was made for below. Some didn't stay long, for "Old White Ears" loves stuffy cabins, where are hung smelly suits of oilers and sou'westers. Others remained till we landed, and if they were sick, none knew of it but the captain.

Soon, under the lee of Monomoy, smooth water was reached, and "Old White Ears" balked of his prey, silently slipped overboard and dropped astern.

Funny how miscry likes company. As we came to anchor in Stage Harbor, the fat doctor



"OLD WHITE EAR" COMING ABOARD.

school marms, yet none was sick. Rapid fire questions were flung at the captain, who never tired answering. Spar buoys were taken for wrecks, fish weirs for lobster traps and once there was almost a panic when a red can buoy was pronounced a floating torpedo. The fat doctor sturdily stuck to his post abaft the companionway.

"What's the matter, boss, ain't you feeling well?" asked the captain, anxiously.

The fat doctor braced his feet with an effort. A wan smile played over his damp and pallid face.

"Not very well, captain," he confessed, wearily.

"Guess 'Old White Ears' is coming aboard," said the captain, laughing. "He likes sailing afore the wind."

"Who?" chorused the ladies.

"Old White Ears," repeated the captain. "There's two or three of you ladies that has his calling cards already."

"How ridiculous," whispered one.

"There," said the captain, speaking low, "I told you he was here."

With ponderous deliberation the fat doctor

came over to me and whispered, "Old man, it came near getting you, didn't it?"

I stoutly denied the insinuation, though now it is all over, I confess yes.

The tide was still so low that the dory could not make the shore by a dozen feet, so the captain, sly old dog that he is, carried in his arms each of those fair school marms ashore.

There was one certain trip he made that the fat doctor followed with longing eyes, but he did not volunteer, for the captain was surer of foot.

It was a mile and a half to the life saving station, and away we started, burdened with wraps, packages, cameras, etc.

As we advanced a gathering host awaited us. We had ventured on the original breeding grounds of mosquitoes. There was the choice of walking on the heavy sand of the dunes, or in short, crisp grass that held the enemy. There were thousands—millions of the pests, stinging and filling mouth, eyes, nose and ears. I was too busy saving my own life to determine whether those particular mosquitoes preferred silk stocking or the fat doctor's bald head, for an argument arose later about it.

After a walk of a mile and a half we came to a lagoon, which stopped our merry progress. We christened it "The Styx." It was a case of turning back or making a detour of a half mile with the station only 200 yards away. A really, truly life saver saw us from the lookout of the station, and detailed a fellow guard to ferry us across in a dory, and the day was saved.

After visiting the station and being shown about we adjourned to the beach and stood watching the great waves dashing over Pollock Rip Shoal, known as "The Grave Yard of the Atlantic." There were no mosquitoes here, only the fresh, cold, salt-laden wind from the ocean.

Midway between Chatham twin lights and our position we could distinguish through the mist the masts of a schooner that had struck on the shoal only the night before. All were for the moment silent, then a school marm found a bottle, lately tossed up by the waves, and the spell was off. It was a white flint bottle, well corked and ground to opaqueness in the hard sand. She shook the bottle.

"There's a message in it!" she exclaimed, looking around woman-like for something to break the bottle on.

"Calm yourself," ordered the fat doctor, authoritatively.

Then he dove down and produced a corkscrew. Doctors are always there with the implements. The cork was drawn, but the message refused to come forth. So the bottle was broken anyway. It was a piece of card board, cut from a paper carton and folded once. "Doe" and I thought it was a "plant," for in a thousand years' journey that bottle could never have found a better time to get "discovered." In plain type were these two cryptic words "UNEEDA BISCUIT."

The trip back to the Ida Mildred was uneventful, save that reinforcements had arrived in Mosquitohurst, and how they pestered those swatting school marms!

We arrived at Stage Harbor landing an hour ahead of stage time, so decided to walk to Monomoyck Inn. It was a mile and a half, but the going was good and the steamed clams, bluefish and lobsters made up for some of the morning's hardships.

Only six of the party elected to make the trip home by boat. The heavy gale blowing with a fog accompaniment looked too nasty for the balance of the party, including the fat doctor, who escorted his sister victims of *mal de mer* home by rail.

It was some trip back. None attempted to remain in the cabin, for the way things were flying about down there it would have been worse than a "rough house."

When finally we reached the quiet water of Wychmere Harbor all were soaked to the skin in spite of oilers and wraps.

The sail bore mute evidence of the force of the wind, being wet to a height of ten feet from the deck.

As Captain Bourse helped the party to the deck, he said, gallantly: "I take off my hat to a brave lot of ladies."

One of the game wardens estimates that there are 10,000 deer roaming about the woods of Massachusetts—Boston Globe.



Florida Game.

ST. VINCENT ISLAND, Fla., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Ducks are here in good numbers now, including many of the choicest varieties, there being quite a good many canvas-backs and many mallards and teal.

All my fresh water lakes and ponds contain an abundance of wild celery (*Vallisneria spiralis*), foxtail grass (*Potamogeton pectinatis*), widgeon grass (*Rupia maritima*) with some wild rice (*Zizania aquatica*) and very many other of the best duck foods.

I have introduced pretty much all of these plants since I purchased St. Vincent Island about six years ago. Within a few days I have noticed quite a good many English snipe in my marshes. I have four varieties of deer which are the Virginia whitetail, Osceola, Indian, Sambur and Sika or Japanese deer. The large Sambur deer have crossed with the Virginia whitetail deer and they are likely to develop some fine large deer of the mixed strain. R. V. PIERCE.

Vermont and Connecticut Game.

GROTON, Conn., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your request regarding game conditions in Connecticut has been mislaid, so I have been unable to answer the questions until the present time.

Have just returned from a six weeks' vacation in Vermont. Partridges are very plentiful up there this season, probably owing to the early spring and favorable conditions during the hatching time. The hardy old New England ruffed grouse can always find plenty to eat during the most vigorous winters and will come out in the spring in good shape no matter how trying the weather has been. What depletes the covcys in

my mind is the natural enemies, not so much man with dog and breechloading gun as foxes, minks, hawks and the common house cat so numerous in most small villages.

It is true that a wet, cold spring existing for a long period during the hatching and nesting season work havoc with the little chicks. I am of the opinion that quail could be made to thrive in most localities of Vermont if they were regularly fed and looked after during the long winter months.

In our section here in Connecticut our commissioner put out twenty-four bobwhite just before that severe snow storm came on, and they all did well and came out in the spring good, healthy, strong birds. These birds were fed regularly and were in a locality free from vermin.

FRANK W. HEWES, M.D.,

Pres. Conn. Com. of Fisheries and Game.

Circumstantial Evidence.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When two or more sportsmen get together, nine times out of ten, outdoor experiences are in order.

I have read so many absorbing experiences in FOREST AND STREAM that I feel constrained to add one of my own, and let me say that one of the hardest things is to listen to one man's story and not have it remind you of one of your own.

In November, 1898, I had been spending some months at a camp in the Dead River region, Maine. Although having secured one-half of my legal kill; i. e., one deer—the head wasn't good—I made up my mind that every doe and spike buck in Maine could pass by before a soft point would leave the barrel of my rifle. Therefore, I started in the direction of Big Spencer,



TEACHING THE OFFSPRINGS TO SHOOT.

Photograph by George F. Halliday.

where the "seven pointers" roamed, taking it quietly and slowly. Smash! Crash! to my right. I didn't shoot, though I found myself trying to put my front sight on a "white flag." I recognized this disturber of the peace, a nice fat doe. Another half hour of stalking, and as I looked ahead, about 125 yards, I saw off through the trees my buck. He was feeding, and a magnificent pair of horns stretched away in the direction he was facing, as his nose was on the ground. Thin brush was between him and me, but I could see his tail flick to drive away an occasional fly. I got the ivory on him about what I judged was his fore shoulder, and when I pulled he went down—and stayed there.

I lit my pipe and walked over to him. When I pushed through the brush there lay a poor little yearling doe. Something seemed wrong. I was certain I saw the horns. Without touching her I walked back until I found my empty shell. I looked again. Sure enough there were the horns, but no deer.

The little miss had been feeding with her spikes up against a windfall in such a position that a couple of small dead branches appeared to be horns. A clear case of circumstantial evidence. Result: Death to the little one and no head that year for me. L. L. LAWTON.

Hunting in California.

BY GOLDEN GATE.

THE month of November has been ushered in by rains, and duck shooting is showing a decided improvement, especially in the interior where water was scarce at the opening of the season. The supply of home-bred birds is being supplemented by the arrival of great numbers of Northern birds among which are numbers of canvasbacks and geese. The best sport being enjoyed at present seems to be in the San Joaquin Valley section in the vicinity of Los Banos, but the market hunters are now commencing to send shipments from Sacramento Valley points also. Good sport is to be had on the Suisun marshes and even on the marshes of San Francisco Bay.

The supervisors of Alameda, Santa Clara and San Mateo counties have joined in passing ordinances reducing the daily limit on rail from twenty to twelve and have prohibited the shooting of these birds from boats or blinds.

The deer season is now at an end, and from every section of the State reports are being received of the heavy killing made this year. Many suggestions are being received by the fish and game commissioners for changes in the game laws and a shorter and later season for deer is advocated by sportsmen generally. The present division of the State into districts is not entirely satisfactory, and new divisions are being planned, these being based upon the natural divisions of the State, climatic conditions, and the natural habitat of the leading species of wild game. Many changes in the opening and closing of the seasons on game will be recommended, and it is believed that many of these will be adopted by the Legislature which meets next January.

The use of motorcycles as a means of conveyance for deputies doing patrol duties has proved a great success here, and nine are now in the service of the Fish and Game Commission. With the automobile playing such an important

part in the transportation of hunters, the motorcycle has become a necessity. One machine has a record of 10,000 miles with an expense account of one cent a mile.

A. O. U. Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union was held in Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 12, 13 and 14. The Nuttall Ornithological Club entertained the Union four years ago.

The scientific sessions were held in the University Museum, Oxford street, Cambridge at 10 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., Tuesday, Wednesday afternoon and Thursday in the geological lecture room (south entrance), and on Wednesday morning in the Nash lecture room (middle entrance). The public was invited to attend the meetings.

A committee of information, designated by red badges, was in attendance at the meetings. Luncheon was served to members of the Union at 1 P. M. each day by invitation of the Nuttall Ornithological Club.

On Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 12, immediately after the meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Batchelder held a reception at their home, 7 Kirkland street, for members and their friends.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 12, at 8 P. M., the men of the Union attended a reception at William Brewster's Museum.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 13, the members and their friends met at the usual subscription dinner.

On Thursday afternoon, Nov. 14, at 4 P. M. the ladies of the Union were asked to see Mr. Brewster's collection of birds at his museum.

During the meeting the museum and library of the Boston Society of Natural History, corner of Berkeley and Boylston streets, Boston, were open, free to members of the Union.

For Friday, Nov. 15, Colonel and Mrs. John E. Thayer invited the members of the Union to their home and Museum at Lancaster, Mass.

The officers were re-elected as follows: Frank M. Chapman, President; Dr. A. K. Fisher, Henry W. Henshaw, Vice-Presidents; Dr. Jonathan Dwight, Jr., Treasurer; John H. Sage, Secretary.

The list of papers read on the various days follows:

TUESDAY MORNING, NOV. 12.

Notes from Northern Labrador, A. C. Bent, Taunton, Mass.

Some Labrador Notes, Charles W. Townsend, Boston, Mass.

Notes on the Migrations and Habits of Some Long Island Shore Birds (lantern slides), Francis Harper, College Point, N. Y., and John Treadwell Nichols, New York city.

On the Present Status of the Bobolink or Rice-bird in the South (lantern slides), Edward Howe Forbush, Westboro, Mass.

Queer Nesting Sites of the House Wren (lantern slides), Wilbur F. Smith, South Norwalk, Conn.

A New Subspecies of Crossbill from Newfoundland (specimens), A. C. Bent, Taunton, Mass.

The Nest Life of the Sparrow Hawk, Althea R. Sherman, National, Iowa.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

Informal Notes on the Work of the Field Museum in South America, W. H. Osgood.

Further Observations on Colombian Bird Life (lantern slides), Frank M. Chapman, New York city.

Propagation and Restoration of American Wildfowl (lantern slides), Herbert K. Job, East Haven, Conn.

Notes on the Present Breeding Range of White Egrets in the United States (lantern slides), T. Gilbert Pearson, New York city.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 13.

Passenger Pigeon: Report of the Year's Work, C. F. Hodge, Worcester, Mass.

Problem of Domesticating the Ruby-throated Hummingbird, Katherine E. Dolbear, Worcester, Mass.

Notes on the Panama Thrush-Warbler, Hubert Lyman Clark, Cambridge, Mass.

Report of Progress on the "Life Histories of North American Birds," A. C. Bent, Taunton, Mass.

The Value of Bird Study in a Limited Area, Alice Hall Walter, Providence, R. I.

Some Notes from Sheepshead Bay and Manhattan Beach, New York City, George E. Hix, New York city.

Concealing Action of the Bittern, Walter B. Barrows, East Lansing, Mich.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

What the American Bird Banding Association Has Accomplished the Past Year (lantern slides), Howard H. Cleaves, New Brighton, N. Y.

A Biological Reconnaissance of the Okefinokee Swamp: The Birds (lantern slides), Albert H. Wright, Ithaca, N. Y., and Francis Harper, College Point, N. Y.

The Red-winged Blackbird: A Study in the Ecology of a Cat-tail Marsh (lantern slides), Arthur A. Allen, Ithaca, N. Y.

THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 14.

The Flight of Birds, Alexander Forbes, Milton, Mass.

The A. O. U. Check-List, Third Edition, Louis B. Bishop, New Haven, Conn.

A Glimpse at the Home-Life of *Larus marinus* (lantern slides), Howard H. Cleaves, New Brighton, N. Y.

The Present Status of the Heath Hen (lantern slides and specimens), George W. Field, Boston, Mass.

Two Flycatchers of the Genus *Empidonax* New to the Fauna of South Carolina, Arthur T. Wayne, Mt. Pleasant, S. C.

Eighteen Species of Birds New to the Pribilof Islands, Including Four New to North America, Barton W. Evermann, Washington, D. C.

A Study of the House Finch, W. H. Bergtold, Denver, Colo.

The Status of the Extinct *Melagridæ*, R. W. Shufeldt, Washington, D. C.

THE tremendous number of animals that are killed every year for their furs seems almost incredible. In Russia alone during the past 12 months there were gathered the furs of 4,525,000 gray squirrels, 1,500,000 white hares, 200,000 ermine and 12,250 sables—a total of 6,237,250.

"Who is so deaf or so blind as is he
That willfully will neither hear nor see?"



Some Humors of Florida Fishing.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Early in July, when we left that little fishing hamlet X. near the mouth of the St. Johns with its up-to-date hotel and various other attractions, we declared that we never wished to see it again. The spirit of Izaak Walton was too much for me, and yesterday my fishing blood ran up to 110, and there was nothing to be done but reduce the fever. Dr. G. was called in; he had expressed a desire to accompany me on one of my fishing expeditions. I told him to get ready for a trip to X. at 5:30. It was then 1 o'clock and raining in torrents. He said: "Why, man, it's pouring down." I replied: "Yes, commence knocking now after begging a month to be taken along." This brought him around, and at 5:30 we were on the little dinky bound for X. thirty miles away at sixty-five cents per round trip. On arriving we found "John," our boatman, to whom we had phoned, awaiting us. He had just come in from securing live mullet bait, and was as wet as the proverbial "drowned rat." Evidently he did not expect us. The rain was simply trying to break the weather man's record and had been for most of the day. He gave me one long grin when he saw us climb out of our "Pullman" and sidling up to us, said: "Are you the gentlemen who phoned me to make ready for a fishing trip?" I replied: "You guessed right that time. Are you ready?" "Yes, sir," he said. "All the bait you are looking for up to one-pound mullet, but what about the rain?" "We have brought a change of raiment," I said, "and never let a little thing like a shower interfere." He gave us a long look, as much as to say, you'll do, and turning, led the way to that so-called hotel, which will bring up such pleasant recollections to you.

"Go in and get supper," he said, "and then I wish to see you a few moments and all arrangements will be completed." Dr. G., who had never been in this hostelry before, now took the lead, and I followed very reluctantly. I thought I knew what to expect, but found I didn't. My face had to brighten up a little when I took my seat at the table, for I recognized some old friends. There in the same spot was that identical dish of fish which we had looked on and inhaled several weeks gone by. Age had not added any attractiveness to it nor had its odoriferous qualities been lessened in the least. No one had been so bold as to tackle it without a deodorizer, and its place at the table was as secure as McGraw's management of the Giants. The coffee had evidently been practicing for a bout with Frank Gotch; the butter was old enough to be bald-headed, but I noticed some scattering hairs in it. The light bread looked as though it might have landed with Ponce de Leon, and like him hunting for that same "Fountain of Youth." Not wishing to crush any of my old friends, I soon made a hasty exit and found John.

"When will you be ready to go," was his greeting. "Now, suits me," said I, and already I could feel the water trickling down my neck and saturating my every pore when we should have been out only a few moments, for I knew I would catch it, not having a raincoat of any kind, and right here let me tell you that mosquitoes, the big gray-backed rascals, swarmed around us, giving us a warm reception. I retreated into a screened room, but it was like Mark Twain's "mosquito bar"—more under than on the outside, so out I came again. Let me digress long enough to say that in some places in Florida the chickens have to be screened in or the mosquitoes will kill them. As for myself I believe that mosquitoes as large and blood-thirsty as the X. brand could reach through the wire and pull the chickens out. Dr. G. joined us at this time and John informed us that the tide would be on about 2 A. M. and to fish before that time was only wasted energy. As no fisherman is long on this article, we retired, John promising to call us at midnight.

We had plenty of calls between times, however. Mosquitoes called incessantly, and when John called for us, we were ready to go. At 12:05 we were dressed, and on our way to the boat, a large gasoline launch capable of holding ten or a dozen people, with a nice little well in the center of the boat for the bait. Here minnows could be kept indefinitely. We ran diagonally across the river to the "Oyster" beds and cast anchor in one fathom of water, and at once commenced arranging our rods and reels. We were told again that we would get no bites until the tide began to run, but we were there for fishing. The mosquitoes were also fishing for suckers, and for more than an hour we held rod in one hand and fought mosquitoes with the other. We had been fishing in semi-darkness, but now a faint light appeared in the east. A little breeze started up and the mosquitoes vanished. The old wreck in the mouth of the river loomed up in the distance. Two Government boats near us were more sharply outlined. Suddenly the moon appeared, coming up out of a bed of molten silver, and as its rays danced on the waters and the waters lapped against our little vessel, the brilliancy of the scene became more and more entrancing, and I began to be lost in reverie, when swish went my line, and my reel was singing a song that is so dear to a fisherman's heart.

The contest was on. Would I land him in the boat? No time for reverie now. If one ever needed one's wits, the event was at hand. I remembered you had told me never to let a large one go straight away from you if you only had a short line. This was my condition, and as he would bend my rod almost double and then would start straight away, it was almost impossible for me to so change that at any time I could give him a little more bent rod instead of a straight pull. John was yelling to me that it was a sea bass, and for me to do thus and

so, and I was all the time trying to think what you would do under the same circumstances, and this helped me, for after what I thought was an extra long time I succeeded in getting him alongside the boat, but just as John reached down for him, away he went again, and it was all to do over, if anything more difficult than before.

I was in the vessel, on the side, now up and now down, and swishing that rod while Mr. Bass was giving me the fishing event of my life. Once more I got him headed toward the vessel. He was coming like a racehorse, and I wondered if it was to be his finish or mine. I was trying to keep my line taut. He was now near the boat and I suppose this was what John was waiting for. He seized my line, and with one quick jerk the momentum of the fish landed him inside the boat before he or I knew just what had happened. After we got him he weighed 9½ pounds. Before he was landed I knew that he would weigh 25 pounds at the least. Game, did you say! Well, I don't believe they put up a better fight anywhere. We caught ten; the first was the largest and the smallest weighed 4½ pounds. Every time one made my reel sing I wished for you, for I knew you would have enjoyed it to the utmost.

Our catch weighed 57½ pounds—six bass and four trout. At no time were we bothered with any other than those we caught except two or three that got away from us, that I am satisfied that a skilled fisherman like yourself could have landed. We were through, but I was not ready to come back to Jacksonville at train time, 5:30, but did so.

Inclosed find some scales from the largest one and wish you could have been here to have helped me eat him, as he was as fine flavored as one could wish.

W. T. McCOWN.

New Publications.

"THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SPORTS AND GAMES," by Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. Four vols. Cloth. Gilt top. Illustrated, \$12.00 net. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Each sport is treated from the viewpoint of the expert, with illustrations full of action, and thoroughly descriptive in their profuseness. An encyclopedia is expected to provide records, explanations and all manner of references, and these volumes, while covering the ground amply in those respects, go further. They are alive with lucid, readable articles by writers whose names are well known in the various branches of sport. Turning up a subject at random one has access to admirable chapters on trapshooting, big-game hunting, canoeing, duck shooting, fast and fancy skating, steeplechasing and hurdling, swimming; in fact, every subject of interest to the sportsman and outdoor recreationist is lavishly arrayed for his or her inspection.

These volumes should be in every library.

“Now, That Reminds Me.”—VII.

BY O. W. SMITH.

Photograph by the Author.

“Now, that reminds me” of a little creek I once fished, and where I played, won and lost a record-breaking trout. Oh! smile if you want to. I know all about the large one that got away and that sort of thing, but just the same this is a true story. I had the trout on the bank and all but in my hands, mind you, then lost him, so I know just how large he was.

The name of the creek I do not remember, but I was told that it emptied into one of the Chain o' Lakes near Waupaca, Wisconsin, the State that abounds in what one may term immature streams, though when it comes to grown up fish, they can supply them. We reached the creek from Amherst, a little town on the Soo Line, though I imagine that one could drive from Waupaca, or perhaps take a boat from the Soldiers' Home, which is on one of the lakes, and reached from the city by electric, but of that I am not informed, neither do I know anything of the fishing to be had in the lower reaches of the creek. Where I fished the stream for the most part it was pretty well overgrown with brush, and making one's way along the bank was anything but a pleasure. At one place I got into a prickly ash thicket, and for ten rods I crawled on hands and knees, an attitude suggestive of humble invocation, but I fear that I was in anything but a prayerful mood. There were trout and some good ones in the little stream, the red-spotted species generally, though once in a while I took a German brown and I secured a small rainbow.

At one point on the stream I came out in an open pasture, rather low land all punched up by cattle, but the stream held many good pools, so I did not mind the rough ground. After working through brush for three hours, open fishing is a pleasant relief, and I went to it with avidity. Of course I stepped into a hole and went down into the black mud well above the top of my high boot, but that was to be expected, an incident in the day's work, so I scraped off the foul stuff and continued on down stream. Spying an up-turned tree with trunk lying lengthwise of the stream some distance below me, and surmising from long experience on trout streams that the gnawing current would have formed a pool beneath it, I made a wide detour and stealthily approached, the quaking soil making extreme care necessary. I was not disappointed, the pool was there, deep, dark and inviting. Quickly I made ready my fly, a nondescript but successful creation of a Wisconsin angler who ties dry flies after no pattern, with wide spread eagle wings and of a general dead color. Perhaps the odd creations would harrow the sensitive soul of the fly artist, but they take fish, and are truly wonderfully successful.

With a little twitch I sent the fly out upon the blue-black water, danced it up stream and down, but not a fin stirred. Still I had the feeling—you know what I mean—that that water concealed a good fish. Throwing the fly back of me I circled it through the air to dry, after the English method, then brought it down, “plop,” upon the water just at the edge of the tree trunk. Caught in the circling current, it is promptly drawn down under the log, a dry-

fly gone wet-fishing. I let it go. Suddenly there came a half defined tug, then a steady strain. “Snagged,” I said to myself, for that was exactly what it felt like. Disgusted, I began to pull gently, for I did not want to lose the fly, then harder and harder. Suddenly I received an electric shock, a “chugitty, chug, chug,” that set all my nerves attingling. You know the feel of a heavy fish when it first awakes to the fact that it is hooked. I judged that the fish was beneath the log and rooting perhaps in an effort to tear loose the hook. I exerted all the strength I dared, and for an instant thought that I was going to fail to get my capture to fight in the open, but steady insistence conquered, as it con-



“A POOL, DEEP, DARK AND INVITING.”

quers in the school room, and out dashed the trout, tearing the line through the water and causing the little pool to boil as though a submarine volcano had broken out in its depths. What would I not have given for a stiff rod, even the heavy cane pole of boyhood days? I had ceased to desire to play fair, to be a sportsman; I wanted that fish, and it made little difference to me how I got him. Forth and back he raged, I always straining the rod to the utmost, knowing well that only so could I hope to conquer him. Once he got back under the log and I spent an eternal moment of torture while he nosed away, seeming to rid himself of the stinging steel which led him where he would not go. Suddenly the rod conquered—somehow a change in a piscatorial battle is always sudden—and my capture was again out in the free water.

Now, I am not going to tell all that transpired during the ten or fifteen minutes, and it may have been sixty; but if you will take all the stories of all the piscatorial battles you ever heard and combine them into one, it will serve as a preface to the story of my battle. Smile, if you want to. I have not spent all my days in a school room teaching the young how to shoot, but have captured some mighty big fish in my time, and I want to tell you that the memory

of that battle in the low pasture dwarfs them all. Not because the fish escaped, for remember I told you when I began that I captured the fish before I lost him.

Now I hurry to the end and climax of the story. The monster gradually weakened, and at last utterly vanquished, floated on his side. I was a proud man when I bent and slipped my hand into the great gaping gills and threw the fish out upon the bank, the hook breaking as I did so. Proud? Yes, and I had every right to be. Not every one and not every day can a man play and conquer such a fish in such a pool on a four-ounce rod. There have been some supreme moments in my life, but that capped them all. I thought of the story I would have to tell the boys, of the picture I would have to show, and of the fish I would have to display. Alas, I have only the story; the picture and fish are among the things that might have been.

Briefly what happened. The fish slipped into one of those holes which the cows had punched through the sod and that hole connected with some subterranean passage, probably a muskrat hole, that opened upon the creek. When the fish disappeared, of course I fell upon my face and plunged my arm elbow deep into the hole. I touched the body, but it slipped through my eager fingers and was gone. All was over but the tears. Yes, there have been several moments in my life and that was one of them.

Fishing in California.

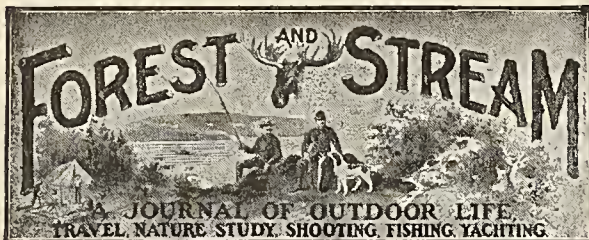
BY GOLDEN GATE.

THE trout fishing season came to a close on the 1st of November, and anglers are now devoting their attention to steelheads and striped bass with splendid catches of these being made. Steelhead fishing on the Eel River has been indifferent of late, but in tide water around San Francisco Bay some fine catches have been made since the early rains.

Striped bass fishing is affording some great sport at the present time, and some very large fish for this season of the year are being landed. The run of bass has commenced at Wingo Slough and many anglers are now visiting this popular place instead of the Carquinez Straits section where most of the activity has been noted of late. At Wingo recently, a 35-pound bass and two 25-pound fish were taken the same day. In Back-door Slough, a tributary of Napa Creek, were landed a 40-pounder and another 35 pounds. Even better catches of bass are expected as soon as some heavy rains are experienced, as it is believed that the fresh water will cause the myriads of crabs now in the sloughs to leave for the bay.

San Francisco wholesalers of fresh fish recently asked that a carload of refrigerated salmon be allowed to enter the State from Oregon before Oct. 23, so that the fish might be placed on sale as soon as the season opened, but the Fish and Game Commission refused to grant the request on the ground that it would be unfair to the bay fishermen to allow the market to be filled before they had a chance to make a catch.

Swordfish fishing is now at its height in Southern waters, and a number of enthusiastic anglers from San Francisco, among whom are Drs. B. F. Alden and J. A. Wiborg, are planning to leave shortly for Catalina Island for a few days' sport.



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THANKSGIVING.

DOUBTLESS many a sportsman has bethought him that his Thanksgiving turkey will have a finer flavor if the feast is prefaced by a few hours in the woods with dog and gun. Meaner fare than this day of bounty furnishes, is made delicious by such an appetizer, and the Thanksgiving feast will be none the worse for it.

What can be more delicious than the wholesome fragrance of the fallen leaves? What more invigorating than the breath of the two seasons that we catch—here, in the northward shade of a wooded hill the nipping air of winter; there where the southern slope meets the sun, the genial warmth of an October day. Here one's footsteps crunch sharply the frozen herbage and the ice-sharded border of a spring's overflow; there splash in thawed pools and rustle softly among the dead leaves.

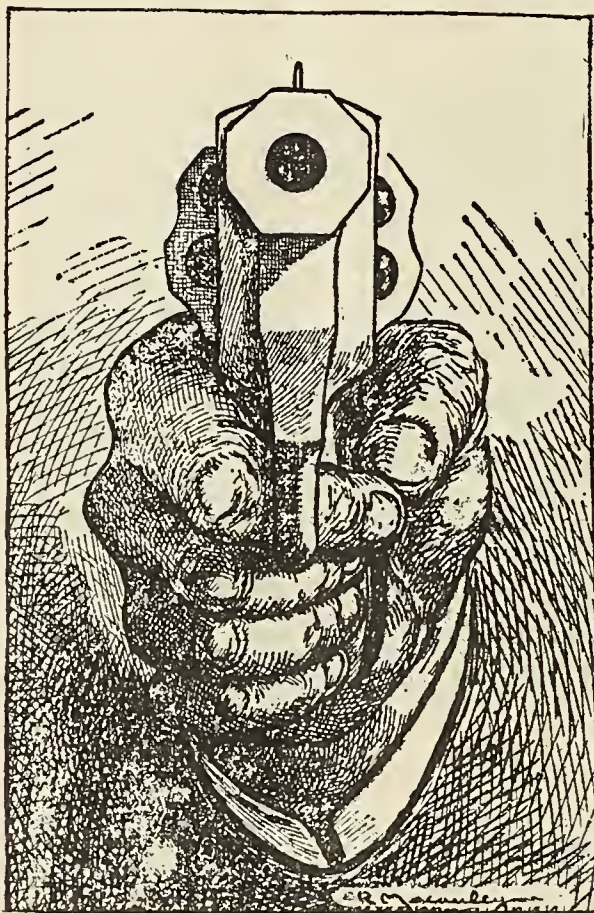
The flowers are gone, but they were not brighter than the winter berries and bittersweet that glow about. The deciduous leaves are fallen and withered, but they were not more beautiful than the delicate tracery of their forsaken branches, and the steadfast foliage of the evergreens was never brighter. The song birds are singing in southern woods, but chickadee, nut-hatch and woodpecker are chatty and companionable and keep the woods in heart with a stir of life.

Then from overhead or underfoot a ruffed grouse whirrs away into the gray haze of branches, and one hears the boom and crash of his headlong flight long after he is lost to sight, perchance long after the echo of a futile shot has died away. Far off one hears the intermittent discharge of rifles where the shooters are burning powder for their Thanksgiving turkey, and faintly from far away comes the melancholy music of a hound. Then nearer and clearer a rustle of velvet-clad feet, and reynard himself, the wildest spirit of the woods, materializes out of the russet indistinctness and flashes past with every sense alert. Then the hound goes by, and footstep, voice and echo sink into silence. For silence it is, though the silver tinkle of the brook is in it, and the stir of the last leaf shivering forsaken on its bough.

In such quietude one may hold heartfelt thanksgiving, feasting full upon a crust and a draught from the icy rivulet, and leave rich viands and costly wines for the thankless surfeiting of poorer men.

ANTI-REVOLVER LEGISLATION.

THE wounding of ex-President Roosevelt by a maniac with a revolver brought to their senses some of the newspapers that have been unable to see the importance of the principle of the Sullivan law, relative to carrying of firearms small enough for concealment. Almost every important newspaper in the country published editorial comment on allowing carrying of concealed weapons, while some editors were erudite enough to touch the root of the revolver evil by demanding certain restrictions in the manufacture of small firearms. The New York World, one



THE NATIONAL MENACE.
 From New York World.

of the most editorially keen newspapers, printed in its editorial columns a picture entitled, "The National Menace," by Macauley. This we reproduce herewith. We predict—and signs point to the realization of our prediction—that the United States Government will, sooner or later, prohibit the manufacture of firearms small enough for concealment; that military, target and police revolvers will be made with longer barrels and that no one, except those duly authorized so to do, will be allowed to carry revolvers or pistols of any sort. What a sad case was that, a few days ago, of the young woman who shot her mother on a Pullman car. It was an accident, unavoidable under the circumstances, but what a blessing for that girl had she been unable to secure a revolver. This case is only an instance of what goes on every day in different cities. Innocent persons are killed through accident or design by firearms in the hands of inexperienced or criminal individuals. As we have said before, the Sullivan law is by no means perfect, but

rigidly enforced it would go far as a hold-over until a Federal measure be enacted absolutely prohibiting the manufacture of firearms of size small enough for concealment on one's person. Indications point toward early enactment of such a law, and the better class of public sentiment is heartily in favor of it.

ARCHERY IN CITY PARKS.

FEW are those who know how delightful a pastime is archery. What enjoyment and health ladies and gentlemen derive from this recreation! How many persons play away their spare time in the good old sport of our forebears? It is coming back into its own in cities throughout the country. In almost every large city in the United States ranges have been laid out in city parks. Notably there is one exception among cities that have anticipated the demands of archery—by setting aside a part of the park's playground for the accommodation. That exception is New York city. In the Borough of Brooklyn a request has been made of Park Commissioner Kennedy for space. Thus far he has not seen fit to give his permission. He has not, however, refused to grant permission. He is pondering on the subject. Knowing Mr. Kennedy to be a man of fairness, we hardly see how he can do other than grant the request of Brooklyn archers, of whom there are several hundred. At any rate we hope archers across the bridge may receive co-operation from Commissioner Kennedy—and we think they will.

STOVER VS. STADIUM.

PARK COMMISSIONER STOVER, of Manhattan Borough, has made some mistakes in his administration in so far as it refers to Central Park, but we congratulate him on refusing to sanction the colossal grab framed by James E. Sullivan for his hobby, the Amateur Athletic Union. Central Park belongs to the people—all classes. It is the big public playground for a big working city, a place where the wealthy drive and motor, the poor walk and rest, and where both may play and recreate to their heart's content. There is no room in Central Park for a stadium for the A. A. U., a considerable portion of whose membership is non-resident.

KING CARIBOU.

ONE of the finest caribou heads it ever has been our pleasure to see (though we had opportunity to see it only in photograph) inadvertently appeared in the Oct. 26 FOREST AND STREAM as the opening illustration in an article by George B. Clark, entitled, "Caribou Hunting, Newfoundland vs. New Brunswick." The head in the illustration was not shot by Mr. Clark, but by another of our subscribers, a well-known big-game hunter, who will have a very comprehensive Newfoundland caribou story in an early issue under pseudonym, "The Judge." You will immensely enjoy reading this story.

THE OCTOBER RECORD.

AGATE LINES OF ADVERTISING.

(Compiled by Printers' Ink.)

Publication Oct., 1912.

1. Forest and Stream 16,003
2. Outing 15,976
3. Field and Stream 11,648
4. Outdoor World 8,376
5. Outers' Book 7,840

Archery

Archery-Golf.

A NOVEL and enjoyable game, introduced into this country by George W. Wingate, instructor in archery at the Pittsburgh A. A., was played recently at the Edgewood Country Club. It is called archery golf and bids fair to become as popular in America as it is in England.

The archers were George W. Postgate, instructor at the Pittsburgh Athletic Association, and one of his pupils, Master Harold Knapp, while the golfers were R. L. Kester and Jack Kennedy, of the Edgewood Country Club. It is said that this is the first time a competition of this sort has ever been held in the United States, though it is becoming prevalent in England and the British Isles.

The golfers played winter rules—no penalty for losing a ball, and placing the ball when in the tall grass or bunker. The archers shot off the tee, and on approaching the green they placed a target of cardboard, the same size as the hole, attached to a stick and placed "hole-high" on either the left or the right side of the green, so as to avoid any possibility of injuring the fine grass. This target they were required to hit, while the golfers of course had to put the ball into the hole in the usual manner.

Two rounds of nine holes each were played, and at the end of the second round the archers were two holes to the good, their total scores being 150, while the golfers were charged with 152.

The best score was made by Prof. Postgate, who negotiated the eighth hole of the first round in two. Postgate's score for the full course was 69. Kester's score was 77, while Knapp shot the course in 81 and Kennedy drove it in 75.

Quite a crowd of men, women and children followed the players over the course. A. D. Knapp, the father of Harold Knapp, kept the scores. The bogey for the course is 78, and Professor Postgate took fewer shots than any golfer has ever been able to make the course in.

About a week previous a similar contest was held on the course of the Oakmont Club between Dr. W. H. Haines, Dr. O. L. Hertig and Lester Ussing, of the Pittsburgh Athletic Association, and Professor Postgate. The archers won by ten holes, Dr. Hertig and Professor Postgate both making the course in less than bogey. Considerable excitement was caused among the golfers by this novel exhibition.

Archery in Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Saturday afternoon a typical November wind prevailed, making high scores impossible:

York round:					
	72 arrows.	48 arrows.	24 arrows.		Total.
	100yds.	80yds.	60yds.		
Dr. Haines	17	38	15	44	17 60 49 142
Dr. Hertig	39	161	37	169	21 105 97 435
Jas. Jiles	25	98	27	108	20 96 72 302
American round, 30 arrows at each distance:					
	60yds.	50yds.	40yds.		Total.
Dr. Hertig	27	143	29	135	30 188 86 466
Jas. Jiles	25	115	21	122	30 180 76 417
Geo. Smith	6	20	8	17	10 30 24 67

Mr. Jiles is making marked improvement in

his scores. The above score of 76 hits, 417 score, is his first American round of over 400. He now goes around with a broader smile than usual, saying in his humorous way that before Thanksgiving he will have Hertig's scalp, and after that he will just naturally line up Elmer, Rendtorff, Gray, Spear and all the new ones. That confidence comes from having licked his teacher, Prof. Postgate, one evening in a private shoot, scores of which he refuses to divulge.

Private opinion prevails, however, that as the professor is a man weighing 118 stripped and Jiles somewhere under 250, the licking was of a corporeal nature rather than a defeat at the target. Meanwhile Postgate is silent.

DR. O. L. HERTIG.

National Archery Association.

To the Archers of the United States of America:

Owing to ill health and press of work, Ellis Spear, Jr., has felt obliged to resign as



GEORGE PHILLIPS BRYANT.

Secretary-Treasurer, National Archery Association.

secretary-treasurer of the National Archery Association to the regret and loss of all its members and officers. G. P. Bryant, of Boston, has been elected by the board of directors to fill the vacancy.

The new secretary earnestly desires the cooperation of all archers in the work of promoting the sport and building up the national organization. The growth of the sport is now healthy and rapid, and the officers of the association sincerely hope to make the 1913 champion tournament the greatest in scores, attendance and pleasure to all concerned that has been held for many years. This will be obtained by the hearty assistance of all in maintaining the interest by published articles, the organization of local clubs, the financial assistance of prompt payment of dues and the addition of new members, and finally by informing your secretary as early as

possible of your intention to attend the tournament.

The number of names for correspondence on the secretary's list makes it a matter of great labor and a burden on the association funds to try to personally correspond with each one on all matters, and so your secretary urges all to take one of the magazines that has proved so friendly and of such assistance already, as for instance FOREST AND STREAM.

Members are urged to help by sending in their yearly dues of \$2 and prospective members are informed that the fee for joining the association is \$3 and the annual dues \$2.

GEORGE PHILLIPS BRYANT, Sec'y-Treas.

750 Tremont Building, Boston, Mass.

Chicago Archery Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Chicago Archery Club finished its yearly contest for club championships on Nov. 2. The following scores have been made recently:

Team rounds, 96 arrows at 60yds.:					
H. W. Bishop	22 124	22 120	23 107	23 121	90 472
	23 135	21 109	23 137	19 93	86 474
	24 140	24 134	23 119	23 135	94 528
	21 111	21 109	21 105	20 110	83 435
Geo. L. Nichols	21 115	24 146	23 127	23 135	91 523
	23 119	21 107	22 142	23 115	89 483
Dr. E. B. Weston	19 91	17 93	20 104	20 120	76 408
	19 87	24 134	18 96	22 90	83 407
	20 110	24 116	18 90	23 121	85 437
Ninety-six arrows at 50yds.:					
Mrs. Witwer-Taylor	22 108	23 119	22 124	22 122	89 475
	22 120	24 138	23 119	20 114	89 491
	23 109	21 107	24 154	23 139	91 507

DR. EDWARD B. WESTON.

A Bow for a Musket.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with great interest the account of archery at the Lake Forest (Ill.) Academy under E. J. Rendtorff. I wish I had been under just such a man some thirty-five years ago. However, doubtless the above is the first school in fact to practice archery, but it is not in fiction. For as far back as 1889 in one of my books for boys (and girls) "Shoulder Arms," I had the big preparatory school discard military drill with muskets and take up instead regular archery drill in battalion. Now, the boys says the book is a good one, and as a matter of fact it is still alive and selling, so I just want to suggest the idea of regular battalion drill to Mr. Rendtorff for the whole school, not a fraction thereof. I reckon he would get lots of fun out of it and the boys a lot of exercise, and on field days the public would have a sight worth seeing.

JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

Swatow Peanut Crop.

THE harvest of the peanut crop in the immediate vicinity of Swatow has been completed, and, contrary to expectation, proved about the same as that of last year. The price of peanuts has risen, however, and now stands at about \$2 Mexican (\$1 United States currency) per bushel. It is regretted that no statistics as to production are procurable. However, as the crop is said to be about the same as that of last year, one may predict that about the same quantity of peanuts and peanut oil will be free for export. The exports for 1911 were 1,063 tons of peanuts and 1,557 tons of peanut oil.—From Consul C. L. L. Williams, Swatow, China.

YACHTING

Bayside Y. C.

CLOSING the year with a fleet of 107 boats, money in the treasury and perfect amicability among the members, the Bayside Y. C. held its annual meeting on Nov. 10. G. Waldo Smith once more honors and accepts honors as commodore of the club, this being his eighth term in office. William H. Johns, whose efforts and interest have done so much toward placing the Bayside Y. C. on the yachting map, and keeping it there, was re-elected secretary, while the following also reaccepted their former offices: Elmer G. Story, Vice-Commodore; Archibald Nesbett, Rear Commodore; Frederick Floyd Jones, Treasurer; Joseph E. Hill, Measurer; William Teller, James Nash Webb, C. W. Bergen and Russell A. Field, Governors.

A number of innovations were in order, among them the adoption of a junior membership, boys under twenty-one being eligible at nominal dues of \$10 a year, while dues were raised for regular members.

"Bayside Butterflies" will help the "Birds" keep up small yacht supremacy of the club.

Yacht Cacique Sold.

THE Hollis Burgess yacht agency has sold the big auxiliary yawl Cacique, owned by E. E. Conway, of Boston, to John S. Curtis, of Boston, a member of the Eastern Y. C. Cacique is one of the finest cruising yachts afloat and was formerly owned by Lawrence Armour, of Chicago. She is 80 feet long, 17 feet wide, with a 40 horsepower auxiliary motor. She has a very large cabin and four staterooms. Cacique is now in New York, but will be taken around the Cape to Boston next spring.

The same agency has sold the 35-foot water-line auxiliary yawl Rebecca, owned by John S. Curtis, of Boston, to a prominent member of the Boston Y. C.; the 40-foot water line sloop Hera, owned by Oscar M. Angier, of Dorchester, Mass., to F. L. Eno, of Boston, and several small boats to the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., Bristol, R. I., for use on the famous Herreshoff racing schooner Westward, which sails for Europe shortly.

Canoeing

Through the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal.

BY STEPHEN C. SINGLETON, JR.

ON July 9, 1911, the majority of the members of the Delaware Canoe Club, and not a few guests, assembled at Delaware City, the eastern terminus of the canal, prepared for a week's trip through the canal out in into the Chesapeake Bay, and return over the same route. The men went from Wilmington to Delaware City by launch, taking the canoes in tow, while the women and guests went to Delaware City by trolley.

As the trolley party arrived first, the ladies

supplemented the commissary department. Soon the party was on its way to Summit Bridge, our favorite camping spot. We reached there about 7:30 o'clock and hastily made camp, supper being prepared by the ladies, while the men put up the tents. There were nine canoes and thirty people.

The next day we were off early, and taking our time arrived on the lower shore of the Bohemia around 5 P. M. Here we made camp for the night, and as it was scorching hot, no one slept very soundly.

The following day we proceeded to Pond's Neck, about six miles above Betterton, on the Elk River. Here we stayed for about three days. Two days hotter than blazès; one day pleasant.



MAKING UP TOWS AT DELAWARE CITY.

The second day the river was so warm that it was no relief to go in for a swim. At night one could discern several of the canoes silently glide with their crews out unto the bosom of the river in hopes of finding relief from heat and mosquitoes.

The last night about midnight a crowd of youngsters took some of the blackened embers from our camp-fire, and silently and stealthily swimming out to those slumbering in their canoe, blackened their faces so softly that they woke not during the performance. In the morning there was a considerable disturbance from the region of the river-rocked sleepers, for each one upon waking and seeing the face of his partner let out an uproarious laugh, and then commenced to see if his own face was the same, which of course it was.

The next day we proceeded on into Chesapeake City, and after getting grub and papers to go through the canal, entered the lock. We were lifted sixteen feet into still water, where it was easy paddling to our camping place at the bridge four miles and a half away. This being our last night in camp, the bunch of black faces declared that no one was going to sleep that night. But fate plays tricks sometimes on

the tricksters. Several of the older men assembled in the next tent to them, and singing all the old and new and otherwise songs, sang them to sleep.

This was the last day, and as usual everyone was loath to break camp, knowing that it would not be pitched again for weeks, maybe months.

The tows were made by taking a length of three-quarter inch hemp rope long enough for three canoes, and to this fastening the canoes about twenty-five feet apart by means of a towing cradle. The latter is made with two pieces of rope, three-eighths of an inch or one-half inch, tied so as to form a "Y," the knot being placed against the keel of the boat and the two upper ends fastened to the front of the seat and the single end being fastened to the tow line. By thus having them tied to each other, strain upon any one canoe was avoided.

The lock was now full and the three strings of three canoes each were towed into it, and the gate put into place. When the water had been lowered to that outside in the river, the outer gates were opened, and when the canoes gracefully slid out of the canal, we knew our cruise was at an end.

For the benefit of those who may wish to know how much grub it required, and the expense per capita for such a trip, I give the following:

Grub bought at Delaware City, going down	\$1.65
Grub bought at Chesapeake canal going down	.81
Milk61
Salmon, canned40
Eggs94
Beans, baked15
Bread and hardtack	1.61
Beef45
Vinegar08
Chickens, two	1.00
Lemons20
Potatoes20
Cakes53
Matches05
Rusk and cinnamon buns16
Tomatoes48
Sugar30
Oranges and bananas18
Grub, Chesapeake canal, coming up.....	.58
Tolls, two canals at \$1.50	3.00
Towing charges, Wilmington to Delaware City	2.35
	\$10.73

Lunch, Delaware City	\$1.40
Corn10
Peas12
Coffee, tea, cocoa50
Rice10
Bacon46
Butter40
Ham19
Lard21
Coal oil and alcohol (for stove).....	.25
Squashes and other vegetables54
	\$15.00

As there were five of us carrying expenses, it made the share three dollars a piece for grub and necessary expenses, not counting carfare for same from Wilmington to Delaware City and return, which amounted to sixty cents, making a total of \$3.60.

OUR PYGMY HIPPOPOTAMI.

DESPITE all the exploring to and fro in Africa, and all the slaughter of big game that for a century has furiously proceeded, the dark continent has not yet given up all her wild animal secrets. The wonderful pygmy African elephant (*Elephas pumilio*) stole into the world very quietly in 1905, but in 1889 the far more wonderful okapi burst upon the scientific world like a meteor. Since that astounding animal, the zoologists have been in a mental state of what next.

The pygmy elephant of the Congo country and elsewhere, "we have with us to-night," as it were, in the lusty personality of the type specimen now about fourteen years of age, but thus far the okapi has eluded us. Major Powell-Cotton literally called back the supposedly almost extinct white rhinoceros by discovering in the Lado district an entirely new outcrop of them. For this species we have striven, but thus far without avail.

With the exception of a few museum men, and the few zoologists who are specially interested in the ungulates, says William T. Hornaday in the Zoological Society Bulletin, the pygmy hippopotamus has been to the world nothing more than a name, and to most people it has been not even that. Its discovery was made known to the world in 1844 by Dr. Samuel G. Morton, of the Philadelphia Academy of Science, but with the publication of his papers, the diffusion of knowledge regarding the new species almost came to an end.

Speaking generally, and so far as the standard works on natural history have been concerned, the pygmy hippopotamus has been almost as unknown and as mythical as the queer beasts of the visions of St. John the Divine. Touching the literature of *Hippopotamus liberiensis*, we might almost say that there is no general literature, except a very interesting chapter in Mr. Graham Renshaw's book, "Natural History Essays."

The best way in the world to secure zoological varieties from the remote corners of the earth is by taking pains to provide funds with which to purchase the animals that bold and venturesome men are ever ready to capture and bring out for a price. It is impossible for any zoological park or garden to capture its own animal collections, without becoming a dealer in wild animals—an impossible undertaking.

Eighteen months ago, Carl Hagenbeck, ever ready to try the untried, and attempt the impossible, dispatched to Liberia, west coast of Africa, an intrepid hunter and explorer named Hans Schomburgk. His mission was to find and secure alive several specimens of the almost mythical pygmy hippo. The region which finally had to be penetrated was found to be reeking with cannibals, for whose diversion an imposing company of native soldiers had to be enlisted. Mr. Hagenbeck pithily declared that "My traveler objects to being eaten."

The travels, experiences and hardships of Hans Schomburgk remain to be related, for the trophies have traveled faster than their history. At the present moment the public will be most concerned in the fact that the New York Zoological Society has secured the best portion of Herr Schomburgk's catch—a living pair of pygmy hippopotami!

The adult male in the case is thirty inches high at the shoulders, seventy inches in length from end of nose to base of tail, and the tail itself is twelve inches long. The weight of this animal is 419 pounds, and all these figures are offered subject to correction.

The female is believed to be only two years old. It stands eighteen inches high at the shoulders and weighs 176 pounds.

The pygmy hippo is characterized first of all by its midget size, which in the adult animal is about equal to that of a twelve-months-old baby hippo of the large species. Its skull is more convex or rounded on its upper surface than that of *H. amphibius*; its legs are longer and more slender in proportion, and its eyes do not "pop" out of its head like those of the giant species. Another striking character is the long

tail, which in proportion is about twice as long as that of its only living relative, *amphibius*.

The face of the pygmy is relatively smaller than that of the large species, which brings the eyes nearer to the median line of the skull. The lower jaw of the pygmy bears only two incisor teeth, while the large species has four, and while the orbits of *liberiensis* are large, they are proportionately less elevated than those of the large hippo. As the latter swims nearly submerged, the eyes seem to float on the surface of the water like two shiny glass marbles.

The color of the pygmy is recorded as "slaty black" on the back, "sides greenish slaty gray, and under parts grayish white." Pending the arrival of our specimens we quote this remarkable color scheme with all reserve, and subject to amendment.

We await with keen interest Hans Schomburgk's account of the habits and life history in general of this rare and strange animal. We have been informed, however, that it makes its home in swamps and wet forests, often at a distance of several miles from the nearest river or lake, and that it is not at all dependent upon large bodies of water, as its colossal relative always seems to be. We may confidently expect to hear that it subsists on fleshy and tender plants and reeds, and grass that is not too coarse and tough to be masticated by small jaws.

Regarding the habitat of this animal, we can at present only describe it as the interior of the Republic of Liberia and regions adjacent, a designation not quite so vague as it seems, because Liberia as a whole is not large. We imagine that Herr Schomburgk penetrated about 200 miles into the interior from the coast, but the awful character of that region would make this equal in difficulty and hardships encountered to about 500 miles in East Africa. Heretofore it has been known that the species inhabits the Little Scarcies River, St. Paul's River, Du Queah River and Fishermen Lake.

The pygmy hippopotamus is, beside its only living relative, a midget, no more. Caliph, the enormous male hippo, who now stands in a mounted state in the American Museum of Natural History, stood four feet nine and one-half inches in shoulder height, twelve feet and four inches in length from end of nose to root of tail, his circumference was eleven feet and eight inches, and his weight has been given as close to 6,500 pounds. Besides the enormous bulk of a full grown male hippo of the common species, it is like a six-months-old human infant of thirteen pounds weight beside a man of 180 pounds. The disparity in size fairly challenges the imagination. In bulk one adult male Nilg hippo weighing 6,000 pounds is equal to fourteen adult male pygmy hippos. Strange to say, notwithstanding the fact that many big hippos have died in the Zoological Gardens during the last hundred years, we cannot learn that thus far anyone ever has had the enterprise to ascertain the weight of a full grown male by actually weighing its remains. When our Peter the Great passes from earth, he will be weighed.

Up to this time, so Mr. Renshaw informs us, only one living specimen of the pygmy hippo ever has been sent from Africa to Europe. That was in 1873, when one was sent to the Dublin Zoological Gardens, arriving at that institution in a dying condition, and lived there only "about five minutes." Not a single living specimen ever has been exhibited prior to the arrival of our specimens at Hamburg on June 15, 1912.

The museum of the Philadelphia Academy of Science contains the only series of museum specimens of the pygmy hippo now in America, embracing a mounted skin, a mounted skeleton, two skulls and an unmounted skeleton. The Leyden Museum (Holland) is the only other which can be said to possess a series of specimens. There is one mounted skin in the London Museum and another in the Paris. This, with the mounted skin of the Dublin calf, in the Dublin Museum, completes the list of Museum specimens now extant of an important species that was discovered and described sixty-eight years ago.

Our unique pair of living pygmy hippos will be exhibited in the elephant house. For their accommodation a small additional bathing tank,

communicating with their apartment, will be constructed immediately. The cost of the pair was \$12,000, and as zoological rarities they are well worth their cost.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE PYGMY HIPPO.

"COME to see me at once," was the telegram I received from Carl Hagenbeck, when I had let him know that my projected trip through the French Congo had been abandoned. I hurried to Hamburg to meet our grand old man of Stellingma, who greeted me with these words: "Will you go for me out to West Africa to try and capture an animal that has never been brought to Europe alive, and help me to preserve a dying species of the African fauna?"

"Why, certainly," was my reply; "have I not just equipped an expedition to go to the western coast?"

But when he then told me in confidence, says Hans Schomburgk in the Zoological Society Bulletin, that I was to go to Liberia, capture and bring back alive specimens of the pygmy hippopotamus, I must confess that I hesitated. Here I was asked to catch alive an animal which had not even yet been shot by a European hunter. Prof. Buttikofer, the great authority on Liberia, had tried for years to secure a specimen, and after all he had to be content with the skins and skeletons of three animals that had been shot by native hunters without himself even having seen a live animal.

During my twelve years of African travel my motto had been, "Nothing is impossible." I had explored the Wa Lunda country on the watershed of the Congo and Zambesi, without an armed escort, in the face of the evil prophecies of old hands who took leave of us for good when we started on our trip. I had succeeded in bringing home alive the first East African elephant, an undertaking that had been tried by many a well-known hunter without success. "Yes," I said, "I will go."

Six weeks after this conversation I landed in Monrovia, the capital of the Republic of Liberia. Here I was greeted from all sides with the assurance that no such animal as the pygmy hippo existed, but only the big hippo.

Having read in Buttikofer's book that he had obtained a specimen of the pygmy hippo on the Duquea River, I decided to give this river the first trial. Unfortunately I arrived just in the beginning of the rainy season. With the greatest difficulty I managed to collect twelve carriers, who on the promise of extra high wages, agreed to follow me.

In this lot I must have found the human sweepings of the streets of Monrovia. How they humbugged me! They evidently thought I was powerless to do anything, and I knew only too well that they would desert on the slightest pretext.

In Sheffeliensville I got the first news of pygmy hippos. Mr. Lett, an American mulatto, who had been a hunter with the Buttikofer expedition, gave me the assurance that the pygmy hippo existed on the upper part of the Duquea River, while his big cousin, the "kiboko" of East Africa, only frequented the rivers near the coast. I hired six canoes in Sheffelen to bring me up to Jeltown, six days up the Duquea River.

Rain was the order of the day. In pouring rain we started every morning, and pulled all day long against the current of the swollen river. The second day out I thought the time had come to teach my carriers a lesson. We were so far from civilization already that I no longer feared desertion.

When I called the boys in the morning to start, nobody came, so I called up my headman, and asked him very quietly if the boys were packing up.

"No," was the reply, "they do not want to start yet."

Without saying another word I took up my Browning automatic revolver, and put seven shots through the roof of the boys' hut. Then they came quickly. From that moment I took the reins, and after I had picked out the biggest and laziest of the motley crowd, and had given him a good hiding, I had no further trouble.

After a month's hard hunting I at last had the luck of a pygmy hippo. I was drifting down the river in my canoe late one afternoon, when I saw the animal trying to climb up the steep bank of the river. Before it had noticed us we were within ten yards. I stood with my gun ready to shoot, but with a great effort I curbed my hunting passion. Carl Hagenbeck's last word had been, "Now, remember, we must have our animals alive. Do not shoot before you are sure to be able to catch one." Not five yards from the canoe the little brute dropped back into the water and disappeared.

Shortly after that I returned to the coast and fitted out anew to penetrate into the Golah country. Two months I hunted there without any success. In the rains it was practically impossible to find any tracks, but in spite of everything I managed to find about thirty promising places in which to dig my pits. At first I had the intention to try netting the animals, but the uncertainty of their movements, and the thick undergrowth of the dense Liberian forests made net-hunting impracticable.

One day a hippo fell into one of the pits. It had rained for thirty-six hours, and before my scouts reached the place it escaped unharmed. For the first time in my life I knew myself beaten. Practically all my carriers were sick; the whole country was under water and the native trails were recognizable only because in them the water raced down like mountain torrents.

I returned to the coast and cabled to my people that the only chances for success were in the short dry season from January to May. The net result of this expensive expedition was that I had absolute proof of the existence of the dwarf hippo.

But what Hagenbeck undertakes he carries through against all odds, and without consideration of financial sacrifices. He had not lost faith in me, and in December, 1911, I started out on my second expedition. This time I was known in Liberia, and had but small difficulties in raising a caravan of fifty good men.

I had seen on the last trip that nothing could be done near the coast, though the beasts exist even within a day of the coast, but there it is hunted too much by the natives and is consequently too rare and shy.

The confluences of the upper Lofa River were this time my goal. Here, in the practically unknown Gorze territory of the powerful and war-like Golah tribe, near the big Sue Bush, where there is no human habitation for days and days, I could reckon on success.

But again I encountered an unforeseen obstacle. The Pesse tribe had declared war, and was fighting the Government and its allies.

Yangaia, a big fortified Golah town. I reached without any considerable trouble, but when I called my carriers the next morning to start, they rebelled, one and all. The previous day we had had a sharp march of twenty-five miles through thick bush. Instead of taking their loads, the whole crowd came down to my tent, which I had pitched outside the village, and refused to go on. They said: "We are tired to-day, and there is war ahead. To-day we will not move, for tomorrow we hold word."

This was all I could get out of them. The whole success of the expedition was in the balance. Had I made them the slightest concession everything would have been lost. Once more I told them to take their loads, but only a threatening murmur was the answer. Then I saw red, open rebellion. I slipped the Browning in my pocket, took my hunting crop and went among them. Clash, crack went the whip on the naked body. A few straight hits from the shoulder on the jaws of those who did not move, and quicker than I can tell it I drove the mutinous crowd before me like a herd of sheep. The result of the rebellion for the boys was that I stopped their rations for three days, and their allowance of gin for a month.

The same day I reached Taquema, the fortified town of the paramount chief of the Golah, Tawe Dadwe. I had reckoned greatly on the assistance of this omnipotent native king, but to my great sorrow he declared openly that he could

not help me, because the war pressed him too hard. He even expected an attack from the Pesse daily. Against my usual custom I had to submit to the entreaties of the chief, and pitch my tent in the middle of the town.

During my stay at Taquema the scouts of the enemy approached the town, but hearing that a white man with a big caravan and guns had arrived, they thought discretion the better part of valor. Here I had an opportunity to study the most secret sacrificial rites of this unknown tribe.

The Lofa River, one of the biggest rivers in Liberia, flows within an hour of Taquema. For two months I hunted on the small tributaries of this river, the course of which will appear entirely different from what it has been thought, when my map of the hinterland of Liberia is finished.

In spite of the greatest endeavors and the hardest work which I have done during my long hunting career in Africa I did not even manage to shoot one of these shy and secretive animals, in order that I might send home positive proof of its existence.

The greatest difficulty in hunting the Liberian hippopotamus is that unlike their big cousins they do not frequent the rivers. They make their home deep in the inhospitable forest, in the dense vegetation, on the banks of the small forest streams, but not satisfied with the protection the forest affords them, they enlarge the hollows which the water has washed out under the banks; and in these tunnels, where they are invisible from the bank, they sleep during the heat of the day.

Day after day I patrolled the streams, continually in water up to my hips, frequently to my shoulders. At last, as I was nearly despairing, on the 27th of February, Diana, the goddess of the hunters, smiled on me, and the first Liberian hippopotamus fell a victim to my gun. It was a nearly full grown cow. I was following the spoor of a small herd of the newly-by-me discovered dwarf elephant, when a fresh track

of a mwe (Golah name for the pygmy hippo) made me leave the elephants. I followed this spoor down to a small streamlet with hardly two inches of water, where it led into one of the above mentioned holes. I sent my boy round, and when he started poking into the hole with a stick, a responsive grunt followed, and not two yards from me the head of the much coveted animal appeared. I still carried my elephant gun. As my shot rang through the forest, one of the rarest animals of the African fauna lay before me.

My camp was far away in the bush, and to my great regret I had to abandon the skeleton. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I managed to skin the animal and have the skin brought by my two hunters to the tent.

In spite of all difficulties, however, I had not given up the idea of catching a hippo alive. Wherever I found a likely place I had a pit dug. It is easy to catch the great East African hippo, which keeps continually in the same water and uses the same tracks. With the pygmy hippo it is very hard to even find a place where there is the slightest chance of catching one, because this brute roams through the forest like an elephant or a pig, mostly goes singly, though sometimes in pairs, and rarely uses the same track twice.

Meanwhile over a hundred pits had been made by my men, all carefully dug seven feet deep and covered so that not the sharpest eye could detect any sign of danger.

At last, two days after I shot my first animal, and when I was still working on its thick skin, a boy rushed to my tent breathlessly shouting from afar: "Massa! Massa! Dem mwe done catch!"

On Nea Tindoa, an inhabited island in the Lofa River, a big bull had fallen into one of my pits. My sergeant, Momoro, started at once with a few boys to reach the place the same night and keep guard to prevent the meat-hungry native from killing the hippo.

At last I had succeeded against the prophecies of Europeans, Liberians and natives. And
(Continued on page 674.)



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

- Dec. 2-6.—St. Thomas (Ont.) G. C. W. J. McCance, Asst. Mgr. 1913.
- Jan. 1.—Utica, N. Y.—Genesee Gun Club. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
- Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.
- July 8-13.—Cedar Point, Ohio.—The Indians' tournament. D. H. Eaton, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

"A" cup game down du Pont way seems to be a round of roodles, with the buck sojourning at present in front of Eugene du Pont, with Ed. Banks dealing.

Oh! ye Bulgars! here are turkeys ready for the slaughter at the Du Pont Gun Club Thanksgiving Day shoot at Wilmington, Del. There will be five classes, four turkeys to a class. The shoot will be open to all.

No matter where you commute from, there will be a shoot close by on Thanksgiving Day. If you do not know of one near the place your ticket is punched to, drop me a card. I think I can satisfy your Missouri curiosity.

T. E. Doremus has been appointed manager of the Sporting Powder Division of E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, to succeed J. T. Skelly, who has gone with one of the new companies organized under the ruling of the court.

Buckwalter and Trumbauer want you to help them pull a live-bird shoot at Royersford, Pa., on Dec. 18. Jack Rabbit system. Every bird you kill nets you \$1.50—every miss credits the jack-pot \$1.50, to be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. There will be much else doing this date, same place. Send to Buckwalter and Trumbauer, Royersford, Pa., for particulars.

W. G. BEECROFT.

Columbus Gun Club.

SCORES made at Columbus Gun Club and at the Indian Lake shoot follow. The wind blew a gale at both shoots, hence such poor scores. The next shoot to be held at the Columbus Gun Club will be on Dec. 18 on the Lewis system. The Columbus Gun Club is asking for the Grand American Handicap for 1913:

Columbus scores:		Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Davis	150	103	Eby	150	111
Hall	150	112	Shilling	150	131
Moeller	150	141	Ward	150	126
Spangler	150	132	Heikes	150	146
Stout	150	125	McBee	150	125
Squier	150	117	Wood	100	85
Ford	150	127	Cook	100	77
J. H. Smith	150	111	Holden	100	75
Fisher	150	133	Joyce	100	85
Coffman	150	124			

Indian Lake Scores:					
Taylor	150	132	Feidner	150	98
Moeller	150	102	D. Wagner	150	117
Zint	150	99	Fisher	150	132
Lambert	150	111	Ward	150	91
Duckham	150	112	C. Wagner	150	100
Mason	150	72	Schindewolf	120	77
Houghton	150	100	Kotter	90	51
Tilton	150	78			

LON FISHER.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 9.—A pleasant afternoon and the opening of the winter season program brought out a field of fifteen shooters, several of them being beginners.

In the practice event, Young and Kirkwood each broke 25 straight, Goode taking second place with 23, while Barto and McDougal each broke 21. In the first 50-target event, Barto, Young and Kirkwood each broke 48, Goode again coming in second with a score of 45. First honors in the next event went to Silver on a score of 48 out of 50, Young running second with 95. Event No. 4 was shot with the gun below the armpit when calling for the target. Barto came in for first honors with 23 out of 25, Goode taking second with 21, while Young broke 20. The double-target event was won by Kirkwood on a score of 20 out of 12 pairs, Barto and Young each breaking 18.

This was Schroeder's second tryout at the trap and he was trying out a new gun. He was not satisfied with his scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	50	50	25	15	12p
J B Barto.....	21	48	..	23	..	18
J S Young.....	25	48	45	20	..	18
H C Kirkwood.....	25	48	..	19	..	20
O P Goode.....	23	45	39	21	13	17
J C McDougal.....	21	37
M Ballou.....	19	38	..	9
W F De Wolf.....	20	37
M Bosley.....	14	50	27	8	13	..
C B Barnes.....	..	34	37	16
C W May.....	20	31	..	18	13	10
E Silver.....	48	..	14	..
E Lynn.....	5	9	..
H Lynn.....	7
J M Schroeder.....	18	17	..	6
H Gardner.....	15

Nov. 10.—Ten marksmen appeared at our grounds to participate in the several events of the afternoon. Thomas, Seelig and Silver each broke 14 out of 15 in practice, after which Thomas broke 94 out of 100 in the two 50-target events, Seelig being close behind him with a total of 93. Thomas was also high in event No. 4, which was shot with gun below armpit.

In the handicaps, Seelig won the first with a score of 24 out of 25 from 19yds., Thomas breaking a total of 85 out of 100 from 22yds. in the four events. Silver gave Thomas a close race of it, as he tied him in the first three frames, but lost out by 2 targets in the last, shooting from the 19yd. mark. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	50	50	25	25	25	25	25
D E Thomas, 22.....	14	47	44	21	21	21	21	22
C R Seelig, 19.....	14	45	48	16	24	19
E Silver, 19.....	14	44	43	20	21	21	21	20
Dr Heyford.....	10	44	39
J H Shrigley.....	..	40
Mrs Cutler.....	7	36	..	9
M E Boslev.....	11	36	42	12
H Wolfe, 18.....	44	..	17	21	17	..
O P Goode, 18.....	36	..	16	18
H Aramian.....	9

Events 5, 6, 7 and 8 were the handicaps.

Adams Gun Club.

ADAMS, Neb., Nov. 8.—Two days' smoke joy ended to-day with Bill Ridley, from over "I. O. Way," occupying upper berth for the tournament. Brother Bill took the scales off the sun's rays to the tune of 287 out of 300. Another Bill—Hoover—was sent in for second lucre; he split with Varner on 280 busted rocks. The one-armed phenom., George Maxwell, got the for-wads-only honors with 282. A remarkable demonstration of reversal of trap form was that of Carter, a targets-only exponent, who cracked 141 on opening day and 133 on second day. Scores of first day:

Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.		
Ridley.....	150	141	Hedges.....	150	123
Fields.....	150	119	Stockman.....	150	97
Mitton.....	150	130	Harms.....	60	44
Varner.....	150	135	Gronewald.....	45	30
Sloan.....	150	105	Hoon.....	150	145
L R Conn.....	150	108	Graves.....	150	127
Horrum.....	150	117	Dick.....	60	47
Armogast.....	150	133			

Professionals:		Gross	
Maxwell.....	150	142	150
Carter.....	150	141	140

Scores of second day:					
Ridley.....	150	146	Gausman.....	150	127
Fields.....	120	88	Danekas.....	150	130
Mitton.....	150	128	Chob.....	150	119
Varner.....	150	145	Kotouc.....	150	100
Dr Sloan.....	145	90	Magnusson.....	150	100
Dr Thomas.....	75	56	Rifa.....	150	117
Murphy.....	150	115	Liphardt.....	105	69
Armogast.....	150	125	Schumann.....	105	82
Graves.....	150	126	Dick.....	30	18
Hoon.....	150	135	Conn.....	15	9
Hedges.....	150	122	Schnerhoff.....	15	8
Stockman.....	150	101	Hutton.....	15	8
Noaidly.....	150	131			

Professionals:		Gross	
Maxwell.....	150	140	150
Carter.....	150	133	139

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE open season is responsible for the small attendance at the weekly shoot on Nov. 17. The call of the clays was not strong enough to keep most of the regulars from going afield for a try at the real birds. The weather conditions were perfect, but the shooters could not hit up their usual gait at the traps. Hammerschmidt

50 STRAIGHT

WITH A



PUMP GUN AND EASTERN FACTORY LOADED ARROW SHELLS

WON THE

STATE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ARIZONA

for H. P. De Mund, of Phoenix, at the recent shoot
of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Other Arrow Winnings at this Tournament were First, Second and Third
Amateur Averages—Three Highest Amateur Runs—and the three high men in
the team competition shot these record breaking shells.

Just another addition to this remarkable list of *Remington-UMC* Triumphs in 1912.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

WESTY HOGAN CHAMPIONSHIP
SOUTHERN HANDICAP
WESTERN HANDICAP

Three Highest Amateur Averages for 1912

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Alabama State Championship Arizona State Championship Arkansas State Championship Illinois State Championship Indiana State Championship Kansas State Championship Maine State Championship Minnesota State Championship Mississippi State Championship 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Nebraska State Championship North Dakota State Championship Oklahoma State Championship South Dakota State Championship Utah State Championship Virginia State Championship Wisconsin State Championship Michigan State Championship Nevada State Championship
---	--

North Carolina State Championship
N. Y. A. C. Amateur Trapshooting Championship of U. S.

For speed plus pattern in any make of shotgun
Shoot *Remington-UMC* Steel Lined Shells

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copy of our beautiful and valuable book
This book contains the most remarkable hunting photographs ever taken. "I have been reading your book with
pleasure and profit. Such a work is bound to do good."—*Elbert Hubbard*. "It is a contribution to national
history and letters."—*Francis Trevelyan Miller*. "The last word in design, illustration, text and execution."—
Herbert L. Bridgeman. "Very interesting."—*Francis Bannerman*.

was high man with 91 out of 100, breaking 23 out of 25 with his new 20-gauge Winchester.

The Northern Kentucky Gun Club has gone a-hunting, and there will be little doing at their traps until after the season closes. H. R. Irwin visited Falmouth, Ky., for the opening day, Nov. 15, and will go to Glasgow Junction this week with several other sportsmen. Capt. George Dameron leaves early this week for a few days' hunt in Greenup county, and expects later to join Irwin's party at Glasgow. Hammerschmidt has been going a little rabbit hunting, and has had good success. He also is thinking of a trip to Glasgow. Supt. Arthur Gambell took his place on the firing line for the first time since his accident, and broke 76 per cent. of his targets. Scores follow

Targets:	15	15	20	25	25	Total.
Hammerschmidt.....	13	15	19	23	21	91
Smith.....	10	8	13	16	..	47
Ward.....	12	14	15	41
Gambell.....	19	19
Dr Querner.....	17	19	..	36

Birmingham Gun Club.

FIFTEEN shooters were at the weekly shoot of the Birmingham Gun Club. The weather was fine and good scores were made. Several of the shooters were using 20-gauge guns. We now have a full squad of 20-gauge marksmen. Professional P. B. Plummer shot with us, but for some reason was shooting away below his average. He probably works too hard helping the secretary. K. H. Baugh shot high percentage for the day. Some of the shooters have been hunting, and report plenty of birds. Scores were made as follows:

Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.		
E M Cornwell.....	100	85	M nga.....	75	58
*P B Plummer.....	100	80	Smith.....	100	57
S Smith.....	100	76	Darby Brown.....	75	46
Randolph.....	100	76	O L Garl.....	50	44
R H Baugh.....	75	66	C Cecil.....	75	27
Dick Brown.....	100	65	J Langford.....	75	26
*H Hamilton.....	75	64	Durham.....	50	20
Hodges.....	75	59			

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

*Professionals.

PARTICIPANT.

The Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 16.—Considering to-day the first Saturday of the season in Delaware, attendance at the Du Pont Gun Club was good.

J. T. Roberson, at 22yds., was a luminary, breaking 22 out of 25 in F. L. Connable silver cup event. This was the tenth contest, so that but two more chances remain for shooters to "get their name on the cup," the winner of each contest having his name engraved on it. The winners thus far are: W. M. Foord, W. Edmanson, J. B. McHugh, A. B. Richardson, H. W. Bush and J. T. Roberson, once each, while Dr. Stanley Steele and H. P. Carlon have each scored twice.

There are therefore eight members of the Du Pont Gun Club who are entitled to shoot off for final ownership, and this assures a good race at 100 targets after the next two contests have been decided.

Eugene du Pont defeated J. B. McHugh for the 1912 Class A cup which A. B. Richardson tried to take from Mr. McHugh last week. Mr. du Pont made 24 and 23 to 23 and 22 for his opponent. Edward Banks has challenged the winner of this match, the match to be shot Nov. 23.

J. T. Skelly was high on 100 targets, breaking 91 from 16yds. H. P. Carlon was second with 90.

The scores in the Connable cup event were as follows, handicap yards:

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the Du Pont Gun Club event.

New York A. C.

PELHAM MANOR, N. Y., Nov. 16.—Six events were pulled here to-day, of which R. R. Debacher took one-third. His portion included a limb on McMahon cup (6) 24, and a handle on the below-the-elbow Olympic trophy (5) 25. There were three ties at 24 on November cup, C. W. Billings, W. J. Simpson and E. W. Huggins. Billings, Thompson and Lemore tied for distance handicap. Dr. Bogart ran away with the Ogden trophy event (4) 24, while Dr. R. J. Held made his mark on Travers Island cup, 23 from scratch. The scores:

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the New York A. C. event.

Crescent A. C.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Nov. 16.—A piping wind brought Piping Rock to Bay Ridge to-day, gyrating the clay scalers about like an aeroplane steered by a lunatic. A good guess was about as important as a good eye, unless the good orb of vision perchance was a weather eye.

J. H. Vanderveer was high gun for the day, winning the take home trophy event with 89 from a free start of four. Monthly cup ran into a 22 tie between J. F. James, F. B. Stephenson and J. H. Vanderveer. C. R. James got his name on committee cup (2) 44. Jack Fanning, for wads only, took care in his usual gentleman-Jack way of the professional interests. The scores:

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the Crescent A. C. event.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the Committee cup event.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the Take-home trophy event.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 9.—Parry led in the practice shooting to-day with 94 per cent. and had an unfinished run of 69. Others to beat 90 per cent. were: Moller 93 and Edmonson 92. They, with Dixon, posted one or more straights. Moller, at 20yds., won the spoon. The scores:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Pactice, Hdcp., Spoon. Shot at. Broke.

Nov. 16.—Edmonson led in the practice to-day with 96 out of 100, heating Moller by one target only. The latter made a run of 85 and led in the trophy event, which went to Britton by the terms of the handicap. The scores:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Practice, Trophy, Hdcp. Total.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 9.—With 97 out of 100, Paul Von Boeckman took high gun honors to-day. Dr. Hopkins cracked 85 for second, while J. W. Dreyer took place with 83.

Weather conditions were very difficult for clay-target breaking. The scores:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Targets, Hcp. Total.

Ten to-day (Sunday), but good sport nevertheless. J. Voorhees selected 90 from the gusts, while ten went on their precipitous path to destruction on the sands; 89 took second, third and fourth through a tie between Dreyer, Von Boeckman and Hewens. The scores:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Events, Hdcp. Total.

Daniel Boone Gun Club.

MARTHASVILLE, Mo., Nov. 9.—The inclosed scores may need a little explanation. They were made at a match on our grounds for beef. The beef was put up one-half in each of two events of 10 birds each. The half beef was divided into six parts in order to make more prizes. The ties were shot one at a time, which accounts for the difference in the numbers shot at in times.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Two events, Ties, Hdcp. Total.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT, N. Y., Nov. 17.—Trappists formally got together here to-day to inaugurate the aerosaucer season of 1913. Ralph Spotts appeared in the role of Colonel Bogy, setting a score of 98 out of 100 as a stimulant for the present season, and perhaps some seasons to come. For 98 out of 100 is a pretty exalted pinnacle as a mark where the clays are subjected to indignities by the wind as they generally are at the shore traps here. The previous Bogy, held by Mr. Spotts and Stuart Scott, was 97. Strange to say, the former mark was made on a clear day and almost windless conditions, while the new record was made in a misty rain and decidedly uncertain winds. Spotts event winnings included: Visitors' cup (1) 25; handicap trophy (4) 102; high gun 119 out of 125; accumulation cup (0) 25; a tie with J. Jones on November cup; with H. H. Childs on club cup, and with T. Lenane, J. Jones and C. Whiting on take-home trophy. In other words, Spotts won or tied on everything excepting 15-bird scratch event, taken by S. Smith with 14, and 10-target scratch, which went to J. Jones on a straight.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the November cup event.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the Club cup event.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the Visitors' cup event.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the Take home trophy event.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the Handicap cup event.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the High gun trophy event.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the Accumulation cup event.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the Fifteen targets event.

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the Ten targets event.

Buffalo Audubon Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 16.—Frank Wright, formerly champion of New York, was high man at the club's shoot this afternoon with a good 91 out of the century. John Ebberts, a Class C shooter, was second high man with 89, and is going to make the higher classmen look to their laurels to beat him out. The scores:

Table with 2 columns of names and scores for the Buffalo Audubon Club event.

Monmouth Beach Gun Club.

THE Monmouth Beach (N. J.) Gun Club elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Frank Johnson; Vice-President, Ernest West; Treasurer, Morgan Woolley; Secretary, Nicholas Woolley; Field Captain, John A. Maney.

This club was organized less than a month ago, and now has twenty-eight members enrolled, with ten additional applications on hand.

A tournament has been arranged for Thanksgiving Day, and a hearty welcome is extended to all visitors. A silver cup and watch fobs will go to the winners of the main events, and live turkeys, ducks and geese will be an added attraction.

J. O. WILSON, Sec'y.

Marine and Field Club.

BATH BEACH, L. I., Nov. 16.—Paul R. Towne, our worthy president, ran from his 10-handicap to a full score of 100, thereby corraling some underpinning on November cup. For Sayre trophy he cracked 24 out of 25, and the club event with a like score. He picked Jumpers and Dervishes to quarter with equal ease. C. D. Sayre, in scratch event, which he won, broke 24 out of 25, and there were mighty few easy birds in the outfit. Scores:

November cup, 100 targets, handicap:			
P R Towne 10 100	J M Knox 18 91
S P Hopkins 8 95	W H Davol 12 85
C D Sayre 18 94	C M Camp 12 76
Trophy shoot, 25 targets, scratch:			
P R Towne 24	W H Davol 18
S P Hopkins 22	C M Camp 18
C D Sayre 20	J Hamblin 15
J M Knox 19		
Sayre trophy, 25 targets, scratch:			
P R Towne 24	C M Camp 16
S P Hopkins 23	J M Knox 16
W H Davol 18	J Hamblin 7
C D Sayre 18		
Sweepstakes, 25 targets, scratch:			
C D Sayre 24	P R Towne 20
W H Davol 22	C M Camp 20
J Hamblin 20	J M Knox 20

Pacific Indians.

THE sixth annual tournament and pow-wow of the Pacific Indians will be held during the week of July 21 to 25, both days inclusive, on the grounds of the Raymond (Wash.) Gun Club.

The Indians will add as much or more money than in their 1912 tourney, besides the thirty solid gold honor medals that proved such a great hit at last meeting, and other new and special features calculated to make the game more attractive, which will be later announced in detail.

Raymond is one of those phenomenal Western cities, sprung up almost literally in a night; to be exact, five years old, with a population of 5,000 of the best people on earth, all modern equipments and conveniences, including a hotel of a hundred rooms, that is second to none in appointments.

The shoot this time will be held a few miles down the river, literally on the shores of the great Pacific Ocean, at Wallapa Harbor, where the Raymond Club has one of the finest club houses and shooting ranges to be found anywhere in the world. In addition to the usual attractions of an Indian shoot, there will be this time the inducement of going to the seaside during the finest midsummer month, where every accommodation is to be had, and it is confidently predicted that the attendance this time will be the largest on record.

Maryland County Championship.

IN Maryland it takes more than one shoot to make a county championship team. There have been three thus far between them, of which Chesapeake City and Rising Sun each have cribbed one.

Linn Worthington ran 84 straight, finishing with 97 out of 100. Jake Reynolds broke 88 for second.

The first shoot, held at Elkton, resulted as follows:

Rising Sun.		Chesapeake City.	
Worthington 48	Rees 43
Kirk 35	Brown 41
Riale 44	Bouchell 41
Anderson 39	Everett 44
Reynolds 43	Watson 45
King 38—247	Arrants 41—255

Last Saturday's scores on 100 targets ended thus: Worthington 97, Riale 92, Reynolds 88, Anderson 82, King 82, Brown 82, Bouchelle 80, W. Stevens 79, Everett 79, Currie 79, Hoover 78, Stephens 77, Rees 77, Kirk 68, Hazel 40.

New Hanover Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Nov. 15.—The following scores were made to-day on the New Hanover Gun Club grounds. As the hunting season is on, we only shoot once or twice a month, just to keep in practice for the Pinchurst shoot in January. The scores, 100 targets per man:

J H Dreher 94	L Clayton Grant 83
F L Robbins 85	H A Underwood 78
		J. H. DREHER, Sec'y.	

Yale Trims Princeton.

WHILE all the shooting through the line on the gridiron here Nov. 16 resulted in a tie, the Eli families was shooting up the Tiger in the annual rock-breaking contest. Yale won by eight flyers, the final score being 182 to 190 out of a 250-target total—five men to the team.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

WINCHESTER



Self Loading Shotgun MODEL 1911

A comparison between the Winchester Self-Loading shotgun and other makes is all that is necessary to convince anyone of the great superiority of the Winchester Self-Loader. Note the absence of unsightly screws and pins and of dangerous projecting parts. Note the neat little trigger lock, which operates cross-wise and cannot be jarred out of place. Take the gun down and see how easily it separates into only two parts, without releasing small parts. Note how simple is the action, and that the springs are of coiled wire, the most durable kind. Then note the general finished appearance of the whole gun; and remember that all metal parts are made of nickel steel—about twice as strong as that used in repeating guns of other makes. The barrel has to be pulled back only when starting to shoot, as the recoil does the reloading afterwards. The gun is readily used as a single loader. No adjustment is required to shoot different loads; and no unpleasant effect is felt from the recoil, as it is divided in the gun. Made in 12 gauge only, and a much better shooter than the ordinary gun. Examine one at your dealer's.

*A Gun That Is Unexcelled
For Duck Shooting :: ::*

Rifle and Revolver

National Championships.

At the rifle and revolver championships just finished, some high scores were made. They follow in detail:

Match A.	
A M Poindexter, Colorado 467
Parmly Hanford, New York 461
J E Gorman, California 455
John A. Dietz, New York 450
C M McCutcheon, Colorado 448
Match B.	
L P Castaldini, Massachusetts 461
Parmly Hanford, New York 459
A M Poindexter, Colorado 457
C W Randall, Jr., California 456
John A Dietz, New York 455

Match C.	
Dr J H Snook, Ohio 621
E G Reising, Connecticut 591
A M Poindexter, Colorado 574
A P Lane, New York 572
C M McCutcheon, Colorado 570
Match D.	
Dr J H Snook, Ohio 212
C M McCutcheon, Colorado 207
John Turner, Illinois 201
Match E.	
Denver R. C.	Federal R. & R C., Boston
C M McCutcheon, 213	E G Reising 201
A M Poindexter, 193	W R Murphy..... 183
Arthur Smith 186	G F Hoffman..... 177
A H Hardy..... 182—774	W E Fennell..... 167—728
Chicago Revolver Club, Illinois.	
Col W H Whigam 197	J L Byrne..... 174
J Turner 178	Lt. S Peterson.... 167—716
Match F.	
Dr O A Burgeson, Colorado 208
Parmly Hanford, New York 205
C C Crossman, Missouri 204
Dr J R Hicks, New York 203
John Turner, Illinois 198

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THE greatest triumph of modern ammunition making has been scored in Peters Steel Reinforced Shot-Gun Shells. They are reinforced in the HEAD AND RIM—"STEEL WHERE STEEL BELONGS." It was with Peters Steel Reinforced Shells—factory loaded—that Harvey Dixon won the 1911 Grand American Handicap—99 out of 100 from 20 yards.

For this year's hunt insist on Peters Steel Reinforced Shells. They are superior to any others, afford protection to the user, and shoot perfectly in ANY good gun.

ASK YOUR DEALER. Accept no substitute. Should he not happen to have them, he will get them at your request.

Illustrated booklet, describing Peters Steel Reinforced Shells and "Sportsmen's Handy Book" with 1912 Game Laws—FREE. Write for them.

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NEW ORLEANS: 321 Magazine St., Lee Omohundro, Manager.

MATCH A.

Table of scores for Match A, listing participants from California, Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois, Massachusetts, Missouri, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Panama, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Washington, and Washington, D. C., with their respective scores.

MATCH B.

Table of scores for Match B, listing participants from California, Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Oregon, Panama, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Washington, and Washington, D. C., with their respective scores.

Rhode Island:

Table of scores for Rhode Island participants, including Herbert C Miller, Fred B Spooner, W R Hinckley, Washington, D. C., and Lieut J S Upham.

MATCH C.

Table of scores for Match C, listing participants from Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois, Massachusetts, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Panama, and Pennsylvania.

MATCH D.

Table of scores for Match D, listing participants from Ohio, Colorado, Illinois, Connecticut, Missouri, Massachusetts, Panama, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Washington, and Washington, D. C.

C B Larzelere, Panama	162
L B Smith, New York	161
Lieut. Col. M H Smith, New York.....	160
Geo C Olcott, Missouri	159
W C Ayer, Missouri	159
W E Fennell, Massachusetts	158
F G Ingalls, Missouri	157
Capt E Bittel, Illinois	155
Paul Frese, Missouri	142
F R Dick, New York	137
R J Russell, Missouri	135
H G Olson, Pennsylvania	117

MATCH E.

Denver R. C.	Manhattan R. & R. Assn.
C M McCutcheon. 213	A P Lane
A M Poindexter.. 186	J A Dietz
Arthur Smith 186	H Roedder
A H Hardy..... 182-774	Parmly Hanford... 164-714
Federal R. & R. C., Mass.	Colonial R. C., Missouri.
E G Reising 201	C E Orr
W R Murphy.... 183	Geo C Olcott 177
G F Hoffman..... 177	W C Ayer
W E Fennell	C C Crossman ... 154-671
Chicago R. C.	1st Regt. Cavalry, N. Y.
Col W H Whigam 197	Sgt L B Smith... 175
J Turner	Lieut Col Smith. 170
S Peterson	Capt R H Sayre.. 169
J L Byrne	Private F R Dick. 142-656
Pennsylvania State Police Force.	
Howard G Moore 166	Robert Watts 151
John P Strobel... 163	Robert Winters .. 118-598

MATCH F.

California:	
Geo Armstrong	Capt Geo Larson 124
J E Gorman	F P Poulter
Robert Wixson	111
Colorado:	
Dr C A Burgeson ... 208	A M Poindexter
C M McCutcheon 195	F J Dreher
A H Hardy	B H Brooks
Connecticut:	
E G Reising	89
Illinois:	
John Turner	J W Ma'tes
Col W H Whigam 197	J L Byrne
C E Orr	B Allen
S Peterson	184
Massachusetts:	
A A Tenney	H A Hill
G F Hoffman	177
Missouri:	
C C Crossman	W C Ayer
R J Russell	Paul Frese
Geo C Olcott	E Bunding
E A Kronl	187
New York:	
Parmly Hanford	206
Dr J R Hicks	203
Hans Roedder	194
Ohio:	
T H Clarke	192
W O Brown	151
Tod J Mell	139
Panama:	
Jacob Bernson	185
C B Larzelere	177
M W Fox	167
Pennsylvania:	
Dr D A Atkinson 186	John O Rolshouse.... 167
H G Olson	177
T C Beal	171
Grand Aggregate.	
Parmly Hanford, New York	1228
A M Poindexter, Colorado	1218
C M McCutcheon, Colorado	1209

Important Notice to Our Rifle Clubs.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 18.—We wish to call the attention of our rifle clubs to the fact that two weeks from to-day, i. e., Dec. 2, entries for the National gallery championship competition for 1921-23 will close and the schedule of matches will be made up for the clubs that have sent in their entries, along with the entrance fee of \$10 previous to that date. Every year, we are asked to let in clubs after the schedule has been made up. Obviously it is impossible to do so.

Owing to the demand from certain clubs (seven in all to date) to be allowed to use telescopic sights in these matches, we have decided, if it is desired, to organize one league of clubs using telescopes, with the understanding that the winning club of that league, should it desire to compete for the National trophy, could do so by entering the shoot-off with the winning team or teams of the other league or leagues for the championship, without telescopes. Clubs when making their entries should designate whether they wish to be entered in the telescopic league or not.

To save time in getting up the schedules, clubs, when making entries, should designate if possible who is available in their city for the appointment as N. R. A. representative to take charge of and supervise the shooting of the league matches. The official targets to be used in the match will be sent to this representative, who will take charge of same and return the ones shot on each week to the N. R. A.

As there will be ten medals given to the winning clubs, it will be necessary to keep the record of all ten men shooting each week, as these ten medals will be given to the men competing in the greatest number of matches. Percentages will also have to be kept, as it is the intention to select the American Small-Bore team for 1913 from the records made by the men in the league matches.

ALBERT S. JONES,
Assistant Recorder and Secretary, N. R. A. of A.

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THE ECUADOR BLANKET TREE.

BLANKETS grow on trees in Ecuador, and while the idea of an all wool, fresh from the forest bed covering might give insomnia and a backache to the child of civilization who likes to snuggle comfortably under several layers of down and wool, the natives find it all right, as in fact it is.

When an Ecuador Indian wants a blanket he hunts up a demajagua tree and cuts from it a five- or six-foot section of the peculiarly soft, thick bark. This is dampened and beaten until the flexibility of the sheet is much increased. The rough, gray exterior is next peeled off, and the sheet dried in the sun. The result is a blanket, soft, light and fairly warm, of an attractive cream color. It may be rolled into a compact bundle without hurt, and with

ordinary usage will last for several years.—Harper's Weekly.

THE SAME FISH ON FOUR LINES.

A STORY is going the round in which four anglers were occupied with one fish, a big mackerel. It took the bait of one of them, and then proceeded to entangle the four lines, so that it seemed there were four fish. I daresay it came in for some hard sayings when the truth was made manifest. But it is not uncommon for fish to take two different baits. I have known it to happen with both perch and pike. Dogfish of course will often do it; in fact, I doubt if there is a limit to the number of baits a dogfish would take, if you only gave him the baits and the time and the opportunity.—London Telegraph.

MAINE DUCK DRIVE.

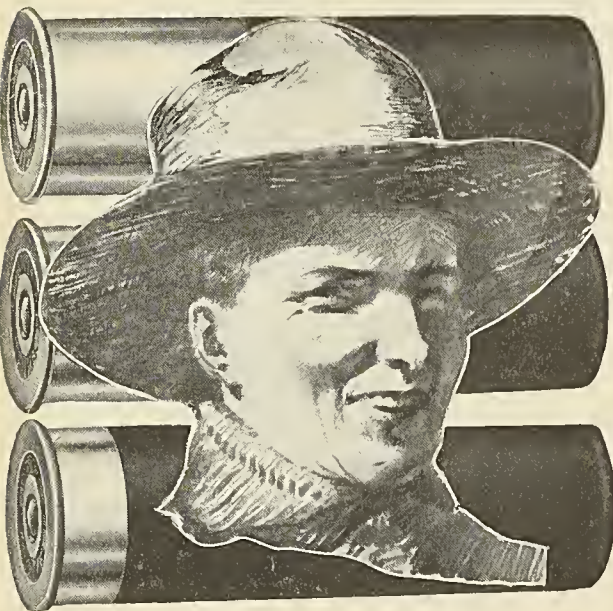
A DUCK drive is what they called a novel way the early settlers took to capture the ducks that were plentiful in the early settlement of Maine.

For a few days in August the birds could not fly, as they were shedding their feathers. The time was well known to the inhabitants of all the towns about Deer Isle and those who could come did not fail to be present. First a circle of boats was formed so as to partially surround them and others were stationed so as to prevent the birds taking a wrong direction.

Duck Harbor was the place selected to drive them into, it being narrow and extending half a mile inland. Beginning at the upper part of the bay, the boats were drawn in for several miles. As this went on more birds were overtaken, and as they reached their destination a large number were included in the drive.

Reaching the shore at the head of the harbor, the ducks, not being able to run much, were overtaken and killed in large numbers. At one time a large drive was made and the birds attempted to walk through the woods to the other shore, but being unable to walk, died in large numbers. This was the last big drive that was made. Birds that escape a great danger avoid the same locality.—Lewiston Journal.

"SQUIRRELS do swim," says an authority on natural history. Sure; but they would rather climb a tree.—The Megaphone.



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Here's a smokeless load of common sense about uniformity and driving power.

Our Non-Mercuric Primer contains neither light ground glass nor heavy mercury fulminate. When these materials are mixed, gravity separates them. Think of the difficulty of getting uniform primers from such a mixture.

Again, quick, hard shooting requires a hot, large flame from the primer. Glass absorbs 20% of the heat of the explosion. The materials used in our primer *actually increase the heat*. Therefore, THE BLACK SHELLS are always uniform, quick, of maximum driving power, and require taking almost no "lead" on the bird or target.

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Dept. H **LOWELL, MASS.**

Game Law to be Enforced.

THE California Fish and Game Commission is now engaged in a legal struggle brought about by its decision to strictly enforce the provision of the game laws limiting the number of ducks that any person may have in his possession at any one time to twenty-five. The deputies in the field are seeing to it that market hunters are not bagging more than the limit, but in the attempts to enforce the law in the large cities a stumbling block has been met with. Game transfer companies have been found with several hundred ducks in their possession at one time, and confiscations have been made, but these concerns have secured a temporary injunction preventing the commission from interfering with their business. It is claimed that the birds are killed by employes of the game transfer companies, but this is denied by the latter, who declare that every shipment made to them is a separate transaction. The companies get the game in lots of twenty-five, which is the legal limit, but inasmuch as they have more than twenty-five birds in their possession at one time, the commission contends that the law is violated. Judge Murasky, of San Francisco, has heard the arguments in the case and will render a decision shortly.

Publicity for Game Laws.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noting your suggestion relative to giving publicity to provisions of the game and fish laws, you are advised that since its organization the Department of Game and Fish of Alabama has had posted in various portions of the State hundreds of thousands of notices similar to the ones mailed you to-day under separate cover.

I have proceeded upon the theory that in many instances the law is violated through ignorance, therefore I have taken occasion through the medium of posters, newspaper publicity and the publication of the game and fish laws in pamphlet form to inform the people of Alabama relative to every provision of our conservation statutes.
JOHN H. WALLACE, JR., Com.

Benefits of Non-resident Tax.

NEVERSINK, N. Y., via Liberty, Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So many sportsmen look to this easily accessible country for a few days' shooting that this fresh outburst of greed is exasperating. Until the non-resident tax was placed so high, great numbers of men from other States visited this country in October and November. I could go more into details and write quite an article, but all that seems necessary is to have attention drawn to the matter in FOREST AND STREAM. Of course there has been much talk and some notices in the newspapers.

I get a few grouse and woodcock in the afternoons, but only a few. Hard work and grand shots. You must not miss the few decent shots you get, or you will have no birds in your pockets.
THEODORE GORDON.

FOREST AND STREAM prints more snappy, readable, practicable news for sportsmen, we daresay, than any other magazine, and what it preaches editorially is practical and on a level that begets the confidence of its subscriber friends.

ANCIENT POWDER.

THE most ancient powder, such as was used in the old "bombardas," was made of equal parts of saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal. Evidently these proportions would give a powder scarcely fit to make squibs or rockets, and yet perhaps even this was too powerful a mixture for the weak built up bombardas of that era.

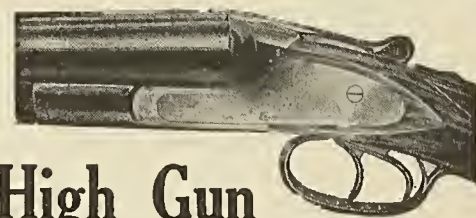
A later proportion was refined saltpetre, eighteen parts; sulphur, two parts, and charcoal, three parts, which approached more nearly the formulas of to-day, which in practice, for good service, black powder may be set at; saltpetre, 78; sulphur, 10, and charcoal, 12 per cent.

Such powder in 1860 was expected when new to stand the English service test; and with a charge of four drachms propel a steel ball quite through fifteen to sixteen half-inch, wet, elm planks, placed half an inch apart, the first being thirty feet from the muzzle of the barrel.—National Magazine.

EAGLES IN MISSISSIPPI.

FOR the first time in several years reports are coming in of many eagles being seen and killed. A tremendous one was killed in Harrison county a few weeks ago, and now comes the report of the death of another one of considerable size.

W. M. Baylor killed an eagle near the beach home of J. H. Walsh that measured 5 feet 8 inches from tip to tip. This magnificent bird had been seen near the place where it was killed for several weeks and was mistaken for a huge hawk.—Biloxi Herald.



High Gun

AT DENVER, 1912
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283 without a miss.

On the 700 single targets, including handicaps, Mr. Bruns scored **683 out of 700.**

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ANOTHER WINNER AT THE
PACIFIC COAST HANDICAP

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RECOIL AND RECOIL RESULTS.

THERE is no doubt that the recoil, or "kick," of a gun is due entirely to the method of loading used, and to the amount and weight of shot, says a writer in the Shooting Times. It can be easily understood, if one will but consider a little, what a loaded gun really is. The gun is a means to utilize the force exerted by the expansion of gases set free on the ignition of the powder; and the explosive force is placed between two confining obstructions—that is, between the breech of the gun, as may be considered the most nearly immovable obstruction, and the charge of shot. Now, the gases set free by explosion set up a momentary pressure in every direction within the breech chambers of the gun of some 15 tons per square inch, more or less; and, of course, the obstruction of least capacity to hold its own (that is, the movable charge of shot) gives way first, and the pressure within the gun is relieved. But, the pressure being exerted in every direction, there is a backward blow (so to speak) on the breech of gun, and this blow is the "kick," which causes the shoulder-ache and swollen middle fingers. The writer well knows these latter symptoms. But the action of these forces is easily understood. If the gun can be held so that no movement is possible, the force applied to shot is, of course, increased, as there is no loss due to recoil or the giving way on the part of the gun. But in shotguns or rifles fired from the shoulder it is not possible so to hold the gun that there is no loss of power to drive out the shot, as man's body is not a rigid structure; and, therefore, if the gun is overcharged there must be a great increase in the "kick." If the gun is so charged that the shot is immovable, the gun bursts, as is not uncommon in the hands of ignorant people. As some of your correspondents suggest, moderate and well-proportioned charges of powder and shot will produce the best results; overcharge of either only causes disaster. Too much powder or too light shot charge produces a loss of power, as some of the powder is driven out of the gun in an unburned condition. This, of course, is not easily noticed in shooting game; but in larger guns, like those used on board ship, if the powder is not burned within the gun I have often seen the grains passing through the air lighting or blazing; and I have often watched the course of the shot through the air from behind the big gun. It sometimes looks like a cricket-ball in its flight. But I have never been able to see the gunshot from cartridge leave the muzzle, as perhaps it is too small to attract notice. Perhaps some one of your shooting correspondents may have noticed the flight of the shot through the air as I have described. To sum up, the explosion of powder charge between the breech and the cartridge produces the "kick" and the flight of the shot. Now, suppose an irresistible force were to meet an immovable obstruction, what would be the result?

LAST OF THE TEXAS LONG HORNS.

THE most perfect and practically the last survivor of the breed of cattle that made Texas famous is the property of the "Mule Shoe" Ranch, Burnet, Tex.

His equal does not exist in the State. It is conceded that he has the most perfect horns of any animal now living in the State. The horns are fully three and one-half feet long. They are absolutely uniform in length, curvature and angle of divergence from the head. He is twenty-two years old and is sixteen hands high. Mr. Greene, the owner of Mule Shoe Ranch, is one of the old line cattlemen of Texas. He made a fortune in raising and selling the old long horns.—From the Indiana Farmer.

AN American gentleman one evening at dinner happened to get a hair in his soup, and, raising it on his spoon, said to the waiter: "Pat, is this an Irish hair (hare)?"

"Begor it is, sir, said Pat, "but it took an American hound to catch him."

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LEARN this important fact: when your shot gun goes wrong in field or trap, the gun fault which spoils your shot is *inherent in the gun*. And furthermore, it would not have been there if the maker had known *how to get rid of it*.

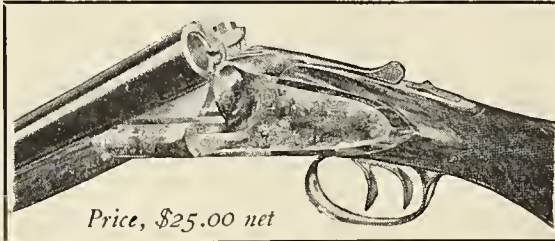
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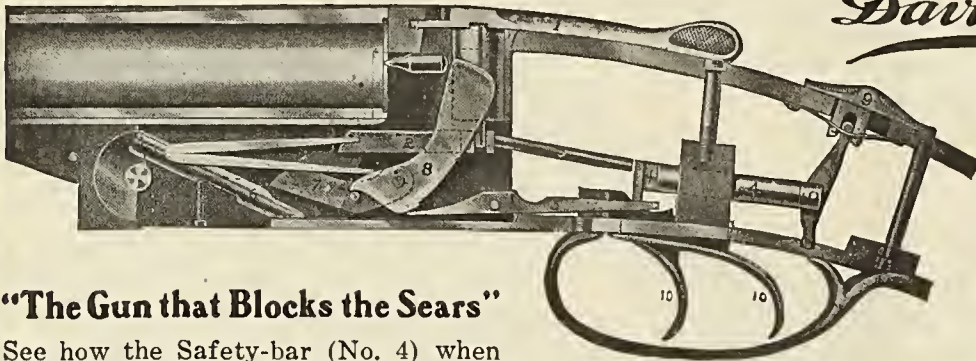
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TELLS OF HABITS OF RHINOCEROS.

THE rhinoceros is, with the giraffe, the hippopotamus, the gerrenuk and the camel, one of Africa's unbelievable animals, says a writer in the American Magazine. Nobody has bettered Kipling's description of him in the Just-so Stories—"a horn on his nose, piggy eyes and few manners." He lives a self-centered life, wrapped up in the porcine contentment that broods within nor looks abroad over the land. When anything external to himself and his food and drink penetrates to his intelligence he makes a flurried fool of himself, rushing madly and frantically here and there in a hysterical effort either to destroy or get away from the cause of disturbance. He is the incarnation of a living and perpetual gronch.

Generally he lives by himself, sometimes with his spouse, more rarely still with a third that is probably a grown-up son or daughter. I, personally, have never seen more than three in company. Some observers have reported larger bands, or rather collections; but lacking other evidence, I should be inclined to suspect that some circumstance of food or water rather than a sense of gregariousness had attracted a number of individuals to one locality.

The rhinoceros has three objects in life—to fill his stomach with food and water, to stand absolutely motionless under a bush and to imitate ant hills when he lies down in the tall grass. When disturbed at any of these occupations he snorts. The snort sounds exactly as though the safety valve of a locomotive had suddenly opened and as suddenly shut again after two seconds of escaping steam. Then he puts his head down and rushes madly in some direction, generally upwind. As he weighs about two tons, and can, in spite of his appearance, get over the ground nearly as fast as an ordinary horse, he is a truly imposing sight; especially since the innocent bystander generally happens to be upwind, and hence in the general path of progress. This is because the rhino's scent is his keenest sense; and through it he becomes aware, in the majority of times, of man's presence. His sight is very poor indeed; he cannot see clearly even a moving object much beyond fifty yards. He can, however, hear pretty well.

The novice, then, is subjected to what he calls a "vicious charge" on the part of the rhinoceros, merely because his scent was borne to the beast from upwind, and the rhino naturally runs away upwind. He opens fire; and has another thrilling adventure to relate. As a matter of fact, if he had approached from the other side, and then aroused the animal with a clod of earth, the beast would probably have "charged" away in identically the same direction. I am convinced from a fairly varied experience that this is the basis for most of the thrilling experiences with the rhinoceros.

BIG PEPPERMINT FARM.

WHEN Prairie Farm, near Saginaw, Mich., came into the possession of the present owners about nine years ago, its 9,500 acres were practically all marsh and largely covered by water. Immediately engineers prepared plans for the draining of the land and for its protection from floods.

Three dredges were built and twenty-five miles of dikes constructed, including a cross dike through the middle of the farm to protect the lower half. Ditches fifty feet wide were excavated on each side of the dikes, and at the present time the works of reclamation and protection are completed.

A pumping station is located at the west side of the farm at the middle dike, making it possible to pump out both sides in case of rains or floods, and a railroad has been built into the center of the farm to care for the numerous products.

As it now stands, says Popular Mechanics, it is a scientifically managed farm of the best modern type, with 4,000 acres actually under cultivation, to which it is planned to add 400 acres each year. There are 1,250 acres of peppermint, this crop being exploited in two dis-

tilleries for the manufacture of peppermint oil. Among the other crops sugar beets is the next in importance, but ample acreage is also given to the more ordinary farm products.

SAVED RABBIT FROM BLACKSNAKE.

WHILE hunting for rabbits in Hickory township recently, Lamont Stivers heard a commotion in a clump of bushes. Approaching the spot, he found a large blacksnake slowly wrapping itself about the body of a rabbit. The rabbit was making a desperate effort to escape.

Stivers blew the head off the snake, which measured nearly six feet in length. As soon as the coils of the snake relaxed, the rabbit made its escape.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THIS PICTURE GRATIS



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Kennel Department

Kentucky Trials.

THE annual trials of the Kentucky Field Trial Association were run at Glasgow Junction, Ky., on Nov. 12. When the entries closed on the morning of the trials, seven setters and two pointers had been named, and the entrance fee of \$5 paid. The territory selected was a good one for field trial purposes, practically level, with diversified cover and plenty of birds. The club had the privilege of about 2,000 acres, but it was not found necessary to use more than a small portion of this tract. The services of M. Shiley were secured as field marshal, and being perfectly familiar with the grounds, he avoided all but the birdiest portions of the country. The conditions were not of the best, it being very dry and unseasonably warm all day with a strong wind blowing. Only one stake was run, open to setters and pointers of all ages. Charles H. Gorham, of Louisville, Ky., acted as judge. The winner, Jessee's Mohawk Kate, owned by P. C. Jessee, of Bowling Green, is by Mohawk II. She is a classy little bitch, very fair in range and speed, and handles birds in a workmanlike manner, being well broken and under good control. She was not in the best of physical condition, and let up a little toward the last of the forty-minute heat, but at all times stayed out to her work and hunted industriously. In her second series heat she showed well on scattered birds, refusing to become excited and chase, as singles flushed around her in rapid succession.

Mack, a black and white pointer, owned by J. G. Ray, of Bowling Green, is a strong goer and stylish traveler, good range and speed, but needs toning down, as he is apt to be headstrong when on game. He is a bird finder and had a number of points to his credit in both his heats, but was unsteady when they were flushed.

Aristocrat, orange and white setter, owned by Alanson Trigg, of Louisville, was placed third. He is a stylish mover and can find birds, but lacks steadiness. In the second series heat he was handled by S. W. Linebaugh. In the first heat he made a good bevy find, but was not steady to flush. In the second heat he pointed several times, but no birds were raised.

The Effect of Worms.

THE presence of worms has a very bad effect on a gun dog, for it is always ill-nourished, and for that reason slack. It entirely lacks energy, and a very easy day thoroughly tires it out. The dog invariably appears short of wind. The morbid appetite created by worms is ruinous to a dog, especially a retriever. If the dog does not commit the extreme crime of eating game, the game may be crushed, and then a hard mouth is developed. We have seen a dog throw its training to the winds under the influence of the lassitude and ill health engendered by worms, and the real cause was never suspected. The course of preparation which a dog goes through before the shooting season should always include treatment for worms. This is most necessary, and ought never to be neglected.

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Kennel.

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ON THE TRAIL OF THE PYGMY HIPPO.

Continued from page 664.

only a few days before Tawe Dadwe told me: "It is impossible to catch a mwe. It has never been done, and they have only been shot after they have been caught in the pits. They are too dangerous. Many a hunter has been killed. You white men know a lot, but here you are trying something that is impossible."

Early the next morning I reached the place. Before night a fence had been built around the hole, and the animal was let out. It was a beautiful full-grown bull, in the prime of his life.

Nothing succeeds like success. Six days after that the second one was caught, this time a two-year-old cow. A week later the third, a young three-quarter-grown bull was taken. Now I had three animals at three different places. Mecca, where the little cow was caught, I decided should be my central collecting station, and we started to bring the animals there.

Now the real trouble commenced. The Golah people refused to carry them. For the big animals I needed at least forty men each to cut roads and carry.

Had it not been for the unselfish assistance I had from the Liberian Government, which had appointed me major on the geographical staff, I never would have been able to bring my expedition to a satisfactory end.

Nobody can imagine the enormous difficulties of the transport of those heavy animals, which we had to carry in self-invented native-made baskets, through the roadless hinterland of Liberia. From the furthest place inland, where I caught three animals, it took me, even after the men had cut the roads, twelve days to reach the first river on which I could use boat transport to the coast.

A native king, Gongzoo, had, on the promise of a big present, promised carriers for the first animal caught in his district, but when I asked for the men, he point blank refused. By that time I had put the hippo in a basket and had brought it with my own carriers under the most frightful difficulties to his town. It was a matter of getting men from him or standing the chance of losing my hard-won animal.

I tried a bluff, with only my sergeant for support. I arrested the chief in the middle of his own town, kept him in front of my revolver, loaded all my guns, put them before me on the table, and declared war, provided the men were not forthcoming within two hours. It succeeded. When the people saw their king a prisoner, the men came. What would have happened if they had accepted my challenge I do not know.

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keepers, I returned to Monrovia, to arrange all about the further transport, and to meet my wife, who had come out to join me, and to put the experience which she had gained during an eight months' horseback ride through the hinterland of the Cameroons into the services of Hagenbeck.

Shortly after we had returned to Mecca, another big bull and a youngster were caught, and then it was high time to return to the coast before the rains should set in and make the country impassable. His Excellency, President D. E. Howard, very kindly put soldiers at my disposal, to assist me in collecting sufficient carriers.

After I had managed to tame a full grown mwe, the natives feared me so much that I succeeded in collecting 150 men in three days. While Mr. Moltmann, the keeper sent by Hagenbeck, and I hurried ahead to arrange for the food for the animal, Mrs. Schomburgk superintended the transport, as it was absolutely necessary that one European should keep an eye on the carriers so that they did not drop the heavy baskets on the uneven and partly mountainous trails.

At last we had reached Japacca, and could put our poor, ill-treated animals into proper cages which had been sent out from Hamburg.

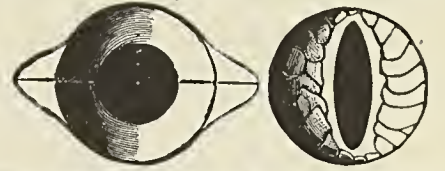
Now our greatest troubles were over. The animals were in good condition and feeding well, so that we could expect to get them safe to Hamburg. But another trouble arose. When we got to the coast at Cape Mount, we were prophesied a bad sea for the first of June, the day the steamer Alexandra Woermann was to call for us. But even then our luck did not desert us. Certainly with difficulties, but without mischief, we shipped our valuable cargo. In the Bay of Biscay we had stormy weather. The ship rolled heavily, but the animals did not seem to mind it.

The enormous expenses of these two expeditions can easily be imagined when one considers that in Liberia everything has to be carried. Great quantities of trade goods are necessary to procure food for the carriers, and also as presents for the native chiefs.

Fortune has again been kind to Hagenbeck's colors. For forty years attempts had been made to bring these animals to Europe, and we had succeeded. The greatest satisfaction to me, however, was when I had the honor to be presented by Mr. Hagenbeck to His Majesty Kaiser Wilhelm II., when he visited Hagenbeck's Animal Park, at Stellingen, on the 17th of June, where he congratulated me on my success.

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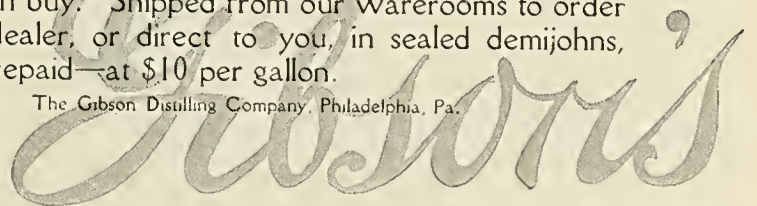
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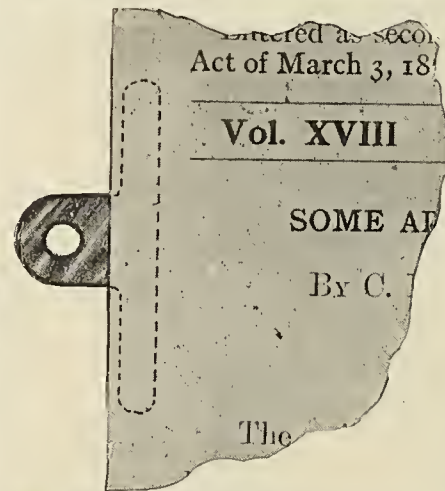
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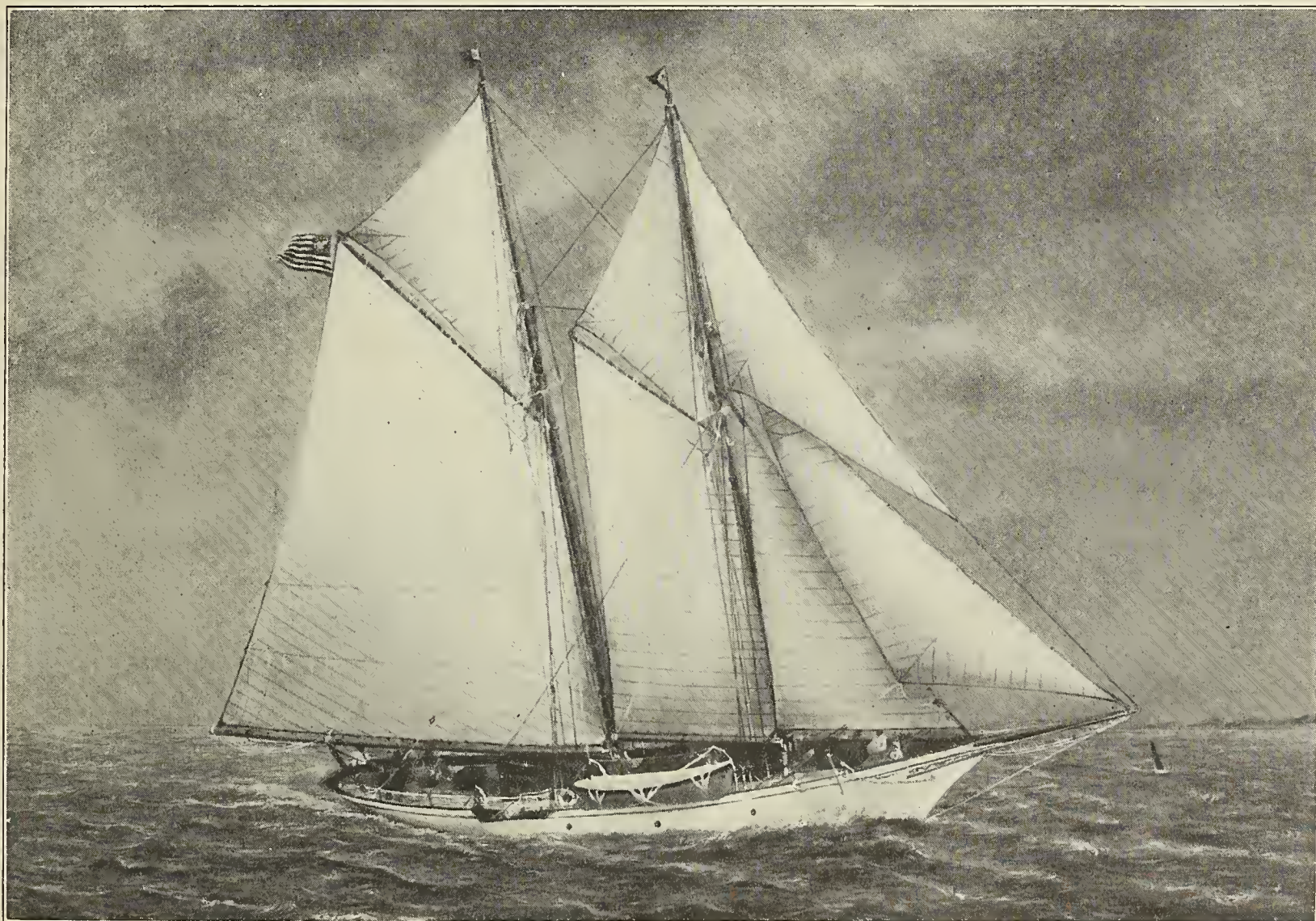
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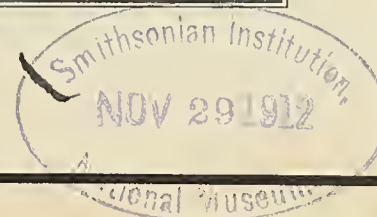
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A FISH STORY.

THE grandfather of big fish in the Gulf of Mexico has been discovered. Twenty-nine feet of dark blue flesh, shaded with a faint tint of sea green, having a breadth of beam estimated at nine feet, with a topmost fin five feet high and with side flippers reaching to a length of three feet, he appeared this week to Captain Jim Neilson of the Gulf Fisheries schooner Dorothy. That the big fellow was a "grandfather" was indicated by the every appearance of age and veneration that he bore. His broad sides and back were encrusted deep with barnacles; his monster jaws and fins were cut and slashed, the evident result of many deep sea battles. His teeth were snagged and rusty and in many places gone altogether. The most notable evidence of his age, however, was the fact that he was blind as a bat.

Captain Neilson, who is known to the fishermen of the Gulf from Galveston, his home, to the Florida Keys, as "Lucky Jim," is now skipper of the fishing schooner Dorothy, of the Gulf Fisheries fleet of Galveston. His story of the big fish is that he met up with him while the Dorothy was at anchor in the Gulf about thirty miles from the Heald Bank Lightship, which is stationed thirty miles southeast of the Galveston bar. A calm coming up in the night had compelled the Dorothy to come to anchor, and it was when the broad expanse of the Gulf was lighted up by the first rays of the morning sun that the big fellow was seen. Discovered by the lookout it was first thought it was an overturned vessel of some kind, and immediately the attention of Captain Neilson was called to it, it being thought that it might be a clue to the unfortunate sailors missing from the wreck of the steamship Nicaragua. While lowering away the dory to make an investigation, however, there was an upheaval movement of the supposed derelict, and there arose to sight the back, and part of the head of a monster shark.

No time was lost by the crew in getting back on board the Dorothy, for there is no telling what a shark might do, if so inclined, to a dory loaded with tempting looking fishermen. The big fellow was not pugnaciously inclined, however, but, to the contrary, seemed to be seeking company and sympathy in its old age and plight. Lifting its head out of the water, and opening its jaws to an extent that would easily have taken in a good sized barrel, it apparently "sniffed the air," as if seeking its bearings. The aroma of fish on board the Dorothy, or possibly that of the coffee which was boiling in the schooner's galley apparently

was good to him, and he at once proceeded to seek closer acquaintance. He came up within fifty or sixty feet of the schooner's side, and there remained rising and falling with the swell of the Gulf. His age, his sightless eyes and his battle scars and damaged teeth were plainly seen by all on board. He remained alongside for nearly an hour, and when, to see if he was in need of food, one of the crew threw overboard the remains of a June fish captured the day previous, the big fellow slowly made his way to it, smelled around, and opening the ponderous jaws, swallowed the fifty-pound piece of fish like a hungry man would an oyster. With a flirt of his aged tail, as if in thanks, he then disappeared, and a breeze coming up, the Dorothy lifted anchor and sailed away to her fishing grounds.

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A VISIT TO PITCH LAKE.

PITCH LAKE, the strange expanse of asphalt which makes Trinidad the chief source of the world's supply, is described by a writer in the National Magazine as decidedly out of keeping with the other features of that beautiful island. This writer was one of a party of nine American girls who, arrayed in their oldest clothes, made a journey to the lake in spite of discouragements from those who had taken the trip before them.

"One can actually 'walk upon the waters' of this lake," writes the girl explorer. "Of course, it is somewhat sticky strolling, since the pitch is about the same consistency as tar. It comprises 104 acres in the southeastern part of Trinidad, and, located as it is on the Gulf of Paria, the pitch is shipped direct to foreign ports.

"Pitch Lake has an unusual history. It was discovered some 500 years ago, when Sir Walter Raleigh landed in La Brea Harbor and proceeded to demolish the capital of the island. Before sailing away on another filibustering expedition he repaired his ship with pitch taken from Pitch Lake.

"Pitch has been put to every possible use by the natives. The streets of the Port of Spain were lighted by torches of pitch until the people objected to the odor. Nothing, however, was done to develop the pitch and oil industry until recent years. This indifference to its value has been credited to the fact that the Trinidadians had so many other resources, such as their cocoa, coffee and sugar, from which to gain an abundant living, that they were content to leave Pitch Lake alone.

"Scientists have often discussed the formation of the lake. Kingsley describes it as a 'vegetable matter which would become peat and finally brown coal in a temperate climate, but which in the tropics becomes asphalt and oil, oozing up through the strata above it.'

"Many scientists have reached the conclusion that the pitch is an emulsion, 45 per cent. of which is bitumen, 25 per cent. clay and 30 per cent. water. The pressure of the gases from the oil deposits beneath push up the underlying pitch as fast as that above it is removed. So the pitch is in reality the unevaporated residue of millions of tons of petroleum which has for years oozed from the oil sand.

"Originally the asphalt industry was under English ownership, but the concert failed and it is now under American control and is worked by an American manager and American engineers and laborers. We were given a ride out onto the 'lake' in a small sightseeing car, and soon we reached the spot where the laborers were digging great lumps of pitch and tossing them into the cars.

"Seven hundred and fifty tons are excavated daily, and within a few days the hole from which it is taken fills again to a smooth surface. The lake has the appearance of an asphalt pavement with here and there pools of water. The pitch does not soil the hands but sticks forever to shoes, as we were destined to discover. About 125,000 tons of pitch are exported each year, the principal market being the United States. This may not always be true, since California is already producing a good substitute for asphalt."

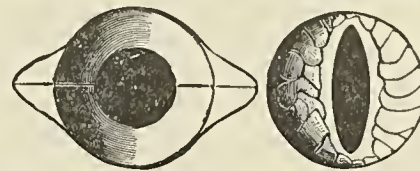
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The greatest depth previously known was that found by the American ship Nero near Guam in 1899, which was fixed at 5,268 fathoms. This has now been exceeded, therefore, by eighty fathoms.—Geographical Journal.

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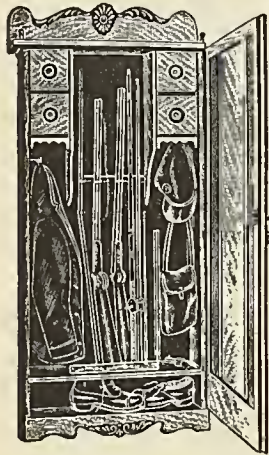
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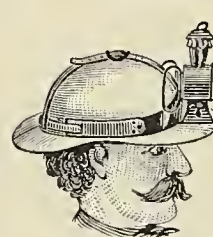
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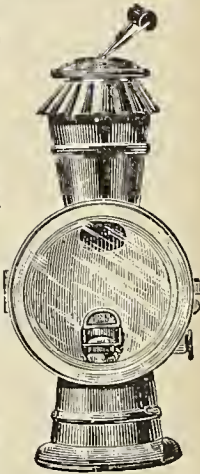
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1912.

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The Caribou Barrens of Newfoundland

Pictures and Text by the "Judge."

ON the 24th of August, 1911, I left Boston for Newfoundland. The dream of years was at last to be realized. The memory of my earliest wanderings afield as a lad in Colorado and in the far Northwest, while it was still the frontier and before the railroads came, dates not back to a time when the mention of caribou failed to bring before my mind more than that of any other of the great game animals save possibly only the bighorn sheep itself, a vision of snow and winds and wide open country stretching far away to the north. I used to hear the old hunters in Colorado and in Oregon speak of the caribou as of the grandest of all the deer, surpassing, when considered in all points, even the elk and the moose. Possibly this may have been because there were no caribou in Washington or Oregon, although there were at that time, I believe, some few in Northern Idaho around Kootenai Lake.

My desire to hunt these noble beasts had been whetted to a keen edge the last two years by reading before the blazing log fire in the country during the long winter evenings the delightful stories of the veteran Selous, and H. Hesketh Prichard, and above all that most charming of books, J. G. Millais' "Newfoundland and its Untrodden Ways."

So I set forth from Boston, and at McAdam Junction picked up my young Maine guide, Ralph Beach, who was all handsomely dressed up in a new set of store clothes in honor of his first trip out of the woods. We rolled away down through Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, past lovely farms and wide hay fields, over a splendid road bed, and in a surprisingly good train manned by courteous officials. This I have found to be generally characteristic of Canadian railways, and even the Pullman conductors and porters did not scorn us. At Sydney, the jumping-off place, a thin rain was falling, and smoke hung in a black pall over the steel works, afflicting the town with a depressing atmosphere. We were not sorry, therefore, to embark on the Ss. Invermore at evening for the short run across the Straits of Cabot to Port aux Basques, the westerly point of the Island of Newfoundland.

Fog and rain had all been left behind, and a lovely morning shone on Port aux Basques as we came in from the Straits. Many small sailing vessels were anchored in the port, and we thought that the sea-faring folk must make but little voyages in these short boats. Colonel Pike, the customs official at Port aux Basques, was most courteous and considerate, and before 9 o'clock we were all comfortably installed in the



STAG ON THE BARREN.

nice little narrow gauge train, having a first class breakfast as we rolled away into the island.

Up from the shore into the high land, crossing occasional small streams and now and then a river, we sped along, enjoying the landscape full of purple flowers and yellow goldenrod; also getting some raspberries now and then, when the train stopped for water. Then out upon the wide barrens, shining a radiant green under the blue sky.

Crossing Little River, the conductor declared that this place is headquarters for all the winds of heaven, which are gathered up in the south end of the Grand Range, standing off deep blue against the sky, and poured out through a narrow channel down to the sea. He said that the previous Tuesday the train had been held up in the cut back of this trestle for hours, waiting for the wind to go down enough so that she might safely cross. The stunted growth of trees and big deadenings spoke eloquently of the rough hand laid upon this island by the long dark winters.

At midnight we piled out at Glenwood and were met by our native guides, Bob Brooking and Lionel Hynes. The grub ordered from St. Johns' had all arrived in good order, and better still, the two canoes which had been especially constructed for this trip were in the freight house ready to take the water.

The next morning we overhauled everything and packed the stuff in the canoes and in Lionel's boat, which we took along to handle extra grub to be cached at the head of navigation against possible necessity. Glenwood, which

has seen better days, is a forlorn, wind-swept, narrow-chested little community that has not spent a dollar on house paint in fifteen years, and we were not a bit sorry to turn our backs upon it and make off up the Gander River.

Lionel and Bob both wore the native boots of half tanned caribou hide, waterproof to the knee, and with pucker strings at the top; and Lionel's particularly, which were new, were beautiful examples of native skill.

Ralph poled the big canoe up through the stiff rapids with his load rather than pack it around to load above the rapids as did Bob and Lionel. The Newfoundlander is a wonder with a head strap, but I think the boys from Maine "have a little something on them" when it comes to handling canoes in rough water, either upstream or down.

At 2 p. m. we finished making camp at Sandy Point, at the outlet of the lake, repacked all the grub in waterproof sacks, properly tagged, and had a fine night's sleep in the dry sand, which always makes a good bed.

Heading out into Gander Lake we encountered a high wind at King's Narrows, and soaked with spray and rain got across with difficulty to the lee shore. Gander Lake, with its high, clean shores, beaches of shale, and dark green hills rising away in the distance, seemed very much like Grand Lake, Maine.

As we beached the canoes to "bile the kettle" we found our first caribou track, that of a stag which had passed down along the beach during the early morning.

By evening we had reached the head of the

lake and camped again in the clean sand off the mouth of the Southwest Gander River. Our candle lantern, with tight bottom, proved to be very satisfactory, as did also the midget carbide lantern. Lionel and Bob took the reserve grub up-river two miles to cache it on a platform safe from bears and other prowlers. The bacon, however, they put into a canvas sack and hung it by a wire from the limb of a birch tree at some distance from the main cache, for it appears that while a bear will not make any great effort to get up on to a platform after condensed milk and flour, there is nothing he will not go through to get a supply of bacon.

Caribou tracks were numerous along the beach near camp. The clear musical whistle of yellowlegs was occasionally heard, and at evening a big flock of blackducks splashed down into the river just across from camp. Just at 7 P. M. the sun dropped out of sight behind Mount Peyton across the lake, firing it all up like a volcano.

Speaking of volcanos and lakes, Newfoundland must at one time have had a good deal to

every minute or two. The boys insisted that it was impossible to take a salmon with a rod at this time of year. "We never flies 'em now," says Lionel; "in June we flies 'em whatever."

Three days we traveled up the stream in this fashion, the canoes getting much broken up in spite of dredging operations conducted through the worst "rattles" by the boys with the fine, strong, straight-grained ash paddles that Ralph had split out for this special purpose before leaving home. Everywhere were clean, hard banks and beautiful groves of white birch, making delightful camp sites. Yellow-legged plover whistled up and down the stream, affording sport with the twelve-gauge, and occasionally a small flock of blackduck would come tearing by. One evening a big flock of yellowlegs, chased by a small hawk, turned right in to shore and alighted almost in the camp, appearing to prefer our society to that of the hawk, and we did not violate their confidence.

Finally encountering more and worse "rattles" and islands, we unburdened the canoes, cacheing about half the stuff; even then we could

eats salt pork I can feel it right there, a nourishin' of me and a nourishin' of me."

Lionel and Bob went down stream to bring up our cached stuff. By actual weight on my steelyards their packs weighed respectively eighty and sixty pounds; no light burden for men, both of whom were over fifty years of age, to carry through water and loose shifting gravel underfoot. It amazed me to see the burdens these men carried with their head and breast straps, the latter thrown across the breast outside the arms, keeping the upper arms close to the body. In addition to this Lionel would usually have an axe in one hand and his little tin tea kettle in the other.

Everything was dried out in the high wind, a cook shanty of birch bark built, a good table and bench set up under the fly of my brown hunting tent, and packs made up for the little hunting camp we determined to set up fifteen or twenty miles further up-stream.

While Bob and Ralph, with sixty-pound packs, were gone south to fix up the hunting camp, Lionel and I blazed a trail from a point



KING CARIBOU—A REMARKABLY FINE SPECIMEN.



AMAZING BURDENS CARRIED WITH HEAD AND BREAST STRAPS.

do with the former, for along the stream beds there are frequent evidences of lava flow; and as to lakes, the island is full of them, like Northern Maine. Says Lionel, who is an old sailor: "She's got a tight bottom, this old island; she holds water well."

Getting our reduced outfit snugly packed away in the two canoes, we turned our backs upon the lake and started into the hunting country. The water in the river was low. The men spent most of the day dragging the canoes over the "rattles," only occasionally getting a ride through a short "steady." I kept a mile ahead of them, with rifle and small pack, delighting in the thought that now the population of earth was behind me. Away upstream I found a little island in the midst of a wide "rattle" away from the flies, and sat for a long time reading "Toilers of the Sea" until the canoes arrived and startled, not twenty yards behind me, a caribou doe that had come out to drink. Away she went, plunging across the stream.

Occasionally in a pool a salmon would leap, and in a long "steady" where we stopped at noon I jointed up a rod and cast without success with wet flies, large and small, and dry flies, too, over three or four five-pounders that were leaping

proceed only three or four miles further. At this point there were scarcely two inches of water spread across the wide gravel bars. Everywhere along the beaches were footprints of caribou and occasionally the slot of a big stag.

The exertions of this up-stream pull affected Lionel, ordinarily tougher than a boiled owl, but now out of training, and he fell sick. I turned doctor and administered strong remedies where they would do the most good, and we decided to make our permanent camp. In a grove of great big birches, with a fine view up and down stream, right where a little cold spring brook had its outlet, we set up our tents. The river was divided at this point, a long green island thickly covered with low shrubs lying opposite camp. Back of the camp on the rise was plenty of good fire wood and fir balsam feathers for beds.

A heavy rain and wind at night were succeeded by clearing weather and a fine cool morning. "She's be a hard day," says Lionel, meaning a cold day, good for hard work. Lionel talks backward. Says "a big wind would stop us now" when he means that it would take a very big wind to stop us now. He prefers to hunt on hardtack and raw salt pork, saying: "When I

on the river two or three miles above camp up into the high open country easterly from the river, so that we might be able to get in there later in the month when the movement of caribou should start, and the stags begin to work up from the river bottoms out on to the high bogs.

The woods were very quiet. In Newfoundland there are no chipmunks or red squirrels to break the silence with their noisy chatter. The evening song of the white-throated sparrow, however, seemed very home-like. Hornets were very plentiful about the camp, crowding into the sugar at every chance; inoffensive, so far as we were concerned, but very quarrelsome among themselves. Their rough and tumble fights on our little table of hewn birch poles were funny to watch. Dozens of them buzzed around and crawled over my hands as I posted my note book, but without offense; and their music was much preferable to the irritating, high-pitched "zing" of the occasional big blue bottle fly. These were not the long, slim war-like black hornets, but thickset yellow-jacketed fellows, and Lionel says: "Him's not sting never less'n you's bother he; spos'n you's kill him's nest he's sting we." We left

(Continued on page 698.)

A Prairie Chicken Hunt

By W. V. NETHKEN (BUCKSKIN BILL)



A LIKELY PLACE.

THE fall of 1894 I was in Des Moines, Iowa. The circus season had just closed, and as the saying is among show people, I was "at liberty." On an invitation from several sportsmen friends, I went to a small town in Kossuth county, called West Bend, for a chicken hunt. After purchasing a case of 500 loaded shells, I boarded a train for West Bend. Several of the boys were at the train to meet me and discussed dogs, guns, horses, rigs, ammunition, doubles, singles and last, which I thought most important, birds. There were several different opinions expressed as to which route to take that would promise the best results, and still more forcible discussion as to the best dogs in that town, all of which seemed to be the best from the owner's point of view.

I had of course been in this town before, and there were two pointer dogs that I was slightly acquainted with that belonged to one of the gentlemen present. I had seen these dogs work once before on a short hunt and was very much pleased with them, but I took no part in the conversation. We lost no time making arrangements, and soon framed up a light covered spring wagon with a good team of horses and three bird dogs which included the two pointers I have just mentioned and a red setter, all of which looked to me like the real thing. It was agreed that four of us would make up the party and that we would start the next morning about 3 o'clock, so as to be on the stubble. When daylight came we had to drive about eight miles to start hunting. We loaded the dogs into the wagon, so as to have them fresh when we got on the stubble. The weather was not as cold that morning as usual for that section, it being the middle of October. It was a little cloudy, an ideal morning to hunt chickens.

There is one sure thing that prairie chickens and grouse certainly know the value of a field of standing corn for protection, and when flushed will get into the corn. Where there are stubble fields with corn nearby is a good place to look for chickens, and by this time the birds are well grown and strong flyers. I have frequently seen, when the season first opened, young coveys of chickens that had never been shot at. When the dog would come to a point, they would seemingly be either so tame or badly scared that you would almost have to kick them out to make them fly. But all this is changed after the birds get older and stronger and have been hunted.

They won't lie so close to the dog, and usually get up all at once and go like a brown streak.

Early in the morning and late in the evening the birds come out of the corn or other cover to feed on the stubble. Then is the best time to hunt them. Dew makes the scent stronger for the dogs. On this kind of ground the hunter will generally walk or drive near the corn along the stubble, sending his dogs all around in the edge of the corn and in front, and especially covering the stubble beyond him, where if the dogs should come to a point or flush any birds, they will usually fly for the corn. This makes the game fly across the hunter and gives him a couple of open shots before they can reach the corn.

When we arrived at the starting point it was agreed that it was necessary for the gentlemen owning the dogs to go with them. This left the other non-dog owner and myself to decide which of us would drive the team, but he



"WILL WE CALL THE OTHER FELLOWS?"

generously told me to go ahead for a while, as it was my first hunt of the season, and they wanted me to have a good day's sport. He also laughingly remarked that before night he expected everybody would want to drive. The gentleman with the pointer dogs and myself took one side of a large oat stubble near a corn field, and the other gentleman who, by the way, was a doctor, with his setter took the other side of the stubble. There was also a corn field on his side of the stubble. It was just good daylight and we hadn't gone one hundred yards, when the dogs came to a point in the edge of the corn. The gentleman with me remarked we were a little too early, and that the birds were just going on the stubble to feed, but that had nothing to do with the dogs pointing now. I got my repeater ready. He spoke to the dogs and up went the birds a little above the corn, but darted right down, scattering through the corn. When they raised above the corn I shot at one and killed two and didn't get another shot. My companion got one with his first barrel and missed a single through the corn with his second. We went after them as fast as we could. They didn't seem to fly far, but

how they did run! Off to my right about fifty yards went an old cock as hard as he could run. Leading him about a yard I got him all right. This brought the dogs running to me. I showed them the chicken. Then they went back to chasing the game around through the corn, trying to bring some of them to a point. Just then I heard the doctor shoot twice in rapid succession, then two more shots back of us on the stubble. I went to the edge of the corn. The doctor's dog had raised a large covey on his side of the stubble and one of the chickens had flown back near the wagon. The driver got him, although, as he explained, it took two shots to accomplish the feat. The doctor had made a nice double. We went on to the other end of the stubble but didn't start anything. When the team came up we drove half a mile to a wheat stubble, not a very large piece of ground. The doctor offered to drive awhile, so all three of us started with the dogs scattered in front.

We had nearly reached the other side of the field when the dogs came to a point on an open stubble. It was a grand sight to see three dogs at a point in the open. We had agreed if a single bird got up I, having a repeater, was to shoot first. Single birds got up one at a time before the main covey raised. I got one, then one of my companions made a double and the other had to be satisfied with a single. The birds flew across the open prairie, the doctor yelling, "Watch them down." He ordered everybody, dogs and all, to jump into the wagon. Away we went at a gallop. Arriving at the spot where the game went down, we jumped out. Dogs soon began trailing the running chickens. I stumbled over one and my companion next to me saved me one shell and probably two. The dogs after trailing and working about fifteen minutes came to a point. We moved up behind them and the chickens raised pretty well out. I got one with my first shot as did each of my partners, but the other bird got away. There were only four birds in this bunch. We all got into the wagon and drove about two miles to another stubble. The dogs already were on the stubble marking this field.



"THERE WAS A CORNFIELD ON THE SIDE OF THE STUBBLE."



LUNCH.

While it looked fine for chickens, it seemed to have none for us, so we drove about half a mile to some stacks of grain and the dogs began to make game as soon as they got out of the wagon. When the dogs went in, the birds went out from behind the stacks like a cyclone. Neither the doctor nor myself got a shot. Our friend got one and the covey flew a short distance to a corn field. The dogs went into the corn and we followed. I stayed along the outer edge of the corn and soon walked up a single bird, which I brought to the ground with my first shot. My companions were more successful and got three more. Then we drove about a mile to the largest stubble we had seen yet, and there was no corn near, allowing open shooting. Just as the dogs were getting out of the wagon a big white jack rabbit jumped up and one of the pointers, who had a weakness, went yelping after him. Then there was some fun. That old jack rabbit hopped off apparently on three legs. I thought he was crippled, but was informed that was his regular style of movement, and that the dog was stretching himself for all that he knew how. The jack just seemed to keep about fifty feet between him and the dog. His owner was fuming and fretting that he had thrashed that dog a dozen times for chasing jacks, and that he wouldn't be any account the rest of the day, but I was enjoying the race. The jack made a kind of circle for about half a mile, apparently keeping the same distance between him and the dog. The dog was too busy to yelp now, but just to get that rabbit seemed to be his sole object, for that time at least. I thought the dog was going to get him, but the doctor informed me that the jack hadn't let himself out yet, and sure enough just about then that jack seemed to have business somewhere else, and there looked to be like a gray, whitish streak across the open prairie, and the distance between him and the dog seemed to be about 200 yards in half a minute. The dog seemed to be taken by surprise and began to slow up, then stopped and after smelling around a little and looking in the direction the rabbit had gone, stood a couple of minutes as though thinking the matter over, then started to return to us, a disappointed and to be hoped a wisecracker dog. As his owner had said, he was all in, and we loaded him into the wagon for a rest. Taking the other dogs we went out on the big stubble. When near the middle of the field where the grass and stubble were unusually high,

the dogs began giving signs of game and soon came to a point. We wanted to be careful now, as chickens had not been as plentiful as we had anticipated. As they were going up in the air pretty well bunched, I killed two with my first shot and got a long single with my second. The doctor made a nice double and our other companion got one. He fully explained the matter by saying the other bird wasn't in the right place to stop the shot when he fired. The chickens scattered far and wide and we only got two more birds out of that covey. It was nearly noon, and getting very dry we thought of making for a grove a short distance away where there was an old house and a well where we could water our team. We had water in the wagon for the dogs. We thought it was about lunch time, and that grove looked good to us, so we drove over there. After we reached the well, and while one of our party was watching the horses and the doctor was arranging the lunch, the other gentleman said to me: "I see an old garden down below the house and no one has been living in this house for some time. We might start something down there." So we started just to be gone a few minutes. Jack, the dog that had given the jack rabbit such a race, had got over his humiliating experience, and when we started he jumped out of the wagon, and away he went toward the old garden, the other dogs following him. When he came near the edge of the garden he came to a point, the other dogs backing beautifully. I said to my partner: "Will we call the other fellows?" He answered, "No." That he was behind the score and here was his chance to get even. We went close up to the dog. I knew the birds must be close the way the dog acted. Also my companion said we were right on top of those birds, when out jumped another jack rabbit, but my friend ended his career with a load of No. 6 shot and saved Jack another strenuous effort. We picked up the jack and went to interview the lunch. Then all took a good smoke and a rest, in the meantime trying to find out who was the most eligible for the Ananias Club in telling of past hunting experiences.

We were then about twelve miles from town, but there was a lot of good hunting between us and West Bend. We thought in or near the corn fields the best place for that time of day. When we came to the corn, three of us scattered out, so we could just see each other, and with the dogs proceeded to comb that corn field, and we soon flushed a covey without the dogs knowing anything about it until the birds flew. None of us got a shot, as they raised too far in front of us. They didn't fly far, so we got the dogs after them. The doctor and my other partner each got a chicken, but I didn't get a shot. We got the dogs out of the corn, and after driving some distance came to a wheat stubble, an ideal spot for chickens, but a little early in the afternoon to find them feeding. So two of us took one side and the doctor the other. We kept well out in the corn, letting the dogs go out on the stubble in the hope of finding the chickens coming to feed, but they were still in the corn, and I soon saw a large covey running from me too far away to shoot.

The dogs came to a point right at the edge of the corn. Myself and partner moved up behind the dogs. That of course brought both us and the dogs between the birch and the corn.

When they went up my friend killed two with his first barrel and missed with his second, while I made the neatest double I had made all day. The covey nearly all flew across the stubble for the corn on the other side, but the doctor was there and got two. If that doctor could handle medicine like he could handle that shotgun, I told him I would like to have him for my permanent physician. We did not follow the chickens into the corn after the doctor shot, as it was getting along in the evening. We jumped into the wagon and drove quite a distance to a fine looking place on both sides of us. We decided to tie up the team and finish the day's sport in the immediate vicinity, as it certainly looked like good ground, although I suggested that we had a reasonable bag if we didn't want to be game hogs. Still we all seemed to want just that one more shot, and that is all we got.

We saw a pond a short distance from the corn with a small patch of stubble near by. It proved to be the right place. The dogs soon came to a point. We all lined up. I was joking the doctor about his double this time, but the minute the birds raised such a fusillade was never heard before. After the roar of battle cleared away, there was just three birds to be found. The gentleman that had been driving claimed two of them. This didn't leave many doubles for the rest of the crowd, but it made something to argue about on the way to town, although the doctor quietly informed me that he was positive he killed two of them. I replied with all the dignity I could command that as a matter of course I killed two myself. "Well," said the doctor, "that being the case the other man just shot two large-sized holes in the atmosphere." We loaded ourselves, dogs, game and birds into the wagon and pulled for town. At a good trot with a good team and as fine a bunch of chickens as anyone would want to see, and as jolly a crowd of sportsmen as anyone could want to meet, who shall say it was not a great day's sport.

Hunting Sable Prohibited.

ACCORDING to the law of June 22, 1912, the hunting of sable will be prohibited in Asiatic Russia from Feb. 14, 1913, to Oct. 28, 1916. It also is prohibited to sell, buy, transport, or export sable furs not stamped with a special stamp certifying that they were obtained before Feb. 14, 1913.



"BETWEEN THE BIRCH AND CORN."

The Brentwood Papers

I.—The Glory of Winter

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

WE stood one winter evening high on a snow-bemantled hill and gazed down into the valley where the last glamorous rays of the sunset were trailing their nervous fingers to and fro as if to find a resting place on the icy breast of the earth. All was still; so very still and awe-inspiring that we, mere human beings of flesh and blood, seemed wholly out-of-place in this kingdom of soundless waste and tranquillity. The sky in the west had undergone an ethereal transformation, for gradually it became bathed in showers of gold of the purest calm. Great banks of lavender that mellowed gradually away into bronze amid fantastic shapes of all sorts appeared, until one wondered with bated breath what next would enhance the scene portrayed on the face of the waning day.

The brightness rested on our features; we seemed ready to receive a divine blessing, and we felt with that keen anticipation of the true nature lover brought nearer the magic throne of the beautiful queen. The stillness was intense, save for now and then afar off a farm dog barked, or children's voices, silvery-pitched, winged across the frosted fields, or the sighing of the breeze through the reeds at the roadside. But even these partook of the universal quietude, and even to name them were to name a soundless sound, so drowsy with sleep did they seem. The sun, a disk of silent flame, drooped slowly down; in fact, it seemed to hang suspended over the horizon, and then crept down into the mothering arms of the night, and the clouds closed softly over the form. The curtain unfurled and was daintily drawn; the drama of the day was at a close, and the time had come to leave, with that clinging memory stamped irrevocably on the mind. The colors faded and twilight dimmed to silent darkness. The stars, like so many billion tapers, were trimmed, and each in its place shed forth a wane light upon the world below. In the valley the cottage lamps suddenly streamed yellow through the windows and everything seemed safe and contented from the invigorating cold without. I do not think man can express the beauty, the awful sublime beauty of winter, the terrible tenacity of his mood, the unrelenting fierceness of his vow to wreak havoc on the spoils of summer, the mildness and the coldness and the change from anger to beautiful serenity.

It is impossible for us to know all there is in this season or any season, and we cannot express it in mere words, but perhaps feel in some distant mystic way. Where are the poets of the winter? They are most chance sitting by some cheerful hearth stone punning away or stealing the eternal bubbles off of a bumper of ale, and disclaiming on the delights, when they can trace the wraiths of the summer fields in the darting snakes of flame in the dying embers; when they once more are in the meadow grasses that are swaying now up and now down, billowing as the wind creeps across the scene; when they once more hear the birds calling from the

silence of the woods; when the flowers nod and smile up at the mellow heaven's blue and all is warm and sweet on the breast of nature. But of the awful grandeur outside they find no voice save the mournful inspiration wrought by the wind howling around the gables. Yet what vast store of good I have derived from my cross country walks in the rural districts when the snow has been so deep that I have floundered



SILENT SENTINELS OF WINTER.

and stumbled, and when the cold has preyed upon me with terrible rigor.

There is some unknown, yet joyful inspiration in it all. The blood throbs warmly through the veins and the body feels at its fittest. There is always something in winter that catches my fancy. Perhaps it is the storm-bound birds swaying on the dead weeds in the fields, or the moan in the branches of an oak or the overcast sky foretelling the oncoming of another wealth of that matchless ermine; perhaps it is the feathery flakes just beginning to sift through the barren boughs, now lifted and now eddying downward as though reluctant to so soon give

up their joyous sailing through the icy atmosphere. That fascination I always feel. Especially is this true when standing in a solitary wood hemmed in by the giants of nature. Although alone in human shape, I feel the companionship of the great rugged trees most keenly, and every wind that sways their branches has meaning to me who is so closely a lover of nature.

It seems that I have what one would call a second mind or a conscience that is quite apart from the common place. This mind harbors all that is poetic and full of feeling; this mind is the dwelling place of every fancy, and from this I am able to study nature most readily and feel that which others are seemingly so lacking in. The changing chords in the breeze—now a lilting cadence in the summer grasses and now a ghost of sorrow in the bleaken winter woods—sound with an indefinite thrill the inmost wonder of my soul. This being a poet has its wonderful side and its gloomy side, and though somehow I feel wrapt up in both, the wonderful, the awful serenity of life and nature is a powerful factor in my dual existence, and has proven the conquering victor. The depth of the winter wood is a solemn place. The great trees with their various sounds, the snow stretching dimly shadowed far away, criss-crossed by the squirrel trails and those of the birds; the mystery and the silence—it is all the make-up of a perfect peace, rigid and cold the day may be, and sinister the mood of the Ice King. A cloudy day just before the coming of the snow storm, then it is most pleasant to enter the big wood, and selecting some sheltered place between some towering trees, gather together a goodly supply of firewood and build a fire. See, here is a fine place under this wealth of dead grape vines which, used as a roof, will be perfectly in keeping with my notion. Clear away a spot and roll that dead tree in for the back log and build your fire on this side. You can now unpocket the birch bark we gathered over at the pond, and with that for the basis heap on a few twigs till the little snake of flame has attained due proportion. Then add fuel until all is warm and bright and clear. When a possible waning has been safeguarded against, one may lean back contented, and over a freshly replenished pipe drowse away in reminiscence. And this is sure to come. There is always that spell of tranquil forgetfulness present when, after a long tramp through the woods, one ends up by a cheery fire. The woods have grown deeper in gloom; a veil of mist seems to be hovering over the landscape, and the foreboding feel is in the air. The stillness of the solitudes is certain. There is no sound even of the wind, for it has died down, and but the partial turn of a leaf wakens a sense of there being life in the atmosphere. The crackle of the falling embers and the thin trail of smoke arising, the sound of your voices; that is all. But soon the snowflakes appear in the air, eddying downward through the barren branches, and in ten minutes the vision is ob-

scured by the star-like conformation that we have so often marveled at. Thicker and thicker they appear, but what need to fear this calm onslaught since there is wood at hand, and evening and its shadows are yet two hours off. These are happy hours fruitful of boyhood memories when likewise the trail led to the rural woods on like sojourns. And then there is the homeward walk. How pleasing it is; the blood stirring in the veins, and with a song on the lips there is everything to make the hour a cheer.

The charm of winter is strikingly felt by the true lover of nature. He recognizes in this season not so much the direful calamity that has befallen the land, but rather the fearful beauty that it affords. In yonder pastures, once so green and fresh with the herbage of June, are now tucked down to sleep under the sheltering snow. One experiences a sense of wonderment at it all, and the realization that summer has been and will come again meets with sweetly fleeting thought. In six months' time I will stand here on the same spot, and where once was snow, there will be plots of fresh outlaid emerald—the dingle, dongle, dangle of the cow bells will sound mellow once more on the cross country breezes, and warmth will be in the air. But now the grass is asleep and the flowers are dreaming, and the birds are far away in the balmy land of the South, waiting the turn in the season's wheel to call them to their nesting grounds in the North. To the man with a penchant for studying nature or rambling around in the fields and woods with a gun perhaps, is there ample store to draw from. The tattered corn shocks that some negligent farmer abandoned to the clutch of the winter, form an interesting place for the tab-footed kindred—they of the powder puff tails and the piratical tendencies to congregate at. Here on moonlit nights they assemble, and judging from the collection of tracks in the field witnessed in the morning, what enjoyment they must have realized. We will watch the two men approaching from the outskirts of yonder wood. Both are clad in the paraphernalia of the hunter and carry double barrel shotguns. There is felt that sense of anticipation when the destination is reached, for what will those corn shocks yield? One hunter walks through the center of the field, and having reached a likely spot pauses, with gun ready and eyes on the alert. There is a certain degree of sureness about him. One knows at a glance that he is an old-timer with the use of a gun. His companion approaches a shock, and circling to the further side commences a series of jabbing and stamping into the body of the fodder destined to drive out the rabbit or everything else. But there is no result. Another shock and still no result. But the third shock by a lucky stroke harbors that little thief who thinks himself resting securely away from the harms of the world. But this thought is quickly dispelled when that intruding human foot comes in contact with his quivering body. A rustle and stir and he is out.

The man with the gun catches the warning shout of his companion and the shotgun is swung into position. The startled rabbit speeds down the row, but still the man with the gun is mute and one wonders not a little if the little fellow gets out of range. The rabbit turns suddenly in a zig-zag to the right and in a twink-

ling there is a report and the depredator turns end over end and lies very still and unseen in the snow behind a ridge. Got him! A clean hit! Sneer at this ye who have trod the depths of the unbroken wilderness in the haunt of moose and bear; who have roamed where the wild kindred stir in every lair, and yet there is the same intense delight in either case. One being mild and the other rigid and fruitful of mightier sensations, but the satisfaction at the end of the chase is relatively the same.

What a beautiful spot is the ice-bound wintry brook! After a night of snowfall, pleasing it is to look upon this merry old beggar wreathed all over with ermine, here and there the black waters showing through the frosty mantle with a sinister glance at the day yet a ripple and wash that seems to be the laughter of a thousand nymphs. Was the brook ever warm with



"THE DEPTH OF THE WINTER WOOD."

the goodness of the summer? Were its shores ever lined with the drooping flowers that have so tremblingly kissed the waves? What though the grip of the winter be sordid, the purl of the waters against the jagged ice were never sweeter. Come with me to this nook, led by a sound that the ear is quick to catch and classify. Bend low. Now rises for a space the clear and definite notes tinkling up the scale with a merry abandon, and now sinking to a minor note at the lowering of the water. And so it keeps on all day long, rising and falling and laughing with never a thought of troubled worry; always gay and light-spirited; always young and never fearing the break of day.

Tracks in the snow. Printed on the clear expanse of royal are the tell-tale trails weaving in and out of the thickets. Here you will note a mink coming up the brook, stopped to investigate by the bank and found a dead chicken frozen in the ice. He had evidently spent the night killing frogs for sport, and his appetite was not of the best, since but a nip here and there demonstrated his indifferent hunger. One will notice at the edges of the ice along the open spots bodies of frogs in various stages of devastation; here is one nipped through the head still crawling weakly along the snow, particularly

inert. Here are others chewed up beyond shape. Black Mink had best guard his evil doings, for that lone man trail winding up the brook looks mighty suspicious. Note how it leads up to that bank. Already perhaps that little life is plotted against, and the coming night at some wayward den an unsuspecting foot may touch the pan of a wicked trap, and the end of life's trail will have been reached for Black Mink.

What a realm of magnificent beauty meets our eyes after an all night fall of snow! The woods will then seem like a scene taken from fairyland, for surely it cannot all be true—all this splendor and lavish display. The branches of the trees that seemed so barren yesterday are now ridged over with a wealth of fluffy whiteness that seems uncertainly poised in position. A breeze wafts by and though the tree arms stir the clinging snow refuses to let go its hold, still flirting a wink at the overcast sky. And all is so wonderfully silent. It is a drowsy silence replete with goodly thought; quite different from that of the snappy days in the woods. A shrill-voiced jay suddenly startles the sense and darts down to a perch nearby, flicking away the downy snow at contact with the limb. On such days the nature lover fares him forth with a heart glad within him, and the lady of moods greets him with welcome arms. Top boots and the blood-stained hunting pants and that old shirt; what more could one ask to wear on such a day, neither too balmy nor too cold, but seasonable? Wood after wood is traversed and sensation is piled up and thought is stored away. Ah! it is good to live. To stand on a rise and fill the lungs deep with the breath of the west wind, and on the wings of fancy hover over all, absorbing as it were every beauty within sight. And then at night, after a good hearty meal, to sit down at the fireside and over the old brier live again the experiences of the day out in the snow-clad hills.

Wyoming Game Conditions.

LANDER, Wyo., Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your letter of Oct. 8 found awaiting me on my return to the office after several weeks' absence, and it gives me great pleasure to give you the following information.

The game in the State of Wyoming, which includes elk and deer and protected game which is moose and antelope and also mountain sheep, were never in better condition than they are now. The most abundant game animals of the State are the elk, which are lawfully killed in the western part of the State which includes Uinta, Fremont and that portion of Big Horn and Park counties west of the Big Horn River. An estimate of elk in the State is 30,000 head, all of which, with the exception of a few, are in the above described sections. The State of Wyoming has approximately 500 head of moose, which are protected until the open season on large game in 1915. Antelope are scarce within the State, but from all reports are gradually on the increase. They are protected until open season on moose as above. Deer are abundant in all the mountains of the State. In the Sundance country, which is the northeastern section of the State, there are two kinds—the black and whitetail deer. All other sections have black-tail deer.

D. F. HUDSON,
State Game Warden.

Seven Hundred Miles by Canoe

By J. FRANK NEWELL

A 700-MILE trip, which we took from Buffalo to Cincinnati via the Allegheny and Ohio rivers, is not so tame as one might think, even though it is through civilized and thickly populated country. However, we found some portions of it which were evidently as rough and uncivilized as the days when the Indians plied the rivers in their "birch-barks."

Originally, we intended to go through to the Gulf, but as cold weather set in as we reached Cincinnati we abandoned the trip.

Four were to compose the original party and go in two canoes, but as one of the fellows decided that the trip was too risky to be undertaken by canoe, he dropped out. The other three were anxious to go, and as we could not find a fourth one, we three decided to take a chance in one canoe.

For information concerning the trip we found most reliable information given by the people along the route. We did not find river maps of much use, although in the case of a

camp about forty miles below Salamanca, after a fine day's run. Two of us hiked over to a nearby farmhouse for fresh milk and a bundle of straw to sleep on, as we had no folding cots or other beds. The straw spread on the ground with the blankets on top made a fine bed.

We arrived at Warren at noon next day, stopped and stocked up our larder. A few miles below we found a half-mile of rapids, which we shot with great pleasure. That night we found a pretty camp site on an island with the tree-covered mountains looming up on all sides of us.

Saturday we passed the towns of Tidioute and Tionesta. At night we camped on an old camping place near Walnut Pond.

Sunday was a fine day and we stayed in camp until noon, making repairs and airing out our outfit.

We were now in the midst of the oil country, oil wells and refineries on every side of us and the hills studded with the oil derricks.

groceries. About four o'clock it began to rain quite hard, so we pulled ashore and donned our oilskins, and as it continued to rain, we decided to look for a place to pitch our tent. As we neared the shore we ran upon a submerged log and stuck there. In trying to push off with the paddles against a rock they slipped and the side of the canoe went under, causing it to ship about a barrel of water, soaking everything we had. We saw a barn a short distance away, so we immediately started out to see if we could get permission to stay in it, and the "old mountaineer" who owned it bade us welcome. We heaved the canoe ashore, took our blankets, which, fortunately, did not get wet, as we had them tied up in waterproof canvas, and "beat it for the hay." This place was between Upper and Lower Hillsville.

Wednesday the going was so good that we paddled eight and one-half hours without stopping; we ate lunch while drifting along. That day's run was through the coal and gas coun-



ON OHIO ABOVE PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

WALNUT BEND CAMP.

DISH WASHING NEAR WHEELING, W. VA.

larger boat they would be a necessity. They can, however, be procured from the U. S. Geodetic Survey, Washington, D. C., or along the Ohio most any wharf-boat can supply maps and other river information.

We shipped our canoe and duffle from Olcott Beach, N. Y., to Salamanca, and on Oct. 5, 1911, took the first stroke of our long journey. The canoe was an eighteen-footer, with extra long decks and keel. We attached lazy-backs to the seats; they saved us many a stiff neck and back ache.

Our duffle outfit consisted of one 7x9 rope ridge tent, one pair blankets apiece, one special compact cooking outfit, oilskins, two-quart canvas water bottle, two duffle bags containing extra clothes, toilet articles, camera, hunting knives, etc. We also carried one repeating No. 12 shotgun, camp ax, coil of rope, folding lantern and a can of marine glue. Our grub-box was a large telescope case, handy and compact. Large baking-powder cans fitted into the case for butter, lard, matches, etc. Potatoes, onions and canned goods were carried in a canvas bag stowed under deck. With the three of us and the outfit, the canoe was carrying about 650 pounds, but as the water was high and swift, we experienced no difficulty. We made our first

The odor of petroleum filled the air. Even the river was covered with a coating of oil. After noon we paddled as far as Oil City, stopped, looked over the town, then started out again, camping a short distance from the city. The river seemed to be getting swifter and camping places harder to find after we left the oil section. We were getting into wilder and thinly populated country. Occasionally we would hear the clank of a cow bell attached to some bovine wanderer grazing on the hills, then we would begin to look for a farmhouse, which we usually found hidden in a hollow behind the trees. The scenery was beautiful through this section. High, tree-covered mountains rose directly from the water's edge.

Owing to the swiftness of the river, we made excellent time, averaging about thirty-five miles in eight to nine hours' paddling. Here is a suggestion for keeping posted on the distance traveled each day along the Allegheny: Get a Pennsylvania R. R. timetable, for the road parallels the river nearly its entire length. By this method distance can be figured almost to a fraction of a mile. This also applies to the Ohio River.

Tuesday, at 11:30 o'clock, we arrived at Emlenton, where we stopped and stocked with

try. We passed many large mines and gas wells.

At Mosgrove we met the first big paddle-wheel steamer. As we had been cautioned to beware of those "paddle-wheelers," we kept our distance. She was not kicking up much of a wash, however. Good landing places through this section were scarce; for miles we saw nothing but quicksand shores. Near Kelly we found a fine camp site on a high point at a big bend in the river.

Thursday morning we started out, hoping to complete the first leg of our journey by reaching Pittsburgh. We locked through the first dam about 1:30 P. M., encountering rough water on leaving the lock. We were very busy for a few moments keeping right side up. Locking through the next one, nine miles below, was still more thrilling, as coupled with the rush of water out of the lock, was the wash of an upward bound steamer making for the lock. However, we succeeded in passing it in safety. We arrived at Pittsburgh at 5:30 P. M. and tied up at a boat house on Duquesne Way. The distance from Salamanca, approximately 220 miles, we made in about forty-seven hours of paddling.

Friday and Saturday we spent sight-seeing

in Pittsburgh. Sunday we lightened up our luggage by sending back home everything not absolutely necessary.

We left the city at 4 P. M. Saturday, with quite a send off by a crowd which had gathered to bid us bon voyage as we started out on the second leg of our trip down the Ohio. We encountered some rough water at the junction of the three rivers. We camped about three miles below Pittsburgh on an island, a sort of summer resort, across from the penitentiary.

Sunday morning we were visited by an old river-man who had boated it from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. He gave us a lot of information concerning the rivers.

We left camp at 1:15 P. M. and started out on our first run down the Ohio. At Legionville we met a theatre boat, giving a performance. She is fitted up inside like a regular theatre and plies up and down the Ohio giving shows at the small towns.

We passed through five dams going to Rochester, but as the wickets are all down, we sailed over without stopping to go through the locks. These dams are all made of iron in sections, called wickets, about four feet wide, hinged at the bottom. At high water they are let down on the bottom of the river, thus allowing the boats to pass over. We arrived at Rochester at 5:30 P. M. and camped just below the city, after making twenty-two miles in four and one-quarter hours.

Monday morning, as the fog was heavy, we did not start until about 11 A. M. At 3 P. M. we passed State Island where Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia come together. At night we made our first camp in Ohio, a few miles below East Liverpool, at Dam No. 8, opposite Newell, W. Va.

Tuesday morning, the 17th, it rained hard and kept up all day, so we stayed in camp. We tried our luck fishing, but did not get a bite.

The next morning we found the river a raging torrent from the heavy rain of the day before. It had risen to within a few feet of our tent door, where the day previous it was about fifty feet away, and our canoe was nowhere to be seen, although the night before it lay but a few feet from the tent. We immediately started down the river in search of it. We inquired of a woman on a cabin-boat, and she told us she had seen it floating by early that morning. At Wellsville the ferryman had captured the runaway. We piled in and paddled the four miles back to camp, loaded in our effects, and proceeded on our way. According to the Government gauge at Dam No. 8, the river had risen four feet over night. The total rise was 9.9 feet. We passed Steubenville, O., and Dam No. 9, and that night we made our first camp in West Virginia.

Thursday morning the canoe was again afloat, although the night before we pulled it back quite a ways from the waters' edge. The river was full of drift wood, and it kept us dodging to evade the numerous logs, planks and trees. We met many "river rats" in skiffs searching the drift for something of value. They pick up everything that might bring a few cents. Occasionally they pick up some valuable stuff during high water.

We arrived at Wheeling at noon and there spent a couple of hours. Just below Wheeling

(Continued on page 699.)



The Hunting Season's Toll.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some years ago, while secretary of the old Forest, Fish and Game Commission, I kept careful track of and published the list of hunting accidents each year. My object was to arouse a sentiment against carelessness on the part of all those who go afield with a gun, and apparently there was considerable interest taken in this and other States in the compilation. The Conservation Commission that succeeded the old Forest Commission does not think the collection of such statistics any part of its duties, but a wide awake local newspaper, the Knickerbocker Press, has set its Saranac Lake correspondent at work on the compilation, and he reports that this season when deer hunting ended, the record was eight hunters killed and twenty-four wounded. I have made careful inquiry about these figures, and am advised that they are correct in the opinion of practical woodsmen. J. D. WHISH.

[Special to The Knickerbocker Press.]

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Nov. 16.—Eight persons killed and twenty-four wounded is the roster of victims of the hunting campaign just closed in the State of New York. The death list exceeds that of 1911, when five were killed; 1910, when six were killed; 1909, when a half dozen were sacrificed; 1908, when only one was killed, and equals 1907, which up till this year was the record year of deaths by hunting accidents. The number of injured far exceeds that of any previous year of which there is a full record.

These long lists of dead and injured occur in spite of legislation attempted by the State last winter, the intent of which was to reduce the number of accidents in the woods. Well may the citizens of the State pause and inquire: "What is the matter?"

Men in the woods know; few others do. The cause of all killings and maimings of human beings on the hunt is in the last analysis, carelessness. And the Legislature of the State of New York cannot make laws legislate against carelessness. Every accident of this and every other hunting season may be laid at the door of this single cause, subdivided into a number of other causes which as a matter of fact are effects of the one great cause. Shooting at objects indistinctly seen, carrying cocked guns in thick undersbrush, too familiar handling of loaded weapons, "didn't know it was loaded," and other common direct causes are all traceable to the same origin. Intoxication is another cause—the man who goes into the woods with a gun and with liquor is either a fool or a criminal.

Our Dear Old Friend.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find my annual contribution. I used to be an occasional correspondent. Have read FOREST AND STREAM since its inception and expect to while I live. Am now in my seventy-fifth year and take but one outing each year. E. S. WHITAKER.

Killing Does.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 16.—The deer season in New York State closed yesterday. On the whole it was a good season for the hunters who were out in Fulton and Hamilton counties. During the entire week parties brought in large bucks and larger stories of what might have been had not their guns missed fire or had they been better shots. Several automobile parties arrived Wednesday from the Ostrander camp at Griffin. They averaged one buck to every two men, which is considered unusually good luck.

This year saw the working of the new deer laws, and according to hunters from the cities, it was satisfactory. Guides, farmers and backwoodsmen say it proved a farce. One guide, who arrived in this city Wednesday, said that in his opinion there were no less than 100 does lying in the woods dead within twenty miles of Northville.

He asserted that no guide or backwoodsman was going to let a deer get away just because he was unable to tell whether it was a buck or a doe, and that the rule was to shoot first and look afterward. If the animal proved to be a buck, the hunter dressed it out and summoned aid to get it back to camp. If it proved to be a doe, he let it remain in the woods to rot, or as has been reported unofficially in several cases, he took it home after first dressing it so that no one could tell whether it was a doe or a buck.

Several local hunters have returned to this city with stories along the same lines. They report that does are not infrequently seen lying dead in the woods. In several instances, they say, parts of the animals have been cut off, evidently showing that the hunter saved part of the meat.

Dogging deer had been reported a little less frequently this year than previously, although the practice still continues in the more remote sections back of Northville. It is asserted that the buck law has in a measure done away with the hounding of deer, as the hunters found that their dogs often put in a whole day running a doe which could not be brought out even if they should get it.

Another illegal method of taking deer, jacking them by night from a boat, has been indulged in less than ever this year because of the new laws. It is contended that although unpopular, the laws have resulted in great protection to the deer in localities where a hunter would not dare to take a chance on shooting a doe.

Another favorable sign this year is the rare occurrence in this neighborhood of a hunter being shot for a deer. Thus far only three have been injured in this way and they not seriously. In other years the number of hunters taken for deer have been large, and the fatalities shocking. Those who are praising the new laws claim that the buck law is responsible for this and point out that if the hunter has to see horns on a deer before he shoots, he will not be liable to take a crack at a human being.

With the deer season closed, hunters will turn their attention to rabbit and fox hunting.

Rabbits, or varying hares, as the big white fellows are called, are very plentiful throughout the swamps of the Adirondacks. There is no law against hunting them with a dog provided it is not on land known to be inhabited by deer.

John Dence, of Temple street, returned Thursday evening from a hunting trip to Gus Avery's camp at Arietta, bringing with him a 180-pound buck. He said he had seen no less than five dead does rotting in the woods. One of them had been partly eaten by an animal which a guide told him was a bear. J. G. W.

Woodcock Migration.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like the opinion of the gunners who read FOREST AND STREAM regarding the time woodcock migrate. There seems to be a great variety of opinion. Some claim there are two flights; an early and a late one. A friend in a letter speaks of flight woodcock as a "different breed of cats from a native." When one brings in a bag of birds, how often it is that someone picks out all the large and full plumaged birds as flight birds.

I have hunted woodcock for forty years and have spent much time in the closed season roaming about with the old pointer, prospecting, and I must say, I do not agree with many of our gunners. My opinion is that the woodcock is governed by conditions in his flight. If the weather is warm and the feeding ground wet, the woodcock stays on contented, but in case the particular swamp he is feeding in becomes dry, then he is forced to look for a new feeding ground, and his flight begins, naturally to the south, and I cannot see why a woodcock one mile on his way south isn't a flight bird to that extent as much as one that has come one hundred. In fact, I believe the food supply governs the time of the flight. Take this season: Our swamps were very dry here in Southern Vermont in August and September, and as early as Sept. 28 I found birds very plenty in strictly flight covers, and I fully believe there were more woodcock in the covers on that date than at any time this season. I have never believed in a late season for gunning. If I had my way I would open the season Sept. 1 and close Nov. 1 in all States like Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.

G. F. BARBER.

The Baltimore Coon Hunting Club.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The organization of a raccoon hunting club has met with great success in this city. Weekly excursions into the immediate country have been greatly enjoyed by its members.

This is the first organization of its kind in the monumental city. The club boasts of one of the finest packs of hounds in the State, and to date has captured ten raccoons and thirty opossums. The members and officers are: Allen Jackson, President; Hugh Bell, Vice-President; Alfred Mobra, Treasurer; Wm. Lauterbach, Advertising Secretary; Harry A. Jackson, Wm. Dunnington, Wm. Gorsuch, M. Smith, S. Martin and Josh Wells (colored) climber.

THOMAS R. LAUTERBACH, Sec'y.

FOREST AND STREAM is a specially invited guest in the homes of many sportsmen each week.

High Cost of License.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read in your issue of Nov. 16 what you say in reference to the high cost of license, and I think you are correct in your idea, except that I must admit that in some localities it certainly robs some good Americans and sportsmen of the privilege of hunting, because they cannot afford to pay the high price, and in this case it certainly works hardship and in some cases makes poachers of men who will hunt in spite of the license, which would not happen if within their reach. Another thing I think you ought to take up in your valuable paper for the benefit of all sportsmen is this: A man hunting outside of New York State should certainly be allowed to bring his limit of game into the State, no matter what the law here, as long as a man can prove that it was legally taken, and this he can do and must do by presenting his license and tags before any express agent will take them for shipment. Now, for instance, I just returned from a hunt in Maine with several friends, and we were not able to bring out any does or small bucks on account of the law in New York State, except if we purchased a special license for \$5 to prove it was legally taken. Now, why should \$5 prove anything more than hiring a licensed guide, paying \$15 for a license, being identified by express agent before accepting our game? I think this the worst law I ever heard of and certainly does not encourage sportsmen to hunt, but discourages the decent, healthful sport. Of course, if a man is caught doing anything illegal, I am certainly in favor of punishing him to the full extent of the law, because I am a great believer in the correct protection of game and sensible laws.

There are quite a few people I know of being fined for bringing in does who didn't know anything about the interference of the New York State law. It is the same with the New York State law prohibiting the killing of does and small bucks. This law hasn't helped in the least to protect deer. On the contrary it has been the means of, I should judge by reports, killing just as many does and spike bucks which were left in the woods to rot. If deer are and must be protected in New York State, it will take a different and more stringent law to do it. I would like as a constant reader of your valuable paper to hear your idea on this matter, as it will be interesting to others.

FRED. SAUTER.

"Warning" Signs.

CAPITOLA, Cal., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note with great interest the cut representing the warning sign pasted by J. A. Vequesney, Forest, Game and Fish Warden of the State of West Virginia, which appears on page 561 of the Nov. 2, 1912, issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Thinking you may be interested I send you under separate cover copies of such warning signs I post as county fish, game and fire warden of Santa Cruz county, California. These cloth signs I post on trees and in conspicuous places while I am patrolling the fields and streams. Inclosed herewith you will find copies of leaflets, one of which I inclose with each brush or rubbish burning permit I issue. I find by posting these warning signs and distributing copies of the leaflets the people both

old and young become familiar with the fish, game and forestry laws, and in consequence these laws are understood, their necessity appreciated, and that the laws are better observed.

WALTER R. WELCH,
Fish, Game and Fire Warden.

One of the leaflets is ordinance 240, relating to brush burning and forest fires. Its cover reads as follows. It is a capital idea:

Do your best to prevent forest fires by strictly observing the State forestry laws.

Cut brush, slashings and rubbish allowed to remain on the ground during the summer months are a dangerous forest fire hazard.

Timber burned up pays no wages, and means high prices for lumber and wood.

Forests burned means drouth and floods.

Forest protected means water supply, fish and game conserved.

Moral.—Protect the forests, fish and game by removing forest fire hazards between Nov. 15 and April 15, as required by the within ordinance.

The Game Breeders' Association.

THE following resolution was adopted by the Game Breeders' Association on Tuesday, Nov. 12:

Whereas, one of our members was arrested for taking two pheasants to his home in New Jersey, said pheasants having been bred by the Game Breeders' Association and legally shot in New York,

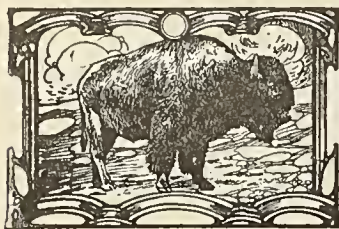
Be it Resolved, that we deplore this occurrence and that we call this to the attention of the game commissioner of New Jersey with the request that the law be amended so as to permit game breeders to take their game home when properly identified, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the American Game Protective and Propagation Association and the Sporting Press.

Missouri Game Notes.

WARRENSBURG, Mo., Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The scarcity of game in this locality is the topic of much comment by hunters. Last winter proved very disastrous to the bobwhite, many coveys being reported frozen. The birds that came through the severe weather surely have had a successful breeding season, but their numbers were so few, the shooting is very poor. Squirrels and rabbits also are scarce, the latter ordinarily being quite common. Waterfowl shooting has been a failure owing to the bayous being dry. A. F. SMITHSON.

New Brunswick.

GAME conditions are better than last year. Moose, caribou, deer, bear, wildcat, beaver, otter, mink, fisher, fox, muskrat, wild goose, duck, brant, teal, snipe, partridge and woodcock are found here, with moose and deer most abundant. Shooting is good in nearly every part of the Province. The interior and northern part is probably the best.



NATURAL HISTORY



Our Hawaiian Bird Refuge.

SOME years ago FOREST AND STREAM described at some length the interesting discoveries made by Dr. Walter K. Fisher at the Island of Laysan, that great bird colony constituting the extreme western extension of the Hawaiian archipelago.

This island and those near it were set aside early in the year of 1909 as a bird refuge, to be known as the Hawaiian Island Reservation. The refuge consists of a dozen islands, reefs and shoals, stretching westward for more than 1,500 miles toward Japan. Some of the islands are volcanic masses thrust up from the depths of the ocean, while others are mere sand pits, and others still large, low coral islands more or less covered with soil.

In the spring of 1909 Japanese plumage hunters were reported to have visited Laysan Islands and to have wrought immense damage among the bird rookeries.

In 1911 the Iowa State University asked the co-operation of the Department of Agriculture for the purpose of securing for its museum representative groups of Laysan birds. The request was a welcome one, for such an expedition would enable the Department to secure an authentic report of present day conditions on these bird islands. A party made up of five persons—Prof. C. C. Nutting, Prof. Homer R. Dill, Prof. William A. Bryan, of the Oaha College, Honolulu, with two others—visited Laysan in 1911, reaching there April 24, and remaining until June 5. Their observations and a list of the birds they found are printed in a recent bulletin of the Biological Survey. The report is in two parts, the first dealing with present conditions and the second giving a comparison of conditions in 1903 and 1911, and making recommendations for the future protection of the refuge.

By far the most spectacular things to be seen on the island are the great bird colonies of the albatross, tern, man-o'-war bird and others; but perhaps quite as interesting as these rookeries, are the land birds that are so few, and whose existence now seems so precarious. There are but three such birds, the honey eater, a finch and warbler, called the "Miller bird."

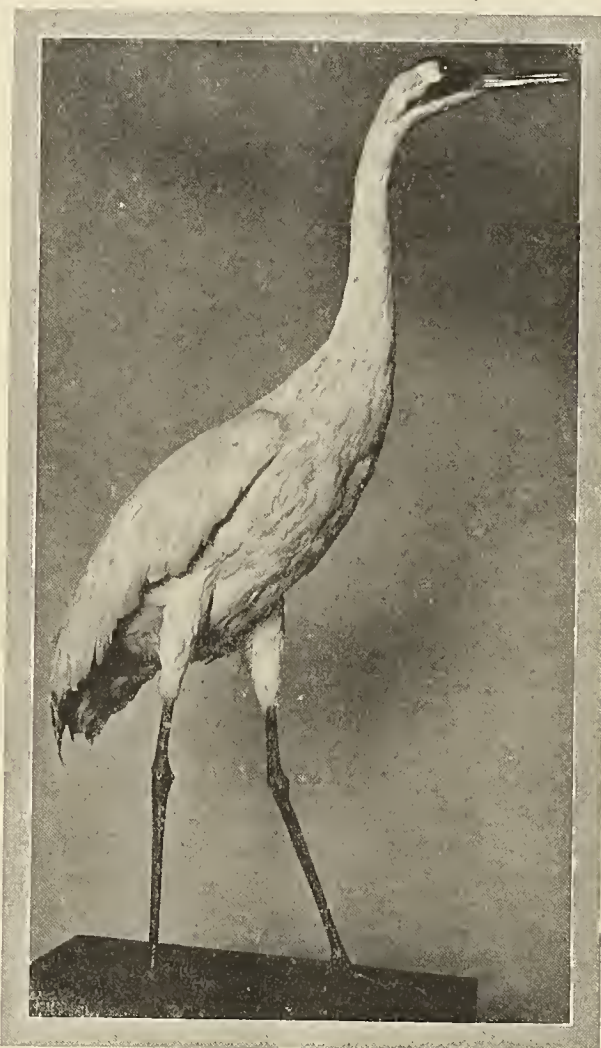
The introduction of the rabbits and guinea pigs is apparently resulting in the destruction of the vegetation of the island. If this vegetation is destroyed, the land birds will no longer have food, and will unquestionably pass into the list of extinct birds. The animals that are exterminating the vegetation ought to be destroyed.

Aside from the land birds the Laysan teal, the flightless rail, and one of two of the wading birds found here in small number are extremely interesting.

Formerly the island was covered with an enormous number of sea birds, which nested in colonies and in rotation, one group of birds leaving the island after it had reared its young and giving place to another species which might occupy the same ground.

The visits of the foreign poachers to Laysan interfered with the breeding of the birds and with the condition of the breeding grounds. Nobody of course can tell how many individual birds were killed, but with some species the former breeding area was tremendously reduced by the depredation of the poachers.

On the first arrival of the investigators it was their impression that the poachers had stripped the place of bird life. An area of over 300 acres was apparently abandoned. Great piles of bones lay here and there, and some shed con-



THE GREAT WHOOPING CRANE (*Grus americana*).

taining thousands of wings left when the poachers were obliged to get away. Before the party had been long on the island, birds began to arrive, and it was found that notwithstanding the appalling destruction, there were still vast numbers of birds there to breed.

Terns, albatross, puffins, petrels, boobies and many other water birds were most abundant. The beautiful tropic bird is still found there.

The investigators made a remarkably careful census of the island, and their conclusion was that it contained somewhat over 1,000,000 birds. Of these one-third were sooty terns, 180,000 Laysan albatross and less than one-half that number black-footed albatross. Of a certain petrel only three were found and of the little Laysan teal but six.

It is earnestly to be hoped that adequate protection will be granted to the bird colony on these islands. It is known that sea birds in many parts of the world are growing fewer in number. They serve a useful purpose and should be protected, not only by the revenue cutters, but also by people stationed on the island. It has been reported that the Audubon Society purposes to take up this work.

Whooping Cranes.

SAGINAW, Mich., Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Oct. 25 you wrote for a photograph of a specimen of the wild turkey to illustrate a story of the wild turkey gobbler. I have just had time to make a new one, and I am sending it herewith. [It will be used in a subsequent issue.—EDITOR.]

This is the finest specimen of a wild turkey that I have ever seen mounted anywhere. You will notice that the photograph shows the metallic luster of its feathers. The tail got a little mussed up, but when you think that it is nearly twenty-five years since this bird was killed, it is in excellent condition.

I also inclose photograph of a great whooping crane (*Grus americana*). This bird from the crown of its head to the top of the board on which it is mounted, just as it stands, measures 4 feet 5 inches. I wonder if this, too, has not become extinct or practically so. I haven't seen one now in the wild state for about six years. At that time one evening over at Buffalo Lake, north of Moose Jaw, Sask., a flock of about a dozen of these birds passed.

I have been going to North Dakota and into the Canadian Northwest now annually in September and October for twenty-nine years. We used to see lots of them in North Dakota around Dawson, but maybe my travels of late have been out of the line of their regular flight, but I have made many inquiries and have had no definite information in relation to any in the last few years. Who knows about the great whooping crane? Is it gone? Many times have I watched the sandhill cranes go through their grotesque dances. It was certainly an amusing performance.

W. B. MERSHON.

Big Turtles.

FROM time to time great sea turtles are seen in the North Atlantic Ocean, and occasionally some are captured and brought into the port of New York. In the New York Aquarium there are now twelve green turtles of various sizes, the smallest weighing not more than ten pounds and the largest about 400. A loggerhead turtle received in the late summer of 1900 is still on exhibition and weighs about 450 pounds.

The leatherback turtle, which is not very infrequently seen in summer and is sometimes captured, do not appear to endure captivity. They swim continually, take no food, and soon die.

Brazilian Tree Duck in New Jersey.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In October last, my attention was called to an unusual duck in the shop of Thomas Rowland, a New York taxidermist. The bird proved to be a Brazilian tree duck, something of course quite unknown in this part of the world. It is a native of Eastern South America and of Western Africa, but is said to be rare even in its natural habitat. This specimen was killed on the Hackensack Meadows in New Jersey, and sent to the taxidermist for preservation by Hon. John W. Griggs, of Paterson, N. J. Governor Griggs was kind enough to give me the circumstances of its capture.

He was coming down the Hackensack River in a boat, when he observed this duck sitting on a drift log at a place where the tide overflowed the meadow, about a mile and a half above the village of Hackensack. Governor Griggs at once saw that the bird was unusual and had his boatman approach it. As it was evidently a bird strange to the region, he felt that it should be captured, and shot it. It was alone and appeared to be not at all shy. It made no movement of alarm or suspicion.

The bird showed no signs of having been in captivity. Its feathers were clean and its feet altogether normal. The fact of such an unusual occurrence in New Jersey seems to deserve public mention.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

The Cock-of-the-Rock.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some weeks ago I saw a paragraph in FOREST AND STREAM in which the cock-of-the-rock (*Rupicola crocea*) was described as a sort of crow. To say the least such a description is rather misleading. J. J. Quelch, in speaking of the avian fauna of British Guiana truly says: "Brilliant even among its congeners is the unique and lovely cock-of-the-rock." Even this latter statement is hardly adequate, for certainly there is no more beautiful bird in equatorial regions. Its rich orange plumage of the liveliest hue, together with its double crest running from the beak backward, and the delicate filaments of its wing feathers, make it peculiarly striking among its kind.

When I lived in British Guiana, the cock-of-the-rock was domiciled on the upper reaches of the Mazaruni River, and so far as I know it rarely if ever wandered from its highland home.

At the time I left South America, Sir William Ingram had attempted to acclimatize birds of paradise and the cock-of-the-rock on the island of Little Tobago, which lies east of Trinidad. Whether or not the effort was successful I am entirely unable to say.

J. W. Y., JR.

Wild Pigeon.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with a great deal of interest Drayton F. Hastie's letter in your issue of the 2d inst. It takes me back to my early boyhood days in the fifties and early sixties when the wild pigeons were in such great abundance. Now, in regard to the fall flight of these birds my statement, "All flocks were flying South," I mean the general direction was always southward. They passed through, in other words, from the North or Northern States south-

ward. Really, to be more exact, the trend of the migrations was west of south. I accept, therefore, the "Hastie amendment." Now, these birds seemed to follow the valley, and as the Hastie home is really on a plateau of the Blue Ridge Mountains, the birds naturally turned toward the valley of the French Broad at that point, because of the long ridge of Pinnacle Mountain, thus getting by so doing over the wide flats or bottom lands of the French Broad River, thence up the French Broad valley and so on over into North Georgia.

It would be interesting to hear from points all along the line of their migration, for I rather think they may have turned more westwardly as they progressed in their journey. They never nested in these mountains, but evidently made a current nesting in Michigan and elsewhere.

Grouse, I am told, are more plentiful than usual this season, and partridges (quail) are abundant everywhere.

ERNEST L. EW BANK.

New York Zoological Society Report.

THE annual report of the Zoological Society for 1911 is its sixteenth, and certainly there are few among those who, before and immediately after the year 1895, were struggling to secure for New York city a Zoological Society and a park, could ever have believed that in sixteen or seventeen short years such tremendous results as here shown would have come from these early efforts. The society has now nearly 2,000 members, of which nearly 1,600 are annual members. It has developed the largest zoological park in the world and a great aquarium, and reports an annual attendance at these two institutions of nearly three and one-half millions of people; in fact, the total number of persons who have visited the Aquarium since it was opened fifteen years ago exceeds 30,000,000.

The year 1911 was an important one in the history of the Zoological Society. The New York Board of Estimate and Apportionment gave its approval to the new plan for the construction of a new Aquarium at Battery Park, and granted the funds to begin work. The Endowment Fund increased, and the finances are in admirable condition. A number of very interesting additions were made to the park's collections of mammals, birds and reptiles, and to the collections installed in the Aquarium.

During the year Captain John Sanford Barnes, a warm friend of the society, and one of the most important and forceful of the members of its executive committee, passed away.

A zebra house, an eagle and vulture aviary and additional bear dens have been completed and are occupied. There was a large list of births in the garden, among them one of the Prjevalsky wild horse. The muskox herd has remained entirely healthy, and the little animals have grown. The walrus has also grown, though not so rapidly as was expected. The little gorilla, brought from Africa by Mr. Garner, lived only two months.

Messrs. Beebe, curator of birds; Ditmars, of reptiles, and Mr. Merkle, in charge of construction and forestry, all present reports of very great interest.

Dr. C. H. Townsend, of the Aquarium, reports for that institution, and tells much that is interesting about the Albatross exhibition of

1911, when the colony of elephant seals were discovered, of which six were brought to New York and were for a long time on exhibition.

As usual, the report is beautifully illustrated.

At the New York Aquarium there are now, in the hatching trays, together with many other species of fish, a considerable number of the black-spotted trout which were taken last season in the Yellowstone National Park. These fish were collected at the Yellowstone Lake, packed in ice and hauled by express wagons sixty or seventy miles to the railroad station at Gardner. From here by rail they are sent usually to the State Fish Hatchery at Bozeman, Mont., and Spearfish, S. D., and of course those that come to New York have to take their chances by rail.

There is a great deal of interest to be seen at the Aquarium, and a useful and interesting half hour may be spent there every day by those who have the time.

Destruction of Life in Spitzbergen.

DR. W. S. BRUCE and Dr. R. N. R. Brown not long ago returned from their expedition, undertaken for the purpose of surveying in Spitzbergen. They made a detailed topographical survey, and a general geological inquiry of the region they passed over. From Bjona Haven to Advent Bay, traveling by a new route, they saw no game whatever, though it is believed that foxes, ptarmigan and other game once abounded here. Norwegian hunters seem to have gone into the country and are destroying life as badly as if they were Americans. They habitually set out poison for birds, foxes and other animals, and unless severe measures are taken to protect the fauna of Spitzbergen, it will soon be absolutely exterminated.

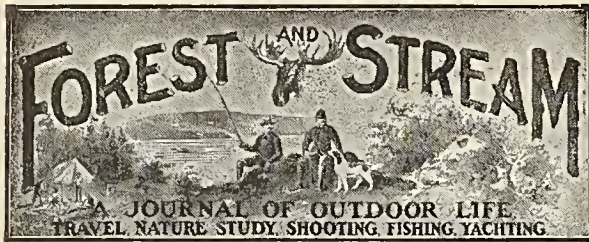
Notes on White Egrets.

AN island of two acres near Charleston, S. C., which has been the breeding ground of thousands of herons, including a large colony of snowy egrets, has been bought by citizens of Charleston and presented to the Charleston Museum to be kept as a permanent refuge. This action was taken because the owner of the island had started to clear it of the bushes (in which the herons nested) and put it in hay. A large number of the herons had been driven from the island through this action, but the museum plans to replant the island with bushes, and by this means restore the heronry completely to its former condition.

Montague Sharpe, chairman of the council for the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, reports that during a recent visit to Egypt he elicited from various government officials the information that the egret has practically disappeared from Lower Egypt.

The Egyptian Department of Agriculture has issued a circular calling attention to the importance of protecting herons.

By order of the State Game Commissioner, James A. Shinn, the sale of aigrettes in Colorado will not be permitted after Dec. 1, 1912.



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ADVERTISEMENTS: Display and classified, 20 cts. per agate line (\$2.80 per inch). There are 14 agate lines to the inch. Covers and special positions extra. Five, ten and twenty per cent. discount for 13, 26 and 52 insertions, respectively, within one year. Forms close Monday in advance of publication date.

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

BIRD ENEMIES OF DESTRUCTIVE MOTHS.

Most birds devour insects in greater or less numbers, and for some species these constitute almost their exclusive diet. The greatest harm is done by the larva, for the adult usually does little direct damage and confines itself to laying the eggs, which must take their chances in the struggle for existence.

The investigations of the Bureau of Entomology seem to show that the damage done by insects to the apple crop of the United States amounts roughly to \$12,000,000 each year, and in addition to that it must be remembered that \$3,000,000 or \$4,000,000 are expended annually in trying to fight insects. Most of this damage is done by the codling moth, whose larvæ bore into the growing fruit and spend a period of from ten to thirty days feeding on the seeds and about the core. They then come out and take refuge in the crannies or crevices in the bark of the branches where they spin their cocoons, perhaps to come out as adult insects later in the season; perhaps not to appear until the following spring.

Woodpeckers, titmice, chickadees, nuthatches and creepers are the chief enemies of these pests, and the usefulness of these different groups in destroying these worms can hardly be overestimated. Many interesting observations were recently given by W. L. McAtee. He quotes evidence to show that the woodpecker has some way of judging of the position of the caterpillar which lies under the bark. He does not believe that this is done by smell or sound, but that the bird finds the situation of the prey by tapping on the bark and that the sound of this tapping tells him where the caterpillar is, just as the physician learns of the condition of his patient's lungs by what he calls percussion.

It is believed also that the downy wood-

pecker not only gets codling worms from the trunks of the apple trees, but even takes them from the fruit. Mrs. S. H. Hine, of Indiana, a very careful observer of birds, declares that she has seen a downy woodpecker feeding on these larvæ, extracting them from apples hanging on the tree. She has watched a downy woodpecker on a tree in her yard until it worked upon an apple within her reach, and then picked this apple and found that the young larva had begun to bore into the fruit, but had been extracted by the woodpecker without injury to the fruit. Judge McBride, of Elkhart, Ind., a careful observer of birds, has declared that he had seen downy woodpeckers extracting the worms from young apples. A certain California observer states that the California and Lewis woodpecker, in certain localities, picked open the apples for the codling moth worms they contained. The red-shafted flicker is given credit for much work in killing codling worms, and so are a number of other important woodpeckers. Some flycatchers do yeomen's work against this larva, catching not only the adult codling moth, but the larvæ as well. The codling moth is largely nocturnal in its habits, and the adult would, therefore, escape the attacks of most birds.

Crows, blackbirds, orioles, sparrows, swallows, vireos and warblers all eat the moth or its larvæ to some extent, but it is the creepers, nuthatches and titmice that are the most useful. Creepers and nuthatches are comparatively few in number, and while it is likely that they devour great numbers of these harmful insects, they probably are not nearly so effective as the titmice, which search every nook and cranny in bark and fence and patiently go over trees and fences and stumps looking for their food.

Prof. Beal met a case where nesting birds had fed extensively on larvæ of the codling moth, and his observations led him to the conclusion that the parent birds went from their nesting site across a stream into a neglected orchard, where they foraged for food which they took back to their young ones.

As already said, all entomologists agree that "by far the most efficient aids to man in controlling the codling moth are birds." In Virginia, where 400 cocoons were observed on apple trees in the autumn, it was found later that the birds had destroyed fully 85 per cent. of the worms. In New Hampshire similar observations showed 87 per cent. killed by birds, 4 per cent. by disease and 3 per cent. by cold.

Whatever apples are harvested by the farmer in this country are literally owed to the birds.

OFFERED TO MICHIGAN.

LAST month Mr. Hanson, a resident of Michigan, offered to present to the State of Michigan 13,000 acres of land about Portage Lake, near the city of Grayling. This he offered as a military camp and maneuvering ground, to be handed over to the State free of cost. A sole condition is attached to the gift, according to private information which reaches us. That is that no shooting of wild things shall be done on the property. In other words, Mr. Hanson proposes that besides a military camp and drill ground this large area shall be a game refuge.

It is reported more recently that instead of

being 13,000 acres, the gift covers a whole township.

Portage Lake lies three or four miles west of Grayling, Michigan, and is a beautiful body of water three or four miles long, and in some places more than a mile wide. The white pine has been cut from the land about it, but it is still, to some extent, covered with jack pine. It is traversed in all directions by logging roads; the Manistee River lies on the north and the Ausable on the east. Certain spots on the property are said to be 800 feet above the lake level.

Portage Lake used to be a stopping place during the migration for many kinds of ducks and geese, and in earlier days was a breeding ground for the wildfowl which nested over much of Michigan.

It will be for the Legislature to determine whether the State of Michigan shall accept this generous gift. Meantime, the tract offered by Mr. Hanson has been inspected by committees from the State militia, who will undoubtedly report fully on the subject.

IF Noah had used the chosen pair
 O' worms that went in the ark,
 To fish through the window in the flood
 From his somewhat crowded bark,
 And thus had used up the squirming stock
 In his own original way,
 How many a lie it had spared and saved
 To the fishermen of to-day.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

So much above par material has come to hand, all of it with the atmosphere of Christmas about it, that we have decided to bring out a Christmas number. Dr. Edward Breck, than whom no one knows better the ways of the wood and the sentiments of its dwellers, promises something particularly good.

We have thought of the many times we have been in a quandary over what to buy the boy for Christmas. This problem will be solved for you, and early enough to help you in your selection this year, because the Christmas number will be published next Saturday, Dec. 7. Now that quarantine precludes foreign Christmas trees, it is fitting that a true story be told as to how the home-bred trees are harvested. Frank Farrington, a delightful descriptive writer, has contributed a bully paper on this subject. "Christmas in '65" is a historical romance by Fred A. Olds, whose charming writings are well known to FOREST AND STREAM readers. "Getting a Christmas Turkey," by Amos Burhans, tells of a wild turkey hunt on Island No. 10 on the Mississippi. The story teems with Burhansisms. There will be a lot of other good seasonable text with a wealth of illustrations.

To Nature.

BY ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.

I HAVE been much in love with this enchanted day,
 For many scenes my mind hath reveled in—
 The blossoming fields—the woods that know no din,
 The open skies—the brook and the broad winding way;
 And much I've learned since morn did sweetly play
 Her symphonies of peace that make all souls akin.
 Yea, much I've learned nor hath intruding sin—
 Festered my happy hours with memories cold and gray.
 Truth, joy and innocence—O happy comrades mine!
 With ye I've mused and wandered into night,
 While the lone shepherd sleep his long and patient wait
 Shall call ye back into the dawning light.
 Then, then to hear the murmuring steps of Fate—
 Die to forgetfulness in dreams of thee and thine.

Archery

Long or Short Range?

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Times change and we change with them, though many questions in archery are today as unchanged as they were years ago.

It is not likely that an agreement will ever be reached as to whether, in order to become a



FABUSTINO, SON OF GOVERNOR OF TARAHUMARES, MEXICO.

Photo by Edward Hoefflich.

good shot, our early practice should be done at the longer or the shorter ranges. Probably some will advance faster by one plan and some by the other.

The following article is interesting, because this question is discussed, and also because it was printed in *FOREST AND STREAM* on April 24, 1879. It is signed N. K. D.

LONG-RANGE ARCHERY.

The interest in archery, which within a few years has been created in this country, and perhaps in a great measure by the magazine articles written by the Hon. Maurice Thompson, of Crawfordsville, Ind., spread to a large number of towns, both east and west, last season. And if we read aright the signs of the times, this grand sport and exercise will extend still more widely during the season now opening. Those archers who have acquired any degree of skill are now practicing diligently, and although it is beyond question true that "once an archer always an archer," it is also true that the activity thus early displayed has been stimulated by the

organization of the National Archery Association, and by the grand annual meeting which the association will hold in Chicago next August. At this meeting many large money prizes and valuable specials will be given. Championship medals will also be given for both ladies and gentlemen.

The competition for these medals will involve shooting at longer ranges than most practiced at last season, viz.: For ladies at 30, 40 and 50 yards; and at 60, 80 and 100 yards for the gentlemen. Now the following question arises in many minds: What course shall we pursue in order to become skilled at these longer ranges? Shall we continue shooting at the shorter ranges, from 30 to 60 yards, until we attain a degree of proficiency and increase the distance as our skill increases, or shall we begin at once to shoot only at the long ranges? This question is one about which the theory and practice of equal good and enthusiastic archers differ. Those advocating only long range practice say, "He who can shoot well at long distances can shoot well at short," and advocate shooting at long range, even to become a good short range shot, and shooting only at long range for this purpose. Granting that it is true that in most cases he who can do good far shooting can do good near, the question is, what course shall be pursued in order to do good far shooting? Maurice Thompson, in his publications, advocates shooting at very short distances until an almost perfect score can be made. Aldred, the celebrated London bowmaker, advocates the same course, and it seems to us that this is the true one. It is of our American natures to be impatient and strive to accomplish the most difficult things at once without first resolutely engaging in the necessary preliminaries. But let us "make haste slowly" and surely. Long range shooting is beautiful; there is strong temptation for the young archer (young in archery, if not in years) to indulge in it too soon. Our advice to anyone wishing to shoot well at the York round, and at the short ranges next August would be about this: Shoot at 40 yards, thirty arrows, until a score of 200 can be regularly made; at 50 yards until 175 can be averaged; then at 60 yards, until you can be depended on for 125.

Let us hear from other archers on this subject.

EDWARD B. WESTON.

Archery-Golf.

WAYNE, Pa., Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 23 there is an article called "Archery-Golf." A claim is made in it that a contest between an archer and a golf player, each with his own tackle, is a new form of sport. This is not true.

In the fall of 1910, I played a nine-hole game on the course of the Saint David's Golf Club against the club champion, Frederick J. Wendell. The game was refereed by Herman Wendell, and the score was kept by Douglas C. Carey and Stewart Wendell. I reported the score to Dr. Weston, President of the National Archery Association. We halved the game for both medal and match play, winning an equal number of holes and making a gross of 81.

At the first hole I shot clear through the iron cup so that thereafter we used as my target a piece of paper of the diameter of the cup, but laid on the green beside it.

The game offers a good opportunity for sport, but played under the ordinary rules of golf, it is not at all fair. To the archer it makes no difference what hazards lie before him, as his arrows fly over the top of everything, even a grove of trees. He is sure of a drive of 200 yards, his approach shots are without risk, and because of his holding the missile in his hands he can shoot almost straight down into his target for a short putt. The chances could be made more even by limiting the archer to a path not over five yards in width between the tee and putting green, and stipulating that his last shot should be made from a point not less than five yards from the target.

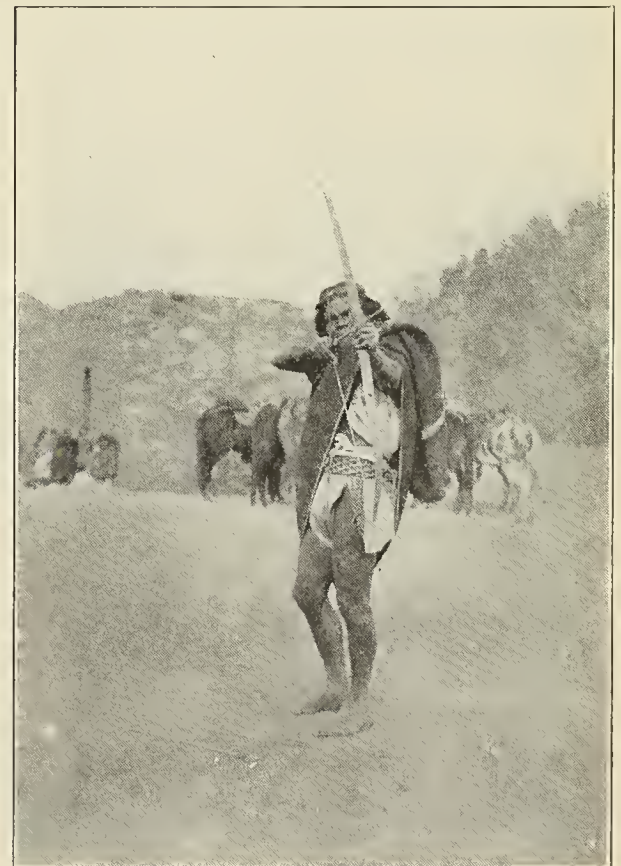
ROBERT P. ELMER.

"Bow Skirmish" or "Arrow Fight."

COS COB, Conn., Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For twenty years I have been actively interested in archery and for fifteen years have been advocating and using it in my Indian scout camps, so you can imagine that I am very happy to see the revival of this ancient and honorable sport, led by *FOREST AND STREAM*.

I want to suggest a game that you will find described on page 293 of my new book of "Woodcraft," a copy of which is being sent you. We call it a "bow skirmish" or "arrow fight." Two teams or patrols or bands stand side by side. Thirty or forty yards away is a row of wooden dinner plates set up in split sticks. Each man is represented by a plate, but the six that represent one team, for example, are opposite their enemies. The plates are distinguished by numbers and colors, and each man has a dozen arrows. At the word "Go," each band sets to work to exterminate the other by shooting at the representative dishes. As soon as a man's dish is down, he is dead and out of it. It is a fight to the finish, and extremely amusing and interesting, as well as furnishing fine tests of nerve and archery.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.



AN EXPERT MEXICAN BOWMAN.

Photo by Edward Hoefflich.



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

Dec. 2-6.—St. Thomas (Ont.) G. C. W. J. McCance, Asst. Mgr. 1913.
Jan. 1.—Utica, N. Y.—Genesee Gun Club. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.
July 8-13.—Cedar Point, Ohio.—The Indians' tournament. D. H. Eaton, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Look out for registered all-day shoot at Birmingham (Ala.) Gun Club, Feb 22. O. L. Garl, Secretary, will give you all the dope on it.

Fifth annual Long Island Sound clay target championship will be held on Jan. 12. It will be shot under auspices of Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, at Port Washington, L. I. It is expected that, as usual, the best aerosaucer eliminators along the Sound will be on hand to covet the handsome trophy.

Because of Thanksgiving holiday we went to press on Monday instead of Tuesday this week. In consequence, if you sent your scores and they do not appear in this issue, they were received too late. Late scores will appear next week, which reminds me there are quite a few secretaries who just naturally expect us to get, by absent treatment, the scores of their shoots. The interest of the entire rock breaking fraternity would be better served if every club secretary supplied us with scores each week—not later than Tuesday. Comprenez?

Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Treasurer, writes: "The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association for the Encouragement of Trapshooting will be held on Dec. 5, 1912, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of the Association, with the Corporation Trust Company, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors, receiving and acting upon reports of the officers, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting."

W. G. BEECROFT.

New York A. C.

PELHAM MANOR, N. Y., Nov. 23.—There was only a fair representation to-day at Travers Island, many regulars having gone to New Haven to see the Crimson trail the Blue about the gridiron. Old reliable Ralph Spotts stayed at home and encouraged the nears and hopetos by displacement of 93 out of draft of 100. This, of course, gave him the day's high gun honors. Mr. Spotts decided to take high gun trophy instead of Dav cup, on which he was top gun. This trophy went to R. R. Debacher with 91 from 20 free saucers. Three ties were recorded on leg on November cup, which finally went to C. Stein, his last shoot-off netting a full on a 7-disc draw.

Ogden cup ran into a draw between R. R. Dehacher and Dr. Bogart and went to the former on shoot-off. H. H. Duden a comparatively new shooter, copped McMahon trophy from a handicap of 7. This same shooter scored on Travers Island cup with a full from 6. It took a shoot-off for W. J. Simpson to take distance handicap from A. E. Ranney.

Olympic trophy was an unshot tie between C. W. Billings and Dr. De Wolfe.

Mrs. G. Vogel was a visiting shooter, and if she did nothing else, she proved herself the superior fraction in her family as a clay bird breaker by beating her husband in every event.

November cup, 25 targets, handicap:

C Stein	7 25	J M Jones	5 17
T Lenane, Jr.	4 25	F Hall	1 17
J V A Cattus	4 24	J W Hessian	0 16
R L Spotts	0 24	Mrs G Vogel	0 14
E N Huggins	7 23	W D Hinds	0 13
W J Simpson	3 21	G H McLemore	0 13
C W Billings	2 21	H H Duden	7 13
A W Church	0 21	G Vogel	0 10
Dr Bogart	4 21	J F Wellbrock	0 9
Dr E R De Wolf	3 20	L K Bonner	0 9
R R Debacher	5 19	C Cattus	0 9
D F McMahon	1 18	J Cattus	0 8
A E Ranney	1 18		

First shoot-off:
C Stein 7 21 T Lenane, Jr..... 4 21

Second shoot-off:
T Lenane, Jr..... 4 21 C Stein 7 21

Third shoot-off:
C Stein 7 25 T Lenane, Jr..... 4 16

Ogden trophy, 25 targets, handicap:
R R Debacher..... 5 25 C Stein 6 20
Dr Bogart 4 25 W D Hinds 0 19
A W Church..... 0 24 J V A Cattus..... 4 19
F Hall 1 24 Mrs Vogel 0 18
D F McMahon..... 1 23 J F Wellbrock 0 17
R L Spotts..... 0 23 J Cattus 0 16
C W Billings..... 2 22 G Vogel 0 15
A E Ranney..... 1 22 I W Hessian..... 0 15
E N Huggins..... 7 22 H H Duden..... 7 13
J M Jones..... 5 21 C Cattus 0 12
T Lenane, Jr..... 4 21 G H McLemore..... 0 11
Dr De Wolfe..... 3 21 L K Bonner..... 0 4
W J Simpson..... 3 20

Shoot-off:
R R Debacher..... 5 24 Dr Bogart 4 19
McMahon trophy, 25 targets, handicap:
H H Duden..... 7 25 W J Simpson..... 3 19
J M Jones..... 5 24 Dr Bogart 4 19
R R Debacher..... 4 23 C W Billings..... 2 18
F Hall 1 23 J F Wellbrock..... 0 17
Dr De Wolfe..... 3 23 G Vogel 0 17
J Cattus 7 23 A W Church..... 0 17
D F McMahon..... 1 22 W D Hinds..... 0 17
R L Spotts..... 0 22 A E Ranney..... 1 16
T Lenane, Jr..... 4 21 Mrs Vogel 0 16
C Stein 6 20 G H McLemore..... 0 14
E N Huggins..... 7 20 L K Bonner..... 7 15
C Cattus 7 20 J W Hessian..... 0 8
J V A Cattus..... 4 20

Travers Island trophy, handicap, 25 targets:
H H Duden..... 6 25 A E Ranney..... 1 20
R R Debacher..... 4 24 J Cattus 7 20
C Stein 6 24 C W Billings..... 2 19
R L Spotts..... 0 24 Mrs Vogel 0 19
W J Simpson..... 3 23 A W Church 0 19
J M Jones..... 5 23 W D Hinds..... 0 17
E N Huggins..... 7 23 J W Hessian..... 0 16
D F McMahon..... 1 22 T Lenane, Jr..... 4 16
Dr Bogart 4 22 G H McLemore..... 0 16
F Hall 1 21 L K Bonner..... 7 16
Dr De Wolfe..... 3 21 J F Wellbrock..... 0 15
C Cattus 7 21 G Vogel 0 13

Distance handicap, 25 targets:
W J Simpson..... 18 20 E N Huggins..... 16 13
A E Ranney..... 20 20 J M Jones..... 16 12
R L Spotts..... 21 19 I V A Cattus..... 17 11
Dr De Wolfe..... 18 19 Mrs Vogel 21 10
C Stein 16 18 G H McLemore..... 21 9
T Lenane, Jr..... 17 16 H H Duden..... 17 9
J F Wellbrock..... 21 15 J W Hessian..... 21 9
C W Billings..... 20 15 R R Debacher..... 16 9
A W Church 21 15 J Cattus 16 8
F Hall 20 14 L K Bonner..... 16 7
D F McMahon..... 20 13 W D Hinds..... 21 6
Won by W. J. Simpson on shoot-off with A. E. Ranney.

Olympic trophy, 25 targets, handicap:
C W Billings..... 2 25 J F Wellbrock..... 0 18
Dr De Wolfe 3 25 J W Hessian..... 0 18
F Hall 1 22 R L Spotts..... 0 18
W J Simpson..... 3 21 R R Debacher..... 4 14
D F McMahon..... 1 20 W D Hinds..... 0 14
A E Ranney..... 1 20 G Vogel 0 10
Mrs Vogel 0 19

Tie between C. W. Billings and Dr. De Wolfe postponed on account of darkness.

Dav trophy, 100 targets, handicap:
R L Spotts..... 0 93 J V A Cattus..... 16 81
R R Debacher..... 20 91 A E Ranney..... 4 76
C Stein 28 90 C W Billings..... 4 76
E N Huggins..... 28 88 Mrs Vogel 0 67
Dr Bogart 16 87 J Cattus 14 67
D F McMahon..... 4 85 W D Hinds..... 0 66
J M Jones..... 20 85 C Cattus 14 62
F Hall 4 85 G H McLemore..... 0 54
Dr De Wolfe..... 12 85 J F Wellbrock..... 0 58
W J Simpson..... 12 83 G Vogel 0 55
T Lenane, Jr..... 16 83 J W Hessian..... 0 55
A W Church..... 0 81 L K Bonner..... 14 44
H H Duden..... 28 81

Won by R. R. Debacher, R. L. Spotts choosing the high gun trophy.

High gun trophy, 100 targets, scratch:
R L Spotts..... 93 J M Jones..... 65
D F McMahon..... 81 C Stein 62
A W Church..... 81 E N Huggins..... 60
F Hall 81 J F Wellbrock..... 58
Dr De Wolfe..... 73 G Vogel 55
C W Billings..... 72 J W Hessian 55
A E Ranney..... 72 G H McLemore..... 54
Dr Bogart 71 J Cattus 53
Mrs Vogel 67 H H Duden..... 53
T Lenane, Jr..... 67 C Cattus 48
W D Hinds..... 66 L K Bonner..... 30
J V A Cattus..... 65

The Delaware State Championship.

WILMINGTON, Del.—The organization of the Du Pont Gun Club has been directly responsible for the activity which prevailed both last year and the current one in the matter of State championship honors at the traps. Until the club started off so auspiciously in December of 1910, little was heard of the State championship and the trophy emblematic of the title, after the club house of the old Wawaset Gun Club of this city was burned to the ground by some hoodlums who hailed from Gander Hill or Goose Creek, or some other point on the outskirts of the city. Small wonder, was it, that "Dal" Richardson, of Dover, Del., the then holder of the trophy and title, began to look upon both as almost in the nature of heirlooms.

Then came the birth of the Du Pont Gun Club, new life thrown into the trapshooting game, and certain folks walking around with chips on their shoulders asking "Who's the champion of this State?" It was then that Uncle Sam's messenger carried to A. B. Richardson a written communication containing words to the effect that W. M. Foord, of Wilmington, Del., wished to tread on the tail of his coat, and show him at the traps that Wilmingtonians were not all dead ones. And Billy proved the truth of his assertion, as on Feb. 4, 1911, he successfully trimmed his opponent and won the cup by breaking 95 to 93.

Six matches in all were shot for the State championship during 1911, and strangely enough in every case except one, the holder of the title was defeated by the challenger, so that, taken all in all, 1911 was not a bad year for new champions in the Diamond State.

This year five open challenge matches have been decided, and one open competition was also shot for the State title, this latter being May 30 last, when A. B. Richardson once more came to the front and scored 96 out of his 100, shot in five 20-target events. In these six contests, however, no new champion has been developed, but judging from the way some of the new blood are shooting, it won't be long before the list of eligibles for championship honors will be much enlarged.

The following table will show how State championship honors at targets in the State of Delaware have been won and lost since the Du Pont Gun Club first took a hand in trapshooting matters in December, 1910, as above mentioned:

1911.	Holder.	Challenger.
Feb. 4.—	A B Richardson.... 93	W M Foord..... 95
Aug. 5.—	W M Foord..... 97	E E du Pont..... 91
Aug. 26.—	W M Foord..... 93	Edward Banks ... 99
Sept. 30.—	Edward Banks..... 88	L D Willis 93
Nov. 4.—	I. D Willis..... 90	J B McHugh..... 92
Nov. 18.—	J B McHugh..... 89	W S Colfax, Jr.... 96
1912.		
Mar. 16.—	W S Colfax, Jr... 99	E A W Everitt... 83
April 13.—	W S Colfax, Jr... 97	A B Richardson... 93
May 30.—	A B Richardson... 96	
Aug. 3.—	A B Richardson... 93	E A W Everitt... 85
Nov. 2.—	A B Richardson... 97	J H Minnick..... 91
Nov. 9.—	A B Richardson... 90	J B McHugh..... 91

*Open competition at State shoot.

From the above it will be seen that McHugh is now State champion, having defeated Richardson by the narrow margin of one target. Both men made low scores, but the wind blew a gale and "90 per cent. or better" was rattling good shooting under the conditions. It is safe betting that McHugh won't be allowed to wear his honors long in peace; in fact, it is understood that Edward Banks has already filed a challenge to the present holder of the State trophy, and that the match will be shot off about the middle of next month. JAKE.

Hudson Gun Club.

APPENDED are the scores of the Hudson Gun Club's regular bi-monthly shoot, which was held Nov. 24. There were twenty-two members in attendance, seventeen taking part in the Du Pont trophy event, which is the fourth contest for this prize. The scores are shown with the added handicaps. Lou Schortey came over with a new gun this morning, and after a poor start managed to clean up all hands for high average, getting a straight score in his last try. Messrs. Kurzell, Burlington and Dobson shot several three-cornered matches this morning to settle a dispute as to who was the best shot on game (the outcome of their recent visit to their Forked River game preserve), and for a very suitable purse. Kurzell showed up in very poor form, and would lose his shirt had the other two wished to take advantage of his poor shooting.

The day was bright, but the wind that was blowing across the traps made the targets very erratic in their flight, and hard to get, which accounts for some of the poor scores that were made.

Our next shoot will be held on Dec. 1. Come out and see us. Everybody is welcome at our grounds.

Targets:	25	25	50	25	25
D D Engle.....	24	20	50	21	..
W Roach.....	21	19	40	15	17
G H Piercy.....	22	21	46	18	..
T Tewes.....	13	12	47	14	17
J Williams.....	15	15	38	16	19
W O'Brien.....	22	19	46	18	19
F Pfansteil.....	13	15	49	13	14
Ben.....	21	20	50	20	..
W Raymond.....	18	21	45	19	19
W Hutchings.....	18	18	45	19	16
Burlington.....	12	17	47	19	21
C A Kurzell.....	14	14	40	19	19
D Roday.....	17	15	46	17	14
F Dobson.....	18	18	48	19	22
T H Kelley.....	19	19	47	21	21
L Schortey.....	19	24	49	25	..
J H Saul.....	14	18	44	18	19
C von Lengerke.....	19	22	46	22	23
J Williams, Jr.....	18	19
G Sneed.....	16	17
G W Wade.....	19	12
T J Coyle.....	8	9

SECRETARY.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 16.—This was a splendid afternoon, and should have brought out a larger field of shooters, but we will probably have a good number out each week after the hunting season is over.

Young and Graham put up the top scores of 45 out of 50 in the first club event, Dickerman tying Young on the same score in the second event, in which Graham broke 48.

Young broke his 25 straight in the practice event, while Graham ran second with 24.

Silver came out late, but shot 50 and scored a total of 45.

Don't fail to look up, in another column, the notice of our Thanksgiving Day shoot, which will be shot in the morning in time for you to get home for your turkey dinner.

Nos. 5 to 8 inclusive were at 12 pairs each. No. 9 was at 22yds.

Table with 10 columns (Events, Targets, 1-10) and rows for J S Young, H E Dickerman, J R Sharp, C B Barnes, M Ballou, E S Graham, J W Egan, E Silver.

Nov. 17.—A field of nineteen shooters responded to the call of the firing line, most of them shooting quite a number of frames. Thomas and Heyford tied for first honors in the club event at 50 targets, each making a total of 43.

Table with 10 columns (Events, Targets, 1-10) and rows for D E Thomas, T P Bue, Dr E L Heyford, P Miller, C R Seelig, J H Shrigley, M Gelder, Dr W C Sanford, Dr R L Griffith, Geo A Crane, Willard Sanford, Dr G A Miller, H W Johnson, S W Trone, J Reid, F Reid, C F Seelig, H Wolfe, F E Gould.

Crescent A. C.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Nov. 24.—An unfinished run of 63 went to credit of J. H. Vanderveer in weekly shoot at Crescent Athletic Club to-day. He won the fifth leg on the November cup, also the 25-target sweepstakes handicap with perfect scores.

A. Corlies, making his first appearance of the season, was the winner of the take-home trophy, at 100 targets, handicap with 96. J. H. Vanderveer and F. S. Hyatt tied for second place.

Clinton R. James, the chairman of the shooting committee, continued his good work by capturing the fifth leg on the committee cup at 50 targets, handicap. Mr. James totaled 47, aided by a handicap of 2, which was one better than the score of A. Corlies, who shot with an allowance of 4.

In a handicap sweepstakes at 25 targets, J. S. Lawson carried off the honors with a score of 25, but he was in receipt of a handicap of 6. F. S. Hyatt with an allowance of 4 and a total of 24 was second.

There will be shooting at the New Moon traps on Thursday, commencing at 10 o'clock, and special holiday trophies will be awarded. The scores:

Multiple tables showing scores for Committee cup, Take-home trophy, Monthly cup, Sweepstakes, and other events with names like C R James, A Corlies, J H Vanderveer, etc.

50 STRAIGHT

WITH A



PUMP GUN AND EASTERN FACTORY LOADED ARROW SHELLS

WON THE

STATE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ARIZONA

for H. P. De Mund, of Phoenix, at the recent shoot of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Other Arrow Winnings at this Tournament were First, Second and Third Amateur Averages—Three Highest Amateur Runs—and the three high men in the team competition shot these record breaking shells.

Just another addition to this remarkable list of Remington-UMC Triumphs in 1912.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

WESTY HOGAN CHAMPIONSHIP SOUTHERN HANDICAP WESTERN HANDICAP

Three Highest Amateur Averages for 1912

- List of state championships: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Utah, Virginia, Wisconsin, Michigan, Nevada, North Carolina.

N. Y. A. C. Amateur Trapshooting Championship of U. S.

For speed plus pattern in any make of shotgun Shoot Remington-UMC Steel Lined Shells

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO. 299-301 Broadway New York, N. Y.

FOR 50c. (less than actual cost) we will send a "A NEW CHAPTER IN AN OLD STORY" copy of our beautiful and valuable book. This book contains the most remarkable hunting photographs ever taken.

Medford Gun Club.

MEDFORD, Okla., Nov. 22.—Nine members of our gun club enjoyed our regular Friday afternoon practice shoot to-day. Our club expects to do things for 1913. We will have a high average trophy for the year, and a monthly handicap shoot for a trophy.

Table with columns 'Shot at', 'Broke', and names: Shanklin, Soucek, Bunch, Hardy, Dotts, Hutchinson, Wilson, Brown, Strider.

I. V. HARDY.

Marine and Field Club.

BATH BEACH, L. I., Nov. 23.—F. P. Hopkins won three out of four events here to-day, scoring on November cup, (8) 93, and getting both scratch sweeps, each with 23 dead ones. C. M. Camp, who generally shows

somewhere at every shoot, tightened his cinch on club trophy with 22 from scratch.

Attendance was light owing to football and wild ducks, which do not mix well with inanimate targets.

Table with columns for November cup, 100 targets, handicap: F P Hopkins, C M Camp, E D Church.

Table with columns for Club trophy, 25 targets, scratch: C M Camp, C D Sayre, W McConville.

Table with columns for Sweepstakes, 25 targets, scratch: F P Hopkins, C M Camp, G G Stephenson.

Table with columns for Sweepstakes, 25 targets, scratch: F P Hopkins, C M Camp, W McConville.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT, N. Y., Nov. 24.—Spotts—yes, Ralph Spotts, of course—outshot everything in front of the club house at Larchmont Yacht Club to-day. As usual, he cared not what kind of weather was furnished as spinning ground for the saucers. To-day's gales were ice laden and uncertain. The targets rose and fell in pleasant undulation or syncopated like a ten-year-old single cylinder motor in a heavy sea. He led in the high gun trophy with 139 out of 150 targets. He ran straight to a full score in the accumulation cup event, and sailed off with the 15-bird scratch event with 14 breaks. Dan McMahon ran a good second for high gun with 132. The scores:

Table of scores for Larchmont Y. C. events including November cup, Day trophy, Visitors' cup, Take-home trophy, Handicap cup, High gun trophy, and Accumulation cup.

Jersey City Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Nov. 23.—We had the largest crowd so far this season to-day, when eighteen shooters participated in the regular Saturday shoot of the Jersey City Gun Club. As the club's high average trophy is figured on 100 or more targets, Dixon, who could only stay for two events, and set a hot pace at the rate of 90 per cent., was not eligible, and so the real fight was between the two veterans at the sport, Engle and Shannon. They both shot in the same squad, and fought it out all afternoon, and when it was all over, Shannon carried home the honors with an average of 84.45, while Engle had an even 84 per cent., he missing one target more than Shannon. The scores follow, in strings of 25:

Table of scores for Jersey City Gun Club members including Engle, Shannon, Dobson, Sturdevant, Matthieson, Dalton, Windisch, Dr Groll, Kearney, Williams, Burlington, Lawton, Hubbell, Dixon, Sampson, Jones, Brady, and July.

Don't forget that the Jersey City Gun Club shoots every Saturday afternoon, and extends an invitation to any one who likes to break bluerocks, to pay us a visit and shoots as few or as many as they like. We always have a full supply of shells on hand.

The prize for a 25 straight was also won by Shannon to-day, he getting the second one made this season in the fourth event. Kearney is showing great improvement in his shooting, and looks like a winner before the season closes.

SECRETARY.

Yale Wins Triangular.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 23.—Not because of Yale's good form, but in spite of her mediocre showing, she won to-day from Harvard and Princeton. It was John Harvard's day with punts and passes, but not for her aerosaucer artists as discriminators between jumpers and fast quarterers. She finished last—very last, being 36 targets behind Yale, whose five lead Princeton only 3 discs disintegrated.

Princeton was cracking at about her average for this season, while Yale was considerably off plumb. That sterling dependable dried mud distributor, White, although shooting only 85, took top berth among the three squads. Bullock, from the Cambridge aggregation, lacked only one break of the Orange and Black Captain's breakage, while Simpson, from Wilsontown, littered fragments



YALE UNIVERSITY GUN TEAM.

Left to right.—B. H. Scott, '13; L. H. Thompson, '13; G. E. Dimock, Jr., '12 (captain); H. R. L. R. Emmet, '12; Spencer Biddle, '12.

of 83 flyers about the green, taking third high average. Cutting, of Harvard, a youth who has shot 86 per cent., allowed 48 per cent. of his allotment to slip between his chilled '8s. Scott, from among the bulldog rapid fire experts, ordinarily good for 85 per cent., ran at a 77 per cent. clip. Team scores follow:

Table comparing scores of Yale and Harvard teams across various events.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 23.—The following scores were made at a practice shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, at 25 targets. Blandford got a win with 24, Bedell and Wood coming second with 21. The cup is to be won three times to own, and is to be put in competition whenever five or more shoot for it at a regularly called shoot. Harold Washburn, son of "I. T.," and a chip of the old block, shot along to-day and did some good work. Geo. Romaine, a new one at it, also shot along. Win. Smith did some snappy shooting in the prize event after a long absence from the traps. Brandreth was out of form, but is just as likely to put up a 90 per cent. score any time. Scores:

Table of scores for Ossining Gun Club members including D Brandreth, C G Blandford, J T Hyland, A P R Wood, L F Lyon, H Washburn, A Bedell, Wm Holden, W S Smith, and G Romaine.

Johnny Hyland shot duck loads in the first three events, but negotiated a 21 with his trap load. C. G. B.

Birmingham Gun Club.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 18.—Eleven shooters were at the weekly shoot of the Birmingham Gun Club. E. M. Cornwell, Mrs. O. L. Garl and O. L. Garl tied on high percentage, each breaking 39 out of 50 shot at, which was very good, considering the extremely dark day. Several shooters were using 20-gauge guns.

Table of scores for Birmingham Gun Club members including S Smith, Mrs O L Garl, E M Cornwell, O L Garl, Hodges, Strange, Dr M Jourdan, Porter, J Smith, Tyler, and J Tower.

The Birmingham Gun Club is going to have a one-day registered shoot on Feb. 22, 1913.

Glenwood Country Club.

GLENWOOD, L. I., Nov. 23.—Six sweepstakes, 25 targets each, were shot at traps of Glenwood Country Club. In first match, W. Silkworth, scratch man, was the winner, shooting 22 straight. In the second, Silkworth tied with L. E. K. White, with a total of 23, Samuel Isaac took the third with a score of 22 straight. In this match White and Silkworth tied again with 18, but in the fourth Silkworth received a total of 22 and White 13. This fourth match was taken, however, by Allen Pirie with 25 total, shooting on a handicap of 5. In the fifth match, S. Isaacs and W. Silkworth, scratch men, tied with 22, and on the shoot-off Silkworth shot 25 straight. The scores:

Table of scores for Glenwood Country Club Handicap sweepstakes.

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The Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 23.—They are getting romantic down du Pont way. At least it generally is conceded that moonlight meetings are manifestations of romance. H. P. Carlon, Vic du Pont and J. W. Anderson, Jr., selected lunar rays in preference to the beatings of Old Sol as time opportune for settling a Class B Spoon tie. Carlon won the title with 20 out of 25.

In Class B challenge match for the 1912 Class A trophy between C. Thorpe Martin, holder, and Nelson K. Smith, challenger, Martin broke 23 and 24 to Smith's 21 and 24; total of 47 to 45.

Colman du Pont silver souvenir spoons brought out a number of contestants in several classes. Class A, however, had only four entries, and M. E. Rose won with 24. In Class B, there was a tie between Victor du Pont and Dr. Arthur Patterson on 24 each, but the Doctor had the spoon in his hand until he slipped up and lost his 25th target. The winner in Class C was C. E. Springer, who shot altogether too well for his opponents, and for that matter any of the contestants, by breaking 25 straight.

In Class D, the veteran S. G. Davidson won a well deserved victory by smashing 20 out of his 25 in good

WINCHESTER

style, while in Class E, Dr. J. H. Squires was the top-notch with 19.

Taking it altogether, it was a good shoot, with thirty-three members of the club and five who were not eligible for the trophies shooting in several events. Of the non-eligibles a new comer and non-member, E. F. Curley, broke 17 out of 25. He promised better things in the future, after he has become one of the Du Pont Gun Club's regulars.

Among the visitors was H. E. Diekerman, of Chicago Gun Club, who made his presence felt by breaking 93 out of 100, and following it up with 20 out of 24 at 12 pairs. The best score on 100 was made by Victor du Pont, who started out with 24. He then made 25, and next scored 24; 73 out of 75. His fourth string only netted him 21, so that he was out with 94. Edward Banks had 93, made up with 22, 21, 25 and 22. Edmanson next with 92.

The scores in the Coleman du Pont spoon events were as below, each man shooting at 25 targets:

Class A.—M. E. Rose 24, W. Edmanson 21, J. T. Roberson 21, L. C. Lyon 14.

Class B.—Victor du Pont 24, Dr. A. Patterson 24, J. J. Magahern 23, L. L. Jarrell 23, C. T. Martin 23, N. K. Smith 22, J. W. Anderson, Jr., 22, H. P. Carlon 21, Clyde Leedom, 20, W. B. Smith, Jr. 17, S. Tuchten 17.

Class C.—C. E. Springer 25, H. P. Reed 21, William Coyne 21, T. W. Matthewson 19, H. C. McClane 19, C. D. Prickett 19, Dr. H. Betts 17, S. J. Newman 17, J. B. Grier 15, Senator Ewing 15, Z. H. Lofland 14.

Class D.—S. G. David 20, W. J. Highfield 19, A. J. Curley 18, John E. Miller 17, D. A. Grier 16, W. Jensen 15, J. E. Rhoades 14.

Class E.—Dr. J. H. Squires 19, C. C. Mammele 17, J. B. Hickman 9.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON, L. I., Nov. 24.—Despite the bad weather, a cheerful five turned out here to-day. Four events were pulled, of which three were capped by J. W. Alker, who didn't care a darn for the weather man nor the synecopated way the targets turkey-trotted about in the blue-gray background. His coppers were: Ten-bird scratch, 8 dead; 25-bird handicap, 24 with 2 gratuitous offerings; monthly cup, 24 disintegrated from a free start of 2. D. E. Smith smoothed the wrinkles out of the bunch on the limb for yearly cup with 19 accepted opportunities out of 25, added to which were 3 encouragers, which, grossly estimated, gave Mr. Smith a full score.

Trophy shoot, 10 targets, scratch:
 J W Alker..... 10 B G Loomis..... 6
 D E Smith..... 8 A Marsh 3
 C M Gould 7

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, scratch:
 D E Smith..... 9 B G Loomis 8
 J W Alker..... 8 A Marsh 2
 C M Gould 7

Sweepstake, 25 targets, handicap:
 J W Alker..... 2 24 B G Loomis..... 3 20
 D E Smith..... 3 23 A Marsh 7 15
 C M Gould..... 6 22

Monthly cup, 25 birds, handicap:
 D E Smith..... 3 20 C M Gould..... 6 19
 B G Loomis..... 3 20 A Marsh 7 14

Yearly prize, 25 birds, handicap:
 D E Smith..... 3 22 C M Gould..... 6 19
 J W Alker..... 2 20 A Marsh 7 14
 B G Loomis..... 3 20

High gun trophy, 100 targets, scratch:
 J W Alker..... 80 C M Gould..... 55
 D E Smith..... 75

Daniel Boone Gun Club.

MARTHASVILLE, Mo., Nov. 16.—This practice shoot was turned into a match for mutton. Two sheep were put up in six parts each and shot for in two events of 10 birds each. The scores do not include tie shots.

Claude Kite, one of our best shots, has been absent for some time, yet he landed near the top. Our secretary did not shoot with us to-day, but was at a "match for geese" at Holstein, Mo., about eight miles away, where he "made good" and won three geese on a score of 47 out of 54, including tie shots made on the plan of "shoot and step back." Scores:

H Bollmann	18	Lichtenberg	15
J Mutert	17	Florence Mutert	15
Ahmann	16	Meyer	15
Kite	16	Fortmann	10
Wyatt	15	E Suhre	9

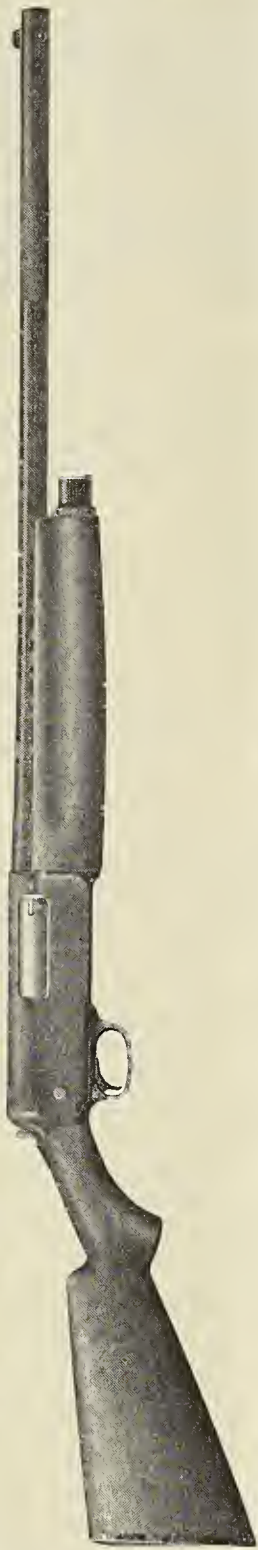
J. O. WILSON, Sec'y.

Danville Rod and Gun Club.

DANVILLE, Ill., Nov. 17.—She may be the inferior fraction when it comes to voting for Wilson, but Mrs. Less Snooks is the better half as a wrecker of clay discs enrampant in the ambient atmosphere. To-day she eliminated 45 out of 50 scalars, for which she won the gold bulldog medal. The voting members of the Snooks family got no medals. R. C. Kinningham took diamond medal with the cracking good score of 48 out of 50. Open season and plenty of wild ducks took away many of our regulars. Scores:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Hendrick	100 65	Burton	50 32
Balls	100 55	Snooks	25 20
Kinningham	50 48	Bell	25 18
Mrs Snooks	50 45		

H. T. TANGEN.



Self Loading Shotgun MODEL 1911

A comparison between the Winchester Self-Loading shotgun and other makes is all that is necessary to convince anyone of the great superiority of the Winchester Self-Loader. Note the absence of unsightly screws and pins and of dangerous projecting parts. Note the neat little trigger lock, which operates cross-wise and cannot be jarred out of place. Take the gun down and see how easily it separates into only two parts, without releasing small parts. Note how simple is the action, and that the springs are of coiled wire, the most durable kind. Then note the general finished appearance of the whole gun; and remember that all metal parts are made of nickel steel—about twice as strong as that used in repeating guns of other makes. The barrel has to be pulled back only when starting to shoot, as the recoil does the reloading afterwards. The gun is readily used as a single loader. No adjustment is required to shoot different loads; and no unpleasant effect is felt from the recoil, as it is divided in the gun. Made in 12 gauge only, and a much better shooter than the ordinary gun. Examine one at your dealer's.

A Gun That Is Unexcelled For Duck Shooting :: ::

Guernsey Gun Club.

GUERNSEY, Ia., Nov. 16.—A few of our members met this afternoon for a little practice. There being a high wind, shooting was rather difficult. We will give our last shoot for this season on Thanksgiving Day, as previously announced, modified Jack Rabbit system to be used, 5 cents back for each target broken; all other entrance money, except 2 cents for targets, divides three moneys. Following are scores of to-day's practice:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
J W Dobbins...	90 73	D Mead	25 22
Mrs J Dobbins.	72 50	A Pence	10 5
Joe Dalezal	55 50		

J. W. DOBBINS, Pres.

ANT HILLS FORTY FEET HIGH.

WEST African ant hills are veritable giants, frequently standing forty feet high. These ant hills are shaped something like a sugar loaf

and are divided inside into hundreds of tiny rooms.

They have, needless to say, myriads of inhabitants, and these are all busily occupied in various ways—forming tunnels, making roads, gathering food and watching over the eggs and youngsters.

The natives are afraid to touch these hills, except from a distance with firearms. The ants often make their strongholds around trees and they are built very solidly, with sides sometimes twenty inches thick.

The inside is hollow and at the top there is a sort of attic. The "royal cell," where the queen ant lives, is always found on the ground floor. This good lady is a prisoner but is carefully fed by her busy subjects, the eggs she lays being immediately carried away and deposited in "rooms" set apart for the purpose.—Wide World.

“steel where steel belongs”



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FACTORY LOADED SHOT SHELLS

THE greatest triumph of modern ammunition making has been scored in Peters Steel Reinforced Shot-Gun Shells. They are reinforced in the HEAD AND RIM—“STEEL WHERE STEEL BELONGS.” ¶ It was with Peters Steel Reinforced Shells—factory loaded—that Harvey Dixon won the 1911 Grand American Handicap—99 out of 100 from 20 yards.

For this year's hunt *insist* on Peters Steel Reinforced Shells. They are superior to any others, afford protection to the user, and *shoot perfectly* in ANY good gun.

ASK YOUR DEALER. Accept no substitute. Should he not happen to have them, he will get them at your request.

Illustrated booklet, describing Peters Steel Reinforced Shells and “Sportsmen's Handy Book” with 1912 Game Laws—FREE. Write for them.

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THE CARIBOU BARRENS OF NEW-FOUNDLAND.

Continued from page 682.

half a cup of prune juice in the bottom of the kettle in the morning, and they cleaned out every particle of it during the day.

After a couple of days in this camp the sociable Canada jays began making their first calls upon us, and uttered polite pleasantries in acknowledgment of the light luncheon we set out near the wood pile for them. Lionel says there are in Newfoundland no bluejays, which I described to him as something like a kingfisher, but bluer, taller and carrying a smaller crest.

Yellow-legged plover were plentiful. A big flock of them visited the wide gravel bar in front of camp every morning. It was good fun to answer the clear musical whistle they make in flight and call them down to visit us, and really fascinating to observe through my powerful binoculars the big fellows wading along in the edge of the backwater, daintily picking up breakfast from among the pebbles within twenty yards of camp.

While blazing out the trail up from the river, Lionel and I jumped a caribou in the thick spruces, and that same evening a three-year-old stag crossed the river just below camp, his coat almost black, his antlers small and all in velvet. The boys said that the old stags have about half cleaned their horns by Sept. 5, and would usually be all cleaned by the 12th, whereas the younger stags will carry shreds of velvet ten days later. Lionel, who has hunted caribou thirty years, killing for meat and hides in the old days as high as twenty-one stags in a season, told me he had upon two occasions skinned stags possessing the curious throat sac filled with hair which Mr.

Millais observed in a stag shot by him on the N. W. Gander in 1904.

As to whether the caribou are on the decrease, the boys differed. One was of the opinion that the present wise enforcement of the game laws had resulted in checking the killing to well below the natural increase, while the other held that there are about half the deer in the island compared to the number twenty years ago “before the rail track came through.”

Both agreed, however, that the vast areas of the interior, bearing no merchantable timber, unfit for agriculture, inaccessible, save at considerable effort, and only by back packing and plentiful in cover and feed, should support the present population of deer a thousand years hence, provided there be adequate enforcement of the present law limiting the annual destruction to three stags per man.

They smoked up a whole box of matches arguing the question, but the above seemed to be the net result. An idea of the condition which prevailed formerly may be had from the statement that twenty years ago two Indians and one white man operating together killed one fall sixty stags and forty does, spearing them from canoes as they swam across the Exploits River and dragging the carcasses ashore. Half the meat they sold to lumber camps, the remainder spoiled in the woods.

After the day's hard work on the trail I was rewarded by ten hours' delightful sleep on as good a fir balsam bed as one ever saw. Next morning Lionel and I decided to take a day off and shave, bake bread, cut wood and fix up camp generally. We held in reserve the fine hardtack sent us from St. Johns for use as a travel ration when we should really get down to serious hunting.

This hardtack is about four inches long, one and three-quarters wide and three-quarters of an inch thick, hard as cobble stones, but very satisfying. You can split it with a wedge and toast the halves. The parts of two hardtack thus prepared and broken into pieces with an axe will require enough chewing to satisfy the most ardent apostle of Horace Fletcher; and the results are very upbuilding, far more so than is the case with American pilot bread, which powders up in your pocket so that when you arrive at the end of a good hard walk, it is reduced to a handful of messy cracker crumbs. This Newfoundland hardtack is all in all one of the best travel rations I have found, being as light as the flour from which it is made, requiring no preparation, standing the weather well and involving no waste.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RUMANIAN'S TOBACCO.

RUMANIA, the dark horse of the Balkans, may be said to have been wafted into good government on a cloud of tobacco smoke. For it was the tobacco monopoly established by the degenerate ruler Couza that brought about his compulsory abdication. Every Rumanian smokes, and Couza came up against a national habit—with the usual result. It was in 1866 that the present ruler, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen was invited, in the teeth of the concert of Europe and the Sultan, to become Couza's successor; and nothing finer ever happened to Rumania—except its Queen, “Carmen Sylva.” But the good fortune of Rumania is also due to Bismarck, who counselled the young Prince to accept the offered throne, remarking, “If you fail you will at any rate have a pleasant reminiscence for the rest of your life.”—London Chronicle.

SEVEN HUNDRED MILES BY CANOE.

Continued from page 688.

we saw a big tow of coal barges headed our way, and as there was an island just ahead where the river on one side seemed to be quite narrow, we paddled in on the narrow side, expecting the tow would take the wide channel. But they came in on the narrow side and we thought it would be "Davey Jones' Locker" for us. However, we managed to keep abreast of the rollers and escaped without shipping water. A little later, however, we came face to face with the packet "Queen City," the fastest boat on the river, and terror to small craft. She has the reputation of swamping more small boats than any other craft on the river. We pulled ashore and waited until she passed, and when the water was evidently quite smooth, we pushed off. We did not reckon on the undertow, however, for directly big waves began to roll up in front of us, we bumped over several; then one big one came rolling along, we poised for a moment on the crest, then down into the trough went the bow, letting the next one roll right over us, and "Dewey," who was handling the bow paddle, was nearly drowned. We had to go ashore, unload all our dunnage and dump the water out of the canoe. We passed the city of Bellaire, O., and camped that night near Moundsville, W. Va.

As soon as we had made camp, John and Dewey went back to a mountaineer's cabin a short distance away in search of potatoes, and found he raised sweet potatoes, of which he gave us nearly a half bushel for "two bits." He informed us that from then on sweet potatoes could be obtained from most any of the farmers. And thereafter they were our main fare. The mountaineer came down to our camp in the evening and entertained us with stories of the country round about. In speaking of the frequency of trips to town by the people back in the mountains, as he expressed it: "I reckon there is a lot of them back there that never set eyes on a railroad train, and a right smart passel of them are still votin' for Abe Lincoln."

Friday morning a heavy fog prevailed, and we started out before it had cleared, much to our inconvenience, as in rounding a sharp bend in the river we nearly collided with an upward bound steamer. We also had a thrilling ride over a wing-dam. These are quite numerous and hard to see far in advance. They are built from the mainland to one side of an island to divert the flow of water and make a channel on the opposite side.

Friday and Saturday we passed the towns of Powhatan Point, O.; Long Beach, and Eureka, W. Va. We made camp just below Eureka, and as we had an excellent site, we stayed over Sunday.

Monday, the 23d, we had to beat into a heavy headwind, and as the river was very rough, we made poor time. We stopped at Marietta, O., for provisions, and camped just below the city.

Tuesday we arrived at Parkersburg and stopped there for a short time to see the town. Met the Queen City again, which made us beat for cover, as usual. We began to think that the pilot had a grudge against canoeists, as he always seemed to head straight for us and then switch around, so we would be in the wake.

This country is a regular hunter's paradise.

We ran into many large flocks of ducks and geese, of which we shot a few. We also surprised a covey of quail. They were too quick for us, however, as we did not get a shot at them. We met many clam-diggers; their method of catching clams we thought was quite unique. They used simply a long stick with steel hooks suspended by cords from it, which they would drag along the bottom, and the clam would grip on the hooks. When the hooks were full they would pull them in.

Wednesday and Thursday were uneventful. We passed the towns of Murraysville, Ravenswood and Milwood, W. Va., and Racine and Pomeroy, O.

Friday, the 27th, we stopped at Point Pleasant, W. Va., and passed the junction of the Kanawha River. As there was a favorable wind, we tried to sail and made excellent time.

We arrived at Huntington at 4 o'clock Saturday and camped on the outskirts of the city, where we stayed over Sunday. We left Huntington Monday in a heavy fog. Just below the city we passed an island which was the rendezvous of Aaron Burr and Blennerhasset in 1805. We passed Kenova, W. Va., at noon and soon pulled out of West Virginia, and that night made our first camp in Kentucky, near Ashland.

Tuesday, the 31st, we left Ashland with a

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Superiority.

strong wind at our backs. As the weather was getting too cold for canoeing, we rushed to Cincinnati, where we ended the trip, which should have started a month earlier.

For appetite, muscle and general health, no recreation can improve on a trip like this. We each gained from ten to twelve pounds. We had adventures with mountaineers and moonshiners. The mountaineer, as a rule, are very kind and hospitable people. But a moonshiner is always suspicious of a stranger. Sometimes it was necessary to climb mountains to fill our grub box. Oftentimes we were in danger of being robbed by negroes and "river rats," as they sneak along the river nights in a dugout looking for anyone who might have anything of value.

From Ashland we passed the towns of Greenup, Vanceburg and Maysville, Ky., and Portsmouth, O., and on the third of November, at 5 P. M., we arrived at Cincinnati in one month's time, after approximately seven hundred miles of paddling, without a single carry.

As far as we can discover we have the record for a long distance canoe trip. We passed over the wickets of nine dams in the Ohio River, saw a lot of country at a total expense (including outfit, except canoe) of about \$115, and much of this was spent sight-seeing in cities en route.

We left our canoe with "The Kentucky Launch Club," at Newport, across from Cincinnati, where we packed it for shipment back home. Thus ended a most glorious vacation.



SCHOONER YACHT ELSANA.

To be a good skipper is no unusual occurrence. Good artists are found in almost every city. A most unusual, in fact, one might say unique combination, is that of sea captain and painter. On the cover of this issue appears a photograph of a painting by Captain Thomas Petersen of the yacht of which he is captain—Elsana, owned by Henry C. Pearson, of New York city. Critically, we opine that Capt. Petersen's work compares favorably with that of Zogbaum and other prominent marine artists. This sea-dog-painter is a Norwegian. A description of his charge is interesting in that she represents a "new" type of yacht taken from the lines of a modern fishing schooner—a build that is bound to increase in popularity among conservative yachtsmen.

Elsana is sixty feet over all, fifteen feet wide and seven feet draft, is of the flush-deck, keel type, having both inside and outside ballast. She has cruised extensively along the coast and has proved a wonderful sea boat. Her equipment consists of a twenty-five horsepower engine, which gives her a speed of seven miles an hour under power, an independent electric light plant and all the comforts and conveniences of a modern yacht. All deck houses and interior finish are of solid mahogany.

THE SOCIETY OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS AND MARINE ENGINEERS.

THE twentieth general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers was held in Engineering Societies Building, Nov. 21 and 22, 1912, with a banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria as a final good taste. Papers read were decidedly interesting, provoking considerable controversy.

1. "Experiments on the Fulton and the Froude," by Prof. C. H. Peabody, Member of Council.

2. "The Design and New Construction Division of the Bureau of Construction and Repair of the Navy Department," by Naval Constructor R. H. Robinson, U. S. N., member.

3. "Engineering Progress in the U. S. Navy," by Captain G. W. Dyson, U. S. N.

4. "Marine Lighting Equipment of the Panama Canal," by James Pattison.

5. "Notes on Life-Saving Appliances," by W. D. Forbes, member of Council.

6. "Developments in Oil Burning," by E. H. Peabody, member.

7. "The Preservation of Metals Used in Marine Construction," by Lieutenant-Commander Frank Lyon, U. S. N.

8. "An Electrically Propelled Fireproof Passenger Steamer," by W. T. Donnelly and G. A. Orrok, members.

9. "Notes on Fuel Economy as Influenced by Ship Design," by E. H. Rigg, member.

10. "Active Type of Stabilizing Gyro," by Elmer A. Sperry, member.

11. "Rudder Trials, U. S. S. Sterett," by Assistant Naval Constructors R. T. Hanson, U. S. N., and J. C. Hunsaker, U. S. N., Juniors.

12. "Logarithmic Speed-Power Diagram," by Thomas M. Gunn.

THIS PICTURE GRATIS



JOHN PEEL.

The above picture of the immortal John Peel, framed and glazed, will be presented free to all new subscribers to "The County Gentleman & Land & Water," England's leading weekly illustrated sporting paper.

The picture measures 11 in. x 7½ in. (frame 17 in. x 12 in.). The original was painted by Mr. Joseph Simpson, R. B. A., from old photographs and prints of the famous huntsman. It is said to be the finest representation of John Peel ever published, and is worthy of a place in every sportsman's home.

The subscription to "The County Gentleman & Land & Water" is \$9.50 per annum, payable in advance, for which the paper will be sent, postage free. Checks should be made payable to the County Gentleman Publishing Co. and crossed the London County & Westminster Bank, Hanover Sq. Branch.

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High Gun

AT DENVER, 1912
HANDICAP, SEPT. 10-13

Mr. R. H. Bruns, shooting his

LEFEVER

made the marvellous run of
283 without a miss.

On the 700 single targets, including handicaps, Mr. Bruns scored **683 out of 700.**

The second day of the tournament on the day's program of 200 targets, Mr. Bruns and his Lefever gun scored **200 out of 200.** A world's record for ten traps.

On the 500 single 16-yard target for amateurs, Mr. Bruns scored **494 out of 500.**

ANOTHER WINNER AT THE PACIFIC COAST HANDICAP

Mr. L. H. Reid, shooting his Lefever gun, won second high average with **381 out of 400.**

Why don't you shoot a LEFEVER?

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13. "Tool Steel for the U. S. Navy," by Lewis Hobart Kenney, member.

14. "The Sperry Gyro-Compass in Service," by Lieutenant R. E. Gillmor, U. S. N.

The attendance both days was fair and most enthusiastic. Officers elected were: Col. Robert M. Thompson, of New York, President; D. H. Cox, Secretary and Treasurer, re-elected; Capt. A. P. Niblick, Vice-President, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rear Admiral Evans; G. W. Dickie, Vice-President, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rear Admiral Melville; Commander L. H. Chandler and Capt. C. A. McAllister, members of the Council; Naval Constructor F. R. Fernald, Honorary Vice-President, and Lewis Nixon, Vice-President.

The society voted to take part in the Panama Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915 and to raise \$2,000 for that purpose.

VOLCANO SCARED WHALES.

THE whaling bark Gayhead, Captain Wing, which left San Francisco seven months ago on a blubber expedition in the frozen north, returned with 350 barrels of sperm oil, the product of eight whales, and an account of the volcanic eruption at Katmai last June. The Gayhead was 200 miles from the volcano and 150 miles off shore at the time of the eruption. Whales were plentiful, sea birds were visible in all directions and fish, large and small, could be seen in the clear, green water.

A whale had been cut out of the school that was spouting not far from the bark, had been killed and made fast alongside the vessel. Fires had been started under the blubber kettles, and the work of cutting up the whale was in full blast when a muffled explosion that seemed to shake the universe was heard. It was followed by six more explosions.

A few minutes later there appeared on the horizon a small black cloud, that assumed leviathan proportions as it rushed toward the Gayhead. There was wind with it, and it struck the vessel with the violence of a hurricane squall. As it hit the bark the air was filled with fine white dust that soon covered the decks.

The blackness was on both sides of the vessel. "Black as the darkest night," is the way Captain Wing describes it. Between the two strata of black was a column of fiery yellow, bright as gold. Captain Wing, who has passed many years in the Arctic, and who recognized the explosions as of volcanic origin, says that the combination of black and yellow was the strangest sight he had ever seen.

The Portuguese whalers quit work, dropped to their knees and invoked the aid of every saint on the calendar. They were satisfied that the day of judgment had arrived. The shower of ashes and the accompanying darkness lasted for forty-eight hours.

"As the squall approached," said Captain Wing, "I noticed the whales skeddaddle. They hooked on at full speed. When the air cleared, two days later, there was not a whale in sight, nor a fish nor a fowl, nor a sign of any kind of life. It was not until the Gayhead had cruised many miles and had winged its way far out of the track of the volcanic dust that as much as a bird was seen. That cussed squall queered our cruise all right."

It was more than a month later that the people on the Gayhead learned what had happened.

BIRDS' BONES HOLLOW.

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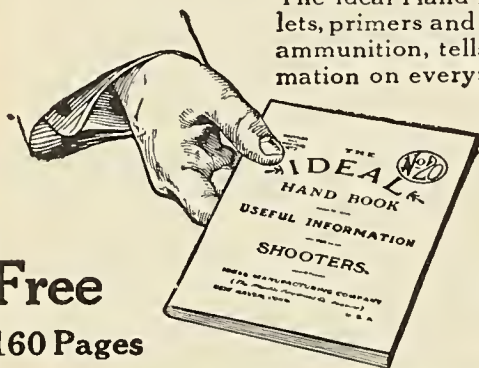
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DICKY THE CROW.

BY ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.

WE located the nest where Dicky was born along in the month of June, when the crow families all over the wood we called the Oaklands were busy feeding open-mouthed youngsters with the worms and mice gathered for the consumption of those offsprings who always seemed craving for nourishment, and whose cries, so harsh and grating, were to be heard everywhere when one entered the sanctity of the shadows, and stood for a time listening and taking stock of his surroundings. It was on one of our rambles, and my companion suggested that we hunt out a nest and take possession of one of the youngsters to raise it at home as a sort of pet. At first I would have nothing to do with this, but finally I consented, and, looking around, we found a nest high in a monarch white oak which was composed of branches and vines. It was certainly a climb up to it, but my companion was skilled in the art of tree ascending and made short shift of it. All the time the parent crows flew on high with raucous cries, now and then swooping low, but never endeavoring to attack the intruder. Arrived at the nest my companion picked out one of the two occupants and unceremoniously flung it down, and prepared to descend. The young crow lay there on the ground looking up at me with big eyes that asked a sort of a mute question, evidently trying to form in his immature brain just what had occurred, and looking upon me as a monster with all its frills and furbishes. Gently picking it up, I put it in my coat and stroked the head with two fingers, calling it such names as come to mind.

At once he was dubbed Dicky, and the christening was simple and without the least ceremony. The little fellow eyed me with patient concern, and seemed to entirely have forgotten about his parents which had now perched on nearby treetops with shrill cries of rage. Dicky looked at me with consideration in his eyes and rested on his weak legs, feebly swaying if he missed his balance. And so it came to pass, as the writers say, that Dicky found a home, quite unlike the home that would have been his out there in the silence of the Oaklands, to a more practical one in my own place of occupation. And Dicky at once took possession, and it did not take many weeks before he was well and able to hop around and take things as they came.

One of the first things that we ascertained was just what was best to feed him, but I hastily solved that problem, for I knew from observation that one of the main foods of the crow family was these grub worms that you will find curled up in the moist loam when the ground is turned, or in some manure pile, where they grow fat and husky. Dicky with eager cries was on the spot in a moment and flew here and there, or rather flapped, and picked them up, stowing them away in his little big stomach with gluttonous gurgles of glee, and watching our every move with those black little eyes of his. Angeworms he tucked down his throat with avidity, always finishing his swallowing stunt with that gurgle and a lifting of the head to help the fellow from the earth in his descent to interior oblivion. The eating capacity of Dicky would have made an epicure blush. As a gormand, Dicky held all the cards in the deck, and then I do believe he had some up his sleeve, for you just ought to have seen him braced there on his two feet taking nourishment hand over fist.

Dicky grew fast and became a little alderman as he sauntered up and down the rustic walk with his breast thrust out, cawing a shrill defiance to everybody and everything that did not seem to please his majesty. A fine little fellow he was. His feathers, so slick and clean, were of a blue-black hue, and there was not one of them out of place in his make-up. His head was held high that he might survey everything that came within his dominion, and there was just a trace of hauteur about him that made him conspicuous wherever he chanced to be, though, as it was, he was an undeniable attraction.

Now Dicky made friends with the goat. At first he would have nothing to do with this animal, but after a few preliminary buttings by his goatship and a few shrill caws from Dicky, they adjusted themselves into the niches of friendship, just as goats and crows must do in time. Of course, we taught him to ride on the back of the aggressive one, and, while that clothes-eating individual did not like it at first, he soon took it as a matter of course; after that we would see the black fellow leaping up and down on that sleek back with screams of glee. They were two queer fellows, that goat and that crow, and, bless me, what a time we had with them! What amusement they provided us as they rambled along, side by side, with sundry grunts, and caws, as the case may be.

I have a steel-plated notion that Dicky firmly believed that he had conquered the world and all its minions, which extended as far as the confines of the estate, but the rooster was not yet met with, and his colors were not down by the least scintilla of conception. This leghorn rooster did not go out of his way to beset the crow; it is doubtful if he ever conceived of the crow as a fighter, but one day when they met, Dicky took the aggressive, and then and there, there was a hotly contested battle in which various and sundry feathers flew, mingling with the denouncing cries that issued from the throat of the crow. But the leghorn proved the victor, and Dicky, with a flap and a flutter, made his retreat with the rooster in hot pursuit, bent upon doing the job up brown. But a handy piece of coal issuing from my good right hand made him suddenly think better of it, and, midway in his descent, he swung away with his long legs working like piston rods. Dicky was greatly humiliated by the disgraceful showing he had made, and the rest of the day sat on top of the stone pile, with his head down in his feathers, looking upon the world with a dreary, melancholy view. Once, to be sure, he essayed a caw, but it was choked with tears and repressed sobs; even the well-fed worms that we sported before his beak did not seem to appeal to him and we left him to his sorrows for the day. But the next morning he was up and doing, harshly demanding that the goat be let out of the barn for his amusement, fluttering wildly and cawing as we lifted the latch.

Dicky was a well behaved and cleanly sort of a fellow, and, for that matter, right in every way, so he had the run of the place. Hearing me up in the study knocking away at the typewriter, he would come up the stairs with big hops, walking in with a martial tread and breast thrust out. He never did understand the eternal question of: Why is a typewriter? That he was interested in the machine from the first time he laid eyes on it was evident, and it is certain that every time he came up the stairs it was with the fixed purpose of clearing the mystery, once and for good. He would witness my fingers playing over the keys, the carriage slipping along its well oiled path and the other movements that go with it. And then the bell. Every time the carriage had run its limit that bell would tinkle to his profound bewilderment. It then occurred to me to let him ride on the carriage, and after a time achieved my end, much to my satisfaction, for I had doubted that it could be done. So he often sat on one or another of the projecting incidentals, keeping his balance with an effort. But this happened only now and then, and I doubt whether he ever felt safe, as long as that bell insisted upon making its presence known. Often, I believe, he looked at me as though to say: "What's the use?"

We experimented with Dicky to ascertain if he would consume any of the winged insects that are the food of other birds, but he was shy at accepting them, swallowing them with reluctance, as in the case of the gypsy moth, tussock moth and butterflies. But he often ate the hairless caterpillar. Grubs were the main feature of his daily dish, and worms that were to be found around the barn where it was damp, and they grew to an enormous size. Often by lifting a board we would find them congregated there and then with a dive Dicky got to work pulling them out so deftly that we could not have done it better. But he had a system that I used afterward if I wanted to pull worms out when but their head showed. Said Dicky, squeeze the head and the rest of the body loses its power and comes out without breaking off.

There were a hundred little incidents that always appealed to me, but one of them showed that he had all the mischief of a youngster in his heart. The washing was out on the line one day and starting at one end he went the length picking out the pins and dropping the clothes to the ground. Oh! it certainly appealed to him, and he poised there, screaming with glee, as the white linens fell. It was rather an acrobatic stunt, too, as we noted, for

he almost had the whole affair down when we came upon the scene. Now, of course, we had to cure him of that, for it is certain that if we allowed him to go on, this amusement would be one of his regular features. My companion on the moment prepared a cure, but it rather shocked me at first, and I would have none of it, but, finally, I gave in. The idea was to heat the wire line at a certain place in between left bare. Thus when the crow came along he would burn his soles and teach him never to step on a wire again. This was done, and from a covert we watched proceedings with bated breath. Arrived at the heated place he balanced himself and walked across, or endeavored to walk across, when, of a sudden, he darted into the air, turned three or four times wildly, and came to earth with a string of expletives, disgracing the stillness of the summer day. A more surprised bird I never hope to see, and his eyes fairly protruded out of his head. He looked around as if to say, "Now what do you think of that!" Did he pull down any more clothes? No! No, he didn't like that amusement ever thereafter, and if a wire was thrust at him he would flap away with an angry, shocked cry that was torn from his heart. Instinct, coupled with a distinct remembrance, had had its play.

Summer waned along and fall came with its changing leaves, and that stillness that seems to forebode some great calamity; September slipped away and October came with all her golden grandeur, and the sighing winds that crept through the woods and were spent out on the fields. The birds were going South; now and then the robin bands would fly by. Dicky seemed to feel it all, and some strange thing took place that we could not understand, for then we were nothing more or less than mere humans. Dicky had never essayed a great flight. Once we had feared he would leave us, but we had clipped his wings, very little. But now they were grown out again. Dicky sat out there on the big pole looking up into the skies and seemingly listening—listening. He did not seem to see us, and nothing we could do had any effect upon his mood. We knew it was no use. But one day as he sat thus, I remember it was one waning afternoon, a flock of some twenty crows passed over with much cawing. Dicky answered back. Again the calls, and, as if beckoned, Dicky rose, fluttered a couple times in the air, and then took his course after the band. Further and further away he dimmed, and soon caught up with the others and fell in behind; straining our eyesight we saw them vanish against the face of the heavens, and lastly, nothing at all remained but a pleasant memory.

FIGHTING THE BIGGEST GORILLA.

WHEELING round, says a writer in the December Wide World Magazine, the gorilla dashed away at its top speed through the tall grass, the natives in hot pursuit. Like beaters they drove the animal toward their village, and with loud shouts endeavored to give the alarm to those remaining there. The gorilla, more agile than the hunters, increased his lead somewhat, but was obliged to go straight on, for already the cries of the natives scattered through the plantation were heard on all sides. The great brute leapt toward a little path, but was quickly obliged to abandon it, on perceiving new enemies coming toward it. Breaking through some thick bushes, which hindered its pursuers for a moment, the animal passed quickly over a small river and climbed up the opposite bank with great rapidity, in spite of its huge bulk. Though streaming with perspiration, the blacks were none the less resolute in the chase, for they felt sure of victory, and that the destroyer of their crops was at last to pay for his misdeeds with his life.

Continuing its headlong course, the gorilla descended a slope and suddenly appeared at the extremity of the village, where the huts, built of red earth, extended in parallel lines along a slight ridge, at the top of which is the chief's dwelling. At the sight of the hideous monster

the women ran screaming into their huts, the children fled after them, uttering loud cries, the goats and fowls scattered on all sides, and the dogs barked with rage. In the midst of this pandemonium of noise the few men present rushed for their arms and prepared to do battle with the common enemy.

The struggle promised to be severe, for in its flight the beast had armed itself with a big branch, torn from a tree, as thick as a man's arm.

With this club, brandished in his powerful fist, he held the most audacious at bay. Spears whistled continuously through the air as the hunters closed up, but the beast avoided them with amazing skill, meanwhile trying to force its way through those who barred the path. A bullet struck it in the thigh; it staggered, but did not drop. Grinding its teeth in rage, it struck the nearest native a smashing blow on the head with its great club. He dropped like a log, his face badly cut, and was hurriedly picked up and dragged away by his comrades before the gorilla could damage him further.

By this time there was a circle of men round the animal—yelling, hurling spears, and firing their guns—while the gorilla darted and whirled this way and that, striking out furiously with its club. The uproar was indescribable. Suddenly a shot, fired wildly, struck one of the hunters in the arm and shattered it. He fell with a cry of pain, and the gorilla, rushing in upon him, tore savagely at his back. The man was in deadly peril when another native, coming quite close, shot the brute in the left side, whereupon it released its victim and fell. From all sides there was a rush to finish it, but in a last effort it arose, whirling its club and champing its jaws—the incarnation of brute ferocity. As it stood there a spear, cleverly aimed, hit it near the heart, while at the same moment a bullet struck it above the left eye. Mortally wounded at last, the monster dropped dead.

INSECTS THAT PLAY MUSIC.

"MANY of the little folk of the field and forest have fine musical instruments, and play on them night and day for three or four months of the year," says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion. "The long-horned grasshopper, or true katydid, is the leader of the band. He has two sets of wings, the outer ones used for flying, the inner ones making up the bow and fiddle. Near the base of these inner wings is fastened a set of strong veins. When he moves them so that the veins on each wing rub together it makes a funny little wiry sound, and that is what is called 'grasshopper's fiddling.'

"Our common little green grasshopper is another fine player. His fiddle is attached to one wing, and he uses his hind leg for a bow. On this leg is a line of little beadlike lumps, from each of which grow a number of fine hairs. When Mr. Grasshopper draws this leg back and forth over his wings, his lovesongs trill out on the summer air. His poor little mate tries hard to make the same kind of music; she goes through the same motions, but can never produce a single sound.

"Another first class fiddler is the cricket. His tune is loud and shrill. One tune by night, one by day, is his rule. He has even been known to change his note when the clouds darkened the sun for a while in the day. Some insects beat little drums when they want to make music. The seventeen-year locust has two tiny drums fastened to his abdomen. They are fixed firm and tight, and to each one is attached a strong muscle which the insect can tighten or relax at will. It makes a sound something like beating on a tin pan, and will drown out every other musical note of the summer day."

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LIST of

ODD and SECOND HAND GUNS

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TERMS: CASH.**ORDER AT ONCE.**

If you do not see exactly what you want on this list, write us your requirements. At this time of the year guns come and go very fast, and we may be able to suit you if we have your name on our list.

Send for our Fall Hunting Catalogue, No. 59, or Skating and Winter Sports Catalogue, No. 60. Both are most interesting volumes.

Charles Daly Hammerless Guns

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>N 1 1 Charles Daly Quality 325 Gun. No. 1934. Witten Excelsior steel barrels with automatic shell ejectors, Purdy side clips, 12 gauge, 28 inch, weight 6½ lbs., length of stock 14 inches, drop 2¾ inches, right barrel modified, left barrel choked. Gun is handsomely engraved English style with gold inlaid dogs and birds. Distinctive design. Fitted with Silver's recoil pad and Lyman front and rear sights. Gun is shopworn, but in fine condition. Retail \$330.00. Net \$250.00</p> <p>N 2 1 Charles Daly Quality 325 Gun. No. 1885. Witten Excelsior steel barrels, automatic shell ejector, Purdy side clips, fine English engraving gold inlaid, fitted with Silver's recoil pad, Lyman sights and Infallible Single trigger, 12 ga., 30 inches, weight 7¾ lbs., drop 2½ inch, stock 14½ inches, both barrels full choked. Second-hand. First-class condition. Retail \$360.00. Net 250.00</p> <p>N 3 1 Charles Daly Quality 275 Gun. No. 1752. 12 gauge, 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 15 ozs., length of stock 14¼ inches, drop 2⅞ inches, both barrels modified choke, Witten's Excelsior steel barrels, Purdy side clips, automatic shell ejectors, Creener cross-bolt, straight grip stock, beautifully engraved in English style. Shopworn, but still in fine condition; never been shot. Retail \$275.00. Net 190.00</p> <p>N 4 1 Charles Daly Quality 275 Gun. No. 1786. Witten Excelsior steel barrels, Purdy side clips, automatic shell ejectors, Greener cross-bolt, 20 gauge, 24 inch, length of stock 14 inches, drop 3 inches, right barrel modified, left full choke; weight 5⅜ lbs. Second-hand, but in good condition. Retail \$275.00. Net 180.00</p> | <p>N 5 1 Charles Daly Quality 275 Gun. No. 1919. Witten Excelsior steel barrels, automatic shell ejector, Purdy side clips, fine English engraving, fitted with Silver's pad and Lyman sights, 12 ga., 30 inches, weight 7½ lbs. Both barrels full choke, drop 1½x2¾ inches, stock 14½ inches. Second-hand. Like new. Retail \$280.00. Net \$175.00</p> <p>N 6 1 Charles Daly Quality 185. Krupp Fluid steel barrels, automatic ejector, Purdy side clips, nicely engraved, 28 ga., 24-inch barrel, weight 4 lbs. 7 ozs., drop 3 inches, stock 13¾ inches. Right barrel cylinder, left barrel full choked. Sample gun. Retail \$185.00. Net 125.00</p> <p>N 7 1 Charles Daly Quality 185 Gun. No. 2015. Krupp Fluid steel barrels, automatic ejector, Purdy side clips, nicely engraved, fitted with Lyman sights, 12 ga., 29-inch barrel, weight 7¾ lbs., drop 2⅝ inches, stock 14½ inches. Right barrel cylinder, left slightly choked. Slightly used. Retail \$185.00. Net 115.00</p> <p>N 8 1 Charles Daly Quality 185. Krupp Fluid steel barrels, automatic ejector, Purdy side clips, nicely engraved, 12 ga., 30 inches, 7¾ lbs., drop 2½ inches, stock 14¼ inches. Both barrels full choked. Travellers' sample. Retail \$185.00. Net 140.00</p> <p>N 9 1 Charles Daly Quality No. 185. Krupp Fluid steel barrels, automatic ejector, Purdy side clips, nicely engraved, 12 ga., 30 inch, weight 7¾ lbs. 14 ozs., fitted with Silver's pad and Lyman front sight, both barrels full choke, drop 2⅜, stock 14⅜. Second-hand, good condition. Retail \$190.00. Net 115.00</p> <p>N 10 1 Charles Daly Quality 185 Gun. No. 1822. Krupp Fluid steel barrels, automatic ejectors, Purdy side clips, neatly engraved action, stock 13⅞ inches long by 2¾ inch drop. Right barrel modified, left full choke. Second-hand gun, but in good condition. Retail \$185.00. Net 120.00</p> |
|---|---|

Sauer Hammerless Guns

- N 11** 1 Sauer Quality 60 Gun. No. 133022. Krupp Special steel barrels, automatic shell ejectors, Purdy side clips and extension rib, with cross-bolt; weight $7\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., straight grip stock. Heavy relief engraving on action and breech of gun, dogs and birds inlaid in gold. Special checkering on stock and fore-end, making in all a beautiful gun. 12 gauge, 30 inch, length of stock 14 inches, fitted with Silver's recoil pad and Lyman sights, drop $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, right barrel modified, left full choke. Makes an ideal trap gun. Second-hand, but in fine condition. An exceptional value. List \$600.00. Net **\$325.00**
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- N 13** 1 Sauer Quality 45 Gun. No. 161700. 12 gauge, 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 12 ozs., length of stock $14\frac{1}{4}$ inches, drop $2\frac{9}{16}$ inches, both barrels choked, Krupp Special steel barrels, Purdy side clips, heavy relief engraving, straight grip stock. Exhibition gun, slightly shopworn. List \$400.00. Net **220.00**
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- N 17** 1 Sauer Quality 40 Gun. No. 167344. 12 gauge, 30 inch, weight $7\frac{1}{8}$ lbs., fitted with Sauer single trigger, Krupp steel barrels, Purdy side clips, Greener cross-bolt, beautifully engraved action with birds and dogs, stock $14\frac{1}{4}$ inch, drop $2\frac{7}{8}$ inches, straight grip, both barrels full choke. List \$250.00. Net **140.00**
- N 18** 1 Sauer Quality 40 Gun. No. 167280. 12 gauge, 28 inch, weight 6 lbs. 4 ozs., stock $13\frac{3}{8}$ inches, right barrel cylinder, left full choke, fitted with Krupp Special steel barrels, Purdy side clips, Greener cross-bolt, Silver's recoil pad and Lyman sights, beautifully engraved. Travellers' sample, like new. List \$225.00. Net **135.00**
- N 19** 1 Sauer, No. 40. 12 ga., 28 inch., weight 6 lbs. 6 ozs., automatic ejectors, Krupp Fluid steel barrels, drop of stock 3 inches, length $14\frac{1}{4}$. Right barrel $\frac{3}{4}$ choked, left full choke. Beautiful relief engraving. Exhibition gun, slightly shopworn. List \$225.00. Net **130.00**
- N 20** 1 Sauer 40 Quality Gun. 12 ga., 26 inch, weight 6 lbs. 5 ozs., automatic ejectors, drop of stock $2\frac{7}{8}$, length $14\frac{1}{4}$. Right barrel modified, left full choke. Gun neatly engraved. Second-hand, never shot, and in perfect condition. List \$225.00. Net **135.00**
- N 21** 1 Sauer Grade 40 Gun. No. 161692. 16 ga., 26 inch, weight 5 lbs. 14 ozs., drop of stock $2\frac{3}{4}$, length $14\frac{1}{4}$. Automatic ejectors, fine engraving. Right barrel 204, left 239. Travellers' sample. Soiled. List \$225.00. Net **130.00**
- N 22** 1 Sauer Grade 40 Gun. No. 141540. 28 ga., 26 inch, weight 5 lbs. 3 ozs., drop of stock $2\frac{3}{8}$, length $13\frac{1}{8}$. Both barrels full choke, neatly engraved, automatic ejector. List \$225.00. Net **\$125.00**
- N 23** 1 Sauer, No. 40. Krupp Fluid steel barrels, automatic ejector, Purdy side clips, Greener bolt, relief engraving, 12 ga., 26 inch, weight $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., drop 3, stock $14\frac{1}{4}$. both barrels choke. Travellers' sample. List \$225.00. Net **135.00**
- N 24** 1 Sauer, No. 40 gun. Krupp Fluid steel barrels, automatic ejector, Purdy side clips, Greener bolt, relief engraving. 12 ga., 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 13 ozs., drop $2\frac{3}{4}$, stock $14\frac{1}{4}$. Both barrels full choke. Shopworn. List \$225.00. Net **115.00**
- N 25** 1 Sauer, No. 30 gun. Krupp Fluid steel barrels, automatic ejector, Purdy side clips, nicely engraved, single trigger. Greener safety, straight grip stock. 12 ga., 32 inch, weight 7 lbs. 11 ozs., drop $2\frac{1}{8}$, stock $13\frac{5}{8}$. Second-hand, good condition. List \$200.00. Net **90.00**
- N 26** 1 Sauer Gun No. 30. No. 163026. Krupp Fluid steel barrels, Purdy side clips, Greener safety single trigger, straight grip stock, drop 2 inch, stock $13\frac{3}{4}$ inch, both barrels full choke. Second-hand, like new. List \$250.00. Net **110.00**
- N 27** 1 Sauer No. 1 Grade Gun, 12 ga., 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 12 ozs., drop of stock $2\frac{1}{4}$, length 14, both barrels full choke. Travellers' sample, fitted with Sauer Single Trigger. List \$105.00. Net **55.00**
- N 28** 1 Sauer No. 20 Gun. Krupp Fluid steel barrels, automatic ejector, 12 ga., 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 13 ozs., drop $2\frac{3}{4}$, stock $14\frac{1}{8}$. Both barrels full choke, single trigger, Greener safety. Slightly shopworn. List \$150.00. Net **90.00**
- N 29** 1 Sauer No. 2 Gun. No. 182114. Krupp Fluid steel barrels, Greener cross-bolt, 12 ga., 28 inch, weight 7 lbs. 7 ozs., drop $2\frac{1}{4}$, stock $14\frac{1}{4}$, fitted with single trigger, right barrel cylinder, left choke. Made to order. Did not come up to specification. List \$125.00. Net **75.00**
- N 30** 1 Sauer, 1 Gun, 175578. Krupp Fluid steel barrels, Greener crossbolt, 10 ga., 30 inch, weight 8 lbs. 6 ozs. Both barrels full choke. Badly shopworn. List \$90.00. Net **55.00**
- Below we list our stock of Sauer Guns No. 30, Old Model. We have made a few changes in the checkering and engraving on the new model No. 30, making those listed below odd guns, even though the action, quality of steel, etc., used is the same as the regular Sauer Model 30.*
- N 31** 1 Sauer No. 30. Old Model Gun No. 161645. 12 gauge, 26 inch, weight 6 lbs. 8 ozs., stock $14\frac{1}{4}$ inches long and $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches drop; right barrel cylinder, left modified. **\$100.00**
- N 32** 1 Sauer No. 30. Old Model Gun No. 161665. 16 gauge, 26 inch, weight 5 lbs. 12 ozs., stock $14\frac{3}{8}$ inches long and $2\frac{7}{8}$ inches drop. Both barrels full choke. **100.00**
- N 33** 1 Sauer No. 30. Old Model Gun No. 161642. 12 gauge, 26 inch, weight 6 lbs. 6 ozs., stock $14\frac{1}{8}$ inches long and $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches drop. Right barrel modified, left full choke. **100.00**
- N 34** 1 Sauer No. 30. Old Model Gun No. 167249. 12 gauge, 28 inch, weight 6 lbs. 10 ozs., stock $14\frac{1}{4}$ inches long and $2\frac{5}{8}$ inches drop. Right barrel half choke, left full choke. **100.00**
- N 35** 1 Sauer No. 30. Old Model Gun No. 150465. 12 gauge, 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 15 ozs., stock $14\frac{1}{4}$ inches long by $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches drop. Both barrels full choke. **100.00**
- N 36** 1 Sauer No. 30. Old Model Gun No. 166948. 12 gauge, 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 13 ozs, stock $14\frac{3}{8}$ inches long by $2\frac{7}{8}$ drop. Both barrels full choke. Fitted with Sauer single trigger. **115.00**

Sauer Guns—(Continued)

- N 37** 1 Sauer No. 30. Old Model Gun No. 167257. 12 gauge, 30 inch barrel, weight 7 lbs. 13 ozs., stock 14½ inches long by 2⅞ inches drop. Both barrels full choke. **\$100.00**
- N 38** 1 Sauer No. 30. Old Model Gun No. 161655. 12 gauge, 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 10 ozs., length of stock 14⅞ inches, drop 2¾ inches, both barrels full choke. **100.00**
- N 39** 1 Sauer No. 30. Old Model Gun No. 167256. 12 gauge, 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 14 ozs., stock 14½ inches by 2⅝ inch drop. Both barrels full choke. Fine Trap Gun. **100.00**
- N 40** 1 Sauer No. 30. Old Model Gun No. 167269. 20 gauge, 24 inch, weight 5 lbs. 6 ozs., stock 14⅜ by 3⅞ drop. Both barrels choked. **100.00**

Foreign Hammerless Guns

- N 41** 1 Francotte Pigeon Gun 63223, automatic ejector, steel barrels, Purdy side clips, Greener bolt, straight grip stock, no safety, 12 ga., 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 10 ozs., drop 1½ x 2⅞, stock 14⅝, both barrels full choke. Second-hand, first class condition. Retail \$300.00. Net **\$185.00**
- N 42** 1 Neumann Hammerless. Krupp fluid steel barrels, 12 ga., 28 inch, Purdy side clips, Greener bolt, single trigger, both barrels full choke, drop 3 inches, stock 13½ inches. Sample gun. List \$90.00. Net **60.00**
- N 43** 1 Francotte Single Barrel Tap Gun. Raised barrel, nicely matted, rib 12 ga., 30 inch, non-automatic ejector, drop 2⅝ inch, stock 14⅞ inches, fitted with Silver's pad. Second-hand; good condition. Retail \$95.00. Net **55.00**
- N 44** 1 Francotte Hammerless, No. 38630. Siemens-Martin steel barrels, Purdy side clips, heavy relief engraving at breech, 20 ga., 28-inch, straight grip stock, Silver's recoil pad; right barrel cylinder, left barrel choked; weight 6 lbs. 6 ozs., drop at heel 2¼ inch, length of stock 14⅜ inches. Second-hand; good condition. Retail \$150.00. Net **75.00**
- N 45** 1 Francotte Gun, No. 27177. 12 gauge, 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 15 ozs., length of stock 14⅞ inches, drop 2⅝ ins. Both barrels modified choke. Retail \$125.00. Net **55.00**
- N 46** 1 W. W. Greener, Regent Quality, No. 6394, fitted with Single Trigger, 12 gauge, 28 inch, weight 6 lbs. 10 ozs., length of stock 14¼ inches, drop 2½ inches, right barrel modified, left barrel full choke. This is a bargain; second-hand, but in perfect condition. Retail \$85.00. Net **40.00**
- N 47** 1 W. W. Greener, Pigeon Quality Gun, No. 27375. Fitted with an extra set of barrels; 1 pair barrels 12 gauge, 30 inch; the other 12 gauge, 26 inch. Length of stock 14¼ inches, drop 2⅞ inches, straight grip. Action beautifully engraved in English style scroll. Has all the qualities of the fine Greener guns. Retail \$350.00. Net **140.00**

Manhattan Arms Co. Hammer Guns

Manhattan Arms are entirely machine made, all parts interchangeable, very closely fitted, left barrel full choke, right modified, fitted with rebounding locks, engine turned matted extension rib, low circular hammer. These are the best machine-made guns on the market for the money. We have several patterns listed below which we are offering at very low prices to reduce the number of styles. Order quickly if you want a good gun at a low price.

- N 48** 3 Manhattan, with blued steel barrels, 12 gauge, 32 inch, weighing from 7¼ to 7¾ lbs. Deeley & Edge fore-end. Made to sell retail at \$13.60. Net **\$10.50**
- N 49** 2 Manhattan, with blued steel barrels, 12 gauge, 30 inch, 7¼ and 7½ lbs., patent fore-end, pistol grip, checkered. A very attractive gun. Made to retail at \$12.50. Net **10.75**
- N 50** 3 Manhattan. Same as above No. N 49. 12 gauge, 32 inch. Retail at \$12.50. Net **10.75**
- N 51** 4 Manhattan, with blued steel barrels; low, circular hammers; heavy, square breech; well made, neatly engraved. A dandy gun. 12 gauge, 30 inch, weighing 7¼ to 7¾ lbs. Made to retail at \$12.50. Net **11.00**
- N 52** 2 Manhattan. Same as above No. N 51. 12 gauge, 32 inch. Retail \$12.50. Net **11.00**

L. C. Smith Hammerless Guns

- N 53** 1 No. 2-E Grade, 16 gauge, 28 inch, automatic ejector, weight 6 lbs. 7 ozs., length of stock 14¼ inches, drop 2¾ inches, both barrels one-half choked, slightly shopworn. Retail price \$75.00. Net **\$55.00**
- N 54** 1 No. 2-E Grade, 12 gauge, 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 12 ozs., automatic ejector, length of stock 14¼ inches, drop 2¾ inches, both barrels full choke. Travellers' sample. Retail \$75.00. Net **55.00**
- N 55** 1 No. 3-E Grade, 12 gauge, 30 inch steel barrels, automatic shell ejector, both barrels full choke, length of stock 14 inches, drop 2¾ inches, weight 7 lbs. 13 ozs. Retail \$90.00. Net **60.00**
- N 56** 1 No. 3-E, 12 gauge, 30 inch steel barrel, weight 7 lbs. 9 ozs., length of stock 14⅞ inches, drop 2⅞ inches, both barrels full choked. Travellers' sample in perfect condition. Retail \$90.00. Net **62.00**
- N 57** 1 No. 5-E Grade. Fine quality gun. 12 gauge, 28 inch steel barrels, weight 6 lbs. 12 ozs., automatic ejectors, stock 14¼ inches long by 2¾ inch drop, both barrels full choke. An exceptional bargain. Slightly shopworn. Retail \$168.75. Net **105.00**
- N 58** 1 No. 4-E Grade Automatic Shell Ejector Gun. Steel barrel, 12 gauge, 28 inch, neatly engraved on action, length of stock 14 inches, drop 3 inches. Second-hand, but in first-class condition. Retail \$127.50. Net **85.00**
- N 59** 1 No. 2-E Grade, 12 gauge, 30 inch, length of stock 14 inches, drop 2¾ inches, both barrels choked. A good bargain. Retail \$75.00. Net **55.00**
- N 60** A-E Grade Smith Gun. A very high grade gun, taken in trade. In fine condition. 20 gauge, 26 inch, length of stock 13½ inches, drop 2¾ inches. Beautifully engraved on action and breech of gun. Fine stock, neatly checkered. Retail \$400.00. Net **135.00**

Fencing Foils

Below we list a few styles of Fencing Foils, on which we are somewhat over-stocked. We are offering these numbers at a very attractive figure to reduce our stock before inventory. Order promptly, as they will go very quickly.

- N 61** 61 pair No. 15. 34-inch Couleaux Klingenthal blade; fancy wound handle; Salle D'Armes pattern; brass ferrules; polished iron figure-eight guard and extra heavy knob. Per pair, Retail \$1.50. Net **\$1.00**
- N 62** 50 pair No. 2. Light weight, 32-inch Solingen blade; red leather handle, wound with gilt cord; polished brass figure-eight guard and knob. Per pair, Retail \$1.75. Net **1.20**
- N 63** 42 pair No. 3. Light weight, 32-inch Solingen blade; red leather handle, wound with gilt cord; brass figure-eight guard, fancy pattern; brass helmet-shaped knob. Per pair, Retail \$3.00. Net **1.75**
- N 64** 12 pair No. 141. 34-inch Couleaux Klingenthal blade; red leather handle, wound with gilt cord; heavy, fancy, oval guard, nickel plated; heavy nickel plated knob. Per pair, Retail \$4.00. Net **2.50**

Swords and Rapiers

- N 65** 20 pair No. 14. Extra light weight, curved blade; corrugated grip, black leather covered; steel back; polished steel guard. Per pair, Retail \$6.00. Net **\$4.50**
- N 66** 18 pair No. 16. Similar to No. 14, but straight blade; smaller grip, fishskin covered, with checkered steel back. Per pair, Retail \$6.00. Net **4.50**
- N 67** 13 pair No. 8. Regulation Rapier. Straight blade, cord wound handle; heavy, polished iron guard, full basket pattern, protecting the entire hand and wrist. Per pair, Retail \$5.00. Net **4.00**
- N 68** The same as No. 8, but curved blade. Per pair, Retail \$5.00. Net **4.00**

Ithaca Hammerless Guns

- N 69 1 No. 2 Krupp Gun. 12/32, weight 8-7; both barrels full choke, drop 2 1/8 inch, stock 14 1/8 inches. Shopworn. List \$70.00. Net **\$35.00**
- N 70 1 No. 1 1/2. Damascus barrels, 10 ga., 32-inches, weight 9 3/4 lbs., drop 3 inches, stock 14 inches, both barrels full choke, slightly shopworn. List \$44.00. Net **22.00**
- N 71 1 No. 1 1/2. Damascus barrels, 10/32, weight 9-14, drop 2 1/2 inches, stock 14 inches, both barrels full choke. Sample gun. List \$44.00. Net **22.00**
- N 72 1 No. 1 1/2, Damascus barrels, 10 ga., 32 inches, weight 9-13, drop 2 3/4 inches, stock 14 inches, both barrels full shoke. Shopworn. List \$44.00. Net **22.00**

Baker Batavia Specials

We have a few Baker Batavia Specials shopworn, travellers' samples which we offer at a low price to reduce our stock before inventory. Barrels blued steel, stock and fore-end European walnut, pistol grip, neatly checkered, rubber butt-plate.

- N 73 6 Baker Batavia Specials, 12 gauge, 30 inch. Retail \$18.00. Net **\$15.50**
- N 74 4 Baker Batavia Specials, 16 gauge, 28 inch. Retail \$18.00. Net **15.50**

High Power Rifles

- N 75 1 Mauser Carbine, 8 m/m, fitted with a Maxim silencer. Second-hand, but in good condition. Net **\$18.00**
- N 76 1 Mannlicher-Schoenauer, 9 m/m, 20 inch barrel, latest model, wooden stock full length of barrel, cheek piece, metal butt plate with receptacle for cleaning implements, double set triggers, second-hand, like new. Net **50.00**
- N 77 1 Sauer-Mauser, 8 m/m, 20 inch barrel, double set triggers, latest model, fitted with sling-strap swivels, second-hand, like new. Net **35.00**
- N 78 1 Remington Carbine, .50 caliber, with Buffington rear sight. Fine condition. Net **2.50**
- N 79 1 Sauer-Mauser Repeater, No. 50, 9 m/m. 24-inch half octagon tapered barrel with matted rib, single trigger, pistol grip stock, shotgun butt; weight 7 1/2 lbs. Shopworn. Retail \$45.00. Net **35.00**
- N 80 1 Sauer-Mauser, 9 m/m, No. 250. 20-inch barrel. Shopworn. Retail \$50.00. Net **40.00**
- N 81 1 Schilling-Mauser, 8 m/m, 6 shot, 24-inch half octagon tapered barrel, Krupp steel, matted rib, checkered pistol grip stock, shotgun butt and single trigger. Second-hand, but in perfect condition. Retail \$50.00. Net **40.00**

Fox Guns

We have a few Fox Guns, as listed below, which are last year's models, travellers' samples and seconds, but in fine condition, every one of them, which we offer at a ridiculously low figure. Order quick or they'll be gone.

Sterlingworth Ejector Guns

- N 82 No. 59891—12 gauge, 30 inch, stock 2 7/8 x 14 1/8, both barrels full choke Retail **\$37.50** Net **\$28.00**
- N 83 No. 59718—12 gauge, 30 inch, stock 2 7/8 x 14 1/8, both barrels full choke Retail **37.50** Net **28.00**
- N 84 No. 59704—12 gauge, 30 inch, stock 2 7/8 x 14, both barrels full choke Retail **37.50** Net **28.00**

A Grade Fox

- N 85 No. 10951—12 gauge, 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 6 ozs., stock 3 x 14 1/8, both barrels modified choke Retail **\$37.50** Net **\$30.00**
- N 86 No. 8134—12 gauge, 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 4 ozs., stock 3 x 14, right cylinder, left modified choke Retail **37.50** Net **30.00**

A Ejector Grade

- N 87 No. 19548—12 gauge, 28 inch, weight 7 lbs. 4 ozs., stock 3 x 14, both barrels full choke Retail **\$49.50** Net **\$40.00**

B Grade

- N 88 No. 2420—12 gauge, 32 inch, weight 7 lbs. 8 ozs., stock 2 7/8 x 14 1/8, both barrels full choke Retail **\$50.00** Net **\$40.00**
- N 89 No. 445—12 gauge, 32 inch, weight 7 lbs. 10 ozs., stock 2 5/8 x 14, both barrels full choke Retail **50.00** Net **40.00**
- N 90 No. 13861—12 gauge, 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 8 ozs., stock 2 1/4 x 14 1/8, both barrels full choke Retail **50.00** Net **40.00**

B Ejector

- N 91 No. 17617—12 gauge, 28 inch, weight 6 lbs. 16 ozs., stock 3 x 14 1/8, both barrels full choke Retail **\$62.00** Net **\$48.00**

C Grade

- N 92 No. 2078—12 gauge, 30 inch, weight 7 lbs. 6 ozs., stock 2 3/8 x 14, right barrel modified, left full choke Retail **\$70.00** Net **\$50.00**

D Grade

Fitted with Recoil Pad

- N 93 No. 9564—12 gauge, 32 inch, weight 7 lbs. 12 ozs., stock 2 1/2 x 14 1/4, both barrels full choke Retail **\$140.00** Net **\$85.00**

Double Barrel Hammerless Express Rifles

- N 94 1 J. P. Sauer Express Rifle, No. 118457. Krupp steel barrels, Greener treble bolt, Purdy side clip, full pistol grip, caliber 405 Winchester 27-inch barrel, weight 10 lbs., drop 2 3/4 inch, stock 14 1/8 inches. Sample gun. Retail \$250. Net **\$125.00**
- N 95 1 J. P. Sauer & Son Express Rifle, No. 118458. Krupp steel barrels. Greener treble bolt, Purdy side clips, full pistol grip, caliber 9 m/m rim cartridge, weight 8 lbs. 10 ozs., 20-inch barrel, drop 2 3/8 inch, stock 14 1/8 inches. Badly shopworn. Retail \$250.00. Net **125.00**

Mauser Repeating Carbines

We still have a limited supply of these celebrated, genuine Mauser Carbines, Model 1888, shooting 7 m/m high-power smokeless cartridges. Range 2,000 yards. Loaded by means of a clip containing 5 cartridges. Length of barrel 18 inches. Full length 37 1/2 inches. Weight 6 3/4 lbs. Sighted to shoot 300 feet point blank. Excellent for sporting purposes. Absolutely new, perfect condition.

- Original cost at least \$35.00. Our price **\$12.50**
- Imported Cartridge, 7 m/m, mushroom soft nose bullets in clips, packed 20 in a box. **\$5.50** per 100
- American made Cartridges, in clips. Retail Price **5.10** per 100

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Guns

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707 of this issue.

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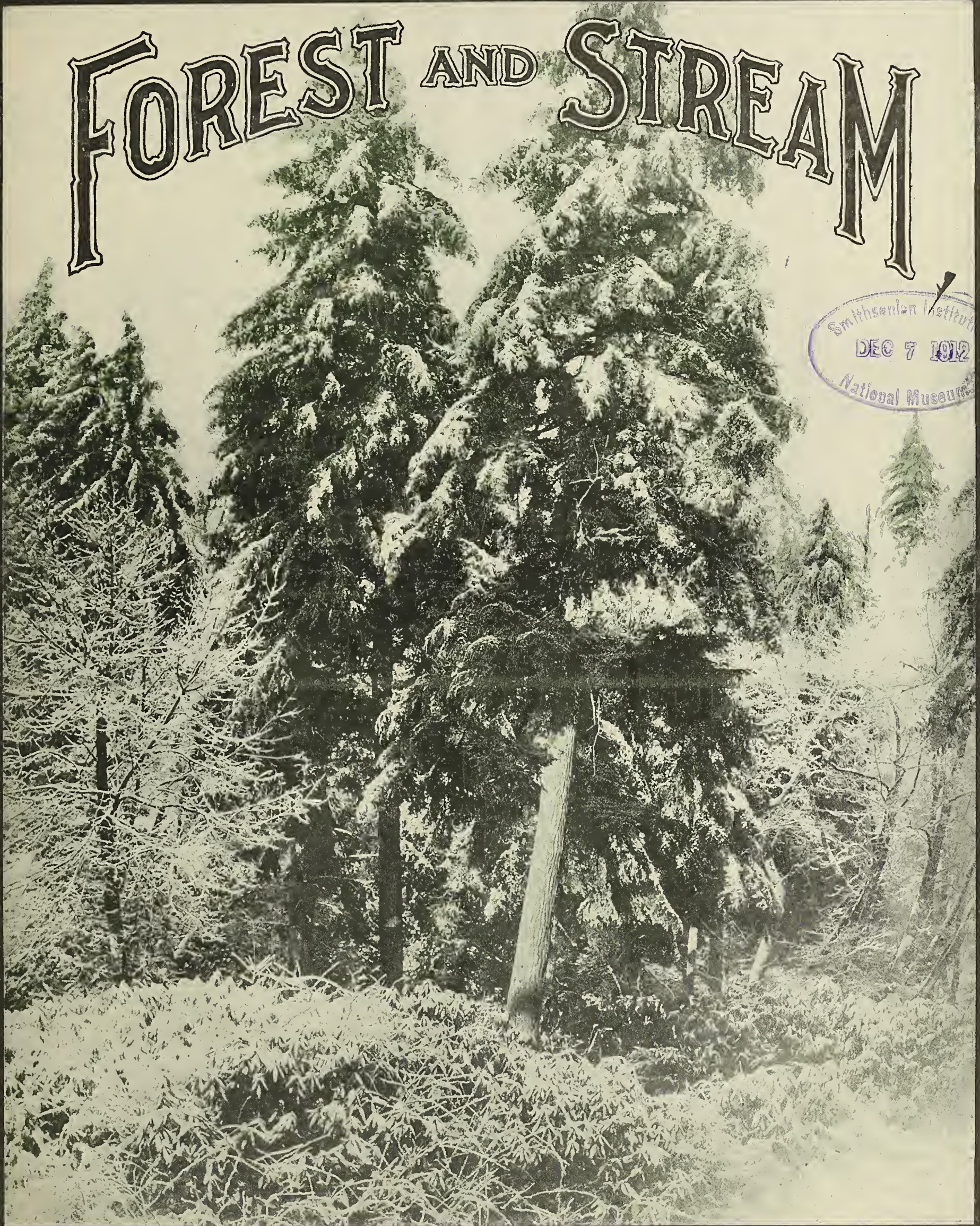
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CRIME OF A CREEPER.

A HIGHLY original plot for a detective story was suggested by the Rev. Prof. G. Henslow, who lectured on the "Senses of Plants" before members of the Royal Horticultural Society recently.

"A distinguished gardener," said the professor, "was dozing in a chair in his drawing room one sultry summer afternoon, and a bottle stood on the table by his side. Suddenly the bottle began to move stealthily across the table. The sleeper woke up; the bottle had disappeared. In astonishment, which might have been agitated had the bottle contained anything but a bunch of blossoms, he set out to investigate.

"In the midst of his meditations the thief fortunately gave audible warning of his proximity. Glancing out of his window the horticulturist saw an astonishing sight. The tinkle, tinkle he had heard was a Virginia creeper rattling the bottle against the window pane!"

The lecturer pointed out that little parlor tricks of this sort were quite a favorite pastime with the creeper. "The adhesive pads on its tendrils are irritated by anything it touches and stick to it like a leech. Really it may be quite feasible to train a plant to pick pockets.

"The fashionable sweet pea if touched on one of its tendrils with a stick or rubbed gently for half an hour will begin to twist round the stick. If teased further it will grapple with its tormentor. Besides the twisting motion it has another which has been described as 'bow around,' or circum-mutation. This is an endeavor to fasten on something. 'It was undoubtedly its success in "bowing around" or circum-mutation, my dear Watson, that enabled the creeper to carry off the bottle.'

"Though we have yet to find plants that can hear or smell, many of our common growths are sensitive to touch, taste, sight and thirst. Chlorophyll, which is the green coloring matter of leaves, not only stores up the energy of the sun in plants, but enables the plant to select the light ray that is most beneficial to it. In millions of little green granules under the epidermis of the leaf, it is in fact the eyes of the plant. It can detect every color and rays the human eye cannot see.

"The projected giant sun concentrator which may make the Sudan the power house of the world was long ago anticipated by nature in the schizostigma. This apparently terrible creature is nothing more formidable than a type of moss. Nature has endowed it with lenses in the form of globular granules which concentrate and condense light and so feed the plant in the shade. Too much light, however, turns leaves yellow, and plants can be made to turn their coats by the action of light upon them.

"Plants in fact are just as sensitive as we are. Insectivorous plants can undoubtedly taste what is given them and refuse it as certainly as the gourmet would an inferior dish at the dinner of a city company. They only like nitrogenous substances; sugar, starch, oil, and such fattening carbohydrates they have no use for.

"The craving of plants and trees for water has sometimes led them to terrible extremes. A poplar has been known to burrow beneath a wall, under a road, and down a well—all in search of water, and a pertinacious turnip which got the tip of its root into the crack in a field drain went on and on until it was six feet long in the drain. So sensitive is the tip of the root on the water question that Darwin declared it must have a brain in it.

"If ever a book is written on 'vegetable mechanics' one will find that plants have made levers, screws, columns, wedges—everything in fact that engineers do."—London Standard.

DIFFERENT KIND OF DOG.

Griggs—Lost money in that stock deal, did you? Say, let me give you a pointer.

Briggs—No you don't! No more pointers for me. What I'm looking for now is a retriever.—Boston Transcript.

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Soft gray green in color; tough and long wearing; withstands hard usage. FORESTRY CLOTH is made in all weights, up to 22 ounces.

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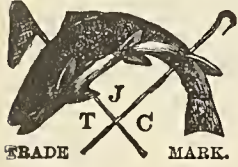
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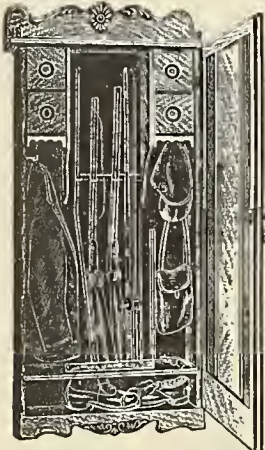
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127 Franklin St., New York.

Getting a Christmas Tree

By FRANK FARRINGTON

YOU may think it strange that a man living alone out in the woods as I do should have any use for a Christmas tree, and in a sense you are right. But if I did not myself expect to set up in my shanty, "Spruce Hut," a beautiful, fresh evergreen and decorate it with candles and dance around it in their flickering light, I at least knew of some people who did expect to do something like that.

The village storekeeper is a pretty good scout, as the boys say, and many a time he does me a favor that makes me feel pretty kindly toward him.

He has two children, a small boy of three and a girl of five. He does not seem to have as much money as some people, but I have never seen him when that shortage was causing any grouching upon his part.

His whole family have enough to eat, and he is saving up some money so that the boy and the girl can have an education that will fit them for something—and that is more than the children of a lot of people with more money will get.

Christmas is the storekeeper's busy time. He gets a chance to come out shooting with me occasionally in the fall, or fishing in the summer. He enjoys a good deal more liberty than his city cousins do. But not a bit of that liberty comes just at the time when it is open season on Christmas trees.

And so, after talking to his children about it one day in the store, I agreed to get them a Christmas tree if they would let me come and see it after it was decorated.

Little Tommy and his motherly five-year-old sister Kate both grew very enthusiastic over the proposition, and I was committed to the task of bringing in a suitable tree, and I mentally determined that it should be the best of the woods, though it could not be more than eight and a half feet tall and stand up in the storekeeper's parlor.

Snow began to come early up in the mountains and the river was frozen up tight the first of December. One begins early to think about the holidays in such a year, and while I knew that it was not best to cut the tree too soon, I could not put it off any later than the 21st.

There were some hemlocks and a few spruce on the hillside that sloped toward the village, but they were scraggly, unsymmetrical, ragged specimens and none of them was good enough for any friend of mine, so I determined to take a chance and go over into a piece of hemlock timber across the swamp from "Spruce Hut" and help myself to a young and perfect tree that



"THE TREES HUNG HEAVY WITH SNOW."

stood not far from a board bearing the legend, "No Trespassing."

That sign is not as irritating to me as it is to some people, because I have grown used to seeing it there. I know the man who owns the property and I know that there is some reason in his posting his farm. He has had bars left down by hunters who did not care that the cows got out and into the corn. He has had pieces of stone wall and pieces of wire fence made easy gaps for stock by careless hunters climbing over them. He has had to get his neighbors to come and help him put out fires in his timber, fires that campers or picnickers started and left burning.

If there were no trampling upon property owners' rights by the people who go hunting and fishing, there would be few farmers who would take the trouble to post their farms.

We had been treated to a fall of about eight inches of snow on the 20th, so that everything was white and clean when I started out the next morning to get my tree.

I went around the swamp to where the little outlet stream flows along the edge of the posted woods, and thence off down the slope to the creek. The trees hung heavy with the snow and the brooklet itself was almost buried in it. I

was familiar with every foot of the way and many a time I had marked that particular little hemlock as the perfect Christmas tree.

I crawled through the fence, dragging my axe after me and measuring with my eye what I thought would be about the right height for the tree. I struck into it with a few sharp strokes and soon had the upper part, the part that I wanted, lying on the snow before me, while I was myself covered with a mass of white shaken off by the blows of the axe.

I was trimming up the branches around the base of my prize when I heard a snapping of twigs and looked up to see the owner of the timber land striding toward me.

There was no way of escape. I was caught with the goods on me. There was nothing to do but stand my ground and have it out with a man whom I had been caught robbing just as much as if I had been discovered taking a sack of grain out of his stable.

"Whose trees are you cuttin' down?" he demanded.

"This is that tree that I wrote you about," I said.

"You ain't wrote me about any tree," said my visitor. "Can't you see that sign over there, 'No Trespassin'?"



SNOW BEGAN TO COME EARLY UP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

"Yes," I replied; "I know that this timber is yours, and that it is posted. You know me well enough to know that I am informed about all that, but Mr. Hannibel, I want to buy this tree, and I wonder that you haven't got my letter before this, saying that unless I heard from you to the contrary I would consider that you were willing that I should come in here and take one of these for a Christmas tree and pay you two dollars for it."

"Well, I ain't had any such letter and I ain't any too sure that you ever sent me one."

"You never caught me in a lie yet, did you?" I asked jocularly.

"I never caught you in a lie before," said he emphasizing the "before." That did not seem to call for any reply, so I kept still.

"What 're you going to do with this tree?" he asked.

"It doesn't look as if it were up to me to say under the circumstances. I had expected to take it down to the village and give it to two kids I know there for a Christmas tree."

"Humph! Do you mean to say that you were going to drag that sixteen-foot hemlock clear over the hill and down to the village. It would make a nice Christmas tree by the time you got it there—if you ever did, wouldn't it?"

The tree did look more than eight and a half feet long now that it lay on the ground; that's a fact. But sixteen feet—never!

"That isn't within five feet of sixteen," said I.

A grim smile overspread the features of Mr. Hannibel. "Anything the matter with your eyes?" he asked as he drew out a folding two-foot rule.

"Not so you'd notice it," said I. "I'll bet you a dollar that tree won't measure twelve feet long."

"You're inchin' along," said he, "but I'll just take your bet," and he pulled out a silver dollar and laid it on the stump of the fallen tree. I covered it with a paper dollar.

He had not laid his rule on the tree twice

before I saw that I had lost, and I told him to take the money, which he did without a word.

"Now," said he, "seems to me you said something about a letter saying you were going to give me two dollars for a tree about like this one."

"That was the price mentioned, I believe. Shall I pay you now?"

"Can't pay me any sooner. I cal'late to sell my lumber always for spot cash—right on the stump."

So I put two dollars more on the stump and thanked my lucky stars that I had happened to have a little money with me.

"Now, who's your tree for?" he asked.

I told him.

"Brother o' mine," said he, referring to the storekeeper. "Come on and we'll carry it over the hill now."

So after cutting about six feet off from the heavy end, we got hold of the rest and started.

Hannibel was right. That tree would have been no Christmas tree by the time I would have got it in its original condition over to its destination. It would have been an Easter tree more likely.

It was a hard tug up to the top of the hill, and we both breathed much easier when we reached the point where the snow-clad village lay below us. I will give the farmer credit for carrying more than his share of the load every foot of the way.

The sun came out as we were dropping over a ledge down into a long stretch of pasture, and we both sat down on an exposed piece of dry stone and I offered a cigar.

The cigar was accepted, and while we lingered a little to rest and smoke, I said: "Mr. Hannibel, if this is a joke it is on me. If you regard it as a serious matter, well, it is on me just the same. I know I had no right taking that tree, but I've had my eye on it for a long time, thinking what a perfect little Christmas tree the top would make, and when I found that your

brother's youngsters wanted a tree, I couldn't resist taking this one. Of course I never sent you any letter, but to be honest about it I would of course have told you about it and paid for the tree."

"Well, I ain't kicking any over my bargain," said he. "I ain't sayin' that that's just the right way to go about buyin' a man's property, but under the circumstances and knowin' you as I do, I know you are honest about it. If it was some folks, I'd have chucked 'em right over the fence—body, boots and breeches."

While this was not exactly complimentary, and while it did not exactly whitewash me, still it was letting me out of my misdeed as well as I could expect to get out, and I decided to let it go at that.

"Come over to my shanty some day," I said, "and I'll set you up to as good a dinner as you ever ate. I'd like to visit with you and talk over things about the woods. You've got the prettiest piece of timber land around here."

Hannibel was a bachelor as I knew, and I expected him to accept my invitation, nor was I disappointed.

"I'll come some day. I've got the best piece of timber around, as you say, and that ain't all I've got. I've got the best foxhound in these parts, and when this snow gets settled a little so the dog can run a fox, I'll come over with my gun some morning and we'll just go out and get a fox before dinner, and then I'll come in and see if you're as good at cookin' as you are at guessin' the height of a tree."

TO OLD PAL: Send FOREST AND STREAM to your bunkie for Christmas. He will think of you every week in the year—and every thought will be one of pleasure and gratitude. Three dollars won't go further.



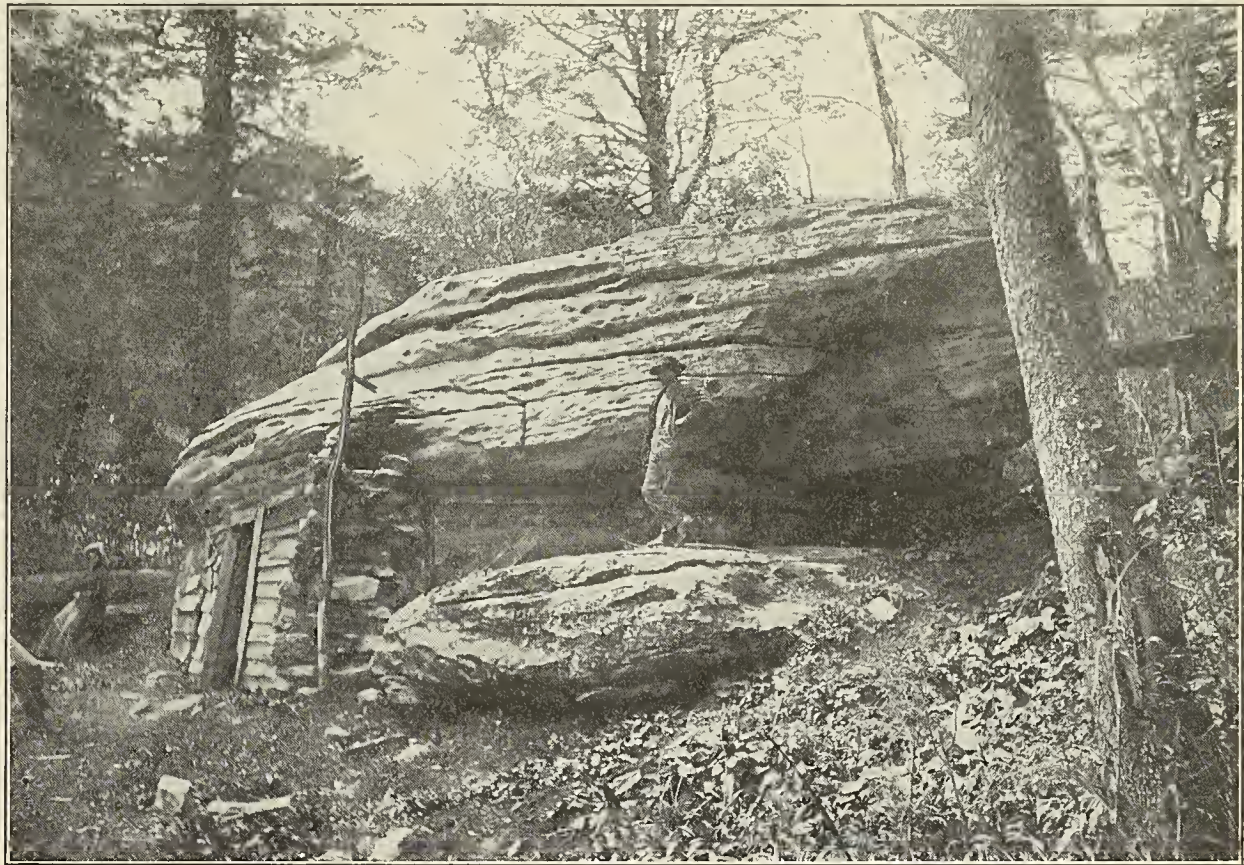
Christmas in North Carolina

By FRANK W. BICKNELL

CHRISTMAS in Dixie isn't what it used to be in the "good old days befo' de wah," as I have been told many times by the survivors of that interesting and more care-free period. Then it was the great family day, when the children came home and the nearest of kin got together for the week's celebration on a grand scale. There were big house parties, especially on the great plantations, little kingdoms in themselves, with innumerable servants—slaves, of course—and there and then the poet's command to "Let joy be unconfined" was heartily obeyed. Youth and pleasure did indeed meet, while the older set had their share, too. Every Christmas caller was cheered on his way by the hot toddy they knew so well how to make, and in many instances had produced all the ingredients on the plantation. It was a great day for the colored population, for they were not omitted in the serving of the cheering beverage, nor in the distribution of generous gifts. Also they had their social diversions.

Now this is much modified. So many of the old families were broken by the war, and the plantations, planned for cotton and slaves, cut up and more or less dismantled, that the Christmas doings have undergone radical changes, too. Many of the old families were no longer able, after the war, to indulge in these bountiful entertainments, and they have not been resumed on the scale once so typical of Southern hospitality, now that prosperity, happiness and contentment have come back to Dixie. Still, the old spirit of hospitality is strongly in evidence at this time. Changing fortunes have not been, and never will be, sufficient to stifle it, though certain unavoidable alterations have taken place in the life of the South. Many Southern people would like to do much more than they do in the way of entertaining their friends and visitors. They make the paying guest from the North feel very much at home. Thanksgiving Day has become more of a day for family gatherings than Christmas Day, and this year was one of great rejoicing among the old families, as well as many others, for they feel that the South is coming back into power at Washington under very favorable conditions.

The most striking difference between the observation of Christmas in the South and in the North is the very extensive use of fireworks at this time in the South. In fact, Christmas is to the South about what the Fourth of July is in the North. Firecrackers, and too often firewater, play a large part. Persons, even families, that rarely touch liquor at other times, consider it quite important to be supplied for Christmas. They tell me, however, it is less so than formerly. North Carolina is a prohibition State, but the thousands of express packages that may be seen almost any day at any railway station, show that the alcoholic taste has not departed from the people. Moonshine, or "blockade" whisky and apple-jack, as it is called here, still is sometimes to be obtained by the trusted ones. This industry,



GALAX PULLERS' WINTER SHELTER IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS.

too, has suffered decline, owing to the activity of the Federal revenue officers.

From a sportsman's standpoint, the Christmas season in North Carolina offers choice attractions, particularly the quail shooting in the Piedmont and mountain sections, from the middle of the State to its extreme northwestern corner. The variety of climate offered by this State is so great that one may find almost anything he chooses, from the mild low country of the middle and eastern sections to the cool, pure air of the mountains. On the coast he may have some of the finest duck shooting in North America. Up in the mountains it is usually, though not always, a little late for bear, 'coon and 'possum. Squirrels are plenty and rabbits a nuisance, they are so numerous all over Western North Carolina, in spite of the fact that they are much hunted by the men and boys all fall and winter. Rabbit hunting has become the favorite sport in many localities on Christmas Day. Quail are quite often to be found in the mountain farming country, while the pheasants, or ruffed grouse, are gaining in numbers and in some localities are very numerous. I know of several places where the hunting would be first-class with a good dog for a man who can "shoot some." These birds are not easy game in the woods, any more than quail, and for this reason are little hunted by the mountain hunters. I have heard them drumming all through the mountains this fall.

The mountaineer's favorite game is bear, 'coon and 'possum, and by Christmas time he has had many a race after them. If the weather is not too cold, he will have more, while lower down, in the warmer zones, the pursuit of these highly prized food animals will continue.

The amusing sport of "turkey-rolling" is still kept up about Christmas time, especially up in the mountains. It never fails to attract a crowd and after one or two have made a start, others soon enter. The contestant is blindfolded, stood between the handles of a wheel-barrow and whirled around rapidly by two men. Then he is told to wheel the barrow to a stake in the ground, which he has seen before being blindfolded, and toward which the barrow is pointed. It is about 75 to 100 feet distant, usually, and when he has reached the stake, or thinks he has, which is usually quite another thing, he is then to turn around and bring the barrow back. It is surprising how far the average man will miss it the first time, both in reaching the stake and in returning to the starting point. The hilarity of the crowd is noisily manifested. Ten or fifteen will enter, each paying a dime, and the one who makes the best record gets a turkey.

Wild turkeys, too, are still to be found if one knows where to go, and no other bird is quite so satisfying for Christmas, in the opinion of mountaineer, visiting sportsman and all others of good taste. The last one we had was a yearling gobbler weighing 19½ pounds, and no domestic turkey can compare with the flavor of that great bird.

The old-fashioned rifle-shooting matches are also kept up in Western North Carolina. The usual plan is to shoot for a beef, divided into five "choices." The best man gets first choice of hind quarters, second the other hind quarter. The front quarters go to third and fourth men, while the fifth gets the hide and tallow. The old deer rifles, or hog rifles, appear for these contests, sometime with barrels



THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY SHOOT.

forty-eight inches long, muzzleloaders and very accurate for short range when the secret of the misfit sights is understood, as it is by every man concerning his own gun.

As everyone knows, the Southland supplies much of the decorative material used in the North for Christmas. Holly, mistletoe, galax and leucothoe sprays are the chief items known commercially, though many other plants, shrubs and trees contribute to the cheer of the cold Northern Christmas. Magnolia leaves from further south are also extensively used, and so are the pretty little ground pines from the mountains. Gathering these leaves, especially the galax, green and bronze, which is used by florists the year around, affords the mountain people a good living during the winter and carries them through a season that was often hard for many of them. Many millions of galax leaves are gathered every winter by the mountaineers, largely women and children, tied in bunches of twenty-five and traded to the little country stores for needed supplies. Often families will go out into the mountains, far from home, take along some "rations" and spend several weeks, sometimes all winter, pulling galax. They put up a temporary hut, or find shelter under some huge overhanging rock, building a front to it to keep out the wind and cold. They get from twenty-five to thirty cents per 1,000 for the leaves, and where the crop is good, will get from 4,000 to 8,000 leaves a day, usually averaging about 5,000, and the children less. These must then be bunched and packed down. The galax industry has made the mountain people more careful about letting fires get out in the woods, for that destroys the galax. Before Christmas the "galackers," as they call themselves, are very busy, for the leaves are just getting good, and the more they get the merrier will their Christmas be.

Northern hunters, coming to North Carolina for its varied attractions, sometimes spend the Christmas season here, and if they do they are sure to have a good time, seeing the people at their best. One form of entertaining them is to get up a fox chase, which is very interesting, particularly if it is a red fox, for he will keep two alternating packs in hot pursuit for twelve hours and never be in the slightest danger, though letting the dogs get near enough to make it interesting.

In the Blue Ridge country we have our first big snow usually not long before Christmas, or just about that time, and if it comes softly, perhaps with a little sleet to hold it to the trees, a picture of fairyland will be formed that baffles any camera or artist's brush.

Carrying Game Through New Jersey.

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Any New York gunner shooting game in the State of New York and reaching his home in New Jersey via a railroad which traverses New Jersey, should not be held up or fined for carrying such game, provided he exhibits a New York hunting license and can satisfactorily prove that such game was not killed within the State of New Jersey.

If there is any question about such gunner satisfactorily proving his right to carry such game through our State at the time of his being prevented, I think in all justice to the Fish and Game Commission of New Jersey he should leave a deposit in a suitable amount, which deposit should be returned to him when he furnishes such proof by affidavit or otherwise that the game was killed without our boundaries.

It is not the intention of this commission to persecute anyone, and we do not propose to allow any warden or deputy warden to extort

unjustly any fines that are not perfectly proper, and at any time we are glad to take up and carefully examine into any cases that may occur about which there is any question. Attempts are made so often to infringe and impose upon our laws that we simply in self defense must throw every possible safeguard about them, and I can assure you that no injustice shall be done anyone if it is in the power of this commission to avoid it.

ERNEST NAPIER,

President New Jersey Fish and Game Com.

2,600 Deer Shot This Year.

APPROXIMATELY 2,650 deer were killed in the Adirondacks this year in the forty-five days of open season, extending from Oct. 1 to Nov. 15, according to complete returns filed with the New York State Conservation Commission. The records of the Department, which were compiled from the reports of the railroad companies and the scouts who are stationed in the forests during the open season, show that 2,500 carcasses, 96 saddles or the hams of the deer and 54 heads were shipped out of the woods between Oct. 1 and Nov. 15.

The State Conservation Commission has reports which are indicative of the unusual increase in the deer population of the Adirondacks. Not in the memory of the oldest attaché of the Conservation Commission has there been so many deer in the mountains. Game protectors, wardens and watchers report deer in large number in all the favorite hunting places.

Long Lake West this year yielded over 125 bucks, Big Moose contributed 40 and Clearwater topped its 1909 production by 30, the total number of deer killed here being 97.

The deer shot this season ranged in dressed weight from 180 to 260 pounds. The largest, 260, was taken near Long Lake West.

The Duck Epidemic.

NEVERSINK, N. Y., via Liberty, Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems that the epidemic disease which has killed so many ducks in Utah was due to peculiar local conditions. As long as there is an abundance of water, the ducks are fairly well distributed and find plenty of food, but when drouths occur and the demands of irrigation are supplied, the ducks are concentrated in the fresh water ponds and marshes that have not dried up. The water is polluted and stale, and the disease again makes its appearance. There is no spring shooting, and an enormous number of ducks being undisturbed, remain in Utah to rear their broods.

A heavy fall of rain which fills up all the streams and ponds and relieves the needs of the agriculturists usually cures the disease by extending the range of the ducks and restoring natural conditions. Apparently it is a case of tenement house conditions being forced upon the ducks in dry season by civilization and the needs of a rapidly increasing population. The duck clubs, I am informed, had the dead ducks gathered and buried as soon as possible. That the sick ducks were all bagged by market hunters is an amusing yarn, as the disease was checked by rains before the season opened.

We cannot have game fish and game birds unless the environment is sanitary and natural. They must have reasonably pure water and proper food.

THEODORE GORDON.

The Caribou Barrens of Newfoundland—II.

Pictures and Text by the "Judge."

BOB and Ralph got back from the South at 4 P. M.—a quick trip—and reported seeing many ducks and geese, a doe and a small stag. Lionel says: "All the big stag hides now way back in the edges of the mesh, sunning he's horns, gettin' 'em ready for we."

There were a few mosquitos around, but they had only strength enough to fly and sing; and the black flies did not bite with that vicious bloodthirstiness which characterizes them in June, confining their attentions to crawling up our sleeves and into our ears. There were lots of fox tracks in the sand along the river, and bear signs, too; but Bob said it was no use hunting them before the middle of October, the fur being poor now. There are no skunks or porcupines in Newfoundland, though there are plenty in Labrador.

Speaking of shelldrakes and coots and various fish ducks, Lionel expressed a lively liking for them all; but said: "I can't come a hen, I'm not like she whatever," reminding me of old Peter Therkelsen, of fond memory, who said, as to skunks: "Wall, you tak 'um young skunk, parboil 'um in salt water and fry 'um in butter—bah gosh, ah'm jes soon have chicken."

In the woods near camp we found a 21-point horn, very much chewed up by mice, which reminded Bob that while guiding a government surveying party in the upper Terra Nova country last November he found, in the water's edge of St. John's Lake, the wasted remains of a couple of stags with the horns tightly interlocked. The heads he hung in a tree, and while passing there trapping, in February, took them with him; the skulls meanwhile having been nicely cleaned off by the Canada jays, and he had them then at home. He said the angle of contact would be perfect for cross-corner mounting, and that he could supply a pair of scalps during the winter if desired. Upon returning, I mentioned the matter to Wm. T. Hornaday, Curator of the New York Zoological Society, and he expressed a desire to have these horns for the heads and horns exhibit in the Administration Building at the Bronx Zoo. I accordingly got Bob to send them along, and they are now mounted in the Administration Building. A photograph of these unique trophies appears herewith.

Barring occasional showers, the days were fair, the sky blue and the weather cool. Having finished spotting out the trail into the "Big Mesh" over the ridge southeast, we found a great, rolling country, covered with tiny scattering bushes, six to eighteen inches in height, carpeted with the most beautiful continuous bed of moss, deep brown, bright chestnut and gray; all dry and velvety under foot, and intersected in every direction with caribou leads cut down into the roots of the mosses eight or ten inches below the surface of the bog. The curly toe prints of the deer were everywhere, in the leads and upon the surface of the moss.

The bog was about two hundred feet high above the river and there was a splendid view.



LOCKED HORNS OF STAGS FOUND DEAD AT ST. JOHN'S LAKE, BY ROBERT BROOKING, OF ALEXANDER BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Now in exhibit of heads and horns at Bronx Zoological Park, New York City. Described in this issue.

Mount Peyton stood up nobly upon the north-eastern horizon. There are a great variety of marsh shrubs: such as the Indian tea, six inches high, with a slender green leaf rich brown underneath; stunted red spruces only one to four feet in height; the "goul-withey," a large leaf smooth and green on both sides and twelve inches high; the black plum bush, about two inches high, which, in the season, bears a small black plum about the size of a cranberry; the bake apple bush, four to six inches in height, and with a broad green leaf, and the marsh berry bush, bearing a fruit about like cranberries, but slightly smaller, and much used for making jam. Blueberries were plentiful in the old burnt lands and were much favored by the "grouse" (ptarmigan), and black bears. In the woods a tiny vine crawling over the stumps bore a "capillary berry," as

Bob called it, or as Lionel put it, "Maidenhair teaberry"; a pure white berry, the size of a red currant, but elongated and of a very sweet flavor. Red partridge berries (mountain cranberries) are plentiful on the old burned "dry barrens," and are shipped by thousands of barrels to England, where they are used for making jam and red dye stuff.

The characteristic trees of the country are white birch, cherry, poplar and maple along the river banks and on the ridges; alder in the little wood swamps; thick groves of spruce, tamarack, fir, pine and a very little cedar.

Chickadees and Canada jays are numerous, and there are small hawks, some few larger ones, and at night is heard the cry of owls, large and small.

The weather now turned very cold and clear, and Bob and I crossed the river to hunt



THE NARROWS.

out a big bog up to the northwest; but while there was plentiful sign we found no deer. Upon returning to camp the boys said that a grand white stag, with horns all peeled, had come out across the river three hundred yards below camp, just about 4 P. M.; that he got a whiff of the camp when about in the middle of the river and went tearing down stream, nearly kicking all the water out of the river. Ralph declared that his horns and legs and the water, altogether, looked like a spring log jam going down at Grand Lake Stream.

Next day I started up stream with Bob and Lionel at daylight, for the real hunting camp the boys had located fifteen miles to the south. Considering the slippery stones of the river bed and the hard portages through the thick woods around bad places in the river, I called it a hard day, although I carried only my rifle and camera; but Bob and Lionel, with their packs of sixty pounds or so each, did not seem to mind it much. My feet were sore from fighting the frequent beds of sharp shale rock along the river bed.

The bed of the river is broken here and there by lava dikes, and as we went along, filled up more and more with great boulders. At one point the river emerges from a dark cañon with steep rock walls, into which we could not penetrate. This Bob called the "tunnel," and we had to make a three-mile portage to reach the head of it. Resting there, we could hear the faint sound of falls down in the tunnel. Bob said that no one had ever been able to penetrate this tunnel. As a matter of fact, it appears that very few white hunters have ever come on to this particular river, although the country has been trapped by the Indians since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

We saw fox and cat tracks along the beach. It seems that there are no wolves in Newfoundland now, although Lionel said that he had heard of a pack three years ago in the northern peninsula, along the Straits of Belle Isle. They are said to cross from Labrador occasionally on the ice pack, the narrowest place being only nine miles in width.

After a sleep and breakfast Lionel returned down stream to the main camp, while Bob and I settled down for a hunt, getting firewood and fixing up comfortably the tiny camp, which stood just inside the edge of the bank, close by the river.

I observed that Bob was very careful with his ax, and commented upon it. Said he: "I have a good right to be, for I got a good lesson once and I will tell you about it. When I was a young fellow about like Ralph I made up a deal with another lad to trap in partnership one winter. We spotted out a line into a good bit of country about forty miles from home, just a good day's travel, and got our leanto built and our grub packed in and cached in the late fall, and everything all ready.

"We trapped through the winter until March, and then the other fellow got discouraged and jacked up. I wanted to have more sand than that; I didn't want to jack up, so I made up my mind to go over the line at least once more. So I set out before daylight with just a bit of lunch in my pocket and by night

I reached the camp, only to find that some one had come in there hungry and eaten up all the grub we had; not a morsel was left.

"That didn't bother me any, for I was just a young buck and could live on meat and knew I could get a ptarmigan or deer to eat, so I set out to build a fire and began to cut down a small birch just as it was getting dark. My ax must have crossed a small twig, for the next thing I knew the point of it was into my left knee cap. I always was an awful coward about human blood anyway, the worst you ever see, and the blood and all finally made me sick. I had no clothes of any soft, so I cut up the better part of my undershirt to make bandages and lay still all night. In the mornin' my leg was that stiff and painful I couldn't move. I dragged myself out and managed to start a fire and get some water heated, and by bathing the knee in hot water a long time, and tying it up as much as I could, got so I could crawl along after a sort of fashion and look for game, for there was nothing whatever left to eat.

"Not a deer or bird could I find, but at length when I came out on to the shore of George's Lake, I saw way down on the edge of the white ice something black, like a man's coat sleeve, and I knew it was an otter. I crawled along through the edge of the woods to get at him, but when I got down there not a sign of him could I see. Now the ice was about two feet thick and a big heave had come and cracked it up right there in a wide crack and forced it up, and as I peeked about under there I saw him right handy to me in under on a little shelf of ice, watching me. He knew the minute I seen him, for I seen his eyes twinkle, and, like a flash, he was gone under the ice. But I was sure he'd come out soon for a look, and when he did I shot him. Of course, an otter isn't much for eating, he's not a thing you'd pick if you had much choice, but I made up my mind he'd keep me from starvation, and for a fact he did, until I got so I could walk after a fashion and be able to get out of the woods. Ever since that I always takes a look over my head before I begins choppin'."

Speaking of seal hunting, Bob said: "There

(Continued on page 735.)



FOLLOWING THE TRAIL.

Choosing a Christmas Gift for Outdoor Boy and his Father

By UNCLE WILLIAM



WHEN I was a small boy I remember there was some friction between my father and mother over the gun question. Should I be allowed to have a gun of any kind? Would I do any harm to myself with an air rifle, or as mother argued, should I have a "little real gun?" The compromise finally petitioned Santa for an air rifle, with cute little darts decorated with fancy silk tail pieces; these for fancy shooting, while for every day shooting I was to use slugs. Christmas morning came, pursuant to the calendar's regular custom, and with it a shiny rifle, which gladdened my heart beyond comprehension. I hurried out to try my gun. Sitting on a stone wall across the street about forty feet away was a chipmunk. Slipping into the chamber one of the darts, I aimed carefully—and missed. Four times more I mused up the ambient atmosphere with my fancy ammunition, apparently much to the amusement of Mr. Chipmunk, who chattered gleefully. This was using up my "best" bullets too prodigally. I loaded with a slug, put the bead on the little rodent and pulled. The chatter ceased and over the wall fell the chipmunk. In the dozen bounds across the road I mentally had the skin stretched and tacked on a board drying, and the squirrel fried in butter on my plate for breakfast. Alas, I was too young to swear. When I reached down to pick up my quarry, he scampered into the wall and was gone. He had been only stunned; the toy gun didn't have enough hitting power to kill a four-ounce chipmunk at less than fifteen yards. To say that I was disappointed is no more an adequate term than "pretty" describes an October sunset. I was broken-hearted. I took the toy gun into the house and got out my sling shot—a real killer, though barred by father, mother and the neighbors. I waited around and by and by I got that chipmunk with a marble propelled by two elastics.

At dinner father asked me how I liked my new gun. I tried to evade the question, but finally, almost tearfully, I told my sad tale. The next day dad took the toy gun back to the sporting goods store and exchanged it for a pretty little 22 caliber Remington, from which I grew, with long trousers, into bigger calibers, with

which I have secured big-game heads of almost every description. However, the moral of the foregoing is obvious. Don't disappoint the boy on Christmas day, even if you "make good" the day after. The time has passed when an outdoor boy can be satisfied with a spring gun, a set of dominoes, neckties or things of the sort he knows are household necessities and clothing that dad has to buy him, anyhow. There are many useful gifts for a boy as well as for his father, as for instance a watch, than which there is none better than the Waltham-Riverside; a safety razor, of which the Durham-Duplex is as good as the best and better than the rest; Williams' shaving soap, cream or powder adds much to the enjoyment of this tool. Cigars, yes. They make an acceptable present for father and son when the latter has reached the estate of the rifle that "hits like the hammer of Thor," the great self-loading arm made by the Winchester Arms Co. However, no one should make a gift of cigars unless the giver is a smoker and a judge of smoke, because more bad cigars are disguised in selling wrappers than proverbial wolves appeared in sheep's clothing. Pipes and tobacco go far toward pleasure and comfort of the recipient, though only standard brands of the smoke weed are to be considered. Of these there are many of various flavors, all good and agreeable. The question of cigarettes—well, it isn't a question; it's a habit; to some a joy. From the Christmas gift menu the paper-covered smoke may be omitted. Boys, all boys, like skates as a means to an end. Sometimes the intermediate end is reached painfully during the interim. The end reached by skates is that of



filling in between other sports. In my youthful days I liked Barney & Berry skates, a veritable Christmas trade mark. Now, years later, I prefer the B. & B. product. Shooting glasses please father or son, especially such as are made by the F. W. King Optical Co. F. W. King is a trapshooter in the upper register. He attributes much of his success to "F. W. K." glasses, which he invariably uses. F. A. Hardy & Co. make an "auto glass" that is to be highly recommended to shooters as well as to motor boat and automobile drivers. A shooting coat is among the practical gifts, along with sweaters and hunting jerseys. The Nelson or Webber manufacture is made to fit the purpose as well as the figure. The youth and his father have



BEFORE BREAKFAST—ST. PAUL'S RIVER, LABRADOR.

Photograph by I. Vey.



GROWING UP IN THE ATMOSPHERE.



A BIRD IN THE HAND.

Photographs by Mary E. Weber.

taken to trapshooting to a tremendous degree. Boys of ten, on through the 'teens, are among the shooters at many clubs each week, while in the championship class appear Kahler, Bruns and others, still in the too young to vote class.

To such boys and men, as well as to field and fowl shooters, a shotgun would absolutely fill the bill. Good guns are made to suit all purses, but it is imperative that they be of standard make—Winchester, Remington, Baker, Lefever, Marlin, Parker, Davis, Smith, Stevens, Sauer, Daly, Francotte, Fox, Ithaca, Greener—every one full value for its price. A non-standard gun at a low price is a dangerous thing. School boys have enthusiastically taken up rifle shooting. In every city a school rifle team thrives. Target rifles as well as rifles for big-game shooting to be recommended are: Ross, Remington, Winchester, Stevens, Sauer-Mausser, Marlin.

In buying a gun it is well to remember that a gun is only as good as its lock, and that to keep the lock in condition requires oil—good oil. There are two good oils for guns—Nyoil and Three-in-One. A convenient as well as utility offering is the Maxim Silencer. This, attached in a minute to the small-bore rifle, will enable one to shoot indoors with almost no report. It's a great help in indoor target practice. I doubt if anyone yet has thought of ammunition as a gift. Yet, nothing could be more suitable than a box or a case of shells for a man or boy gunner. Care should be used, however, in selecting ammunition. Choose such brands as Peters, Robin Hood, Black Shells, Winchester, Remington-U. M. C. or a set of Marlin loading tools so that he may reload his shells. Specify the brand of powder you want, as all powders are not alike in power or reliability. A safe rule is to order those advertised in *FOREST AND STREAM*. These all are reliable. There are many others made, of which this may not be said. Fishing tackle and equipment brings gratitude from the man who is a disciple of Sir Izaak. Selecting tackle can best be done from catalog of which numberless are issued, and a few complete and dependable. In Brooklyn, Marsters, Michaelson; in Manhattan, William Mills & Son, Thos. J. Conroy, H. H. Kiffe Co., New York Sporting Goods Company, Schoverling, Daly & Gales, Von Lengerke & Detmold, Abercrombie & Fitch, D. T. Abercrombie; J. B.

Haskell, Crosby, Minn.; W. J. Jamison, Chicago; Jack Barnwell, Cabot, Ark.; F. W. Loomis, Saranac Lake, N. Y., or your local dealer if you know he may be relied upon. Tents and camp kits are valued presents. It is well to ask advice of an expert in selecting these various things. Powhatan Robinson, of New York Sporting Goods Co.; Ezra Fitch, of Abercrombie & Fitch; Ernest Von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, all are widely experienced in wood wants. Outdoor books—nothing better for man or boy, space being too limited to mention them here. They have been tabulated and priced elsewhere in this issue. There are many other outdoor articles excellent as gifts, namely: golf sticks, tennis rackets and last, but not least, archery requisites, bows, arrows, quivers, targets and so on. For these goods we gladly refer you to the dean of their manufacture, E. I. Horsman, or to a younger, though no less enthusiastic maker—James Duff, of Jersey City. I think Bill Nye, on youth, will aptly finish our advice on grown-up and youthful wants:

"Youth is the springtime of life. It is the time to acquire information, so that we may show it off in after years and paralyze people with what we know. The wise youth will 'lay low' till he gets a whole lot of knowledge, and then in later days turn it loose in an abrupt manner. He will guard against telling what he knows, a little at a time. That is unwise. I once knew a youth who wore himself out telling people all he knew from day to day, so that when he became a bald-headed man he was utterly exhausted and didn't have anything left to tell anyone. Some of the things that we know should be saved for our own use. The man who sheds all his knowledge and doesn't leave enough to keep house with, fools himself."

My knowledge practically all is shed, but still more may be gratuitously had by writing the Information Department of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Their experts in each department are at your service.

To MOTHER: Perhaps father buys *FOREST AND STREAM* on the newsstands now and then—when he thinks of it. He surely would be grateful if you subscribed, so that he found the paper on his table each week. It is a Christmas present that won't wear out.

Two Grouse Cases.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Believing that publicity is the best possible deterrent for crime of any sort, I was glad to read Theodore Gordon's exposé of the case of trapping and selling grouse in the Catskills. It is my opinion that all cases of violations of the fish and game law should be made public just as soon as a conviction is had, and there is no reason, except politics, why they should not be published. I am advised at the office of the Conservation Commission that the man caught by Protector DeSilva was John M. Decker, of Willowemoc; that he was caught on Oct. 24 on a train going from Livingston Manor to New York, and that he had forty-seven partridges in a dress suit case. He was arraigned and confessed judgment for \$100 and costs. Secretary Hoyt, of the Commission, says: "The Department believes that Decker has been acting as a sort of fence for the illegal hunters in both Delaware and Sullivan counties, the partridges being delivered to Decker and the running them into New York." He says also that "Decker was suspected of being mixed up in other violations of the law, that a search warrant was secured, his house searched and considerable fur found that was taken out of season. Decker made no denial of his guilt and confessed judgment for \$100 and costs in the fur case."

A newspaper dispatch from Gloversville, dated Nov. 15, relates that Frank L. Clunis, of Broadalbin, was fined \$100 by Justice Bass, of Northville, during the previous week for illegally transporting grouse. The Conservation Commission says that Clunis had five grouse and five woodcock in his possession. The newspaper dispatch says:

"According to information received from Northville, Clunis early in the week was in the Lake Pleasant region and returned with a number of partridges. Ten of these he packed for shipment, and it is stated sent them to the Elk Club of Amsterdam. This leaked out in some manner and Clunis appeared before Justice Bass, confessed judgment and paid the fine before complaint was made." J. D. WHISH.

THE area of Australia is three-fourths that of Europe.

Getting a Christmas Turkey

By AMOS BURHANS

MY first trip on the Mississippi was with my father when I was a lad of ten, but the last trip was the best I ever have made. It followed a canoe trip of the Mississippi from its headwaters in Hernando De Soto Lake in Northern Minnesota, north into Lake Itasca and through the State Park, thence southward as the river flows; followed it so that I could say I had made the entire trip from source to mouth.

We had stopped at Hickman, Ky., for supplies during a certain morning. At noon we started for any good point further south that would give us a Christmas turkey. Past many Government river improvements being put in, through some interesting goose country, watching the thousands of ducks and countless cranes, all headed our way to spend the winter in a milder clime, we sped during the afternoon. The Mississippi River Commission's map gave us an idea that we might find one at Island No. 10. Sometimes we could not distinguish the islands shown on the map by any surrounding water.

But we caught the inlet of water from the Mississippi just in time and made for it. The cut-off, a small stream fed by the main river and again wedding it twelve miles further down, was called Winchester chute. We dropped into it and hove the anchor, planning to spend the night, fill water casks and see what the prospects were for hunting. Up on the point formed by the cut-off and the river were the shacks of a dozen fisher folk. They had floated into their locations forty feet above the present stage of water while the river was on its annual tear during the spring.

The mudhook had no more than touched bottom before a delegation from the shanties came out to make sure we were not game wardens. The spokesman came aboard, sampled our sure cure for snake bite, left and assured his companions we were "right." As we mentioned some time ago, they were catching their fish in Missouri and selling in Kentucky. I think Hickman was their market. Probably this was not all that worried them. Setting off with the tender for water, we found a shack back among the cottonwoods. A split log fence surrounded it. Behind the yard as far as the eye could reach was corn and then more corn, all of the scraggly sort which an Iowa farmer would laugh at and shake his sides over for a month. Ill bred hogs rooted in the yard under the dwelling. A pack of curs challenged our approach. In a cage a wild goose honked. And then our survey of the shanty and its wards came to a cease.

"Hullo, stranger." The front door had opened and a stoop-shouldered man of sixty came out, thin of face and pale, cob pipe in mouth and a sickly smile trying to steal out the corners of his mouth. "Who might you be?"

"I'm after water, neighbor. What's the prospects?"

"Purty good. Well's down by the chute. Never goes dry and mebbe not so good as you're used to, but fair, anyway."

"Ever have snakes hereabouts?" I looked at him and tried to give him the key to the

riddle with my smile, but he did not catch it.

"Plenty of 'em in the summer."

"I'm sorry I cannot be here in the summer when you need it, but you better take a bit of the cure now," and with that I reached under the southwest end of my pea jacket and resurrected the cure. His face beamed.

"I might ask about the turkey shooting here in the bottoms if I had the time to stop and take it in," I ventured as an opener to a subject near my heart.

"Take my advice and stop here now while you're here." Perhaps more of the cure was what he wanted to meet.

"Why so?" I was innocent in my query.

"I see a flock of seventeen out on the bar t'other night as I cum along from tendin' the light." He cared for a Government lamp on the river.

"That sounds encouraging. I suppose I might take the time now as well as any."

"Sure. Take it now. I ain't able myself to git out much, but I'll send the lad. He's as good as me, anyhow. He kilt the bigges' one in these parts last winter."

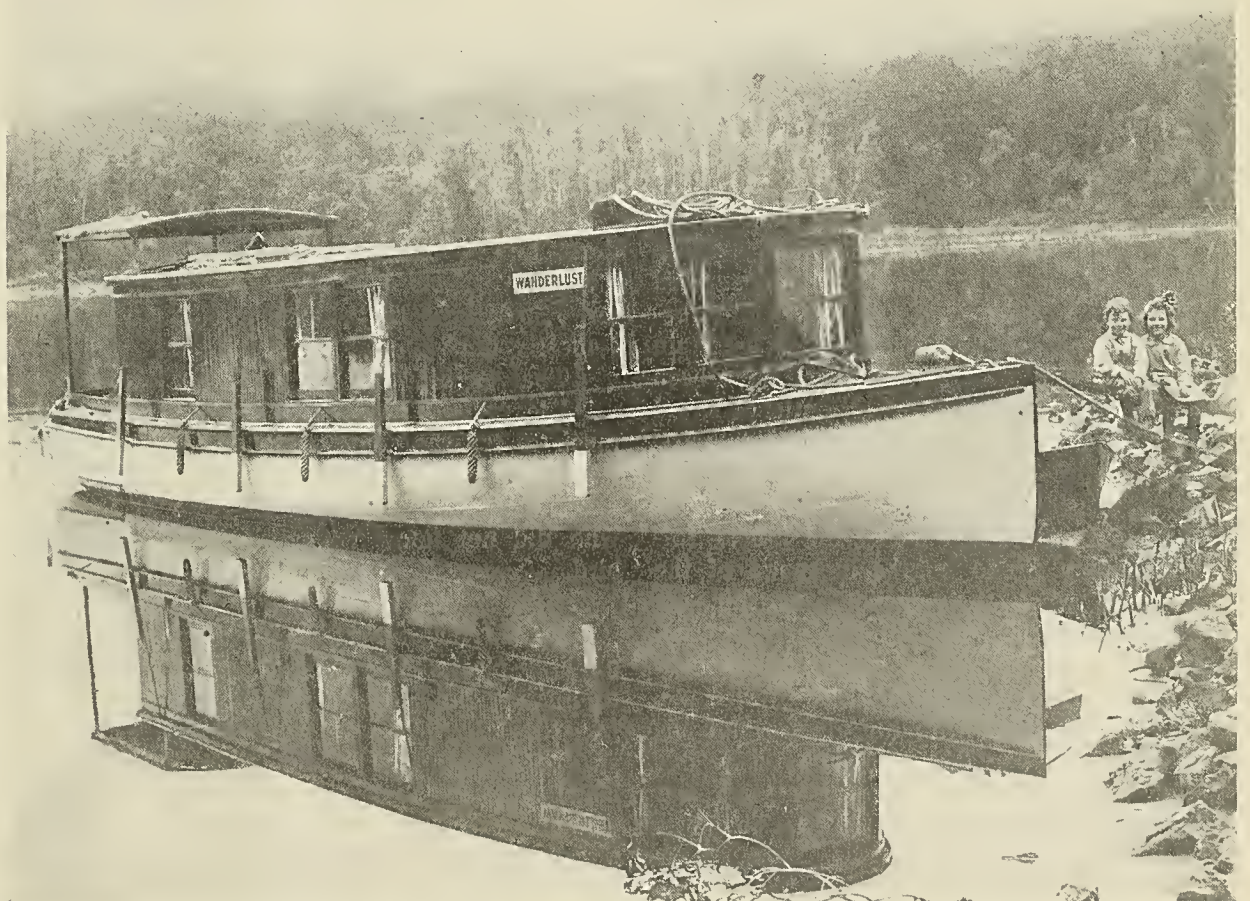
That settled it. I had to stay. The thing was arranged to begin the following morning, and I went down to the well, filled the casks, walled through the mud to the tender, carried the water aboard and sorted the shells I would carry.

At daybreak we shifted the cruiser to the bank of the chute so the wife could call on the folks in the shanty and have other means of divertisement while the captain hunted a Christmas turkey. The lad in question, a shy

youth of some 'teen summers, who looked as if a number of "shakes" more would kill him for good, came carrying his ten-gauge. Rightly loaded, there is no use for a turkey arguing with a shoot stick like this, especially under a hundred yards. The whole case rests with the gun, and the eye behind it. A No. 6 or 8 buck-shot fairly well placed in the vitals of that two-legged Christmas delicacy transfers him to the commissary department for a brief period before he enters the happy strutting grounds where hens are aplenty and hunters nil. And it takes a ten-gauge of proper bore and choke to accomplish this desideratum, according to the market hunters of the section we were in.

Picking up my sixteen-gauge I crawled out on the forehead hatch and loosened the dink, for we had to cross the swift chute and thus get on the island where the turkeys were supposed to be. The island was inhabited by a few negroes and some elm peeler hogs. The hogs were in the ascendancy. They could get under the angle where a man could not, and the chances were all in their favor if one tried to run them down. We set out for a path that led down the river bank, through a patch of corn and into more brush and timber. The latter was so dense one could not see more than a few yards ahead. Every step forward not made in the path was a sure turkey alarmer, for the earth was covered with brittle twigs and fallen leaves.

I had thought the best manner of pursuit was to locate their night drinking place and secure ourselves among the brush, maintaining silence until such time as we should let the guns loose and pick up the cripples and the dead. But it was not to be such an easy matter as this even. The lad led the way. He knew where he was going. Lower and lower became the jungles, the trees denser and denser. Birds of all kinds flew off at our approach. I believe I



THE AUTHOR'S CRUISER WANDERLUST.

never saw as many red birds as in the brush on this island. Jays were numerous. It was a veritable feathered paradise. Food was everywhere. Shumac, acorns, weed seeds, corn and other food in abundance held them temporary prisoners on the way south. Passing along another patch of corn we scared a covey of young quail into the air. They dodged into the brush, and we could hear their fat little bodies drop into the leaves as they plumped, plumped, first here and then yonder according to the distance they had separated by the time they alighted.

A swampy stretch of timber and bush we soon came to. The lad said that we were getting into the mast grounds where the birds would be feeding more than likely. He moved more cautiously than before and unlimbered his gun. I dropped behind and to the right of him, thinking from the looks of the tangles I would be safe in trying my hand alone. Then, too, I stood a chance of getting into the birds alone and making a record. (I have had this feeling a number of times when hunting with others, and some day when I have time I shall analyze it. I have heard that others experience the same thing.) Just as soon as I was out of sight, of Bill my stealth became incredible. I moved very slowly. A good half hour was spent casting about in this manner, nothing showing that the birds had even been in the section that morning.

Shortly I heard a young cannon break the silence somewhere ahead of me and imagined a turkey came to death at each of the four shots. The gun must have been pointed toward me, for the reverberation was something startling, although it was a distance off. I dropped into a clump of brush and dead stuff and cleaned a place to the bare earth, so that my turning about in the shield would not break something under foot and warn the quarry should it approach. It was well I did this.

From overhead I heard the flapping of enormous wings and looking up saw four young turkeys dropping into the brushy spot before me. They dropped so suddenly that I had no time to shoot. There was nothing to do but take a chance on them, approaching within range, for they would surely advance toward me instead of going back toward the spot where they had been shot at. I was quiet at least ten minutes. Looking back on the incident I see, if I had moved, the game would have deserted me with but slim chance for a fair shot. I have seen a startled deer stand in an open spot for a long time before making off, seemingly trying to ascertain where his danger lay. And it must have been the same with the turkeys. Their patience saved them for some time. But mine outlasted theirs, for after a time one of them stuck its head out of the brush and came toward me. He was easily a hundred yards off. If the others followed him they would not be in range of the sixteen-gauge when their leader was, and my chances for more than one fair shot seemed poor.

Two of the others came out of hiding cautiously as the first young Tom came toward me. I was inspecting them with my glasses and admiring the trio, when the fourth one came out to follow them. I laid aside the glasses and grasped the grip of the repeater. The Tom was getting within range of my sights. The closer he approached, the more cautious he became. But I tried to remain motionless and let him get into the muzzle of the gun so that I might

have a shot for one of the others behind. They had been coming on, too. Suddenly he stopped. Down he squatted for a spring that would help him get under way by wing power. I already had the gun through the brush and touched the trigger. With a flop he turned over on the leaves and off went the young hens behind. I sent two charges of shot after the tardiest one of them, and she fell winged a long way from where she went into the air. Feeling sure I had the young Tom, I hastened past him and made for the crippled hen, as she was apparently badly hurt. But when I arrived at the spot I marked there was no sign of her and search was fruitless; I mean turkeyless. Going back to the spot where I had knocked down the young Tom, he too had disappeared.

A step in the leaves behind caused me to



AS THEY USED TO FLOCK.

turn round. There was the boy with a fine pair of turkeys hanging over his shoulder.

"What's all the shootin'?" he asked.

"Look at this spot," I commanded, pointing to a few feathers where Tom had fallen.

"Went off and left him, thinkin' he was dead, huh?" He had the situation grasped in a twinkle. "Lots o' folks do it, not knowin' better. Sometimes they's dead and sometimes not—mostly not."

That excused me.

We cruised on next day. I thought it too much to try the game again and have to stand the looks of a community of select turkey hunters. They would be sure to stare at the man who did not know enough to pick up a dead bird.

To LITTLE SISTER: Big brother will be mightily pleased if you send him a subscription to *FOREST AND STREAM* for Christmas.

To EVERYBODY: If you know a man whose blood corpuscles are red, you know a man who would appreciate *FOREST AND STREAM*. If you intend making this man a Christmas present, send him *FOREST AND STREAM*. Besides being interesting, it is the indisputable authority on subjects it covers.

Hon. James Gordon.

FORMER United States Senator James Gordon, the grand old man of Mississippi, died at Okolona, Miss., Nov. 28, after a week's illness, due largely to advanced age. He was known to all old-time readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* as "Pious Jeems."

Senator Gordon was born in Monroe county, Mississippi, in 1833, and became a national figure when he made the famous "good will" speech in the Senate immediately upon his appointment to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Anselm J. McLaurin. He was appointed Dec. 27, 1909, and served until Feb. 22, 1910. In that short time he endeared himself to the nation by his quaint utterances and his unbounded optimism.

He was described as a "belated survivor on the American stage, of a civilization and mode of life which exists no more and never will exist again. He is as far removed from this world of chicanery and commerce as the knights of King Arthur's Round Table. He is a chateau vintage product of ante-bellum days in the South. The conditions which produced the flavor and bouquet of his personality can never be reproduced. He is as distinctive a product of those other older, happier times as a piece of Georgia silver or mahogany. In mind, manners, mode of thought, and attitude toward life, he is no more like his modern fellows than the output of Grand Rapids is comparable with the finished craftsmanship which gave a name to Sheraton and Heppelwhite."

Colonel Gordon is known to all, save the youngest generation of readers, as a famous sportsman, planter, statesman and soldier. Few men were so familiar with life of the old South in the days before the war as Colonel Gordon. The owner of vast estates and many slaves, he also possessed the swiftest horses, the best dogs, the most modern arms and equipment. No eye quicker than his to stop the buzzing quail, no ears keener to listen to the cry of the hounds and tell which way the fleeing buck or bear would direct his course. When the war between the States came on, Colonel Gordon at his own expense raised and equipped a company of cavalry, was at once in the field, and fought through the long conflict to its bitter end.

Some years after the war, Colonel Gordon lost all his property. He came to Okolona, his present residence, without means, and by his own unaided exertions re-established himself. He camped in the fields, cut hay and made it himself. With a few Jersey cows he established a dairy, drove his own milk wagon and worked in the field before the dew was off the grass. This he continued until he had entirely paid for his farm.

For many years the signature of "Pious Jeems" has been familiar to sportsmen. In the old days he wrote for Porter's Spirit of the Times, and for thirty-five years he was a frequent contributor to *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Roach with Two Mouths.

W. HATT, fishing at Walton, and piloted by Jack Hone, caught a roach about seven ounces with two distinct mouths, evidently both in use.—Angler's News (London).

Dripping water may wear away a stone, but a stream of water will do it sooner.

The Green Plover.

(Vanellus cristatus.)

BY W. J. MURRAY.

THIS European bird belongs to the family of "waders," of which there is a great variety distributed almost over the whole world, more especially in the north and south temperate zones. In shape it is somewhat like a pigeon, but not quite so large. On the top of the head it has a crest consisting of a few shining black feathers which usually lie horizontally, but can assume an erect position when and as may be required. The breast is black. The sides of the neck and the lower portion of the body are white, and the upper parts are of a deep shining green with a tinge of purple and copper shade.

While this plover, which is perhaps best known as the "lapwing" (and locally as the "pee weet") is to be found plentifully all over the British Isles, it seems to spend most of its time in Ireland, and at all seasons of the year. Here it affords excellent sport in autumn and winter to the fowler, as the supply of birds is usually very good, and the sportsman is always certain of securing a good bag during the season, provided of course that his aim is not at fault.

The green plover or lapwing is very highly prized for table purposes and justly so, as it is both gamey and delicate in flavor, and except in severe frost it is usually in excellent condition.

The birds do not go to cover, but keep to the open marshy meadows and low-lying lands adjoining lakes, marshes, rivers and slob lands of shallow seas. Although they are very watchful and post sentries and send out scouts, they can be stalked successfully from behind rocks, reeds, bent grass, sand dunes, etc., and sometimes they fly low enough to come within range of an ordinary shotgun with No. 5 shot. They nearly always fly in large flocks and also feed together. Although they may wander singly over a large meadow while feeding, they muster again before leaving the ground. The food consists chiefly of small animals such as worms, grubs, insects, etc. During the feeding time they always appear to be busily occupied in searching for food, and in doing so they show great fleetness and nimbleness of foot, as if their object were to get the task over and get out of danger at the earliest moment possible.

In the breeding season the lapwing is a most interesting bird and shows not only remarkable affection for its young, but the greatest resource and fox-like cunning in protecting them from all real or even supposed enemies. The nest consists merely of some withered grass arranged in any little hollow on the surface of the ground, such as a cow track, and here the eggs, three or four, are laid, and are carefully and jealously guarded by the female, while the male hovers around in a state of continuous excitement, uttering shrill and wailing sounds like "ee-a-wee" and indulging in extraordinary evolutions on the wing. When any person enters the field in which the nest is situated, the cries of the lapwing become frantic, and the male bird flies about in all directions. Sometimes he almost knocks one's hat off, so closely does he approach the strange visitor. Then comes the remarkable piece of strategy for which the bird is noted. If the visitor walks in the direction of the nest, the lapwing at first gets very much

excited, but as the nest is approached, the whole excitement subsides and soon the cries are transferred to another portion of the field where they are started with redoubled vigor, thus making believe that the nest is there in the hope that the visitor will be attracted to the place where the nest is not. This will-o'-the-wisp ruse is practiced regularly wherever there is suspicion of an enemy of any sort in the field. The eggs of the lapwing are somewhat smaller than those of a pigeon and are a sort of muddy green color with black and brown spots. These eggs are considered a great delicacy, and are very highly prized in England, and large quantities of them are sent to the London market, especially from Holland during the laying season (in the months of May and June.) The eggs are so delicate in flavor and so easily digested that they are specially recommended for the use of invalids and those who suffer from deficient digestion. Unfortunately, however, the price is prohibitive to all who cannot afford to indulge in luxuries, so that few are able to enjoy the coveted delicacy of "plover's eggs" which appear to be more difficult to procure than the birds themselves, which are generally moderate in price.

How Much Does a Fish Shrink?

So many have been the inquiries as to how much has been lost in weight of the "whopping" fish between the time he was pulled out of the water and put on the scale that we print a shrinkage table. This estimate table is based on opinions of those whose experience vouches for its comparative accuracy. If any reader has other views on the subject we should be glad to hear from him. We realize that no shrinkage table can be exact because fat fish naturally shrink faster than thin ones, while weather conditions, as well as conditions under which the catch is kept before reaching the weighing place, has much to do with the amount of weight lost. Those who have had experience in "fish shrinkage" are requested to send us their bits of information. Table of fish shrinkage follows:

Just Killed.	Dead 6 Hours.	Dead 12 Hours.
1lb.....	15¼oz.	15oz.
2lbs.....	1lb. 14½oz.	1lb. 14oz.
3lbs.....	2lbs. 13¾oz.	2lbs. 13oz.
4lbs.....	3lbs. 13 oz.	3lbs. 12oz.
5lbs.....	4lbs. 12½oz.	4lbs. 11oz.
6lbs.....	5lbs. 11½oz.	5lbs. 10oz.
7lbs.....	6lbs. 10¾oz.	6lbs. 9oz.
8lbs.....	7lbs. 10 oz.	7lbs. 8oz.
9lbs.....	8lbs. 9¼oz.	8lbs. 7oz.
10lbs.....	9lbs. 8½oz.	9lbs. 6oz.
11lbs.....	10lbs. 7¾oz.	10lbs. 5oz.
12lbs.....	11lbs. 7 oz.	11lbs. 4oz.
13lbs.....	12lbs. 6¼oz.	12lbs. 3oz.
14lbs.....	13lbs. 5½oz.	13lbs. 2oz.
15lbs.....	14lbs. 4¾oz.	14lbs. 1oz.
16lbs.....	15lbs. 4 oz.	15lbs.
17lbs.....	16lbs. 3¼oz.	15lbs. 15oz.
18lbs.....	17lbs. 2½oz.	16lbs. 14oz.
19lbs.....	18lbs. 1¾oz.	17lbs. 13oz.
20lbs.....	19lbs.	18lbs. 12oz.
30lbs.....	28lbs. 9½oz.	28lbs. 2oz.
40lbs.....	38lbs. 2 oz.	37lbs. 8oz.
50lbs.....	47lbs. 10½oz.	46lbs. 14oz.

Woman Catches Record Bass in Meramec River.

WHAT is said to be the largest bass ever caught in the Meramec River by a woman was landed by Mrs. John Weert, 1038 Grandview Place, St. Louis, at an outing resort near Cuba, Mo.

The fish was hooked and landed by Mrs. Weert unaided and when weighed immediately after landing it scaled 6 pounds 3 ounces. After being packed and shipped to St. Louis it dried,

weighing 5 pounds 9 ounces after its arrival there.

Mrs. Weert used a combination of a brown hackle fly and a Hildebrand spinner. Being somewhat of an amateur, she added a plain, everyday earthworm to make sure of tickling the piscatorial fancy.

Position of the Reel Handle.

PORTLAND, Me., Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Why do almost all of the writers on fly-fishing instruction advise the placing of the reel with the handle to the right?

Wherein is the advantage of striking your fish, and then transferring the rod to the left hand (which in most men is the weaker)? Why advise a procedure that entails a few instants of loss of control? Why not eliminate the danger of losing your fish during the change of hands by placing the reel with handle to the left?

A deer hunter does not advise cocking his gun with the left thumb and then shooting from the right shoulder. Neither does the football player make preparation with the left foot and then punt with his right. With a man stealing to second base, the catcher does not gauge his throw with the ball in his left hand and deliver it with the other. Neither is there any such change of hand in the case of the croquet player, the tennis player, the lariat thrower, nor any other that I know of.

MOCCASIN.

Saved by Prompt Action.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find clipping which should have the widest possible circulation, and it shows what can be done by prompt action in cases of snake bite, and which, if carefully followed, would be the saving of numerous lives every year.

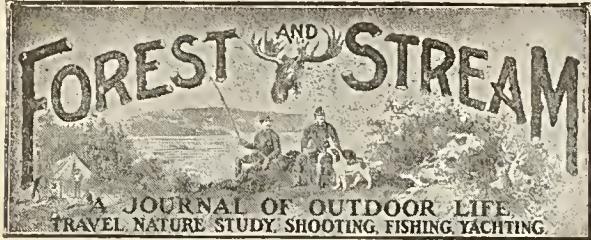
DE WITT WEBB, Mayor.

Tampa, Fla., Nov. 21. (Special).—Lee MacDonell, the wholesale grocer, was bitten by a rattlesnake while hunting some twelve miles southeast of the city to-day. His promptness in slashing his right leg at the point where the snake's fangs entered and letting the poison exude with a copious flow of blood saved his life. The physicians say he will be well within a few days.

With Leroy Cotter, Mr. MacDonnell went into the woods after quail. Their dog pointed a covey and Mr. MacDonnell started through some palmettoes after the birds. He heard the snake's rattle and jumped, but not soon enough, and the reptile's fangs entered his right calf. Mr. MacDonnell quickly shot the snake. Mr. Cotter, who is a druggist, had a hypodermic needle and some antiseptic medicine, and he injected it immediately, then drove hurriedly back to the city, where Drs. Cook and Adamson dressed the wound.

It is said that a boa constrictor is prepared to swallow anything he is unable to dodge. There is another member of the *Boidæ* family who acts in exactly the opposite manner. He belongs to what is called the "loan-shark" variety.

FOREST AND STREAM aims to keep always before its readers a high, sane and cheerful ideal of American sportsmanship.



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MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THIS is our Christmas number. It brings with it, whether it finds you near at hand or in remotest corners of the continent, our sincere wish for a very Merry Christmas, and our hope is that this offering of stories and sketches which FOREST AND STREAM contributors have provided for your entertainment may add its mite to your enjoyment of the holiday season.

THE STILL-HUNTER.

THE typical hunter is the still-hunter. There are many and diverse ways of taking big game—jacking, hounding, calling, floating, baiting—but none of them is so universal, none so truly typical of the essence of the thing as still-hunting.

The still-hunter trusts to beating wild nature at her own game. He enters the wilderness haunts with all the stealth of his aboriginal ancestors or of the wild things themselves.

Though his senses are less keen than theirs, he has the added power of reason, and a terrible foe he proves. No panther creeping for the spring, no wolf howling its wild pæan, strikes a keener terror to the heart of the deer than the suddenly realized presence of the still-hunter. And the fierce animals of the forest have learned to dread him likewise.

The still-hunter skirts the hardwood ridges noiselessly, his moccasined feet resting on the moss-covered rock or fallen tree trunk with a light surcuss that suggests simian prehensile powers. His progress is slow, but terribly suggestive of reserve power. Frequently he stops altogether as he scans some hollow where mouldering trees have furnished food for a luxuriant growth of the young hardwoods, or peers under the dense shadows of some balsam brake.

The things he sees and hears are full of meaning to the still-hunter. The turned leaf, the depression in that red-brown soggy pile where some old forest monarch fell and disintegrated the sharply defined footprint in the black muck at the edge of the spring—all these tell their story—the broken branch and nibbled

bough, the crackling of a stick far off under the forest arches. So he becomes aware of the presence of his game. Then with most infinite patience the approach is compassed and he stands waiting his chance for a shot. An indefinable something causes the wild thing to look up, and as it catches the dread eye that seals its fate, it is rooted to the spot with fear.

The still-hunter is the king of the forest. All nature owes him allegiance, and he accepts his tribute at will. He is close to the source of things, and at night sleeps with the spirits of his primal ancestors—old Nimrod and the lot. To him the trees talk and the waters whisper. Old Mother Earth with all her burden of years is young again and smiles as she did on the first man. Freedom and power is his song—freedom and power.

THE DEAD CAMP-FIRE.

A HEAP of ashes, a few half-burned brands, a blackened pair of croched sticks that mark the place of the once glowing heart of the camp, furnish food for the imagination to feed upon or give the memory an elusive taste of departed pleasures.

If you were one of those who saw its living flame and felt its warmth, the pleasant hours passed here come back with that touch of sadness which accompanies the memory of all departed pleasures and yet makes it not unwelcome. What was unpleasant, even what was almost unendurable, has nearly faded out of remembrance or is recalled with a laugh.

It was ten years ago, and the winds and fallen leaves of as many autumns have scattered and covered the gray heap; or, if it was only last year, and you fancy that the smell of fire still lingers in the brands, how vividly returns to you the anxious deliberation with which the site was chosen with a view to all attainable comfort and convenience, and the final satisfaction that followed the establishment of this short-lived home, short-lived, but yet so much a home during its existence.

Nothing contributed so much to make it one as the camp-fire. How intently you watched its first building and lighting, how labored for its maintenance with awkwardly-wielded ax, how you inhaled the odors of its cookery and essayed long-planned culinary experiments with extemporized implements, over its bed of coals, and the consequent exaltation of triumph or mortification of failure.

All these come back to you, and the relighting of the fire in the sleepy dawn, the strange mingling of white sunlight and yellow firelight when the sun shot its first level rays athwart the camp, the bustle of departure for the day's sport, the pleasant loneliness of camp keeping with only the silent woods, the crackling fire and your thoughts for company; the incoming at nightfall and the rekindling of the fire, when the rosy bud of sleeping embers suddenly expanded into a great blossom of light whose petals quivered and faded and brightened among the encircling shadows of the woods. You laugh again at the jokes that ran around that merry circle and wonder again and again at the ingenuity with which small performances were magnified into great exploits, little haps into strange adventure, and with which bad shots and poor catches were excused.

At last came breaking camp, the desolation of dismantling and leave taking. How many of you will ever meet again? How many of those merry voices are stilled forever, from how many of those happy faces has the light of life faded?

Who lighted this camp-fire? Years have passed since it lit the nightly gloom of the woods, for moss and lichens are creeping over the charred back log. A green film is spread over the ashes, and thrifty sprouts are springing up through them.

You know that the campers were tent dwellers, for there stand the rows of rotten tent pins inclosing a rusty heap of mold that once was a fragrant couch of evergreens inviting tired men to rest. You know they spent their nights in a shanty, for there are the crumbling walls, the fallen-in roof of bark that never again will echo song or jest.

The pile of fish bones attests that they were anglers, and skillful or lucky ones, for the pile is large. If you are an ichthyologist, you can learn by these vestiges of their sport whether they satisfied the desire of soul and stomach with the baser or the nobler fishes; perhaps a rotting pole, breaking with its own weight, may decide whether they fished with worm or fly, but whether you relegate them to the class of scientific or unscientific anglers, you doubt not they enjoyed their sport as much in one way as in the other.

You know that they were riflemen, for there is the record of their shots in the healing bullet wounds on the trunk of a great beech. For a moment you may fancy that the woods still echo the laughter that greeted the shot that just raked the side of the tree, but it is only the cackle of a yellowhammer.

There is nothing to tell you who they were, whence they came, or whither they went, but they were campers, lovers of the great outdoor world, so akin to you, and you bid them hail and farewell without a meeting.

SAYS LONDON FIELD.

LONDON FIELD, the most comprehensive sportsman's periodical in Europe, in fact, we may say, in the world, publishes in its issue of Nov. 16 an unusual and interesting article on the "stimulating reading" to be found in FOREST AND STREAM, which it recognizes as "the paper which deals more fully with shooting and fishing than any other in America." The article is well worth reading. It appears in the trap department in this issue.

To the Canada Jay.

BY PAUL BRANDRETH.

Little brother of the green solitudes,
 Whose silent flight and mild, mysterious eye
 Seem wrought of twilight and poetic moods,
 Whose wings are like a veiled November sky,
 With here and there a dark cloud floating by—
 Come, take your share of venison-meat and game,
 And while upon fresh balsam boughs we lie
 Join us beside the camp-fire's ruddy flame.

Like a gray shadow, glancing into light,
 Softly you come and go. Oh, impish sprite,
 Born of the snow-lands and the north wind's sigh,
 Wild as an arctic spell, half-tame, yet shy,
 Withal so strange the magic forest seems
 In you to voice its everlasting dreams.

Archery

Scottish-American Archers.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Scottish-American archers were much disappointed at the snow storm which overtook them on Thanksgiving day, making it impossible for them to shoot in the annual team contest. For although the shooters in this club are all in the novice stage still, they are to a man more enthusiastic archers, if that be possible, than most of the shooters who have handled the bow for many years. However, fortune favors the brave, and that describes the boys who turned out on Saturday, Nov. 30, to add their small contribution to the Eastern League team shoot. The day was bitterly cold, with a strong wind blowing across the field, and the last twenty-four arrows were shot in semi-darkness. The final scores were:

	Hits.	Score		Hits.	Score
Jas. Duff	73	309	Geo. Milne	41	144
J. McRae	54	226	Wm. McOwan...	30	130
J. M. Cleland....	49	189			

This is the first occasion, since the institution of this club in September, that there have been less than ten shooters on the range at one time, which no doubt can be accounted for by the weather conditions. The Scottish-American Club has hitherto shot only one team round, but would have had more practice had it not been that the last few weeks have been devoted almost entirely to the breaking in of recruits for the formation of a new club in New York in connection with the Y. M. C. A., several of whom have been shooting with us for the last two weeks. In Jersey we have prospects of a club for next season of at least forty shooters, but as this seems too many to handle on one range, there is talk of starting another club in Newark, N. J.

JOHN M. CLELAND.

New York Archery Club.

THE New York Archery Club, organized last summer, has elected the well known and enthusiastic archer, W. H. Wills, President, with F. Hamilton Hobbs, A. B., upon whom the further degree of P. P. (prominent and popular) might be conferred, as Secretary-Treasurer. A few members of the club have been shooting at Sheepshead Bay during the summer. A meeting will be called shortly for the election of additional officers and selection of range and permanent club rooms. Full particulars may be had by addressing Secretary at 76 Park Place, New York City.

“Just Before the Loose.”

THE following article is taken from the Archer's Register for 1879, and is as interesting to-day as when written:

That the successful practice of archery should be so extremely difficult and attended by such numerous trials and obstacles that numbers of persons are deterred from attempting to attain proficiency in the pastime, while others who essayed the initial stages to success have, many of them, given it up in despair at not at the outset becoming good shots is much to be regretted. But the fact that votaries of the bow should

often so be discouraged cannot be considered surprising, when it is remembered that Horace Ford used to say that there were about four and twenty little difficulties to be surmounted before an archer could succeed in planting an arrow correctly in the center of the target. Archery is a sport which renders it necessary for the beginner to place himself in a position in which limbs and muscles take attitudes different to any which are peculiar to other athletic exercises,



W. H. WILLS,

One of the best and most enthusiastic archers in the East.

and herein is one chief impediment to off-hand becoming an accomplished archer; for it is impossible for the tyro when shooting to know his exact position, and this at once makes it apparent how necessary it is that someone skilled in the time-honored game should be at hand to give hints, bred of experience, as to the correct attitude to assume, and thus prevent ungainly habits being acquired, which are not easily got rid of, and which tend to prevent the learner, even after due practice, from becoming a really good shot. Unfortunately, however, how few there are who are qualified “to teach the young idea how to shoot”; or who, knowing how, will take the trouble to do so! On the other hand, the beginner often seems to imagine that proficiency in archery is a kind of divine gift, in-

stead of an art to be acquired by good teaching first, and patient practice afterward. Indeed, I have often seen a friendly hint, given in the kindest manner, resented almost as an insult instead of being taken in good part. I remember once shooting at a public meeting, a good many years ago, with an old archer, and one who thought he knew all about archery. The range was 100 yards and the arrows of the gentleman in question were all well shot and straight to the mark, but nearly every one went just under the target. After this had gone on for the best part of that distance, I ventured to remark: “Mr. P., would it not be better if you raised your aim a little; most of those arrows would then go in, instead of under, the target.” Turning round to me he rather angrily replied: “I tell you what, sir, I have been shooting with that aim for twenty years, and I am not going to alter it now,” quite forgetting that many circumstances render it necessary to alter the elevation in order to hit the target. Even the bow itself does not shoot so quickly toward the end of a day's shooting as at the beginning. An archer's muscles must, moreover, give way a little from the strain put upon them in the course of a prolonged spell of shooting with a bow which, to shoot well with, must be well up to the archer's power. These and other considerations have all to be taken into the reckoning if golds are to be made.

I do not agree with the strictures in a recent number of *The Field* as to the method of shooting from the arrow fully drawn just before the loose, and I think that the great improvement which has taken place in the average scoring of both ladies and gentlemen is owing to this very cause. The chief thing in archery as in rifle shooting is to do everything in the same way each time, and the most easy and likely way to accomplish this is to keep the aim for the very extreme point of the draw, as it is almost impossible with any length of loose to get rid of the string at exactly the same point at every shot. On looking over the field at any large public meeting, it will be found that those archers who use the former method are at the head of the list of successful shooters, although I am aware that Mr. Ford in his book upholds the contrary view. I admit you get a better flight of arrow the other way, still that is not what is wanted, but accuracy of elevation so as to hit the center of the target as often as possible.

BAAL HATZIM.

Archery in Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An interesting shoot was held at the Oakmont Country Club, Saturday, Nov. 23. Sides were chosen, W. J. Holmes and O. L. Hertig being captains. Quite a little rivalry prevailed and no doubt the low scores were due to the unavoidable excitement incident to a contest of this nature. Mr. Jiles had the misfortune to break his fine Barnes yew bow right in the middle of one of its limbs, while shooting on his range, and consequently shot his score with a strange bow. Scores:

48 arrows at 60yds., half team round:					
Hertig	40	202	Holmes	35	150
O. Sorber	25	103	Jiles	33	148
M. Sorber	37	123	Patch	26	80
Haines	14	48	Holroyde	24	74
				113	474
				108	452

The same team will in all probability shoot



ARCHERY RANGE, OAKMONT COUNTRY CLUB.

Left to Right—T. C. Patch, Dr. Haines, Dr. Hertig, Dr. F. Howard, G. W. Postgate, W. J. Holmes.

a full team round contest soon, for Holmes and Jiles are confident of doing better in a long race. Haines, however, says that he will soon recover from his surprising slump and more than make up for the uneasiness he gave his captain in this bout. There are many benefits to the archer in these little battles on the green, for the nerves are schooled to steadiness by constant familiarity with tension and excitement. Many a good shot goes to pieces under stress of tournament work, and the remedy is to accustom one's self to shooting under adverse conditions.

At the Bon Air Club the following scores were made during the week:

Team round, 96 arrows, 60yds.:				
W J Holmes.....	81	385	O L Hertig.....	94 520
O L Hertig.....	95	513		
American round, 60, 50 and 40yds., 30 arrows at each distance:				
	60yds.	50yds.	40yds.	Total.
O L Hertig.....	30 156	28 156	30 176	88 488
J S Jiles.....	23 105	25 121	30 160	78 386

Milton Loeber, a member of the Wilkinsburg Club, is developing into a fine shot, having made an American round of over 500 score recently.

The archers in Poughkeepsie and vicinity all are equipped with Barnes yew bows and Duff lemonwood bows and find them fine reliable weapons. Dr. Haines with a little 45-pound Barnes bow shot a flight of over 250 yards on the Oakmond Golf course. This is a surprisingly long shot for so light a bow.

O. L. HERTIG.

Ford's Archery.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Horace A. Ford's "Theory and Practice of Archery" has been out of print for many years, and probably some of the older archers, and most of the younger ones have never seen a copy of the book.

The following quotation from it is given in the author's own language. It is copied from the *Archer's Register* for 1878-79.

We are confident that the opportunity here given of reading a part of the great archer's work will be appreciated.

EDWARD B. WESTON.

POSITION.

An archer's general position, to be a good

one, must be possessed of three qualities, namely—firmness, elasticity, and grace. Firmness to resist the force, pressure, and recoil of the bow; for, if there be any wavering or unsteadiness, the shot will prove a failure; elasticity, to give free play to the muscles, and the needful command over them, which will not be the case should the position be too stiff; and grace, to render the shooter and his performances an agreeable object to the eye of the spectator.

The first point that calls for remark is the footing or standing. The heels should be about six or eight inches apart, not further. The feet must be flat and firm on the ground, both equally inclining outward from the heels, so that the toes be some six or seven inches wider apart than they. The position of the feet, as regards the target, must be such that a straight line drawn from it would intersect both heels. The knees must be perfectly straight, not bent in the slightest degree. The weight of the body should be thrown equally on both legs; for, as Mr. Roberts very justly observes, a partial bearing on one leg more than the other, tends to render the shooter unsteady, and enervates his whole action.

If the foregoing rules respecting the footing be accurately observed, it will be found that the side only of the archer's person is turned toward the target; and this is what has been invariably recommended by every author upon archery, and is, indeed, the proper attitude. The left shoulder must not, however, be additionally forced forward, set in a vise, as it were, but allowed to remain in its natural position, otherwise the required element of elasticity will be lost. The body should be upright, but not stiff; the whole person well balanced, and the face turned round, so as to be nearly fronting the target, with the expression calm, yet determined and confident. The whole attitude, in short, should be generally suggestive of power, command over the muscles, and the will to use them, so as to produce the desired result.

During the brief period of time between the assumption of the footing and the loosing of the arrow, some slight alteration of the body's attitude first assumed will, of necessity, take place. During the act of drawing and

aiming the right shoulder will naturally come a little forward, and the left shoulder retire a little backward. The slightest possible inclination forward should also be given to the head and chest. The object of this is to bring the muscles of the chest into play to assist those of the arms, and is what good Bishop Latimer called "laying the body in the bow."

When the arrow is nocked and the footing taken, let the bow lie easily and lightly in the left hand, the wrist being turned neither inward nor outward, but allowed to remain in that position that nature intended for it. As the drawing of the bow commences, the grasp will intuitively tighten, and by the time the arrow is drawn to the head, the position of the hand and wrist will be such as to be easiest for the shooter, and best for the success of his shot.

DRAWING.

I shall venture to recommend as being, all things considered, the best system of drawing, that the pulling of the bow and the extension of the left arm be a simultaneous movement; that this be to the extent of drawing the arrow at the least three-fourths of its length before the aim be taken (if to such a distance that the wrist of the right hand come to about the level of the chin, so much the better) that the aim be found by a direct movement on to it from the starting place of the draw; that the right elbow be well raised, and that the arrow be then pulled home, either with or without a pause, preference being rather given to the latter.

One of the main features of good drawing is, that the distance pulled be precisely the same every time, that is to say, the arrow always be drawn to identically the same spot. Unless this be accomplished, the elevation must be more or less uncertain, since the power taken out of the bow will, of course, be greater or less according to the extent it is pulled. There appear to be no artificial means by which similarity of draw can be beneficially obtained. Nothing but constant and unremitting practice will serve the archer here.

The pile of the arrow should not be drawn on to the bow—at least it is better that it be not—as, unless it is exactly the same shape as the arrow itself, it will throw the latter out of line. Thus, the arrow should be longer, by the length of the pile, than the archer's actual draw.

Now, let it be remembered, that the right hand must always be drawn to the same spot for all kinds of target-shooting, be the distance what it may, and the arrow be pulled the same length. Some archers have a very bad habit of varying the length of their draw at different distances, while others endeavor to accomplish the desired elevation by raising or depressing the right hand. This is all decidedly wrong. It is the left arm, and the left arm alone, that should do this part of the work, this being elevated or depressed according to circumstances, the right hand being maintained invariably in the same position at the moment of the arrow's departure. This is an incontestable rule in archery to obtain a true elevation, and one that admits of no variation, however many archers of the present day may be disposed to dispute its correctness.

Finally, upon this point of drawing, it should be remarked, that the pull from end to

end should be invariably even, quiet, and steady without jerk or sudden movement of any kind.

AIMING.

In aiming with the bow, to arrive at anything like certainty, it is necessary to obtain a view of three things, namely, the mark to be hit (which is the gold of the target), the arrow in its whole line and length (otherwise its real course cannot be appreciated), and the point of aim.

It may, perhaps, be as well to explain here, that by the point of aim is meant the spot apparently covered by the point of the arrow. Now, as to whether the direct vision should be applied to the mark or the point of aim, the argument is all in favor of the latter; for the point of aim must, necessarily, be in relation to the mark, either in a perpendicular line with it or outside of that line; if outside, then the direct vision must certainly be upon the point of aim, otherwise the arrow cannot be directly beneath the line of the axis of the eye; therefore, the only remaining question to be decided is, when the point of aim falls in a perpendicular line with the mark, which of the two should be directly looked at? I strongly recommend that in all cases the direct vision be upon the point of aim. This is contrary to the usual received opinion, which is, that the eye should always be intently fixed upon the mark to be hit; but I am very much inclined to think that even those archers that imagine they do so, will find, as I have done, upon careful experiments, that the point of aim is directly looked at, and not the mark, this being only seen indirectly, except when the aim is point blank.

HOLDING.

By "holding" is meant keeping the arrow fully drawn before it is loosed. Ascham says, "Holding must not be long, for it puts a bow in danger of breaking, and also spoils the shot; it must occupy so little time, that it may be better perceived in the mind, when it is done, than seen with the eye when doing." This is an entire and exact description of what holding should be, and I shall, therefore, only add that this almost imperceptible pause before the act of loosing serves to steady the arm and correct the aim, and is a grand assistant to the obtaining of a certain and even loose.

LOOSING.

Though the last point to be considered is not one which is the less important on that account, for, however correct and perfect all the rest of the archer's performance may be, the result will infallibly prove a failure, and end in disappointment, should this said point of loosing not be also successfully mastered. Upon this the flight of the arrow mainly depends; and how to a great extent this may be affected by it, may be gathered from the fact that the same bow, with a like weight of arrow and length of pull, will cast forty or fifty yards further in the hands of one man than it will in those of another, owing solely and entirely to the different manner in which the string shall be quitted; consequently, in target-shooting, the aim which may be perfectly correct for one shooter, may be either too high or too low for another, who frees the string in a different manner.

From this it may be gathered what a deli-

cate operation in archery it is to loose well. To accomplish it with evenness, smoothness and unvarying similarity, is, perhaps, the most difficult one of all, and yet for accurate hitting fully as necessary to be attained with all these requisites as any other point of archery. I think a great misapprehension exists among archers as to what is and what is not a good loose; it being generally thought, that if an extreme sharpness of flight be communicated to the arrow, it is conclusive evidence as to goodness. How often do we hear the observation, "What a beautiful loose he has!" though the archer to whom this remark is applied may be missing arrow after arrow, and vainly endeavoring to hit his mark twice in succession; this encomium being passed upon him merely because his arrow flies keen and sharp. Now, without in the least undervaluing this very excellent quality in the flight of an arrow, and, so far as it goes, the goodness of the loose which produces it, I must still maintain that it is not the only requisite; and that unless a certainty, as well as keenness of flight be also obtained, the archer's "beautiful loose" will be of little avail to him. Undoubtedly the best and most perfect quit of the string would be that which combines both of these qualities; but if the two cannot be obtained together, a slower flight and certainty rise immeasurably superior to the rapid flight and uncertainty.

The question then resolves itself into this practical form: "Is it possible for the same mode of loosing to give extreme rapidity of flight, and, at the same time, certainty of line and elevation?" So far as my experience goes, the answer is decidedly in the negative. This difficulty, amounting almost to an impossibility, of obtaining a loose which shall combine great sharpness and certainty of flight at the same time, arises from the fact that such a loose requires (to obtain that sharpness) that the fingers of the right hand be snatched from the string with such suddenness and rapidity as to compromise the second quality of certainty; such a sudden jerk of the string endangering the steadiness of the left arm at the final moment, and, by its unavoidable irregularity, not only having a tendency to drag the string, and, consequently, the arrow out of its proper and original line of flight, but also constantly to vary its elevation.

It must not be supposed, from what has been said, that the exact opposite of the very sharp loose is advocated; that is to say, that the string is to be allowed to slip, or loose itself, as it were, without any assistance whatever from the archer. On the contrary, this mode of quitting the string is the very worst that can be adopted, and one that does more to stay and unsteady the flight of the arrow than any other; in fact, no cast at all can be got out of a bow in this way. But there is a medium between the two extremes, and leaning rather toward that of sharpness, which, in its practical results, I have invariably found to answer best. The *modus operandi*, like so many other things connected with archery, is extremely difficult to describe, if not altogether impossible; but the great characteristic with regard to it is, that the fingers do not go forward one hair's breadth with the string, but that their action be as it were, a continuance of the draw rather than an independent move-

ment, yet accompanied with just sufficient additional muscular action in a direction away from the bow, and simultaneous expansion of the fingers at the final instant of quitting the string, as to admit of its instantaneous freedom from all and each of them, at the same identical moment of time; for should the string but leave one finger the minutest moment before its fellow, or any of them follow forward with it in the slightest degree, the loose will be bad, and the shot in all probability a failure. So slight, however, is this muscular movement, that, though a distinct and appropriate fact to the mind of the shooter, it is hardly, if at all, perceptible to the looker-on; yet, though apparently of so slight a character, so important is it, that the goodness of the loose, and the consequent accurate flight of the arrow, mainly depend upon it.

Some archers use two fingers in drawing, but, by far the larger part use three, on account of the greater power the latter mode gives. Provided, however, sufficient strength can be obtained with the first-named method, it may be well recommended, as the string when quitting the fingers has less surface to glide over, and the accomplishment of the loose is therefore easier; but very few, indeed, can manage a bow of any power without the third finger; consequently, the majority of archers use it. The position the string should occupy across the fingers is above their first joints, but not too near their tips. On the one hand, a too great grip of the string necessitates a drag or jerk to free the finger, besides giving the string more surface to glide over than is conducive to a smooth and even loose; on the other hand, an insufficient grip of the string deprives the shooter of his necessary command over it, and renders the giving way of the fingers of constant occurrence. Here again, as in so many other instances, the medium between the two extremes is the best, and it is, therefore, recommended that the string be placed midway between the tips and first joints of the first and third fingers, and rather more toward the end of the middle one—this latter difference being rendered necessary by its greater natural length.

Especial care must be taken that, while loosing, the left arm maintains its position firmly and unwaveringly, and does not give way at the final moment in the slightest degree in a direction toward the right hand, as in this case the arrow is sure to drop short of the mark. It will have precisely the same injurious effect upon its flight as would, allowing the fingers of the right hand to go forward with the string. This yielding of the left arm is of more common occurrence among archers than is generally supposed, and is the cause of many an arrow, otherwise correctly shot, missing its mark. All must be firm to the last, and the attention of the shooter never be relaxed for a single instant until the arrow has actually left the bow.

The shooter should remain perfectly quiescent, in "statue" quo—if I may be allowed so questionable a pun—until he is assured of the final destination of his shaft, and satisfied of its success or failure.

FOREST AND STREAM is the official organ of the National Archery Association.



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS. 1913.

- Jan. 1.—Utica, N. Y.—Genesee Gun Club. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
- Feb. 22.—Birmingham (Ala.) G. C. tournament. O. L. Garl, Sec'y.
- Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.
- July 8-13.—Cedar Point, Ohio.—The Indians' tournament. D. H. Eaton, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

To-day is date for second shoot in Philadelphia Trapshooters' League series.

Hast your weather eye on J. W. Alker at Manhasset? He has both weather and lee eye on Long Island Sound championship—and he is practicing with a 20-gauge gun at that.

Owing to the vicious weather, Thanksgiving Day tournament at Monmouth Beach Gun Club has been indefinitely postponed. A registered tournament will be held early in the year.

The Birmingham Gun Club will hold a registered tournament on Feb. 22, 1913. Program will include 150 targets and a 100-target distance handicap for trophy; handicap open to members of Birmingham Gun Club only.

One of the most popular trade representatives in the country, Carl von Lengerke, has left New York Sporting Goods Co., to handle Eastern territory in interest of Black Shells for U. S. Cartridge Co. For whom he works there are bound to be results. His efforts are conscientious—his personality decidedly attractive—analyze the combination when you get time.

Manager Luther J. Squier and Secretary Herbert L. Jillson both report record entrance, not alone in numbers, but in class and range, for Pinehurst's sixth annual midwinter handicap trapshooting tournament, scheduled for Jan. 22-23, and many are planning to come in advance of the opening for the enjoyment of quail shooting and practice. The number of ladies in attendance also will be large, and several delightful affairs are planned in their honor. All in all, the week promises to be one of pleasant memory and anticipated by the entire village, for no entertainment feature is more generally enjoyed.

W. G. BEECROFT.

The Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 28.—The turkey shoot today on the grounds of the Du Pont Gun Club supplied turkeys for fifteen tables, fourteen among the shotgun exponents and one to the club's crack rifleman, D. Appleby.

Contestants were divided into A, B, C, D and E classes; one turkey for every five entries or fraction thereof, but not more than four turkeys to any one class. In Class A there were only six contestants, but that meant two turkeys, and Harry Sloan, with 48, and J. T. Roberson, who broke 46, captured the two. There were four turkeys for the sixteen men in Class B to be shot for. C. G. Hand and C. Thorpe Martin tied for the first two prizes in that class on 45, Stanley Tughton and R. P. Willis, of Penn's Grove, taking the other two on 44 a piece. The seventeen shooters in Class C also had four Bulgar's delights to shoot for. William Coyne carried home a 16-pound gobbler as the result of his morning's work and his score of 42, which was high in his class. Gregg Godwin was second with 40, and L. L. Jarrell and C. H. Simon each got a turkey on landing third and fourth in their class with scores of 39. Two turkeys were put up for the nine entries in Class D, M. E. Ross winning first choice with 37, C. C. Gerow taking second with 36. In Class E there were seven entries, so two more turkeys were disposed of, one going to Canby C. Mummelle on 32, John E. Miller collaring second choice with 24.

Sixty shooters in all took part in the sport, five being ineligible under the club's ruling to win prizes. These were Lester German, J. T. Skelly, L. D. Willis, E. A. W. Everitt and Edward Banks. Mr. German broke 46 out of 50, but Harry Sloan's 48

captured first honors for the day and was a most excellent piece of work under the hard conditions.

The scores:

Class A:	
H H Sloan	48
J T Roberson	46
J B McHugh	44
Class B:	
C A Hand	45
C Thorpe Martin	45
Stanley Tughton	44
R P Willis	44
M L Hopkins	42
J F Fontaine	42
Clyde Leedom	41
John Magahern	40
Class C:	
William Coyne	42
Cregg Godwin	40
L L Jarrell	39
C H Simon	39
T W Matthewson	38
J A Campbell	38
H C McClane	38
Dr Arthur Patterson	37
F F Lofland	36
E Springer	35
Class D:	
M E Ross	37
C C Gerow	36
W G Robelen	33
Major Wm G Ramsay	33
W F Jensen	28
Class E:	
Canby C Mummelle	32
John E Miller	24
Dr Hibbert	20
G A Passwaters	19
The ineligible's score:	
Lester S German	46
J T Skelly	41
E A Everett	41
H P Carlson	43
W Edmanson	41
J H Minnick	41
Class B:	
F Matthewson	39
W M Armistead	39
J W Anderson, Jr.	38
W G Woods	38
L C Lyon	37
N K Smith	37
R J Willis	35
M W Mitchell	33
Class C:	
H T Reed	34
J A McMullen	34
R E Bowland	34
Z H Lofland	33
S J Newman	32
F P Ewing	31
J F Straughn	27
J Mathews	25
A M Lindsay	22
Class D:	
W J Highfield	25
R S Robinson	25
Dr Betts	19
Dr Bullock	17
Class E:	
J B Hickman	15
H Sillitoe	14
W W Bacon	3
The ineligible's score:	
E Banks	40
L D Willis	37

The winners on Nov. 30 were W. M. Hammond, who defeated J. H. Minnick 22 to 21, in Class A; C. Thorpe Martin, who had a walkover in Class B with a score of 24 out of 25; R. S. Wood in Class C, with 22; Dr. Horace Betts in Class D, and C. C. Mummelle in Class E.

Messrs. Hammond and Minnick tied, the former winning on the shoot-off. Dr. Betts and W. J. Highfield also tied in Class D with a score of 18. Dr. Betts won on a toss.

A number of marksmen competed who were not eligible for the turkeys. Among them were J. T. Skelly, L. D. Willis and R. A. McGrath. The latter is a trade representative. It was his first visit to the Du Pont Club.

The high scores of the day were made by Messrs. Skelly and Hammond, who each broke 91 out of 100.

Next Saturday the Du Pont Club will shoot its second match in the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League series with the Clearview Club of Darby, Pa.

The scores in detail were:

Class A:	
W Edmanson	19
J T Roberson	21
J B McHugh	21
Class B:	
Issac Turner	20
C Thomas Martin	24
Clyde Leedom	22
L C Lyon	18
Stanley Tughton	22
Class C:	
T W Matthewson	19
W Tomlinson	18
F P Ewing	16
C D Prickett	17
R S Prickett	17
J H Minnick	23
H P Carlson	20
W M Hammond	23
Class B:	
J J Magahern	20
I L Jarrell	16
W G Wood	20
Dr Stanley Steele	21
Dr Arthur Patterson	20
Class C:	
R S Wood	22
J A McMullen	18
H T Reed	17
William Coyne	17

Stamford Rod and Gun Club.

STAMFORD, Conn., Nov. 28.—A turkey sweepstake, a scratch cup event, and a handicap, kept the members of the Stamford Rod and Gun Club busy to-day. The scratch event was won by E. L. Hatch with 45 out of 50.

Scratch cup, 50 birds: E. L. Hatch 45, R. A. Gillespie 44, W. W. Herrick 43, G. Dickerman, Chicago, 43; C. von Lengerke, New York, 40; J. H. Staub, 36.

Handicap, 50 birds: R. A. Gillespie (2) 40, E. L. Hatch (0) 45, W. W. Herrick (0) 43, G. Dickerman (0) 43, C. von Lengerke (0) 40, A. S. Pitt (6) 40, M. R. Pitt (8) 35, Gayer Dominick (5) 30, E. C. Hoyt (10) 39, Oliver Hoyt (5) 38.

Sweepstakes: E. C. Hoyt (5) 24, A. S. Pitt (3) 21, W. W. Herrick (0) 21, E. L. Hatch 10 straight, R. A. Gillespie (0) 22.

G. A. Dickerman won a 25-bird double event with 21.

Orange Gun Club.

ORANGE, N. J., Nov. 28.—Dr. F. W. Lockwood won the club championship at the annual tournament held to-day at the Orange Gun Club traps, with 84 out of 100. I. D. Unger was second with 82. There were six clay target eliminators present, finishing as follows: A. Mosler 73, Dr. G. W. Wakeley 73, O. L. Yeomans 72, H. Kingsland 68.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 28.—A very successful shoot was run here to-day. It was open only to residents of Westchester county, and nearly fifty shooters participated. The first event, at 50 targets, decided the five-man team championship of the county, as well as the individual county championship. Teams from White Plains, Mt. Kisco, Mt. Vernon and Ossining entered. Peckskill had four men on hand, the fifth, Wm. Abele, being detained till it was too late to enter. Ossining won by the scant margin of one target from White Plains. Mt. Vernon was third.

C. G. Blandford won the individual championship cup, as well as the fine cup given for high score on the winning team.

There were many surprises in the way of low scores, owing to hard targets and patches of snow, that made difficult shooting. The different cities that sent teams were represented by a fine bunch of sportsmen, for no one but a dyed-in-the-wool sportsman would shoot on such a day, and turkeyless as well.

Following are scores in team championship:

Ossining.		White Plains.	
C G Blandford.....	46	L M Petry.....	43
R W P Wood.....	38	E F Ward.....	40
L F Lyon.....	37	E Townsend	39
J T Hyland.....	34	A L Burns.....	37
A Bedell	33-188	W McCormack	28-187
Mt. Vernon.		Mt. Kisco.	
T H Lawrence.....	44	J A Benedict.....	38
T L Yates.....	37	L C Remsen.....	37
A M Dalton.....	35	F B Smith.....	32
G C Offutt.....	35	A Betti	31
G A Wylie.....	32-183	A M Cornell.....	30-168

County championship, 50 targets:

C G Blandford.....	46	H Washburn	35
T H Lawrence.....	44	J T Hyland.....	34
L M Petry.....	43	W E Borden.....	34
E F Ward.....	40	Dr P H Mason.....	34
E H Townsend.....	39	Wm C Holden.....	34
W H Coleman.....	39	A Bedell	33
C G Hudson.....	39	G A Wylie.....	32
J Benedict	38	F B Smith.....	32
P Wood	38	W C Tompkins.....	32
T L Yates.....	37	A Betti	31
L F Lyon.....	37	A M Cornell.....	30
L C Remsen.....	37	H J Smith.....	29
A L Burns.....	37	W McCormack.....	28
I T Washburn.....	36	Miss J Thorpe	28
A M Dalton.....	35	W M Wylie	26
G C Offutt.....	35	O B McCall.....	22

Merchandise event, 50 targets, distance handicap:

Yds. T'l.		Yds. T'l.	
C G Blandford..	20 36	G C Offutt.....	18 35
T H Lawrence..	19 34	H Washburn ..	16 35
L M Petry.....	19 36	J T Hyland.....	18 34
E H Townsend.	18 36	W E Borden....	16 35
P Wood	18 38	Wm C Holden..	16 34
L C Remsen....	19 37	A Bedell	19 39

Medford Gun Club.

MEDFORD, Okla., Nov. 28.—Our club held a handicap shoot on Thanksgiving day for a suitable silver trophy, which was won by County Champion Soucek, who now has silver cups enough to set the table. Scores and handicaps follow:

Yds. T'l.		Yds. T'l.	
Elders	16 10	Wilson	19 12
Russell	17 14	Hardy	19 15
Walling	18 16	Soucek	20 17
Hutchinson ..	18 11	Brownie	20 16
Dotts	19 14	Strider	20 16

These scores are very good considering the weather. After the handicap shoot, the following scores were made:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Hardy	30 11	Strider	15 11
Hutch	25 15	Russell	15 12
Soucek	30 24	Elders	15 8
Brownie	15 14	F Wilson	25 18
Dotts	30 26	Croxtton	25 1
Wilson	25 15	Vaughn	25 4
Walling	30 19		

For Friday, our regular shoot day only a few turned out, with the following scores:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Brownie	45 38	Dotts	40 34
Shanklin	75 67	Strider	15 13
Hardy	30 25		

I. V. HARDY, Sec'y.

Daniel Boone Gun Club.

MARTHASVILLE, Mo., Nov. 23.—The regular practice of our club was not held to-day because many of our members went to a clay-bird match for turkeys at Hopewell, Mo., about eight miles from here. Sixteen turkeys were put up, eight at a time, but there were so many shooters who wanted turkey that there was a shortage of birds, so each event was at 4 birds only, and the prizes for high guns. Of the thirty-seven shooters present, our club had nineteen, Warrenton Gun Club (twelve miles away) was fairly represented, and the others were shooters who do not belong to any regularly organized club. Our club won eleven of the sixteen turkeys.

Frank Mutert and J. O. Wilson led the field, as neither of these made a miss, which was remarkable shooting, for there was a strong, but irregular, cross-wind blowing from the left, and the shooting was in front of a wooded hill, which gave a bad background.

Daniel Boone members who were present follow: Frank Mutert, J. O. Wilson and Wm. Koch, two turkeys each; Underwood, Bollmann, J. Mutert, Meyer, O. Kienker, one turkey each; Lichtenberg, Wyatt, R. Gardyne, W. Gardyne, Wm. Koelling, A. Johannaber, Kite, O. Berg, Strueble, Holt.

J. O. WILSON, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 24.—Eleven shooters faced the traps at the weekly shoot to-day, and in spite of a driving snowstorm, which prevailed most of the afternoon, some very good scores were made.

Two team matches were shot and were both very closely contested, the winning team having only one target the best of the losers. In the first match, Gambell's team got a lead of 6 targets in the first round, tied with their opponents in the second round, but met their Waterloo in the third, when Hammerschmidt beat them by 7 targets and won the match, 117 to 116.

Hammerschmidt shot a few targets with his new 20-gauge, and improved on his work of a week ago with the same gun. The match was finished at dark, and the shooters were pleasantly surprised with an invitation from Supt. Gambell, to remain for a turkey dinner, prepared and served by his good wife.

Team matches will be a feature at the shoot on Dec. 1, and it may be that the Super. will spring another pleasant surprise on the faithful ones who attend. Better come over and see, regardless of the weather. Scores:

Table with 7 columns: Targets, 15, 15, 20, 15, 15, 20, Total. Rows include Gambell, Randall, Ward, Hammerschmidt, Connelly, L. Gambell, Dr. Quewer, Welsh, McArdle, Mullin, Goshorn.

Team match No. 1, 50 targets per man: Gambell 33, Hammerschmidt 44; Randall 43, Connelly 38; Ward 40-116, L. Gambell 35-117.

Team match No. 2, 50 targets per man: McArdle 37, Hammerschmidt 46; Randall 43, Connelly 31; Ward 35-115, L. Gambell 37-114.

Nov. 30.—Arthur Gambell headed the list at the weekly shoot yesterday, breaking 84 out of 100, with John Schreck giving him a hot race and finishing in second place on 83.

The team matches were closely contested, Gambell's team winning the first by one target, and tying with Schreck's team in the second match.

There will be special doings at the shoot on Dec. 8, many of the old-timers are expected to be present, and Supt. Gambell has something pleasant in store for those who attend.

Table with 7 columns: Targets, 25, 25, 25, 25, Total. Rows include Schreck, Ward, Hammerschmidt, Gambell, McArdle, R. W. Pogue, Capt. Hershler, S. F. Pogue.

Team match No. 1: Gambell 21, Schreck 22; McArdle 22-43, Hammerschmidt 20-42. Team match No. 2: Gambell 22, Schreck 20; McArdle 20-42, Hammerschmidt 22-42.

Frontier Rod and Gun Club,

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 26.—Unfavorable weather conditions kept the attendance down at the Frontier Rod and Gun Club shoots. Arrangements are being made to visit the traps of the various gun clubs in this vicinity in the near future.

Events: 1 2 3 4. Targets: 10 15 25 25. Rows include Ebberts, Wakefield, G. McKenna, Hoebel, E. Ketter, Tompkins, W. O. Hewitt, Squelch, Peasland, H. Utz.

Point winners.—Event No. 3, cup race: Class A—W. O. Hewitt 21. Class C—Peasland 21. Handicap—H. Utz, 25.

The Season's Roll of Honor



Being a partial list of successful amateur shooters and their year's triumphs



ACHIEVED WITH Remington-UMC SHOT GUNS OR SPEED SHELLS OR BOTH

- R. H. Bruns, Indiana State Tournament, tied for 2d highest 1912 Amateur Record. Vassar Cate, Southern Handicap. Frank Campbell, Western Handicap. H. P. De Mund, Arizona State Tournament. F. G. Fuller, Wisconsin State Tournament. J. R. Graham, Illinois State Tournament; Individual Clay Bird Championship of World at Olympic Games. Jack Jewett, Minnesota State Tournament. V. W. Johnson, Mississippi State Tournament. W. T. Laslie, Alabama State Tournament. Wm. Lloyd, Oklahoma State Tournament. A. M. Messner, Michigan State Tournament. C. N. Newcomb, Westy Hogans' Championship. C. F. Nelson, Handicap Championship of Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico. W. E. Phillips, Grand American Handicap. C. H. Parker, North Dakota State Tournament. Dr. L. G. Richards, Virginia State Tournament. Wm. Ridley, highest 1912 Amateur Record. Geo J. Roll, tied for 2d highest 1912 Amateur Record. R. L. Spotts, Maine State Tournament. Moroni Skeen, Utah State Tournament. J. E. Taylor, North Carolina State Tournament. Ed. Varner, Nebraska State Tournament. Wm. H. Varien, California-Nevada Tournament. S. G. Vance, Amateur Championship of Canada. J. P. Wright, Arkansas State Tournament. Harry Whitney, Kansas State Tournament. J. P. White, South Dakota State Tournament.

HERE IS THE MESSAGE FROM THESE WINNERS TO YOU

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Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 23.—With the wind blowing a gale across the traps, a bad light, and freezing temperature, Dixon won the spoon to-day, scoring 45 out of 50 at 19yds., and beat Edmonson by a fraction of one per cent. in the practice numbers, while Vietmeyer, professional, was high score over all. The figures do not tell the merit of the performance.

Practice: Shot at. Broke. Rows include White, Vietmeyer, *Edmonson, *Hymer, Moller, Russel, Dixon, Parry, Lewis, Denny, Neighbors, Hymer, Jr.

Spoon event, 50 targets, distance handicap: *Edmonson 20, 33; Moller 20, 38; Dixon 19, 40; Parry 20, 37; Lewis 18, 36; Denny 16, 29.

place with a fraction better than 95 per cent. and made a run of 54. Dixon next with 94 per cent. Next Saturday we begin shooting for the Du Pont trophy. The scores follow:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Shot at, Broke, Name, Shot at, Broke. Rows include Edmonson, Moller, Parry, Dixon, Lewis, *Hymer, Vietmeyer, Hofer, Britton, Wilson.

Speedway Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 23.—Members of the Speedway Gun Club held their weekly shoot at the local traps yesterday. B. M. Shanley, Jr., was high gun. The scores: B. M. Shanley, Jr. 20 25 20 23 25 24 23 21 19; F. Apgar 24 18 14 19 13; Geo. Ohl, Jr. 20 21 21 17 18; W. Hassinger 24 24 22 21 23 24 18 21; N. Apgar 22 22 23 20 15; H. Stevens 24 25 22 24; W. Rockwell 18 18 21 12.

Nov. 30.—Conditions favored the target shooters to-day, and good scores followed. Parry shot into first

New York A. C.

PELHAM MANOR, N. Y., Nov. 28.—B. M. Higginson shot all around the snow men here to-day. He took high gun in both the scratch and the handicap legs, the first with 90 out of 100; the latter, from a handicap of 4, with a total of 94. As no shooter can take these two cups, the handicap went to C. Stein and Dr. De Wolfe on a tie at 93. Stein won the shoot-off. Higginson took McMahon cup with 25 straight. Dr. De Wolfe landed the Travers Island trophy after a shoot-off against B. M. Thomson, under Olympic rules. The November cup went to Dr. Bogart on a full score of 25. C. Stein took home the Ogden cup.

The weather conditions included snow and a high wind. The scores follow:

November cup, 25 targets, handicap: Dr Bogart 4 25 B M Thomson..... 3 21 R R Debacher 4 24 J M Jones..... 5 21 Dr De Wolfe..... 3 24 G J Corbett..... 0 20 C Stein 6 24 T Lenane, Jr..... 4 19 B M Higginson... 1 22 H H Duden..... 5 18 W B Ogden..... 1 22 D F McMahon..... 1 17 Dr Culver 0 22 J F Wellbrock..... 0 13

Ogden cup, 25 targets, handicap: C Stein 6 25 Dr Culver 0 22 B M Higginson ... 1 24 B M Thomson... 3 22 J M Jones..... 5 24 G J Corbett..... 0 21 D F McMahon..... 1 24 R R Debacher... 4 21 H H Duden..... 5 24 Dr De Wolfe..... 3 20 W B Ogden..... 1 23 J R Wellbrock... 0 19 T Lenane, Jr..... 4 23 Dr Bogart 3 16

McMahon cup, 25 targets, handicap: B M Higginson... 1 25 Dr Culver 0 21 Dr De Wolfe..... 3 24 D M Thompson... 3 20 J M Jones..... 5 24 D F McMahon... 1 20 G J Corbett..... 0 23 W B Ogden..... 1 19 Dr Bogart 3 23 T Lenane, Jr..... 4 19 C Stein 5 23 R R Debacher... 4 18 J R Wellbrock... 0 21 H H Duden..... 5 16

Travers Island trophy, 25 targets, handicap: Dr De Wolfe 3 25 D F McMahon..... 1 22 B M Thomson... 3 25 T Lenane, Jr..... 4 21 H H Duden..... 5 23 G J Corbett..... 3 20 J M Jones..... 5 23 C Stein 5 18 B M Higginson... 0 22 J R Wellbrock... 0 16 W B Ogden..... 1 22 R R Debacher... 4 15 Dr Culver 0 22

High gun prize, 100 targets, scratch: B M Higginson... 90 J M Jones..... 72 Dr Culver 87 Dr Bogart 71 G J Corbett..... 85 J R Wellbrock... 69 W B Ogden..... 82 C Stein 69 Dr De Wolfe..... 81 T Lenane, Jr..... 66 D F McMahon... 79 R R Debacher... 62 B M Thomson... 76 H H Duden..... 60

High gun prize, 100 targets, handicap: B M Higginson... 4 94 W B Ogden..... 4 86 C Stein 24 93 G J Corbett..... 0 85 Dr De Wolfe..... 12 93 H H Duden..... 20 83 J M Jones..... 20 92 D F McMahon... 1 83 B M Thomson... 12 88 T Lenane, Jr..... 1 82 Dr Bogart 16 87 R R Debacher... 16 78 Dr Culver 0 87 J Wellbrock... 0 69

Distance handicap, 25 targets: D F McMahon... 20 19 C Stein 16 17 Dr De Wolfe..... 18 18 R R Debacher... 16 17 T Lenane, Jr... 17 18 Dr Bogart 18 16 B M Higginson... 21 17 J M Jones..... 16 15 W B Ogden..... 21 17 B M Thomson... 18 14 G J Corbett..... 21 17 Dr Culver 21 11 J Wellbrock... 21 17

Olympic cup, 25 targets, handicap: Dr De Wolfe 2 23 R Wellbrock 0 21 R R Debacher 4 22 G J Corbett 0 18 D F McMahon... 1 21

Nov. 30.—To-day wound up the November cup event, the trophy going to C. Stein, who has been shooting under a fairly generous handicap. His month's work, however, has been very consistent. He also became permanent custodian of Ogden cup. McMahon cup also ended its days of uncertainty as to ownership by finding a life home with R. O. Muller. B. M. Higginson has stopped, temporarily at least, the relentless work which Ralph Spotts has pursued the scaling targets to successful conclusions. Mr. Higginson again took high gun honors with 93 out of 100 from scratch. Several events ran into ties, some of which were postponed on account of darkness. Scores:

November cup, 25 targets, handicap: C W Billings... 2 25 H S Wells..... 0 22 W J Simpson... 3 24 H Martin..... 0 20 D F McMahon... 1 24 G J Corbett..... 0 20 Dr De Wolfe... 2 24 Dr Bogart 3 19 C Stein 5 23 H Keller..... 0 18 T Lenane, Jr... 4 23 J W Hessian... 0 17 B M Higginson... 0 23 W B Ogden..... 1 17 Dr L Culver... 0 23 J I Brandenburg... 5 17 R L Spotts... 0 23 R R Debacher... 4 17 F A Hodgman... 1 23 I Meyer..... 0 16 R O Muller... 6 23 G L McLemore... 0 12 A E Ranney... 1 22 E N Huggins... 7 12

Shoot-off for permanent possession of November cup: C Stein 4 24 Dr Bogart 3 22 W J Simpson... 3 24 W B Ogden... 1 21 C W Billings... 1 22

Second shoot-off: C Stein 4 23 W J Simpson... 3 13 Ogden trophy, 25 targets, handicap: C Stein 5 25 F A Hodgman... 1 22 J I Brandenburg... 5 24 W J Simpson... 3 21 R O Muller... 6 24 D F McMahon... 1 21 T Lenane, Jr... 4 23 H S Wells..... 0 21 G J Corbett... 0 23 Dr De Wolfe... 2 20 W B Ogden... 1 22 E N Huggins... 7 20 H Martin..... 0 22 H Keller..... 0 20 C W Billings... 1 22 Dr Bogart 3 19

B M Higginson... 0 22 R R Debacher... 4 19 Dr Culver 0 22 J Meyer 0 19 R L Spotts... 0 22 J W Hessian... 0 17 A E Ranney... 1 22 G J McLemore... 0 10 Shoot-off for permanent possession of Ogden cup: C Stein 4 23 R R Debacher... 4 15

McMahon trophy, 25 targets, handicap: R O Muller... 6 25 W J Simpson... 3 21 A E Ranney... 1 25 H Martin..... 0 20 F A Hodgman... 1 25 C W Billings... 1 20 T Lenane, Jr... 4 24 J I Brandenburg... 5 20 B M Higginson... 0 24 R R Debacher... 4 20 Dr De Wolfe... 2 24 Dr Bogart 3 19 E N Huggins... 7 24 H S Wells..... 0 19 G J Corbett... 1 23 H Keller..... 0 19 C Stein 4 22 J W Hessian... 0 19 Dr Culver 0 22 G L McLemore... 0 16 W B Ogden... 1 21 I Meyer 0 15 R L Spotts... 0 21

Shoot-off: R O Muller... 5 24 F A Hodgman... 1 21 A E Ranney... 5 22 Shoot-off for permanent possession of McMahon cup: R O Muller... 5 25 B M Higginson... 0 22 T Lenane, Jr... 4 24 R R Debacher... 4 21 G J Corbett... 0 23

Travers Island trophy, 25 targets, handicap: C W Billings... 1 24 J I Brandenburg... 5 21 B M Higginson... 0 24 F Hodgman 1 21 G J Corbett... 0 24 Dr De Wolfe... 2 21 R L Spotts... 0 24 E N Huggins... 7 21 D F McMahon... 1 24 W B Ogden... 1 20 R O Muller... 5 24 C Stein 4 20 T Lenane, Jr... 4 23 H S Wells... 0 20 Dr Bogart 3 23 Dr Culver 0 19 H Martin..... 0 22 J Meyer 0 19 A E Ranney... 1 22 R R Debacher... 4 17 W J Simpson... 3 22 G L McLemore... 0 17 J W Hessian... 0 22 H Keller..... 0 14

Shoot-off won by C. W. Billings. Distance handicap, 25 targets: W B Ogden... 21 22 W J Simpson... 18 17 G J Corbett... 21 22 Dr Culver 21 17 C W Billings... 21 21 T Lenane, Jr... 17 17 D F McMahon... 20 21 C Stein 17 16 F A Hodgman... 20 20 Dr Bogart 19 16 B M Higginson... 21 19 A E Ranney... 21 15 R L Spotts... 21 18 H Martin..... 21 14 Dr De Wolfe... 19 18 J I Brandenburg... 16 13 J W Hessian... 21 17 J Meyer 21 13 R O Muller... 16 17 G L McLemore... 21 12 R R Debacher... 17 17

Shoot-off of tie between W. B. Ogden and G. J. Corbett postponed on account of darkness. Olympic cup, 25 targets, handicap, gun below the elbow rules: Dr De Wolfe 2 22 R R Debacher 4 19 C W Billings... 0 21 A E Ranney... 1 17 D F McMahon... 1 21 J W Hessian... 0 17 R O Muller... 5 21 G J Corbett... 0 16 F A Hodgman... 1 19 R L Spotts... 0 16

Day trophy, 100 targets, handicap: C W Billings... 8 96 H Martin..... 0 84 R O Muller... 24 96 H S Wells... 0 82 T Lenane, Jr... 16 93 J I Brandenburg... 20 82 B M Higginson... 0 93 E N Huggins... 28 80 C Stein 20 92 Dr Bogart 12 83 D F McMahon... 4 92 W J Simpson... 12 78 A E Ranney... 4 91 J W Hessian... 0 75 F A Hodgman... 4 91 R R Debacher... 16 73 G J Corbett... 0 90 H Keller..... 0 71 R L Spotts... 0 90 J Meyer 0 69 Dr De Wolfe... 8 89 G L McLemore... 0 55 Dr Culver 0 86

Shoot-off of tie between C. W. Billings and R. O. Muller postponed on account of darkness. High gun trophy, 100 targets, scratch: B M Higginson... 93 W B Ogden... 76 G J Corbett... 90 J W Hessian... 75 R L Spotts... 90 C Stein 72 C W Billings... 88 R O Muller... 72 D F McMahon... 88 H Keller..... 71 A E Ranney... 87 Dr Bogart 71 F A Hodgman... 87 J Meyer 69 Dr Culver 86 W J Simpson... 66 H Martin..... 84 J I Brandenburg... 62 H S Wells... 82 G L McLemore... 55 Dr De Wolfe... 81 E N Huggins... 52 T Lenane, Jr... 77 R R Debacher... 57

Paleface Shooting Association.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 28.—Thanksgiving Day trotted the turkey—in fact, ten of them—fed, killed and picked in Vermont, were among the offerings. Eighty targets were divided into four events. Pick of the dry-picked went to high gun for actual smashes. This proved to be F. O. Williams, who eliminated 75 out of his allotment. Second high for actual damage went to Dr. W. C. Newton with 74, with W. R. Baldwin in the money with 73 actual deads. One lone for-wads-only powder burner was present, Sibley, who removed from further competition 74 aerosaucers—and he got a turkey. The leading scores:

Targets: Jones 14 16 17 13 16 76 Baldwin 18 18 17 20 2 75 Williams 18 20 18 19 0 75 Swift 18 15 19 13 10 75 *Sibley 19 19 19 17 0 74 Sweet 15 18 18 15 8 74 Dr Newton 19 19 18 18 0 74 Richardson 18 15 15 16 10 74 Blinn 18 12 14 19 10 73 H Smith 15 17 16 14 10 72 Isola 17 20 16 14 5 72 J Snow 18 20 17 17 0 72 H L Snow 19 18 19 16 0 72 *Professional.

Crescent A. C.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Nov. 28.—Ten gunners, whose appearance resembled the child conception of Santa Claus, snow-bedecked and cheerful, worked hard to-day trying to pick clay saucers from among snowflakes. W. W. Pell's was the eye of discernment. He broke enough discs to score 88 out of 100, from a gift of 16, thereby winning holiday cup. F. B. Stephenson made certain of beating the corner on turkeys and their consequent high price by getting one with his gun, via the clay saucer route. He made 82 out of 100 in the scratch event. J. F. James got some feathers out of the bird with 76, while "buttsy" for third score went to C. R. James on a transposition of J. F.'s figures. Mr. Stephenson won also the leg on committee cup with 45 out of 50 from scratch. G. G. Stephenson, J. P. Fairchild and W. W. Pell tied at 22 on fourth leg on monthly cup—water's edge odds are 4 to 1, no takers, that G. G. S., now leading, will cop the cup. The scores follow:

Committee cup, 50 targets, handicap: F B Stephenson... 0 45 J S Lawson..... 0 36 J P Fairchild... 6 41 J F James..... 0 35 *H Stevens 0 40 G G Stephenson... 0 34 Geo Brower 2 40 C R James..... 2 31 W W Pell..... 8 40 M Stiner 2 29

Turkey shoot, 100 targets, scratch: F B Stephenson... 82 C R James..... 67 *H Stevens 78 G G Stephenson... 64 J F James..... 76

Holiday cup, 100 targets, handicap: W W Pell..... 16 88 R C Williams..... 20 72 J P Fairchild... 12 84 G G Stephenson... 12 72 F B Stephens... 0 81 M Stiner 4 71 J F James..... 0 80 C R James..... 4 62 Geo Brower 4 72 J S Lawson..... 16 62

Monthly cup, 25 targets, handicap: G G Stephenson... 3 22 F B Stephenson... 0 21 J P Fairchild... 3 22 C R James..... 1 20 W W Pell..... 4 22 R C Williams... 5 18 M Stiner 1 17 J S Lawson..... 4 17 Geo Brower 1 16 J F James..... 0 15 *Guest.

Nov. 30.—J. H. Vanderveer once more took things home with 86 from scratch. C. R. James did mighty clever shooting on a strong quartering wind, when, for committee cup, he broke 48 out of 50, which, with his handicap, gave him a full. This tied F. B. Stephenson for the trophy. James won the shoot-off handily. R. C. Williams won the leg on monthly cup with (5) 24, but as this trophy already was cinched by F. B. Stephenson with 66, it was glory, but no gilt. James took second on monthly cup with 64. Scores:

Take-home trophy, 100 targets, handicap: J H Vanderveer... 0 86 M Stiner 8 74 J F Weilbacher... 20 81 J S Lawson..... 16 73 J F James..... 0 80 C R James..... 4 70 R C Williams... 20 78 L G Langstaff... 0 50 G G Stephenson... 12 76 W G Kerr..... 28 63 F B Stephenson... 0 75

Committee cup, 50 targets, handicap: C R James..... 2 50 W A Kerr..... 14 32 F B Stephenson... 0 45 R C Williams... 10 31 G G Stephenson... 6 41 J S Lawson..... 8 31 F W Weilbacher... 10 39 J H Vanderveer... 0 30 J F James..... 0 38 L G Langstaff... 0 24 M Stiner 4 35

Shoot-off: C. R. James 24, Stephenson 22. Monthly cup, 25 targets, handicap: R C Williams... 5 24 G G Stephenson, Jr. 3 21 M Stiner 2 23 F Weilbacher 5 21 F B Stephenson... 0 23 J S Lawson 4 20 C R James..... 1 23 J H Vanderveer... 0 19 J F James..... 0 21

Three best scores for month: F Stephenson, 22 22 22—66 C R James..... 64

Jersey City Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Nov. 30.—Several members were out at the regular Saturday shoot of the Jersey City Gun Club to-day. The day was ideal for those that do not like it too windy or too frosty. Geo. Piercy was out for the first time this season trying out his new gun, and from the way he put the rest of the boys down and out, it would seem as though he had struck the right combination at last. George finished up with an average of 83 per cent. for the day, his nearest competitor being Dave Engle, with an average of 81 per cent. The scores follow in strings of 25:

Metz, 12, 15, 20, 21; Piercy, 18, 22, 23, 24, 22, 24; Lawton, 18, 14, 14, 14, 14; Engle, 22, 19, 19, 23; Dalton, 18, 19, 19, 15, 22, 20, 13; Williams, 13, 16, 18, 15, 13; Shannon, 18, 20, 19, 18, 22, 20, 19, 20; Kearney, 8, 11, 12, 8, 13, 10; Dixon, 18, 20, 19, 19; Kent, 16, 21, 17, 16, 19; Summerfield, 4, 5, 6; Windisch, 21, 20, 24, 13; Jones, 16, 14, 12, 12. SECRETARY.

Rhode Island Country Club.

BARRINGTON, R. I., Nov. 30.—Twenty-one aerosaucer experts called pull in a handicap event here to-day. The winner got a bronze beauty, second a duck, third and all others had their goose cooked. Upper berth was occupied by Kenneth Wood, who hung up a full, which, added to his handicap, gave him 29. Among those in upper and lower register, and how much they hung up, follow:

Kenneth F. Wood 29, H. T. Merriman 27, Richard W. Comstock 26, I. B. Merriman 26, H. B. Deming 25, F. H. Elmore 23, Lewis Colwell 22, F. W. Matteson 22, A. C. Blanding 21, Edwin Metcalf 21, G. M. Parks 21, G. T. Hanley 21, C. H. Merriman, Jr., 21, H. A. Hoffman 20, L. O. Tingley 18, J. B. Lewis 18, Dr. J. W. Keefe 18, Pardon Miller 16, Henry Dunnell 15, B. E. Kile 15, C. B. Marshall 11.

Hudson Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 1.—Appended find scores of the regular shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, held this morning. There was a good attendance at the grounds and some very good scores were made by several of the "old-timers," with Dave Engle showing the way with 92 per cent. for high average. Billy O'Brien was the runner up with 90 per cent., and George Piercey a close contender with 88 per cent. The Du Pont trophy event had twenty shooters competing for it this morning, and the lucky shooters that pulled through with straight scores were Williams and O'Brien. On Dec. 15, our next shooting date, the last contest for this prize will be held, and the winner will be awarded the trophy.

The club, through the kindness of one of our oldest members, Mr. L. Schortemeier, is arranging for a series of shoots for several prizes that he so liberally donates, and we would like to have a good attendance at these shoots before commencing this event, so that handicaps can be adjusted satisfactorily, and the shooters placed in their respective classes. So come out, boys, the prizes will be good and very suitable ones, and just what the boys want.

Al. Kurzell came over this morning to shoot Burlington and Dobson a return match, and try and get satisfaction for the trimming that he was handed at the last shoot, but he discovered that he had brought his game gun along, so had to postpone the match till Dec. 15, our next shooting date.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	50	25	25
L H Schortey	19	24	44	21	19
L R Culver	19	24	45	20	21
D D Engle	23	23	47	24	..
G H Piercey	21	23	44
J H Williams	19	17	50	14	17
W Hutchings	18	18	47	19	17
B Beyersdoft	17	17	46	21	..
W Summerfield	17	14	40	16	..
E Malcomb	16	18	42	19	..
W Roach	16	19	46	20	21
T Boothroyd	19	19	44	17	19
W Raymond	17	17	43	15	19
W Dowse	19	17	41	16	16
W O'Brien	22	21	50	22	..
H Burlington	16	16	44	19	20
J E Smith	20	19	41	16	19
W Douglass	15	20	47	13	15
J Dobson	17	19
A Kurzell	16	19
J Putney	44	19
T Kellev	..	19	45	19	21
F Sneed	42	19
P Pasnicole	19	11
R Coyle	12	14
R Weston	17	19

SECRETARY.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

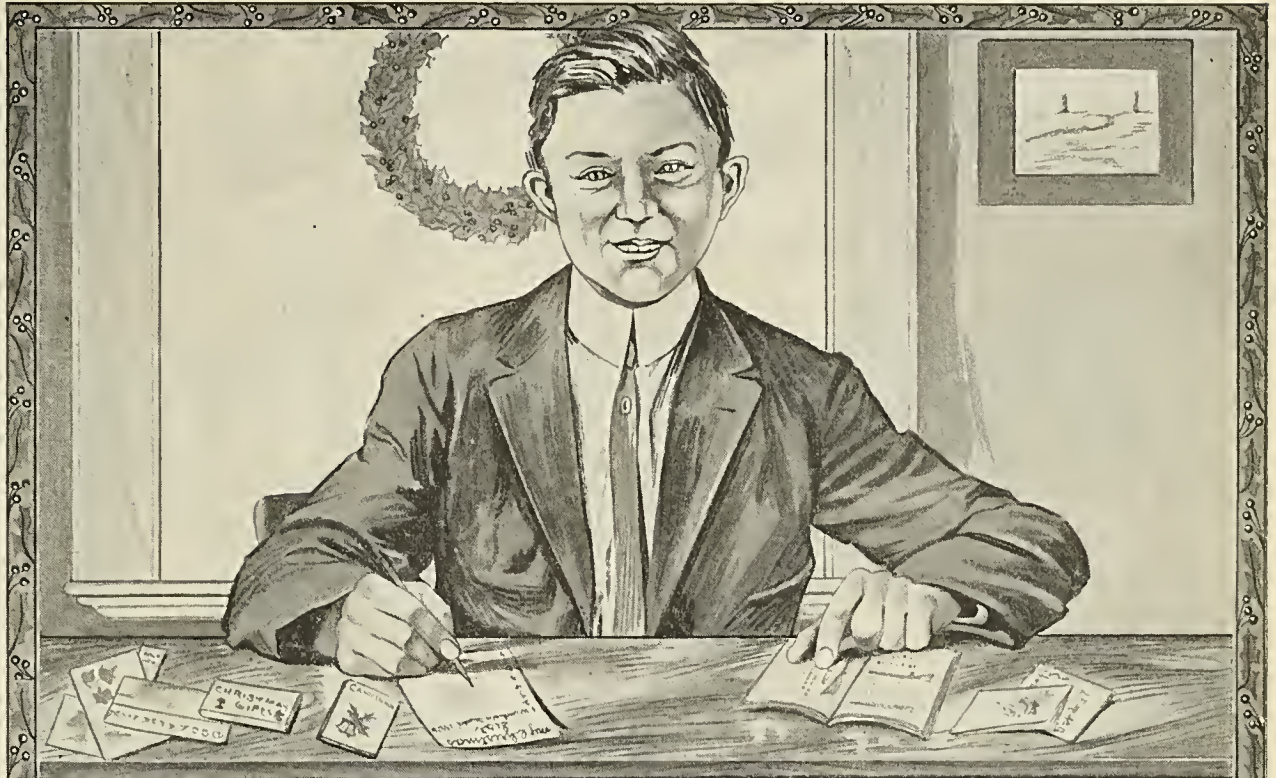
PORT WASHINGTON, L. I., Dec. 1.—When Gould and Hoyt are away there is no keeping Alker in leash. Again to-day he pulled down the major portion of the swag. In other words, out of five events he waded successfully into three of them. The monthly cup on a full from a 2-disc draw, which, though called by H. Funke, stood the raise in the shoot-off and tore the hide off the kitty. On the yearly prize, another full came Alker's way on a one-disc draw to a broken straight. The 25-bird sweep also lined the pockets of the thus-far topper. A. Funke reduced the average for the rest of the bunch by taking the remaining two events. He broke 7 out of 10 in the Short event, and let only one slide between his chilled 8s in the 15-saucer event. The big shoot, Long Island Sound championship, Jan. 12. Spotts, Higginson, Stephenson, Hoyt, Billings, Scott, Alker and other toppers probably will compete for this choice title. Scores:

Monthly cup, 25 birds, handicap:			
J W Alker.....	2 25	D Provost	6 20
A Funke	4 25	C von Lengerke....	0 19
D E Smith.....	2 22		
Yearly prize, 25 birds, handicap:			
J W Alker.....	1 25	D E Smith.....	2 22
R Howland	7 23	E A Sierck.....	4 19
C von Lengerke....	0 22		
Ten bird, scratch:			
A Funke	7	L Provost	3
D E Smith.....	8	J W Alker	3
C von Lengerke....	6	C Curtiss	6
D Provost	5		
Fifteen birds, scratch:			
A Funke	14	L Provost	2
D E Smith.....	10	J W Alker.....	12
C von Lengerke....	13	C Curtiss	8
D Provost	11		
Sweepstake, 25 birds, handicap:			
J W Alker.....	2 24	C von Lengerke....	0 20
A Funke	4 22	C Curtiss	5 20
D Provost	6 22	I O'Rourke	5 18
D E Smith.....	2 21	L Provost	7 13

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Nov. 30.—Regardless of the fact that one almost never hears of the shoots here, there are in Montclair Gun Club a number of excellent target eradicators. George Batten, Y. T. Frazee, I. S. Crane, Edward Winslow, all of whom shoot in 75 per cent. class, and yet of whom one seldom hears. The big event to-day was won by Mr. Frazee, who snuffed from the ambient atmosphere 18 out of 25 aerosaucers, which, with 4 gratis encouragers, gave him 22, one better than Batten and Crane.

There were three 25-bird sweeps, won as follows:			
Frazee	19 14 19	Batten	17 19 20
Crane	19 20 19	Winslow	16 19 19
Boxall	17 15 19		



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Winchester Rifles, Shotguns and Ammunition
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Greenwich Field Club.

GREENWICH, Conn., Nov. 28.—The Field Club had its annual Thanksgiving trapshooting contest to-day in the face of a blinding snowstorm, which partly obscured the birds. Twelve men participated in a 50-bird handicap match. First prize went to A. L. Ferguson, second to H. S. Marston and third to F. W. Hoeninghaus. Other contestants were John D. Chapman, Clarence Martin, Jr., Lamont Dominick, O. Feitner, W. Vanderhoof, Jr., George Lauder, Jr., Louis Watkin, J. R. Coffin and H. J. Fisher.

Nov. 30.—November cup will decorate the trophy room of R. Newell, who, in the final shoot to-day, closed on it with 11 points. This was three better than his nearest competitor. Scores follow: W. F. Hoeninghaus 8, J. R. Coffin 6, A. L. Ferguson 6, R. C. Bolling 5, Louis Watkin 3, R. C. Crocker 3, Clarence Martin, Jr., 3, George Lauder, Jr., 2.

GREENWICH, Conn., Nov. 30.—N. Webb was top berth occupant in weekly sweeps here to-day. He paved the lawn with the crumbings of 84 out of 100 pulled for him, which, added to his free scalers, gave him a full score. J. D. Chapman occupied the lower

berth with 80 actual eliminations, while George Pynchon used his tiller hand to advantage on 76. The other three-day saucer exponents finished just ten apart in actual killings—A. B. Foster 88, E. C. Willis 78, F. B. Tuttle 68.

Holland Gun Club.

BATAVIA, N. Y., Nov. 29.—We closed our season yesterday with the following scores:

Targets:	25 25 25 25	Targets:	25 25 25 25
Gardiner	22 20 25 21	Tomlinson	20 21 .. .
Brumber	17 17 15 ..	Walls	20 17 .. .


We have been shooting a handicap this summer, the scores for one shoot governing the handicap for the next program.

The tie held over from Topperwein day was won by Brumber. Thanksgiving Day trophy was won by Tomlinson. The Du Pont trophy, shot for during the season, was won by Brumber. The season prize for the regular program was won by Walls with two-fifths of one per cent. over Gardiner, which shows how near we came to figuring an equitable handicap.

CHAS. W. GARDINER, Sec'y.

5 out of 6 REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIPS

PRACTICALLY A CLEAN SWEEP, WON BY

THE FAMOUS  BRAND

Peters

Ammunition

The results of the United States Revolver Association 1912 Outdoor Championships, just officially announced, show that users of Peters Cartridges won FIRST in every match but one, also Second place in one match, Third in three matches and fifth in two.

Match A. Revolver Championship
 1st—A. M. Poindexter.....467
 3rd—J. E. Gorman.....455
 5th—C. M. McCutcheon.....448

Match D. Military Record
 1st—Dr. J. H. Snook.....212
 2nd—C. M. McCutcheon.....207

Match F. Pocket Revolver Championship
 1st—Dr. O. A. Burgeson.....208

Match B. Pistol Championship
 3rd—A. M. Poindexter.....574

Match C. Military Revolver Championship
 1st—Dr. J. H. Snook.....621
 3rd—A. M. Poindexter.....574
 5th—C. M. McCutcheon.....570

TWO NEW RECORDS

Match E. Revolver Team Championship
 1st—Denver Revolver Club....774

These victories, won against the hardest possible competition, show that our oft repeated claim for the ABSOLUTE SUPERIORITY of PETERS AMMUNITION is not mere idle talk, but a conservative and provable statement of FACTS.

PETERS REVOLVER AND RIFLE CARTRIDGES of 32 and larger calibers are just as surely superior to other makes as Peters 22 caliber. PETERS SMOKELESS Cartridges are as far ahead of competing brands as are PETERS SEMI-SMOKELESS.

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London Field's Appreciation of Forest and Stream.

SOME CONTRASTS.

THERE are many differences between shooting in this country and shooting in America, as we have recently been reminded by that amusing and interesting little book "Stories of Some Shoots," in which General Drain, of Washington, has described his experiences in Scotland and England with pheasants, driven partridges, and wild duck. We shoot different birds, and we shoot them in a different way. But there are other differences besides those of field and covert, and one of them is the reading and writing about the sport by those who take part in it. I have just been looking through the special number of FOREST AND STREAM, the New York paper which deals more fully with shooting and fishing than any other in America, and I have been struck with the very large proportion of the paper which is filled with news—that is, news of shooting. Part of this, of course, is news specially collected for this particular number, for there are nearly twelve columns of reports from the "game and fish commissioners and wardens" of the various States as to the prospects of sport for the season. But there are other items of news in which interest seems to be pretty constant, and chief among these come the accounts of the doings of the various clay-bird shooting clubs and their tournaments. The Field prints each week during the season short accounts of the meetings of the Gun Club, the Middlesex Gun Club, and so on—perhaps a column. But here in FOREST AND STREAM are ten pages of news and advertisements mixed, all dealing with the shooting of clays. If this form of shooting is not the most popular of all forms in America, at all events it seems to get most of the attention of the papers and the gunmakers. Incidentally, it provides some stimulating reading.

WITH THE REPEATER.

Accounts of actual sport in the field often read familiarly enough, though here and there a sentence goes a little oddly, possibly owing to the fact that the narrator has been shooting with a magazine instead of a double-barreled gun. We get an account of walking up prairie chickens in South Western Minnesota, for instance, and after a little find John, the setter, stiffening to a point: "The lashing of his great tail ceased. He was immovable. Yet we could see no birds, and went ahead carefully to give the dog a chance. Then from beneath our feet rose eight young birds, frightened and anxious to be off. They made for the corn east of the field, and, when they were a fair distance off, two guns began to decimate their ranks. Only four birds dropped to six shots, and a cripple dropped a little way off, too weak to fly further." A little further on the decimation was evidently more complete, though the actual numbers are not given. "John dropped his nose, roared a bit, and advanced into the wind toward the ground we had just covered, and raised his head. The pointer drew alongside, and both their noses quivered as they sniffed the odor of the birds. Being curious we went back the way we had come over the knoll, and soon the air was thick with rising chickens. They had laid

tight to the ground, and as we passed them before, they had failed to flush. The battery of guns began their usefulness. * * * Well, there is a satisfaction in dropping a right and left out of a covey, even when other birds rising a little later escape because the gun is unloaded. And a right and left, it seems to me, is quite enough for one gun to take at one time out of one covey. At the same time I should rather like for once in a way to see a battery of quick shots with repeating guns begin their usefulness on a covey of grouse or partridges rising at an ordinary distance.

A VARIED VOCABULARY.

To "begin usefulness" is an expressive phrase. But the dictionary of the shooter in the field has not nearly so many new pages as that of the clay-shooting gun club. Some of the terms in common use among clay shooters are plain and straightforward enough; others need comment. A moment's reflection suggests that the "high amateur" of a tournament is the highest scorer who is not a professional. You are given photographs of "high amateurs" and "high professionals," all of them sitting in the correct position, which is with the gun across the knee with the breech open and the barrels dropped. The "high professional" on the first day broke 140 clays out of 150, and 90 per cent. seems to be an indifferent score. One of the competitors, for instance, "made a clean score at the lunch table, though he did not make his usual good showing on the firing line;" he scored only 135. Another competitor would have done well, but "struck a snag" and finished third. Another one, in the "doubles" event, "in spite of a 'dutch double,' went out with 46, which shows that Jimmy is some quick with his shooting stick." A "dutch double" presumably is a miss with right and left. But what is a "merchandise shoot?" "There will be a merchandise shoot of five events of 10 targets each," you read, "and a Jack Rabbit shoot of ten events." Perhaps a Jack Rabbit shoot is the kind of shoot you would expect to follow if you had made a clean score at one of the shooting lunches of which the menu is given; "Heublein cocktails, caviar slices, turtle soup, fried sea pommes grande, peas, potatoes, head lettuce, coffee, cheese, ice cream, cigars." This is more elaborate than the average snipe shooter can manage on the bog, but you need something fortifying to withstand the contingencies of an important clay tournament—plating a gun, for instance. "Lester German, based upon the fact that he had missed a target, went over into an adjoining field to again pattern his gun. A complaint was made by the owner of the farm. It required the united efforts of Elmer Shaner, Tom Marshall and Bill Crosby to keep him out of jail." It is a world of action indeed, in which, based upon the fact that you have missed a clay pigeon, you find yourself the next moment confronted with a dungeon. But deeds, not words, are the rule throughout. You are asked to observe "William H. Heer, 'Cyclone shooter,' not talker. Constant at all times, and crushes mud pies with regularity. Witness his work on Friday, in bad weather, 200 without a miss. You must pass it along to Billy." But this clearly might place one in a difficulty.

WHAT OFFERS?

Advertisements are occasionally more interesting than

letterpress. This, from a column adjoining the description of William H. Heer's dealings with mud pies, suggests further inquiry into the merits of the hotel accommodation offered: "Kent Island Narrows, Md. There are reasons, ask why." Another rendezvous, Bear Mountain Camp, describes the advantages offered more definitely, "Deer and bear shooting for the big game man, and plenty of partridge for the spread shot preferent." At Centreville Station, Sullivan Co., N. Y. you can be sure of "good bird dogs and hounds." From Montgomery, Pa., on the other hand, comes an offer of "two good female rabbit dogs." But the really attractive offers are of land for sale. There are about 400 acres of "fine open land, well stocked with partridge and other game, with seven cottages, fine drinking water, together with several streams running through the place," for twenty dollars an acre. Or you may buy a 4000-acre farm, with a fifteen-room dwelling, outhouses, "good fishing and hunting, especially quail shooting," at seven dollars fifty cents per acre. The only disturbing reflection is that the price of the property with all its advantages being plainly set down in black and white, the owner would probably take much less.—"Cheviot" in London Field of Nov. 16, 1912.

Boston A. C.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 28.—The day of thanks broke forth with the noise of powder and the song of shot at the Boston Athletic Association. First shoot of the season went to R. A. Faye, who won take-home trophy with 93 from scratch. F. Whitney took lower berth with 92 from a start of 20 free ones. T. C. Adams sat on the Pullman steps on 89 from scratch. The weather was regular made-to-order kind—no one could ask for better. P. R. Tucker was a guest. The scores:

	Broke.	Hdep.	T't'l.
R A Faye	93	0	93
F Whitney	72	20	92
T C Adams	89	0	89
L H Davis	75	11	86
P W Whittemore	68	16	84
C B Tucker	65	5	70
W C Brooks	62	8	70
P R Tucker	34	0	34

Eugene Gun Club.

EUGENE, Ore., Nov. 22.—Only six shooters took advantage of the nice weather to-day, but they feel well repaid, as conditions were fine. Seavey shot his old consistent clip and was high with 92. Deierlin was runner-up with 90 to his credit. Following are the scores:

Seavey	23	22	23	24	92
Deierlin	20	24	23	23	90
Bean	24	19	21	22	86
C Kompp	18	21	20	24	83
Veatch	21	19	19	21	80
Darrow	17	19	20	19	75

E. A. BEAN, Sec'y.

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 23.—A dark, cloudy afternoon, with a blustery cold wind, were not very good weather conditions to bring out a large field of trapshooters. Those who did come out to the park had a most excellent chance to test their skill on very erratic targets, and many excellent shots were made during the afternoon. The feature of the day was the splendid race between Young and Northcott in both the first and second events, Young winning out by one target in each event, scoring 46 in the first and 50 straight in the second. Northcott broke 45 and 49 in the first and second events respectively and then scored 24 out of 25 in an extra event. Foley, Reid and Newkirk did splendidly for their first trial at the traps, considering the hard conditions. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	50	50	25	25	12p
J S Young.....	46	50	18
W P Northcott.....	45	49	24	..	16
E Lyon	39	41	18	..	14
E Silver	41	19	21	..
M Ballou	35	51
J W Eagan.....	..	38	17	..	10
W C Foley.....	22	29	16	..	4
J H Hanson.....	13	10	..
W F Quarry.....	2	6	..
O Reid	15	11	11
H A Newkirk.....	8	11	..

Nov. 24.—The first snow of the season was ushered in by a young blizzard, which blew in during the night and covered the ground with a thin white blanket. As it was dark and cloudy, with a raw, cold wind blowing, which at times blew almost a gale, only four trapshooters concluded to try their hand at breaking the dodging spheres, and they found the conditions hard enough, but they got some fine practice at that. Phil Miller topped the list in both 50-target events, having started in by breaking his first 15 straight, but after that a few managed to get away. Thwaite concluded to get his gun in action after over a year's vacation from the traps. Kammerer missed his train connection, but came out on the car. We had a card from "Doc" May, who reports splendid duck shooting down the country. Keller was trying out a new 20-gauge, and while he did not break as many as he should have liked, he made some excellent shots, and broke his targets in fine shape. Scores:

Targets:	50	50	25	25
P Miller	39	40
H Thwaite	37	..	15	..
Targets:	50	50	25	25
B Kammerer.....	32	16
J W Keller.....	28	29	..	8

Marine and Field Club.

BATH BEACH, N. Y., Nov. 30.—When monthly cup totals were footed to-day it was found that C. D. Sayre had under varying weather conditions, the creditable breakage of 289 out 300 aerosaucers. Of the four other 25-target events, E. H. Lott took two from scratch, one with a straight, the other with two missing from his full. Sayre, Towne and Knox tied in another event with 24, while Sayre won the fourth with a full on a four-saucer draw. The scores:

November cup, handicap, 100 targets:					
C D Sayre.....	54	289	C M Camp	36	259
E H Lott	0	280	C D Church	54	248
P R Towne	32	280	C D Ludwig	36	239
J M Knox	54	271	W H Davol	36	236

Trophy shoot, scratch, 25 targets:					
E H Lott	0	25	C D Sayre	0	20
J M Knox	0	23	P R Towne	0	20
C M Camp	0	21	W H Davol	0	13

Trophy shoot, handicap, 25 targets:					
C D Sayre	4	24	C M Camp	3	21
P R Towne	1	24	W H Davol	4	19
J M Knox	3	24	E H Lott	0	18

Trophy shoot, scratch, 25 targets:					
E H Lott	0	23	C M Camp	0	20
P R Towne	0	21	W H Davol	0	18
J M Knox	0	21			

Trophy shoot, handicap, 25 targets:					
C D Sayre	4	25	C M Camp	4	22
P R Towne	1	23	W H Davol	3	20
E H Lott	0	22	J M Knox	3	16

Evanston Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 25.—Twenty-one shooters entered for the turkey handicap shoot, held by the Evanston Gun Club, on their grounds, Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 23 and 24. There were four events of 25 birds each, two on Saturday and two on Sunday. The system used was the added target handicap. The handicap in each event was based on the difference between the actual number of targets broken in the preceding event and 23. Of the twenty-one entries, the highest man had a score of 92 and the lowest man 80, keeping up the interest to the last shot of the last man. A terrific wind blew both days, making the handicap very large and the actual number of birds broken very small.

The winners of the turkeys were the following gentlemen: Dr. Ford, J. F. Davis, W. R. Watson, R. De Clercq and H. Van Patten. Owing to the popularity of this event, it is the intention of the club to hold another turkey shoot on Dec. 7 and 8, with the same system of handicapping.

W. J. PHALEN, Sec'y-Treas.

Glenwood Country Club.

GLENWOOD, L. I., Nov. 28.—J. H. Higgins was top gun in the 100-target take-home-turkey shoot to-day at Glenwood Country Club from handicap of 6. Scores were much better than weather warranted, the high being 91. The scores:

J H Higgins.....	6	91	B Parsons.....	5	85
W S Silkworth....	0	91	J C Severance....	5	85
J S Crosby.....	5	89	H C Severance....	5	85
C W Berner.....	3	88	Lionel Moses	5	84

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PERFECT PATTERNS

Birmingham Gun Club.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 23.—Only six shooters were at the weekly shoot. Most of the shooters had gone to the football game. The wind was blowing very hard, and the scores are away below the average. Dick Leland started out well, but lost out badly in the end. Mrs. Garl finally won out for high percentage after a rather bad start. Scores as follows:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke			
Dr Sellers	90	69	E M Cornwell..	65	46
D Leland	100	61	O L Garl.....	35	26
Mrs Garl	65	51	J J Smith.....	65	24

Nov. 30.—Eight shooters were at the weekly shoot of the Birmingham Gun Club, held to-day. R. H. Baugh did the best shooting, breaking 65 of his 75 shot at, winning high gun button. Several new shooters were out shooting for the first time. The weather was fine, but wind caused targets to be erratic. There will be a one-day registered tournament at the Birmingham Gun Club on Feb. 22, 1913, and a 100-target distance handicap for trophy given by the secretary to club member making highest score. Scores follow:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke			
R H Baugh.....	75	65	W B Lecroy....	65	39
Wm Dunn	75	46	Mrs Garl	50	36
O L Garl.....	50	43	Dr Sellers	55	31
R H Myers.....	65	41	W H Padget....	65	29

PARTICIPANT.

Essex Country Club.

WEST ORANGE, N. J., Nov. 30.—The first shoot of the season at Essex County Country Club took place this afternoon, when B. M. Shanley, Jr., and H. S. Brown tied with a full score for the Die cup handicap at 25 targets. The other scores were: C. H. Daly 24, A. O. Headley 24, J. D. Pryor 24, James A. Hart 17, H. T. Folsom, Jr., 17.

Take-home trophy: Headley 25, Brown 33, Shanley 22, Daly 22, Hart 21, Folsom 17.
Sweep, 25 targets: Shanley 24, Daly 23, Folsom 23, Brown 22, Hart 21, Pryor 21, Headley 18.
Ten pairs double: Daly 15, Hart 13, Headley 11, Brown 9, Folsom 9, Shanley 8, Pryor 7.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

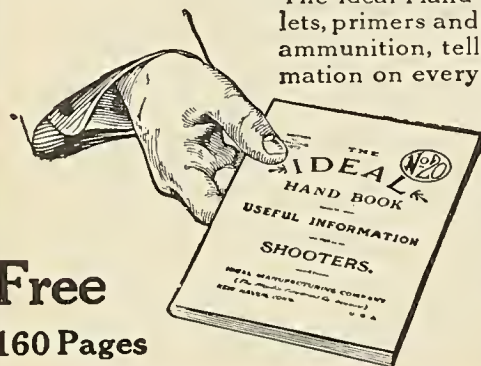
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Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT, N. Y., Dec. 2.—There was a good muster of gunners at the traps of the Larchmont Yacht Club opening day for December cups. Tom McCahill took 10-bird scratch and 100-target handicap trophy; the first with a full score and the latter with 96 targets. R. L. Spotts was high for December cup with 25; he took the 150 scratch event with 132. B. M. Higginson broke 132, but as he is not a member, the prize went to Spotts. Higginson won the visitors' special trophy and the 15-target scratch contest.

With a full, A. Whiting won the take-home trophy, and T. L. Lenane, Jr., won the leg for the accumulation cup with a full score. J. Henry broke all of his 25 targets in the special trophy match.

North Brewster Gun Club.

BREWSTER, O., Nov. 29.—The Thanksgiving Day shoot held by the North Brewster Gun Club was a complete success. A large number of shooters were in attendance, there being members of Massillon Rooburban, Canton, Navarro, Wilmont, New Philadelphia, Orville and Dalton gun clubs present. The following were winners: R. Metzgar, Crawford, Essig, Felling, Witters, J. Zurcher, D. Young, A. Coblentz, M. Glick, W. D. Fairfax, J. M. Arnold, J. Christman.

The ladies of the Union Church entertained the contestants at Thanksgiving Day dinner. The weather was ideal for the sport, and the day was enjoyed by all present.

AL. J. BURNS.

Rifle and Revolver

Cincinnati (O.) Revolver Club.

THE club is shooting a series of telegraph team matches this winter, the second in the series being with the Denver Revolver Club, on Nov. 27. The matches are shot in the Brendamour range, under the rules of the United States Revolver Association. Dr. A. A. Yungblut has been appointed Governor for these matches. High score was made by W. Howard Cox, 208 out of a possible 250. He also made high five-shot score of 47. G. E. Pugh made second high score, 46. The team will shoot against the Portland, Ore., team on Dec. 4.

Team match with Denver (Colo.) Revolver Club, 20yds., 25 shots, standard American target, possible 250, U. S. Revolver Association rules:

W Howard Cox	44	40	47	36	41—208
Elmer C Hake	40	36	42	38	39—195
A H Kenan	37	44	34	43	29—187
G E Pugh	33	46	26	39	43—187
Dr A A Yungblut	32	39	41	38	36—186—963

Scores made by other members:

J F Stevenson	41	21	33	31	38—164
J R L Carrington	31	35	30	37	41—174
Col C F Hake	31	39	34	40	34—178
H F Schaefer	38	27	37	26	36—164

The scores made in the first telegraphic match of the season, with the Washington Revolver Club were as follows: W. Howard Cox 209, Dr. A. A. Yungblut 197, Col. C. A. Hake 195, A. H. Kenan 188, Elmer C. Hake 175; total, 964.

MANUFACTURE OF POWDER.

VLADIVOSTOK papers report that a factory at station Sviagin, Siberia, on the Ussuri Railroad, is manufacturing "rackarock" in a very primitive manner. This factory undertook to deliver to the Government ninety tons of the explosive and was producing it without having obtained a permit from the authorities. It is said that the explosive is produced by mixing potassium chlorate (KClO₃) with red lead (Pb₃O₄) and another ingredient similar to protochloride of iron (FeCl₃). The mixture is packed in paper cartridges. Rackarock is an American product, manufactured in New York, and was formerly sold in large quantities in this district for use in railway construction work, etc.—Vice Consul, Vladivostok.

A TEST FOR DRINKING WATER.

ONE of the best and simplest tests is to put a pint of the water in a flat earthen vessel, evaporate it quickly and scrape the receptacle clean of any residue.

If such residue is white and powdery it means lime or gypsum, hence the water is hard but safe. A whitish green or whitish yellow gummy residue is suspicious. Burn it, and if it turns black, giving out the smell of burned feathers, the water is contaminated with animal refuse and a likely breeder of typhoid.—Christian Herald.

CARIBOU IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Continued from page 718.

are the harp, the hood and the bay seal, differing in color and size, the hood seal being the largest and the male having a hood or bag which he blows up over his head, the color, brownish; the harp seal, smaller and blue in color, and the bay seal white and brown spotted—all hair seals. Hides worth \$1.00 to \$5.00, and the oil thirty cents per gallon. The young harps, when born, have a white coat for ten days and do not swim, so they are killed on the ice with clubs, this being between the 10th and 20th of March. They turn to a dark brown after going into the water, after which it is necessary to shoot in order to get them.

"A sealing steamer in a good season may take 30,000 or 35,000 seals. She is a powerful boat and can force her way through two feet of ice. The largest steamers carry 200 men, all of whom live down in her hold like dogs in a kennel, in the worst crowded, worst smelling den you ever saw, and hunt out from the ship in parties of ten or twelve across the ice. The seal catch does not seem to diminish, there appears to be just as many on the average as there were forty years ago."

He proposed that some fine summer I join him about the first of July, the very best time for salmon and trout in Terra Nova waters, which are later than the Humber and the western rivers; that we fish for two weeks and then go to Rocky Bay, fifteen miles east of Alexander Bay, and shoot bay seals for ten days or so, saving the skins to make winter coats for a lady and a little girl I know. This sounded good to me, and it is one of the things I am going to do.

Just as Bob finished telling me about the seal hunting, two splendid flocks of geese passed up the river, flying low, within thirty yards of camp.

It rained hard all night, and we started hunting in the morning through thickets of spruce and fir, wet as a rag, crossing out northwest of camp on to small hardwood ridges, through occasional little bogs and brooks. Having seen no recent fresh sign of stags along the river, Bob concluded that the old fellows were still in the woods, putting the finishing touches on their new horns, and that for the present we must still-hunt for them instead of watching the river crossings and bogs. There was a little chain of small ponds not very far back of camp, and we hunted down across two of them and past the others, one by one, seeing little fresh sign of stags. It started to rain again, and by mid-afternoon we were pretty well drenched, so turned back toward the river. Said Bob: "We might take a last turn up by the little pond, but it doesn't seem much use. I never knew sign of stag in here so scarce."

The changes in hunting luck come swiftly, and I suppose that is half the charm of it; the ever-present thought that suddenly the toil and watching and discouragement may be rewarded by the sight of noble game. As we peered out across the little upper pond, Bob slid down in the roots of the small spruces, and there, standing above the water back to us, looking up hill, was a splendid stag, so large and white and topped by such a spread of red horns that I could scarcely believe my eyes. He seemed much more like a white moose than a deer.

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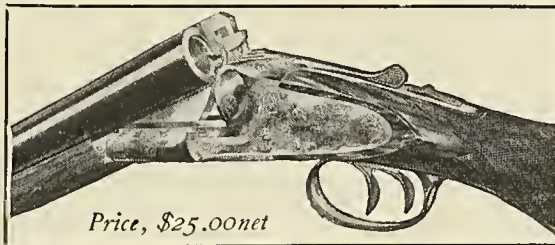


record on double targets. How *inaccessibility of working parts* has been eliminated by the Smith One Screw Access. How shooting loose has been eliminated by the Smith Rotary Bolt which takes up wear to a certainty, in all directions. Etc., etc.

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"Two hundred yards," said Bob, and I made the mistake sportsmen so often make. I started by raising my sights, took a very steady aim at his rump, and fired. He stood still. I fired again. He never moved a muscle, but at the third shot he jumped, and we afterward discovered that it had passed through the webbed top of his right horn, throwing up the gravel ahead of him, so that Bob cried: "You are shooting high." Down with the two-hundred yard sight, and as he trotted along the side hill, I brought him to earth with a shot through the foreshoulders. His horns, while evenly matched and very pretty, carried only twenty-five points, although he was, as Bob said, an exceptionally heavy animal. After photographing him we took the head and a quantity of meat and were at camp in time to skin out the head before dark, all save the ears.

Next morning I tackled the ears. Score: First ear, three hours; second ear, one and one-half hours; both ears, a large amount of language and backache, and eighteen black fly bites on my forearms, inflicted while I was helpless to slap flies. Skinning out ears is to a greenhorn quite a nerve-racking job, and I have heretofore brought in my head skins with the cartilage in ears. The final result, however, while good at the hand of a first-class taxidermist, is not as safe for the long pull as if the ears be skinned out fresh and thoroughly salted clean to the tips.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

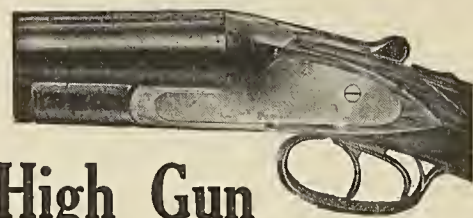
Improved Fish Hatchery at Pratt, Kan.

BY LEWIS LINDSAY DYCHE, STATE FISH AND GAME WARDEN.

THE pond system of the new and improved fish hatchery at Pratt, Kansas, was completed in November, 1912. It has been said that the building of this hatchery is an epoch in the history of fish hatcheries. Not only is this the largest fish hatchery so far as we know that ever has been built, but in many respects it is the most complete and best equipped. The water system, controlled by over 100 solid concrete structures with bronze and iron gates securely fitted, is the most complete arrangement for handling water that has yet been constructed for a fish hatchery. The water itself is ideal for fish culture purposes. The supply is taken from the South Ninescaw River, just south of the city of Pratt. A solid cement dam 500 feet long holds a supply lake of about seven acres. A cement chamber receives the water through heavy wire screens from the supply lake and passes it through a gateway into the 21-inch conduit pipe. While the water is clear, coming from innumerable springs a few miles west of Pratt, yet it runs several miles through beds of watercress, moss and other water plants before it reaches the supply lake. Hence the water is well supplied with minute animal and plant life and other fish food, and is well aerated before it is poured into the breeding ponds.

OBJECT OF HATCHERY.

The chief object of the State fish hatchery is to supply brood stock fish for the ponds, lakes and streams of Kansas. There is no better food than fish, and with most people fresh fish is a real luxury. Most fish lose flavor and quality very rapidly when removed from the water. It



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can be stated as a rule, that has very few exceptions, that the sooner a fish is cooked and eaten after it has been taken from the water and killed, the better it is. It follows then that the best way for Kansas people to get good, fresh fish is to raise them, and the nearer they are raised to the place of consumption, the better they will be.

Kansas has many good fish streams. They have been abused by turning sewage into them. The fish interest of the whole people has been greatly injured by certain individuals who have taken fish by unfair means and thus depleted the streams of breeding fish. It is believed that the above abuses can be corrected, and that Kansas streams can be made to produce a good crop of fish each year and yet sufficient breeding stock left to insure a next year's crop. It will be a good part of the business of the fish hatchery to help bring about such conditions. The hatchery will do everything in its power by disseminating knowledge of fish and all things pertaining to fish and the fish culture business to help each individual who is in any way interested in the fish business.

HATCHERY THE BEST PLACE IN THE WORLD TO LEARN ABOUT FISH.

Those who desire to learn about fish and the best methods of raising and handling them should visit the State fish hatchery. With a hundred ponds in operation and every kind, size and age of fish in the ponds, an opportunity would be furnished for gaining a great deal of information in a short period of time.

Studied and looked at from their food habits, fish can be divided in a general way into two groups—vegetable feeders and animal feeders. All young fish eat nearly the same kind of food, minute forms of animal and plant life. As they grow older and larger such fish as the carp, buffalo, the red-horse, in fact all the suckers, are essentially vegetable feeders. Such fish as the bass, catfish, the crappies and the sunfish are essentially animal feeders. However, the catfish, even when grown, eat more or less vegetable matter, and the crappies and sunfishes eat a little vegetable matter, especially when they are young. However, the great bulk of the food of the bass, the catfish, the crappie and the sunfish is animal. These fish feed very largely upon other fish, especially upon minnows and the young of the carp, buffalo, and in fact the young of all the vegetable-eating fish. It is much easier to raise the vegetable-eating fish in great quantities than it is the animal-eating fishes. There is usually plenty of food in streams and ponds for vegetable-eating fishes, but the supply of animal food is never so abundant. To meet this demand nature has so arranged that most vegetable-eating fishes spawn eggs by the million, while animal-eating fishes spawn eggs by the thousand. For instance, catfish and bass spawn from one to twenty thousand eggs in a year, while carp and buffalo spawn from five hundred thousand to five million eggs each in a year. The vegetable-eating fish convert much waste vegetable matter into fish flesh. This fish flesh in the form of young fish serves as food for the animal-eating varieties. For instance, the black bass will eat from three to five times its own weight in other fish each year.

The object of the fish hatchery is then to deal with every problem of fish culture that may present itself, and if possible to cause fish to be-

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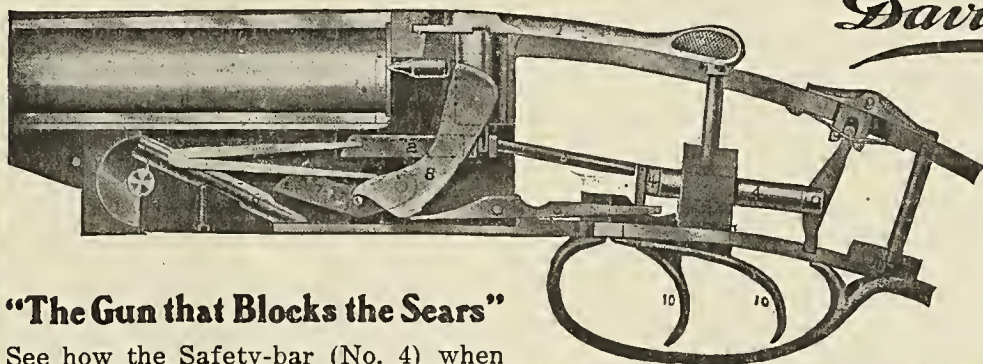


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come a common article of food in the homes of Kansas people, and thus furnish a cheap, wholesome and delicious article of food. We believe that the fish hatchery can in a few years be made to return to the people of the State fish food enough to more than pay for the cost of the entire plant each year.

Crimes of the Crayfish.

VERY beautiful are the photographs which illustrate the article on the crayfish in the November number of the Zoological Society Bulletin. This is an Aquarium number, and is full of interesting material, having to do with marine and fresh water life.

The article on the crayfish possesses a peculiar interest for readers in the South where the crayfish or crawfish does considerable damage by boring into dams or dykes of earth, causing leaks which may produce extensive damage. In certain localities it is a serious menace to the farmer because it does much damage to crops.

The crayfish is of some value as an article of food, yet though used in some quantities in Louisiana, Oregon and Wisconsin, the money value of the crayfish caught is not large.

The crayfish is nocturnal in habits, but some species go about a good deal in the day time. It is, however, at night and in rainy, showery weather that they chiefly go abroad, and it is at such times that they work the greatest injury to crops in the South. In certain clay lands of Mississippi and Alabama it is stated that it is impossible to raise any crops with profit. The animals inhabit the heavy gumbo soil which is full of water, and under which there is a layer of sandstone, impermeable to water. Over quite a stretch of country, estimated at not less than a thousand square miles, the crayfish do so much damage to the crops as to prevent, to a large extent, the successful raising of cotton and corn. Their depredations are committed immediately after the plant appears above the ground, and at this time large fields of young cotton have been destroyed in a single night. The damage to the corn is not so severe as to the cotton. If a cotton field be examined after a raid made by crayfish, it will be seen that they tear away the tender sprouts and carry them to their burrows. At the mouth of a single burrow a dozen entire leaves have been found, and of course these are only bits that are dropped by the creatures in its traveling.

So numerous are the crayfish in this region that 8,000 to 12,000 holes to an acre are sometimes found there.

After the destruction of their first crop the farmers are likely to replant, and if the weather is dry, they may secure a fair stand. The worst weather for the farmer is when frequent rains occur soon after planting. Then the crayfish are much abroad, and the chances for a crop are poor, but in dry weather the plants may develop so rapidly as to be out of danger when the wet weather comes.

The Bureau of Biological Survey has made some investigation into the damage done by these little animals, and an account by Dr. A. K. Fisher, Assistant in charge of Economic Investigation, is full of interest. Dr. Fisher recommends, as the best means of getting rid of these swarms of injurious crustaceans, killing them when they leave their holes. They can be killed

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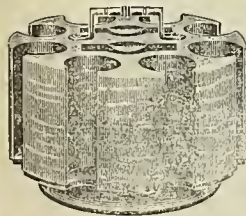
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by clubs or crushed under foot, and when the weather is right and a very large proportion of the animals are abroad, laborers can pass over the fields and destroy all the crayfish in sight. Those killed ought to be gathered, cooked and mixed with meal, because they make a valuable egg-producing food for poultry. It is obvious that all the crayfish in a given area could not be killed by this means. Certain poisons are recommended, in connection with the mechanical process. Of these poisons carbon bisulphide, chloride of lime and calcium carbide are mentioned. The first two of these are the least expensive, and it is believed will be effective.

The matter is one which possesses a very vital interest for Southern farmers. Such readers would no doubt be gratified to procure a copy of the Zoological Society's Bulletin which gives these excellent pictures of an animal which, in certain sections, is a pest.

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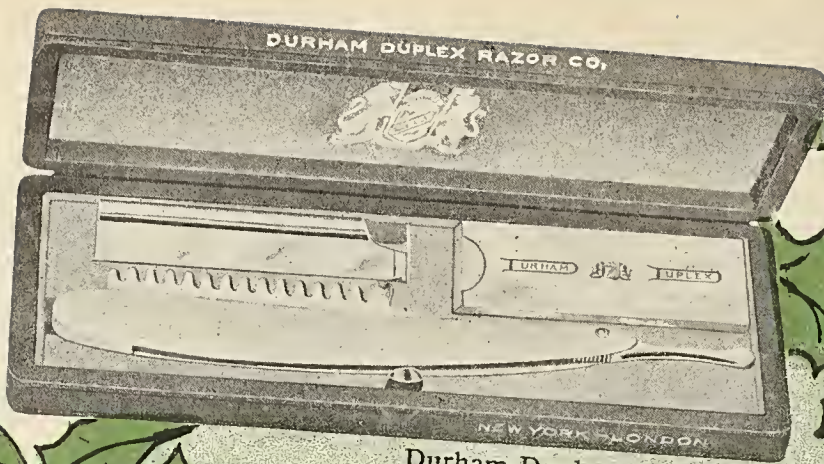
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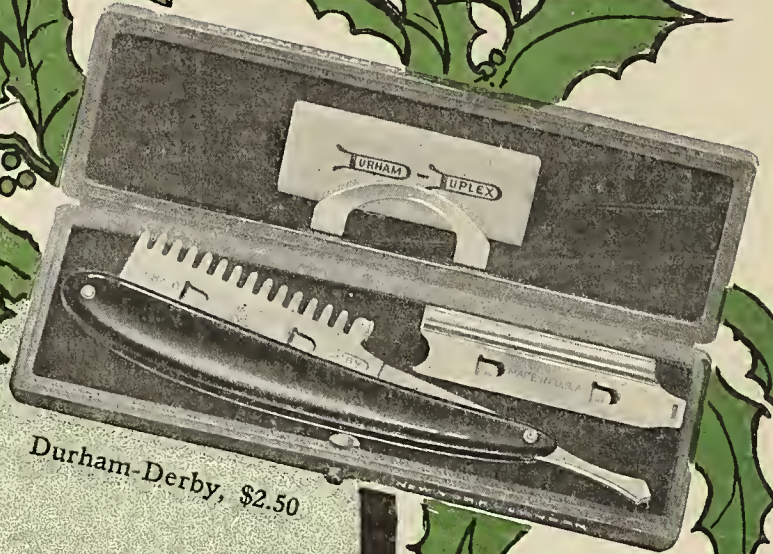
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For a number of years I have taken an active part in shooting, fishing and yachting, and like many other enthusiasts in these lines of recreation, have sworn by old fashioned "common" or "garden" razors.

Once or twice I have tried safety razors, (celebrated through their advertising) for use on a yacht when it was a little rough for the straight razor, and on camping trips, when a mirror was more or less of a luxury, and I am frank to say that I have been greatly disappointed in all these implements. Their advertising copy is much more satisfactory than the article itself.

The other day, in going down to the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club at Port Washington, L. I., I saw in the window of a hardware store a table on which was a large sign "Durham Demonstrator - 35 cents". Being flush, I invested in one of these and all of the above communication relates to what is to follow.

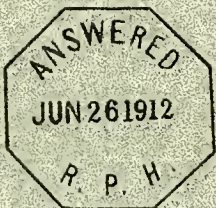
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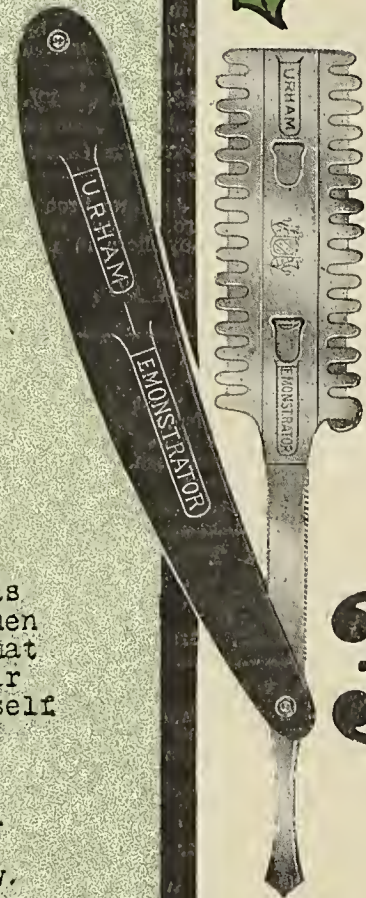
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Hunting in Many Lands.

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The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club. Editors: George Bird Grinnell and Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated. 353 pages. Price, \$2.50.

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By S. T. Hammond. A delightful reminder of crisp autumnal days in the covers. It tells of sport with the noblest of game birds, the habits and habitat of the ruffed grouse, with just the right touch of reminiscence and personal experience. Cloth. Illustrated, 150 pages. Postpaid, \$1.00.

HISSING OF A SNAKE.

F. W. FITZSIMONS, director of the Port Elizabeth Museum, says that snakes change their skins several times a year before reaching the adult state. The main reason why snakes cast their skins is to provide for increased growth. The skin of a snake does not grow with the growth of the body, as is the case with warm-blooded animals. So when it begins to get too tight, it is discarded.

The hissing of a snake, Mr. FitzSimons explains, according to the Westminster Gazette, is caused by the long sack-like lung being inflated with air, which is forcibly expelled through the glottis and nostrils. The puff adder makes the loudest and most prolonged hiss of any South African snake. When alarmed, snakes hiss with the object of frightening off their enemies. If snakes were not able to make their presence known, they would be frequently trodden upon and injured by the various creatures of veld, forest and mountain.

An animal will often manifest the wildest alarm at the sight of a snake or on hearing one hiss, although it has never before come in contact with one of these reptiles. "This power of transmitting experiences is," remarks Mr. FitzSimons, "a wonderful provision of nature, for if every living creature had to learn entirely by personal experience to avoid its enemies and find out what kinds of food were wholesome or the reverse, a great number of species would rapidly become extinct."

Among the snakes described is the African python. The statements in regard to the length of these reptiles are very conflicting. Mr. FitzSimons says he has examined many and the longest was twenty feet. The average length he puts down as about sixteen feet, the circumference at the thickest part being about eighteen inches. Pythons are very fond of water and often lie along the branches of trees with their eyes fixed upon the ground below.

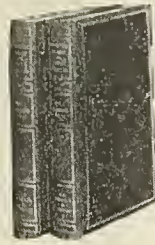
If something good to eat comes along, the snake simply drops upon it, the end of the tail gripping tight to the branch. Pythons are not venomous, and the tales about them swallowing people have never been thoroughly authenticated. Pythons will show fight when wounded or cornered, and at these times it is distinctly dangerous for man if alone to tackle them.

"I have had much experience of snakes," writes Mr. FitzSimons, "and have made it my business to observe carefully their habits and ways both in their natural condition in the wild state and captivity, and in no instance have I ever known a snake to fascinate an animal in the manner it is alleged to do." He has seen two species, which he mentions, many a time in trees surrounded by a crowd of fluttering, chattering, excited birds. But the birds were not, he says, fascinated by the snake; they were endeavoring to intimidate it in order to frighten it from their haunts.

According to one authority, about half a drop of Indian cobra venom is sufficient to kill a man. That means, as Mr. FitzSimons states, that a full sized cobra would be able to eject enough venom at a single full and complete bite to kill about twenty men. The Indian cobra yields as much as twenty drops, and Dr. Hanna mentions having obtained as much as twenty-eight drops.

In experiments with the venom of the Cape cobra, Mr. FitzSimons found that one drop diluted in a little water and injected into the tissues of the leg of a large monkey killed it in half an hour's time. A fraction of a drop was sufficient to kill a rat and a fowl within half an hour. Judging from the effects of cobra venom on the higher animals, Mr. FitzSimons considers that one full drop is a fatal dose for a strong, healthy man.

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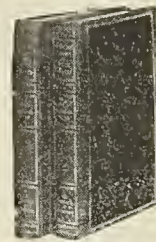
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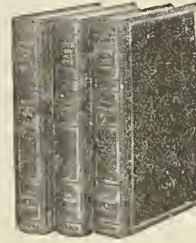
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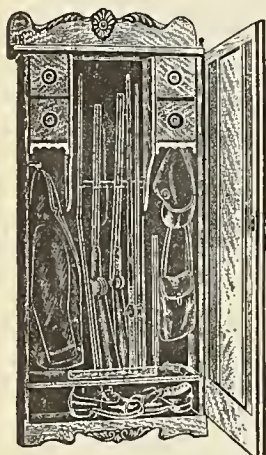
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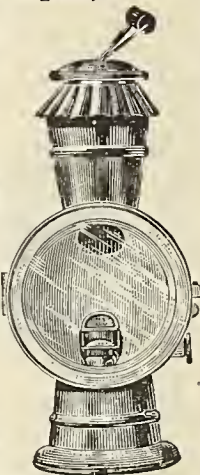
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1912.

VOL. LXXIX.—No. 24.
127 Franklin St., New York.



RAIL SHOOTING ON PAWTUXENT.

Note—Just below the line of fire, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches from the left side of the picture, the crumpled rail bird may be seen. Photograph by Dr. H. Lindley.

Christmas in '64

By FRED A. OLDS

THE autumn of 1864 had begun in Piedmont, North Carolina, and the flaming glory of the foliage vied with the gorgeousness of the sunset. There was a tang in the air, and in the retired country home, where the little Confederate boy lived, life ran very smoothly. The story has been told of how he made the shot for his gun, how he got the powder for it, and also how he killed his first turkey and thus "won his spurs," which his beloved Uncle Frank, home from the battlefield minus his best arm, had given him as a reward for his marksmanship.

The war was on in all its bitterness, and it bore very hard upon Jimmy's mother, whose husband, though twice wounded, was still in the field fighting with Lee's ragged, but dauntless, veterans; men who illustrated in a splendid way the American spirit, its pride and its valor, and who in this happy day have come to share with their erstwhile enemies the respect and the regard of all people who love the memory of men who dare to die for what they think is right, no matter whether their uniform happened to be Blue or Gray.

Father was still at the front, and mother, with Uncle Frank, helping all he could, was do-

ing her best to keep things going. There were the forty slaves, little and big, to be looked after, clothed, fed and cared for, and there was the little boy, Jimmy, the only child to be cherished and looked after in every way. It was astonishing in those days how self-reliant even children became, for there were boys of Jimmy's acquaintance barely turned sixteen years, at the front in the battle line, and one under seventeen had been brought back to the neighborhood, one leg gone, taken off by a shell. But to the little lad all these things seemed remote and yet strangely near. He had not seen father in three years, and sometimes a fortnight passed and even more without a word of him or from him. Fighting and not writing was the fashion in those days.

Jimmy, by the aid of the trusty and well beloved Uncle Esek, the oldest of the slaves, had built a sort of shack, which he called his "fort." It was roofed and in it were some of his treasures, including first of all the Joe Manton gun so dear to his father and himself. It was well kept, though its barrels were worn at the muzzle almost to paper thinness, but still shooting fine and strong, provided one held it on the game.

One day of days—after Jimmy had oiled this precious gun and put it lovingly back on the prongs of the deer horns which formed a gun-rack, and had gone out to the front of his fort and looked at his two cannon which were in truth old pillars of a portico, mounted on dis-used wagon wheels, all painted black, and had cast an eye upward to see if his Confederate flag, the "Stars and Bars," was floating in the properly dignified way from the top of a high pole—he saw a wagon coming to the house and presently mother appeared on the porch with half a dozen slaves around her and beckoned for Jimmy. There had come from the nearest railroad town, a good many miles away, a box or two with very precious things which had been brought "through the blockade"; in other words had come from England to Nassau, from that island to Wilmington, and then by railway, and but slowly, too, into the Piedmont country among the mountain foothills. In the box were some "cards" used for carding cotton for spinning, for the spinning wheels and the looms were great features of the Southern homes of those dreadful days, and they had to whirr and clank until the very last, to keep families and slaves clothed.

Uncle Esek's wife, known to Jimmy and indeed everybody else as "Aunt Clarisy," as white of hair as Uncle Esek himself, was simply one broad grin as she said: "Miss Harriet, dem kyards sholy does look good ter me. Dem whar we has is pint blank worn out." There was a gay bandanna handkerchief for Aunt Clarisy and a lot of other things, not forgetting some gun caps and some English powder of the fine kind known as rifle powder for Jimmy, for the friend who had sent these boxes with their wonderful contents was a man who lived at Wilmington, and who had been a guest of this family while he was convalescing from a sickness that summer. It was a proud day for Jimmy, and the can of powder was "toted" by him directly to the fort, and there put on a shelf. There were writing paper, real ink, lead pencils and a book or two in the boxes, and when Jimmy compared the clean-printed English books with his poor Confederate geography, printed at Raleigh, the contrast was almost painful, for the maps in that geography looked as if pokeberry juice had been used to give one of the colors. There was Jimmy's arithmetic, too, also printed in North Carolina with so "many of its examples" telling about the war, such as for example, "If Captain Tuttle, of a company of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina regiment, took into the battle of Gettysburg three officers and eighty-one men and came out with one officer and two men, how many were killed, wounded and missing?"

But, though the opening of these boxes, which really seemed to be from another world than this, was something which no child of today can even conceive of so far as pleasure is concerned—for the very finest Christmas box of this period is as nothing compared to it—yet there was something else in store for Jimmy, for there came down the lane between the high-staked and riddled rail fences Jimmy's grandpa in his old "stick gig," which he thought the best vehicle in all the world. It had been about a year since Jimmy had seen this much beloved grandparent, but it was Uncle Esek who saw him first and absolutely ran to meet him, his wooden soled shoes with their tops of half-tanned yellow leather fairly clattering as he went, but Jimmy was right at his heels. Grandpa had in the gig two or three bundles and also his long rifle. He had been in the Mexican War and had been injured, and so was not able to do service in the Confederate ranks. He was very active, considering his injured leg, however, and as Uncle Esek put it, "Got erbout sprizingly." Jimmy was allowed to "tote" the long and heavy rifle, as well as the powder horn and bullet pouch; Uncle Esek "tuk dem bundles an' de carpet bag;" another slave looked after the horse and the gig, and in a minute there was a happy party at the house. Mother was there to embrace the old man, and grandfather very proudly went along with one arm around her neck and the other around that of his tall and wounded son, while Jimmy and Uncle Esek brought up the rear. Grandpa had some mighty fine chestnuts and had also brought some real sugar and coffee, which he had obtained in some wonderful manner, and the supper that night was something never to be forgotten. Grandpa said he had come to stay a fortnight, and Jimmy had to run to tell Uncle Esek this good news. Uncle Esek expressed his delight and said to the little fellow at the cabin door: "Yo grandpa sho is



A BAG IN CURRITUCK.
Photograph by Jasper B. White.

er mity man. He's been a-huntin' many in his time. I members one night when Marse Henry was er havin' de famby prar at the gret house dat he read fum de Scripture erbout er man whar wuz er mity hunter fo' de Lawd. Yo grandpa wuz one er dat sort er man. He's killed deers an' bears an' wildcats an' panthers an' buffaloes an' lions an' elefunts in his time. He don't use no kind uv gun, 'ceptin' er rifle, dat one whar he brung wid him terday. He don't believe in no scatter-gun, like Marse Henry an' you uses. He all de time say er flint lock gun is de only kind, and dem whar uses caps ain't 'pendable. I've hearn yo' grandpa say dat dem cap guns is too quick, an' dat dem flint locks is slo' but sho'. Many's de squrl whar I've seen yo' grandpa knock outen de high trees, 'thout makin' no wound in 'em. He 'barks' um." Jimmy, who had never had the great good fortune of hunting with grandpa, wanted to know what "barking" was. Uncle Esek laughed and said: "Barkin' ain't what a dog does. Hit is shootin' er squrl ez he's er lyin' out on de lim', so de bullet goes under his throat an' pint blank knocks the wind outen him. Down he falls and you don't find no wound 'till you skin him, and den yo' finds er little bruise place whar de bullet kinder grazed."

Jimmy right then began to regard his grandpa as simply wonderful, and the long flint lock gun, with its slender hickory ramrod, was regarded as a "sure killer" at any distance. The next day grandpa said he would take a little hunt with Jimmy, who must first of all be told about the wonderful rifle. There was the powder horn made out of a well-shaped cow horn, with some very creditable engraving done upon it, and hanging from the small end, in which was a little wooden stopper, was a piece of reed infinitely smooth from long use, this being the powder gauge. Grandpa explained to Jimmy that to tell how much powder a rifle should use, a bullet should be put in the hollow of the hand and enough powder poured to cover it, and then the gauge could be fixed to hold just that much. In the bullet pouch there were the bullets, which grandpa himself had made, the slender bullet mould, a few extra flints for the

lock, and some "patching," together with a little box of grease. Jimmy must needs see the rifle, which was fully as long as grandpa, loaded and this operation was performed. The powder was poured in, then a bullet was laid in a little corner of a piece of thin cloth, which had been greased, and with a knife grandpa cut off the cloth after the bullet had been started. Then with the long ramrod he gently but steadily sent the patched bullet down on top of the powder. Next he looked at his flint to see that everything was all right, and put a few grains of powder in the "pan" so that when the flint struck the steel, the resultant spark would touch off the powder. Uncle Esek was on hand, for he was going on the little hunt, too, and the way he praised grandpa as a shot delighted that good old soul and pleased Jimmy, as Uncle Esek said, "mighty night ter death." Jimmy was armed with the Joe Manton, and one-armed uncle looked at the group very admiringly, intensely proud of the boy who in his homemade shoes and clothes and rough hat of rabbit fur and wool was ready to go anywhere and take a chance at anything in such an environment. Uncle Esek said: "Jimmy, yo' grandpa kin knock de eye outen er hawk. I seen him do it. Hawks better keep outen his way. Ef he gits nigh one er dem chicken-stealin' birds, he sho is er gwine er knock him, and ter git chicken pie." Jimmy laughed, for he knew very well the good old country rule in the South, that if you kill a hawk on the premises you are fully entitled to the best chicken pie the woman can provide, and she is only too happy to do the providing. So the three of them started off, mother standing in the porch and smiling. Grandpa was unusually sure of his rifle, for his powder horn had been filled with some of the English powder which had so luckily come in. It chanced that in a tree there was a very beautiful bird which Uncle Esek called a "yaller-hammer, an' one uv de sociablest birds whar dey is, fur he goes wid dem birds whar flies high all de time, an' dem whar stays mostly on de ground." Jimmy begged his grandpa to show what he could do right then and there, and luckily for his reputation down fell the yellow-

hammer, shot right through the head. In a house not far away lived a woman who was termed by Uncle Esek "Ole Miss Lewis, whar has er heap uv trouble wid hawks and sich." As they came near her place a hen hawk alighted in the top of a big persimmon tree some seventy-five yards from a barn, and grandpa, who wanted to add to his reputation in Jimmy's mind, said: "You all lie low now, and I will creep up and get him." Jimmy and Uncle Esek obeyed and went down in the grass like lizards. It seemed like a long time before grandpa's rifle cracked, but when it did the big bird seemed to try to rise in the air, and then came tumbling through the trec, clawing savagely at this limb and that. When Jimmy ran up to the place with his dog the mortally wounded bird was as savage as could be, and Uncle Esek finished it with a blow on the head with a stick. Jimmy took the hawk by the heels and ran to "Ole Miss Lewis" with it. She was delighted and declared that the next day she was going to make a big chicken pie for grandpa and him, and in fact, for all the family.

Into the woods the trio went, and everything seemed to go grandpa's way, for a squirrel

flashed into a hollow limb, not many feet above the ground. The limb seemed to have been struck by lightning, for it was split and the squirrel ran in it in such a way that its head showed through a narrow opening not over half an inch wide. Up went grandpa's rifle, his trusty right forefinger touched the slender trigger, and the squirrel collapsed. Jimmy was helped up the tree and contrived to get the squirrel out. Grandpa had shot him through the eye. In Jimmy's mind his grandpa's admiration for that old flint lock was more than shared.

By and by they came to a young poplar tree, its leaves nearly all fallen, in which there was an exceedingly big squirrel's nest. Uncle Esek begged for Jimmy's gun, saying, "I know's er gemmun whar makes hit er pint ter shoot in dem sort uv nesses, fur diffunt animals lays up in dem nesses; jus' quiles up an' goes ter sleep." Uncle Esek blazed away, while Jimmy and grandpa watched. Some leaves drifted off, but very quickly the nest shook and something began to drop on the ground. Uncle Esek went to the foot of the tree and at once said, "Hit's blood a-droppin'. I lay you a wager I got sumpn

dat time. Yo' jes' watch." And sure enough out tumbled a great big 'possum and hit the ground with a thump. Uncle Esek's eyes seemed to stand out from his head like a sand fiddler's, and it was a pure joy to see him pick up that animal dearer than any other in all this world to the darkey stomach. Uncle Esek did not want to shoot any more. He had seen "ole Marse" show off with the trusty flint lock, and all his stories had been proved, and after knocking about a little bit more, they decided to go home. As Jimmy was striding along with gun on shoulder, a rabbit ran lightly across in front, and at the edge of a little patch of reeds actually sat up and very coolly "washed de face," as Uncle Esek put it. Jimmy laughed so much he could not shoot, but let the rabbit go. Presently another rabbit was jumped. There was a little "patch of cotton" nearby and into this the rabbit ran and "squatted." Uncle Esek said: "Rabbits sholy has sense. Dey knows dat the frosted cotton smells high an' drowns de scent and dat's why dey goes inter de cotton patch an' lays low." Grandpa admitted that there must be something in this.

The Caribou Barrens of Newfoundland—III.

Pictures and Text by the "Judge."

BY prowling around we discovered southerly two or three miles from camp an open hill, whence we could see half a dozen small lakes and bogs. Three does were feeding on a marsh a mile east of us, but no stag was to be seen. On top of a high ridge three or four miles southeast we could just see the edge of a big flat open country, which we resolved to hunt over later. Soon three small stags worked out on to the big bog below us, a mile distant. Going down toward them we jumped another. Crossing the brook we came upon a doe, fifty

feet away, drinking, but she dashed through the stream with a great splashing before I could get her picture.

Then we saw two young stags and a doe feeding down across the bog, and leaving Bob. I crawled along through the moss like a serpent, holding the camera ahead of me ready for a picture; finally I gained the shelter of a tiny shrub, into the top of which I pushed the camera, waiting for the deer to come across in front of it. At fifty feet the doe became uneasy and I could see the hair raising upon her

shoulders, but the stags remained indifferent, and I exposed the film. At the click of the shutter she saw me, but I remained frozen until her curiosity had overcome her fear, and she advanced cautiously toward the tiny bush through which I was peering at her. At the second click she jumped and started away, accompanied by the stags.

At a distance of 100 yards out upon the marsh the stags resumed feeding, but the doe turned sharply and cut straight across the wind at a swinging trot, her head high and her funny little tail cocked straight up in the air in a comical fashion. Although going through soft moss, which gives down six inches at every step, she had a most elastic trot, springing right up smartly into the air at every stride. Upon finally crossing our scent in the wind she made one fine buck jump and started down the breeze at top speed.

Later we saw more does and young stags in velvet. Fifteen deer in all for the day, but no worthy trophy. Often we would espy among the green spruces and tamaracks fringing the bog, what seemed surely to be the white throat of an old stag; but a look with the glasses invariably converted it into the trunk of a birch, or the dead and whitened roots of an old pine. From "stag" to "snag" requires but momentary use of the binoculars and the shifting of a single letter, but when the change is called for a hundred times daily, it does become tiresome.

While Bob was fleshing out the head skin of our first stag one morning he discovered an old buckshot embedded in the thick hide of the neck. "An Indian's work," said he, "no white man shoots at stags with buckshot."

Bob, however, credits the Indian trappers



BACK TO GLENWOOD.

largely with the extinction of the wolf packs, which formerly harried the deer, although it is true their motives were not altruistic, for they only began diligently to poison deer carcasses when the Government bounty of \$20 per wolf was established thirty years ago. About that time, Bob said, two powerful wolves afflicted the settlers around Alexander Bay for many weeks, killing dozens of sheep and evading all traps and poison set for their undoing. Finally Bob's uncle observed that when the trap was set at a carcass these wolves would walk around and around it, but never approached within four or five feet of the trap, with whatever care it might be concealed. So he got another trap and buried it in the moss at a distance of six feet from the carcass, and from the first trap, and so caught both wolves.

Bob's latest personal knowledge of wolves dates back ten years, when one fed upon a carcass near his hunting camp at White Plains, in the Gaff Topsails region.

Returning to camp at dusk one evening, I thought I heard the "plump" of a frog leaping out of the grass into the river, but Bob said, "No." One would conclude that St. Patrick must have stopped off in Newfoundland on his way back from Ireland, for it is said that there is not a frog, toad or snake on the island.

Next day we hunted the bogs and small hills northwest of camp, drawing a blank, and seeing no living thing of note save a great horned owl which flew up from the swamp in front of us, alighting upon a dead pine and hooting until attacked and driven to the cover of the dark spruces by a pair of kingbirds. On our way back to camp we gathered a fine mess of ripe purple partridge berries, which, when well stewed with plenty of sugar, make an excellent sauce for venison.

The heavy rain having been carried off by a high wind, the weather turned clear and cold again, and we moved up stream two or three miles and in from the river a short distance, with light packs, constructing a small birch bark leanto close to a little pond. That night it turned very cold, ice forming all around the edges of the pond, but we were cosy and warm in our leanto, with the heat reflected from a little fireplace of flat stones.

For two or three days we hunted constantly across the big bog, up through a thick woods on to the great high rolling open country to the east, around little ponds, and two or three small lakes, seeing a good many does and small stags with their horns still in velvet, but jumping only one big stag, and he seen in thick woods, only for a second. The weather became warm and summery again, altogether too much so for hunting. Salmon were still passing up the shallow river occasionally, or leaping in the pools. In the small streams we saw now and then a school of trout, but could not catch one.

The compass which I always carried showed Mount Peyton north, 25 degrees east, from this bit of country. Bob, however, scorns the compass, relying upon the occasional high pines and tamaracks which project above the general growth, and all of which incline east or northeast, owing to the prevalence of southwest winds.

The ubiquitous Canada jays infested our camp, stealing every speck of meat or bread



KING STAG—BACK VIEW.

they could get at. While making notes one afternoon I heard a tremendous squealing, and running out, found that Bob had sneaked up behind one of these birds which was stealing meat, and caught it in his hand; and I took the bird's picture while it cried loudly for help.

We had agreed with Ralph and Lionel that we would return to the main camp Sept. 18, and we met them about half way down, coming up to get such duffle as we did not have in our own packs. As we came around the bend opposite the mouth of Dead Wolf River a stag was seen across the stream, browsing on the bushes which hung over the bank. It was raining and foggy and impossible to study him carefully, for he was apparently about to go into the woods. So I took a quick chance at him at 250 yards, for his horns looked good. Having missed him, we concluded that they were poor anyway.

The rain increased, and we arrived at the camp in the midst of a heavy downpour. A big flock of yellowlegs were feeding on the sandbar in front of camp, and upon the woodpile was a fine pair of horns which Ralph had picked up on the high bog to the southeast. Heavy rain continued all night, and next morning the river began to rise swiftly, coming up over twelve inches in three hours. The boys arrived at four o'clock, very wet, having been

driven out of the upper narrows by rising water, forcing them to go straight up the cliffs in a very dangerous place.

While we sat about the fire talking it all over, Bob suddenly exclaimed: "There comes a big stag right out of the bushes across the river." Our camp was concealed from the river by a thick fringe of bushes along the bank, and I had a chance to glance at him through the binoculars long enough to see that his horns were all rubbed clear of the velvet and stained a deep red. As he came down into the water at not much over one hundred yards distance, I fired, striking him squarely in the nose; and as he wheeled brought him down with a shot through the foreshoulders. After all our toil and traveling around over the country, early and late, it did seem ridiculous to come back to our main camp and sit down and have a big stag walk right into camp and nearly run over us.

At the moment when this all occurred Ralph was shoeless and sockless, toasting his toes before the coals, so that the other boys and I had a chance to look the stag over and guess his weight before Ralph appeared. He was a big fellow, very fat indeed, and I thought he should weigh 400 pounds. Lionel thought 420 pounds would be nearer right, and Bob guessed 460 pounds. When Ralph appeared,

Woodcock in Waltham, Maine

By "WOODCOCK"

his guess of 700 pounds was received with derision, and it was agreed that whosoever proved to be the farthest off his weight should, upon our return, purchase, at Glenwood, cigars. Having previously scented a Glenwood cigar from afar off, I secretly prayed that I might lose the bet, which, in fact, I did, for his weight, in chunks, carefully added up, proved to be 606 pounds. The fat upon his haunches was nearly three inches thick.

During the night I was awakened by the sound of caribou crossing the river just below camp, and as I lay listening I heard from time to time the splash of salmon which were working their way up stream in the rising water.

Next morning it was still raining, and the river coming right up the banks. That evening it cleared away, and we made ready for an early start the next morning. At daylight we started up stream, the three boys loaded with grub, tents, cooking utensils, bedding, etc. Driven out of the river bed by the high water, we waded along through the grass on the slippery banks, or struggled through thickets which fringed the woods, and finally turned away from the river easterly, up across the high benches and out at noon into the big open country again. On the way up I shot a goose just in the edge of the water, but he was able to get into the water and was swept down in the swift current.

The day was cold, the sky clear, and a stiff breeze was blowing across the bog as we finally emerged from the woods and threaded our way across the moss, following caribou leads, until we finally struck a long tongue of spruce which lay between two bogs, and through which ran a tiny stream of clear water. Here we made "High Camp," pitching a small tent and getting firewood.

Lionel commented on the favorable opportunity for tanning hides, a plentiful supply of clean water and bark. He soaks his caribou hides in running water for ten or fifteen days to soften the hair, and then removes it; then soaks them ten or fifteen days in brine strong enough to float a potato. After this all shreds of flesh and tendons are cleaned off and the hides immersed for from two and one-half to three months in a tanning liquid steeped from barks of the birch, spruce, tamarack and fir; a layer of hide, then a layer of bark, the hides not to touch. Examine in thirty days; he removes the hides when they are well reddened all over.

This leather is very durable, soft after a good oiling, and absolutely waterproof. Caribou skins are non-porous, the hairs do not grow clear through the hide. The natives of Newfoundland make all their boots of caribou hide, but the Eskimos of Labrador use seal-skin. The seal hairs, however, go clear through the hide, so that if they are pulled out the hides will be porous. To avoid this calamity, the Eskimo shaves the hairs off instead of pulling them out, thus producing waterproof boots which remain soft if well chewed every night by the lady Eskimos; a practice which the missionaries have endeavored in vain to discourage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHIST is the game for a yacht with a bridge deck.

THIS is not an epic of faultless shooting, nor of wondrous bags of game. It is a memory of one crisp, blue day in October when two gunners shot poorly indeed, and when the woodcock—plump, alert little fellows, keen as ginger, rose in front, behind and at each side of us and winged their way across the brown covers to further covers and safety—at least, many of them did so. Yet, though at evening we had but seven woodcock and one partridge to our credit, my mind goes back to that day in favor, disregarding days when my coat has hung much heavier from my shoulders at the fall of the sun.

October in Maine! Never, in any State or in any clime can there be more to stir the blood of a sportsman than can be found in our June grass-covered uplands at this season of the year. The leaves are falling, the frost has

other as we drew nearer the woodcock haunts.

"Let's try the Reynolds cover first, if they haven't got ahead of us," remarked K., and we leaned from the car to watch where the marks of tires passed. And luck was with us. No marks of turning on the crossroad.

Half a mile scant, and we reached a lone, tumbling farmhouse, long abandoned of its owners, where the car was stopped and we climbed out. Wag's dress collar was removed and the bell-collar slipped over his head. Once free and he made a few joyous circles and headed toward the cover, being called back with difficulty, whimpering and pleading with us to be gone.

Our coats changed, our gun barrels proven clean and unobstructed, and we were ready for Wag to go. And go he did. Over the narrow brook, across the bit of open grass-land and



A FULL HAND OF YOUNG QUAIL.

crisped the "brakes" and under each pasture beech one is likely to find a solitary partridge hunting for beech nuts, and one walks softly as he approaches a sugar-pear bush by the stone wall of the pasture lest some stray bird rise with swiftly beating wings and find the gunner unprepared. He must be constantly prepared and eager.

This day was an ideal woodcock day. An autumn haze was in the air and the long, level hump of Olamon Mountain showed blue and beautiful to the north. K. and I were at last ready and safely in the tonneau of the car holding the dog, who would have jumped out and hunted a mowing-field, so wild was he. Broad tracks of motor cars showed us where other gunners had gone before and raised fears in our hearts that some of our favorite and jealously cherished covers would be shot out and spoiled before we could reach them. Fears of this sort were spoken of by one and dismissed with a carefully-acted "Shucks!" by the

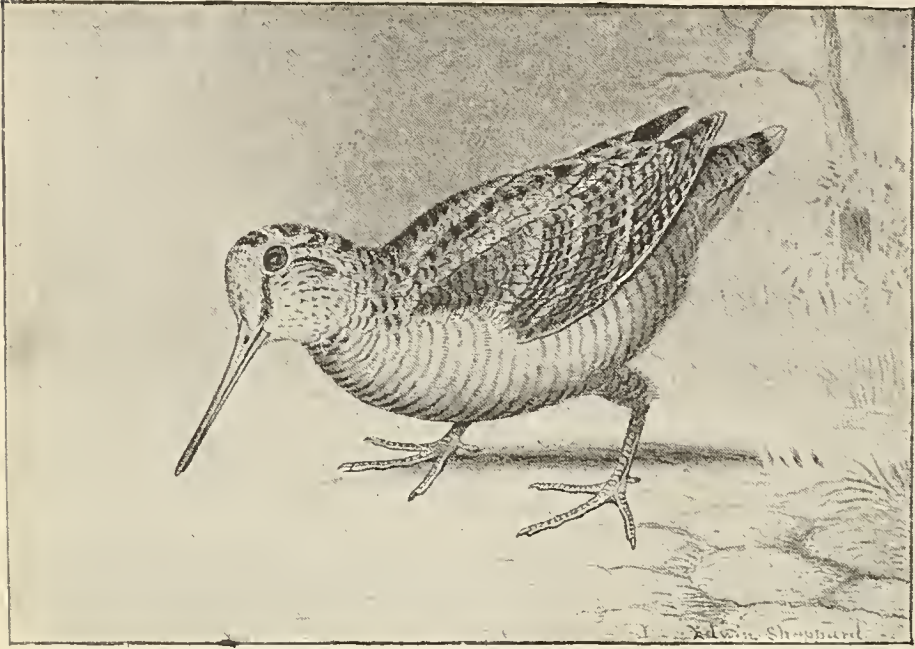
into the low poplar and birch bushes on the further slope, he went as if certain of his goal. Once in the cover the bell changed its clamor for a hesitating tinkle—half stopping—tinkle-tink again—around and around in a devious path.

"He's making game!" croaked K., and broke into a run.

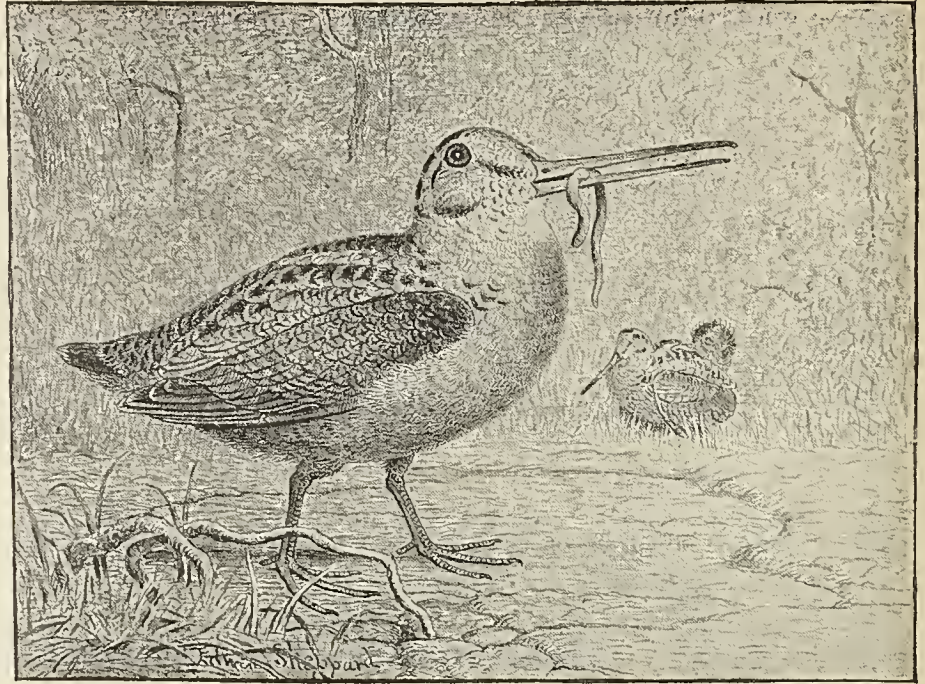
Through the brook we floundered and up the ragged flank of the rise, where we paused for ten thrilling seconds while we peered through the hardhacks and sweet fern to discern the liver and white of the dog.

"He's right in here somewhere," murmured K., happily. "Oh! what a peach of a day!"

Then, all at once, we both saw him and the marvel was that we had not seen him before. Straight in front of us and not thirty yards away, Wag stood frozen on a bird. The bunch of cover may be thirty feet across—not more than that. I stepped to the right and K.



WAITING FOR DINNER.



DINING.

to the left as we went forward. All about us was open shooting. K. stamped heavily upon the ground. The bird rose beautifully and from my gun came two spiteful cracks of smokeless powder. I missed with both barrels.

"Hoh!" snorted K., and fired his right in vain. We looked at each other shamefacedly. Wag looked at both of us as if he were bewildered. K. rested his gun upon the ground.

"We're going to have that bird," he announced, "if I have to go in there and bring him out with my hands and beat him to death with the gun. We can't afford—holy cats!"

Between us and a little to our right a woodcock had risen with its subdued whistle, and making one brief dive, had vanished from sight toward the brook. I fired as he went out of sight and mentally berated myself for doing so. Wag vanished behind the bird.

"Second bird to get away," I remarked. K. made no reply and I turned, to find him staring at Wag, who was approaching from the brook with a limp woodcock in his mouth.

"Will you kindly explain to me," queried K., politely, "how you manage to shoot birds behind you—and out of sight at that—when you miss those in front and in open shooting? I'd really like to know."

I dissembled, turning from him to hide my astonished face, and taking the bird from Wag. "Oh, it's largely a matter of habit—and judgment," I replied. "When one gets used—"

"Aw, shucks!" remarked K.

So, failing to make him accept this view, we turned our attention to the first bird. Wag raced ahead and we followed more slowly, the stiff birch limbs making a pleasant scratching upon our hunting coats and the fallen birch and poplar leaves upon the brown June-grass making a soft carpet for our feet. Down the hill toward the point where the first bird had gone out of sight, Wag had stopped his racing and was quartering the ground carefully, his tail waving frantically. We broke into a run.

Wag had roaded the bird into a dense thicket of alders, and for a moment we stood debating. It looked like hopeless work to attempt to shoot in there.

"Oh, well," said K., "you've had the luck to kill one bird and maybe you can shoot this

one. I'll go in and drive him out and you can try again."

So in he went. I could see the brown shooting coat for a moment, and then it was swallowed up in the tangle of growth, and my only guide to his progress was the waving of the alder tops as he forged ahead. Suddenly there was the sharp crack of his sixteen-gauge. A moment later he emerged with a woodcock in his hand.

"Did you get it in there?" I asked, stupidly. To me there seemed hardly room to swing a revolver in that tangle, to say nothing of a shotgun.

"Sure," he replied, contentedly. He placed the bird carefully in his pocket and beamed upon me. "Takes an expert to get a bird in a place like that," he went on. "A dub couldn't do it once in a thousand. Lucky I was the one to go in."

"Where's Wag?" I queried, shortly. K.'s luck was disgusting.

"He went through," replied K. "I thought I'd rather back out and go 'round. It's mighty thick in there. Wag acted as if he were roading a partridge. He'll run her out on the other side. Maybe we'd better get 'round there sometime to-day."

As he spoke there arose on the further side of the thicket a mighty beating of wings and there hove into view a partridge, coming down the wind and dead toward us. K.'s gun came to his shoulder like a flash and cracked as it came to a pause. The partridge wings spread rigidly and, as if borne on a current of rising air, it shot almost straight into the air for fifty feet.

"Got a shot in its head," remarked K. tranquilly. "They always tower like that when they're shot in the head." He walked forward and picked up the partridge. "Dead as Oliver Cromwell," he remarked, "and look at his head."

Wag had not returned nor could we hear his bell, so we made a long detour to the right to get around the alders. K. was ahead and to my left, and as we rounded the end and came to the higher ground, two woodcock arose from a bunch of gray birches and winged away in front of us at acute angles.

"Mark, right" I said.

"Mark, left!" said K., and we both shot. It was open shooting—not a tree between us and the birds. Then we used our second barrels. But not even a fluttering feather rewarded us and we looked at each other in disgust.

"Well," remarked K., "I'm glad the dog didn't see that!"

What makes this difference in one's shooting? All that day we shot like this. Open, clear shots that looked easy brought no game to our pockets. Hard shots in which there seemed to be no promise of success returned woodcock to us. All through this pleasant cover we worked that day and started over forty woodcock and out of all that array we got only seven. K.'s partridge was the only bird shot under normal conditions. Up on the top of the hill by the scrub beeches we found woodcock all around us and the sharp crack of the sixteen-gauges was heard almost constantly. Here the shooting was complex—some shots were in the clear and some were made under difficulties. The "brakes" were high and there was much sweet fern. Blackberry thorns made it hard going for the dog. Scrubby beech—to which the leaves cling all winter—interfered with our seeing the birds as they rose and blended with the brown leaves. Flaming sumac hid them. Yet all day we shot and missed and shot again, quartering over that best of all covers near Bangor, and at night we climbed into the car contentedly, with only seven woodcock and one partridge. And we knew then that it is not always the number of the birds shot that makes the happy feeling that one remembers.

"After all," remarked K., as we drove homeward. "I'm pretty well satisfied. Every bird had a sporting chance with us to-day. At best, I only bet the price of a shell against a bird's life and he bets his very existence. These seven lost out—that's all."

GREELEY'S Tribune and Dana's Sun were forces in their day because of the magnetic contact of editor and reader. Search America and you will find at least one such paper to-day; FOREST AND STREAM, the sportsman's weekly.

Way Up North

By E. S. WHITAKER

A GAIN away for my summer vacation to Douglas Lake in the semi-wilds of Cheboygan county, and meeting old friends, it seemed very pleasant, notwithstanding during August and September there was scarcely a day when it did not rain more or less. A large portion of the time the wind blew with unwonted velocity, so that rowing, fishing and woodland walks were only occasional rather than daily pastimes.

New guests would come and were glad to be escorted through the island, the neighboring woods and over to the famous "Big Springs," and when it was a bit sunny, take snapshots of such views as took their fancy. A camp of Michigan lumbermen cutting immense hemlock trees near by was very interesting, and sawing into logs—hauling to, and upon huge skidways and making roads, so that they might be hauled in winter to the mills at Pellston—proved a very attractive sight to the majority of tourists. Some of the logs were over five feet in diameter and required skill to handle, but these old veterans knew what they were about and made no false moves. In the districts burned four years ago, it is remarkable how rapidly the second growth has sprung up and covers the hideous scar on nature's face, and under it blueberries ripened this year in profusion and were very appetizing when served with cream or made into pies; also the blackberry bushes have sprung up thickly in many localities, and this year yielded considerable fruit to those who had the temerity to force a way into the prickly tangles. The season was so wet that plants and shrubs grew luxuriantly, and those that bore flowers and fruit were burdened by the quantity, and as masses of berries began turning from green and yellow to blue and black-purple, red or orange, according to their nature, the bushes of three or more kinds grouped together made lovely pictures, and each succeeding day the change was more apparent, until the perfection of colors in the ripened fruit remaining a week or so was succeeded by the gradual decline and the dropping off. Never before had I seen such wondrous combinations. Most conspicuous among them were the withe bush, red-stemmed dogwood, choke berry, American holly, together with small trees of mountain ash and wild red cherry, all of which are natives of this part of Michigan. The leaves of all these were unusually large, and as we had no frost whatever until in October, remained green until very late, and then the gradually changing colors and their great diversity presented daily pictures of much interest to the lover of nature, and could be seen at the best advantage in rowing a boat about the lake.

High winds and rain prevented much fishing and bass were not taking bait freely during the season, small strings as a rule being brought in. I used only my twenty-six-year-old seven-ounce split bamboo rod with an artificial fly and caught altogether thirteen fine bass, one pickerel and an eight-pound Northern pike and had much pleasure in handling them. The pike towed my eleven-foot canvas boat over half a mile, and

it took me three-quarters of an hour to bring him exhausted to the net. While not taking as many fish as others who use minnows and artificial lures, I have more satisfaction in getting one with my fly-rod than in taking a dozen on my steel rod, which I have not used for some years. Of course it is merely a question of taste.

For some years the hunting of deer has been prohibited in this section of the State, and they have increased very much in numbers, and in my wanderings I frequently came across tracks. The embargo being removed this fall, quite a number of hunters were afield, and some venison secured. Ruffed grouse were fairly plentiful, and many were brought to bag and proved an appetizing addition to the hotel bill of fare.

apart. It is hard for the beholder to realize the fact that the water of Burt is 102 feet lower than that of Douglas Lake, or that the vision covers fully ten miles over the former. It is certainly a beautiful panorama of woods, water and some cultivated country that one never forgets.

In my walks through the woods I could not but miss the gray, black and occasional fox squirrels that I have heretofore seen in certain localities, and which—when resting on a log—I have watched with much interest in previous years, but their absence this fall was especially noticeable. After late frosts in October, I found that there was very little for them to eat, as there were no beechnuts whatever, and this fact



RESTING IN THE BIG WOOD.



FIVE LITTLE INDIAN MAIDS (WHITE).

Upon the lake an occasional flock of edible ducks would tempt pursuit in rowboats, and a few were obtained, but as a general rule few frequent this water, the greater number passing to the larger lakes of Mullet and Burt.

A few plover are occasionally seen and many gulls have their nesting places here and are daily seen sailing above the water in search of their food, and their movements and weird cry prove of much interest to city people taking launch rides, while the peculiar call of the loons, who are more or less frequent, is startling and puzzling to many.

The interesting camps of the civil engineering and biologist classes of the Michigan University prove a great attraction. They are located in the curve of South Fishtail Bay and the tents are put up on streets in symmetrical order, while those of the professors in charge are back partly up the high ridge, and at the top is located the cook and eating houses, and the American flag being planted near finishes the pretty picture seen from the lake. It pays to land at their dock and ascend the pathway of steps, and from the middle of the ridge have a fine view of both Douglas and Burt lakes, which at this point are but a mile and a half

has caused them to migrate to better feeding grounds.

It adds very much to the enjoyment of a lover of nature to see wild life occasionally when wandering over hill and dale in the woods. The whir of a grouse, the scurry of a squirrel, fox or hare, and the flap of an owl or hawk are all interesting, and each so different, too, and when one sometimes is fortunate enough to get a good view of a graceful deer bounding in its native wilds, with so much poetry of motion, it compensates for many a mile of travel, and is a sight not to be soon forgotten. And this reminds me of my tours through the Adirondacks of New York many years ago, when it was more of a rough wilderness than it is to-day, and when scarcely a day passed in which deer were not seen, also many other varieties of animal and bird life. It is a fact that I kept count during my first season there until I had enumerated 175 deer. It was before the kodak era, so that no snapshots were secured, but several groups and picturesque poses which I saw were indelibly impressed upon my memory, and in my mind's eye can be recalled at any time with great pleasure. At one time as I was in my boat and turned into a little bay, I saw a splendid buck on a

little rocky island with fore feet elevated on a central rock, with head poised in a listening attitude, and did not discover me for some minutes. He had large branching antlers with eight or nine points on each side, which would weigh not less than 200 pounds, and the picture was very pleasing until, by sight or smell, he was aware of my presence, when he bounded through the shallow water to shore, and into the woods.

Another pretty view which I recall was of a doe with two yearling fawns as they stood together in the middle of a shallow river, listening to the bark of a hound which was on their trail, until I started them off and stopped the dog. At another time my guide and myself, descending a river in a boat as we entered a small lake, saw a group of five deer most gracefully posed on a point of land, but a few rods distant, and the wood background and the water foreground made it a beautiful picture.

Alas, the deer and other game have rapidly disappeared since those days. Pre-season shooting, running by dogs, and water-killing, as well as wanton work, such as all true sportsmen decry, has been the cause. In both Emmet and Cheboygan counties this season dogs were heard running deer day after day, although it is possible without the knowledge of the owner, and many rifle shots were heard before the season was open. Deer will not long remain in any locality where they are thus harassed.

The trout season was enjoyed by many and the catch from Maple River was very good. This stream is one of the best, and is kept well stocked. Altogether I had a pleasant vacation, notwithstanding the vagaries of the weather, and the views inclosed will, I hope, give you some idea of life in the Northern woods.



THE TOP RAIL.

MIQUE WEBB was so serious a fisherman that it never entered his mind that anyone could joke on so important a subject. A few days ago, however, his illusions were shattered by a friend of his just returned from a fishing trip in Florida. This chap told Mique so many and weird tales about sting ray, whip ray, jewfish and other finny occupants of Southern waters theretofore unheard of on the Cumberland River, whence came Mique, that he grew more bewildered with each variety. Finally said he: "Mique, have you ever heard of the whiffle-tit?" and the following dialogue ensued:

"The whiffle-tit! What in the name of Sam Hill is that?"

"It's a fish," he said, "the greatest in the water. The whiffle-tit is it. You want to catch one whiffle and then you can receive your diploma and become an expert at the fishing game."

"What do you bait with?" asked Mique.

"No bait for whiffle-tits. Just keep quiet now and I will tell you all about him. Follow

me closely, for to catch a whiffle is some stunt. No bait, no hook, no line, no sinker, no cork, no pole, no fishing tackle of any kind that you are familiar with."

"Yes."

"Just a boat and an auger."

"What!"

"Keep quiet. An auger and a boat. Row a boat out from shore about five hundred yards, then anchor. Be very quiet. Then bore a hole down into the water—"

"But, but, but!" exclaimed Mique.

"No but about it. Then bore a hole down into the water and—"

"You mean you bore a hole into the boat?"

"No, I said the water. It would be just like you to bore the hole into the boat. When you are in forty feet of water, the last thing you want to do is to bore a hole into your boat, unless you are a good swimmer, and then it is not advisable, as you can't catch a whiffle by swimming after him."

"I see the point, or hole. Go on."

"Then you bore a hole into the water after leaning out as far as you can from the side of the boat. After boring the hole, withdraw the auger and place it carefully in the boat without making any noise. Then lean out over the hole you have bored and whistle, "Dixie," "Hot Time," or some other "rag" you may know, and if you are a good whistler you may soon see a whiffle start up the cylinder. Be very careful until he is well up. Now, run your hand down under the water and circle the hole with your fingers. When you have them well below the whiffle, squeeze up on the cylinder, thus preventing him from crawfishing. Then take your left hand and lift him into the boat. It is very simple and—"

"Mique, I have seen fish, caught fish, eaten fish and smelt fish until I have had a sufficiency. They are there, old boy, alright, alright. I have caught them with bait, without bait, and had them chase me off the beach when I showed them a hand full of sardines. I have taken the naked hook and slashed it about in the water and had the good fortune to hook them in the tail or elsewhere, they were so thick. You are bound to admit that there were some fish where I have been, and that they were biting some. But I want to say to you, in all sincerity, that suckers are biting in Tennessee just as well or better. You swallowed all my tackle and would have swallowed me if I hadn't let out a giggle. I did not have this happen to me in Florida."

* * *

At a big social dinner in a town in the West of Ireland on one occasion a number of sporting gentlemen indulged rather freely in the pleasures of the table—both solid and fluid—particularly the latter. One "jolly dog" was so full of good nature on his way home, about 3 A. M., that on seeing a fishing tackle shop with a show sign of a fishing rod, line and fish hanging out of the shop window, he immediately pulled vigorously at the bell, and brought the old hot-tempered proprietor out of his bed to see what was the matter. His informant coolly told him that he merely wished to tell him *there was a fish on his hook!* It would not need any vivid power of imagination to picture the feelings of the old fishing tackle man.

GRIZZLY KING.

Tod's Letter to his Father.

DEAR DAD:

I SUPPOSE if some author were writing this he would christen it "The Limit," or "Going Some," or "Two-Twenty," or some such title. Not being an author, I will do no christening.

Green was to hunt Di the first day and I was to hunt him the second, or rather on Saturday afternoon. We had made the arrangements. I had shells, complete rig, and an anxious spirit. Saturday morning, Green called me up and said Di had run on to a porcupine and run his nose full of quills. Would I use him? I said I would look at him first. So I got the old fellow, and after looking him over, decided that despite the way his nose was swollen and despite the way he looked after the first day's trip that he would still be some good. So I said I would take him, and with him limping "at heel" went back to the office.

At quarter of twelve I cut for the train, and at 1 o'clock Cathryn (who met me at the train) and I stepped into the woods. We had dined at the Junction. We were warm and cosy, and money could not have bought from us our afternoon.

It had snowed a little the night before and as we got into the woods, snow began to fly again, little round balls that stung when they hit our faces and that burned when they got into our eyes. We were going up an old log road, and as we went up, the snow came thicker and harder until we were working into what was almost a blizzard.

We reached the top and with our backs to the wind started down a branch road. I was first, Cathryn next, and behind her lagged Di, a picture of a much abused dog.

All at once Cathryn said "Look at Di." I turned and saw the old fellow frozen to a point, and looking as trim as a two-year-old. You know how long it took me to get behind him, and then at the word he went in. But no bird rose and so I followed him. It was one of those old familiar marches of his—a point, a few steps ahead, then freeze; a cast to right or left, finding the trail, two or three steps, and another point. My knees were getting weak from the strain when old Di's head swung and stretched out a little sideways in one of his points, and then he very carefully turned to see where I was, and I knew the first bird to get up lay ahead and a little to the right. I gave him the word, and he took about two steps, when whir! and a bird rose to my right, tried to light in an oak, failed and turned, quartering over me to the right. A right quartering shot in oak brush eight feet high with your bird going down hill is no easy shot. But when the old pump cracked I saw the first bird for 1912 stop in mid air and come down. There are sports, I suppose, that are greater to other men, or jewels or wine or food may count, but to men who have lived and been raised as we have been, I think the thing in sport that lifts us highest must be that picture over a gun barrel—a mounting grouse cut down.

Old Di returned with the bird and I went back and got Cathryn, and we hunted around for a while in the brush, but found no more birds. So back we started for our old road. Di was ahead, and suddenly he turned and stiffened, pointing a bird between himself and me. I gave him the word and he flushed the second bird,

and as it came over me, I trimmed its head off as neatly as a man could have done with an axe. Luck? Of course, but may be too the god of sport was making up for my lost year, 1911.

Di returned again, and we went out into our road and down about 200 feet when a bird rose off to our right and went up over the hill. I shot twice, long chance shots that did nothing but give me the joy of noise and kick and the smell of burned powder.

I shoved in new shells and went forward perhaps twenty feet, when suddenly the air was full of birds. A covey in the road got up. There were birds on every side, and I couldn't choose. My gun kept going off, but no birds fell, until at last I saw one big fellow wilt, and I knew that one shot had not been a miss. He fell a little, recovered, and went sailing off. I saw where he lit, followed him, and Di first stood him and then brought him in. I went back and hunted around, but could find no birds to show for those two first wild shots.

Two birds had gone up on a bench and I followed them, jumped one and missed it twice, saw where it lit, jumped it again, and missed it again. I was up in the air, so I sat down and waited until Cathryn caught up to me. We ate a sandwich as a way of cooling my nerves and then started for our second bird. We went back to where the first one had risen and just a few feet beyond Di stood. I stepped aside to get a view beyond a little oak, and as I did so the bird rose and went straight away on the level, an open shot. I shot and missed, but I jumped and shot again, and that time the bird came down. I sent Di in to retrieve, and when he

had brought the bird out, he stood almost immediately above us to the left. I handed the bird to Cathryn and stepped up on a stump and said to Di, "Go in." He worked around for a minute or two and no bird rose. Then all at once I saw a rabbit slipping away. The old gun cracked and we gathered in Mr. Bunny and went on. I hunted around quite a while, but could find no more birds, so we decided to renew acquaintanceship with our old road.

We reached it and went on for a couple of hundred feet when a bird rose. I dusted him, but he sailed on out of sight. Telling Cathryn to stay in the road, I went down below, and as I did so, she jumped three birds above. I took a long shot at one and missed. She said she knew where two had lit, so I came up and went in by the place she showed me. Di stood, one rose, and I dusted him, but he, too, sailed and sailed, but did not stop. I felt pretty bad about those two shots, for I hate to cripple a bird and not get it. However, they were out of reach, so we went on. A rabbit jumped up and I downed it, and presently another jumped up and I downed it. But as I was going toward the place where it lay, a bird rose above me, a big yellow fellow, quartering off to the left. With a background of gray rock and scrub oak he made a beautiful picture, and when the gun cracked, the day was done, for the fifth bird had fallen and home and supper awaited us.

I looked at my watch when we started in, and it was 1 o'clock; when the last bird was being retrieved, it was 3:20, and it was just 5 o'clock when I took off my coat in the kitchen at home. TOD.

great valley known as the "Pink Bed" (on account of the immense areas in rhododendron), and it has been said pot-hunters started some of these fires in an effort to drive out some of the deer. The very plain charge is now made that the last great fire was set in a long line for this very purpose, so as to force the deer outside of the boundary in order that the pot-hunters could shoot them, and it is this phase of the question which the detectives are working on, not only in the immediate region, but for some distance around, and the result of the investigation will be of very great interest.

There have been extensive fires in the Linville Falls region where there are some grand forests, and there, too, the snow came as a savior of the woods. FRED A. OLDS.

Deer Hunting Accidents.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the Game Bag and Gun department of your issue of Nov. 30 you print three contributions which give the impression that the "buck law" has failed to accomplish its primary purpose of conserving human life, and its secondary purpose of conserving the deer supply. Mr. Whish refers to a wide awake newspaper which set a correspondent at work compiling a list of accidents. Mr. Whish's precise language is: "When deer hunting ended the record was eight hunters killed and twenty-four wounded." He adds that he made careful inquiry about these figures and found that they were correct in the opinion of practical woodsmen.

The reader would instantly think, although Mr. Whish does not say, that eight deer hunters have been killed. As a matter of fact there was only one fatal deer hunting accident, and the victim of that one "was not mistaken for a deer." But to show you how accurately the correspondent of the wide awake newspaper described the situation, let me quote from dispatches sent to his newspaper under date of Nov. 16 and 27:

Dispatch of Nov. 16:

Doctor Henry S. Foltz, of Cortland, went hunting with J. J. Gillette. Dr. Foltz wore a heavy gray beard. * * * Gillette had mistaken the bushy beard for a gray squirrel * * * and received a charge of shot in the face.

Dispatch of Nov. 27:

Dr. H. S. Foltz, of Cortland, who has a red beard, was mistaken for a deer and shot in the face by his companion.

Your Gloversville correspondent has perhaps unwittingly helped along what looks like a concerted effort to impress the public with the wrong idea that there has been a great slaughter of does. I am glad to note that he says that the shooting of a hunter for a deer was a rare occurrence in his neighborhood, but he quotes a number of unnamed persons who saw a large number of dead does in the woods. The only man mentioned by name is quoted as saying that he saw no fewer than five dead does rotting in the woods. One of our field force interviewed the man, and we have a signed statement from him that he saw only two does. A man in Canastota wrote to a local newspaper that in ten days in the woods he had seen twenty dead does. We understand that a private association has offered him \$100 if he will prove this statement.

A single season is no test of a law, but the results so far, if not conclusive, are at least extremely encouraging.

JOHN D. MOORE, Commissioner.



Snow Saves the North Carolina Woods.

RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The autumn had been extremely dry up to the falling of the first snow recorded in the State for many a long year on Thanksgiving day, the average fall being something like three inches. Quail, though certainly more abundant than in several years, have kept in cover near the streams on account of the drouth, and so far not a great number have been killed. They are well grown and in fine condition. For some reason Thanksgiving day, which as a holiday has not been observed in this part of the country for a longer period than say thirty years, is for some unexplained reason chosen as a sportsman's day, and any sort of a dog and any sort of a gun is counted worth while this one day in the year; and no matter what the weather, sportsmen and near sportsmen take the field, these ranging all the way from the gentleman with a \$250 gun to the negro with a \$1 musket; the dogs ranging all the way from the high-bred setter and pointer to the "bench-legged fice" to be found at so many negro cabins. Unless a negro's dog chances to be "er houn'," the odds are that the negro does not know his breed, and if he is asked what sort of a dog it is, the reply will very probably be "jes' er dawg, Boss."

But the snow was a mighty good thing, and

it did what hundreds of men, in fact thousands of them, could not do, for it put out the fires in the big woods, not only in the swamps in the East, but in the great Vanderbilt preserve, which the writer described so fully after a visit in 1899, and in other parts of the high mountain region. It seems safe to say that up to the night before Thanksgiving, when the gracious snow came, at least \$500,000 worth of timber was destroyed in this State. The drouth had made the woods like tinder, and they were ready for a fire. Detectives, representing both Mr. Vanderbilt and the United States Secret Service, have been busy in Pisgah Forest, making investigations as to the cause of this fire. Three years ago George Vanderbilt, the owner, not only of that great forest, but of many thousands of acres of high mountain land in original timber, deeded to North Carolina all his forests, which are over 3,000 feet above sea level, and so these high forests are a public domain so to speak, and very naturally will pass into the great Appalachian forest reserve.

In the Pisgah Forest, in 1899, there was ten times as much game without doubt as there was in the region round about; and deer, grouse, etc., could be seen any time in the writer's tramp. Of course these have increased, for the wardens have been careful. There have before been some bad fires in Pisgah Forest, notably in the

Connecticut Game Conditions.

DANBURY, Conn., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest Stream:* Have just read with interest the report of F. W. Hewes, Commissioner of Fish and Game of Connecticut. His view of the situation hits the nail squarely on the head—that no man with dog and gun can utterly exterminate that noble game bird, the ruffed grouse, even if he were paid to do it. Grouse is fairly plentiful hereabout; that is, a good stock is left over for next breeding season, and I hope that sneak, the snarer, leaves them alone. Although the sickly warm weather we have had since the 8th of October, the opening season, made the hunting of grouse more than usually a task even for the most robust and hearty hunter, a good many fair bags were made.

The birds did not come down the swales at all, and one had to find and kill them mostly on the steep hillsides among the scrub oaks in cedar and hemlock lots where a good snapshot only could bring one of these sly and shy birds to bag; still there were days where they lay well to dogs, especially in the morning at the foot of a hillside where they enjoyed the warm sunshine and were reluctant to fly. On one such day I bagged five birds—the legal limit—by about 11 o'clock. On other days three, two, even only one bird could be brought to bag even after the hardest kind of a tramp, but real blank days were very few. I for one would be in favor of a fourteen days' longer open season, with a reduction of the bag limit from five birds to three, which number ought to be enough for any man that goes out for sport and not for meat. I could give you a description of the workings of my dogs, but this would sound too much like a cheap advertisement; at least, for me.

So much for partridge. But where, oh where was the woodcock flight this year? They must have passed us over entirely this year. The few birds I bagged were all native bred, and I have not heard of any even moderate bags of any of our local hunters compared with last year. Quail are certainly on the increase. I know of three bebies only about six miles out of town that hardly were disturbed. There is also a certain farmer to the west of the city that has four good-sized bebies on the farm. (He let me hunt over his place, but did not allow me to take gun along.) This will be a rattling good place to breed, and the birds will spread over the neighboring farms that are not so rigidly and uncompromisingly posted. Anyway, good luck to little bobwhite. C. F. BROCKEL.

Boys' Wartime Sport.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM, Colonel Olds gave quite an interesting description of war times sport. The ammunition then used by him as he describes was no doubt fine as compared to that used by some of "us boys." Powder, shot and caps got to be so scarce that we managed thus: I made bows and arrows and exchanged for lead pipe and "cannon powder," and any kind of caps from G. D. to musket, Ely double waterproof being the best because we used them more than once by taking off the top of a match head and putting it in the used cap. The lead pipe was mashed out flat and cut in strips. These strips were rolled and then cut in little bits and then

rolled with a flatiron on a flat hearthstone. The shot were rather uneven in size and shape, but we killed with them. The large grain cannon powder we also crushed fine, though unevenly so. With paper as wadding we were equipped for the fields. Now in those days even this outfit was very hard to obtain, so we could not afford to waste it. Doves were our specialty and we could not afford to miss or even to shoot at a single dove. From two to four at a shot was about our killing.

Then as to guns: My first I got from a soldier, giving a pocket knife for it. It was an Austrian rifle about 56-gauge and weighed ten or twelve pounds. However, I borrowed a single-barrel before that.

Once a lady friend of the family gave me six rounds of shot and powder and six caps and asked me to shoot her some doves. I took her .22. We could not then do any wing-shooting with what we had; that came later. Too expensive. But my first bird was with bow and arrow. The bow was made of tough white hickory and arrows of cane or reed, the end near string of bow split and feathers neatly trimmed and put in split. The top or head of arrow was armed with a small spike or bit of nail. My next step was the cross bow. The barrel covered and strong cord for bow running through the covered barrel. I used slugs made of a bit of cane with nail or piece of one in one end, often the head end of a nail alone. With this crossbow I killed birds.

So from earliest boyhood, from bow to crossbow, then any kind of a gun I could get, and such ammunition as I have described above. Now it is smokeless powder and hammerless gun and a 16-gauge at that, but the game is not so plentiful. ERNEST L. EWBANK.

The European Rail.

A Sub-family of the Rallidae.

BY W. J. MURRAY.

THE most plentiful and the best known European rail is the land rail, or corn crake (*Crex crex*), and it is one of the most familiar "harbingers of spring" in the temperate portion of Western Europe, including the British Isles, France, Holland and Belgium. It is, in these countries, mainly a summer bird, and its well-known note of "crake crake" is first heard in the meadows about the beginning of May. This is about the time the breeding season commences, and when it ends in July the note of "crake crake" is heard no more until the next season.

The land rail is partly migratory and partly stay-at-home. Some are known to remain where bred during the whole winter in close quarters or some place of retirement, in a lethargic or semi-hibernating condition where it seems they can exist on little or no food for a long time. Others go south for the winter.

The land rail is about the size of a woodcock, but is quite a different shape. Its body is very slender and supple, and is laterally compressed. Its legs and toes are long and slender and of a yellowish red, as also the bill. It can run very quickly through long grass, notwithstanding that it is very unsteady on its legs, and makes a poor attempt to walk on a bare field. It seems to need the support of long grass in order to get along quickly.

The wings are very short, which causes the bird to fly with difficulty, and it is only to escape immediate danger that it takes to the wing at all. Its plumage is of a reddish brown or chestnut color, and incidentally the feathers of its wing are constantly used in tying trout and salmon flies.

The table qualities of the land rail are somewhat inferior, but the bird is frequently eaten, notwithstanding.

THE WATER RAIL (*Rallus aquaticus*).

This European bird is in most respects—size, shape, mode of locomotion and retiring disposition—an exact duplication of the land rail. There are, however, two important points of difference. The water rail is always to be found along the weedy banks of rivers, streams and drains, where it always loves to secrete itself; more especially should there happen to be a rustie bridge made of branches of trees under which to hide. They lie so closely that the fowler often gets startled when the rail unexpectedly springs forth just as the search has been given up as fruitless.

The plumage of the water rail is of the same formation as that of the land rail, but the color is entirely different. That of the latter being a kind of slate color on the sides, with a tinge of red and an olive-green color on the back and head, while the bill and legs are of a greenish yellow. The rail, so far as is known, is not migratory, although like his congener the corn crake, his habits are obscure and often puzzling. But being a fairly good table bird and a favorite with many people, the fowler is always glad to secure a brace of water rail. If it does nothing else it adds the charm of variety to his game bag.

Col. Archibald Gracie.

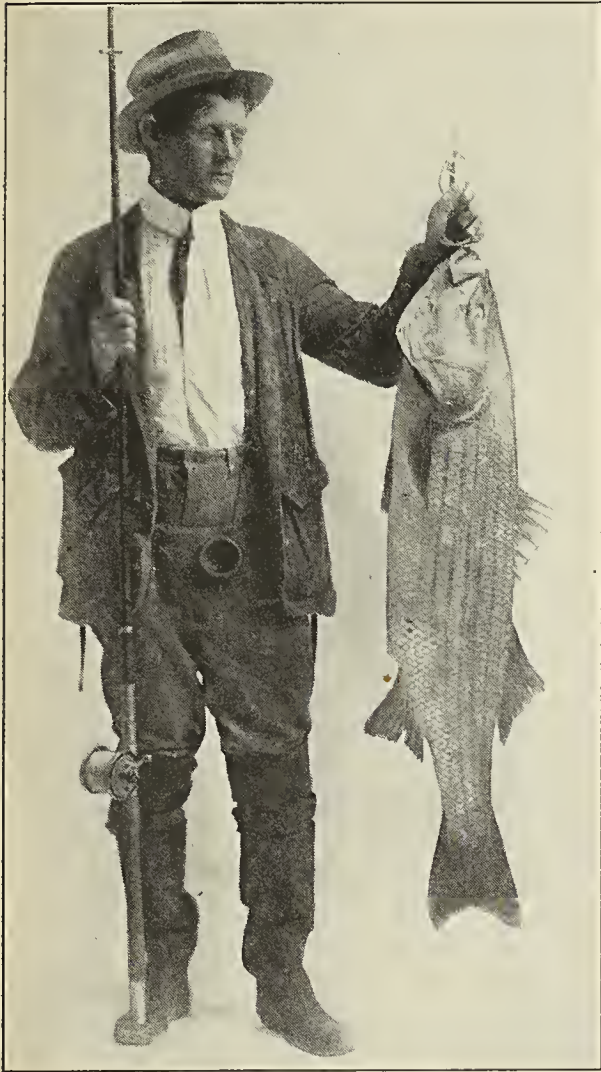
HAUNTED by his memories of the wreck of the Titanic and never completely recovered from the shock of his experiences in that disaster, Col Archibald Gracie, U. S. A., retired, died on Dec. 6. Death was immediately due to a complication of diseases, but the members of his family and his physicians felt that the real cause was the shock he suffered last April when he went down with the ship and was rescued later after long hours on a half-submerged raft.

After the Carpathia had brought the Titanic survivors to New York, Colonel Gracie did nothing to banish the tragedy from his thoughts. On the contrary, he spent the succeeding months in correspondence with other survivors, gathering data for his article and subsequent book, "The Truth About the Titanic." In his last hours the memories of the disaster did not leave him. Rather they crowded thicker, and he was heard to say: "We must get them into the boats. We must get them all into the boats."

Colonel Gracie was born in Mobile, Ala., in 1858, and made his home in Washington. He was the fifth Archibald Gracie in direct descent. He was married in 1890 to Constance Elsie Schack. Colonel Gracie was a man of remarkable personality and had a host of friends. His death will be mourned by all.

WITH very few exceptions, every chief game warden in the United States is on our subscription list.

SEA AND RIVER FISHING



BENJAMIN EVERHAM.

Striped Bass, 38 pounds 4 ounces. Record for 1912.

Salt Water Fishing Season Ends.

THE fishing season of 1912, according to records of the Asbury Park Fishing Club, has proved satisfactory in some respects and disappointing in others. The main incentive for beach fishermen, striped bass, shows a total catch of seventy-nine fish. The largest, 38 pounds 4 ounces, was taken by Benjamin Everham, which won first prize in the local contest. The average weight of fish caught was 8½ pounds; there was one between 30 and 40 pounds; two between 20 and 30 pounds, four between 15 and 20 pounds and seventeen between 10 and 15 pounds.

A feature prominently identified with this season was the large number of striped bass captured in the night time, eighteen being taken then out of a total catch of seventy-nine and eleven among which weighed over 10 pounds and also included Everham's 38-pounder.

The channel bass fishing this fall was not as good as last year, as full records from Barnegat City and vicinity and Seaside Park show a total catch of forty-two fish, as compared with 185 in 1911. Bluefish and weakfish were much scarcer than last year, and practically no angler tried for tuna, which generally accompany bluefish, very few being taken until late in the season and

those by hand lines only. The following is a list of awards of the Asbury Park Fishing Club for 1912:

Beach Fishing.

STRIPED BASS.

Largest, Benjamin Everham, 38 pounds 4 ounces; second, Louis J. Brown, 20 pounds 8 ounces; third, John Vogler, 17 pounds 4 ounces; fourth and fifth, tie between W. D. Pennypacker and A. W. Flavell, both fish weighing 16 pounds 4 ounces; sixth, Fred Wilkie, 14 pounds 3 ounces; seventh, Frank P. Johnson, 13 pounds 14 ounces; eighth, Harry W. Troth, 12 pounds 8 ounces; ninth, William N. Applegate, 13 pounds; tenth, Frank H. Westervelt, 12 pounds 9 ounces; eleventh, Victor de Wysocki, 12 pounds 6 ounces; twelfth, D. W. Mitchell, 12 pounds.

Largest number of fish taken during season by one individual, Frank Sinsinger, nine fish.

Greatest amount of pounds during season (Sinsinger and Brown counted out, having won previous prizes), John H. Wortman, three fish, total weight, 28 pounds 4 ounces.

Last taken, Waldo E. Rice, Oct. 26.

Special prize, first taken, Charles H. Smith, June 17.

CHANNEL BASS.

Largest, Edward Cramer, 40 pounds 7 ounces; second, Victor de Wysocki, 30 pounds; third, Louis J. Brown, 29 pounds 15 ounces; fourth, Robert A. Inch, 29 pounds 6 ounces; fifth, H. W. Gilbert, 27 pounds 8 ounces; sixth, Jack Clayton, 26 pounds 8 ounces; seventh, A. Allen, Jr., 24 pounds 13 ounces; eighth, William N. Applegate, 22 pounds 14 ounces.

Special prizes, first taken, H. W. Gilbert, Sept. 13.

Greatest amount of pounds, sunrise to sunset, Louis J. Brown, two fish, 53 pounds 11 ounces.

KINGFISH.

Largest, E. N. Dolbey, 2 pounds 1 ounce; second, William N. Applegate; third, H. G. Cline.

BLUEFISH.

Largest, C. M. Wyant, 4 pounds 8 ounces; second, L. V. Hawley; third, Ben Everham.

WEAKFISH.

Largest, Allen F. Brewer, 4 pounds 2 ounces; second, Bela C. Clapp; third, George Perry.

PLAICE.

Largest, James A. Davett, 7 pounds 2 ounces; second, H. C. Bydell; third, William James; fourth, Hartie I. Phillips.

BLACKFISH.

Largest, Charles H. Smith, 8 pounds 14 ounces.

Special prize for night fishing, largest edible fish taken between 7 P. M. and 7 A. M., Ben Everham, striped bass, 38 pounds 8 ounces.

Boat Fishing.

BLUEFISH.

Largest, Dr. R. J. Parker.

BLACKFISH.

Largest, W. A. Leavitt, Jr.

SEA BASS.

Largest, Dr. R. J. Parker; second, Capt. H. H. Maddox.

Ladies' Prizes.

STRIPED BASS.

Largest, Mrs. Frank Sinsinger, 10 pounds 14 ounces; second, Mrs. J. A. Mackintosh, 8 pounds 3 ounces.

BLUEFISH.

Mrs. C. M. Wyant, 3 pounds 7 ounces.

WEAKFISH.

Mrs. A. F. Brewer, 6 pounds 3 ounces.

KINGFISH.

Miss Eva Viering, 1 pound 12 ounces.

PLAICE.

Mrs. A. F. Brewer, 6 pounds 14 ounces.

Record of Striped Bass.

The complete record of all catches of striped bass for season of 1912, from John Scger's list, which includes club members and others, shows a total of 123 fish.

June 17.—Charles Smith, 3lbs.; Charles M. Wyant, 6lbs. 8oz., 4lbs. 3oz.; Mrs. M. Wyant, 3lbs. 11oz.

June 18.—John Clayton, 7lbs.; Percy W. Kendall, 6lbs.

June 19.—Arthur J. Gude, 11lbs. 5oz.; George Bennett, 8lbs.

June 27.—Sidney T. Holt, 3lbs. 13oz.

June 29.—Gus Popkin, 2lbs. 4oz.; L. J. Brown, 4lbs. 5oz.; J. C. English, 2lbs. 8oz.

June 30.—G. A. Allsep, 4lbs. 7oz.; William H. Schwartz, 2lbs. 10oz., 2lbs. 6oz.; B. Robbins, 8lbs.; J. A. Davitt, 8lbs. 3oz.; Dr. Lamont, 6lbs. 8oz.

July 1.—Charles Louis, 15lbs. 5oz.

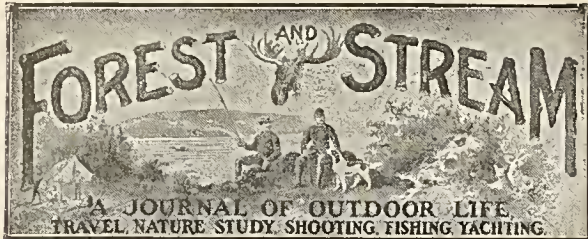
July 4.—M. Crosson, 5lbs. 10oz.; Benj. Everham, 11lbs. 9oz.

(Continued on page 758.)



JOSEPH CAWTHORN.

Record to date for Channel Bass, 63 pounds.



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ADVERTISEMENTS: Display and classified, 20 cts. per agate line (\$2.80 per inch). There are 14 agate lines to the inch. Covers and special positions extra. Five, ten and twenty per cent. discount for 13, 26 and 52 insertions, respectively, within one year. Forms close Monday in advance of publication date.

TO PROTECT MIGRATORY BIRDS.

ALTHOUGH the Weeks bill, which provides that the Federal Government shall have charge of all migratory birds, did not come to a vote at the last session of Congress, it has never been in a livelier condition than at the present time. Sportsmen know more about it than ever before; the protectors of insectivorous birds understand the bill's purpose and heartily approve it; and, for the first time, the great public comprehends something of what the bill should accomplish when it becomes law.

All this knowledge is due chiefly to the energy, industry and unflinching persistence of the American Game Protective and Propagation Society, whose president, John B. Burnham, organized the forces in favor of the bill and brought together in Washington, at the hearing held under the chairmanship of Senator McLean, for the Senate bill (S. 2367) and Mr. Weeks for the House bill (H. R. 36), such a showing of persons interested in wild bird protection as was never made before. Able and useful assistance was given by a number of societies of national importance, as the New York Zoological Society, the Association of Audubon Societies and the Boone and Crockett Club.

The Weeks bill for the House, and the McLean bill for the Senate, are practically identical, and the hearings on the two measures took place in Washington on the same day, March 6. At these hearings there were represented, either by delegates or by communications, more than forty States and Provinces, and there were represented also a great number of associations from all over the country, some actuated by one motive and some by another, but all with the good purpose of preserving, for the benefit of the citizens of the whole country, a great economic asset—our wild birds.

A few perhaps may have been brought here by selfish motives; sentiment may have drawn to the hearing some of the protectors of small birds, but among the broadest men present it cannot be doubted that the welfare of the country was the first consideration; and on the North American continent the welfare of the country

means the welfare of the farmer. He produces the food on which the country subsists, and his surplus, sent to other less favored lands, is sold, the money coming back here and ultimately reaching the hands of the farmers.

Whether the birds protected be game birds or wildfowl, or herons or song and insectivorous birds, each species and each individual does its part toward helping the farmers of this land to raise their crops, and for this reason should be protected. It is not too much to say that we owe to the birds all the profit in every crop that comes out of the ground.

Whether during the short session of Congress now just beginning it will be possible to bring this bill to a vote is quite uncertain, but we may feel sure that the work of educating the public and members of Congress will continue, and that before very long Congress will act, and act favorably on this bill. In order that this action may come as soon as possible, it is the duty of all associations and all individuals interested in bird protection to bring to bear on members of Congress all possible influence in behalf of the bill, and to endeavor to make their representatives understand that this is a measure purely for public good and not for the benefit of any group of people, any political party or any section of the land.

GAME LAWS IN BRIEF.

FOREST AND STREAM's new edition of Game Laws in Brief is now ready for delivery. There never was a time when this compendium was more needful to hunter, fisherman or to anyone wishing to keep posted on laws governing the taking of game and fish. It has been a considerable task to bring this issue up to date. Sixty-seven new laws were enacted in fourteen States as well as in three Canadian Provinces. These changes were as follows: Alaska, 1; Arizona, 1; Georgia, 7; Kentucky, 1; Louisiana, 2; Maryland, 17; Massachusetts, 8; Michigan, 1; New Jersey, 17; New Mexico, 1; New York, 2; South Carolina, 1; Virginia, 4; Wisconsin, 1; Newfoundland, 1; Nova Scotia, 1; Ontario, 1.

This edition we believe to be absolutely correct to December, 1912. It is pocket size physically and a complete library in the information it contains of every day use to the well informed sportsman. We have no hesitation in referring to the Game Laws in Brief as the indisputable authority.

THE ETHICS OF SPORT.

Is it not true, perhaps, that in our discussions of "sportsmanship" we constantly overlook the existence of that vast army of those who kill game and fish for game and fish, and not in any measure whatever for sport? If a man requires a mess of bass or trout for his home table, or a bag of quail, and if he goes out to gather in the one or the other precisely for the purposes and with the utilitarian hunger appeasing motive that controls him in digging potatoes or wringing the neck of a hen that has ceased to lay, why should he be denounced because of his unsportsmanlike conduct? What is sport to him; or what is he to sport? He has a perfect right to the fish and the game, and should have the unquestioned privilege of taking them in any way under heaven that pleases him provided only that the method he chooses is not unreasonably

destructive. The only excuse, for instance, to forbid the trapping of game is found in the practical experience which has demonstrated that trapping so destroys the stock that the supply is depleted to a point where no more birds are left for either shooter or trapper. The gunner may very properly claim that his way of taking game is of a higher grade than the trapper's way, but he can rightly have no quarrel with the trapper because the man of the snare is wanting in sportsmanlike sentiment. As well might the amateur tooler of the tallyho coach berate the unsportsmanlike spirit of the driver of the ash cart. It is well and proper to hold a professed sportsman in the exercise of his sportsmanship strictly to the dictates and limitations of sport; but is it reasonable to require that every person who takes game or fish must do it for sport and after a mode recognized as sportsmanlike?

E. REED SHANER.

A FITTING tribute was paid father and a proper appreciation shown son when the Interstate Association, at its annual meeting, Dec. 6, elected E. Reed Shaner, Secretary of the Association. The new secretary is just like his father, Elmer E. Shaner, and has the "to be done" of the Association at his finger tips, while his popularity—for he has inherited the qualities that make for geniality from Elmer—makes him the logical successor to his pater.

The "big association" is to be congratulated upon being able to retain the services of Elmer E. Shaner, as treasurer, which retention we believe to have been due to the persuasive power of J. T. Skelly, its able president.

MENU ADDENDA.

THE bounties of Christmas were bestowed upon us so copiously in the way of holiday articles for our Christmas number, we were obliged to omit Fred A. Olds' story of "Christmas in '64" and Edward Breck's Canadian romance. The former appears in this issue; the latter will follow. *Magna est veritas, et prevalebit* being our office motto, we are asked by our industrious advertising manager to say that the list of Christmas books, crowded out of the hundermost pages in the holly and ever green number, will be found in this issue.

ARTHUR ST. JOHN NEWBERRY.

ONCE more the ranks of the old guard suffered depletion. Arthur St. John Newberry, a foremost fisherman, authority on fishing subjects and places, has joined the great majority. He died in Cleveland, Nov. 30, 1912. Our condolences go forth to the family of this remarkable man.

LAST summer we promised an article from an unusual angle on the sinking of the Titanic. At the time we called attention to this paper it was in preparation by Col. Archibald Gracie, who had spent some little time with our editorial staff in planning for it. Colonel Gracie's impaired health, due to the sinking of the great ship, made it necessary that he go very slowly in his work. Unfortunately the Reaper moved more rapidly than convalescence could progress in the patient's battered physique, so that Col. Gracie's version of the wreck of the ill-fated liner never was heard and perhaps never will be known.

Archery

Archery in Pittsburgh.

THE Thanksgiving day shoot given by the archers of the Pittsburgh Archery Association was a success. The weather, though cold, was snappy and invigorating. It was an ideal day for outdoor sport.

The morning was devoted to practice and an American round match between Mr. Jiles and Dr. Haines was held, the result being: Jiles, 75 hits, 347 score to 65 hits, 331 score for Haines.

So many new men were present who were anxious to try out the long bow that a number of the archers did not shoot in the regular afternoon program, but devoted themselves to the imitation of what is hoped may prove a valuable addition to local archery circles. Prof. Postgate was so busy taking orders for outfits that he forgot all about the program.

Scores for team round, 96 arrows, 60yds.:

Hits. Score		Hits. Score	
M. L. Sorber.....	60 238	W. H. Haines....	46 169
J. S. Jiles.....	75 313	O. L. Hertig.....	96 443

Mr. Locker had the misfortune to break his fine yew bow early in the round, which no doubt accounts for his low score.

On Thanksgiving day one year ago Dr. Hertig's score was 44 hits, 156 score. A companion of this score with results one year later showed what can be done by practice. In the last seven team rounds his average has been 92 hits with 474 score at 60 yards.

On Saturday afternoon, Nov. 30, the following scores were made by members of the Bon Air, Beechview and Oakmont archery clubs:

Team round, 96 arrows, 60yds.:

Hits. Score		Hits. Score	
W. J. Holmes.....	79 337	O. L. Hertig.....	92 490
Jas. J. Jiles.....	78 311		

American round, 60, 50 and 40yds., 30 arrows each distance:

Hits. Score		Hits. Score	
Jas. S. Jiles.....	83 443	W. J. Gray.....	47 150
	83 392	Dr. Haines.....	75 347
O. L. Hertig.....	84 464	Mr. Hartley.....	60 238
	84 470		

Double American:
Jas. S. Jiles.....166 835 O. L. Hertig.....168 934

Messrs. Jiles, Gray, Haines, Patch and Hartley are showing great improvement, both as to form and scoring.

The Pittsburgh archers are planning to shoot all winter outdoors as long as the ground is not frozen hard and indoors during the severe weather.

They all express the desire that other clubs send in scores to FOREST AND STREAM. New advocates of the sport are always anxious to compare results.

JAS. S. JILES.

Boston Archery Scores.

ACCORDING to custom the archers shot a team round on Thanksgiving day. Gentlemen shot 96 arrows at 60 yards; ladies shot 96 arrows at 50 yards.

The weather was against good shooting or many scores.

Chicago reported freezing temperature, clear with strong wind. New York had a snow storm, so that those who shot did so on Saturday.

In Boston and vicinity cold and high wind brought a driving snow before half the arrows were shot, and many gave up, but some finished out in the snow to the detriment of their scores.

Other places were about as unfortunate. Below are the tabulated scores:

E. J. Rendtorff...	24 156	24 144	24 138	24 132	96 568
G. L. Nichols....	23 125	23 115	23 147	24 156	93 543
G. P. Bryant.....	23 135	24 144	24 124	23 129	94 532
H. Bishop.....	24 136	23 133	22 120	23 117	92 506
Dr. C. S. Case...	24 122	21 103	23 117	23 105	91 447
Dr. O. L. Hertig.....					93 443
S. W. Wilder.....					87 427
C. T. Switzler.....					85 383
H. L. Walker.....	22 106	15 73	20 92	22 90	79 361
B. P. Gray.....	20 78	18 88	22 108	20 70	80 334
Dr. E. B. Weston..	19 75	21 71	19 99	24 94	83 339
Jas. S. Jiles.....					75 331
James Duff.....					73 309
C. S. Woodruff... 17 79	12 68	12 54	11 59	52 260	
H. L. Lake.....	13 43	15 69	11 52	19 75	59 239
L. C. Smith.....	17 71	16 82	11 25	16 60	60 238
Milton Sorber.....					60 238
John McRae.....					54 226
John M. Cleland.....					49 189
Dr. W. H. Haines.....					46 169
G. Milne.....					41 144
Wm. McGowan.....					30 130
Dr. R. P. Elmer.. 23 125	21 101	24 132	23 109	91 467	
Mrs. L. C. Smith.. 18 80	17 87	18 78	11 41	64 286	
Miss M. Brownell. 11 45	9 33	16 68	5 11	41 157	

G. P. BRYANT, Sec'y N. A. A.

Archery in the Early Eighties.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the early eighties, when Will H. Thompson was the archery editor of FOREST AND STREAM, we had a Private Practice Club, of



LINCOLN PARK RANGE, CHICAGO.

From left to right: Mrs. Homer S. Taylor, Mrs. A. Barber, Mrs. J. H. Pendry, Mrs. A. G. Cox.

which Mr. Thompson was the secretary. The members sent all their scores to him each month; he would tabulate them and they would be published in your columns.

They make very interesting reading and I regret that I have preserved only a few of them.

We were very enthusiastic in those days and shot a great deal too much, as will be seen. I remember very well that at times when I would be scoring worse than usual that instead of stopping I kept trying to do better and shot until I could hardly stand.

The following records are taken from FOREST AND STREAM:

Prof. Thomas R. Willard of Knox College, Galesburg, Ill. was an archer whose devotion to the sport led him to practice too much. He was a man loved by all, and it is hoped that he will again draw the long bow.

The following scores are his, taken from rec-

ords of the Private Practice Club. March 10 to 29, 1880: Five York rounds, average 244. Average at 100 yards, 86. Average at 80 yards, 73; average at 60 yards, 71. He also shot seventy-two arrows at 100 yards five times and twenty-four arrows at 60 yards four times.

In October, 1880, Prof. Willard shot thirteen York rounds, averaging 334. Average at 100 yards, 101; average at 80 yards, 130; average at 60 yards, 96. Best 80 yards score, 33 hits, 167 score. Best 60 yards score, 23 hits, 131 score. He also shot in this month eighteen team rounds.

In the month of March, 1880, Dr. Edward B. Weston shot 73; twenty-four arrows at 60 yards, averaging 70.5.

In October, 1880, he shot 112, twenty-four arrows at 60 yards, averaging 81. Best 24, 23 hits, 153 score, which he has not equalled since. In the same month he shot forty-eight arrows at 80 yards, forty times, averaging 93. Best score, 32 hits, 146 score.

One should not be proud to have done this amount of work, but rather much ashamed of it.

If only half the number of arrows had been shot the scores would have been better.

EDWARD B. WESTON.

Pittsburgh Archery.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday Dr. O. L. Hertig, J. C. Patch and myself shot a team round of ninety-six arrows at 60 yards with our guest on the Pittsburgh Athletic Association range, with the following remarkable scores:

	Hits.	Pts.	Hits.	Pts.
Hertig.....	91	470	Wills.....	58 246
G. W. P.....	66	276	Patch.....	31 113

The day was ideal for shooting, excepting that it became much colder around 5 o'clock. There was very little wind. The doctor was the only one shooting in good form, and who made anything of a score. I overtook Wills on the last twenty-four arrows.

G. W. POSTGATE.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

N. A. A. Championship Scores.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The championship scores of the National Archery Association up to and including 1908 are published in the revised edition of Spalding's Archery Guide. Those of 1909 and since are here given:

Double York round:				
	II S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.
1909—G. P. Bryant.....	102 402	80 330	45 243	227 975
1910—H. B. Richardson..	96 400	89 445	46 256	231 1111
1911—H. S. Taylor.....	78 338	63 269	40 228	181 835
1912—G. P. Bryant.....	105 435	78 374	47 285	230 1094
Double American round:				
	60yds.	50yds.	40yds.	Total.
1909—G. P. Bryant.....	56 322	60 380	60 416	176 1118
1910—H. B. Richardson..	59 291	58 352	60 406	177 1059
1911—Dr R P Elmer....	56 262	59 261	60 418	175 1041
1912—G. P. Bryant.....	58 338	59 373	60 442	177 1158
Double National Round:				
	60yds.	50yds.	Total.	
1909—Miss Harriet Case.....	79 343	46 234	125	577
1910—Miss J. V. Sullivan.....	71 339	44 230	115	629
1911—Mrs. Witwer-Taylor.....	53 197	41 199	94	396
1912—Mrs. Witwer-Taylor	66 304	46 220	112	524



HOMER S. TAYLOR.

Ex-President and ex-Champion, N. A. A.

Double Columbia round:				
	50yds.	40yds.	30yds.	Total.
1909—Miss Harriet Case..	37 171	47 241	48 320	132 732
1910—Miss L. M. Witwer..	36 168	46 268	45 297	127 733
1911—Mrs. Witwer-Taylor..	38 168	45 231	48 332	131 731
1912—Mrs. Witwer-Taylor..	39 181	45 261	47 345	131 787
Men team round:				
1909—Boston team	300 1436			
1910—Chicago team	330 1506			
1911—Chicago team	318 1528			
1912—Boston team	324 1618			
Women team round:				
1909—Chicago team	277 1295			
1910—Chicago team	315 1517			
1911—Chicago team	201 861			
1912—Boston team	248 1078			
Flight shooting:				
1909—Z. E. Jackson.....	245yds.			
1909—Mrs. E. W. Frenz.....	188yds.			
1910—H. W. Bishop.....	213yds. 8in.			
1910—Miss L. M. Witwer.....	162yds.			
1911—Dr. R. P. Elmer.....	270yds.			
1911—Miss F. M. Patrick.....	189yds.			
1912—G. P. Bryant	229yds. 2ft.			
1912—Mrs. G. P. Bryant.....	215yds. 1ft.			

Winners of the double York round and the double National round are considered national champions. EDWARD B. WESTON.

SALT WATER FISHING SEASON.

Continued from page 755.

July 5.—H. C. Comegys, 5lbs. 9oz.
 July 12.—F. B. Johnson, 13lbs. 14oz.
 July 13.—L. J. Brown, 11lbs. 4oz.; James Mackintosh, 4lbs. 12oz.
 July 15.—Dr. J. L. Dulaney, 2lbs. 4oz.; C. W. Feigenspan, 4lbs. 2oz.
 July 17.—William N. Applegate, 13lbs.
 July 18.—James Mackintosh, 5lbs. 15oz.
 July 19.—C. E. Listman, 7lbs. 6oz.; Eugene M. Warford, 8lbs. 5oz.
 July 20.—Thomas Lloyd, 19lbs. 4oz.; Thomas Lloyd, 7lbs. 14oz.; Charles Bohrenburg, 8lbs. 2oz.; A. D. Hunt, 12lbs. 11oz.
 July 21.—Benj. Everham, 38lbs. 4oz.; Frank Brown, 7lbs. 3oz.; A. L. Kremetz, 7lbs.; Elvin Burtis, 3lbs.; H. Heinsheimer, 6lbs. 2oz.
 July 25.—H. C. Rydell, 7lbs. 15oz.
 John H. Wortman, 13lbs. 8oz.; H. C. Rydell, 5lbs. 11oz.; R. C. Anderson, 4lbs. 12oz.
 July 28.—Benj. Everham, 3lbs. 3oz.; Mrs. J. A. Mackintosh, 8lbs. 3oz.; Cary Simonds, 5lbs. 2oz.
 July 29.—J. H. Wortman, 6lbs. 3oz.; Scott, 3lbs. 3oz.
 July 30.—L. J. Brown, 20lbs., 8lbs. 12oz.
 Aug. 1.—F. Sinsinger, 6lbs. 3oz.; 10lbs. 13oz.; D. W. Mitchell, 12lbs.; Howard M. Kain, 7lbs. 14oz., 6lbs. 8oz.
 Aug. 2.—H. Cole, 5lbs. 9½oz.; A. Vogt, 11lbs. 5oz.; D. A. McIntyre, 9lbs. 3oz.; C. Reimuller, 5lbs. ½oz.; Jos. M. Detrich, 4lbs.; Charles Woodland, 12lbs. ½oz.; W. A. Harpei, 11lbs. 5oz.; C. Reimuller, 8lbs. 13oz.; W. E. Sylvester, 4lbs. 15½oz.; A. E. Allen, 11lbs. 9oz.; A. Vogt, 6lbs. ½oz.
 Aug. 3.—Frank H. Westervelt, 6lbs. 3oz.
 Aug. 4.—Benj. Everham, 6lbs. 7oz.; Allen F. Brewer, 10lbs. 10oz.;
 Aug. 5.—Henry Viering, 6lbs. 9oz.
 Aug. 6.—Benj. Everham, 6lbs. 5oz.; J. Brown, 20lbs. 9oz.; W. D. Pennypacker, 16lbs. 4oz.
 Aug. 7.—Wm. H. Schwartz, 7lbs. 7oz.; J. H. Wortman, 8lbs. 13oz.
 Aug. 8.—Winfield Scott, 11lbs. 6oz.
 Aug. 9.—Mrs. Howard M. Kain, 7lbs.
 Aug. 10.—Harry W. Troth, 13lbs. 8oz.
 Aug. 11.—John C. Bauers, 8lbs. 3oz.; Victor De Wysocki, 12lbs. 6oz.
 Aug. 12.—W. E. Sylvester, 7lbs.; John Wolter, 11lbs. 1oz.
 Aug. 13.—E. N. Dolbey, 9lbs. 4oz.; John Vogler, 17lbs. 4oz.; Edwin Shepard, 4lbs.
 Aug. 14.—B. Weisenfeld, 6lbs. 5oz.
 Aug. 15.—A. Havell, 16lbs. 4oz.
 Aug. 17.—H. C. Rydell, 3lbs. 2oz.; F. H. Westervelt, 12lbs. 9oz.
 Aug. 18.—Wm. Applegate, 5lbs. 9oz.; Fred Wilkie, 14lbs.; Frank Sinsinger, 9lbs. 6oz., 7lbs. 7oz., 9lbs.
 Aug. 23.—Frank Sinsinger, 10lbs. 14oz., 6lbs. 1oz.
 Aug. 24.—Frank Sinsinger, 19lbs. 9oz.; Mrs. Frank Sinsinger, 10lbs. 14oz.
 Aug. 26.—L. J. Brown, 8lbs. 7oz.
 Aug. 29.—Wm. Applegate, 2lbs. 14oz.; H. G. Cline, 4lbs. 1oz.
 Sept. 1.—Andrew Hurley, 6lbs. 2oz.; Fred Wilkie, 7lbs. 15oz., 2lbs. 7oz.; W. H. Schwartz, 3lbs. 10oz.
 Sept. 2.—Raymond Westerfield, 6lbs. 8oz.
 Sept. 4.—Eugene Warford, 8lbs. 8oz.; Mrs. Frank Brewer, 3lbs. 1oz.
 Sept. 6.—William James, 3lbs. 4oz.; J. Wertheim, 6lbs. 8oz.
 Sept. 7.—Horace Dutcher, 6lbs. 13oz.
 Sept. 11.—Frank Westervelt, 5lbs. 15oz.
 Sept. 12.—Charles White, 9lbs.
 Sept. 14.—Frank Sinsinger, 7lbs. 1oz.
 Sept. 15.—Frank Sinsinger, 7lbs. 7oz.
 Sept. 22.—Jacob Wertheim, 16lbs. 8oz.
 Sept. 24.—S. F. Fox, 3lbs. 2oz.
 Oct. 5.—Hoffman Blau, 6lbs.; Gus Popkin, 3lbs. 13oz.
 Oct. 26.—W. E. Rice, 9lbs. 6oz.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—Robert Edward Fithian, Bridgeton, N. J., by Levi Hindley; William John Herdina, 54 Riverdale avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., by Paul J. Kuhn; Clarence W. Capes, 43 West Thirty-seventh street, Bayonne, N. J., by Edmond vom Steeg, Jr.

INSURANCE FOR MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS.

OWING to the large number of accidents occurring every year to mountain climbers and tourists in the Alps, several insurance companies have established an accident policy for the benefit of persons undertaking these mountain excursions. For a premium of twelve cents per season certain Alpine clubs offer insurance to their members to the amount of \$71.40, with medical care, etc., included. An insurance company, of Vienna, offers "Alpine insurance" at a premium of \$1.42 per year for every \$203 of benefit in case of accident which causes invalidity or death. The amount of the premium is less in case groups of five or ten persons are insured together. There is also an insurance policy issued for the winter season against ski and bob-sleigh accidents in the Alps.—Consul John H. Grout, Odessa, Russia.

THE MANICURE LADY.

"GEORGE," said the Manicure Lady to the Head Barber, "did you ever catch one of them horned pouts? What kind of a animal are they, anyhow?"

"They ain't a animal," said the Head Barber. "It is a fish."

"There you go murdering the English language again," said the Manicure Lady. "They ain't a animal; it is a fish. That's fine talk for a grown-up man, ain't it?"

"I said, 'it is a fish,' and I mean it," declared the Head Barber, stolidly. "What did you start this conversation for, anyhow? If you want to get nasty about murdering the English, I could get nasty right back at you and tell you how you send all them verbs and nouns to the guillotine. If you want to gab me this morning, be civil, kiddo, be civil."

"I didn't mean nothing, George," said the Manicure Lady. "Only I do like to hear our beautiful language spoke as it ought for to be. What I started out for to say was that I got a letter from Wilfred this morning. The poor boy felt that broke down from looking for a job all these months that he persuaded the old gent to stake him to a trip up in the country. He's up there now, and this letter I got from him told about him catching a lot of horned pouts. He said they caught them at night with a lantern light to get them around, like old soldiers gathering around a camp-fire. Maybe it must be some kind of a fish, as you said, George."

"Wilfred had to put some of his poetry into the letter, of course. He wouldn't be my brother if he didn't spout some of them rhymes. He called this one 'Lines to a Horned Pout,' and this is how it went, if you want to take a chance the way Mr. Brodie did.

Little horned pout that I caught last night
 When the silvery moon was shining bright,
 I think how short thy existence was
 And shudder to think I was the cause.
 Why should a strong man go about
 Catching and killing you, horned pout?
 Far from your friends and family dear,
 You lie cold in death in a pantry here,
 Dreaming dreams that no mortal can see,
 And waiting to be swallowed up by me.
 This fact by me shall not be forgotten,
 Little horned pout, I treated you rotten."

"If he felt that tender toward the fish, why didn't he go hunting instead?" asked the Head Barber.

"They wouldn't let him go hunting up there where he is, George," replied the Manicure Lady. "He was up there last year with a old gent named Ben Spear, and the two of them went out with two rabbit dogs, looking for rabbits. Before the sun had set they came back without the dogs. Wilfred had shot one of the dogs for a rabbit, and Mr. Spear had shot the other on the way home. He was aiming at a bluejay and shot low."

"They oughn't to let a greenhorn handle a gun," said the Head Barber.

"No," agreed the Manicure Lady, "or a razor, either."—New York Evening Journal.

MODERN USE OF FLAX.

THE flax industry of this country has reached a stage of considerable importance, but the product is not made use of in the production of linen, but in the manufacture of linseed oil. It is said that at the present time about 2,500,000 acres of land are given up to flax growing. A problem of the industry is to make some use of the straw, which now goes wholly to waste, this amounting to about 3,000,000 tons.

Experiments in the direction of papermaking with the straw have met with some degree of success, but the scheme is not commercially practicable.—Indianapolis News.

A HIGHER TRIBUNAL.

MAGISTRATE—Well, Moriarty, what's the trouble to-day?

Moriarty—O'Flaherty, he threw a hod o' murther on me, yer honor, and nearly kilt me, and whin I axed him for compensation, he towld me to go to the divvel, so I come to yer honor's worship.



TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

1913.

- Jan. 1.—Utica, N. Y.—Genesee Gun Club. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
- Feb. 22.—Birmingham (Ala.) G. C. tournament. O. L. Garl, Sec'y.
- Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.
- July 8-13.—Cedar Point, Ohio.—The Indians' tournament. D. H. Eaton, Sec'y, Cineinnati, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Last shoot of season for Machinery Gun Club, Beverly, Mass., will be held Dec. 21, at 1 o'clock. It will be a turkey shoot, open to all amateurs—this means you—75 targets, \$1.50 entrance fee, including targets. Six turkeys as prizes, class shooting. More information from W. R. Hurd, 2d, or A. C. Speneer, at Beverly, Mass.

To-day down at Du Pont Gun Club, J. B. McHugh, holder of the State championship, and Edward Banks, the challenger for the title and eup that goes with the title, will shoot the big event. The Class A 1912 trophy held by Eugene du Pont, goes into open competition, Mr. du Pont not being on hand to defend his title to the eup by reason of his absence in South Carolina.

G. W. Bennett, who has a keen sense of the fitness of things, has started a rifle and trapshooting club among employes of Willys-Overland Automobile Co. at Toledo, O. Already the organization numbers fifty-one members. Mr. Bennett, who himself is an excellent shot, has been elected honorary president of the Overland Gun Club. This suggestion would work equally well among employes of other manufacturing concerns. It is a healthful and comparatively inexpensive pastime.

The famous fowling piece of J. J. Audubon, naturalist, artist, author, is for sale in Philadelphia for \$1,500. The gun is in fine condition, and aside from the material used in its construction, its physical make-up is remarkable. It is an 18-bore, built in England by Conway, in 1830. Its length is 63 inches; weight 12lbs. Mountings are gold and silver, with hollow butt, thought by some to have been put there to relieve the hip—the trap cavity being about half-pint size. Audubon is supposed to have used the arm on his collecting trips from 1832 to 1837.

Evidence of interest in the fifth annual midwinter handicap trapshooting tournament began early in September, and since that date the inquiries, numbering several hundred, have come from all sections. Texas, Colorado and California are the more distant points which evince special interest with many queries from the South, middle South and West, Pennsylvania, New York State and New England. The lavish added money of \$2,500 is of course, the drawing card, but the special class events, sweepstakes and the delights of a week at Pinehurst are also playing an important part in making this event one of America's most classic shoots.

Tenth annual merchandise handicap shoot at targets New Year's Day, open to all amateurs, beginning at 10 A. M., under the auspices of the Bergen Beach Gun Club. Handicaps, 16, 17 and 18yds., according to past performances. Fifty targets, entrance \$2.50, including birds. Re-entries up to 3 P. M., \$1.50. Come early, as the days are short. Refreshments gratis, as usual. Dues for 1913 (\$1.00) are in order to-day. Practice events in order all day. Shells for sale. Subway to Flatbush and Atlantic avenues, Brooklyn, then Flatbush avenue trolley car; or from New York City Hall—Brooklyn Bridge—direct, or will transfer to shooting grounds, Avenue N and East Seventy-first streets, Bergen Beach, Brooklyn. Shoots held every Saturday except during July and August.

The Sunbury-Selinsgrove Gun Club will hold their third annual turkey shoot on Friday, Dec. 20, at 1 P. M. The program will be at 100 targets, \$2 entrance, which includes the turkey entrance. The men will be arranged after shooting into classes, four men to a class, the high man of each class getting a turkey and the second score getting a nice chicken. Ties for place shoot off at extra targets. There will also be an optional sweep on each event, divided into four moncys, 25, 25, 25 and 25 per cent., class shooting, the poorer shooter having as much in their purse as the good shots. The club will also give a turkey to the professional high score.

W. G. BEECROFT.

Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Du Ponts Beat Clearviews.

DARBY, Pa., Dec. 7.—Dupont Gun Club outshot the Clearview Gun Club here to-day by 448 to 426. The Wilmington men shot with wonderful accuracy from the start, and of their thirty-one gunmen, twenty-four finished with 40 or better. Harry Fisher, of Clearview, led the entire field with 47. Robinson and Guest led the visitors with 46 apiece. Scores:

Du Pont.		Clearview.	
Robinson	46	Fisher	47
Guest	46	Fink	44
Joslyn	45	Davidson	43
Carlin	45	Elwell	43
McHugh	45	Bonsall	43
Tuckton	45	Seller	43
Tomlinson	44	Paulson	42
Minnick	44	Shuster	41
Colfax	44	Oliver	41
N K Smith	44-448	Ferry	39-426

Scores made by the gunners who failed to qualify for their respective teams:

Du Pont—Willis 44, Edmonson 44, Grier 42, Magalern 43, Anderson 43, Everitt 43, Winchester 42, Bush 42, Simon 42, Highfield 41, Betts 38, Martin 41, Mathewson 41, W. B. Smith 40, R. F. Willis 39, Ryan 38, Straughn 38, V. du Pont 37, Leedom 35, Jarrell 42, Mannail 30.

Clearview—Gideon 39, Bockius 37, Puff 33, McCullough 28, Allen 38, Green 36, Braun 32.

Edge Hill Outshoots Glen Willow.

EDGE HILL, Pa., Dec. 7.—Highlands' twenty-seven clay-pigeon exponents trimmed Glen Willow Gun Club to-day. Tansey, of Highlands, was high gun with 45 out of 50. G. S. McCarthy, of Highland, and Kinchiner, of Glen Willow, tied for place with 43. Scores:

Highland.		Glen Willow.	
Tansey	45	Kinchiner	43
G S McCarty	43	McFall	40
Perry	41	Smith	39
David	41	Gillinger	38
T Meehan	40	Reicheldifer	38
Freeman	40	Weinman	37
Hibbs	39	Merkle	36
Crooks	38	Riggs	34
Pharoah	38	Free	33
Pfelegar	38-403	Ulmer	33-371

Scores made by the gunners who failed to qualify for their respective teams:

Highland—Lindley 24, Harkens 35, Draehley 34, Cooper 36, Hoover 28, Freed 38, L. Jones 34, Greenwood 36, Boyer 34, Davis 31, Dentz 25, F. Meehan, Jr., 22, Laurent 29, Clark 37, A. McCarthy 37, F. Meehan 32.

Glen Willow—Rambo 27, Mattis 21, Fessler 22, Wylde 26, Shuster 33, Reed 30, Bickings 21, Tomlinson 18, McClennen 33, Hall 29, Steen 24, Powers 32, Gearhart 19, Clegg 31, George 33.

Camden Wins from Meadow Springs.

CAMDEN, N. J., Dec. 7.—Camden won from Meadow Springs to-day, with 425 to 417. Sloan, of Meadow Springs, was high man with 47, while Renner and Garnet, two members of losing team, tied high gun Springer of winning team, for place with 45. Scores:

Camden.		Meadow Springs.	
Springer	45	Sloan	47
H Anthony	44	Renner	45
Borden	44	Garrett	45
Hineline	42	Mace	43
Slar	42	Henry	42
Chalmers	42	Williams	41
Peckman	42	Hutton	39
F Holloway	42	Charles	39
Horner	41	Turner	38
Wakeman	41-425	Torpey	38-417

Scores made by the gunners who failed to qualify for their respective teams:

Camden—W. Johnson 41, Eisenhardt 40, Mink 40, Greene 39, J. Anthony 38, Fleming 38, E. Holloway 38, McConnell 38, Cross 37, Rcxon 37, Edwards 37, Warren 36, Kling 34, Radcliffe 34, Wills 31, Grooves 29, Simkins 24, Lichtenstein 14, Moore 13, Lippincott 17, Soistman 9.

Meadow Springs—Turner 37, Fish 37, Pierce 36, Hilpot 36, Deiley 36, Coyle 36, Gracely 33, Emerson 33,

Kirk 33, Alexander 32, Wiley 32, Gothard 31, Armstrong 31, Pyle 31, Hewlett 30, Soley 30, MaeAlonan 28, Keenan 28, H. Harvey 23, Woodward 20, Christman 18, Anderson 15, Letford 13.

Whites Defeat Lansdale.

LANSDALE, Pa., Dec. 7.—S. S. Whites, dental specialists, put a dent in Lansdale to-day—422 to 405. Griffith, with 47 of his 50 birds, was high gun. Cook, also of Whites, 45, was second, while Severn, of Whites, and Taylor, of Lansdale, tied for place with 44. Scores:

S. S. Whites.		Lansdale.	
Griffith	47	Taylor	44
Cook	45	Nicc	41
Severn	44	Reeve	41
Newcomb	42	I Schultz	41
Powers	40	F Henry	40
Wescott	40	Rauch	39
Sidebotham	40	C Swartz	42
Cantrill	43	Rodgers	39
Cotting	41	Bender	39
Eyre	40-422	L L Swartz	39-405

Scores made by the gunners who failed to qualify for their respective teams:

S. S. White—Georges 37, Ford 37, McGrath 34, Abbott 34, Thompson 38, Keene 26, Waters 37, Wilson 38, Denham 29, Howard 35, Beyer 39, Pratt 37, Heite 52, Kendal 27, Robinson 40, Hinkson 26, Smith 29, Hand 39, Stevens 30.

Lansdale—Metz 38, Kauffie 39, Gerber 34, J. White 35, C. Swartey 21, Henning 31, D. Scheltz 26, Haas 34, Hill 27, Martin 38, Bright 32, Cochran 15, Jones 29, Vambourne 37.

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 1.—Rainy weather with a strong wind blowing all day marred the opening of our first monthly shoot, open to all amateurs, consequently the attendance was poor and most of the scores were considerably below the average of those present. Kirkwood topped the list in the first event with a total of 90 out of 100, also taking first place in the regular club event with a score of 49 out of 50. Brown, of Riverside, was high amateur in event No. 1, breaking a total of 84, with Thomas second with a total of 82. Bue and Silver made the best scores in the two-man team race, each breaking 44 out of 50 for a total of 88 as the team score. Events Nos. 5 and 6 were shot with gun below the armpit. Scores:

Events:	1	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	100	50	50	25	25	25	25
W C Brown, 16	84	35	..	16	..	20	..
H C Kirkwood, 16	90	..	49	17
D E Thomas, 20	82	23	20	22	21
W C Deal, 16	81	19	18	19
E Silver, 16	99	..	39	17	..
M Gelder, 16	77
P Miller, 16	73
C W May, 16	72	39	39	11
W C Boltman, 18	72	18	24	24
B L Kammerer, 16	..	38	15	15	..
John Eck, 16	64
T P Bue, 18	67
M E Bosley, 16	57	..	29	10
A B Chladek, 16	56	16	12	..
Geo Eck, 18	18	19	..
H C Wolfe, 18	15	21	..
Dr A F Miller	20	..	8	10	11

Event No. 2 was a two-man team match and had the following scores:

T P Bue, 16	44	D E Thomas, 20	36
S Silver, 16	44-88	Geo. Eck, 18	38-74
M Gelder, 16	38	B L Kammerer, 16	39
John Eck, 16	39-77	H C Wolfe, 18	40-70
W C Boltman, 18	37		
W C Deal, 16	40-77		

Nov. 28.—Although it was a pleasant day for shooting, only thirteen marksmen toed the mark on the firing line to-day, Thanksgiving dinners and shoots at neighboring clubs no doubt holding down the attendance to this number. Young cleaned up the boards with a total of 96 out of 100 in event No. 1, and then broke 25 straight in an extra event. Bills shot three frames of 25 each for a total score of 72 out of 75. C. M. Grubb will be remembered by most of the older shooters, and while he has not shot targets for seven years, he tried one frame of 25, of which he broke 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	100	25	25	25	25	12p	12p
J S Young	96	25
T P Bue	87
E Silver	82
M Ballou	80	10
E B Shogren	62
H C Wolfe	70
F G Bills	..	23	24	25
E F McCarty	..	17	18
A F Swisher	..	14	11	15
H D Gosh	..	16	15	12
J W Keller	..	57	12	16	12
F Cook	..	71	14	15
C W Grubbs	..	15

Nov. 31.—The following scores were made to-day:

Targets:	50	50	25	25	25	25
J S Young	48	48	20	25	24	..
E Silver	..	47	22	23
O P Goode	38	38	19	21	22	20
J W Egan	32	33
M E Bosley	..	43	18	18	15	20

Event No. 3 was a distance handicap:

Marine and Field Club.

BATH BEACH, N. Y., Dec. 7.—Only four gunners turned out at the Bath Beach traps of the Marine and Field Club to-day. First leg on the December eup ended in a tie between H. B. Hopkins and E. H. Lott, while Lott won both trophy events.

Interstate Association's Annual Meeting

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association for the Encouragement of Trapshooting was held at the Association's office with the Corporation Trust Company, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J., on Thursday, Dec. 5, at 2 P. M.

The roll call showed the following members represented in person: Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co., by A. F. Hebard, F. B. Clark and T. A. Marshall; E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Co., by J. T. Skelly, T. E. Doremus and L. J. Squier; Winchester Repeating Arms Co., by F. G. Drew; Parker Bros., by W. F. Parker; The Peters Cartridge Co., by W. E. Keplinger and T. H. Keller; The Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Co., by Paul North; the Western Cartridge Co., by F. W. Olin; the United Lead Co., by P. D. Beresford, and the American Powder Mills, by Murray Ballou.

W. B. Stadfeld, of the Selby, Smelting & Lead Co.; C. A. Haight, of E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Co.; T. H. Keller, Jr., of the Hunter Arms Co., and H. E. Winans, of the Western Cartridge Co., were present by invitation. T. S. Dando and E. C. Stark, of Sporting Life; H. S. Rosenthal, of Sportsmen's Review; Chas. Otis, W. J. Gallagher and W. G. Becroft, of FOREST AND STREAM, honorary members of the Association, were also present, as were John R. Turner, resident director, and Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-treasurer of the Association.

The secretary presented and read a copy of the notice of the meeting, together with proof of the due mailing thereof to each stockholder of the Association at least two weeks before the meeting, as required by the By-Laws.

The transfer book and stock book of the Association were produced and remained during the meeting open to inspection.

Upon motion, duly made and seconded, the minutes of the last meeting were approved.

Messrs. Henry S. Rosenthal and Edward C. Stark (neither of them being a candidate for the office of director) were appointed inspectors of election and duly sworn. The meeting then proceeded to the election of the directors by ballot, in accordance with the By-Laws.

The report of the president for the past year was presented, read and ordered to be filed. [This appears in another column.—Ed.]

The financial report of the secretary-treasurer for the past year was presented and ordered to be received and filed. The financial report of the secretary-treasurer covering the registered tournament fund was then presented. Summarized, this report showed that 230 tournaments were registered during the year, of which number 201 were conducted under the Squier money-back system; that \$20,000 was contributed by the Association to gun clubs, state associations and leagues of gun clubs; that \$23,003.62 was paid back to amateurs to cover their losses, and that \$25,680.63 in average money was divided among amateurs after all of said losses were paid back.

The annual report of the secretary-treasurer, giving a résumé of the year's work, was also presented and ordered filed. [This appears in another column.—Ed.]

The polls having remained opened the period prescribed by statute, were ordered closed and the inspectors presented their report in writing, showing the following persons, stockholders of the Association, had received the greatest number of votes: J. R. Wettstein and P. D. Beresford, of the United Lead Co.; A. F. Hebard, F. B. Clark and T. A. Marshall, of Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.; J. T. Skelly, T. E. Doremus and L. J. Squier, of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Co.; John Hunter, of the Hunter Arms Co.; F. G. Drew, W. R. Clark and H. S. Leonard, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; W. F. Parker, of Parker Bros.; W. E. Keplinger and T. H. Keller, of the Peters Cartridge Co.; Paul North and J. H. Webster, of the Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Co.; A. H. Durston, of the Lefever Arms Co.; Murray Ballou and E. B. Drake, of American Powder Mills; G. S. Lewis, of the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.; F. W. Olin and A. J. Norcom, of the Western Cartridge Co.; C. H. Dimick and O. R. Dickey, of the United States Cartridge Co.; John R. Turner and Elmer E. Shaner. The chairman thereupon declared that the above-named persons were duly elected directors of the Association.

Upon motion, duly made and seconded, the secretary was directed to file with the records of the Association for the purposes of reference, the following papers:

1. List of stockholders entitled to vote at this meeting.
2. Proxies presented at the meeting.
3. Notice of meeting and proof of mailing thereof.
4. Inspectors' oath and report.
5. President's report.
6. Secretary-treasurer's financial report of assessment fund.
7. Secretary-treasurer's financial report of registered tournament fund.
8. Secretary-treasurer's annual report.

Upon motion, duly made and seconded, a meeting of the new Board of Directors for the election of officers, etc., was directed to be held immediately after the close of the stockholders' meeting.

No further business coming before the meeting, upon motion, duly made and seconded, the same adjourned.

THE DIRECTORS' MEETING.

A meeting of the Board of Directors was held immediately after the close of the stockholders' meeting. The meeting was called to order with J. T. Skelly acting as chairman and T. E. Doremus acting as secretary. The following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing year: President, J. T. Skelly; Vice-President, F. G. Drew; Treasurer, Elmer E. Shaner; Secretary, E. Reed Shaner. The officers elected thanked the directors for the honor conferred upon them.

The minutes of the Directors' meetings, held Dec. 7-8, 1911, and the several mail votes taken during the year were duly approved.

By resolution, the Selby Smelting & Lead Co., of San Francisco, and the Hercules Powder Co., of Wilmington, Del., were elected members of the Association.

The resignation of the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co. was presented, and on motion accepted.

By resolution, Breder and Sportsman, of San Francisco, was elected an honorary press member.

By resolution, it was decided to present trophies to the winners of the high amateur and high professional averages of 1912.

The next matter taken up was in respect to the future policy of the Association. This was discussed at great length, but no action thereon was taken at this time.

Upon motion, duly made and seconded, the Directors meeting adjourned at 5 P. M., to meet the following day at 9:30 A. M.

The adjourned meeting of the Directors was called to order at 9:55 A. M., Dec. 6, with President Skelly in the chair. New business was at once taken up where left off.

By resolution, it was decided to discontinue the Post-Season tournament.

By resolution, it was decided to establish a new event to be known as "The Interstate Association's Southwestern Handicap Tournament."

By resolution, it was decided to guarantee the winners of first, second and third places in the 1913 Grand American Handicap, \$600, \$500, and \$400 respectively.

The matter of employing a paid force of gun club organizers was next taken up, discussed and by resolution, rejected.

By resolution, it was decided to invite the President or some duly accredited representative of the several State Associations to deliberate with the Association at its annual meeting of 1913, and give it the benefit of their views on trapshooting.

A plan covering a change in policy of the Association was next presented, discussed at great length, and by resolution rejected.

By resolution, it was decided to continue in 1913 the policy that governed in 1911 and 1912, but granting gun clubs the privilege of using any system of money division they wished.

By resolution, it was decided to recommend to gun clubs holding registered tournaments that their programs shall consist of not less than 150 targets nor more than 200 targets per day.

By resolution, it was decided that the yearly averages of 1913, for both amateurs and professionals, shall be computed on 2,000 or more single targets shot from the standard distance fixed by the Interstate Association (the distance at this time being 16yds.), and this only at registered tournaments and the tournaments directly given by the Interstate Association.

The next matter taken up was the report of the committee appointed at the annual meeting of 1911 to confer with Elmer E. Shaner with an object in view of having him continue with the Association. Said committee reported that it would be agreeable to Mr. Shaner to continue with the Association in the nature of a minor official, but not as the active, responsible head of the organization. Mr. Shaner was thereupon made treasurer of the Association and manager of those tournaments directly given by it.

By resolution, a vote of thanks was tendered to C. H. Newcomb, of Philadelphia, for the active interest taken by him in the promotion of trapshooting, as well as in the welfare of the Interstate Association.

By resolution, it was decided to make a contribution to the Indian tournament of 1913, now that said tournament will be given for the benefit of amateurs only.

The next matter taken up was a petition from the San Jose Blue Rock Club, of San Jose, Cal., requesting that O. N. Ford be made eligible to compete at the Interstate Association tournament. By resolution, unanimously carried, the President being recorded as not voting, the Secretary was directed to write the San Jose Blue Rock Club, stating that it is not agreeable to the Interstate Association to permit Mr. Ford to compete at the tournaments directly given by it, the right to refuse any entry without giving reason therefor being reserved in all programs issued by it.

By resolution, it was decided to permit manufacturers' representatives to shoot for "targets only" in the Professional Championship at the Grand American Handicap tournament.

The next matter taken up was the recommendations offered by President Skelly in his annual report.

By resolution, it was decided to restore the Preliminary Handicap to the programs of all subsidiary handicap tournaments given by the Association.

By resolution it was decided to continue the standard distance for trapshooting at 16yds. The other suggestions offered by President Skelly were previously covered by resolution or otherwise.

Upon motion, duly made and seconded, the following resolution was adopted: "Any club that has held a two-day registered tournament in 1911 or 1912 at which the attendance did not reach 25 or more entries the second day, shall not be granted registration for more than a one-day tournament, unless said club shows increased strength and is able to assure the Association of prospective success."

By resolution, it was decided that in 1913 the Grand American Handicap tournament shall be given at Dayton, O.; the Southwestern Handicap tournament at San Antonio, Tex.; the Southern Handicap tournament at Montgomery, Ala.; the Eastern Handicap tournament at Wilmington, Del., and the Western Handicap tournament at Omaha, Neb. The place for holding the Pacific Coast Handicap tournament will be decided later.

By resolution, it was decided to refer the appoint-

ment of a committee to allot handicaps at the Grand American Handicap tournament to the Association's Tournament Committee.

The following committees were appointed to serve during the year 1913: Tournament Committee: Paul North, chairman; F. G. Drew, F. B. Clark, T. H. Keller, W. B. Stadfeld, T. E. Doremus and H. McMurchy. Trophy Committee: Elmer E. Shaner. Gun Club Organization Committee: F. G. Drew, chairman, T. H. Keller and F. B. Clark.

After reading several letters and discussing matters of no particular interest to the general public, the Directors' meeting adjourned at 4:20 P. M., to meet at Dayton, O., during the week of the Grand American Handicap tournament.

THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION,
E. REED SHANER, Secretary.

Report of Mr. J. T. Skelly, President Interstate Association, for the Year 1912.

To the Members of the Interstate Association:

Gentlemen—Without going into details, I feel that generally, 1912 has been the most successful trapshooting year we have ever had. This is easily borne out by Mr. Shaner's records of registered tournaments, and will, I assume, be covered by his report.

MEMBERS.

During the year we lost the membership of the A. H. Fox Gun Co. and secured the U. S. Cartridge Co. Applications will be presented at this meeting by the Selby Smelting & Lead Co., of San Francisco, Cal., and the Hercules Powder Co., of Wilmington, Del. There are several other manufacturers who have been solicited, and I might say have rather encouraged us, but thus far have not seen fit to share in our work. I am hoping that they will soon realize that it will be to their advantage to become members.

IN GENERAL.

Now that we all realize the advantage of concerted action, it is to be hoped that our members will continue to view broadly the work of our Association and urge field representatives to look upon the Association in the same light. In the absence of a national organization of amateurs, the existence of which would, I feel, be the ideal condition, it behooves us to continue our substantial support and even to increase it on a basis comparable with the growth of trapshooting. To this end, I shall make some recommendations, which I feel should receive your careful consideration.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

The class of shooters for whom the Post-Season tournament was inaugurated seems not to have given this tournament the support it deserved, and I would recommend that it be discontinued, but I hope some one can offer a substitute which will bring the desired result, i. e., a classy affair which would be recognized and supported by the "classy shooters."

I would recommend that the Preliminary handicaps be again included in our subsidiary tournaments, i. e., Southern, Eastern, Western and Pacific Coast handicap tournaments.

That the regulation distance in all of our tournaments and in registered tournaments be made 18 instead of 16 yards as at present.

That for the tournaments given under our direction, in addition to the scorer and referee at each trap, that a judge be also appointed to insure additional and necessary protection of the contestant's rights.

That the winner of the Grand American Handicap be guaranteed \$500 and the trophy, instead of \$1,000 as heretofore, and that the next five or six places or more be guaranteed fixed amounts. Obviously, there has been too great a difference between the first and other places.

That fixed guaranteed amounts be considered for the first few places in subsidiary handicaps.

That arrangements be made, at a nominal expense, to secure more daily paper publicity for tournaments given under our auspices.

I would strongly urge that our Association begin the work of organizing gun clubs; that one or several organizers be employed to work under the direction of the Secretary-Treasurer; that these organizers also be utilized to manage important tournaments, such as State events, when requested and when the party directing them deems it advisable. It is to be hoped that this important suggestion will be favorably received, and that provision be made to care for the necessary expense.

In order to further convince the amateurs of our desire to co-operate with them, and to give them an opportunity to meet with us and participate in our discussion, suggest that the President, or other official or some one indicated by each State Association be considered by the Interstate Association as honorary members or directors without vote, thus bringing our Association in closer touch and enabling us to have advice from an outside viewpoint. By considering all angles our scope would be broadened and we would continue to conduct our organization along lines which would be productive of the most good for the majority.

SUGGESTIONS.

I have about come to the conclusion that it is only a question of time when sweepstake shooting will be eliminated, excepting of course in occasional instances, consequently we should look to the future and consider changes which would be abreast with the times. It may come to the point where most of the money we are now donating to the purses can best be used in trophies.

In time I feel that the best good might be accomplished by giving to each State Association a fixed sum on a basis to be determined by population or in some other equitable manner. This sum to be devoted to purses and trophies. I also feel that we should consider limiting the purses to which we subscribe to residents of the State in which the tournament is held. There has been the criticism that a few of the better shots or expert amateurs have profited considerably in the division of average money under the system under which we are now working.

If we are to continue adding money, I think that the Squier money-back system is the most equitable, and one which pleases the greatest number of shooters. We might consider some modification of this system by applying it to money division other than the Rose system. I would like to see this worked out. Think it is something that should be looked into to determine if it could be applied to the various systems, for example, percentage, class, Jack Rabbit, etc., etc. I also think that perhaps it would be well to consider the division of the surplus accruing in the Squier money-back at each tournament on a class basis.

My foregoing suggestions may not be at all practical, at the same time they are thoughts of mine and suggestions which have come to me from the field. I think they are worth looking into, particularly since it is our desire not to appear to be taking an arbitrary position in the conduct of the many tournaments held annually in this country.

Would also suggest that in the event the Post-Season tournament is not continued and a so-called "classy affair" is not substituted for it, that we establish the Interstate Association Southwestern Handicap tournament, to be given in addition to the present subsidiary events, and that this tournament be given in the southwestern part of the United States, embracing the territory of say Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas.

I could not well conclude this report without commenting on the loss to our Association and to trapshooting in general if Mr. Shaner should decide to leave us at this time. I have had considerable team work with him during the past year. I know that he is always working for the cause, his standing among the sportsmen is an invaluable asset to us, and we do not want to cripple our organization by losing his valuable services. I hope the committee which was appointed to look into

Annual Report of Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Treas. Interstate Association, for the Year 1912.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 30, 1912.

To the President, Officers and Members of The Interstate Association:

Gentlemen—The record of another year's activities is presented for your consideration in this my annual report. Our accomplishments, failures, hopes and ambitions are herewith outlined and your careful and earnest perusal of the same is requested. The statistical data, giving operations in detail of the Secretary-Treasurer's office, will be found on separate sheets herewith inclosed.

In presenting my report this year I crave the pleasure of saying at the outset that this marks my twentieth year as the active head of the Interstate Association. Surely you will pardon me for taking a glance backward and scanning in short measure the two decades of strenuous duties. I only regret that I cannot take up your time in bringing to your memory a few of the many pleasant incidents of that period, together incidentally with some trials and tribulations; but I assure you the latter are ever dissipated when one thinks of the marvelous success that has crowned our score of years. Therefore, to my mind, this is a momentous occasion in the history of the Interstate Association. It commemorates the inaugural of a step that placed American trapshooting on the plane of glorious sports. Compare the recreation in 1892, the year of our origin as the governing body of trapshooting, with to-day. A glance will convince you that from a chaotic pastime, purely local in its workings, trapshooting has become a universal sport, flourishing in every State of the forty-eight, and is conducted on systematic lines with the registration of tournaments, conservation of records and a dozen and one branches that go toward making our sport and organization national institutions. Place the popularity and conduct of our sport alongside that of other American diversions, and it will not suffer by comparison. It is founded on a sound basis, its permanency cannot be questioned, and generations to come will profit by the work we established. It is indeed a pleasant matter to look back to twenty years ago, when we realize that within that period a useful and powerful organization has been built up, and from a very small beginning we are now in a position to reap reward for the labors performed by those who have guided our affairs so carefully, so systematically and so successfully to where we now stand.

OUR POLICY.

One year ago it was my duty to bring to your attention the fact that we had made a radical change in policy, viz., the adoption of the Squier money-back system. This plan then had only been given the test of a season, but its hearty acceptance by the trapshooting realm had been made manifest. The year just closing has given another emphatic endorsement of the system, and leads me to say that it has come to stay; in fact, its superiority over any yet in vogue is so pronounced that I question whether we even should consider a change in policy at this time. Unbounded success bespeaks its merit beyond any shadow of doubt. It is true that the plan is not perfection, nor does it please everybody, but it is unquestionably the best method so far advanced and is "doing the greatest good for the greatest number"; therefore, why think of a change? Opponents when driven to the wall for a reason, simply fall back on the oft-repeated argument of the fair sex—"because." They can offer no tangible plan as a substitute.

IN GENERAL.

At this juncture a pleasant duty confronts me. I desire to make mention of the fact that a large share of credit for the excellent year is due to our estimable president, Mr. J. T. Skelly. Without any disparagement whatever, I am anxious to go on record as saying that no chief executive has been a better right-bower in the twenty years of my service. Mr. Skelly, being thoroughly familiar with trapshooting, was able to aid me by both deed and counsel in the mastery of pitfalls and discouragements, that arose during the season. I certainly feel free to say that should any praise be distributed, our worthy president is entitled to the lion's

The Season's Roll of Honor



Being a partial list of successful amateur shooters and their year's triumphs



ACHIEVED WITH *Remington-UMC* SHOT GUNS OR SPEED SHELLS OR BOTH

- R. H. Bruns, Indiana State Tournament, tied for 2d highest 1912 Amateur Record.
- Vassar Cate, Southern Handicap.
- Frank Campbell, Western Handicap.
- H. P. De Mund, Arizona State Tournament.
- F. G. Fuller, Wisconsin State Tournament.
- J. R. Graham, Illinois State Tournament; Individual Clay Bird Championship of World at Olympic Games.
- Jack Jewett, Minnesota State Tournament.
- V. W. Johnson, Mississippi State Tournament.
- W. T. Laslie, Alabama State Tournament.
- Wm. Lloyd, Oklahoma State Tournament.
- A. M. Messner, Michigan State Tournament.
- C. N. Newcomb, Westy Hogans' Championship.
- C. F. Nelson, Handicap Championship of Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico.
- W. E. Phillips, Grand American Handicap.
- C. H. Parker, North Dakota State Tournament.
- Dr. L. G. Richards, Virginia State Tournament.
- Wm. Ridley, highest 1912 Amateur Record.
- Geo J. Roll, tied for 2d highest 1912 Amateur Record.
- R. L. Spotts, Maine State Tournament.
- Moroni Skeen, Utah State Tournament.
- J. E. Taylor, North Carolina State Tournament.
- Ed. Varner, Nebraska State Tournament.
- Wm. H. Varien, California-Nevada Tournament.
- S. G. Vance, Amateur Championship of Canada.
- J. P. Wright, Arkansas State Tournament.
- Harry Whitney, Kansas State Tournament.
- J. P. White, South Dakota State Tournament.

HERE IS THE MESSAGE FROM THESE WINNERS TO YOU

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FOR 50c. (less than actual cost) we will send a "A NEW CHAPTER IN AN OLD STORY" copy of our beautiful and valuable book
 This book contains the most remarkable hunting photographs ever taken. "I have been reading your book with pleasure and profit. Such a work is bound to do good."—*Elbert Hubbard.* "It is a contribution to national history and letters."—*Francis Trevelyan Miller.* "The last word in design, illustration, text and execution."—*Herbert L. Bridgeman.* "Very interesting."—*Francis Bannerman.*

portion. He deserves it in every sense. It would certainly redound to the best interests of the Association if Mr. Skelly could be induced to accept the reins for another year.

In accordance with a resolution adopted at the last annual meeting, invitations to become members of the Association were extended to the United States Cartridge Co., Selby Smelting & Lead Co., Baker Gun & Forging Co., the Marlin Firearms Co., the Ithaca Gun Co., Von Lengerke & Detmold, Schoverling, Daly & Gales, New York Sporting Goods Co., Robin Hood Powder Co., Sportsmen's International Cartridge Co., and the Liberty Cartridge Co. This resulted in the United States Cartridge Co. becoming a member early in the year, and others will follow. The application for membership of the Selby Smelting & Lead Co., of San Francisco, and the Hercules Powder Co., of Wilmington, Del., will be passed upon at the coming annual meeting.

The A. H. Fox Gun Co. was dropped from membership in April.

One of the most pleasing features of the year was the formation of new State organizations in Delaware, Michigan, Georgia, and California-Nevada, with Oregon probably in line in the near future. A new trapshooters' league was also formed in central Pennsylvania.

An interesting feature of the year was the consolidation of the two Missouri State organizations under the name of the Missouri State Trapshooters' Association.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

There is no doubt that the trapshooting world is well satisfied with our registered tournament plan. An increase in 1912 over 1911 of more than 40 per cent. in number of tournaments registered is fully indicative of this thought. Applications were received in such number that our registered tournament fund, contributed early in the year, was exhausted before the season was three-quarters over. It was necessary to appeal to our members for a replenishment of this fund. They came forward most generously, and we were thus able to contribute to tournaments in sections that had not received their full quota in the early allotment. The number of applications rejected during the season, for reasons other than not complying with the rules, was so small that it is really not worthy of mention. As to those refused for non-compliance of rules, the principal fault lay in their failure to comply with the time limit for making applications. While on this subject it is appropos to say that the period is passed when thirty to sixty days are sufficient to work up a tournament,

give it the proper publicity and secure the support of the trapshooting element in the vicinity where it is conducted. Our records show that the most successful tournaments were those in which four to six months were utilized to bill them as fixtures in trapshooting circles. Even with the system at the Interstate Association's command I would hesitate to handle one of our own tournaments on less than ninety days' announcement, and I much prefer a longer time than this to care for the multitude of details in connection with an up-to-date tournament.

Under the head of "Recommendations" I have a couple of suggestions to make, which, in my opinion, will materially improve and add to the registered tournament plan.

SOUTHERN HANDICAP.

Our initial tournament of the season, the Southern Handicap, was held at Columbus, Ga., May 14, 15 and 16.

This was our second trip to Columbus, the Southern Handicap of two years ago having been held there. This spring the elements were a decided factor in the event. The South was torn up by floods, the like of which is declared by veterans to be without equal. The fact that the country had been inundated knocked travel conditions galley-west within a two hundred mile radius of Columbus. Shooters from Memphis, Vicksburg, New Orleans and other cities could not reach the scene of sport without suffering long delays en route. This barrier restrained many from making the trip. As a result, the entry list was not up to that of two years ago, when Columbus registered 128 entries in the main event. Columbus Gun Club members, however, worked just as hard as though they had a record-breaking count. They were on the alert. Shortly before the tournament was scheduled to be opened, a telegram was received from a party of shooters, asking that the "getaway" be delayed for an hour, as their train was held back by high water. The request was acceded to. This delegation's plight will give an idea of the hampering conditions surrounding the tournament. Regardless of all imposts, the Southern Handicap passed into history as a gathering which not only yielded rounds of sport for the participants, but also brought about boons for trapshooting in general. As an example, there can be cited the formation of the Georgia State Trapshooters' Association. This is the first time sportsmen in Georgia have ever combined to further the clever pastime.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

The thirteenth Grand American Handicap was held at Springfield, Ill., June 18 to 21, inclusive, under the auspices of the Illinois Gun Club.

Selection of the Capital City as the spot for the peerless annual tournament was more or less of an experiment in this wise. "Never before had the Association chosen a small city for the stellar struggle." All former renewals of America's superb shooting competition had been conducted in good-sized civic settlements. The venture proved to be an agreeable action, for while a number of Grand American Handicaps have collected larger entry lists, none have excelled this year's affair at Springfield in satisfactory consummation. The tournament was a brilliant one, and when historians start to page the various big gatherings since the origin of the Grand American Handicap, back in the 90s, Springfield's number will not be overlooked. Ideal weather, a 30-acre shooting grounds, level as nature's compass can adjust, an armv of good shots, and guided by a crew of active, energetic officials of the Illinois Gun Club, could anything else be yearned for? From first to last the tournament progressed swimmingly, each day succeeded by a better one. When the final gun had been fired, and nightfall closed on busy scenes for the last time, members of the Illinois Gun Club, in special session, impromptu, of course, decided that Springfield would be right after the Grand American Handicap for 1913. There was ample evidence that a bustling, wide-awake city of Springfield's magnitude, was fully as capable of conducting the vast contest as her larger brethren. "Give us the 1913 tournament and our grounds will be perfection," they declared.

EASTERN HANDICAP.

The Eastern Handicap was held at Bradford, Pa., July 9, 10 and 11, under the auspices of the Bradford Gun Club.

Pennsylvania did themselves proud in the conduct of this tournament. There have been many excellent Eastern Handicaps since the Association first established the event, and Bradford men were confronted with the hard task of showing finely against rivals of former years. Well did they turn out their work. When the tournament was in progress, local shooters were untiring in their efforts to make things go. The day over, social features engaged the attention of the home boys. They were equal to all occasions. No visitors were overlooked, a fact deserving of mention. Not only did the Bradford contingent show themselves to be artistic entertainers, but they were also classy with the gun. A Bradford man won the main event against some of the best shots in the country. A feature of the Eastern Handicap certain to be entertaining was the magnificent array of top scores. Conditions favored the contestants, and remarkable scores were chalked up. Amateur shooters were particularly skillful in gun pointing. It is a matter of gratification to say that many contestants made fine averages in the three days' shooting. This good shooting was the talk of the town. One could also hear men praising the appointments, showing clearly that the tournament met with general approval. Few men attending the renewal of the Eastern Handicap at Bradford will forget the affair. There were sufficient facts of importance to make a lasting impression.

WESTERN HANDICAP.

The Western Handicap was held at Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 14, 15 and 16, under the auspices of the Kansas City Gun Club.

This tournament was conducted on the Blue River grounds, a fact most reminiscent to veteran shooters. Prancing around again on that shooting inclosure, my memory was carried back to 1902, when the renowned

Grand American Handicap at live birds was held on this field. Though a decade has passed by since that famous gathering, a number of entrants to the affair were on the spot this year to swap stories and see that fellowmen had a good time. This old guard comprised the rank and file of the Kansas City Gun Club, an organization with a history of thirty years, still strong and stanch. Old boys put their shoulders to the wheel to make the Western Handicap a success. Their efforts were, of course, fruitful. Closing day found a local newspaper saying that "the Handicap was one of the best events in this line of amusement that Blue River Park had ever housed." Gun, ammunition and individual perfection were well nigh presented in the tournament, the scores being "way up" from the opening "scramble" to the last event. Numerous big runs of "straights" were recorded. When the winner was called to the front and given his well earned reward, the "vets" set up a shout that rang merrily over the assemblage and made every onlooker happy that he was on hand.

PACIFIC COAST HANDICAP.

The Pacific Coast Handicap was held at Portland, Oregon, Aug. 27, 28 and 29, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

"It was a notable success—a record-breaker—the best trapshooting gathering every held on the Pacific Coast." Am sorry that my vocabulary fails me in further depicting the glories of this session in Oregon's bustling city. From the standpoint of the Interstate Association, the tournament was among the best ever given by us. The enthusiasm manifested and renewed interest taken tend to make new devotees of trapshooting—one of the prime objects of our organization. Members of the Portland Gun Club paid a high tribute to the Association by declaring that the efficient work of their club and its appointments, and also the revival of interest in trapshooting throughout the length and breadth of Oregon, were due to the intelligent work done by our organization on the West Coast.

Though the dates, in a measure, encroached a trifle on the game hunting season, lovers of trapshooting were out in full force and shot through the program. The Portland Gun Club had only recently secured a home, but was "up to snuff" in every part of the many details that fall on to the shoulders of the home organization when a fixture of the Association is decided. Fine grounds at Kenton, not long since cleared of woodland growth, proved to be one of the most pleasant and adaptable places for trapshooting in the West. When the club accepted the tender to operate the Pacific Coast Handicap, so much work was staked ahead that some men had misgivings as to the prospects of having everything ready in time. Aladdin and his wonderful lamp could not have cleared the way in better style than did the Portland Club hustlers. Their work was a revelation, a superb example of Oregon "git up and do it." Decks were cleared for action when the hour for the start hove to, and there wasn't a hitch anywhere to be located.

POST SEASON TOURNAMENT.

The third Post-Season tournament was held at Cincinnati, O., Oct. 15 to 18, inclusive, under the auspices of the Cincinnati Gun Club.

Latonía, a beautiful spot in old "Kaintuck," forty minutes' ride from Cincinnati, was the scene of the autumn assemblage of America's greatest trapshooters. Handled by the Cincinnati Gun Club, made up of experienced men in tournament manipulation, the event was decided on schedule time. There was nothing lacking on this score. The big guns of the recreation had every chance to enjoy themselves in the yearly struggle against fellow "crackerjacks." Fine weather, except on the last day, also put forward its share toward providing a good time for the "kings of trapshooting."

These balmy hours were much appreciated by a large concourse of visitors on hand each day. The spectators admired the talented devotees and no golf expert was ever accompanied by a larger "gallery" as were the world's best shots when they walked down the line, piling up pretty scores at every stop. The attendance was not up to anticipation, fully one hundred being expected. There is no doubt that many men had planned to be present, but were sidetracked somewhere, as their ammunition was shipped to the scene, but the owners failed to appear.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

1. I would suggest that the registered tournament plan be amended so that all average money accruing through the Squier money-back system be divided among bona fide residents of the State in which the tournament is held, regardless of the position non-residents hold in the shooting averages of that particular tournament. This would be in keeping with the original import of the registered tournament idea, namely, that the money allotted to any particular State should go to members of gun clubs in that State.

Probably the most serious objection to the plan now in use is that it attracts the circuit chaser, ever a capable shooter, who gives a good account of himself and is nearly always able to participate in the average money, thereby working to the disadvantage of the resident of the State in which the tournament is given. The intention is not to bar the non-resident from the tournament proper, but merely to eliminate him from participating in a fund created for the special benefit of the trapshooter residing in the State where the tournament is given.

2. Our records show that two-day tournaments, in many instances, have not proven as successful accordingly as have one-day tournaments, which leads me to believe that some gun clubs, regardless of the probable attendance on the second day, make application for a two-day tournament simply to secure the extra contribution which the Association makes to such tournament. I would therefore suggest the adoption of the following rule:

"Any club that has held a two-day registered tournament in 1911 or 1912, at which the attendance did not reach twenty-five or more entries the second day, not be granted registration for more than a one-day tournament, unless said club shows increased strength and is able to assure the Association of prospective success."

3. It has been fully demonstrated by the three Post-Season tournaments given that a majority of the high class shooters of the country are not eager to attend a tournament where they must compete with contestants all of whom are of equal skill. The Post-Season tournament was established in response to a demand that trapshooting have an annual competition similar in its lines to the world's series of baseball games—a sort of a survival of the fittest. Contrary to expectations, there has been a gradual decline in the number of entrants at this tournament, and it is plainly evident that the "kings of the sport" will never enthuse over an event where they will meet on an equal footing only the top-notch talent of the country; therefore, in view of this lack of appreciation, I would suggest that the Association consider the advisability of discontinuing the Post-Season tournament.

4. Two years ago it was ruled that the Preliminary Handicap be abandoned at all tournaments directly given by the Association, with the exception of the Grand American Handicap tournament. This ruling does not seem to meet with the approval in general of trapshooters. Objection to the ruling was shown immediately after its issuance and has never subsided. Careful consideration of the long prevailing sentiment convinces me that a mistake was made. I would therefore strongly urge that the Preliminary Handicap be restored to the programs of all our subsidiary handicap tournaments.

LOOKING FORWARD.

The foregoing is a record of the activities of the Association for the year 1912. The measure of our success or failure in the performance of the duties which claimed our attention, will best be left to the judgment of those who have had the patience and perseverance to read this report up to this point. Suffice it to say that all efforts put forth have been with an eye single to the general interest of trapshooting, and with that thought in mind might I not ask a continuance of the unselfish effort of our active workers and deeper interest and co-operation of those of our members who have not availed themselves of the opportunities afforded by their organization to do some splendid work in associated action with their fellowman. If we can but obtain this co-ordinated effort upon the part of all our members, each contributing their share to the advancement of the work at hand, the success of future years is assured, and the benefits accruing therefrom will surely contribute to mutual progress. If 1912 was a grand year, 1913, from indications, will be surpassing. This is not an utterance fashioned on individual enthusiasm, but a declaration consistent with substantial support that can be brought forward for the asking.

IN CONCLUSION.

I wish to repeat my thanks to our members for their unflinching support and uniformly generous treatment. I am deeply grateful to them for their acts of kindness, and though virtue may be its own reward, I fervently wish them something more tangible.

I wish to renew my expression of obligation to the sportsmen's journals, honorary members of the Association, for the faithfulness shown in publishing reports of all registered tournaments sent them, as well as printing matters of general and particular interest in this connection. I also wish to thank them for the many unsolicited marks of appreciation they have bestowed upon me personally through a long series of years.

Happy as I have been to express my views in the foregoing report, I now approach a situation that is tinged with sadness, inasmuch as I must bid you farewell as the active head of your organization. This year witnesses a cessation of my labors in that position. I am loth to doff the harness, but I think I have well earned a respite from the cares of the berth whose trying duties are many.

Very respectfully submitted,
ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Treas.

Crescent A. C.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y., Dec. 7.—To-day the first shoot for the December, new Committee and J. H. Vanderveer cups took place. The first leg on the latter trophy ended in a tie between A. Adams and F. S. Hyatt. Both gunners made 44 out of 50. F. B. Stephenson finished third. He won the take-home trophy with 90 out of 100. J. F. James scored on the Committee cup, breaking 44 out of 50. He tied F. S. Hyatt for monthly cup with 23 out of 25. The scores:

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap:					
F S Hyatt	4	22	F Wellbacher	5	17
*J A R Elliott	0	23	H M Bingham	0	17
F B Stephenson	0	20	J S Lawson	4	17
J F James	0	20	A R Adams	1	16
G Brower	7	20	G Brower	2	15
*J W Hessian	0	19	J H Vanderveer	0	12

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap:					
J F James	0	25	*J W Hessian	0	18
G Brower	2	24	J S Lawson	4	17
F B Stephenson	0	23	J H Vanderveer	0	17
A R Adams	0	22	F Wellbacher	5	17
F S Hyatt	4	21	G Bingham	7	17
*J A R Elliott	0	21	H M Bingham	0	17

Committee cup, 50 targets, handicap:					
J F James	0	45	*J W Hessian	0	37
*J A R Elliott	0	44	J S Lawson	4	36
F B Stephenson	0	43	G Bingham	14	36
F S Hyatt	4	43	F Wellbacher	10	34
G Brower	2	39	J H Vanderveer	8	34
A R Adams	1	38	H M Bingham	0	31

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap:					
F B Stephenson	0	23	F Wellbacher	5	19
F S Hyatt	4	21	H M Bingham	0	16
J H Vanderveer	0	20	*J W Hessian	0	16
J F James	0	19	G Brower	2	16
J S Lawson	4	19	B Adams	1	16
*J A R Elliott	0	19	G Bingham	7	16

*Visitor.

Guernsey Gun Club.

GUERNSEY, Ia., Nov. 29.—On Thanksgiving Day our gun club held a successful shoot, notwithstanding it was rather a cold day and target shooting was very difficult on account of a strong south wind, which we had to shoot into. When Bill Ridley says, "It is a hard day to shoot targets," there is no use to ask any one else, and that is what Bill said. Mr. Ridley was high gun with a score of 117 out of 135. A. Grabin was second high with 115, and the president of the club, who had charge of the cashier's office, was third high with 106. Mr. Ridley was handicapped to 20yds.

Our gun club is less than one year old, and this is our third shoot this summer, and we have trapped almost 10,000 targets on programme. However, we intend to change our trap ground another year and trap more targets and have a better attendance and more pleasure out of it than we have had this year. The writer is teaching his wife to shoot. The first targets she ever shot at were last June, and she has been gradually getting better since, learning something of the speed of the targets and the speed of the shot. On the evening of the 27th—it was a nice evening to shoot—and she broke 21 out of 25, as against her husband's 23 out of 25. She says she is going along next year to shoot targets. In all probability I will have company when I go to attend tournaments.

At this shoot twenty-one contestants faced the trap, but several only shot a few, as the targets were so very difficult to hit on account of the wind. Scores:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Wm Ridley	135 117	Glenn	50 34
Crabin	135 115	Border	50 36
J W Dobbins	135 106	Wagner	45 23
Mrs Dobbins	75 48	Wenger	45 21
Woodbridge	135 70	Feller	25 12
Maxwell	135 82	Hogan	15 3
Wokesin	100 52	E E Dobbins	15 6
Sherlock	75 51	Glen	10 4
Dalezal	75 51	Sherlock	20 10
Koth	75 51	Foster	10 6
Joe Dalezal	65 38		

The sixth event on this program was at 25 targets, and the highest score made in this event by the home talent was to receive the Du Pont trophy as his property, this shoot closing the season. Most of the boys dropped below 20 targets. The trophy was won by A. Crabin. The three highest guns in this event were A. Crabin, 22; J. W. Dobbins, 21, and Wm. Ridley, 20.

J. W. DOBBINS, Pres.

Daniel Boone Gun Club.

MARTHASVILLE, Mo., Nov. 28.—The regular weekly shoot of our club was held to-day instead of Saturday. An interesting event was the third of a series of inter-club matches between the Warrenton Gun Club, of Warrenton, Mo., and our club. This match being a little out of season, Warrenton had but seven men here. We put up an equal number, each man to shoot at 50 targets. At each of the other two of the series all members of each club present shot, but only the ten highest scores of each were counted.

The clubs are nearly even in skill, for in the first and third our club won by 6 each time, and Warrenton won the second by 7. Below are the scores of the match, also the scores of a little practice after the match:

Team match, 50 targets per man:		Team match, 50 targets per man:	
Warrenton G. C.		Daniel Boone G. C.	
Dr F W Lennert ..	44	A F Ahmann	45
Wm Harbaum	46	G Lichtenberg	44
Hy Hollmann	38	Dr A Underwood	41
D Buescher	40	Wm L Koch	40
Wm Morisey	30	J Mutert	37
Art Langford	34	H F Bollmann	35
Fred Buescher	37-269	J O Wilson	33-275

Practice:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
F Koelling	20 16	Struebbe	10 8
J Mutert	20 15	G Ahmann	10 8
E Suhre	20 14	Bollman	10 7
Lichtenberg	20 14	Wyatt	10 6
Meyer	20 13	Underwood	10 6
E Ahmann	20 13	Koch	10 6
F Suhre	20 13	Florence Mutert	10 6
Wm Koelling ..	20 9	Wilson	10 6
Fortmann	20 8	Johannaber	10 4

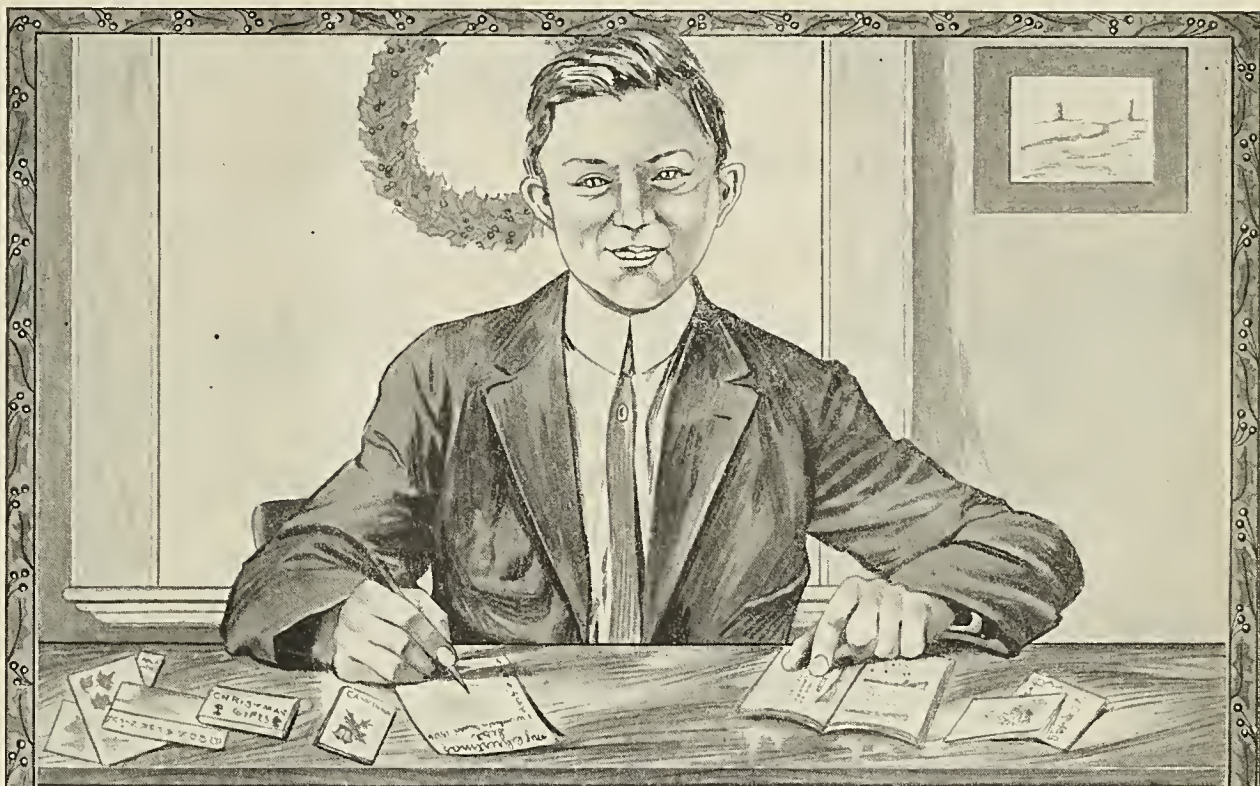
J. O. WILSON, Sec'y.

Huntingdon Valley Country Club.

JENKINTOWN, Pa., Dec. 7.—Huntingdon Valley Country Club to-day had the largest gallery of clubmen-shooters thus far recorded. Four main events, and several practice events were shot. Rowland was high gun in both of the 25-target events. Elkins won the 15-target handicap with 13, and the 25-target handicap event with 24. The scores:

Handicap, 10 targets:		H. T.	
W L Rowland, Jr. .	4 9	G F Tyler	4 8
G W Elkins, Jr. .	0 7	A M Biddle, Jr. .	0 8
Handicap, 15 targets:		H. T.	
G W Elkins, Jr. .	0 13	Dr Harte	0 2
W L Ross	3 11	W L Rowland, Jr. .	6 18
G F Tyler	6 17	A M Biddle, Jr. .	0 10
Horsburgh	0 2		
Handicap, 25 targets:		H. T.	
W L Rowland, Jr. .	9 23	Dr Harte	9 16
G F Tyler	9 23	Walter L Ross	8 22
A M Biddle, Jr. .	7 17	G W Elkins, Jr. .	3 22
Horsburgh	8 16		
Handicap, 25 targets:		H. T.	
Horsburgh	7 25	Rowland, Jr. .	5 27
G F Tyler	7 25	W L Ross	9 22

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**Winchester Rifles, Shotguns and Ammunition
The W Brand—Are Sold Everywhere**

Jersey City Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 7.—We had a good turnout to-day, and the only trouble was that it was dark before the shooters had nearly all the shooting they wanted, and several special matches between the members had to be postponed. Piercy and Engle tied for the club's high average prize with an average of 87 per cent., and Shannon was next with an average of 85 per cent. Mrs. Vogel, of New York, paid us a visit and shot very consistently all through the program. Piercy and Shannon were the only ones to register a straight 25, and both received congratulations for doing the unusual. The scores follow in strings of 25 bluerocks:

Piercy	18 21 23 25
Dr Bogart	21 16 19 19
Dalton	20 13 15 16	16	15
Mrs Vogel	18 20 17 17
Keller	23 19 22 18
Kent	17 20 16 15	18	..
Hubbell	19 17 19 16	16	..
Hallinger	20 19 22 23
L Piercy	16 13 15 17
Kearney	12 10 12 5	8	..
Sturdevant	7 11 6 13

Summerfield	16	8	9	9
Tewes	19	17	16	18
Shannon	18	20	21	23	25	..
Higgins	15	19	13	17
McLenore	13	10	11	11
Dixon	22	16	21	20
Dr Groll	18	22	22	22
Engle	23	19	23	22
Lawton	11	16	12	15
Williams	17	23
Burlington	14	15
Leary	18	18
Dobson	11	12
Jones	12	10

We are going to have our yearly turkey shoot on Saturday, Dec. 21, and will mail programs within a few days, and to all those who should miss getting one we take this means of notification. Shooting will commence at 10 A. M. sharp, as the days are short now and too dark to shoot by 5 o'clock. So be on hand and get a chance at the first and largest turkey for first prize, or a pair of chickens for second prize. Our poultry comes direct from Rhode Island to us, which means enough said.

SECRETARY.

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Peters

Ammunition

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Match A. Revolver Championship

1st—A. M. Poindexter.....467
3rd—J. E. Gorman.....455
5th—C. M. McCutcheon.....448

Match D. Military Record

1st—Dr. J. H. Snook.....212
2nd—C. M. McCutcheon.....207

Match F. Pocket Revolver Championship

1st—Dr. O. A. Burgeson.....208

Match B. Pistol Championship

3rd—A. M. Poindexter.....574

Match C. Military Revolver Championship

1st—Dr. J. H. Snook.....621
3rd—A. M. Poindexter.....574
5th—C. M. McCutcheon.....570

TWO NEW RECORDS

Match E. Revolver Team Championship

1st—Denver Revolver Club....774

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B. A. A. Gun Club.

NEWTON, Mass., Dec. 7.—Capt. C. B. Tucker won the take-home trophy after a shoot-off with L. H. Davis. Capt. Tucker tried out a new gun, which would seem to be satisfactory, as he cracked 47 out of 50. Each tied at 49½ targets, and on the shoot-off Tucker won the trophy by ½ target.

The December trophy was shot for, and Capt. Tucker and Davis again tied scores. The trophy will be awarded to the member whose total for any three of the Saturday shoots is the highest. The scores:

	Broke.	Hdep.	Total.
C B Tucker	47	2½	49½
L H Davis	44	5½	49½
C P Keeler	41	6½	47½
H W Knights	43	4	47
G F Goodwin	36	10	46
J E Lynch	42	2½	44½
T C Adams	44	0	44
R Faye	43	0	43
F Whitney	33	10	43
C C Clapp	40	2½	42½
M Ballou	37	2½	39½
C A Johnston	20	12	32

Shoot-off, 25 targets:

Tucker	21	1¼	22¼
Davis	19	2¾	21¾

December trophy:

Tucker	47	2½	49½
Davis	44	5½	49½
Faye	49	0	49
Knights	44	4	48
Lynch	45	2½	47½
Keeler	41	6½	47½
Whitney	35	10	45
Clapp	42	2½	44½
Adams	44	0	44
Goodwin	34	10	44
Ballou	34	2½	36½
Johnston	24	12	36

Smith Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 7.—The monthly merchandise shoot, held to-day on the Bloomfield avenue traps of the Smith Gun Club, was the last event to be held on the grounds. The new public school athletic field, adjoining the grounds, is the cause of giving up the present site. It was necessary to shift the position of the traps to prevent any possibility of shot going over the wall into the athletic field. This shift placed the traps in such a position that the afternoon sun shines directly in the faces of those facing the traps. Nothing could be more of a hindrance to good shooting than such a handicap.

For some months the Smith Gun Club has been trying to find new suitable shooting grounds, but without success until recently. Circumstances surrounding the decision of Joe McGinnity to leave Newark offered the opportunity.

Until recently McGinnity was at the head of the

Eastern League Gun Club, with grounds adjoining the baseball park. Since he has left town, the club has not been prospering, and the Smith Gun Club has consented to consolidate with it. The name of the club will still be Smith Gun Club, and starting with next Saturday, the grounds of the former Eastern League Gun Club will be their new home. It is the intention of the Smith Club to greatly improve the new grounds. Arrangements are already under way for the provision of new traps, a new platform and enlargement of the present club house. The grounds will be put in shape for temporary use next Saturday. When improvements are finished, a big opening shoot is planned, which will attract marksmen from this section of the country.

In the prize shoot, held to-day at 50 targets, J. Baldwin was high with 45; W. Trowbridge second with 44; W. Hassinger third with 43; L. Trowbridge fourth with 41, and Sam Thornton fifth with 40. For sixth prize Charles T. Day, Jr., and M. Apgar tied with 38 each. In the draw-off Day picked the trophy number, giving him the prize. The prizes consisted mostly of pieces of cut-glass. Sweepstake shooting was indulged in both before and after the prize event. The following scores were made:

W Hassinger	20	17	19	20	48
J S Weiler	19	17	19	22	29
S A Francisco	16	17	19
J Baldwin	21	22	21	19	45
Dr Moeller	16	15	22	17	34
J Thompson	21	23	19	23	34
L Colquitt	23	22	23	20	36
Sam Thornton	23	21	40
John Erb	16	14	32
M Apgar	18	22	20	..	38
F Apgar	10	34
W Trowbridge	22	22	44
L Trowbridge	18	41
W Kussmaul	19	17	37
C T Day, Jr.	38
Neaf Apgar	22	21	43

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 7.—The shooting to-day over the traps of the Indianapolis Gun Club failed to help the season's averages. Hymer, professional, led with 93 per cent. Dixon was the only amateur to reach 90. Shooting for the spoon, distance handicap, was in favor of Lewis. The scores follow:

	Practice.	Spoon, 50 Tgts.	Total.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Yards.	
Edmonson	135	116	20	30
Alig	130	91	18	39
*Hymer	100	93
Crawford	100	86
Dixon	95	86	20	39
Appel	90	72	17	40
Lewis	70	58	18	44
Parry	70	57	20	39
Wilson	50	39	17	36
Britton	50	38	18	34
Neighbors	50	36	16	36

*Professional. R. R.

Paleface Shooting Association.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 7.—This afternoon was chicken day with seventeen Henrys on hand for the 100-target handicap. Putnam, the high gun for actual breakage, got a pair of broilers with 90 out of 100. W. F. Clarke and Dickerman tied for high gun, including handicap, each being credited with 93 out of 100. The summary:

Added bird handicap, 100 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Broke.	Hdep.	Total.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20
W F Clarke	17	17	17	18	19	88	5	93
Dickerman	14	17	19	15	20	85	8	93
Dr Newton	18	20	17	18	17	90	2	92
Proctor	16	19	15	18	16	84	8	92
*Sibley	18	17	17	17	18	87	5	92
Sweet	15	17	18	19	15	84	8	92
Blinn	16	16	17	14	16	79	12	91
Putnam	18	19	19	19	15	90	0	90
Wigglesworth	13	16	17	16	13	75	12	87
Nemo	16	18	18	13	17	82	5	87
Williams	16	19	17	15	15	82	5	87
Kempton	11	11	12	15	12	61	25	86
McPhail	15	11	11	12	12	61	25	86
Marden	13	15	17	15	13	73	12	85
Burnes	15	14	17	12	15	73	12	85
Dimick	11	12	9	15	11	58	25	83
Henry	8	11	11	13	13	56	25	81

*Professional.

Essex Country Club.

ORANGE, N. J., Dec. 7.—Albert O. Headley won the December cup and the Olympic trophy limbs to-day. L. H. Ross and W. E. Stewart took the sweeps. The scores:

Sweepstakes, handicap—L. H. Ross (6) 23, B. M. Shanley, Jr. (scratch) 21, James A. Hart (scratch) 19, E. H. Graves (8) 19, W. E. Stewart (8) 18.

Sweepstakes, handicap—W. E. Stewart (8) 25, James A. Hart (scratch) 23, A. O. Headley (4) 23, B. M. Shanley, Jr. (scratch) 22, L. H. Ross (6) 22, E. H. Graves (8) 21.

December cup shoot—A. O. Headley (4) 25, B. M. Shanley, Jr., (scratch) 23, E. H. Graves (8) 23, L. H. Ross (6) 21, James A. Hart (scratch) 20, W. E. Stewart (8) 17.

Olympic shoot—A. O. Headley (4) 22, W. E. Stewart (8) 21, L. H. Ross (6) 21, B. M. Shanley, Jr. (scratch) 20, James A. Hart (scratch) 17.

Rhode Island Country Club.

BARRINGTON, R. I., Dec. 7.—A leg on the President's cup at the Rhode Island Country Club was won by J. B. Lewis to-day with 38; and now he leads for the trophy, with K. M. Wood second. The scores: J. B. Lewis 38, H. L. Merriman 35, K. M. Wood 34, F. H. Elmore 29, J. B. Merriman 28, E. M. Parks 28, L. O. Tingley 22, Henry Dunnell 19, G. T. Hanley 17, R. H. Blanding 13, Mrs. Spender Borden, Jr., 11, R. W. Comstock 8, Spencer Borden, Jr., 4, *L. Wheeler 47, S. M. Chapin 48.

*Professionals.

Sea Side Gun Club.

THE Sea Side Gun Club, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn., announce the following dates for their winter schedule: Dec. 7, 21; Jan. 1, 18; Feb. 8, 22; March 8, 21; April 5 and 19.

A very interesting program has been arranged for the winter and several fine prizes have been offered for competition, among them the President's cup, Handicap cup and Island Brook cup. Mr. W. B. Leigh, one of our enthusiastic shooters, has offered a handsome trophy, which will create keen competition among the scratch men. Each day's program will consist of 100 birds, divided into three events, as follows: Event No. 1, 15, 15 and 20 birds, President's cup; No. 2, 25 birds, Handicap cup; No. 3, 25 birds, Island Brook cup. Each day's shoot will constitute a leg in the different events, to be decided at the end of the season by the winning of the greatest number of legs, all handicap events.

The two-man team match has got the boys all busy, and will serve to keep them on edge all winter.

Twenty-one members and three visitors attended the opening shoot on Saturday, Dec. 7. The scores:

President's cup, handicap:					
Adams	10	51	E Lewis	6	43
Kellogg	8	50	W B Smith	6	42
Southey	2	49	Billings	8	42
Senior	0	48	Wilson	0	40
Cate	2	48	Leigh	6	40
R Lewis	4	48	Hall	2	38
Lyon	5	46	Fisher	10	36
Sterling	10	46	Miller	12	35
Hull	6	46	Kiefer	12	33
Vanstone	0	44	Ten Eyck	12	31
Fox	5	44			

In the shoot-off Adams beat Kellogg.

Handicap cup:					
Sterling	5	25	Billings	4	23
Lyon	2	26	S Kellogg	4	23
E Lewis	3	25	R Lewis	2	22
W B Smith	3	25	Hull	3	22
Fox	2	24	Wilson	0	21
Hall	1	24	Southey	1	21
Cate	1	24	Kiefer	6	21
Adams	5	23	Fisher	5	20
Senior	0	23	Leigh	3	19

In the shoot-off, W. B. Smith won the leg.

Island Brook cup, handicap:					
W B Smith	3	26	Vanstone	0	23
E Lewis	3	27	Cate	1	22
Adams	5	26	Kiefer	6	22
Sterling	5	26	Leigh	3	22
Hull	3	25	Lyon	2	21
R Lewis	2	25	Fisher	5	20
Wilson	0	24	Billings	4	20
Senior	0	24	Fox	2	20
Hall	1	24	Kellogg	4	20
Southey	1	23			

In the shoot-off, Sterling won the leg.

Evanston Gun Club.

EVANSTON, Ill., Dec. 9.—Ten members turned out to shoot for the turkeys at the Evanston Gun Club on Saturday. There were two events of 25 targets each, resulting in the following scores: Bristle 45, Coleman 46, Carman 46, Ford 45, Harrison 49, Kennicott 47, Millen 48, Pace 47, Smith 46, Scowley 44. Harrison and Millen were the winners.

Sixteen shooters appeared for the Sunday events, resulting in the following scores: Coleman 38, Carman 45, Doyle 47, Darby 45, Davis 45, Harrison 44, Hanson 46, Kennicott 46, Langworthy 45, Millen 44, Miller 46, Phalen 46, Smith 46, Searle 44, Tichenor 41, Watson 46. Doyle was high man with 47 and was awarded a turkey. Six were tied for four turkeys, and in the shoot-off at 25 targets, the following were declared the winners, each receiving a turkey. Hanson with 19, Kennicott 23, Phalen 25 and Watson 24.

A handicap tournament for the Directors' cup will be held beginning on Dec. 28. The finals will be held on New Year's morning. The contest will be 100 targets. Members can shoot at their first 50 on either Saturday, the 28th, or Sunday, the 29th; the final 50 to be shot at on New Year's morning, beginning at 9:30 A. M. There will be a prize for the runner-up.

W. J. PHALEN, Sec'y-Treas.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT, N. Y., Dec. 8.—A strong northwesterly wind made difficult shooting conditions here to-day. Nevertheless, fifteen trappists shot, a few making good scores.

Ralph L. Spotts took high gun for the day with 130 out of 150 in the scratch contest. G. J. Corbett was runner-up with 122. The other scratch events, at 10 and 15 targets, were won by J. Henry and T. Lenane, Jr., respectively, each with a full score.

Tom McCahill won take-home trophy with a full score of 25 and a handicap of 3. The 100-bird handicap match was won by T. Lenane, Jr., his score of 95 beating A. Whiting and G. J. Corbett by two birds. Lenane was also the winner of the special trophy match with a full score of 25. A. Whiting captured the visitors' cup and won the leg for the accumulation cup. S. Halstead proved the winner of the leg for the monthly cup with a full score.

Eagle Gun Club.

MANOA, Pa., Dec. 7.—Hummel, Jackson and Jones tied for first money to-day, with 10 straight each, at the Eagle Gun Club's shoot.

In a miss-and-out event Felix and Wingate ran 5 straight and then split the coin. In the 10-bird event the scores were: Jones 10, Hummel 10, Jackson 10, Knowles 9, Aiman 8, Taylor 8, Mirath 8, Hall 8, Felix 8, Wingate 7.

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Northern Kentucky Gun Club.

OWING to the disagreeable weather of Dec. 8 there was nothing doing at the grounds. The club has arranged a fine program for its turkey shoot on Dec. 22, and one that will attract a large number of local and out-of-town shooters. There will be five 20-target events, with four prizes in each event—turkey, duck, chicken and can of select oysters for first, second, third and fourth high scores respectively. Entrance for the entire program will be \$3.50, including targets. All start at 16yds., winners of first prize being handicapped in following events. All ties will be shot off miss-and-out. Class shooting. If there are twenty or more entries for the entire program, a turkey will be given to the high and the low man in the 100 targets. The high man in the first event will go back to 18yds. for the second event; if he wins again, he will go to 19yds., and a third win puts him back to 20yds.

A gun club was organized recently in Westwood, a suburb of Cincinnati, and was incorporated on Dec. 5 with the following officers: Peter Ruelhman, Jr., President; John Snyder, Secretary; A. C. Kuball, Treasurer. A large tract of land on Montana avenue has been leased for a term of years, and three traps installed. A

comfortable club house will be erected, to be replaced later by a more pretentious structure.

Bennet Gun Club.

GLOUCESTER CITY, N. J., Dec. 7.—Twenty marksmen took part in the weekly shoot of the Bennett Gun Club this afternoon. Stokes Prickett, F. McGinley and E. Johnson shooting, as did the balance of the participants, at 15 blue rocks, each hit 15 straight, but in the shoot-off, Prickett hit 8, Johnson 7 and McGinley but 4. Scores: Stokes Prickett 15, E. Johnson 15, F. McGinley 15, Benjamin Martell 14, A. Thomas 14, Alonzo Cheesman 14, John Hewlings 14, B. Holloway 14, E. Anthony 14, J. Fowler 14, Thomas Horner 13, Frank Bennett 12, C. Wasson 12, D. Hatfield 11, C. Sanderson 11, John Owens 10, John Lee 10, C. Wilson 10, George Sanderson 9, W. Burgett 9.

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27 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

New York A. C.

PELHAM MANOR, N. Y., Dec. 7.—Dr. Leroy Culver was high gun at the New York Athletic Club's weekly shoot at Travers Island to-day with a score of 89 out of 100. Seventeen gunners participated in the day's sport, made up of eight events. C. Stein won the distance handicap and the Held cup; O. C. Grinnell, Jr., the Culver cup; T. Lenane, Jr., the Travers Island trophy, and C. W. Billings the Olympic trophy.

The leading scores in each event were:

Distance handicap cup, 25 targets:	
C Stein 4 25	F A Hodgeman 1 23
R R Debacher 6 25	W B Ogden 2 23
Dr E R De Wolfe... 2 24	T Lenane, Jr. 5 23
W J Simpson 3 23	
Held cup, handicap, 25 targets:	
C Stein 2 24	W B Ogden 2 24
Dr L Culver 1 25	J J Brandenburg ... 5 23
R L Debacher 6 25	G J Corbett 1 23
T Lenane, Jr. 5 25	W J Simpson 3 23
December cup, handicap:	
W B Ogden 2 25	C Stein 2 24
C W Billings 2 25	G J Corbett 1 24
Dr E R De Wolfe.. 2 25	Dr L Culver 1 24
Scratch, 100 targets:	
Dr L Culver 0 89	C Stein 0 84
W B Ogden 0 87	D F McMahon..... 0 84
Handicap, 100 targets:	
R R Debacher24 102	T Lenane, Jr.20 96
C Stein16 100	W B Ogden 8 95
J J Brandenburg... 20 97	
Culver cup, distance handicap yards, 25 targets:	
O C Grinnell, Jr. 20... 22	Dr L Culver, 20..... 21
W J Simpson, 18..... 21	D F McMahon, 20..... 20
Travers Island trophy, handicap, 25 targets:	
T Lenane, Jr. 5 25	D F McMahon 1 25
J J Brandenburg... 5 25	C W Billings 2 23
R R Debacher 6 25	Dr L Culver 1 23
Olympic trophy, handicap, 25 targets:	
C W Billings 1 25	F A Hodgman 1 21
Dr E R De Wolfe... 1 23	R R Debacher 2 20

Buffalo Audubon Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 7.—Twenty-one strong, the members and friends of the club turned out for the first shoot in December. It is getting to be a regular thing for Mr. Frank S. Wright to lead, and to-day was no exception. We were glad to have as visitors to-day, Messrs. Hassam, Dickey, Fay and Farrell, who were on their way from the International shoot held at St. Thomas, Ont., last week. Our club is arranging for a special shoot, at which poultry will be the prizes, to be held on the Saturday between Christmas and New Years. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	20	20	20	25
Mesinger	10	16	17	16	20
Hassam	9	18	18	18	21
Dickey	13	17	17	14	22
Wright	15	17	17	16	23
Kelsey	12	16	18	17	18
Blackmer	11	17	17	15	20
Fay	15	17	18	19	18
Ebberts	11	12	15	13	18
Lambert	14	18	19	13	19
Wacker	11	16	14	11	19
Covert	14	16	17	16	21

Rogers	12	14	15	17	18
Ward	12	20	14	14	17
Farrell	10	17	13	14	19
Immell	7	13	11	15	19
Rommel	13	17	18	19	10
Smith	12	12	17	11	19
Hammond	14	14	18	18	20
Seymour	15	15	18	..
Reynolds	8	..	15	12	..
Wootton	18	..	21

Nos. 4 and 5 were distance handicaps.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE threatening weather of Dec. 8 kept many of the shooters from attending the weekly shoot, and only seven took part in the events. An incoming wind of considerable velocity made the targets very uneven in their flight, and no high scores were recorded. John Schreck led the bunch with 87 out of 100. Hammerschmidt came second with 86. In the first event he used his 20-gauge, which, together with the wind, was too much of a handicap, and cut his scores badly. In the next two events he broke 94 per cent. of the targets, using his old 12-gauge standby. Ford was the only contestant to go straight in any one of the events, and he turned the trick in the last 25 targets, going out in third place. Erdel and M. H. Johnson shot at 125 each, the latter breaking 95 and the former 90. L. Gambell has just returned from a week's hunt in Laurel and Clay counties, Kentucky, where he and C. C. Regan got over 100 birds. The next shoot will be held on Dec. 15.

Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Total.
Schreck	22	22	22	21	..	87
Erdel	20	20	18	16	16	90
Johnson	19	18	19	20	19	95
Ford	17	23	19	15	..	84
McArdle	18	21	39
L Gambell	20	20

Rifle Shooting

Perry Victory Centennial Celebration.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 9.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the National Rifle Association of America, held here to-day, Col. H. G. Catrow, third Ohio Infantry, was appointed Commissioner General for the international matches, which will be held at Camp Perry, Ohio, September, 1913, in connection with the Perry Victory Centennial celebration.

A program of the matches was approved, covering not only the official matches of the International Union, composed of European nations, and the Pan-American Union, organized among the republics of the Western Hemisphere, and additional matches, open to the world, which includes the famous Palma match and a new Pan-American match for a two-man team for a trophy presented by Hon. John Work Garrett, United States Minister to the Argentine Republic, and the new trophy voted by the National Guard Association of America at its late convention in Norfolk. This trophy will represent the long range individual military championship of the world, calling for 15 shots at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards.

The prizes will amount in all to about \$20,000 for the international matches alone.

The State and War Departments are co-operating with the National Rifle Association of America in making this tournament a success. Invitations are being sent to all the nations throughout the world through the State Department, and the War Department will manage the tournament, detailing the executive officer and range officers and soldiers to man the targets.

Assurances have already been received from France, Italy, Switzerland, Sweden, Germany, Argentine Republic, Peru, Canada and Belgium that they were sending delegations to the United States for the shoot. It is expected that about twenty-two nations will be represented.

The following new clubs were elected to membership in the National Rifle Association: The Overland Rifle Association, of Toledo, O.; the New Orleans (La.) Rifle Club; the Pottsville (Pa.) Rifle Club; the St. Louis-Colonial Club; Monongakela Rifle Club, of Brad-dock, Pa.; Watertown (N. Y.) Rifle Club; University of Maine Rifle Club; University of Vermont Rifle Club; Newton (N. J.) Rifle Club (Academy); Charles City (Ia.) High School Rifle Club; Randolph Military Academy, of Norristown, N. J., Rifle Club; and the Manual Training High School Rifle Club, of St. Louis, Mo.

The new War Department trophy for the interclub indoor rifle shooting championship, will be competed for by twenty-four clubs. These clubs have been divided into two leagues, one representing the Eastern and the other the Western.

NOTES FROM THE GAME PRESERVES.

A POACHER'S FEELINGS WHEN CAUGHT.

WHEN a poacher is engaged in setting a snare, ferreting a rabbit burrow, or is just about to shoot a pheasant and suddenly finds the game-keeper's hand laid heavily on his collar, his first feeling is one of fright. If he is a very old hand, fright may not assail him, but anger will, and then the poacher is often an ugly customer to deal with. Generally, however, he is greatly alarmed, and that feeling renders him as clay in the hands of a determined keeper. After a time his alarm gives way to another feeling, this being astonishment that the keeper should have managed to catch him. He thought he had laid his plans so well and so cleverly ascertained the keeper's movements, that his enemy was in perfect ignorance even of the fact that he was a poacher. So he puts down his ill fortune to pure chance, and considers the fates against him, and that the keeper had all the luck.

THE POACHER'S FIRST MISTAKE.

The majority of poachers make the initial mistake of regarding the keeper as an easily duped fool, and there is no greater error one can fall into than underrating the enemy. There is reason to believe, too, that the keeper finds it worth while to encourage poachers to consider him a fool, for he generally succeeds in convicting them once or twice before they take him at his real value. The average keeper thoroughly believes in the old system of allowing poachers an inch and dropping on them when they attempt the ell, for the ell makes a better case, and the punishment they receive for it is more likely to have a deterrent effect. It is useless to haul poachers continually before a bench of magistrates for trivial offenses, and if that course is followed there is no possibility of imposing a penalty calculated to impress on an offender the necessity of mending his ways.

CAN THE LEOPARD CHANGE HIS SPOTS?

Poachers go to the greatest trouble in endeavoring to conceal from the keeper the fact that they do poach, but their efforts are all in vain. An experienced keeper, who is a far better judge of human nature than many imagine, can tell at a glance if any man he meets is inclined to poach. Such a person can rarely look the keeper straight in the eye, and if he does, he indulges in an insolent stare; his glance at the keeper is invariably a furtive one, and nothing more is necessary to show that he has something to be ashamed of. Sometimes a poacher seeks to deceive the keeper by posing as his staunch friend, and will even go so far as to give away a mate for the sake of misleading, but the keeper sees through it all.

THE POACHER'S HABITS.

A poacher's habits and ways are totally different from those of the ordinary country dweller, and no one sees this more plainly than the keeper. He is obliged to do a good deal of patrolling and watching before he feels fairly safe to make an attempt at poaching, and this

necessitates his being abroad to a considerable extent. The keeper is fully aware that the man's interest in nature is not the feeling which impels him to wander, and that it is a more sordid interest. The laborer who does a hard day's work is too tired and desirous of repose to take long walks in the evening and at early morning, and that is a habit of the poacher which gives the show away. He may trust to spies to do the preliminary scouting, but they are seldom trustworthy, and at any time may sell him for "a mess of pottage."

THE POACHER AND LABOR.

It is most necessary for the poacher, if he would cloak his real intentions, that he should work regularly. Nothing arouses the suspicions of village dwellers so speedily as to see a man able to idle all day and yet have money to spend. Such behavior, according to their ideas, does not tally with honesty, and it is just as necessary that a poacher should deceive his neighbors as the keeper, for any one of them is liable to "go and tell." So the poacher makes strenuous endeavors to keep in regular employment, but there again fate is against him. A laborer who does not get proper rest cannot do a good day's work, however hard he tries. He falls behind the other man and soon gets the reputation of being a "slacker." He becomes unpopular with his companions, too, for they detest to work in company with a man who cannot take his fair share of the labor. In the end, no one will employ him, and he becomes a regular ne'er-do-well.

POACHER CANNOT CONCEAL HIS TACKLE.

There are other matters which prevent the poacher concealing from the keeper the fact that he poaches. Should he try to hide a gun on his person, the set of the coat betrays its presence. If the barrel is in one pocket and the stock in the other, the coat sags in front. Should the barrel be down a trouser leg, his walk betrays it. Ferrets, too, cannot be trained to lie still in the pocket, and their wriggling is easily detected. Snares may be hidden in the pockets, but a man who sets snares wears the knees of his trousers and the toes of his boots and such small tokens convey a world of intelligence to the keeper. If a poacher is to keep a dog which will be useful to him, it must be of a certain variety, and the purpose for which it is maintained is at once apparent. Therefore, he seldom invests in a dog till he knows the game is out and that everyone knows he is a poacher.

IF HE DOES KEEP DOGS AND FERRETS.

Once a villager sets up a lurcher, everyone is aware of his purpose, for such a dog can be kept with only one intent, and there is no mistaking it. When the professional rat-catcher was in vogue, he was able to keep a kennel of these dogs without his motives being openly questioned, as they are useful animals for killing rats, but the rat-catcher of to-day is a skillful poisoner, and does not depend on dog and ferret. It would be useless for any villager to keep a lurcher now and pretend that it was intended for rats alone. Neither does anyone keep ferrets solely as pets, and besides they would be expensive pets; a certain quantity of flesh food they must have and the ordinary person cannot procure this necessary except at considerable expense.

THE POACHER'S FERRET.

Gamekeepers will give a good deal to get hold of a poacher's ferret, as it is generally a good working one. It would not be worth the poacher's while to keep any other. Therefore, he selects one of the best and trains it carefully. On being alarmed, poachers seldom stay to withdraw a lined ferret from a burrow, as that would involve a risk of being caught, and the keepers find many a one which has been left behind on a false alarm. If they work a ferret in the dark without a line, it often slips out of a burrow unseen and creeps away, to be picked up later by the keepers. It was the poacher who first placed a bell on a ferret to prevent its getting away at night unseen.

THE POACHER AND ALARM GUNS.

The poacher goes about at night in great fear of alarm guns, not bodily, but mental fear.

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Wear well because they are made of the best material by the most skillful craftsmen.

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Handle well because the greatest attention has always been paid to the distribution of wood and metal, to insure perfect balance and the most symmetrical outline.

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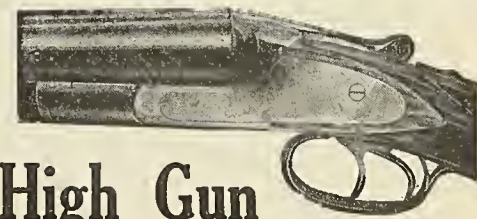
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for he knows that once the loud report of one of these resounds in the still night air, all he can do is to make tracks at once, and even then he may be intercepted by keepers making for the spot. If he suspects the presence of these guns, he will spend a long time carefully feeling for the wire, and he uses a slight metal rod for the purpose, as once this touches the wire, a slight metallic sound is heard, which cannot be mistaken. Afterward it is not difficult to trace the location of the gun and prevent its going off. If poachers are clever at this, the keeper should substitute for the wire very fine and strong fishing gut.—Shooting Times & British Sportsman.

PROTECTION OF THE PENGUINS OF THE FALKLAND ISLES.

THE Governor of the Falkland Islands has directed the customs officer attached to the whaling service of the South Shetlands to instruct the managers of whaling companies to forbid their employes to kill penguins or other birds. The granting of fishing licenses is made conditional on a promise to respect both seals and penguins, and, if possible, other birds. Whalers have been accustomed to kill the penguins wantonly.



High Gun

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Mr. R. H. Bruns, shooting his

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made the marvellous run of
283 without a miss.

On the 700 single targets, including handicaps, Mr. Bruns scored **683 out of 700.**

The second day of the tournament on the day's program of 200 targets, Mr. Bruns and his **Lefever** gun scored **200 out of 200.** A world's record for ten traps.

On the 500 single 16-yard target for amateurs, Mr. Bruns scored **494 out of 500.**

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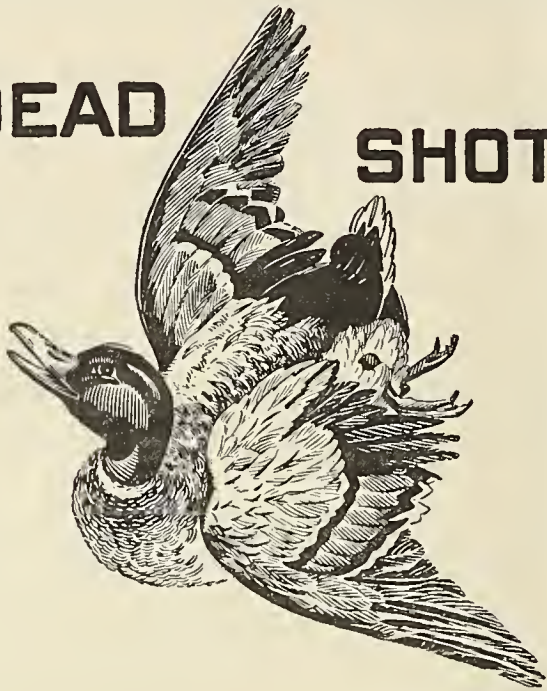
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"DEAD SHOT" has highest velocity and lightest recoil. It keeps your shot well bunched—*maximizes* your chances of killing your bird and doesn't pound your shoulder to pieces. You'll appreciate these facts after a day's hunt.

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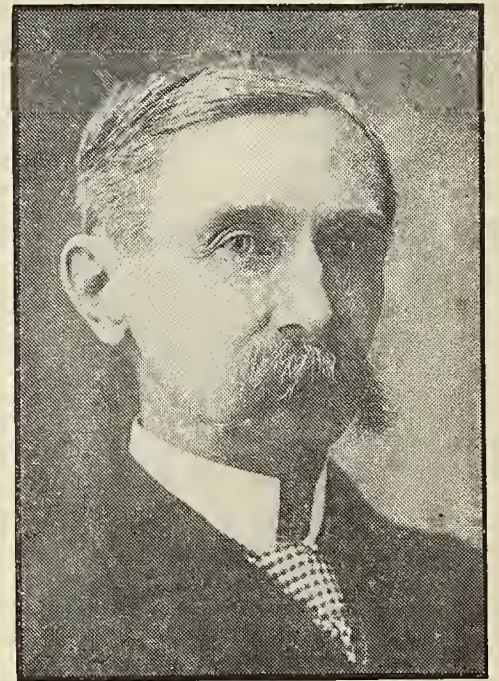
CHICAGO BOSTON ST. LOUIS DES MOINES

Watches Ships Pass Cape Cod.

FIFTY-two years ago the first weather report from Cape Cod was sent to the Chamber of Commerce at Boston, says the Yarmouth (Mass.) Register, from a little marine observatory, perched on one of the highest sand dunes of the Cape, half way between Wellfleet and Provincetown.

Isaac M. Small, the seventy-eight-year-old marine observer of the station, sent the report. Since that time he has not lost a day at the North Truro observatory by sickness; is as hale and hearty as a man of forty-five, and is actively engaged in observing from sunrise to sunset the weather and the constant parade of ships that beat around the Cape.

The observatory itself is perhaps the oldest in the United States. Fifty-two years ago it had none of the facilities of modern communi-



ISAAC M. SMALL.

tion. To-day it has a wireless station, the telephone, the telegraph and everything up-to-date in the way of marine observation.

Seated in the tower, Mr. Small sweeps the horizon with a long telescope from Nausett Lights to Peaked Hill Bar, picking up the different ships and steamers that pass and reporting their position to the Chamber of Commerce at Boston. Five minutes from the time he sights a vessel, her position is known to the Chamber.

The Government weather signals are in Mr. Small's charge, and four times a day he reports the weather to the Chamber of Commerce. Inbound steamers from foreign ports depend on Mr. Small for knowledge of inshore weather conditions. From 250 miles out at sea they query him by wireless. In turn they advise him of storms at sea.

Recognizing ships far out at sea is something akin to second sight with Mr. Small. He hardly can explain it himself, but says that every ship has some feature that is unlike any other. Once in a while a foreign boat is not recognized until he is able to distinguish her name, but once seen she is never forgotten. Years afterward Mr. Small will identify the craft. During his more than a half century of service Mr. Small estimates he has reported 300,000 vessels, an average of about twenty a day.

EARLY CONSERVATION IDEAS.

IN the provincial charter of 1691, under which the Plymouth colony and the Province of Maine were united with Massachusetts, it was provided that all trees of the diameter of twenty-four inches and upward, twelve inches from the ground, growing upon land not heretofore granted to any private person, should be reserved to the crown for the furnishing of masts for the royal navy.—American Forestry.

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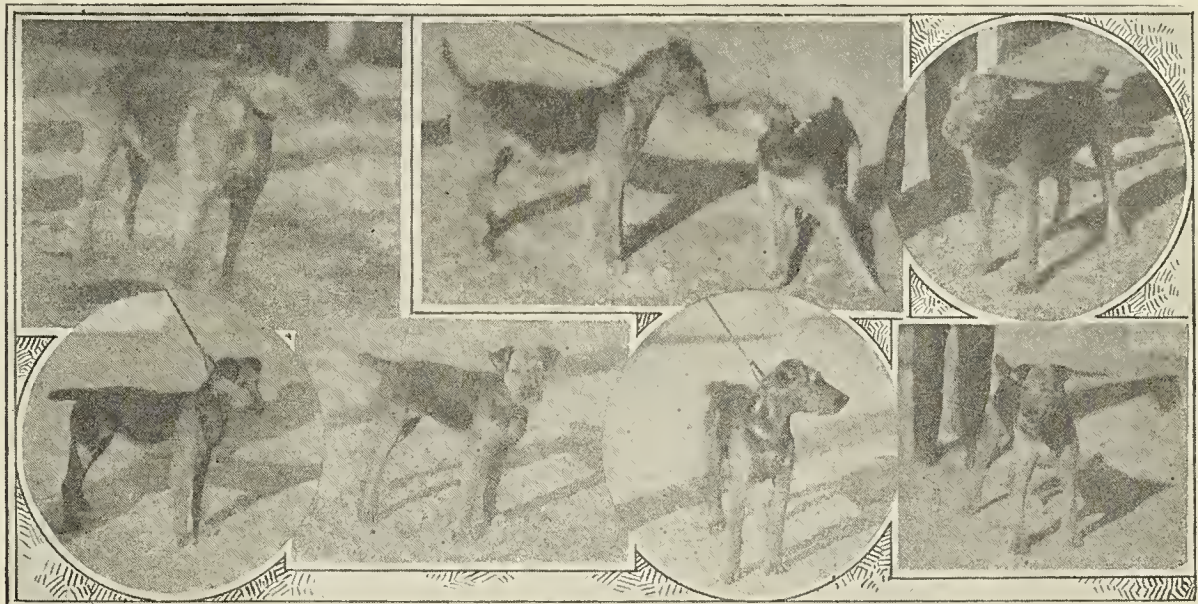
KENNEL



Airedales' New Coat.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to call your attention to a

the dark wire hairs show most prominently for perhaps six weeks. And it is just at a certain period during this six weeks that the dog is considered right by the present standard of



AIREDALES FROM EPOST KENNELS.

From left to right, top row: Epost Princess Nell, Epost Endora, Epost B. Price. Bottom row: Epost Oui Oui (dam), Epost Emma R., Epost Capt. Andrew, Epost Tot McLean.

matter in connection with the judgment of the popular Airedale terrier.

The great points now insisted upon by practically all the judges seem to be the black color of the coat and the dark-colored eye. If a dog has a grizzled gray coat on his back, no matter how fine he may be in terrier conformation, showing qualities and the other points, he has no show against the fancy bred black-coated dog that is in no other sense as good a terrier as he.

If he has a light-colored eye, the blue ribbon is almost as quickly taken away by an inferior dog.

Now the Airedale terrier has been bred and inter-bred with various breeds to produce an ideal hunting dog, a dog that can stand a partridge, retrieve a duck and tree a bear; an improvement on any breed of hound, setter or pointer. In effect he is a combination of all these breeds and possesses more gray matter in his head than any other dog. He can kill a rat with the same agility as a cat and the power of his jaws is so great that he can bite through the hide of a grizzly bear; in fact, some of the Western bear hunters say they don't use them because they tear whole pieces out of the skin and spoil the pelt.

They have been crossed several times with the old English sheep dog to give them a soft woolly coat under their terrier wire hairs to enable them to stand any extreme of temperature, and the result is that they can come out of the water, give themselves a shake and dry off in a few minutes. The undercoat of gray wool acts like the down beneath the feathers of a bird and protects them from the chill of the water. Now this woolly coat grows just as fast as the wire terrier hair, but it is curly and lies closer to the skin, so when you strip the dog to get him ready for the show ring,

judging. Two weeks earlier or two weeks later he will not be in perfect coat, as the refinement of judging goes now. It takes from ten to twelve weeks to grow a show coat, and there-

Kennel.

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Do you want to buy a dog or pup of any kind? If so, send for list and prices of all varieties. Always on hand.

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fore a dog can be got ready fit to show four times a year at the outside.

I maintain that this is a ridiculous condition of affairs and should be abolished. It is just as artificially produced a coat as if the hair were dyed and stiffened with rosin for the day of the show. It is not the dog's natural coat; in fact, it is an artificial condition that can only be arrived at three or four times a year. Why, every Airedale that is to be shown at the Westminster Kennel Club Show next February will be stripped this week in order to have his coat just right for that event. Every dog there will be in an artificial condition, and the most artificial one of all will win the blue ribbon.

Now, this is all wrong and will do more to kill the breed than any other thing. The great English terrier, the Airedale, is too fine a specimen of the dog family to be abused in reputation by any such silly requirement that his coat shall be jet black. In the English dog books they require that he should have a grizzly gray coat, and surely that is much more desirable for a dog that is to be used in all kinds of hunting. It makes him less conspicuous on the trail or in the water, and the less it approaches the pure black, the better.

The question of the color of the eyes is another one that seems to me to be absurd. It is all right to require the proper shaped terrier eye, small, narrow and placed deep in the skull out of harm's way, but why in the name of Dame Fancy should it be dark brown, or dark anything, rather than light? Does anyone contend that a dark-eyed dog can see any better than a light-eyed one? If such a person exists, let him bring out his theory before the world. It would be new and startling. If no such claim is made, why should the dark-eyed dog win over the lighter-eyed one?

The whole situation can be briefly stated. The "fancy" requirements of the present judges are all wrong and devoid of reason. They are encouraging certain artificial points that have nothing to do with the merit of the Airedale or his usefulness. As an Airedale breeder myself I have to breed to their requirements, and my last litter of seven pups were whelped on Election day. Every one of them has a jet black coat and very dark eye; the two requisites that count the most nowadays. But I maintain it is an artificial requirement and might well be superseded by requiring better manners, obedience to command, docility and safety. I mention these as we have more than one champion now on the benches so dangerous and unruly that they have to be screened off from the public to prevent their biting someone. At a recent show I offered to wager the owner of one of these champions that he could not throw his glove and make his dog retrieve it nor make his dog obey any command whatever. He declined the wager and said "No, he won't mind anybody." Now, is that the proper kind of dog to make a champion of?

I wish FOREST AND STREAM would publish this letter and invite a wide discussion over the points I have tried to make. I realize that I have only stirred the surface, but I feel it is in a worthy cause. I do not believe the winners in the show ring to-day are as good for the purpose the Airedale was bred for as many of those who have not the artificial perfections that bring ribbons. If this is true, should there not be a change?
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Christmas Day at Wildcat

By EDWARD BRECK

IT had snowed hard since morning, but just as good Father Leroy elevated the host in the little chapel at St. Ignace, it ceased, and the sun broke through the unpainted window and deluged in refulgent light the high altar with its gleaming silver, glorified the crude picture of Our Lady above it, and touched with fire, as from heaven, the host itself as it was held aloft in the adoring hands of the kindly-faced priest, even as the Grail itself shone wondrously in the uplifted hands of Parsifal. Not a soul in the assembly, which was composed of French-Canadians, Irish immigrants and Scottish highlanders, but felt the inspiration of the divine in his heart of hearts; and they filed out and made their difficult way to their several homes through the foot of snow that had fallen, to enjoy their Christmas dinners with cleansed consciences and appetites sharpened by the stiff exercise in the bitter cold air, for it was the increasing cold that had stopped the snowfall. Father Leroy had retired to the vestry, and was in the act of putting off his priestly vestments, when a timid knock was heard at the outside door.

"Who is there?"

"It is me, Father; I want to see you," came a low, trembling voice.

"At this time, my child! Is it then so pressing?"

"Yes, yes, Father! I must see you!"

"Very well, very well, my daughter. Just a moment and you shall come in." The priest hastened his disrobing, and soon opened the outer door and let in a young woman of sweet face, who was evidently in great trouble.

"O Father!" she gasped. "Pierre, my Pierre!"

"What is it, my daughter? Is your husband ill?"

"No, no! He's gone to Wildcat, to his cabin, you know, to look after his traps."

"What! He did not wait to attend church on Christmas Day!"

"He was at early mass, and we had our dinner yesterday, you know, because my brother Gabriel was there, and he promised Mr. Allen to send in that bunch of fur. We had to pay so much, you know, for my little Jean's illness, and money is pretty scarce."

"Yes, yes, I did see him at early mass. Well, go on, Gervaise."

"O, Father Leroy, that bad Dominique Pilon he's after my man. He's followed him in the woods. You know he swore he'd shoot Pierre ever since they caught him snaring that moose and put him in jail. It wasn't Pierre's fault. He was deputy and had to go with the sheriff

and the head warden when they heard about it, but Dominique he never believed anything but Pierre told on him. And he says Pierre took his best trapping grounds and stole that big otter from one of his traps. O, Father, he is a bad man! You know he killed a man once up near Quebec, and had to run away. O, what shall I do?" And the poor little woman broke into hysterical sobs.

"Are you sure he's gone after Pierre?"

"Yes, yes. His friend, Tony the Injun, he came and told me he was afraid, and said I'd better not let Pierre go. Dominique took all

life of him he could think of nobody living near by to whom he could entrust the task of following the would-be assassin into the woods, for it required someone who was not only a good woodsman, but who knew the long difficult way to Wildcat Lake in the newly fallen deep snow.

Finally he asked, "When did Pierre go?"

"About nine, sir, and Dominique he started about ten. He hurried and got all his things together as soon as he saw Pierre was leaving." The priest thought it over. Pierre would not go straight to his Wildcat Lake camp, but would likely look at a number of traps on the way,



ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE (SITTING), AUTHOR OF "TENT DWELLERS" AND EDWARD BRECK, AUTHOR OF "WAY OF THE WOODS."

his money with him and his rifle, and Tony says if he gets Pierre he'll never come back here any more."

"Why did Tony let him go?"

"I don't know. Tony says he is afraid of Dominique, and Tony has gone away himself to Trois Rivières."

"Hm! Who is there else?" murmured the priest. He well knew the utterly bad, desperate character of Dominique Pilon, as well as the bitter feud between him and the trapper and deputy game warden, Pierre Durand. Many threats that Dominique had lately made had come to his ears, and he judged the situation to be quite as critical as Gervaise feared. But for the

especially as it promised to snow hard at that time, and he would wish to get to them before they were too deeply covered. And Dominique would reason just as he, the priest, did, and take it easy, knowing that he was sure to get to Wildcat before Pierre if he went straight. Dominique would wait at the camp, or more likely, somewhere on the trail near it, shoot down the man who, he had got into his brooding head, was the author of all his ills and run away, probably to a totally different part of the country, or even south to some big place where he could get work in a factory for the rest of the winter. Father Leroy shook his head. It was late, very late. Dominique had a start of two hours and more.



He thought hard for five minutes, until the trembling little woman could stand it no longer.

"Father," she cried in agony, "is there nothing we can do?"

The good priest's eyes filled with tears in spite of himself. He stroked her head and said: "Go home now, my daughter, and hope for the best. I will go to Wildcat as fast as I can, and—"

"You, Father!" exclaimed the young woman. "In this storm!" The priest smiled. "Never fear, I am not so tender as you may think, and besides the good God will put strength into me. Go to Raoul Lamotte, and tell him to place a notice on the church door that I had to take the sacraments to a distant place, and let as many know about it as possible, so that not too many will make the journey to evening service for nothing. Now go, my dear daughter, and pray that I may arrange everything in good time. Pray for Pierre, and for me; yes, and pray for Dominique, too; pray hard for Dominique. He needs it most." And he pushed her out of the house.

"Now," he murmured to himself, "to save a life. Who knows? Perhaps, with the help of Him who was born this blessed day, a soul!"

Ten minutes later there was nothing left in the outward appearance of this man that was priestly, except the strong, ascetic and yet kindly face that had now taken on an expression of grim resolution. Dressed in a mackinaw coat, and high larrigans over homespun trousers, he paused a moment in front of the hatrack, but finally set on his head a light coonskin cap which he suddenly remembered was much like the one that Pierre wore in cold weather. The priest's last act was to pack a small rucksack with some lunch and a light blanket, in the middle of which he wrapped a good-sized flask, filled with the best of Jamaica rum. Then, with a hurried look at his watch, he turned the key in the outside door, and set his face to the biting northeast wind that bore the icy greetings of the frozen Labrador.

* * * * *

The winter sun, though bright, was getting low as Father Leroy paused on the shore of a little lake in the deep woods and stooped to pick up a tiny bunch of dark hair which he ex-

amined carefully. "Otter!" he murmured to himself. "Pierre is having luck. He knocked that out of the beast in killing it." He had come for the first time on the trail of the trapper, but he noticed that there appeared to be but one track, half covered by the snow, and of much larger footsteps than his own, or of Pierre's, since Pierre's and his were of a size. "Dominique!" muttered the priest. Had the would-be assassin arrived before Pierre and robbed the trap? A careful scrutiny of the surface of the snow dispelled the idea, for there, almost obliterated it is true, but still apparent, was a second trail that told its own tale. "Fool that I am!" said the priest. "There's the trap set again. Dominique wouldn't have troubled to do that. He's following Pierre—that's bad."

As he pushed on, led by Dominique's trail, his reasoning proved to be correct, for the second track became slightly though steadily plainer, and led from trap to trap, all reset, in several of which fur had evidently been found. It was plain that Pierre was having grand good luck on this round, and that, at this rate, he would arrive at Wildcat with a rich booty. At the fourth trap the plunder had evidently got so burdensome that he had stopped to skin the otter, the freezing carcass lying on the trail.

"Dominique will not only satisfy his revenge," murmured Father Leroy, "but his cupidity, too." The priest sat down on a log to reflect, and also to rest, for though he had led a clean and wholesome life and was sturdy of back and limb, such a tramp as this was a strenuous task for a man on the wrong side of fifty, who was not used to cruising the winter woods. "This will never do," he thought. "At this rate I shall arrive long after the murderer has done his work and escaped with his booty." He guessed rightly that the trapping line led round through a well-known chain of small lakes and ponds to a slight height of land, on the other side of which was Wildcat Brook, a considerable stream that flowed south again into Wildcat Lake. Dominique might at any time have abandoned his dogging of his rival, and turned off on a short cut to the cabin, there to await the coming of his certain victim. On the other hand the priest had reason to believe that the halfbreed would stick to his quarry, not being sure where the latter would pass the night, for he had other shacks in outlying sections of the woods. In any case the priest made up his mind that he must get to the cabin first, and then in case no one had yet been there, work back up the Wildcat stream until he met Pierre; for he argued that, as long as Pierre made his way, even indirectly in the direction of the Wildcat cabin, Dominique would postpone his murderous deed, since it would be easiest for him to escape out of the country by going down the Lasouche stream that flowed out of Wildcat, and eventually led to the settlements below. Father Leroy therefore consulted his compass, and then started straight across country in the direction of Wildcat Lake.

It was not long before the good man had reason to regret this course, for it is one thing to follow a trail, even a rough one, through the winter woods, and another to plunge in any given direction straight through the country, negotiating windfalls, half-frozen brooks, thick copses of scrub spruce, with many a pitfall in the treacherous snow. Time and time again he

was obliged to stop and rest, and it is very certain that nothing but the imminence of danger to his friend would have kept him to his plan. Although as a matter of fact hardly an hour was consumed in this hard scramble, he almost despaired of arriving in time. All the greater was his joy when upon emerging, lame and exhausted, upon the little clearing on the shores of Wildcat Lake, where stood the comfortable cabin of Pierre Durand, he saw no sign of life about it, and no trail in the snow leading to it, and in his heart he sent up a prayer of thanksgiving that he had arrived in time. Quickly he entered the cabin and started a fire in the big stone fireplace, and then fetched a kettle of water from the little stream that flowed into the lake by the cabin. He hung it over the flames and sat down to warm himself and wait for the coming of Pierre. But suddenly it occurred to him that his thanksgiving was premature, for how did he know whether Pierre would not be overtaken by the murderous Dominique before he reached the cabin. The terrible idea brought him to his feet in consternation, and he was struggling in very agony to make up his mind whether or not he should rush forth once more and try to reach Pierre before Dominique, when to his great joy he saw through the door, which he had left ajar, the sinewy figure of Pierre striding toward him across the clearing with a heavy bundle of fur on his back. As the trapper caught sight of the open door and the smoke curling from the chimney above, he stopped short in astonishment, but recovered himself in a moment and strode into the cabin.

Good Father Leroy was so overcome with fatigue, as well as emotion, that he could scarcely stammer a word.

"Thank God you have come, my dear son!" he finally managed to gasp out, and without saying more, he closed the door and bolted it on the inside. Meanwhile Pierre was extremely mystified, not only by Father Leroy's actions, but by the very fact that the old priest, who Pierre knew had celebrated the mass that very noon should be found here in this far-off cabin in the woods and on such a day. Father Leroy was too excited for the moment to explain his appearance. He had but one thought—to save his young friend. Without further ado he dragged Pierre away from the window and made him sit down upon a settle in the far corner of the cabin. Then he asked: "Have you candles, my son?"

"Yes, Father," replied the wondering Pierre. "Up there on the shelf."

The priest placed two candles upon the rough
(Continued on page 798.)



The Caribou Barrens of Newfoundland—IV.

Pictures and Text by the "Judge."



FOUR VIEWS TAKEN BY THE JUDGE.

COMMENTING upon our favorable situation, with plenty of wood and water, said Lionel: "This would just suit old Esau, the trapper; so long he's got meat an' tea he's camp wherever he's fin' an oat sack to stick he's head into." Lionel declared he could camp out without any tools whatever if he had only a pan in which to bake bread. Ralph thereupon guaranteed to bake bread without implements if Lionel would make tea without cup or kettle.

Accepting the challenge, Lionel got a piece of birch bark, bent up the corners to make a dish, set it neatly up on stones banked about with clay, put water and tea into it, and built beneath it a small fire. The tea boiled handsomely, the fire being unable to get around the stones and clay and attack the dry birch bark.

It being now up to Ralph to produce bread without tools, he made a birch bark dish, mixed his dough in it with a stick, pulled it out into a long white snake, which he wound neatly around a freshly peeled pole. This he laid on two crotched sticks before the fire, and by rotating it constantly produced a beautiful brown twisted bread stick.

The evening came on, clear, blue, cold and beautiful. Lionel climbed a high dead pine to spy across the bog, and then reported that a stag was following along the edges of the woods about a thousand yards from camp. Bob and I made haste to seek him, taking along a camera, but at five hundred yards the glasses showed him to possess only a twenty-point head, though his horns were well peeled and polished. Leaving Bob, I crawled across the bog toward him, taking advantage of every little hummock, and finally by means of a small shrub getting up within thirty yards of him. Nearer approach being impossible, I exposed

the film. At the click he changed instantly from a very domestic cow-like looking creature into a wild beast, alert and thoroughly alarmed. Another click, and he sprang away for a dozen yards. I uttered two or three low rough grunts and saw the hair raise upon his shoulders. Shaking his head, he charged up to within fifteen or twenty yards of the bush, but would not come nearer, and finally made off at top speed.

We put in two days of reconnaissance about the bogs, great and small, which ran in and out among the peninsulas of spruce about camp. The weather remained clear, the nights were cold, with the stars all out. Mount Peyton was due compass north, true north appeared to be about 22 degrees east of compass north. Lionel left to go down again to main camp. Upon being pressed for a prophecy as to the weather, he looked the sky over, smelled of the wind, and finally opined: "P'r'aps rain, mebbe so snow, prob'ly fine day, I'm not know."

Followed an ideal week upon the high bogs of Newfoundland. I quote from my diary:

"Monday.—Two big stags and a small one crossed the bog northwest of camp last evening at sunset, but the horns of the largest, while large, had thin tops, and so we spared him. Bob and I off northeast early to-day, on to a great big bog, seeing first thing a doe and very white fawn, very cautious, the doe. We watched the bog from a white rocky mound. The sun shone brilliantly, creating thin wavering heat waves across the bog, and making it difficult to use the glasses.

"About noon Bob thought he spied a band of deer about two miles southeast down the bog. I doubted it, concluding that it was

merely spots of white moss or stones. An hour later Bob said: 'That is certainly deer; the grouping has changed,' and I was obliged to agree with him. So we made off down the bog, and finally, arriving within five hundred yards, made a careful crawl through the caribou leads up nearly to the edge of a little plateau upon which the deer lay. Nearest to us was a doe. She finally rose. I could just see over the edge of the bog the tip of a great red horn. Crawling ten yards further, I could see half the horn and the round white side of a big stag. Another doe got up. Lying very close and pushing along with my toes, I could see that there was indeed a big stag, with a fine head, lying asleep back toward me, his head twisted awkwardly over by the great horns. Two more does got up and began to walk about nervously. I rose then, turned around and sat up, with my rifle upon my knees. The does made off, but still the great stag lay there asleep, seventy-five yards away. Bob broke a stick, then whistled, then shouted, and still the old fellow snored along. Then we both shouted at him to wake up and look out for his harem, which had decampel in toto, but he minded us not.

"Then I made a number of wrong moves. I crawled up fifteen or twenty yards nearer, then got up and ran in toward him. Bob called to me sharply, and it occurred to me that possibly I might get in so near that he would attack me if wounded. Fearful of breaking his horns, I shot quartering into his rump, expecting to break his back, but to my astonishment he sprang to his feet and started away; then, half falling, I thought he was down, but he got up and started off again, and I shot him again. He half fell, but got up once more and went on; just as I fired again, he stumbled in a soft place, and I missed him. A little rise obscured him, and I missed him again, expecting every moment to see him fall down; but he got away, with his left hip going down at every jump.

"It really seemed incredible that such a thing could happen. I must have shot him through the fleshy part of the hip, without breaking the bone. His left hind foot struck out of the trail at every jump, and we followed him for a full mile, expecting all the while to find him dead, but without success. I was intensely mortified and chagrined, and we both returned to camp feeling mighty blue. Fourteen deer seen to-day.

"Tuesday.—Bob, Ralph and I off early to pick up trail of the wounded deer. Several deer on the bog, one pretty good stag, not quite good enough the glasses say, his horns curved partly in and very red. Nine deer seen up to noon. I slept but little last night, tortured by visions of that wounded stag, which Bob declares carried a forty-point head. The boys tracked him two miles and then were obliged to give up, hoping that he might work out on to the bog again before the end of the month. Upon thinking it over more carefully,

Bob concluded that he must have had a fifty-point head, and after further thought was of the firm conviction that this was the finest head he had seen in Newfoundland in ten years; all of which of course made me feel very happy indeed.

"After lunch we ran into three ptarmigan, of which Ralph shot two with the little .22 rifle. They appear to be the same willow ptarmigan as those which are found in British Columbia, though the throats of the males do not seem quite so rich and strong a rufous brown. A big stag was way down the bog two miles off at 3 P. M., but we could not see his horns. Twelve deer seen to-day.

"Wednesday.—Bob has gone off to spot out a line to a still higher bog off south, which he has seen the edges of by climbing a tree. A good tree climber, Bob, as is also Lionel, who at the slightest provocation swarms up a tree like a bear cub. Ralph and I watch 'our' bog near camp, and see a young stag drinking at

nine times out of ten. Bob tells me that he once shot a four-year-old stag with a .22 automatic, killing him with two shots through the fore ribs into the lungs.

"To-day a southwest wind, the blue sky very deep, flecked with scattering white clouds, and a clear rim of purple horizon all around. A great sweep of green forest falls away to the north, thirty miles, to where Mount Peyton rears his bald summit against the sky. Ducks are passing overhead, the loons traveling and calling wildly. From afar comes the honk of geese, and about the little ponds the merry whistle of plover. Bob in at 4 P. M., reports fourteen deer, including a good stag. Total seen to-day, sixteen deer.

"Thursday.—A clear sunrise, and an early start. Several does and fawns about, their coats glittering in the frosty early morning. From a little island of white stones rising above the bog we spy the red horns of a great white-throated stag, and soon he comes out

"Friday.—The wind has gotten around into the northeast, and deer seem scarce. Only one doe seen up to noon. In the afternoon three stags came out upon the bog, but all with poor heads. Upon returning to camp we find that Lionel has come in from below and made a fine suet pudding. He says one never sees many deer when the wind is in the northeast. Ralph has gone down to main camp for a fresh supply of grub. It came on to rain at dark.

"Saturday.—Lionel up at four-thirty, has combed his hair with a dry bough, and built a fire to dry us out after a night of heavy rain. Says he left the canoes 'close hauled up in a spruce alder bed, and all tight.' Ralph is back, and he and Lionel make off southerly to scout the high bog, while Bob and I go easterly, to our little white Spion Kop again. We photographed a two-year-old stag at thirty feet. Saw a very big doe way down the bog, but no other deer.

"We crossed the bog and climbed up through the timber by Bob's blaze marks, on to the very high bog, and jumped a big stag, which I wounded with a quick shot, just clipping the skin across his neck. We tracked him a mile and lost him.

"Coming out on to a very high point, six fine ptarmigan sat huddled together in the lee of a great rock out of the wind, all in fine plumage. From this point we could see miles upon miles of rolling bog and lakes, with here and there a deer, but no big stags. A lot of rain, altogether a cold, sloppy day. We arrived at camp as the storm increased, the wind and smoke whirling around the cooking outfit and into the tent, while Ralph wrestled with the frying-pan and rubbed the smoke from his eyes.

"Ze wind she blow from nor', eas', sou',
Ze wes' win' she blow, too,
Ze cook he's say, 'Monsieur Capitaine,
Monsieur, vat shall I do?'"

"At dusk a big flock of geese, storm-tossed, tumbled out of the fog into our little bog, honking loudly. Lionel predicted that they would 'bawl all night,' which in fact they did, departing, however, before breakfast without paying for their lodging the toll we had vowed to exact."

Thus the days passed. Ralph and Lionel went down to main camp again for grub and for my other boots, for whichever boots one happens to have in Newfoundland, he always seems to wish to have his others.

We had not come nearly to the end of our September season, and while I had two fair heads, we had not yet got the great head for which we had hoped and worked, so Bob was feeling rather blue as we made off again for the big bog easterly from camp and settled down upon our little island of white rocks to watch. It was very raw and cold. We built a low fire among the rocks in the lee of the little island and spent some hours there, spying across the wide expanse of marsh, making an occasional sally forth from our stronghold after wood; wrenching up the tiny dead spruces, rotten at the ground, but dry and hard as bone in the air. I cut off the trunk of one of them with my small pack ax where it was about 2½ inches in diameter, to count the annual growth rings, and as nearly as I could estimate, there were 230 of them. For over two hundred years



SPYING FOR CARIBOU.

10 A. M. I am just beginning to be able to think of that sleeping stag and the whole miserable business without sickening rehearsal of the scene, and fruitless wishes that I might only have the chance over again. It was surely a beautiful head, and might be mine right here in camp now, if only, etc., etc., etc. To extract and to resolutely forget the sting, and to read and learn well the lesson of experience, that is the problem, as in all defeats and misfortunes of life. Now for the lesson.

"A great brute like this, lying down, muscles bunched, fat rolled over haunches, makes a bad mark for a fatal shot. His bones are all slipped into unnatural positions and covered with heavy rolls of flesh. Make him stand up, and when he does, give him the shoulder shot. He has got to come down when he is shot through the shoulder; or shoot him through the lungs and he cannot possibly go over fifty yards. Shot through the shoulder, he is bound to drop in his tracks, for he is broken in two and cannot move. Shot through the lungs, his pipes will choke up with blood the moment he starts to jump. Of course, a shot in the neck is fatal, or one straight into the middle of the rump, raking him fore and aft, but the shoulder or lung shot is the safest,

upon the bog a thousand yards away. A long crawl shows very thin tops. I decided upon a picture, and give Bob the rifle. The day turns warm. We 'bile the kettle.' A big flock of ptarmigan gets up near Little Dead Wolf River as we come down the bog, and the .22 automatic which Bob carries accounts for four of them. A big flock of black duck pitches down into a pond, and after a long, careful crawl the .22 adds two of these fine fowl to our bag. Said Bob: 'That's the finest bird that flies in Newfoundland.'

"Down the long bog comes a stag, mighty, but with thin horns. I crawl into a favorable position with the camera, and he passes within thirty yards of me, his dew claws clicking together. When a band of deer are passing near the click of their dew claws is clearly audible at 100 yards, sounding like the rattling of small castanets.

"Back to our white little, tight little, stony bog island, and then home to camp, a two-mile tramp in the falling shadows. Venison steak and rice pudding for supper, then the delicious fragrance of tobacco, and such wonderful sleep before the great snapping fire, while the stars glitter and the northern lights flash up across the heavens.

that tiny tree had grown there, and the Lord only knows how much longer it had been dead, hardening and whitening there on that rocky, wind-swept little bog island. This dead spruce makes a wonderful bed of coals over which to "bile the kettle" and broil the bacon at noon time, and the green spruce makes a first-class fire, aside from its tendency to crackle and throw big sparks toward the little paraffined cotton tent. There is no birch wood up here among the high bogs.

Bob complained of the scarcity of deer, ascribing it to the lateness of the season, for the warm weather was only now well over, and the little maples scattered about the edges of the bog just beginning to redden; Bob said they should have turned a month since. The hardwood ridges along the hillsides were still all green.

A doe came up the wind within 100 yards of our ambush, and I crawled out to take her picture. Then about twenty yards apart came three does, each with a fawn, all coming out of the far end of the bog at the northeast and crossing southwest, straight up the wind. After a lunch of corn bread, broiled bacon and tea, I snuggled down by the fire to read a little leather-bound volume of "The Pirate," which was in the pack-sack.

About four o'clock Bob suddenly exclaimed: "I see three does running a mile away across Little Dead Wolf." The glasses showed a fourth, then a stag pursuing them, and then another; a good head. Taking only the rifle, we made a hard mile run toward a point which they must surely pass if coming up the wind, occasionally sinking down into the soft wet moss up to our hips; I arrived at the desired point entirely winded.

Ten minutes' waiting, and we saw them coming up from the river, having crossed it and come straight up the wind, as we had expected. The does were leading and stopped to feed, the big stag following and the smaller one coming up behind. As he approached, the old fellow turned and rushed at him, and they locked horns, pushing back and forth until the youngster, becoming discouraged, fell back, narrowly escaping a savage thrust from the master.

I crawled to within 120 yards, then, fearing that an eddy of the wind might carry a scent to the deer, sat up, and with rifle upon my knees, shot the big stag through the lungs. He took only one step and stood swaying back and forth, as if hit with a sledge, then plunged forward on to the moss, dead. Bob won in the 100 yard dash which followed, and as I came up, cried out: "Hooray for a very beautiful head!" His horns were beautifully matched, with very sharp points all over, and splendid brows of six points each, one middle point rising straight above his head like the horn of a unicorn. These horns were not red, as had been those of the other stags, but very yellow. The boys said that he was a stag in perfect condition, right in his prime, and had lived high up about the edges of the bogs, rubbing his horns on the small firs, which stained them a bright yellow. The red stain is characteristic of the deer which rub their horns in the alder thickets lower down, as most of them do.

This was a "saddle back" stag, white upon the rump and neck and belly, but brown upon

back and sides. There is a tradition among the natives of Newfoundland that the saddle back stags always carry the biggest heads, and certainly it held good in this instance at all events. Said Bob: "You will hunt Newfoundland for many a day before getting another head so handsome as that in every way."

He went back for the camera, and after taking pictures and the measurements, we returned to camp with the head and a supply of fresh meat, arriving there at dark. Every one very happy now; "it's funny what a difference just a few hours make." "A really universally pretty head," says Lionel.

It rained in torrents during the night. Just what we needed to put the river up again. It was clear starlight at breakfast time, and the sun rose into a cloudless blue sky as we took the trail, Lionel for the head and the fresh

foxes often visited such carcasses, although he had known but one bear to do so. We were always sure to see upon this bog a few deer, perhaps a doe walking along up wind, stopping to look back every fifty or sixty yards, as most of them do; or a couple of stags grazing at the edge of the moss. Ptarmigan were not plentiful, as they are said to be in some other parts of the island, although we would see a small flock every day or two. These birds object to the camera. They will not shoo along over the mossy hummocks and look pleasant, as their relatives do among the rocks of British Columbia. Dozens of dropped horns were found all over these bogs, some of them gnawed by the mice, but many of them in almost perfect condition.

It began to rain a part of every day. There was a good big duck puddle in the fire



THE POND STAG.

meat, which we were glad enough to get, the rest of us to spend the day way up on the high bog. All nature, as well as our own views of life, had changed in twenty-four hours.

"From grave to gay,
From somber to serene."

I had obtained all the heads allowed by my license, but hoped for a chance to get some photographs of deer in bands. Usually by the end of September the deer are banded up into herds of ten, fifteen or twenty. The September movement of deer is not a migration, but an up-wind working from the lowlands into the highlands. The migration of deer in herds of from twenty to one hundred, does, fawns and young stags together, big stags in bands apart, occurs after the rutting season, toward the end of October.

We had poor luck with the camera these last two or three days before breaking camp, but it was good fun prowling around and watching the deer. The rheumatism and insomnia with which I had been afflicted the first few days after we left the railroad had all departed, I had picked up weight, and the outdoor life was a constant joy.

We watched the carcass of our last deer for a few hours every day, for Bob said that

hole in front of the tent, and everything got quite sloppy around camp. Finally after a tremendous downpour of rain all night we awoke one morning to consider the canoes. Was it possible that they had not been pulled up far enough into the thicket? Could the river have come up three or four feet and carried them away? We began to feel decidedly uncomfortable in contemplation of the consequences, and Lionel took a load of duffle and made off down the river without breakfast.

While Ralph got breakfast, it rained furiously, and as we finished breaking camp, all the spigots of heaven were pulled wide open, lightning flashed, thunder rolled, and the water descended in pails full. Slipping and splashing across the bog and down the blazed trail, across the high, wet benches, through the alder beds to the river, we were glad to find the canoes safe high up on the bank, with Lionel contentedly smoking his pipe under one of them. We made the trip down stream to head camp in a few minutes, built a big fire and were soon outside of a fine hot lunch.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

On the things that every sportsman should know and think about, FOREST AND STREAM is honest, frank and independent.

Old Fusee

By W. H. EDDY

"GOING to take the old gun along this time?" "Yes; thought I would give her a whiff of salt air once more. You know she had a reputation years ago for close and hard shooting."

"That's right. Many a goose and several deer have been credited to her, and I reckon she can still deliver the goods if you fellows haven't forgotten how to load a muzzleloader, seeing as all you have to do with your new-fangled breechloaders is to press a button, so to speak, and let the machinery talk. No call for judgment like the old-timers needed to get results."

Thus it happened that when Captain "Nick" boarded a certain staunch sloop-rigged boat very

to say nothing of shellfish *au naturel*, were not to be despised.

The old gun was the subject of considerable jest and merriment, and was promptly christened "Old Fusee." Her awkward looking hammers seemed strangely in the way as she was tucked into the sneak box, but when being loaded with the shiny black grains and the wads sent down the barrels with a sharp "ting," followed by the rattle of the coarse pellets and the seating of the final wad, and then carefully capped with Ely's best, at least one member of the party recalled the time when he could shoot better than he ever will again. And there are others.

Although "Old Fusee" had accounted for two brant out of a distant flock on her very first

ging of the boat, so that a fair showing was assured. It was decided to put out decoys once more, so an early start was made, this time to a sedge island point, and concealment being made by piling seaweed on the sneak boxes. Large bodies of brant were feeding in the coves on either side, but the day proved still and calm, and all the party concluded it would be a blank. Well along in the morning a neighboring gunner, with the best of intentions for his mates, waded out on the flats and routed the feeding brant. Instead of doing as he evidently anticipated, the contrary brant swung to the south and the air seemed full of cackling and c-r-r-onking birds. A bunch of possibly forty caught sight of the decoys and came in nicely, and after



CAPTAIN NICK.

OLD FUSEE AND THE EVIDENCE.

ON THE SANDBAR.

early one morning in November, 1912, he carried besides his trim and up-to-date hammerless an old-time "charcoal burner." With three boon companions he was bound down the bay for at least ten days' vacation, and hoped to bring back enough wildfowl, particularly brant, to give his friends and neighbors their annual treat.

As the breeze that day was very light, it was nearly sundown when the boat with four gunning skiffs or sneak boxes in tow reached its anchorage in a safe and convenient location near several islands and gunning points.

Then followed days of solid enjoyment for these "boys," as they still like to call themselves, even though the years have brought gray locks and slowed up the work with oars and putting out decoys. As their chief desire was to outwit the wary brant, much hard work had to be done in shoveling places to bury the sneak boxes on sandbars. Then the rising or falling tide would necessitate a repetition of this work, so none complained of lack of exercise. If the day proved still and calm, no effort was made to deceive the wildfowl, but instead journeys were made over the flats after clams and oysters, and the savory chowders and stews that resulted,

test, her guardian often left her behind when he would start long before daylight for some sandbar or point. One day in particular he regretted this fact and longed for the old gun and her heavy load of big shot. It was shortly after sunrise, and the four sneak boxes were well hidden away on a sandbar. Looking up the bay, a flock of nine swan was seen slowly winging their way southward. If they should hold their course they would pass almost directly overhead, so there was a hurried scramble to substitute shells of BBs for the smaller sizes. As the swans neared the sandbar, they swung to the westward and passed at a distance of a good seventy-five yards. The salute from the hidden gunners was unanimous, but though the patter of shot against the big birds sounded somewhat like that heard when a load is fired at a barn door, none of the arguments was convincing. Then someone said: "That was a chance for 'Old Fusee'." "Right you are!" replied Captain "Nick," "and I'll see that she is on the job next time."

The days passed all too quickly, and it was time to think of returning home. Some fifty brant and a larger number of blackducks, broadbills and a pair of canvasbacks hung in the rig-

the excitement was over, ten of their number were gathered. Later on a smaller flock sought to be sociable and five remained with the gunners. Then an occasional blackduck would pay the penalty for "butting in," and so the total reached sixteen brant, ten blackducks and a broadbill.

All had quieted down, when one of the party chanced to glance over his shoulder and then exclaimed: "Look out, boys, here come some swan right in the glare of the sun!" All kept well down and reached for shells of coarse stuff, but only one succeeded in making the substitution before it was seen that the swan were six "honkers" and were swinging wide and high, fully eighty-five yards away. The gunner who had changed shells sent his compliments, but the spiteful crack of the nitro was of no avail.

Then Captain "Nick" reached for the old gun, and as the boom of the black powder sounded over the bay, one of the Canadas gracefully planed down and struck the water like a man overboard. Something very like a war whoop came from Captain "Nick" as he shouted: "How about 'Old Fusee,' now?"

"Old Fusee" had "come back."

Indiana Nature Notes

By F. L. PURDY

IT is probable that the uninformed are of the opinion that nothing of moment comes out of Indiana but the productions of "them literary fellers." This is a serious mistake. We have other claims to fame, although we are compelled to admit, for the sake of sterling truth, that some of them are based on fiction.

In Indiana this is the open season for fish and snake stories, and the cleaning up is one to stagger the record. Take the contribution of Mrs. Grace Enos, for instance. She lives down St. Paul way, not far from the famed Flatrock River. In due course of her domestic duties she placed a batch of fine eggs under a faithful and motherly pullet and the latter confidently began the task nature vouchsafed as her portion. One

coaxed them with red pepper and meat and various mixed foods, but nary an egg. The other day she wandered into the hennery, and there met face to face a large snake. Mr. Bennett came quickly on call, and after killing the snake found twenty-four eggs in its stomach.

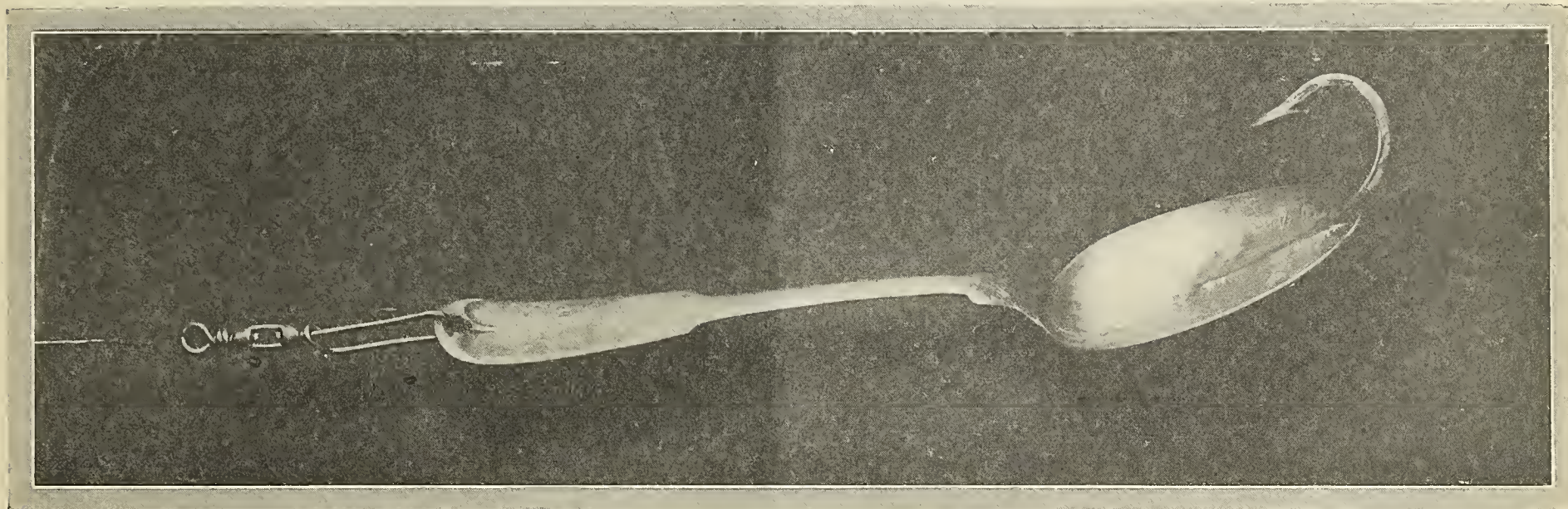
Mrs. Catherine Swafford, south of Milton, heard a commotion among her turkeys, and hastening to the orchard she was confronted by a snake. She seized a fence rail and killed the snake. It was six feet eight inches long, but it had not swallowed any of the turkeys as yet.

Farmer Ben Perry, down near Columbus, started across one of his fields to see what his hired man was doing with a plow, when a swarm

prove the time-worn theory that the blacksnake never attacks a person.

George Givan, of Lawrenceburg, comes on the scene with a story that is worth while. He pulled a water moccasin out of the Ohio River, opened it and found a catfish in its stomach at least—at least, mind you—six inches long. And right on Givan's heels was Charles Wolff, a wharfmaster, who killed a hissing adder three feet long on the wharf.

And there are fish, too! Little Charlie Mayhall went fishing in the waterworks lake at Oakland City the other day and he hooked a bass. And the bass pulled little Charlie into the lake. His rescue was accomplished with difficulty and the bass ran off with the line and pole.



A HOME MADE SPOON FROM INDIANA.

day she left her nest in quest of food and a dust bath, and during her absence a blacksnake invaded the nest and proceeded to absorb the eggs one after another. Like one who has feasted overmuch, drowsiness seized the snake and he cuddled up in the nest and fell asleep. In a short time the hen returned to take up her duties and saw the snake. Did she cackle and fly away? She did not. Did she fly at the snake and beat it with her wings and pick it? She did not. She gave herself over to sober cogitation, the result of which was that she concluded the eggs were inside the snake and she could serve the purpose of her nature and her mistress by sitting on the snake. She settled herself over the invader and thus Mrs. Enos found her. The lady soon discovered the presence of the snake and hastily called the hired man who killed the snake. The reptile was five feet two inches long and the eggs were found in its stomach. Here the chronicler of this tale stops, and it is not known whether or not the eggs were replaced under the pullet.

Then there is the experience of Mrs. Samuel Bennett, who lives over near Bedford in the region of the great stone quarries. Mrs. Bennett discovered that her hens had apparently ceased to take an interest in laying eggs. She

of bees attacked him and drove him to the tall alfalfa to nurse various contusions. Awaiting the abatement of the bees' anger, he again crossed the field and there found an enormous blue racer coiled around the blade of the plow and emitting threatening hisses. Again Mr. Perry sprinted. After giving the snake ample time to go about its business, Perry and the hired man, who had also fled, returned to the plow and there they found his snakeship as full of fight as ever. They succeeded in giving the racer his quietus, but the length of this hideous monster is not a matter of veracious record.

Mrs. Swafford, of Milton, again came to the fore at this point. This time her chickens were acting in an unseemly manner, and she went forth to reprove them. It was a snake, and having heard her, it fled. She seized a club and killed it. It was five feet seven inches long and measured five inches around the body.

Marion Keaton, who runs a ferry across the Ohio River at Lawrenceburg, started his little launch, and instantly a "monster" blacksnake swam angrily out from under the treadles. Mr. Keaton knew that trouble was imminent, and seized a board and hurled it at the snake, breaking its back. It measured seven feet two inches. Of course this truthful tale is expected to dis-

Near Evansville, Grover C. Maunie went fishing on the banks of the Wabash and he caught a catfish that weighed eighty-two pounds. He would have admitted it had it weighed twice as much.

But talking about fish, up at Wabash during the recent high water they found and captured a lot of enormous carp on the interurban track. They had lodged between the rails, but they had not flipped a car off the track with their tails during their stay there. And in the same town—right in Carroll street—carp were discovered in the overflow water. A genius with an automobile drove his machine through the shallow water and the carp, in order to escape the wheels, flopped out of the water and were picked up by the chauffeur.

Irwin Smith, of Wabash, went fishing in the Mississinewa and cheerfully admits that he caught a carp weighing twenty-three pounds. He tells a beautiful and thrilling story of his twenty-minute fight with a monster of the deep. When the fish was measured, it was found to be thirty-two inches long, three inches between the eyes, its head was eight inches long and its body thirteen inches wide. It contained six pounds of eggs.

Harry Felty, of Garrett, went fishing at Lake

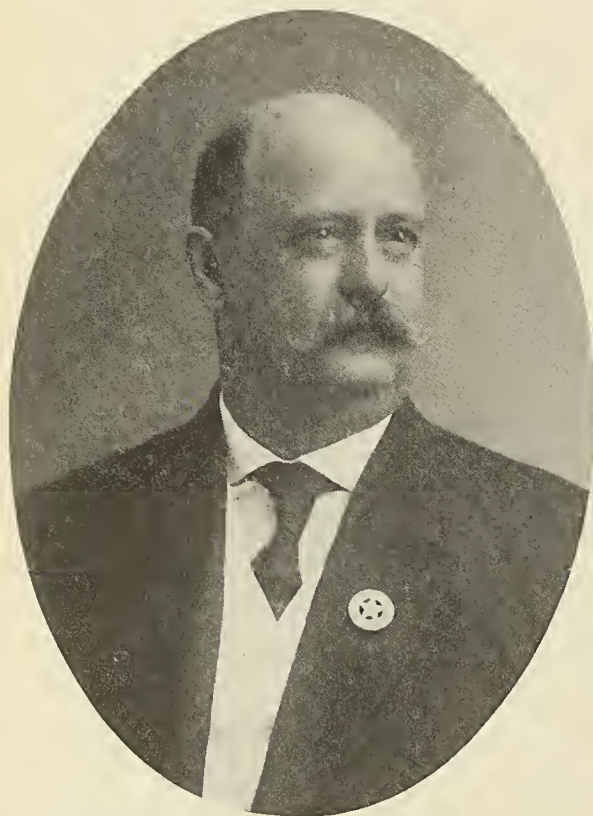
Wawasee, off Buttermilk Point. Harry felt a tug at his line and in a moment he landed a little brown jug. He went ashore and broke the jug over a log and found in it a large catfish. If you don't believe it, he will show you the log whereon he broke the jug.

Let us get back to snakes. Uncle Joe Roseman, of Vincennes, went up to Otter Pond with a borrowed rod to fish. He caught one, and while he was busily engaged in landing the fish, he failed to notice a large water moccasin swimming directly toward the boat. When he did discover the snake, he dropped his borrowed rod overboard and seized a paddle. The snake thrust its head over the side of the boat and struck at Uncle Joe several times, but the fisherman was protected by his rubber. He finally hit the snake a resounding thwack with the paddle and the reptile started for shore. Uncle Joe says the snake was six feet long. This also disproves the claim made by the nature fakirs to the effect that the water moccasin will not attack persons, and we might just as well begin now as any time to revise our ideas about Indiana snakes at least.

Just to round out the story and at the same time pulverize the nature books, this little tale of a poll parrot, twenty-five years of age, is offered in evidence. Poll belongs to C. C. Rada-baugh, of Muncie, and is kept isolated in a cage. A few days ago the bird laid an egg in the cage. Since it has been the accepted theory that parrots do not lay eggs in captivity, and that there is an age limit, the presence of this particular egg in the Muncie cage can only be accounted for on the theory that Poll, being a very intelligent bird, decided to smash a record.

These stories are told merely for the purpose of getting the truth before the people and demonstrating that even in a "dry" State things are likely to happen.

FOREST AND STREAM endeavors to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the sportsman's welfare.



JAMES HENRY RICE, JR., CHIEF GAME WARDEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA.



NATURAL HISTORY



Practical Points About Attracting Birds

The Birds' Christmas Tree.

BY E. H. FORBUSH, STATE ORNITHOLOGIST OF MASSACHUSETTS.

MANY people who try to attract birds about their homes fail in their efforts, not because their methods are wrong, but because they lack that practical knowledge of small details that often makes the difference between success and failure in this as well as in many of the larger undertakings of life. It is the object of these articles in a measure to supply these details.

It should be understood at the outset that such foods as we may be able to offer birds will be used by them mainly as a makeshift at times when their natural food supply is short, and for this reason when we begin feeding, the supply must be constant during the winter months or we shall fail to accomplish our object. The birds may desert our artificial feeding places during fine weather, but if the supply is kept up and in the right way, they will surely find it in inclement weather when they most need it.

The objection so often urged that in feeding the birds we shall pauperize them should have no weight, as insect-eating birds always prefer their natural food to anything that we may be able to supply them; but by feeding birds in winter we may save their lives at times when snow and ice have covered their natural food supply.

No one living in the country districts is so poor that he cannot feed the birds, for if nothing else offers, chaff, hayseed, meat trimmings and scraps will answer every purpose. If the trimmings are all utilized in the home, it is a poor butcher who will not give the children a few scraps or bones now and then to feed the birds. There is food enough wasted in this country every year to save from starvation ten times as many birds as winter with us.

It is one of the joys of winter in the country to watch the birds about the farm house, but unless they are attracted there by feeding in the right way, they will not come. Feeding should begin in October or November, so that migratory birds may make the place their winter home. Hayseed and chaff may be scattered about the yard on the sheltered sunny side of the buildings or under an open shed facing to the south.

Scratching sheds for poultry make excellent feeding places for the birds, for they will always find there some weed seeds or fine particles of grain that the hens have missed. Bits of suet, bones broken to expose the marrow, or fat pork may be used to attract woodpeckers, nuthatches and chickadees. These may be tied to the branches of the orchard or shade trees about the house, and if the fat or suet is likely to be carried off by cats, dogs, crows, squirrels or jays, it may be wound about with twine or covered with "cellar wire" netting so that the birds can peck it out piecemeal and nothing can carry it away bodily. The birds finding these tidbits in

their excursions about the neighborhood will begin to nip at them occasionally, meanwhile feeding mainly on hibernating insect pests.

But we shall hardly accomplish all we set out to do unless we can find some way to attract the birds to our very windows where we can watch their cunning ways. To do this we must gradually draw in our feeding stations until these feathered neighbors gather around the house. There by right methods we may soon teach them to come wherever we want them. A feeding shelf, about 2 by 4 feet, may be put upon a post in the yard out of the reach of cats, a little evergreen tree may be erected upon it, hayseed may be scattered upon the shelf and suet, doughnuts, nuts, etc., may be tied upon the tree until all the birds have learned to come to it, when the other feeding places may be gradually discontinued and this one made permanent. It is even better to have the shelf put up at a window sill on the sunny side of the house where it may be reached by merely opening the window. Then it is easy to put out food, brush away the snow and keep the food always ready for the birds. If, as is sometimes the case, the birds do not quickly find the tree, or fear to come so close to the house, a feeding place may be established on top of a large box near a tree on which the birds have become accustomed to feed, and when the birds have found the new supply, it may be moved nearer the window day by day and finally replaced by the window shelf. Under kind and careful treatment the birds will soon become so tame that one may sit by the window and watch them as they feed, and on cold snowy winter mornings quite a little flock will make themselves at home at the window shelf and tree.

Unless the food table can be kept well tended it is better to have a little permanent structure under a roof where snow and ice cannot accumulate, and where no food will be wasted. Such little food houses are used, both by individuals and States in Germany for feeding the birds. These German States have found that it is money well invested to provide food houses in the parks and the State forests.

The New Little Chief Hare from Colorado.

IN the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, Volume XXXI., Dr. J. A. Allen describes a new little chief hare from Pagado Peak, Colorado, which differs—in coloration only—from the better known little chief hare *Ochotona saxatilis*. Dr. Allen calls the new form *O. figginsi*.

Mr. Figgins, the collector, states that this rock rabbit form has quite a different note from those found above the main divide.

OTHER magazines may come, other magazines may go, but FOREST AND STREAM must go, if not forever, at least so long as past and present superiority continues.

Recent Extinction of Muskox in Alaska.

IN modern times the muskox has been believed to be peculiar to the Barren lands of North America lying between the Mackenzie River and the Atlantic Coast. Anciently it was a species of circumpolar distribution, and in Glacial time was found well south in North America—say as far as the Ohio River.

So far as known no specimens have ever been taken in Alaska or in the country west of the Mackenzie River by white men. On the other hand, bones, which do not appear very ancient, have very frequently been found in Alaska.

In 1829 Richardson stated that the Indians reported that the flat country west of the Rocky Mountains—Yukon Territory and Alaska—was inhabited by the muskox and reindeer.

It is certain that the Alaska Eskimo of modern times know the muskox well, and call it by nearly the same name as the Eastern Eskimo, but do not appear to have seen it. They declare, however, that their fathers used to kill muskox in that country.

All this and much more is brought out by Dr. J. A. Allen in commenting on a letter about the muskox received from Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who has just returned from a four years' exploration in the Arctic, during which he made many discoveries of extraordinary interest and incidentally suffered great hardships.

Stefansson brought back to the museum many specimens, among which were remains of muskox. Concerning these, he has written to Dr. Allen, giving the sources of his information as follows:

"Information secured from natives and white residents in Alaska: During the winter 1899-1900 there died at Cape Smythe (or near there) the Eskimo man called Mangi by the whalers (probably Mangilanna). He was the last to die of Cape Smythe (Point Barrow) natives who had seen live muskoxen in that vicinity. He was probably born between 1845 and 1850, as he was able to remember Maguire's visit to Point Barrow. A few years after Maguire's time—perhaps therefore about 1858—there was scarcity of food in winter at Cape Smythe. Mangi's father then went inland looking for caribou, and some distance up the Kunk River, which flows into Wainwright's Inlet, they fell in with a band of thirteen muskoxen and killed them all. Since then no one near Point Barrow is known to have killed muskoxen or seen them.

"There are many places inland from Point Barrow where muskox skulls and bones are abundant. As these are heavy and there is no market for them locally, few are brought to the coast. Our party secured one skull only.

"Information based on specimens: While digging in an old house ruin about fifteen miles

southwest along the coast from Cape Smythe an Eskimo last summer (1912) found a muskox skin and brought it to me for sale. It is in the Point Barrow collection which has just arrived at the Museum, but has not yet been unpacked. Another Eskimo found a smaller piece of skin in another house which I believe to be of a muskox, though its badly decayed conditions makes it difficult to say positively that it is not the skin of the barren ground bear."

Our Narrow Escape from a Fish-Like Existence.

BY W. J. MURRAY.

ASSUMING the correctness of the nebular



MUSKOX IN THE BRONX ZOO.

Photograph copyright by New York Zoological Society.

theory of the origin of worlds as set forth by Newton and Laplace, it follows that this earth of ours formed at one time an integral portion of the sun when in its primal and fiery nebulous condition before the earth was cast off as a ring from the rotating solar mass.

When this event took place many millions of years ago—estimated by some physicists and astronomers as not much less than one hundred millions—the earth must have started on its separate career as an independent planet in a fiery incandescent condition and must have gone through a gradual process of cooling during the whole of the azoic or lifeless period of its history.

In this natural grading of temperature a stage was reached where under a special set of conditions, chemical, thermal, electrical, aqueous, etc., the passage from the inorganic to the organic, from non-living to living matter, was brought about. But previous to this stage, however, the heat of the earth was too great to support life, even in its most lowly form.

Water is a first essential to the formation and the maintenance of life, and it was only after the enveloping vapors of the earth had cooled down and had fallen in the form of rain that the development of life became possible.

When the first faint throb of life appeared in the lukewarm lagoons and shallow margins

of the Laurentian seas, the ductile and plastic germs of life became subject to the operative laws of evolution and entered on the world's vast struggle for existence and for survivorship in the race of life.

It is estimated that there is a sufficient quantity of water contained in all the seas to cover the whole earth to the depth of an English mile, provided there were no inequalities on its surface; that is to say, if it were quite even and smooth like a billiard ball. In such a case it is evident that there could have been no dry land at all, and hence life could only have been developed on an aquatic basis, along fish lines.

Suppose that the earth in cooling contracted uniformly, as for anything we could tell to the contrary it might well have done, then of course there could not have been any land animals at all. This apparent possibility was, however, averted by the fortuitous fact that incidentally to the cooling and shrinking of the earth, inequalities arose on its surface, such as mountains and valleys, hills and hollows, in the same manner that an apple shrinks when stored in the cellar, leaving wrinkles on its surface.

This process brought about the appearance of dry land on the earth, but only to a comparatively limited extent, as three-quarters of its surface are still covered with water.

The strange and weird feeling induced by these reflections is somewhat mingled—surprise that our fate hung on such a slender thread and a sense of satisfaction that we escaped after all, although at the earth's beginning the chances would appear to have been as much as three to one against our ever being land dwellers at all.

Of course it is impossible to say what the human race, living an aquatic existence, might have been able to achieve in such a strange environment. Quite possibly we might have had an opportunity of playing some useful part and even to make our lives sublime in the regions swayed by the scepter of Neptune, but even the most restless and daring adventurous spirit among us, if he had the opportunity, would most likely be quite content to leave such possibilities to the imagination only, rather than sever his connection with his old habitat, terra firma.

Altogether it would appear, from a naturalistic standpoint, that our escape from a fish-like state of existence has been a very narrow one indeed. It is happily, however, a case of "all's well that ends well."

Paul Smith Dead.

PAUL SMITH, known to everybody who knows the Adirondacks, died on Dec. 15 in Montreal, at the age of eighty-seven years. He was born in Milton, Vt., and took up the life of hunter and guide in the Adirondacks more than sixty years ago.

He saved most of his earnings and invested in lands and lakes. He was the head of the Paul Smith Hotel Company and owned the town of Paul Smith's.

THE aigrette is now worth more than its weight in gold. The latest quotation from Paris is 150 to 200 francs per ounce, or \$80 per ounce in the New York market.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Game Birds, Wildfowl, Shore Birds.*

THE Massachusetts Board of Agriculture did a good work in issuing this volume, and in entrusting its preparation to Mr. Forbush, whose studies of birds all over the continent have been well known for many years.

The large volume of more than 600 pages deals with about all the edible birds of Eastern North America, including doves, pigeons, turkeys, grouse, quail, shore birds, rails, cranes and wildfowl. It is not generally realized that there were nearly 200 different forms of game birds found on this continent, and that when the white man came they had been practically undisturbed, except by their natural enemies, which nowhere destroyed the annual increase. The number of the birds was limited only by the amount of their food, and the winter waters were black with the feeding flocks.

Here is a picture, painted in his introduction by Mr. Forbush:

'The Indian hunter, standing on the river shore at sunset, might then have seen the whole sky overcast by clouds of birds, formed in dun strata, moving fast and far in varying lines, but all trending toward the South. Dense masses of scaup winnowed their way low over the land. Vast flocks of teal swept close by, with a roar of rushing pinions as they swayed and turned in quest of feeding grounds. Lines of mallards extended across the dome of the sky, flock after flock, in almost continuous array. Swift flights of canvasbacks kept their unwavering course. Masses of redheads kept them company, while smaller flocks discharged their members like zig-zag bolts to the wave below. Here and there teal and widgeons rode down the air with stiffening wing, centering upon lake or river, where many a weary flock sought rest, until the water was black with floating birds, and still unwearied myriads high in air sped southward. Canada geese in the long "V" formation of the unbroken flock, in shattered ranks or in changing lines, trailing, crossing and diverging or converging in the sky, passed over in untold numbers with unslackening wing. Their musical notes filled the air like the cries of a thousand packs of hounds. The upper air was full of nameless waterfowl, while far above them all great flocks of cranes swam in the blue sky, and higher still in the full light of a sun now passed from view rode long lines of snowy swans, their clanging trumpet tones lost among the nearer sounds of voice and wing that fell from the mighty hosts of smaller waterfowl and waders rushing on their way.'

Some appreciation of the astonishing abundance of birds in those old days—and even to-day there are places where something similar may be seen—are given in a multitude of paragraphs in

*History of the Game Birds, Wild Fowl and Shore Birds of Massachusetts and adjacent States, including those used for food, which have disappeared since the settlement of the country, and those which are now hunted for food or sport, with observations on their former abundance and recent decrease in numbers; also the means for conserving those still in existence. By Edward Howe Forbush, State Ornithologist of Massachusetts. Illustrated with drawings by W. I. Beecroft and the author, and photographs by Herbert K. Job and others. Issued by the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture by authority of the Legislature, 1912.

Mr. Forbush's introduction, quoted from authors of ancient and modern times. He tells the story also of the decrease in game birds; the old, old story, which grows more and more true as the years pass by, and which gives so sickening an exhibition of greed for the present and thoughtlessness of the future.

Following its introduction, the volume is divided into three parts; the first being a history of the birds now hunted for food and sport in Massachusetts and adjacent States. This includes grebes and loons, ducks, rails, shore birds,



SANDY NECK (CAPE COD) LIGHT HOUSE.
Photograph by H. B. March.

grouse and quail, and pigeons and doves. Part II. gives a history of the game birds and other birds hunted for food or sport which have been exterminated, or driven from Massachusetts and adjacent States since the settlement of the country. The extinct species are great auk, Labrador duck, Eskimo curlew and passenger pigeon. Those species which, though no longer found in Massachusetts, still exist elsewhere, are the trumpeter swan, whooping crane, sandhill crane and wildturkey. The former occurrence of the trumpeter swan in Massachusetts has never been demonstrated, though the inference that it was once found there may perhaps be justified. Part III. deals with the conservation of the groups treated of in the work. It speaks of the economic value of these birds, of their decrease, the causes for this decrease and the wrong beliefs which exist with regard to the causes of the decrease.

Man is never willing to accept the responsibility for his own errors or crimes, but always strives to place that responsibility on someone else. The most destructive enemy to any of these birds is the man with the gun. There are methods of attracting both waterfowl and upland game birds. There are still opportunities for statutory game protection. We have game laws in plenty, but too often they are not enforced. Short seasons, the prevention of the sale and export of game and a limit on the bag will do much to help matters along. Federal supervision of migratory birds is desirable, as are game refuges in which all the wild birds shall be free from molestation.

The book closes with a brief summary of needed reforms to bring about game protection.

The volume is full of matter of extraordinary value and interest; and the first part of it, covering nearly 400 pages, is in effect a useful ornithology of our edible birds. Each article opens with the English, followed by the technical name of the species. There is generally a drawing showing one or more plumages; then comes the description; a suggestion of the most obvious marks about the bird, so that it may be told at a distance; its cry, nest, eggs and the season at which it is likely to be found in the region treated of and its range. A history of the birds' habits follows. Often this history is quite full. In the case of some of the duck family or of certain quail and grouse, this history may run to eight or ten pages.

The volume thus becomes a useful handbook to all gunners and enables them to identify the birds that they shoot, while the wealth of ancient and modern history that it contains makes it as fascinating as any story that ever was written. This to our mind is the book's greatest use: that it points out what we have had and what—in great part through our own folly—we have lost.

Game Bills Now Pending in Congress.

BY T. S. PALMER.

IN the third session of the Sixty-second Congress, which convened Dec. 2, 1912, a number of bills affecting game will be under consideration. Some of these were introduced in the first session, which convened in April, 1911, and some in the second session which began Dec. 4, 1911. In the first session little headway was made in game legislation, as attention was confined to the tariff and a few other matters, but in the second session, which adjourned Aug. 26, 1912, considerable progress was made in the introduction of new measures, and in the advancement of some already in committee. Through the efforts of the American Game Protective and Propagation Association a largely attended public hearing was held by the Senate and House Committees on March 6 on the McLean, Weeks and Anthony bills for the protection of migratory birds. These measures were thoroughly discussed and an extended report of the hear-

ing was published by the Senate Committee. The McLean bill in amended form (S. 6497) and the Weeks bill (H. R. 36) were both favorably reported and are now on the respective calendars of the Senate and House. The game refuge bill (S. 6109) provides for the establishment of game refuges on available public lands and for the acceptance of private lands offered for the purpose, was introduced by Senator Perkins and was favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Forest Reservations; the corresponding bill (H. R. 23839) introduced in the House by Mr. Kent, is still in the Committee on Agriculture. Another measure (S. 6942) providing for a game preserve in the Pecos National Forest in New Mexico, introduced by Senator Catron, passed the Senate and is now in the House Committee on Public Lands.

MEASURES WHICH PASSED.

The only bills which became law were those which were incorporated in the regular appropriation bills and the fur seal bill. The bill introduced by Mr. Martin, of South Dakota, providing for a game preserve on the Wind Cave National Park, was included as a paragraph in the Agricultural appropriation bill and is now a law. This paragraph appropriated \$26,000 for the acquisition of lands adjoining the park, necessary to provide an adequate water supply, and authorized the construction of a suitable inclosure for a herd of buffalo to be presented by the American Bison Society. The Agricultural bill also carried an appropriation of \$45,000 for the purchase of a winter refuge for elk in Jackson Hole, Wyoming; an increase of \$2,500 for the maintenance of reservations for mammals and birds, and a decrease of about \$5,500 for the maintenance of the Wichita Game Preserve in Oklahoma. The Sundry Civil bill included the usual items of \$15,000 for game protection in Alaska, and \$3,000 for maintenance of the buffalo in the Yellowstone National Park. The bill carrying into effect the provisions of the treaty entered into by the United States, Great Britain, Russia and Japan for the preservation of the fur seal herd was passed in the closing days of the session and included a provision for a five years' close season on the fur seals on the Pribilof Islands. The net result of game legislation at the last session was the enactment of measures providing for two game preserves and for putting an end to pelagic sealing. Four other measures, the Pecos Game Preserve bill, the general game refuge bill, and two of the migratory bird bills made substantial progress.

MEASURES UNDER CONSIDERATION.

The opening of the third session will find the calendar crowded with measures. Already there have been introduced 35,638 bills and resolutions, of which 8,049 are in the Senate and 27,589 in the House. Of these less than one in a thousand relate to game. The House Committee on Agriculture is said to have pending before it 125 bills and the House Committee on Public Lands about 300 bills. With the congested condition of the calendar and the regular appropriation bills requiring attention at a session including only about seventy working days, there will be little chance for consideration of measures not already reported from committee
(Continued on page 800.)



Another Tod Letter.

DEAR DAD:

Kathryn's sister, Ellen, is here and she was just crazy to get out in the woods, so yesterday I met them at the station and we went down Pine Creek for the afternoon. They had a royal lunch, and we built a fire and made coffee and cooked frankfurters. These with grapes, olives and sandwiches satisfied the two girls.

I of course had my fishing rod, and on the way down I was a bit taken aback to have several persons say, 'Why, you can't catch any fish; Pine Creek is too high.' When I saw the creek I began to fear they were right. It was high and raging, but it was fairly clear, and in some places it was not too swift for a bass to live.

I tried several places, but couldn't get a rise until we got pretty well up; in fact, to the first hole below where the "Pine Creek Rapids" begin. Here there was a flat stone sticking up out of the water and below it several fish were rising. I figured out that if I could get on that stone, by careful fishing I might get a fish or two.

I went up the creek some distance above the rock and started wading down with the current. And I came down some, believe me. But I made my rock and crawled out, and after shaking myself began to fish. But the bass were further down than I could cast, so I hit on another plan. I would cast out in the current as far as I could and then pay out line until my flies would be below where the fish were working, and then I would tighten up until my flies were floating right, and then with my rod straight up in the air I would reel in and cast again. I had gone through this performance perhaps a dozen times when there was a swirl and a splash, and my old rod began to creak and bend. I was fast to a fish, and I had some fun in that water, for whenever he got out of the eddy he took line from me. Gradually I worked him up and at the end of a few minutes' fight, I had him on about twelve feet of line below me. Taking the rod in my right hand I knelt down, and by nearly breaking the rod slid my first fish out on the rock. It was a bass about sixteen inches long, a beauty, all black and cold and shiny. I killed him, put him into my basket and tried again. After a little time another big fellow threw himself out of the water, and I had another fight at twenty yards' range. I landed this one, too, and it proved to be about one inch shorter than the first one.

And now comes the part of the story you will find difficulty in believing. After killing my second fish, which like the first had been caught on the leader fly, a big Seth Green, I tried a new trailer. In place of a Ruben Wood that I had been using, I put on a spinner of my own device, a tiny disk of mother of pearl, and below it a royal coachman fly. And then I cast out into the current and let my lines float down. I paid out all the line I had and then tightened up and began to reel in. I had pulled my flies past the point where I had hooked the other two and could see my mother of pearl spinner

glinting when an old fellow rose to my lead fly. I could see him come, and I saw him take the fly and then rise into the air shaking his head like a dog. It was the largest bass I have seen here this summer, a good three-pounder, easily seventeen inches long. And every ounce of him was fight. Three times he took line from me and each time I swung him safely back into the eddy, and then coaxed him up to my rock. I had him within thirty feet of me and could see the little spinner trailing off behind when there was another swirl behind my fish, and the spinner disappeared and immediately the load on my poor old rod was materially increased.

There I stood on my little rock with the water rushing by me on either side with two fine bass fast in a little eddy below. I knew I couldn't hold them if they both together got out in that swift water, and so I played them for all I was worth.

Maybe the numberless fish I have seen you land, and the experience I have gained that way helped, for I kept them where they were safe and gradually I worked them up to the rock, and then carefully and slowly I knelt and slid first one and then the other out. The first one was the big one, and next came a bass about a foot long, both fine fat black fellows. I stood with one in either hand and rested for a minute and looked at them, and if the smile on my face was not angelic, surely it was a contented one.

I caught two more then, one about a foot and one about fourteen inches, and then I was so cold I had to quit. So I trusted myself to the current, and after getting soaked above my belt, finally reached shore.

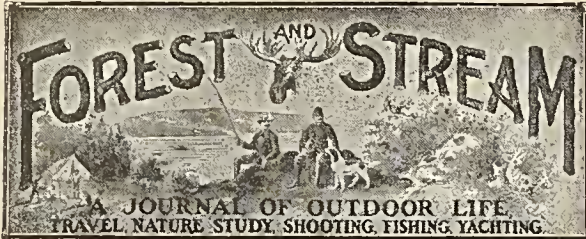
Here I built a fire and the girls cooked supper while I cleaned the fish, and then after supper we went back into the woods and looked for pheasants until dark and then went to the train and came home.
Tod.

The Rapacity of the Pike.

(*Esox lucius.*)

As the lion, by common consent, is regarded as the "king of the forest," so it may be said that the pike is king of the lake. Both derive their warrant "not from the divine right of kings," however, but from sheer brute force—the principle that "might is right." Both of these monarchs sway their subjects by fear and not by love. It is true that they have no active enemies, but this may be explained in a similar way to that of the Spanish brigand who told his father-confessor, when about to die, that he had not an enemy in the world, *as he shot the last of them a week ago!*

QUEEN MARY of England does not permit the use of aigrettes in her millinery, according to a statement contained in a letter published in the London Times by the Duchess of Portland, in which this ardent bird protectionist appeals to women to refrain from buying or wearing osprey plumes, as aigrettes are called in England.



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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL
 will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

EDWARD FARNAM TODD.

EDWARD FARNAM TODD died Dec. 16, 1912. Mr. Todd was one of the best informed men in this country on fresh water fishing. As an anglers' statistician he had no superior. He has for many years been one of the experts on the FOREST AND STREAM anglers' staff.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DEER RECORDS.

ONE by one different States are coming to realize that the easiest way to keep an inventory of game within its borders is to subtract the number killed during the open season from the number on hand at the opening of the season. It is the simplest kind of bookkeeping. We have just heard from Charles B. Clark, of the New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission, that the commission has no way of "knowing anything about the number of deer killed during the open season." It is, however, a source of great satisfaction to note progress, for Mr. Clarke says, "We shall try to perfect our law at this session of the Legislature." Every prospect pleases, even though it may have a long ride and a rough trip through the Legislature.

REASON AND INSTINCT.

ALL animals, including man, are possessed of both reason and instinct. The lower animals are of course less developed in reasoning power than man. But the difference is in degree only, and not in kind.

Many intelligent apes, dogs and ants have a cerebral capacity which, in some cases at least, is little short of human, or at all events of that of savages and children. It is all nonsense, and without any scientific warrant, to deny the rea-

soning power to the lower animals, and the merest tyro in the study of physiology ought to know that man has no monopoly of this quality.

That the human family possesses instinct as well as lower animals is shown in the many things infants do "naturally"; closing one's eyes suddenly to avoid a blow, or other injury threatening that organ; changing one's position during sleep, so as to avoid an unpleasant attitude, etc.

Then as to lower animal intelligence, it may be asked, is it instinct or reason that makes an ant organize a highly complex community with a code of laws and executive officials to carry them out, and that in a manner that men might emulate to their own advantage?

Man's ignorance and vanity prompt him to deny reason to his "poor relations" of the woods, the jungles and the fields, but in this twentieth century ideas of this sort have only an anti-quarian interest, even if they have that; and old errors, no matter how venerable, must go by the board.

OUR NEW DEPARTMENT.

THE departments of this journal are in that healthy condition where each several department editor is forever wrangling with all the others about space. Each one, every week, demands that fewer columns be given to his esteemed associates and more to himself. There is a never-ending week's end to week's end the year round clamor by the Kennel editor for some of the space he declares to be "thrown away" on the Yacht man, and the Yacht man never tires of devising schemes, fair or foul, for appropriating some of the space over which the Trap editor stands guard with a shotgun. Every newspaper man will recognize that all this is just as it should be. It shows that the departments are alive.

Now, all things working together for good, we have revived and added another department—"Archery." This sport, which FOREST AND STREAM was the first to support, fell by the wayside a few years ago. Recently its following has become so great, and its outdoor interest so strong that a medium for its exploitation was needed. By virtue of prestige and ability to properly handle the news, we were selected as the mouthpiece of the National Archery Association.

From now on, for all live news in archery, seek the department in this paper.

HAPPY indeed is the sportsman who is mated with just the right companion for a shooting chum. In such a union the rules of mathematics are thrown to the winds, for while twice one is two, and two guns may secure twice as much as one, the satisfaction two friends can get out of an excursion is ten-fold or a hundred-fold what may be given to one alone. To begin at the very beginning—and that is where the fun of an outing begins if at all—there is a deal more pleasure in planning and discussing the campaign with another who is to share it than there is in figuring it out alone. And to go on to the end of it—if the end ever comes while memory holds—recollections are fresher and clearer and dearer if there be two to remember and talk together of the field days of the past. In all these three phases of one's outing—the anticipation, the re-

alization and the retrospect—one needs a friend to share them, and by sharing each to increase it.

Thus much of the satisfaction of field sports consists in the companionships they create and foster and cement. Take away from an outing this element of social intercourse and often there will be very little left. Some of the pleasantest and firmest friendship of a lifetime have been formed in the field. Some of the friends whose absences we most deplore, for whose deaths we sorrow most sincerely, are the friends and companions of the camp and field and stream and shore. For more than one gunner, old or young, the charm of his once favorite sport has vanished, because he can no longer enjoy it in company with one whose personality lent to it its chief fascination.

Most men find solid satisfaction in showing the tangible testimonials of their luck in the field. They are not satisfied with the mere catching of fish or bagging of birds; they must bring them home to distribute to friends. This is one reason why the non-export fish and game laws bear heavily where they make no distinction between game carried out by sportsmen as trophies of amateur skill and game shipped to market by professional shooters. The purpose of these statutes is excellent; their practical enforcement results in benefit to the game supply. But there is a happy medium between unrestricted traffic and absolute prohibition of game-carrying by sportsmen. Some privilege should be accorded the sportsman, but not unlimited license, for there are those whose greedy instincts require curbing. Eastern sportsmen who go west, to make pot-hunters of themselves there and kill barrels of birds and put them in cold storage to be smuggled to Brooklyn, say, in the winter, should have their thrifty schemes smashed by the laws and the wardens.

SOCIETY dictates from year to year that woman must change her coat by fitting her figure into a new corset model. As woman, suffragetically speaking, is her own boss and unquestionably is the superior fraction of the family, we have no intention of combatting her right to alter her shape and likewise her coat to suit the dictates of Paris coatmakers. We do, however, object to fashion upsetting a standard coat as worn by the Airedale terrier. In the kennel department in our last issue appeared a letter from E. M. Post, long standing and careful breeder of Airedales. We should like our readers to consider carefully Mr. Post's contentions and write us according to conclusions reached after the reading.

STILL AT THE TOP.

AGATE LINES ADVERTISING FOR NOVEMBER.

(Compiled by Printers' Ink.)

Publication	Nov., 1912.
1. Forest and Stream	20,791
2. Outing	14,112
3. Field and Stream	11,662
4. Outdoor World	8,036
5. Outers' Book	7,952

We were going to say something about this, but what's the use; the figures tell the story.

YACHTING



Schooner Yacht Monk.

THE schooner yacht Monk was built this year from designs of J. Murray Watts, by the Salisbury Marine Construction Company, for Powell Evans, of Philadelphia. This boat is 58 feet over all, 46 feet on the waterline, 16 feet 9 inches beam and has a draft of 4 feet. She has been used on fishing and ducking expeditions on the Delaware River and Chesapeake Bay.

The arrangement below decks shows an engine room in which is installed a 45 horsepower Reeves-Graef motor, which drives the boat about 9½ nautical miles, together with the necessary fuel tanks, lubricating oil tank and work bench. The cabin is entered by a flight of steps from the after deck leading to a lobby on the port side. This lobby has a double berth in it and can be used for a stateroom. There is another stateroom on the starboard side. Amidships there is a large dining saloon 16 feet wide with

sofa transoms on either side, and a Franklin stove at the after end.

Forward of the main saloon is a large bathroom on the starboard side and a galley on the port side. The galley is fitted with a Webb perfection range, and the usual ice chest, sink and lockers. The coal range has a hot water back which supplies hot water to the bath tub and wash basin in the owner's bathroom.

In the fore peak are the crew's quarters with accommodations for three men and a crew's toilet. There is a raised hatch over the crew's quarters with glass set in at the sides where the boat can be steered from as from a pilot house in bad weather when running under power. When under sail, she is steered by a typical schooner's wheel on the after deck. This steering wheel is of the Edson screw type. The boat is rigged as a pole-masted schooner and carries a large sail spread. Owing to her great beam she has proved very stiff in the winter weather found off the Delaware and Chesapeake capes. This boat is easily handled under sail by one man, as all the sheets lead aft to the wheel.

The distinguishing feature of the boat is the large amount of deck room and the good head room in the cabin which averages about 6 feet 5 inches. The boat draws about 4 feet in her normal loaded condition and about 9 feet with her centerboard down.

For summer cruising she is equipped with copper mosquito screens throughout and has unusually fine ventilation. Large mahogany skylights, 5 feet by 3 feet, ventilate all these compartments. There is, moreover, an electric exhausting fan which constantly renews the air in the boat and sucks out all fumes of oil, bilge water or cooking, so that she is always kept sweet.

The owner's idea was to get a boat on which he could go off and be as comfortable as in his country house. As an example of real comfort, it can be seen that the double berths live up to their name, being 3 feet 9 inches wide. The bathroom is 8 feet wide by 6 feet long and the rest of the rooms in proportion.

Yacht Club Elections.

ATLANTIC Y. C.

COMMODORE J. STUART BLACKTON, of the Atlantic Y. C., was re-elected at the annual meeting. Willard M. Taylor will be Vice-Commodore, and Arthur W. Teele, Rear Commodore. James F. Allen was elected a trustee, term to expire next year; Edwin Palmer, term to expire in 1914, and Peter W. Rouse and Albert E. Smith, terms to expire in 1915. Edward L. Graff was elected as Secretary; P. H. Hart as Treasurer.

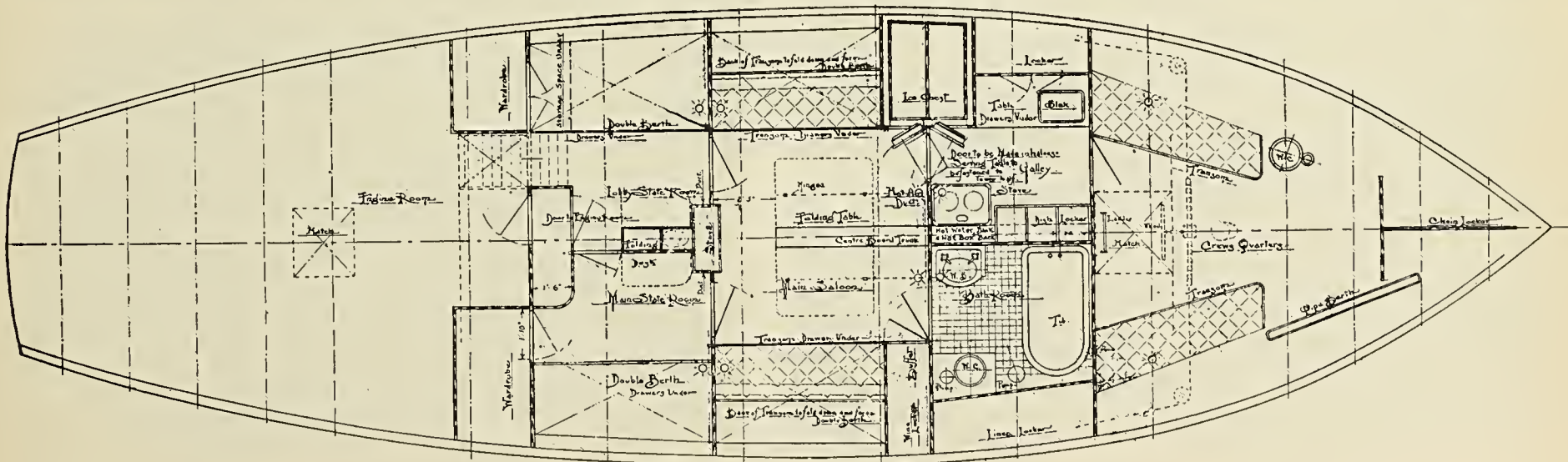
There will be three new Class Q sloops built for the season of 1913. The owners will be Commodore Blackton, Albert E. Smith and Peter W. Rouse.

BENSONHURST Y. C.

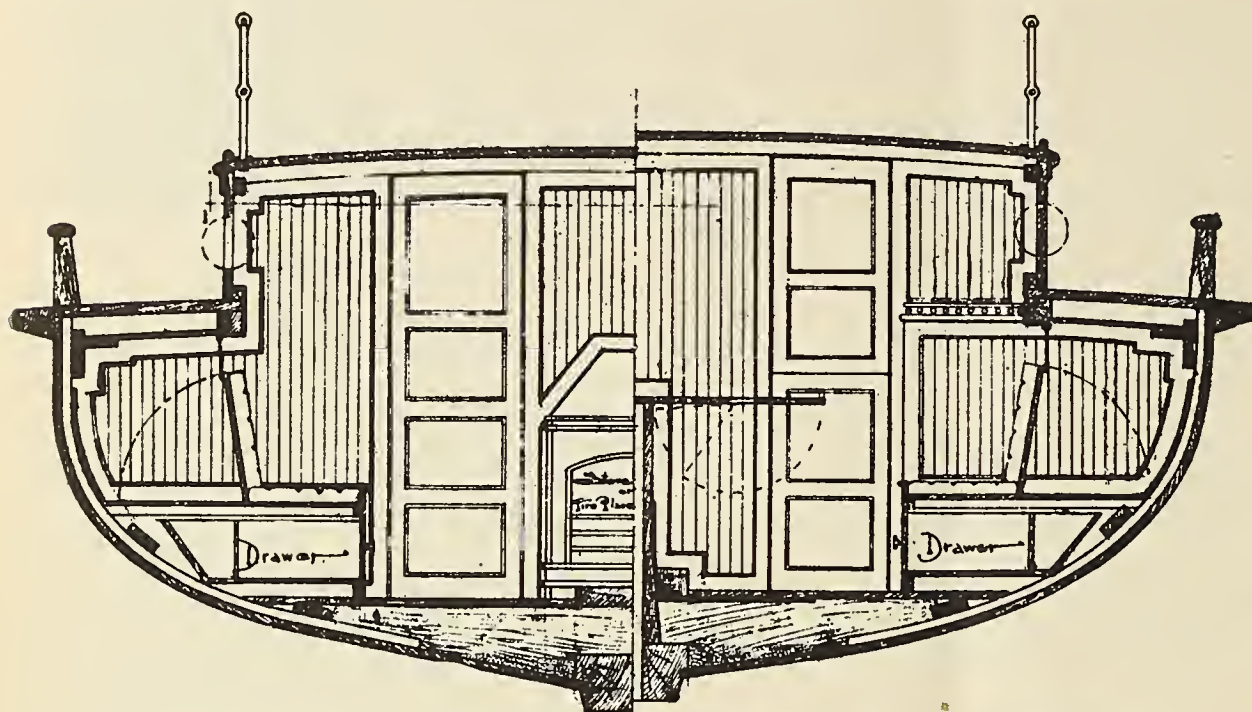
GEORGE R. LE SAUVAGE was re-elected commodore of the Bensonhurst Y. C. at the annual meeting of the organization. It was the first annual meeting that the organization has held in its new home, and was attended by more than 150 Lower Bay Corinthians. The full ticket chosen is as follows: Commodore, George R. Le Sauvage, sloop Joy; Vice-Commodore, Richard W. Hummell, sloop Dixie; Rear-Commodore, Harris A. Robbins, yawl Wahkan; Secretary, W. W. W. Roberts; Treasurer, C. H. Clayton; Board of Directors, George L. Beston, Charles H. Bassler, Charles M. Wells, Bruce Stickle, Carl L. Dingens, John W. Cherrie; Nominating Committee, yacht owners: Robert E. Dingham, Charles H. MacKrell, R. W. Rummell, Jr.; non-yacht owners: E. S. Golding, William T. Davis, William E. Wilson.

LARCHMONT Y. C.

At the annual meeting held at the Waldorf-Astoria on Dec. 4 the following were elected officers of the Larchmont Y. C. for the ensuing year: Commodore, Charles Smithers, yacht Muriel; Vice-Commodore, Francis M. Wilson, yacht Sumida; Rear-Commodore, Chas. Morgan,



PLAN OF SCHOONER YACHT MONK.



SECTION 6, LOOKING AFT.

SECTION 5, LOOKING FORWARD.

Described on preceding page.

yacht Grace II.; Secretary, Edward C. Griffin; Treasurer, Robert E. Robinson; Trustees, Class 1915, Wilson Marshall and Leonard Richards; Nominating Committee of 1913, G. S. Runk, S. T. Hodgman, G. W. Scott, J. F. Lovejoy, Butler Whiting, L. H. Spence, R. K. Plum, R. H. Halstead, H. N. Fletcher.

INTERSTATE YACHTING ASSOCIATION.

THIRTEEN clubs of the Interlake Yachting Association were represented at the annual meeting held in Cleveland, Ohio. Officers for 1913 were elected as follows: Commodore, Geo. H. Worthington, Cleveland Y. C. (fourth term); Vice-Commodore, S. O. Erickson, Jr., Toledo Y. C.; Rear-Commodore, G. B. Ford, Country Club, Detroit; sail yacht Major, H. W. Card, Lakewood Y. C., Cleveland; power boat Major, R. L. J. Wager, Sandusky Y. C., and Fleet Surgeon, Dr. C. W. Jennings, Country Club, Detroit.

BAYSIDE Y. C.

At the annual meeting the following officers were elected: Commodore, G. Waldo Smith; Vice-Commodore, Elmer G. Story; Rear-Commodore, Archibald Nesbitt; Secretary, William H. Johns; Treasurer, Frederic Floyd-Jones; Measurer, Joseph E. Hill; Governors, William Teller and James Nash Webb for a full term; Russell A. Field for three years and C. William Bergen for two years.

INDIAN HARBOR Y. C.

At the annual meeting of the members of the Indian Harbor Y. C., held at the club house, Greenwich, Conn., on Wednesday evening, the following were elected officers: Commodore, William H. Childs; Vice-Commodore, Lorenzo D. Armstrong; Rear-Commodore, A. Gardiner Cooper; Secretary, Walter A. Hughes; Treasurer, Richard Outwater; Measurer, Morgan Barney; President of the Corporation, Charles T. Wills; Directors (term expiring 1915), Charles T. Wills, John D. Chapman; Regatta Committee, E. Burton Hart, Chairman, Henry C. Pelton and Abbott P. Brush.

Yacht Sales and Charters.

MESSRS. COX & STEVENS, of New York, report an unusually active market for the purchase and charter of yachts of all types. Among their recent transactions are the following:

The 100-foot cruising power yacht Mona, sold for estate of William Campbell Clark, of Newark, N. J., to Uzal H. McCarter, New York Y. C.

The 81-foot gasolene cruiser Faalua, sold for Sherburn M. Becker, of New York, to Edwin J. Steiner, of New York. Her name will be changed to Wanderlust.

The 105-foot auxiliary schooner yacht Haida, chartered for Max Fleischmann, New York Y. C., to a prominent Philadelphia yachtsman for Southern cruising.

The 105-foot gasolene houseboat Captiva, chartered for Payne Whitney, New York Y. C., to E. Mapes, who is now cruising in Florida waters.

The 100-foot gasolene yacht Mona, chartered for Uzal H. McCarter, New York Y. C., to a New York yachtsman. She will cruise in Florida and West Indian waters and recently left New York for the South.

The 70-foot power yacht Gladiola, sold for Geo. B. Spearin, of New York, to Coburn Haskell, of Cleveland, Ohio, who will use her at his summer home at Blue Hill, Me.

The 70-foot gasolene yacht Wanderlust sold for Edwin J. Steiner, of New York, to Albert C. Middleton, for use on Barnegat Bay.

The 140-foot steam yacht Osceola, chartered for Robert Stuart, New York, to a member of the New York Y. C.

The 110-foot steam yacht Ava, sold to New York parties for Walton Ferguson, of Stamford, Conn., for passenger service. Name is changed to Manhattan.

The 70-foot gasolene houseboat Mary Anna, chartered for H. Ashton Little, of Philadelphia, to C. M. Meyer, New York Y. C., for the winter for Florida cruising.

The 75-foot gasolene yacht Achelous, chartered for E. P. Lawson, Columbia Y. C., to a New York yachtsman.

The 65-foot gasolene cruiser Mittie, sold for Henry N. Richards, of Boston, to A. C. Battelle,

of Ottawa, Kan., for service among the Thousand Islands and Great Lakes. Will be renamed Emily.

The 110-foot steam yacht Duchess, sold for estate of L. J. Busby to New York parties for commercial purposes.

The 60-foot auxiliary yawl Katherina, sold for C. A. Godshalk, of Philadelphia, to Gardiner H. Bell, Washington, D. C., and resold to Frank Burgess of Quincy, Mass., for cruising in Eastern waters.

Class P sloop yacht Corinthian, sold for Howard C. Smith, New York Y. C., to Charles B. Keeler, M.D., Norwalk Y. C. Corinthian won the championship in her class last season and will race again on the Sound in 1913.

The 65-foot auxiliary sloop yacht Mermaid, sold for Charles Soosmith, Larchmont Y. C., to a Southern yachtsman for cruising on Chesapeake Bay.

The 65-foot gasolene yacht Weow, chartered for E. E. Gray, of Boston, to a Philadelphia yachtsman.

The 52-foot gasolene cruiser Wistaria, sold for A. G. Chesbrough, Northport, L. I., to C. N. Jelliffe, of New York.

The 45-foot power boat Psyche III., sold for M. S. Bentham, of New York, to Frank B. Bower, of Philadelphia. Her name has been changed to Mie.

The 60-foot gasolene yacht Manzanita, sold for Joseph R. Grismer, of New York, to William Baker, of Chincoteague, Va.

The 60-foot raised deck cruiser Ethel May, sold for Charles Coryell, of Bay City, Mich., to John J. Harty, of Kingston, Can. Name changed to Aurora.

The 45-foot auxiliary yawl Gladys sold for G. Outwater, New York, to Harold W. Browne, of New York. Has been renamed Nirvana.

The 40-foot raised deck cruiser Arab, sold for Gardiner H. Bell to C. A. Godshalk, of Philadelphia.

The 36-foot raised deck cruiser Meadow Lark III, sold for Julian Mitchell, of New York, to the U. S. Life Saving Service for use at Galveston, Tex.

The 40-foot power boat Opitsah, sold for J. J. Harty, Kingston, Can., to Charles Coryell, of Bay City, Mich.

Motor Boating

Power Boat Race Reform.

At the annual meeting of the American Power Boat Association, which was recently held, a complete plan to reform racing methods was adopted for all competitions held under the rules of the association. In addition to revising the rules, the delegates defined the amateur status of a motor boat owner and adopted a ruling eliminating all professionals from competition in races. It was also decided to prohibit the offering of cash prizes except in deep-sea races of 600 or more miles.

The future of the American Power Boat Association under the revised rules promises renewed vigor and will make absolute the organization in controlling all competition. In adopting the new plan, the definition of an amateur

(Continued on page 802.)



Robin Hood, Bold Bowman of Sherwood Forest

An Old Story Retold

By JOSEPH JESSOP, Coronado Beach, California

ROBIN, whose real name is said to have been Robert Fitzooth, was born at Loxley Chase near Sheffield, Yorkshire, and was purposefully bled to death by his cousin, a nun at Kirklees Hall, about two miles from Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, and only a few miles from where I was born. In the grounds at Kirklees, and only a short distance from the old hall, the residence of Sir George Armytage, Bart., can be seen the grave of this famous outlaw. The stone slab surrounded by heavy iron railings bears the following inscription in very old English, but modernized is as follows:

"Here underneath this little stone
Lies Robert, Earl of Huntingdon.
N'er archer were as he so good,
And people called him Robin Hood.
Such outlaws as he and his men,
Will England never see again."
"Obit, 24 Kal Decembris, 1247."

Robin's main stronghold was in Sherwood forest, near Nottingham, where he held high carnival, robbing fat bishops, high prelates and whoever came in his way if they had plenty of money, but it has never been recorded that he molested the poor.

On the contrary, it is said, he robbed the rich and gave it to the poor, and the fatherless and the widow was his special care. It is said that his band, composed of the best men in the country, consisted of one hundred men.

His manner of recruiting was somewhat singular, for in the words of an old writer, "Wheresoever he heard of any that were of unusual strength and hardiness, he would disguise himself, and rather than fail go like a beggar to become acquainted with them, and after he had tried them with fighting, never give

them over until he had used means to draw them to live after his fashion."

Their unusual way of fighting was what was called the quarter staff, and the better the drubbing he got, the better he liked his man. In the great forests which covered the best part of the north of England at that time he reigned like an independent sovereign at perpetual war indeed, with the King of England and all his subjects, with the exception, however, of the poor and needy. When molested by a superior force in one place, he retired to another, still defying the power of the law and the Government. The deer with which the royal forests then abounded afforded our hero and his companions an ample supply of food throughout the year.

The feats of marksmanship of Robin and his men were wonderful, if true. It is said that Robin could take two arrows from his sheath and at thirty paces could cut off a leaf from a tree and shoot the other arrow through the leaf before it fell to the ground. His other accomplishments at the butts were to hit the dead center of the target and split the arrow with the next shot. The William Tell act would be nowhere compared with this.

Robin and his leading men—that is, Little John, Will Scarlet, Allen A Dale and Much, the Miller's Son, "Whose every inch of his body was worth a whole man, according to Robin's idea"—were said to have been dressed in Lincoln green, or light green, and the remainder in brown, and the foresters and gamekeepers in Lancashire and Yorkshire to my knowledge are thus dressed to this day, the headkeepers in green coats and the underkeepers in brown coats, mostly velvet. Friar Tuck was said to have been

dressed in dark gray, with an immense hood, and of course Robin's band was never complete without old Tuck. Robin's bow is still preserved, they say, at Fountain's Abbey in Yorkshire.

It was in the river near this venerable old pile where Robin commanded Friar Tuck to carry him across the stream, and where the wily old Friar dumped Robin in when he got in the middle.

The many dramatic pieces of which Robin Hood is hero, or in which he is introduced as an important character, indicate the extensive popularity of the wondrous bowman. He is mentioned several times in Shakespeare. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" one of the outlaws swears "By the bare Scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar." In the comedy "As You Like It" where on Oliver asking, "Where will the old Duke live?" Charles answers, "They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a merry man with him, and they live like old Robin Hood of England."

No fewer than a dozen lanes, courts and alleys in London bear the name of Robin Hood, and it looks as if his name and fame will be popular for all time.

And of Tuck the merry Friar, which many a sermon made

In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade,
An hundred valiant men and this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellows winded horn not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their little bugles shrill,
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill,
Their baldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders
cast,

To which under their arms their shafts were buckled fast;
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wonderous
strong.

They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the perfect craft, with broad arrow,
or

Butt, or prick, or roving shaft. At marks full ten score
They used to prick and rove.

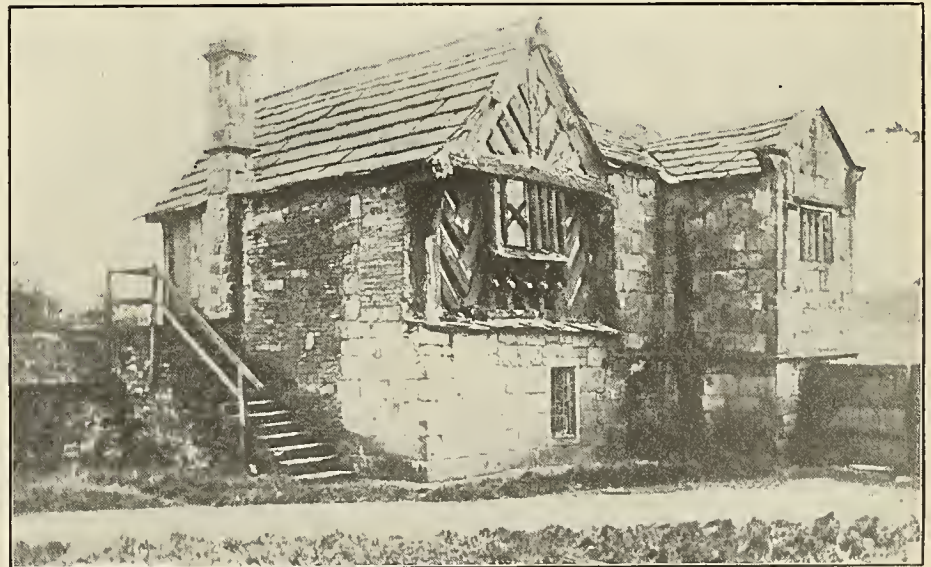
Yet higher than the breast for compass never strove;
Yet at the farthest mark, a foot could hardly win,
At long-outs, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave
the pin;

Their arrows finely paired, for timber and for feathers,
With birch and brazel pierced, to fly in any weather;
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,
The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.
And of those archers brave, there was not any one
But he could kill a deer, his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce, to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he,
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.



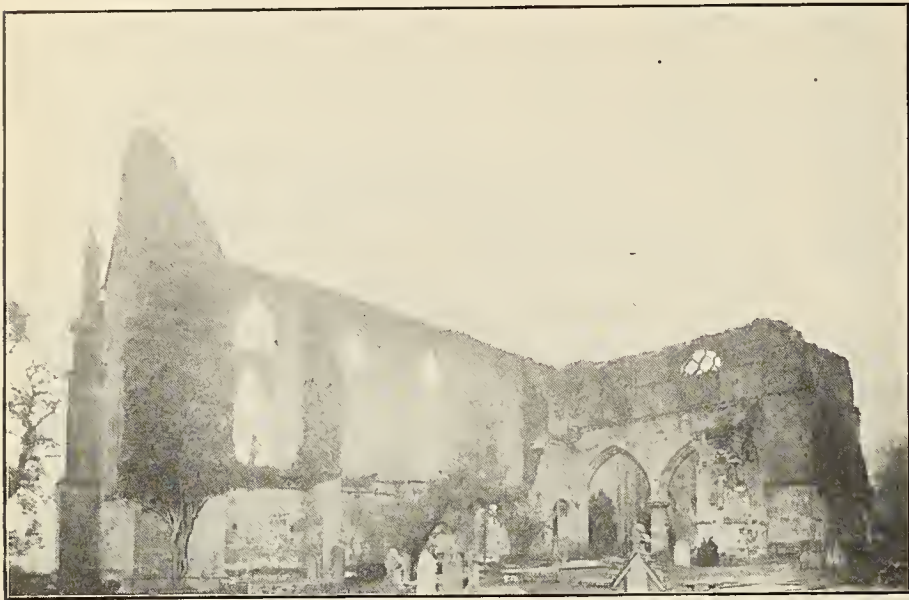
MAJOR OAK IN SHERWOOD FOREST, ENGLAND.

It is said Robin Hood slept under this tree in summer.
Hollow trunk will hold fifteen people.



FROM WINDOW MARKED WITH A CROSS ROBIN HOOD

SHOT HIS LAST ARROW, DEC. 24, 1247.



FOUNTAIN ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.
Scene of Robin Hood and Friar Tuck episode.



ROOM WHERE ROBIN HOOD WAS BLED TO DEATH BY ELIZABETH DE STAINTON.
This room has not been changed or occupied since Robin Hood's death.

From wealthy abbot's chests and churl's abundant store,
What oftimes he took he shared amongst the poor.
No lordly bishop came in Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his pass must pay.
The widow in distress he graciously relieved,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved.
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian
Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came,
Was sovereign of the wood's chief lady of the game.
Her clothes tucked to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver armed she wandered here and there
Amongst the forest wild; Diana never knew
Such pleasures nor such hearts as Mariana slew."

In Arnot's "History of Edinburgh" we are told that in Scotland the game of Robin Hood was celebrated in the month of May for hundreds of years; indeed, he seems to have been the very foundation of May gatherings and May pole dances all over Great Britain. King Henry III. sent many expeditions to capture him and his band, but all failed for the reason that every poor man or woman was Robin's friend, and he was always warned in good time of the approach of any enemy. At length the infirmities of old age increased upon him, and in a fit of sickness he was desirous to be relieved by being bled, "which was a common custom then, and even down within sixty years ago in the North of England." He, therefore, went to his kinswoman, the prioress of Kirklees nunnery for women, and particularly those connected with religious houses were at that time skilled in surgery. By her he was treacherously suffered

to bleed to death at the instigation, it is said, of Sir Roger of Doncaster, a Knight who was hostile to our hero, and to whom the prioress was attached as paramour. He was interred under some trees a short distance from the house. When Robin felt that he was growing weak and found the door was locked, he at once suspected treachery, and he put his horn to his mouth and blew as best he could. Little John, faithful and affectionate to the last, was hovering near the woods, and when his quick ear caught the well-known sound of his master's horn, "I fear my master is nearly dead," he said; "he blows so weakly," he hurried to the nunnery gate, and not being able to gain admittance, he broke several locks and at last found his way to his master's room. When he saw how matters stood, he wanted to burn down the priory then and there, but Robin would not hear of it. When Robin saw that his end was near, he called for his bow and arrows and ordered the casement window opened and said he would shoot his last arrow, and wherever it dropped, they were to dig his grave.

This short dirge that I committed to memory forty years ago describes the last hours of Robin:

His pulse was faint, his eyes were dim,
And pale his brows of pride;
He heeded not the Monkish hymn
They chanted by his side.
He knew his parting hour was come,
And fancy wandered now

To freedom's free and happy home
Beneath the forest bough.

A faithful follower, standing by,
Asked where he would be laid;
Then round the Chieftain's languid eye
A lingering luster played.

"Now raise me on my dying bed;
Bring here my trusty bow;
And ere I join the silent dead,
My arm that spot shall show."

They raised him on his couch, and set
The casement open wide.

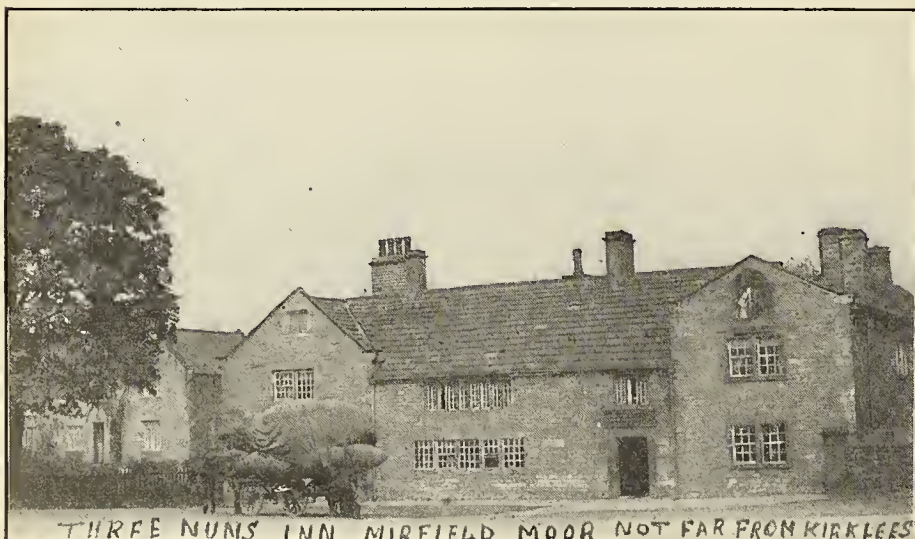
Once more with fain and fond regret,
Fair nature's face he eyed;
With kindling glance and throbbing heart,
One parting look he cast,
Sped on its way the feathered dart,
Sank back and breathed his last.

And where it fell they dug his grave,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
Meet resting place for one so brave,
So lawless, frank and free.

Very beautiful for situation is the Kirklees burial place of the bold outlaw. The umbrageous and stately woods, wearing their summer garb of many-hued leaves and glistening under the brilliance of golden sunlight, are perhaps never seen to better advantage than at the fall of the year.

The dense and variegated undergrowth of bracken and fern and varicolored grasses, the songs of the birds, the ripple of the pellucid trout stream as it meanders through the spacious

(Continued on page 802.)





TRAP SHOOTING



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

1913.

- Jan. 1.—Utica, N. Y.—Genesee Gun Club. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
- Feb. 22.—Birmingham (Ala.) G. C. tournament. O. L. Garl, Sec'y.
- Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.
- July 8-13.—Cedar Point, Ohio.—The Indians' tournament. D. H. Eaton, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Rising Sun Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot Dec. 30. The Cecil county championship, open to all amateurs residing in the county, at 50 targets, will be shot; winner to receive a gold watch fob. This event was postponed from the tournament of Oct. 16. A feature will be a special team race among Avondale, Kennett Square and Rising Sun gun clubs.

Annual turkey shoot of the Jersey City Gun Club will be held Saturday, Dec. 21. There will be eight events at 20 targets each for turkeys and chickens. Entrance, 75 cents each, targets included. Sliding handicaps, 16 to 20yds. A person after winning a turkey will be handicapped an additional yard. For the grand finish the club will give a \$10 gold piece. This will be for 50 targets. The handicaps to be the same as the last event for turkeys. Entrance \$1. To the shooter shooting through the entire program and having the highest average, the Club will give \$5. Optional sweeps for those desiring same. Two sets of traps. All practice targets, one cent each. Shooting commences at 10 A.M. sharp. R. Young, 383 Fairmount avenue, is the secretary.

W. G. BEECROFT.

Essex Country Club.

WEST ORANGE, N. J., Dec. 14.—There was a pretty even distribution of honors here to-day, although Hart, a scratch man, was in better form than other regular toppers. He won 25-target sweep, handicap with 22, beating Shanley at scratch by one rock. He tied H. S. Folsom, Jr., in December cup event with 23—Folsom had 6 free targets prefixed to his actual breaks. Goodrich, from 8, made a full on 25 targets, handicap. Scores:

Sweepstakes, 25 targets, handicap:	
A O Headley..... 4 25	J A Hart..... 0 20
C C Goodrich..... 8 21	E N Phillipi 8 13
B M Shanley, Jr.... 0 19	

Sweepstakes, 25 targets, handicap:	
J A Hart..... 0 22	H L Folsom, Jr... 6 17
B M Shanley, Jr... 0 21	C C Goodrich..... 8 16
C H Daly..... 0 21	E N Phillipi..... 8 13
A O Headley..... 2 20	

December cup, 25 targets, handicap:	
J A Hart 0 23	C C Goodrich..... 8 20
H L Folsom, Jr... 6 23	B M Shanley, Jr.... 0 19
A O Headley..... 2 22	Peter Hauck, Jr... 8 19
C H Daly..... 0 21	

Sweepstakes, 25 targets, handicap:	
C C Goodrich..... 8 25	J A Hart..... 0 17
Peter Hauck, Jr... 5 22	C H Daly 0 17
H L Folsom..... 6 21	G H Macey..... 8 14
B M Shanley, Jr... 0 20	

Westwood Gun Club.

WESTWOOD, O., Dec. 14.—The recently organized gun club held its weekly shoot to-day, with an attendance of ten members. The targets were hard ones, as a strong cross-wind caused them to take very erratic flights. With one or two exceptions the members are all new at the game, but they are all enthusiastic lovers of the sport, and before spring will be putting up scores that will compare favorably with those made on other local grounds. The range is on Montana avenue, a short walk east from the car line. Regular weekly shoots will be held on Saturday afternoons during the winter, weather permitting. J. Schneider was high man in the first 50 targets, breaking 62 per cent.; Val. Schroder and A. Kuball came next with 25 and 24 respectively. P. Ruehlman made his second appearance on the firing line to-day, and need not feel discouraged at his inability to hit 'em all, for the wind was making them some hard, and experts would have missed a lot. La Boiteaux used to be a familiar figure at the Cincinnati grounds, but has not shot at the traps for several years, and his rather poor showing comes from lack of practice. J. Conner is another old-timer, but it is over a decade since he shot over the traps; a little more practice and he will catch on to the trick again.

The club will erect a temporary house at once, and later will put up a more commodious building. It was rather chilly work to-day, but the shooters warmed up between events at the big log fire started by H. Carson.

Targets:	25	25	25	Total.
La Boiteaux	9	13	15	37
C Kuball	8	11	14	33
J Conner	8	12	..	20
P Ruehlman	2	4	..	6
H Carson	9	12	..	21
A Kuball	10	14	..	24
Val Schroder	14	11	16	41
J Schneider	14	17	..	31
F Disser	9	14	..	23
M Stopper	11	12	..	23

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT, N. Y., Dec. 14.—Weather for trapshooting was ideal here to-day, with the result that many shooters toed the score and tacked up good cards. Dan McMahon, who has been coming all year, is here, right along with Ralph Spotts, Higginson, et al., from exalted places. A. B. Alley, who though on a long handicap, shot well enough to pull down 100-bird handicap, and a trophy event. Ralph Spotts took high gun with 140 out of 150 and cabbaged the 15-target scratch event. McMahon slipped the cover over the remaining two trophy events, visitors and take-home, each on a full. On monthly cup, J. Henry returned a full score from a handicap of 3. A. Whiting and four others tied for second place with 24. J. Batterson was the winner of the 10-bird scratch with a full score, and B. M. Higginson won the leg for the accumulation cup with a full. Second take-home trophy shot for, in which nine men took part, was won by T. Lenane, Jr.

FOREST AND STREAM may be ordered from any news-dealer. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Looking Ahead to 1913 at the Traps

STAR INTERSTATE EVENTS

- Grand American
DAYTON
- Eastern
WILMINGTON
- Western
OMAHA
- Southern
MONTGOMERY
- Southwestern
SAN ANTONIO



Here is The True Guide to Would-Be Winners —not only at these shoots but at the long string of other big and little meets—from coast to coast—



NO TRAPSHOOTER HAS EVER BEATEN

1955 ex 2000

The Phenomenal 1910 Record

Made by W. H. Heer, with *Remington-UMC* Gun and Speed Shells

This score was made at Registered Tournaments, under Interstate Association auspices and is official. It stands as a remarkable example of the possibilities of skilled marksmanship in combination with modern arms and ammunition.

16 of 20 Interstate Handicaps Have Been Won With *Remington-UMC*

Start your practice *now* with *Remington-UMC* Pump Gun and the Speed Shells and you, too, will depend upon this "Perfect Shooting Combination" for the contests you want to win.

Shoot *Remington-UMC* For Speed Plus Pattern

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299-301 Broadway - - - - - New York, N. Y.

St. Thomas Gun Club.

ST. THOMAS, Ont., Dec. 6.—One of Baedeker's followers has said that when the weather in Canada is bad there is nothing so rotten. This just about covers conditions here during most of the five-day shoot just ended here. Clay bird eradicators from the upper register were here in abundance, both amateur and professional. The program included both feathered and unfeathered targets. The Grand International Handicap was won by George Beatty, of Hamilton.

Twenty-five shooters entered the preliminary events, and H. D. Bates, of Ridgetown and Wm. Ridley, of What Cheer, Ia., tied on 94 out of 100. Ridley won the toss.

George McCall, manager and W. McCance, assistant manager, had everything in fine shape, and are to be congratulated on the way everything was handled. The scores out of a possible 100 follow: J. S. Boa 80, J. R. Taylor 93, E. White 84, G. Dunk 79, W. S. Hare 65, W. Hart 84, G. Beatty 85, R. Day 84, F. Kerr 91, H. L. Taylor 84, J. Jennings 92, W. Dillon 55, P. Wakefield 83, John Broderick 85, F. S. Wright 84, W. Henderson 88, O. R. Dickey 87, E. S. Graham 79, W. Ridley 94, G. McCall 79, A. M. Smith 65, H. D. Bates 94, F. Galbraith 85, Nelson Long 83, R. W. Clancey 92.

Second Day.

Seventy-five of America's targeters broke targets the whole day. The program called for ten 20-target events, or a total of 200 targets per man; the following percentages were hung up: J. S. Boa 93, J. R. Taylor 91, E. G. White 91, W. S. Hare 72½, W. Hart 82½, G. Beatty 92½, R. Day 90, F. Kerr 98, H. L. Taylor 84, J. E. Jennings 91½, F. Wright 92½, P. Wakefield 86, H. D. Bates 90, W. Henderson 95½, O. R. Dickey 91, E. S. Graham 94, W. Ridley 94, George McCall 72½, M. Raspberry 73½, F. W. Watson 79, Nelson Long 82, W. Dillon 64½, F. M. Fay 85½, R. W. Clancey 95, J. Eberts 78, R. Bruns 87½, J. Paine 76, J. B. Stevenson 77½, H. O. Loane 83, S. G. Vance 84, G. L. McLaren 69, Dan McNeil 90½.

Extra sweepstake at 10 live birds, \$5 entrance, distance handicap: R. H. Bruns (30yds.) 9, F. W. Watson (26) 6, R. D. Emslie (30) 9, J. Coffey (30) 10, G. C. Ritchie (30) 10, R. Coffey (30) 10, J. McLaren (28) 9, J. M. Dunk (20) 9, J. M. McCoig (26) 5, W. Hare (26) 7, F. Kerr (30) 8, P. Wakefield (30) 10, J. Jennings (30) 9, H. L. Taylor (30) 10, F. S. Wright (30) 9, G. M. Broderick (30) 10, Graham (30) 10, Dickey (30) 9, Vance (30) 8, McNeil (30) 8.

Third Day.

Special feature of the third was a 10-live-bird event, handicap rise, in which several perfect scores were made. The scores: J. M. McCoig (26) 6, J. Mander (28) 9, F. M. Fay (28) 7, H. L. Taylor (30) 10, F. A. Dolson (30) 9, P. Wakefield (30) 9, J. L. McLaren (28) 8, A. E. McRitchie (30) 9, J. E. Jennings (30) 7, Bob Emslie (30) 6, J. Coffey (30) 10, H. Scane (30) 10, S. Coll (28) 16, S. G. Vance (28) 8, G. McCall (30) 9, H. D. Bates (31) 10, R. Coffey (30) 9, E. S. Graham (31) 9, J. Payne (28) 9, B. V. Covert (30) 7, W. G. Pow (28) 8, F. W. Watson (26) 7, O. R. Dickey (30) 10, F. Kerr (30) 9, F. S. Wright (30) 10, G. L. Vivian (30) 9, R. H. Bruns (30) 9.

Early in the morning the target program was started, the day's events calling for 200 targets per man; percentages in possible 200: *J. S. Boa 88, *J. R. Taylor 94½, *E. W. White 87, *G. M. Dunk 82, *W. S. Hare 69½, *W. Henderson 95½, *O. R. Dickey 94, *E. S. Graham 92½, *Geo. McCall 83½, *F. M. Fay 84½, *S. G. Vance 84½, *J. Payne 77, *J. W. Eberts 85½, W. Hart 85, G. Beatty 89½, R. Day 82½, F. Kerr 90, H. L. Taylor 84½, J. E. Jennings 88½, F. Wright 92, P. Wakefield 85, J. W. Broderick 78, H. D. Bates 93½, W. Ridley 90, Nelson Long 84, R. H. Bruns 87, D. R. Covert 89, J. B. Fick 48, Scane 80½, C. Axford 60, F. W. Watson 82½, G. Ferris 60, H. Vollans 55, F. A. Dolson 79½, E. G. Marsh 76½, G. L. Vivian 84, O. E. McGaw 75½.

Fourth Day.

The entries in the several events of the fourth day's program were large. The Grand International Handicap at 20 birds was not finished owing to darkness. In the two events finished to-day, both at live birds, and each shot under a distance handicap, the scores made were as follows:

Event No. 1, 10 live birds, distance handicap, \$100 guaranteed: Joe Wagner (30) 10, S. E. Sangster (29) 8, E. W. Blackwell (30) 9, W. Root (28) 10, R. Beatty (30) 9, P. Wakefield (30) 9, J. E. Jennings (30) 9, W. Ridley (32) 9, H. L. Taylor (30) 8, E. S. Graham (31) 8, W. Smith (30) 10, F. A. Watson (26) 7, H. L. McLaren (28) 8, L. J. Jacques (28) 8, J. C. Cantelon (30) 9, J. M. Scane (27) 10, W. Thorold (30) 8, C. Scane (30) 10, Bob Emslie (28) 6, R. H. Bruns (30) 9, H. D. Bates (32) 9, F. Kerr (30) 10, A. C. McRitchie (30) 10, J. Wetherall (29) 7, F. S. Wright (30) 10, F. A. Dolson (30) 4, G. M. Dunk (30) 9, J. Payne (28) 8, E. W. Knight (28) 7, F. Galbraith (30) 9, G. Mander (28) 7, A. A. Webb (28) 7, S. G. Vance (28) 9, S. Coll (29) 8, J. Coffey (31) 9, F. Stotts (30) 8.

Event No. 2, 10 live birds, distance handicap: Joe Wagner (31) 9, H. D. Bates (32) 10, W. Blackwell (30) 8, W. Root (30) 10, R. Beatty (30) 8, J. E. Jennings (30) 8, W. Ridley (32) 8, E. S. Graham (31) 9, W. D. Smith (31) 9, L. S. Jacques (27) 9, Bob Emslie (27) 8, J. M. Coig (26) 4, R. Day (30) 6, J. E. Cantelon (30) 10, F. Stotts (29) 9, J. Stroud (30) 5, W. Reardon (30) 9, G. Beatty (29) 10, F. S. Wright (31) 10, A. M. McRitchie (30) 9, L. McLaren (27) 9, Robt. Coffey (30) 10, H. L. Taylor (29) 9, F. Galbraith (30) 9, J. W. Scane (29) 10, J. Coffey (31) 10, C. Scane (30) 9, S. A. Webb (29) 10, Joe Wetherall (20) 10.

Fifth Day.

George Beatty, of Hamilton, won the Grand International Handicap to-day, beating out Robert Coffey, of

St. Thomas, by one bird on the miss-and-out shoot-off. Of the thirty-six who entered for the event, all were amateurs with the exception of E. S. Graham and J. M. Dunk, and neither one of them succeeded in getting away from the non-pros. John Stroud, of Hamilton, pulled off the most spectacular play of the afternoon, getting 9 birds in succession with one barrel, but falling below the high average by one. The consistent shooters were the winner, George Beatty, and Robert Coffey. Each got 19 in the shoot, along with J. E. Jennings, of Todmorden, and W. Thorold, of Ridgetown, but, as previously stated, Coffey lost out in the shoot-off.

The first 10-bird event of the day went to W. Root with a total of 10 birds. The scores made during the day follow:

Event No. 1, 10 live birds per man, distance handicap: J. Wagner (32) 8, H. D. Bates (32) 9, J. H. Coffey (31) 3, A. C. McRitchie (30) 5, J. Scane (20) 5, B. Beattie (30) 6, C. Scane (30) 8, J. R. McLaren (28) 6, J. E. Jennings (30) 8, F. S. Wright (31) 7, W. Ridley (31) 7.

Event No. 2, Grand International Handicap, 20 live birds, distance handicap:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Yds., T'l., Name, Yds., T'l. Lists scores for various shooters like J. Stroud, M. Reardon, J. Wagner, etc.

Beatty and Coffey, who tied for the honor, shot the tie off, miss-and-out, Beatty winning by killing 13 to Coffey's 12.

Much praise went to management for excellent work.

Crescent A. C.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Dec. 14.—Much good shooting was done here to-day, with several ties, during the afternoon. Leg on committee cup was won by G. G. Stephenson with 47 from a free start of 6. Take-home trophy ran into a tie at 95 between C. R. James and M. Steiner. In shoot-off James cracked 24, one more than he needed to win. Monthly cup brought three ties at 24 between handicap men. R. C. Williams lifted a leg on Vanderveer trophy with a full from a 10 draw. C. R. James cinched a leg on the same trophy by beating Hyatt in shoot-off held over from last week. The scores:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Score, Name, Score. Lists scores for committee cup and take-home trophy events.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Score, Name, Score. Lists scores for monthly cup and shoot-off events.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Score, Name, Score. Lists scores for shoot-off on Vanderveer trophy.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Score, Name, Score. Lists scores for shoot-off on Vanderveer trophy, 50 targets.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON, L. I., Dec. 8.—The regulars and a few others waded the waters toward Hart's Island here to-day, and as usual, two-thirds of the kale was coffered by J. W. Alker, he cribbing second limb on I'ember cup, Manhasset cup, and another pedestal on Yearly cup. D. E. Smith had the eye in 10 scaler, scratch event. He paved the beach with 8. Fifteen aerosaucer scratch event was properly cinched by H. F. Funke. Scores:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Score, Name, Score. Lists scores for trophy and cup events.

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 7.—The cold, penetrating wind which was blowing not only had the shooters guessing where to hold on the targets so as to score a "dead bird," but also made them hustle into the club house after snooting each frame and warm up for the next round.

Goode took the amateur honors in each event, scoring 22 out of 25 in practice, breaking a total of 90 out of 100 in the two club events, and high over all on the doubles. Silver was a close second in the two club events with a total of 89. John Boa, accompanied by W. S. Hare, were with us to-day, and expect to be out again to-morrow. Boa was breaking the targets in his same old style for a total of 96 out of 100 in the singles, breaking his last frame of 25 straight.

Stannard also made a strong finish, with 25 straight. Hare has only been at the trapshooting game for two months, but feels that he is learning fast.

Table with 6 columns: Events, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Lists scores for various targets and shooters.

Dec. 8.—While it was quite cold yesterday, the Weather Man gave us our first real winter weather to-day, when the thermometer registered 16 degrees, which was cold enough to make the shooter's fingers tingle before finishing a frame on the firing line, and they lost no time getting back into the club house to thaw out near the warm fire.

Dave Thomas ran up the high score in the practice event when he broke 24 out of 25, also being high amateur in the two 50-target club events, with a total of 89 out of 100. F. Miller, a visiting shooter from St. Paul, was a close second with 88, and then broke 45 out of the next 50. Geo. Eck took the honors in event 5, breaking 21 out of 25 with gun below the armpit. Fred Bills broke 49 out of 50 in the first 50, with Boa running him a close second with 49. John Taggart tied Boa for second in the practice event. Moore was shooting a new gun and is going to be out more regularly in the future.

Table with 5 columns: Events, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Lists scores for various targets and shooters.

Saratoga Gun Club.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Dec. 12.—The members of the Saratoga Gun Club had an afternoon's sport at their club grounds, Tuesday. A program of 50 targets was on tap, and scores in a few instances were good, considering the young gale that blew across the field. Sim Glover, of the Du Pont Powder Co., and Mr. Gates, of the Marlin Co., were the professional guests present. In the 50-target event, Harry Levingston, Saratoga's pride at annihilating clay saucers, and Mr. Glover shot a pretty race. Levingston missed his fourth and fifth and then smashed clean to the end. Glover cleaned up the club profits till the fiftieth was thrown, and that one is flying yet. The closeness of the match resulted in a match between these old-time rivals, and a 25-target match was shot by both gentlemen. Glover was the first to fall on an easy straightaway, his 18th bird. Levingston, not to be outdone, missed his 19th and repeated on the 24th. The match was a pretty performance, and was much enjoyed by the spectators. Gates broke 19 out of 25; he is a new-comer, and with a little more practice, should be a factor in the big shoots. Following are the scores:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Shot at, Broke, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for Glover, Levingston, etc.

E. C. COREY, Referee.

Sewanoy Country Club.

MT. VERNON, N. Y., Dec. 14.—The Ossining Gun Club, which won the Westchester county championship on Thanksgiving Day, was defeated to-day by the Siwanoy Country Club by one bird. The match was for 50 birds, and each club was represented by five men. Scores:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Score, Name, Score. Lists scores for Siwanoy and Ossining clubs.

Other Siwanoy members shot as follows: Hill 38, Guggenheim 33, Morgan 31, W. Thorpe 37, Bond 32, Smith 30.

By special request, we omit the scores of Haas, Hadlock, Curry, W. M. Wylie, Lent and C. Dick. L. D. HILL, Sec'y Siwanoy G. C.

New York A. C.

PELHAM MANOR, N. Y., Dec. 14.—Too many events and too few hours left some matters unsettled at Travers Island to-day. Travers Island trophy event ran into a six tie, and on shoot-off a triple tie resulted, to be finished next week. Grinnell won distance handicap; Ranney took Olympic trophy; R. L. Spotts carried away a mark on Culver cup; McMahon finally took the lid off the 100 target scratch event. The summary follows:

December cup, 25 targets, handicap:			
R R Debacher.....	6 25	T Lenane, Jr.....	4 21
A E Ranney.....	1 25	B M Higginson....	1 20
D L Culver.....	1 24	R L Spotts.....	0 19
O C Grinnell.....	2 23	W B Ogden.....	1 19
W J Simpson.....	3 23	R O Muller.....	3 19
E R De Wolfe.....	2 23	L W Colquitt	0 19
J J Brandenburg...	5 23	C Stein	2 18
J Thompson	0 23	J G Batterson.....	3 17
C W Billings.....	2 22	O C Hoyt.....	0 15
D S McMahon.....	1 22	J Herman	0 3
J F Blackton.....	7 22		

Distance handicap:			
Grinnell	19 23	Debacher	16 17
Culver	20 22	Stein	19 17
Lenane, Jr.	17 21	Ogden	20 17
McMahon	20 21	De Wolfe	19 17
Simpson	18 20	Spotts	21 15
Higginson	20 19	Billings	19 13
Ranney	20 19	Blackton	16 9
Brandenburg ..	16 19	Hoyt	16 3
Muller	18 19	Herman	16 2
Batterson	18 18		

Olympic trophy, 25 targets, handicap:			
Ranney	2 24	Grinnell	2 18
Billings	0 22	Lenane, Jr.	4 17
Debacher	2 21	Stein	5 14
Ogden	4 20	Culver	2 14
De Wolfe	1 19	Simpson	3 13
Spotts	1 19	Muller	0 13

Culver cup, 25 targets, handicap:			
McMahon	2 25	Simpson	4 22
Lenane, Jr.	5 25	Muller	4 22
Higginson	2 25	Stein	3 21
Spotts	1 25	Brandenburg ..	6 21
Grinnell	3 25	Thompson	1 21
Culver	2 25	Colquitt	1 21
Billings	3 23	Ranney	0 18
Ogden	2 23	Blackston	7 15
Batterson	4 23	Herman	1 9
De Wolfe	3 23	Hoyt	1 9
Debacher	7 22		

Travers Island trophy, 25 targets, handicap:			
Debacher	7 25	Higginson	2 23
Billings	3 25	Ranney	0 21
Grinnell	3 25	Ogden	2 21
Stein	3 25	Brandenburg ..	6 21
McMahon	2 25	Culver	2 23
Batterson	4 25	Blackston	7 21
De Wolfe	3 25	Simpson	4 19
Spotts	0 24	Muller	4 18
Lenane, Jr.	5 23	Hoyt	1 11

Scratch, 100 targets:			
Culver	92	Ogden	75
McMahon	92	Debacher	74
Spotts	91	Lenane, Jr.	73
Ranney	88	Simpson	71
Grinnell	85	Batterson	69
De Wolfe	83	Brandenburg ..	64
Billings	83	Muller	64
Higginson	79	Blackston	64
Stein	78	Hoyt	43

Handicap, 100 targets:			
Debacher	24 98	Stein	8 86
McMahon	4 96	Brandenburg ..	20 84
Culver	4 96	Higginson	4 83
Grinnell	8 93	Batterson	12 81
Ranney	4 92	Simpson	12 83
Billings	8 91	Ogden	4 79
Spotts	0 91	Muller	12 75
De Wolfe	8 91	Blackton	28 74
Lenane, Jr.	16 89	Hoyt	0 43

Held cup, 25 targets, handicap:			
Debacher	6 25	Brandenburg ..	5 21
Culver	1 25	Thompson	0 21
Ranney	0 25	Higginson	1 20
McMahon	1 25	Colquitt	0 19
Billings	2 23	Ogden	1 18
Spotts	0 23	Batterson	3 18
Lenane, Jr.	4 22	Muller	3 18
Grinnell	2 22	Blackton	7 16
Stein	2 22	Hoyt	0 10
De Wolfe	2 22	Herman	0 6
Simpson	3 21		

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 10.—J. F. Simonson won first coin to-day with 95 out of 100. His strings were 23, 22, 23, 23. His handicap was 4. Scratch man, R. Morgan, was second with 92, while H. Edmonds came into the money with 91 from 15 free ones. The scores:

J F Simonson.....	4 95	J Voorhees	5 84
R Morgan	0 92	P von Boeckman..	0 83
H Edmonds	15 91	L Schorty	2 83
A V Suydam.....	7 91	H Tracy	20 82
A Russell	17 90	P May	12 82
C Medler	7 89	P Moeller	10 80
H W Dreyer.....	10 89	W Dannefelter ..	0 70
W L Skidmore....	15 89	P Collins	0 70
W L Groll.....	8 89	T Davis	0 62
H Keller	0 86	C Bitz	0 49
H D Bergen.....	10 86		

Dec. 15.—With a handicap of 20 scalers, P. Collins won the weekly high gun to-day with 92 out of 100. Paul von Boeckman with only one free saucer, took second with 90. Dr. Sauer, who drew 2 without shot, made 89 for third lucre. It was Sunday, and the Gulf

Stream accounted for the same weather as elsewhere in the East—ideal. Scores:

P Collins	20 92	R Morgan	0 84
P von Boeckman ..	1 90	C Schroeder	9 84
Dr Sauer	2 89	H Tracy	20 77
H W Dreyer.....	10 88	G Morris	12 67
J Voorhies	6 84	L Chapman	12 64

North Side Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 12.—Three shooters tied in the main event of the regular weekly shoot of the Fort Side Inn Club to-day at Whitmarsh, before a big crowd. In a special 25-bird match, Izzy Hoffman, of this city, defeated Harry Sterling, of Merchantville, N. J., with 23 to 21. Scores of 15-bird event:

I Knowles	Yds. T'l.	29	15	H Kahler	Yds. T'l.	30	14
I Hoffman	30	15	H Bowers	27	12		
D Paul	29	15	Sterling	27	10		
Special match, 25 birds:							
I Hoffman	30	23	H Sterling	28	21		

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Dec. 14.—Two events filled the bill here to-day. The first event was for Fall trophy, at 25 targets. Seymour Crane, with a gift of 3, was winner with 24. Winslow was second with 23 from a hand-out of 5. Other scores were: Crane (3) 24, Williams (5) 22, Phelan (5) 21, Henderson (6) 23, Winslow (5) 23, Francisco (3) 22.

In two 25-target shoots Crane and Francisco tied with 19 in the first, while Crane led the way in the second with 22.

Englewood C. C.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Dec. 14.—With more or less ease the Marine and Field Club six trimmed those devotees here to-day; 521 to 517 was the bluerockeloo ending. A return match will be held at the Bath Beach Club on Jan. 4. Marine and Field team were: E. H. Lott, L. C. Hopkins, C. D. Sayre, J. M. Knox, C. M. Camp and J. H. Emanuel, Jr. Englewood team: A. B. Gaines, M. Maclay, F. Ferguson, N. Peters, C. Schultz and H. M. Coxe.



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A Winchester .22 Calibre rifle for a boy; a repeating shotgun or hunting rifle for the mature sportsman, or a light-weight rifle or a 20 gauge repeating shotgun for the out-of-door girl, will make a most acceptable Christmas present. For completeness include a supply of Winchester cartridges or shotgun shells. Winchester ammunition not only gives the best result in Winchester guns, but with all other makes.

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The results of the United States Revolver Association 1912 Outdoor Championships, just officially announced, show that users of Peters Cartridges won FIRST in every match but one, also Second place in one match, Third in three matches and fifth in two.

Match A. Revolver Championship
 1st—A. M. Poindexter.....467
 3rd—J. E. Gorman.....455
 5th—C. M. McCutcheon.....448

Match D. Military Record
 1st—Dr. J. H. Snook.....212
 2nd—C. M. McCutcheon.....207

Match F. Pocket Revolver Championship
 1st—Dr. O. A. Burgeson.....208

Match B. Pistol Championship
 3rd—A. M. Poindexter.....574

Match C. Military Revolver Championship
 1st—Dr. J. H. Snook.....621
 3rd—A. M. Poindexter.....574
 5th—C. M. McCutcheon.....570

TWO NEW RECORDS

Match E. Revolver Team Championship
 1st—Denver Revolver Club...774

These victories, won against the hardest possible competition, show that our oft repeated claim for the ABSOLUTE SUPERIORITY of PETERS AMMUNITION is not mere idle talk, but a conservative and provable statement of FACTS.

PETERS REVOLVER AND RIFLE CARTRIDGES of 32 and larger calibers are just as surely superior to other makes as Peters 22 caliber. PETERS SMOKELESS Cartridges are as far ahead of competing brands as are PETERS SEMI-SMOKELESS.

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Western Connecticut Trapshooters' League

In giving an account of our year's work of the League it might be of interest to those interested in the sport to know just how we conduct our tournaments, as there is a good deal of criticism going on in the sporting papers as to how a tournament should be conducted so the average shooter will have a look-in.

In the first place, sweepstakes are a side issue with our League, only two of the six tournaments had sweeps, and then only fifteen or so entered, so it shows the shooters of Connecticut are not shooting for the money they can get out of it, but for the love of the sport, and the good fellows they meet and a general good time. I don't believe there is a League in the country that draws as many 80-per-cent.-and-under shooters as we do. It is the system we have adopted by giving a good list of prizes arranged so all classes of shooters have a chance to win something, as it pleases most any one to take home a prize, not for its intrinsic worth or value, but just something as a reminder of the day. The good shooter is looked after, as the first prizes are always the best, and then there is a special event with a high grade gun or gold for the better class of shooter to go in for if he so desires.

The average attendance this year was 83, not quite as good as last year, which was 89 for the six tournaments. The had weather at Waterbury and Bridgeport accounts for the decrease this year.

The first tournament was held at Bethel, on May 4, with 75 shooters: New Haven, May 25, with 86; Long Hill, June 20, with 65; Danbury, July 20, with 122; Waterbury, Aug. 10, with 47; Bridgeport, Labor Day, with 100.

The scores this year were far above those of last, which goes to show the experience gained from last year was beneficial, almost every shooter this year going through the entire program.

There was much interest shown for the different trophies the League had to offer, and a battle royal ensued until the last shot was fired, as it depended on the last shot for one trophy.

The League offered a trophy for the shooter making the highest total score for the six tournaments. This was won by A. L. Chamberlain, of New Haven, with 825 out of 900, an average of 92 per cent. He kept up his good work, and won high score at the Westy Hogans, which was going some with that classy lot of shooters. W. A. Gregory, of Danbury, was the only one who had a chance with Chamberlain, as he was only four targets behind up to the fifth tournament, when Chamberlain increased his lead to 9. At Bridgeport, Gregory had hard luck, and finished in third place, with W. W. Rice, last year's winner, finishing second: A. L. Chamberlain 825 out of 900, W. W. Rice, New Haven, 810; W. A. Gregory, Danbury, 807; C. Van Stone, Bridgeport, 804; L. H. Bradley, 802. Last year the winner broke only 796.

The Du Pont Connecticut amateur trophy was the one in which the most interest centered, as there were six different shooters who won a "leg," the high score at each tournament to count as a "leg."

C. Sherwood, of Bridgeport, won a leg at Bethel with 139 out of 150; L. C. Wilson won at New Haven, with 145, which was the high score of the series. W. A.

Gregory, of Danbury, won at Long Hill with 141; L. H. Bradley, of Hartford, won at Danbury with 137; A. L. Chamberlain, of New Haven, won at Waterbury, with 139; E. G. Southey, of Bridgeport, won at Bridgeport, with 141. The conditions were that if there were any ties they should be shot off at 50 targets at the last tournament. Believe me, it was some shoot-off. The six shooters comprised the squad, with Mr. Ed. Banks, of the Du Pont Powder Co., and Mr. Funk, of the Liberty Cartridge Co., acting as referee. The first 25 shot at it looked like another tie, as every one was centering his targets. At the finish there were five 24s and a 23, which was going some. When the smoke had cleared from the last round, the scores showed L. C. Wilson, of Bridgeport, the winner, with 48 out of 50, W. A. Gregory 47, A. L. Chamberlain 47, L. H. Bradley 47, C. Sherwood 46, E. G. Southey 44. Everyone said it was the best shoot-off they had ever seen.

The Liberty Cartridge Co. trophy was won by E. G. Southey, which was for the longest run at the six tournaments; his run was 78.

The Western Cartridge Co. trophy for the shooter winning the most legs in the team race, was won by A. L. Chamberlain, he winning three of the six.

The team race was another feature which attracted a good deal of interest and was won by New Haven again this year, they winning three legs, Bridgeport two, and Danbury one.

The amateur championship of Connecticut was shot for at the Pahquioque's tournament, at Danbury, C. Howard Daley, of Danbury, being the winner.

The annual meeting of the League will be held at Bridgeport Feb. 1, when they will make arrangements for the season of 1913, which looks very good. It is expected the Hartford Gun Club will become a member of the League next year.

E. H. BAILEY, Sec'y.

Smith Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 14.—Smith gunners took a try yesterday over traps at Wiedenmayer's Park, with eleven contestants on score. Scores made look about as follows:

J C Weiler	20	19	21	21	23	19	..
W Hassinger	19	22	19	20	21	21	21
Neaf Apgar	21	20	24	23	25
A Chandler	16	13	15	21	13	17	..
J Murphy	16	18	17	20
Chas T Day, Sr.....	16	14
F Apgar	16	17	23	17
H Hassinger	13	16	19
J Wilderman	8	16
J Wheaton	16	15	21
J Rink	20

Stamford Rod and Gun Club.

STAMFORD, Conn., Dec. 14.—Stamford is a lively town, but its pull on trap gunners is none too magnetic. Only four, about the usual day's bag of trappists, were coraled to-day. E. L. Hatch won both 25-bird sweeps, first with 21; second with 23. Ten-bird event fell to R. A. Gillespie with 9 dead ones.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 15.—Eleven members took part in the weekly shoot to-day. The weather conditions were exceptionally good for this season of the year, but a strong wind, blowing across the traps, caused the targets to be very uneven in their flight, and kept some of the scores below the average. J. Schreck was high man with the excellent score of 93, going straight in the last two events. H. Connelly was also in fine form, tying with Schreck in the first half of the program, and going out in second place with 90. W. R. Randall, of Mason, shot a close race with McArdle, finishing in a tie. Many of the members will visit the Northern Kentucky Gun Club on Dec. 22, for the turkey shoot. Arrangements are being made for a series of team matches between the local gun clubs, and it is expected to hold the first match in the near future. Ed. Frohlinger has not shot at the trap for several months, and showed a lack of practice in his work to-day. Bob Ward shot a 82 per cent. clip; but this is not quite up to his mark—the wind got the best of him. Hammerschmidt was not in shape, his score being several targets less than usual.

Randall	12	13	15	11	11	19	81
Schreck	13	14	18	13	15	20	93
Hammerschmidt	12	15	15	12	15	17	86
Frohlinger	12	10	15	10	11	11	69
Ward	11	12	18	41
Connelly	13	14	18	14	12	19	90
McArdle	14	10	17	12	11	17	81
Mullins	2	4	9	7	22
Goshorn	6	7	15	9	37
L Gambell	12	12
Northcutt	9	9

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 14.—Dixon with 91 1-3 per cent., led the field to-day and posted long run of 45. Parry was in second place with 90 per cent. Shooting for the Stevens fob, an added target competition, ended in favor of Edmonson. The scores follow:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Dixon	150 137	Wheeler	120 59
Parry	150 135	*Hymer	100 90
Edmonson	150 129	Britton	100 84
Short	125 99	Neighbors	100 73
Moller	150 126	Shepler	45 24
Lewis	120 99	Swallow	25 15
*Professional.		R. R.	

Daniel Boone Gun Club.

MARTHASVILLE, Mo., Dec. 7.—The day was cold and blustery, and only seven shooters were present at the regular practice shoot. Scores:

Shot at. Broke		Shot at. Broke	
Lichtenberg.	50 46	Meyer	25 19
Wilson	50 33	E Suhre	25 12
Wyatt	25 21	Koch	15 7
Bollmann	25 22		

J. O. WILSON, Sec'y.

The Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 14.—Owing to the fine weather, and the attractive program scheduled for yesterday afternoon's shoot, the attendance at the grounds of the Du Pont Gun Club was more than satisfactory. The frosty air apparently had no effect upon the members of the club, forty-two taking part in the afternoon's sport.

The club events were the regular monthly competitions for the Eugene E. du Pont team trophies, and the open competitions for the 1912 Class C and Class D cups. The match between J. B. McHugh, holder of the State championship, and Edward Banks, challenger for the title, was also scheduled.

It will be remembered that Mr. McHugh recently won the title from A. B. Richardson, of Dover, who had held it ever since he won it in open competition at the Delaware State Sportsmen's Association's tournament on May 30. Mr. Banks challenged Mr. McHugh for the title, and afterward W. S. Colfax, Jr., put in his challenge to the winner of the McHugh-Banks match. As matters now stand, he will have Banks for his opponent, as the latter defeated McHugh yesterday afternoon in a rather one-sided match by the score of 92 to 78.

Apparently the weather conditions were distinctly all right for good scores, although the light and the haze seemed to affect the scores to a certain extent. It is clear, however, that McHugh was unfortunately entirely out of form, and what was expected to be a close race was really a procession from the start, as McHugh lost the first three targets that he shot at. In practice, Banks broke 24 to McHugh's 22, and finished his first 100 targets with two 24s and two 22s, or a total of 94. His last string in the match netted him 22, and made his total for the day 9 lost out of 125 shot at, or an average of one less than 93 per cent. The scores in the match were:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	Total
J B McHugh.....	20	22	17	19	78
Edward Banks	23	23	24	22	92

As at present arranged, the match between Banks and Colfax, Jr., will be shot at 11 A. M. on New Year's Day, during the turkey shoot, which the Du Pont Club will hold that day. Yesterday afternoon Colfax broke 94 out of his first 100 shot at.

For the Eugene E. du Pont team trophies, fifteen teams entered, and scores made with added target handicaps, were as follows:

R S Wood.....	5	25	J H Minnick....	1	23
W Edmanson ..	1	25-50	C T Martin.....	3	22-45
J B McHugh...	1	23	J H Squires.....	7	25*
A J Curley.....	7	24-47	L C Lyon.....	1	20-45
H J Newman....	5	25	R P Willis.....	3	21
H P Carlon....	1	22-47	H W Bush.....	1	23-44
L L Jarrell....	5	25*	C H Simon.....	5	19
W Hammond....	1	22-47	C Leedom	3	25-44
C E Springer... 5	24	W B Smith, Jr..	3	20	
S G David.....	7	23-47	Z H Lofland... 5	23-43	
E M Ross.....	7	24	T Matthewson... 5	23	
J J Magahern... 3	22-46	V du Pont.....	3	19-42	
J Anderson, Jr. 3	21*	A Bird	9	25*	
W Tomlinson... 5	25-46	Dr A Patterson. 3	17-42		
W J Highfield... 7	25*				
W G Wood.....	1	20-45			

*No contestant can score more than a highest possible, viz., 25.

As a result of the above contests, R. S. Wood and W. Edmanson landed in first place with 4 points each to their credit. Teams scoring a total of 47 targets get 3 points each. Ross and Magahern get a credit of 2 points each for their team total of 46, and the 45s score 1 point each.

Other scores made in the team event, the individuals not being paired off, were: Edward Banks and W. S. Colfax 24; E. E. du Pont 22, E. R. Galvin (a newcomer from Duluth, Minn.), 20; Dr. Horace Betts, W. A. Joslyn and W. B. Sturgis 19; George Frank Lord 18; Stanley Tughton 17; W. A. Casey 15, and Coleman Johnson 5.

In the open competition for the Class C cup, R. S. Wood and S. J. Newman tied on 20, the shoot-off of the tie being postponed until a later date on account of darkness. W. J. Highfield with the sterling score of 21 out of 25, made things warm for his opponents in Class D, and won the trophy without a tie.

The club is making great preparations for its annual New Year's Day turkey shoot, but all the details in connection with the event have not as yet been decided. It is promised, however, that it will be fully up to the standard of all similar events held by the club, and due notice of the particulars will be sent to the club members.

Eugene Gun Club.

EUGENE, Ore., Dec. 6.—To-day was very foggy and cold, and the duck season being on in the bargain, accounts for only eight of the boys trying their eyes at the elusive clay birds. McCormack was high with 92, while Moullen was crowding him with 91. Seavey, Koopp and Bean all waiting for the leachers to slip one or two.

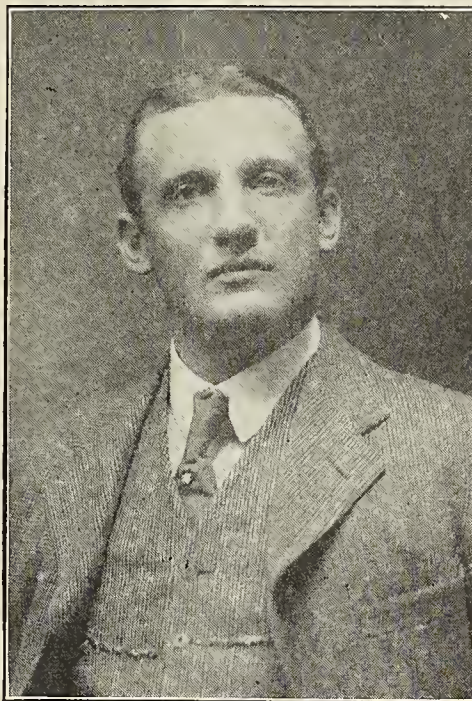
McCormack	25	24	22	21	92
Moullen	23	23	23	22	91
B Koopp	21	23	22	23	89
Seavey	21	22	25	22	90
Bean	22	22	24	22	90
Deierlin	18	21	18	20	77
Heckart	19	17	18	17	71
C Kompp	16	21	20	..	57

E. A. BEAN, Sec'y.

Medford (Okla.) Gun Club.

MEDFORD, Okla., Dec. 13.—The following scores were made by members of our club and their guests to-day. Patterson, who shot with us, is a member of the Arkansas City, Kans., Gun Club, and Dr. Taylor is secretary of the gun club at David City, Neb.

Shot at, Broke		Shot at, Broke			
Patterson	65	43	Taylor	50	39
Shanklin	100	84	Blood	55	49
Wilson	30	21	Anderson	35	24
Dotts	25	21	L. V. HARDY, Sec'y.		



H. E. SNYDER

Mr. H. E. Snyder of Kansas City, Mo., Wins High Amateur Average on targets shot at in registered tournaments in 1912.

96.36%
 1879 out of 1950



Smokeless Powders

MAKE AND BREAK RECORDS

Frontier Rod and Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 9.—Stormy and disagreeable weather caused low scores and poor attendance at the regular shoot to-day of the Frontier Rod and Gun Club. Nomination and election of officers will take place at the regular meeting on Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8 P. M. Members of the Jefferson Gun Club will visit the traps on Dec. 22, the last and deciding shoot of 1912. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	25	25	Targets:	10	15	25	25
Wakefield	3	8	12	15	W Utz	2	9	..
W O Hewitt..	4	7	11	16	Hoebel	6	9	..
G McKenna	8	14	M Ketter	2	..
H Utz	8	10	..	20	F Ketter	9	..
Thompkins	19	25	Bailer	1
Short	16					

Points won: Class A—Wakefield 12; Class C—Thompkins 19; Handicap—Thompkins 25.

Northern Kentucky Gun Club.

H. R. IRWIN captured high honors at the weekly shoot Dec. 15, with a score of 87, not quite so many as

he often breaks, but a very good showing in the strong wind which prevailed and tossed the targets about at unexpected angles. Capt. George Dameron and O. J. Holiday had a close fight for second place, the former going out with one target to the good, although the wind cut both scores below the average. Henry started out well, but failed to keep up his pace, and dropped into fourth place. A big crowd is expected at the turkey shoot on the 22d. Many local shooters will be present, and the managers, H. R. Irwin and Capt. Dameron, have received notification that delegations of trapshooters from nearby cities will be on hand. The program is a liberal one, five 20-target events, with four prizes in each event, and a prize of a turkey to high and low men if there are 20 or more entries, for the entire program. Sam Leever, the former ball tosser for the Pittsburgs, will come down from Goshen with a bunch of shooters; Dayton will send a squad; Columbus has been heard from, and other places will be represented.

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	Total
H R Irwin	17	19	19	15	17	87
G Dameron	17	18	18	17	15	85
Holiday	16	16	18	18	16	84
Henry	15	15	12	10	7	59
Wuerdeman	15	15	30



NEW *Marlin*
12 GAUGE

Hammerless Repeating Shotgun

This Model 28, 12 gauge *Marlin* shotgun is the finest repeating gun in the world. It has every up-to-date feature, perfected far beyond all previous standards, and it has exclusive advantages not obtainable in other guns.

Note these features: **Hammerless—Solid Steel Breech** (inside as well as out)—**Solid Top—Side Ejection—Matted Barrel** (as on our highest grade hammer guns)—**Press-Button Cartridge Release** (to remove loaded cartridges quickly from magazine without working through action)—**Double Extractors—Take-Down Feature—Trigger and Hammer Safety.** Price, \$22.60.

The Model 28 is a fine appearing, beautifully balanced gun, without any objectionable humps or bumps; its **Solid Steel Breech** (not a shell of wood) permits a thoroughly symmetrical gun without sacrificing strength or safety; **it is the safest breech-loading shotgun ever built.**

Our free circular gives large illustration of gun and full description. Our complete 122-page catalog of all other *Marlin* repeating rifles and shotguns mailed for three stamps postage.

Our 160-page **Ideal Hand Book** tells about re-loading all cartridges; mailed for 6c. stamps.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
27 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

Boston A. A.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 14.—Although O. R. Dickey broke straight the entire program over the McCrea, he lost on shoot-off at 25, after being tied by L. H. Davis, who shot from a handicap of 5, which filled his 50. The shoot-off resulted in a difference of only 3/4 of a target. The handicappers at Boston A. A. deserve recognition as being as good as the best and better than the rest. Third in this event went to R. A. Faye with 49 from scratch. H. W. Knights, 49 from 4, and F. Whitney 49 from 10.

L. H. Davis took a bit more glory with a full from a 5 disc draw over Sargent traps for leg on December trophy. F. Whitney made 48 from 10 gifts and R. A. Faye got place on 46 from scratch.

December trophy, 50 targets, Sargent:

L H Davis..... 5	50	F H Richards...	8	44
F Whitney..... 10	48	O R Dickey.....	0	43
R A Faye..... 0	46	M E Cobb.....	12	43
C P Keeler..... 6 1/2	45 1/2	C B Tucker.....	2 1/2	42 1/2
T C Adams..... 0	45	C C Clapp.....	2 1/2	42 1/2
H W Knights... 4	45	S A Ellis.....	2 1/2	39 1/2
J E Lynch..... 2 1/2	44 1/2			

Take-home trophy, 50 targets, McCrea traps:

O R Dickey..... 0	50	T C Adams.....	0	48
L H Davis..... 5	50	M E Cobb.....	12	46
R A Faye..... 0	49	S A Ellis.....	2 1/2	45 1/2
H W Knights... 4	49	F H Richards...	8	44
F Whitney..... 10	49	C B Tucker.....	2 1/2	41 1/2
J E Lynch..... 2 1/2	48 1/2	C C Clapp.....	2 1/2	40 1/2
C P Keeler..... 6 1/2	48 1/2			

Shoot-off, 25 targets:

O R Dickey..... 0	23	L H Davis.....	2 3/4	23 3/4
		C. B. TUCKER.		

Jersey City Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 14.—Geo. Piercy was high gun to-day, winning high average prize with an average of 87 per cent., and Dr. Groll was second with 81 per cent. McLemore won the weekly prize, a dandy carving set, with a full score of 25, counting the handicap. Dixon was high in the distance handicap with 22, and received for his trouble a classy little picture given by President Hallinger. Mrs. Vogel was over again and shot at a 76 per cent. clip, which was excellent shooting over our traps, she getting four 19s. The scores follow, in strings of 25:

Mrs Vogel.....	19	19	19	19	..
Keller.....	19	25	20	15	..
Kent.....	19	21	16	17	..
Piercy.....	22	23	21	21	22
Hallinger.....	21	20	19	20	..
Dixon.....	21	16	14	22	..
Hubbell.....	20	21	18	18	..
Summerfield.....	11	12	11	11	..
Shannon.....	20	22	15	21	11
Dr Bogart.....	18	17	19	14	..
Huggins.....	18	18	22	14	..
McLemore.....	20	17	14	14	..
Windisch.....	21	18	17	13	..
Dr Groll.....	21	22	18	20	..
Kearney.....	10	15	15	7	..
Cranford.....	21	22	16
Williams.....	11	15	15

Messrs. Huggins, Hubbell and Kent are full-fledged members now, having received their last degree to-day. Don't forget to be on hand early Saturday, Dec. 21, for the turkey shoot. Shooting starts at 10 A.M. sharp.

Rifle Shooting

Cincinnati (O.) Revolver Club.

THE fourth in the series of telegraphic team matches was shot on the Brendamour range, Dec. 11, the club's opponents being the Manhattan Revolver Club, of New York. High scores were made by W. H. Cox and G. A. Muenzenmair, 202 each, the latter making high five-shot score of 45 in his second round. Elmer Hake is rapidly coming to the front. The team has improved in each match, and will get in the 1000 class if the members continue their good work. A. H. Kenan is getting the hang of his new .44 Colt's. At practice this week he shot two scores of 49 and 48. Ten members were at the range to-day.

W H Cox.....	40	40	40	41	41—202
G A Muenzenmair.....	36	45	36	41	44—202
Elmer Hake.....	37	40	39	44	39—199
Col C F Hake.....	37	42	30	41	43—193
A H Kenan.....	39	37	41	30	50—192

Scores made by other members:

J R L Carrington.....	38	37	34	36	36—181
G E Pugh.....	37	34	38	33	37—179
Dr A A Yungblut.....	38	37	33	40	30—178
J F Stevenson.....	29	31	41	41	37—179
C D Erd.....	34	23	41	39	29—166

How Brier Pipes Are Made.

BRIER, which furnishes the root from which the brier pipes are made, is the shrub called the white heath or heather, and is found chiefly in the south of Italy, or on the Island of Corsica, and in Algeria. The shrub often grows to a large size, although only the roots are used in the pipe-making industry.

After the roots have been cleaned of the earth which clings to them, they are sawed into blocks of various dimensions, placed in vats and allowed to simmer for twelve hours, which brings out the rich brown color for which the finest pipes are prized.

Following this boiling process the blocks are steam dried for two weeks and then are sent to the factory, where they are converted into pipes. The blocks are assorted according to size by experts, are placed on shelves and kept at an even temperature for ten days. Then they are dyed and sent to the machines, where the actual manufacture begins. After the blocks have been trimmed to the proper size, the upper part of the bowl is turned, then the lower part and stem, and they are sandpapered. The finishing of the bowls then takes place.

CHRISTMAS DAY AT WILDCAT.

Continued from page 778.

slab table which stood next the wall opposite the door and lighted them. Then he drew from his bosom a small crucifix with the Christ upon it, and set it on the table so that the light would fall directly upon it. Next he threw Pierre's big bundle of fur into an obscure corner. When this was done, he took the now steaming kettle from the fire and prepared two stiff drinks of hot rum, one of which he handed to the trapper.

"Down with it, my boy!" he commanded, and set the example himself, after which he handed Pierre his rifle and cautioned him to keep quite still in his seat, while he himself took a position at the window, where he could command a view of the clearing without being seen from without. In a few words he explained the situation to the astonished young man, keeping a sharp lookout the while.

"Do just as I say, my son, and all will be right. Defend your life if you must, for your family's sake, but I have higher hopes."

Hardly had he got the words out of his mouth when he made a quick gesture of silence and caution, for he had seen the bushes opposite the cabin shake slightly, discharging some of their burden of heavy snow. Presently the dark figure of Dominique, the halfbreed, stepped out into the clearing and skulked toward the cabin door. Suddenly, however, it stopped as if uncertain what to make of the unusual illumination and appeared to drop on one knee behind a little snow-laden bush.

Dominique saw a sight that made him smile grimly; nothing less, so he thought, than Pierre sitting with his back to the window, for there was his fur cap just above the window sill—Dominique even saw it move slightly. Ha, what a chance!

The next moment the loud bang of a rifle reverberated through the frosty evening air, and the fur cap, which had been held by Father Leroy on the point of a stick, disappeared. An instant later a heavy piece of wood fell loudly upon the cabin floor, and the priest called in a hoarse whisper to Pierre, "On your knees by the table, quick!"

Hardly had Pierre had time to throw himself upon the floor and the priest to kneel himself in front of the crucifix with his back directly toward the door, when it was thrown open, and the savage halfbreed bounded into the cabin.

The sight that met his eyes rooted him to the floor. The crucifix with the lighted candles, the good priest of St. Ignace before it as if about to say mass, the man whose body he had heard strike the floor after receiving a bullet through his head kneeling there tranquilly—nay, more, all this as if no shot had been fired, no noise heard! Dominique's eyes fairly stood from his head. The priest—a feeble old man—why, he was celebrating the mass in his own church but a few hours before!

Meanwhile all was still, save for the crackling of the fire. Poor Pierre knelt in a fever of fear. He was not in a position to realize the situation, and he was prepared to get a bullet through his back at any moment, and yet he dared not move. The good priest kept his eyes and his mind fixed upon the image of the Son of Man, for the moment he was not of this earth.

Actually the situation was one of great peril.

In spite of the superstitious nature of the half-breed, upon which Father Leroy had rightly counted, the fellow was nevertheless more than half a savage, and at any moment some uncontrollable impulse might cause a terrible reaction, and the result would be murder, very likely double murder.

Dominique looked from one to the other of the kneeling apparently serene figures in speechless wonder. And then the voice of the good priest, very low and soft, began to repeat the Ave Maria. When this was finished, he began other prayers, his voice growing steadily in volume, until rising slowly and majestically from his knees, he finished the last one with his face turned toward the motionless halfbreed, and his arms outstretched in supplication to the Most High. For a time he stood there in that position in silence, and then dropping his arms slowly he said, in a low, sweet voice to Dominique: "Kneel, Dominique, my dear son! Kneel and give thanks to God, the Almighty Father, to His Blessed Son, and to the Holy Virgin, that you have been preserved this day by a great and holy miracle from worse than death itself." The man hesitated. "Kneel, I say! In the name of God—kneel!"

At the last word the would-be murder, shaking like a leaf, dropped in a limp mass in front of the priest, grovelling and gibbering, while his rifle fell upon the floor with a clatter.

Father Leroy stooped and laid his hand upon the man's head. "Do you repent, my son?" he asked softly. But the fellow was far too unnerved to speak. All he could do was to grasp the priest's hand and kiss it passionately again and again. Finally he gasped out: "You will not put me in jail—kill me—no?"

"My son, do you repent your sins, truly and deeply? Tell me!"

"Yes, yes! Mother of God, yes, I do!"

"Dominique, listen to me, for you know that I do not lie. You believed that Pierre here was jealous of you and caused you to be arrested. That is not true; he was forced to do his duty and help his superior officer. You thought he stole the big otter from your trap. That is not true, either, for the man who really took the otter confessed to me and gave me money for you, which I shall give you. So you see, my son, that you have done this man a great injustice, and even tried to kill him, an innocent fellow creature with wife and child to support."

"Pity, my Father! Have pity!" moaned the halfbreed.

"My son, the good God is ever ready to forgive true penitents, and so must I be. Receive the absolution of Heaven, Dominique! And now you have but the forgiveness of this man to beg, whom you have so grievously wronged."

But Pierre came forward before the other could reply, and stretching out his hand, cried: "Your hand, Dominique, and never think about it again! Come, shall we be friends?" And the next moment the good priest was invoking the blessing of heaven upon the newly cemented friendship.

* * * * *

An hour later, after the grand Christmas dinner of partridge and bacon and good bread and butter had been washed down with generous swigs from the good Father's flask, Pierre opened his bundle of fur before the admiring eyes of his fellow trapper.

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Wear Well, Shoot Well and Handle Well

Wear well because they are made of the best material by the most skillful craftsmen.

Shoot well because they hold the charge compactly together at extreme ranges.

Handle well because the greatest attention has always been paid to the distribution of wood and metal, to insure perfect balance and the most symmetrical outline.

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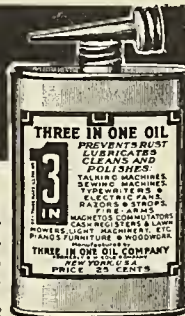
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Write for Archery Catalogue.

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"Look, Dominique," he said, "half of this is yours. Will you be my partner after this? You are the best trapper in the whole county!"

Long after the others were sleeping soundly in their bunks, Father Leroy sat before the fire, thinking of what had taken place. His limbs were stiff and sore, but his heart was warm and happy. He had saved a life and he had saved a soul.

Bird Protection Clubs in South Australia.

ACCORDING to the Education Gazette of Adelaide there were 285 bird protection clubs in South Australia in June, 1912, with a total membership of 8,250. This shows an increase during one year of 106 clubs and 3,100 members.



High Gun

AT DENVER, 1912
HANDICAP, SEPT. 10-13

Mr. R. H. Bruns, shooting his
LEFEVER

made the marvellous run of
283 without a miss.

On the 700 single targets, including handicaps, Mr. Bruns scored **683 out of 700.**

The second day of the tournament on the day's program of 200 targets, Mr. Bruns and his **Lefever** gun scored **200 out of 200.** A world's record for ten traps.

On the 500 single 16-yard target for amateurs, Mr. Bruns scored **494 out of 500.**

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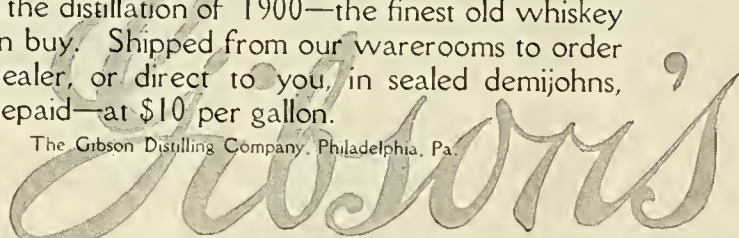
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THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE,
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This is the best book on trapping ever written. It gives full descriptions of all the animals which the American trapper is likely to meet with, tells how they live, how to trap them and how to care for and cure their pelts.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
127 Franklin St., N. Y. City.

GAME BILL NOW PENDING IN CONGRESS.
Continued from page 787.

or which cannot be incorporated in one of the great supply bills.

About thirty bills affecting game are now before Congress, but several of these are corresponding bills in House and Senate, and others are revisions of earlier bills. Thus there are three bills in the Senate and two in the House protecting migratory birds (S. 2367, S. 6478, S. 6497; H. R. 36, H. R. 4428); two for the establishment of the Peter Lassen National Park (H. R. 19557, H. R. 22352); and two for the importation of wild and domestic animals into the United States (H. R. 1303 and H. R. 24324), so that the number of distinct measures is less than twenty. Of these the McLean and Weeks migratory bird bills are now on the calendar and may come up for consideration, the Catron bill for a game refuge in New Mexico and the Perkins general refuge bill, having made some progress, may pass, but the other measures seem to have little chance for passage at this session. The latter measures include bills for enlarging

the Grand Cañon Game Refuge; establishing game preserves in Arizona, Montana and Wyoming; creating National parks in California, Hawaii, New Mexico and Washington; for the protection of game in the District of Columbia and in the Glacier National Park; for the importation of certain wild and domestic animals into the United States; and a constitutional amendment giving Congress power to legislate for the protection of migratory birds. These measures, with the number, title, date of introduction and committee to which referred, are as follows:

- LIST OF BILLS.
- S. 417.—A bill to enlarge the Grand Cañon Game Refuge. Introduced by Senator Smoot, April 10, 1911. Committee on Forest Reservations.
 - S. 2367.—A bill to protect migratory wildfowl in the United States. Introduced by Mr. McLean, May 17, 1911. Committee on Forest Reservations. (See S. 6497.)
 - S. 3937.—A bill to protect the birds and animals in Glacier National Park, etc. Introduced by Senator Dixon, Dec. 19, 1911. Committee on Conservation of National Resources.
 - S. 3948.—A bill authorizing the creation of a game reserve in Fremont county, in the State of Wyoming. Introduced by Senator Warren, Dec. 19, 1911. Committee on Forest Reservations.
 - S. 5257.—A bill to establish Mt. Olympus National Park in the Olympic Mountains, in the State of Washington, etc. Introduced by Senator Jones, Feb. 13, 1912. Committee on Public Lands.
 - S. 5286.—A bill for the protection of game animals and birds in the Snowy Mountains, in the Jefferson National Forest, etc. Introduced by Senator Dixon, Feb. 4, 1912. Committee on Public Lands.
 - S. 6109.—A bill for the protection and increase of State game resources. Introduced by Senator Perkins, April 2, 1912. Reported by Committee on Forest Reservations, May 17, 1912. Report No. 767, Calendar No. 679.
 - S. 6478.—A bill to protect migratory game birds of the United States. Introduced by Senator McLean, April 23, 1912. Committee on Forest Reservations. (See S. 6497.)
 - S. 6497.—A bill to protect migratory game and insectivorous birds in the United States. Introduced by Senator McLean, April 24, 1912. Reported from Committee on Forest Reservations, April 26, 1912. Report No. 675; Calendar No. 606.
 - S. 6714.—A bill to create the Rio Grande National Park in New Mexico. Introduced by Senator Fall, May 7, 1912. Committee on Public Lands.
 - S. 6799.—A bill granting to the State of Arizona the Fort Grant Military Reservation for an industrial school, and for other purposes (including a game preserve). Introduced by Senator Smith, May 13, 1912. Committee on Military Affairs. Reference changed to Committee on Public Lands, May 17, 1912.
 - S. 6942.—A bill to establish the Pecos National Game Refuge in the State of New Mexico, and for other purposes. Introduced by Senator Catron, May 24, 1912. Reported by Committee on Forest Reservations, July 24, 1912. S. Rept. 963. Passed the Senate Aug. 15, 1912. Referred to House Committee on Public Lands, Aug. 17, 1912.
 - S. J. Res. 39.—Joint resolution for amendment to Constitution, giving Congress power to protect migratory birds. Introduced by Senator McLean, June 29, 1911. Committee on Judiciary.
 - H. R. 36.—A bill to protect migratory game birds of the United States. Introduced by Mr. Weeks, April 4, 1912. Reported by Committee on Agriculture (H. Rept. 680), May 9, 1912.
 - H. R. 1303.—A bill to import wild and domestic animals into the United States. Introduced by Mr. Broussard, April 4, 1911. Committee on Agriculture. (See H. R. 24324.)
 - H. R. 4428.—A bill to protect migratory wildfowl in the United States. Introduced by Mr. Anthony, April 12, 1911. Committee on Agriculture.
 - H. R. 8393.—A bill for the protection of wild animals in the Coronado National Forest. Introduced by Mr. Cameron, May 2, 1911. Committee on Public Lands. Provides for the establishment of a game refuge in the Coronado National Forest, Arizona.
 - H. R. 8634.—A bill to amend the laws for the protection of birds, game and fish in the District of Columbia. Introduced by Mr. Johnson, of Kentucky, May 4, 1911. Committee on the District of Columbia.
 - H. R. 8771.—A bill for the protection and preservation of game and for the prevention of its sale during certain closed seasons in the District of Columbia. Introduced by Mr. Kopp, May 5, 1911. Committee on the District of Columbia.
 - H. R. 11612.—A bill to establish a National Park (at a cost not to exceed \$50,000, and to be known as the Kilauea National Park) in the Territory of Hawaii. Introduced by Mr.

Kalaniana'ole, June 14, 1911. Committee on Territories.

H.R. 12532.—A bill to establish Mt. Olympus National Park in the Olympic Mountains in the State of Washington, and for other purposes. Introduced by Mr. Humphrey, July 15, 1911. Committee on Public Lands.

H.R. 19557.—A bill to establish Peter Lassen National Park, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, California. Introduced by Mr. Raker, Feb. 6, 1912. Committee on Public Lands. (See H.R. 22352.)

H.R. 22352.—A bill to establish the Peter Lassen National Park in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in the State of California, etc. Introduced by Mr. Raker, March 26, 1912. Committee on Public Lands.

H.R. 22353.—A bill to set apart certain lands in the State of California as a public park, to be known as the Mt. Shasta National Park, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in the State of California, etc. Introduced by Mr. Raker, March 26, 1912. Committee on Public Lands.

H.R. 22332.—A bill to establish the Lake Tahoe National Park in the States of California and Nevada, etc. Introduced by Mr. Knowland, April 3, 1912. Committee on Public Lands.

H.R. 23839.—A bill for the protection and increase of State game preserves. Introduced by Mr. Kent, April 27, 1912. Committee on Agriculture.

H.R. 24324.—A bill to import wild and domestic animals into the United States. Introduced by Mr. Broussard, May 9, 1912. Committee on Agriculture.



KENNEL



Game Dogs and their Ways.

BY W. R. GILBERT.

PECULIARITIES among sporting dogs can be instanced and multiplied to any extent, viz.: dogs refusing to bring woodcock, gray squirrels and the English starling, but after all there are very few dogs but will respond to judicious training and will retrieve anything he has been educated on.

With a pretty long experience of game dogs I am of opinion there is just as much room for wonder at the way some dogs go to work in finding their game as in the peculiarities of others in retrieving it. Most pointers and setters will "acknowledge" a meadow lark, and indeed will often "set" it stiff as if it were a snipe or quail.

I was training four young setters some years ago, and when they came on meadow larks' "spoon" they at once "acknowledged." At least, I should say that three of them did so, for as a matter of fact the fourth never took any notice of meadow larks all through his life. Now, here were four young dogs, all of the same litter: Three of them showed the natural disposition to "acknowledge" and even "set" larks. The fourth never from infancy to old age took any notice of them. Can anyone explain this? At another time I had three curly-coated Irish water spaniels; two of them turned out excellent in all respects, but the third was both gun shy and water shy. Fancy a pure bred Irish water spaniel being afraid of the water! He never could be tempted into it, and never could be cured of gun shyness. On land he would fetch and carry anything shown him, but fire a shot, and he made a bee line for home. Into the water he would not go, so after keeping him for a time as a curiosity, I got rid of him. He went to his grave, still possessed of his repugnance to water and gunpowder.

In some countries and districts I have been in, pointers are used instead of setters because they are considered steadier and stancher on game than setters.

One of the best pointers I ever came across was in Ireland, but even this animal had peculiarities; his particular idiosyncrasy lay in the ability of the shooters or rather in the want of it. Possibly the dog argued that it was his place to find the game, and the shooter's place to kill it; but at any rate, if he was fired over and the game missed, he was off home as fast as he could lay his legs to the ground. Granted for argument's sake that dogs will get careless

and indifferent to searching for game if the shooting is bad, I think all the same there are not many instances on record of a pointer behaving splendidly up hill the time somebody missed a couple of shots and then suddenly making off home. I once owned a dog—a red setter—that never would "back" under any circumstances. He would quarter his ground, find and sit as steady as a rock; but if his companion happened to find and sit, he at once rushed in instead of backing and thus spoil everything. No amount of chastisement had any effect. He simply would not "back" and that ended it. Again, in a country where mixed game predominates, in Ireland, for instance, where a pheasant or partridge or a grouse or a snipe may be your next mark, it is very interesting to note the likes and dislikes of some dogs as to game. Grouse are not by any means prime favorites with certain dogs, and I knew certain dogs that had been used for partridge shooting in England and taken on to a Scotch grouse moor that would not set or point at all until much valuable time had been lost in practically training them over again. I can go further even than this, and can call to mind at least two pointers that would not "point" grouse, under any circumstances, and never could be made to do so, for grouse are dark-fleshed and peculiar as to odor just as woodcock are, and like as some dogs will not touch the latter, so some are averse to the former.

There are few men of life-long experience with game dogs who could not relate some interesting details of temperament and nature among their canine friends, and I am sure that some useful knowledge of game dogs might be gained if these experiences were recorded. Anyway, they would be far more interesting than a lot of the stuff that is constantly written in regard to sport.

Winter Conditions in Ireland.

WINTER privations, as known in England, seldom assail Irish game. Even in the extreme north of the island spells of frost rarely last long, and it is not often one sees the whole countryside frost-bound. Snow falls, it is true, but does not lie long, and much of it melts while falling or immediately on reaching the ground. As long as the earth is not all covered up, feathered game is able to obtain food, and kill birds when you may, each one is invariably in first-rate condition. Although the Noxious Weeds Act is being somewhat strictly enforced the country is still "weedy old Ireland" and dock, thistle, and nettle seed heads stand above the snow to provide food for all birds.—*Shooting Times.*

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POWER BOAT RACE REFORM.

Continued from page 790.

as laid down by the Amateur Athletic Union and other amateur organizations was accepted.

The appointment of a racing commission of three members of the organization is important in cleaning up the now demoralized sport. Wildcat races will be eliminated and an effort will be made to prevent bogus records through official certification of short courses.

Special races were authorized and penalties prescribed for entries at unofficial and unauthorized races where national records are sought. Nautical miles will be the official designation of the association instead of statute miles. A sliding scale for cruisers will be determined according to the breadth and length. This will rule out boats which heretofore have raced in cruising classes, when in reality they were speed boats.

The definition of an amateur, as adopted by the association, follows:

"An amateur in power boating is one who participates for sport as distinct from gain; one who acquires nautical experience through the love of sport, rather than through necessity or the hope of gain. No person who follows the sea as a means of livelihood, or who has accepted remuneration for service in handling or serving on a yacht or power boat, except as a cash prize, shall be considered an amateur."

Under no circumstance will a boat steered by any other than an amateur be eligible for a certificate.

982 Motor Boat Accidents.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—There has been an increase in the number of motor boat accidents in the last year, according to the annual report of S. L. Kimball, general superintendent of the lifesaving service in his annual report made public to-day. A total of 982 accidents were reported from lifesaving stations last year. The boats involved carried 3,221 persons and were valued at \$1,525,887.

While a much larger number of disasters were reported last year than in any previous year, only sixteen lives were lost out of a total of 7,193 persons on board the 1,730 vessels which suffered accident. All these vessels except fifty-nine were aided by the lifesaving service. The total estimated value of the vessels and cargoes was \$13,248,305, of which amount \$2,093,135 represents the value of property lost.

Mr. Kimball attributes a large measure of the success of his service to the motor lifesaving boats now used. Of 3,678 persons brought ashore 2,669 were carried in power boats. The net expenditures for the maintenance of the service last year amounted to \$2,346,861.

Canoeing**New York C. C.**

THE forty-first annual meeting of the New York C. C. was held at the Astor Hotel on Dec. 12. The following ticket was elected: Commodore, E. A. Bennett; Captain, S. R. Church; Measurer, H. M. Humphryes; Secretary, A. Rossa; Trustee (three years), A. M. Barnes; Trustee of Sinking Fund, B. V. R. Speidel;

Auditing Committee, W. Gould and E. H. Patrick.

It was decided to accept the international challenge for the sailing canoe trophy from the Gananoque Canoe and Motor Boat Club of Gananoque, Ont., Canada, and the races for same will probably be held in July next off the club house on Gravesend Bay in the lower harbor.

ROBIN HOOD, THE BOLD BOWMAN OF SHERWOOD FOREST.

Continued from page 792.

and, well-kept park land, all combine to make up a scene at once pleasing to the eye and delightfully refreshing to the senses, and Sir George Armytage deals kindly and with a reverent care with the historic landmarks of his fine old estate.

Archery in Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* W. H. Wills, an enthusiastic archer of New York, was with us during the week and divided his time between the convention of the warehouse men at the Hotel Schenley and the various bowmen of the vicinity.

A match between Mr. Wills and Mr. G. W. Postgate, arranged for Saturday afternoon, afforded much entertainment for those who witnessed it.

The New Yorker was handicapped by having to use a strange outfit and also by the Pittsburgh atmosphere, which seems to have a peculiar effect upon visitors, especially those attending conventions in the vicinity of the P. F. F. and the Schenley Hotel.

Mr. Postgate was behind in the race until the beginning of the last twenty-four arrows, when by a strong recovery he finished in the lead. The scores:

Ninety-six arrows, 60yds.:										
G. W. Postgate...	15	57	17	65	15	61	19	93	66	276
W. H. Wills.....	17	58	17	73	14	64	13	51	58	246

Mr. Wills attributes his low score to lack of practice, having done no shooting since the Boston tournament in August, when he finished in second place.

The scores of the archers shooting on the other targets were as follows in total:

Ninety-six arrows, 60yds.:					
Jas. C. Patch.....	31	113	H. Anceduk	20	60
T. R. Hartley.....	29	111	O. L. Hertig.....	91	475

A good many archers were away on hunting trips which accounts for the small number present.

Mr. Wills and Mr. Postgate will in all probability shoot a second match in the near future. Mr. Postgate is quite willing to allow his opponent to use tackle with which he is familiar, but positively insists that the race be shot under the same atmospheric conditions as those prevailing on Saturday afternoon. O. L. HERTIG.

A Correction.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The scores of Thanksgiving day shoot, as published in the issue of Dec. 14, should not have been headed "Boston Archery Scores," as they contained all the scores at that time sent to the National Secretary, and were intended to show after each archer's name the place at which he shot, which information was omitted by the publisher. G. P. BRYANT.

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CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Thanksgiving scores for 1912 have been published or soon will be. I inclose those made thirty years ago. It will be interesting to compare the two, and also to note that the names of a few of those who shot so long ago are familiar to the archers of the present time.

EDWARD B. WESTON.

THANKSGIVING DAY SCORES—1882.

Battle Creek, Mich.—96 arrows at 60yds.:
Hits. Score
C. C. Beach..... 89 431 A. M. Phillips... 73 329
F. E. Perry..... 79 355 P. S. De Graff... 85 353
Eaton, O.—Mercury at freezing point and a brisk wind across the range:
R. Williams, Jr... 94 556 Chas. H. Moore.. 62 272
Dr. P. Webb 78 390

Rochester, N. Y.—Weather fine, light wind, snow a foot deep:
C. Williams 69 267 W. R. Lansing... 49 199
F. N. Beach..... 52 208 Elliott Barnes ... 28 92
Mr. Barnes shot for the first time last September.

Cincinnati, O.—Brisk, cold wind; mercury, 36:
Hits. Score. Golds.
W. A. Clark..... 94 602 27

Single Columbia round:
50yds. 40yds. 30yds. Total.
H. S. H. S. H. S. H. S.
Mrs. F. F. George..... 23 123 24 164 24 184 71 471
Mrs. H. W. Pollock..... 21 97 24 128 23 147 68 372
Mrs. C. S. Woodruff..... 15 83 20 84 24 124 57 291

San Francisco, Cal.:
Hits. Score Hits. Score
I. P. Allen..... 92 494 E. F. Murray.... 80 352
G. W. Kinney.... 79 353 J. F. Sterling.... 49 179

Galesburg, Ill.—Crust of snow upon the ground; strong, cold, raw wind:
T. R. Willard..... 95 483

Cortlandt, N. Y.—Brisk wind, light snow falling; snow 8 inches deep:
F. O. Hyatt 96 530

Washington, D. C.—Clear, blustering wind, cold:
L. W. Maxson..... 75 345
New York archers did not shoot, weather preventing.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Scoring by points illustrated, Columbia round championship contest, Boston, 1912. Three highest scores:

	50yds.	40yds.	30yds.	Total.
	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.
Mrs. Witwer-Taylor.....	18 84	23 119	24 178	65 381
	21 97	22 142	23 167	66 406
	29 181	45 261	47 345	131 787
Miss M. A. Brownell...	21 75	21 113	23 147	65 335
	17 71	23 129	23 159	63 359
	38 146	44 242	46 306	128 694
Miss J. V. Sullivan.....	20 100	22 96	24 146	66 342
	21 87	20 92	24 130	65 309
	41 187	42 188	48 276	131 651

Points:

	Mrs. Taylor.	Miss Brownell	Miss Sullivan
Total score	2	0	1
Total hits	1	0	1
50yds. score	0	0	1
50yds., hits	0	0	1
40yds., score	1	0	0
40yds., hits	1	0	0
30yds., score	1	0	0
30yds., hits	0	0	1
	6	0	4

Mrs. Witwer-Taylor won the Columbia round championship with 6 points to Miss Sullivan's 4.

Miss Brownell led Miss Sullivan 43 in score, but did not get a fraction of a point.

If Miss Sullivan had made four more whites at 40 yards, which would not have made her shooting even ordinarily good, she would have taken the point for hits at 40 yards, the 2 points for gross hits, and the championship with 6 points to 4 points.

And yet Mrs. Witwer-Taylor's score would have been 132 higher than Miss Sullivan's. We wish someone would explain the righteousness of the point system of scoring.

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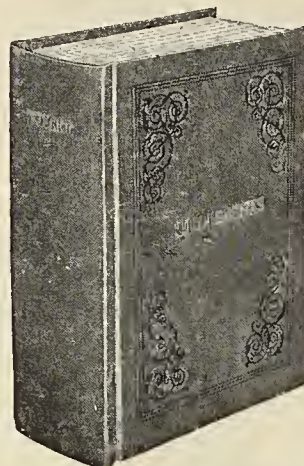
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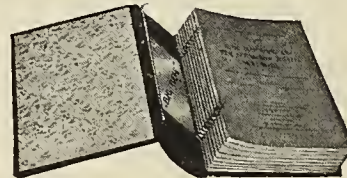


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My Sixty Years on the Plains, Trapping, Trading and Indian Fighting.

By W. T. Hamilton ("Bill" Hamilton). With 8 full-page illustrations by Chas. M. Russell. New York. Cloth. 223 pages. Price, \$1.50.

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California Associated Societies for the Conservation of Wild Life.

REPRESENTATIVES from the following organizations met recently in the rooms of the Sierra Club, 402 Mills Building, San Francisco, for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization to unify work in behalf of a wise conservation policy with regard to the wild life of the State of California: Sierra Club, Tamalpais Conservation Club, State Humane Association of California, Cooper Ornithological Club, Paleontological Society of the Pacific Coast, Biological Society of the Pacific Coast, San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, California Academy of Sciences and California State Audubon Society. The nine societies here listed constitute the charter members of the new organization. The Associated Societies is thus inaugurated with a membership of more than 9,000 persons in different parts of the State, including many persons of considerable influence along game legislation lines.

A constitution was adopted and Mr. William F. Bade, director of the Sierra Club, was elected president and W. P. Taylor, of the Cooper Ornithological Club, Secretary.

Others prominent in the organization of the new Associated Societies are: John W. Mailiard, California Academy of Sciences; J. Grinnell, Director California Museum of Vertebrate Zoology; Prof. L. L. Burlingame, of Stanford University; J. H. Cutter, President of the Tamalpais Conservation Club; Matthew McCurrie, Director of the State Humane Association of California; Bruce Martin, of the Paleontological Society, and W. Leon Dawson, author of ornithological works.

The following are some of the reasons for the organization of this large California Associated Societies for the conservation of wild life:

(1) Several species of California birds and mammals are now approaching extinction, as the woodduck, land otter and California condor; others are already practically extinct, as the white-tailed kite and Southern sea otter; still others are altogether gone, as the Columbian sharp-tailed grouse, trumpeter swan and grizzly bear.

(2) Every species of game bird and mammal within the State, with the possible exception of quail in certain localities, is decreasing in numbers.

(3) Multiple additions to the numbers and effectiveness of the army of wild life destruction are continually taking place, and as civilization advances, an army of occupation keeps crowding more and more the native species of birds and mammals.

Objects to be subserved by the California Associated Societies are as follows, particular attention being called to the fact that it will constitute an efficient aid to the securing for San Francisco in 1915 an International Congress for the conservation of wild life:

(1) It will serve to fix the attention of the members of the constituent societies on the great necessity for immediate action if we are to save what remains of our native fauna.

(2) It will operate so that a solid front may be presented when, during the coming legislative session, measures concerning wild life are introduced. Great possibilities of effectiveness

undoubtedly pertain to a non-political organization of this type.

(3) It will be able to give its aid to national problems in the conservation of natural resources, especially wild life.

(4) It will give to each society concerned something of the viewpoint of the others along conservation lines.

(5) It will tend to draw the recognition of legislators of the State to the fact that the welfare of the wild life is of interest and concern, not only to the comparatively small element in the State constituted by the sportsman, but also to the comparatively large element represented by the average citizen, nature student, farmer and scholar, which element has hitherto had little recognition at the hands of the legislators.

(6) It will constitute an efficient aid to the securing for California in 1916 of an International Congress for the conservation of wild life.

Among the recommendations made were:

1. A law prohibiting the sale in California of any American-killed wild game, except jack rabbits.

2. A law prohibiting the use of automatic "pump" guns and silencers.

3. The abolition of the game districts as at present outlined within the State, and if necessary a redistricting according to life zones and faunal areas.

4. A law providing for the establishment of State game refuges.

5. A law providing for the breeding of game in captivity, and the sale of such game under license.

6. A law placing the assistants and game wardens of the Fish and Game Commission on a civil service basis.

7. Discouragement of county game laws except where a county desires to extend restrictive measures and encouragement of a strong centralized administration of game laws by the State Fish and Game Commission.

8. The shortening of the season on certain game birds and the placing of certain birds now considered game birds on the protected list.

9. Reduction of the bag limit on certain game birds.

10. A law providing for the protection of the bear, raccoon, mink, badger, marten, fisher, otter, red fox, wolverine, skunk and ring-tailed cat during all seasons except during the winter when their fur is prime, the seasons to be determined on the basis of the facts of the case in the different species, provision to be made in the law permitting the killing of these mammals by the owner or tenant of any premises when found doing damage. Cases of this necessary killing to be reported to the State Fish and Game Commission.

These measures the California Associated Societies intends to fight for during the next legislative session. Perhaps the most important one is the "no-sale of American-killed wild game" law, which would unquestionably be a most efficient measure in favor of game protection. A tremendous advance in wild life conservation was marked by the passage of a law of this kind in the State of New York, the fight being led by Dr. W. T. Hornaday against a powerful lobby in opposition. California still allows the sale in the market of ducks, geese and rabbits, all of which species are rapidly decreasing in numbers.

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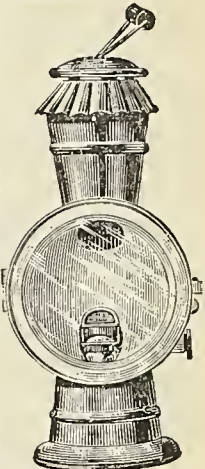


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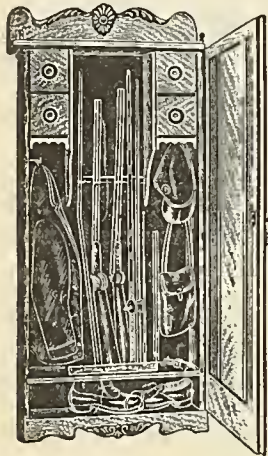
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1912.

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127 Franklin St., New York.

Up the Opeongo

By T. M. TOBIN

Photographs by the Author.

WE paddled into McDougall Lake, Don and I, having left Scott and Comstock, our companions, at the outlet where a stretch of rapids so strongly suggested brook trout that they could not break away from the charm of rushing waters without casting a line among the boulders. While waiting for them, we dropped out the deep trolling spoon and leisurely circled the lower bay, and when our companions overtook us, three fine salmon-trout were ready as a surprise for our fishless friends.

McDougall is a remarkably attractive little lake about four miles long and a mile wide. It has several deep bays, and the picturesque shores are bold, rising to high elevations in many places and all well wooded to the water's edge. Skirting the right shore to about midway of the lake we found a fine shelter hut diagonally opposite the mouth of the Opeongo River. It was well up from the shore, with a primitive breakwater in front, which the Government rangers had made by felling a big pine tree at the water's edge. This enormous pine, extending well out upon the lake, its butt resting securely on the bank, and its top branches gripping the bottom like stays, will serve for many years breaking the waves kicked up by a northwest wind, and for making a snug harbor and safe landing for canoes.

The cabin, clean, bright and inviting with spacious bunks, cushioned with balsam boughs, had an atmosphere of quiet welcome, and we gladly accepted the hospitality. Nearby, under the shadow of some rocks, was a splendid spring of cold water from which a little stream babbled merrily to the lake. During our many outings in Algonquin Park, this McDougall spring was the clearest, coldest and best of any we found.

It was a hungry crowd that gathered around the pine table that evening, and made away with two frying-pans of salmon-trout, well browned with corn meal, a lot of hot biscuit and some fragrant black tea.

We passed a few delightful days at this place, catching salmon-trout aplenty, enjoying the comfortable quarters, the restful seclusion of the wilderness, and the picturesque scenery. A flock of Canadian jays, or moose birds, noiselessly fluttered into our "front yard" one morning, with the rising sun, in a surprisingly fearless and friendly manner, to gather up food scraps. These hardy birds are quite common in that region. Fire rangers and guides speak of the bird as "Whiskey John," which is said to be a corruption of the Indian name "Wis-ka-tjon." It is

a handsome bird, larger than the robin, a silent graceful flyer, and the way they circled over our heads and then glided to the ground for crumbs almost at our feet was a pleasing revelation to us. The upper parts of the bird are gray, darkest on the wings and tail. Back of the head and nape of the neck almost black; forehead, throat and neck white with a few white tips on

turned without the least show of fear and with the greatest deliberation walked back into the scrub brush. Then the canoe floated while we discussed the picture we had seen, and all about a dandy camera we had left in camp. Soon we noticed a slight agitation of the foliage and the tips of a pair of eight-pronged antlers appeared among the leaves, and we knew unsatisfied curi-



THE AUTHOR ON THE BREAKWATER.

wings and tail; underneath lighter gray; tail long and plumage fluffy.

Just before sundown Don and I paddled across the lake and into the west bay in search of the mouth of Opeongo River, in order that there might be no delay in an early start next morning on our journey up the river to bigger waters. The lake was like a mirror and flooded with a brilliant sunset that streamed over the distant hilltops. When well in the bay we saw a big eight-pronged buck on a stretch of sand beach, the fringe of thick foliage in the background making a rare picture, a striking reproduction of a print I had often admired. Noiselessly, with never a word, we drove the canoe straight for him, and he stood there, not scenting us, head high in air, with curiosity manifest in poise and look. Quietly we drew nearer and nearer, and when a few rods away, the buck

osity had drawn the owner back. Loath to break the charm of confidence, we silently passed on, but as long as we could see the spot, the antlers appeared fixed in the foliage.

At seven in the morning our canoes headed sharply for Opeongo. Our outfit, after several seasons of roughing it, had narrowed down to just three packages for each canoe while traveling, with not a single loose thing except the paddles. In this way portages were made with no loss of time, and we never missed an article. We have followed others, however, over trails blazed with carelessness, picking up fishing rods, an axe and all sorts of useful and necessary things, even to a tump line. Here is our method: A waterproof duffle bag holds a small miners' tent and two sleeping bags, and the whole secured with a tump line. Then a second package consists of an Adirondack pack basket. Ours are



BURIAL PLACE OF JOHN DENNISON, TRAPPER.

covered with duck and a top cover of the same. Painted brown and varnished, they are waterproof. The third package consists of miscellaneous stuff such as fishing rods, tackle, an axe, etc., strapped up in a waterproof covering. The second canoe has a duplicate outfit. One pack basket contains a little of all food supplies in daily use, and always packed on top of the food was a simple cooking kit of two handleless frying-pans, four aluminum plates, four panikins, four cheap tin pails from two to six quarts that nested, knives and forks and four dessert spoons. Tea and coffee we made in the small pails. The second basket carried our reserve supplies. Labeled canvas bags held tea, coffee, rice, flour, in fact everything except baking powder, small cans of cream and a specially made tin box with trays holding six pounds of butter.

Food supply is largely a question of appetite and fancy of the individual, and an outing supply of food that suits one person will not answer the other fellow; but the following is what our party of four takes and this, with what fish we catch, carries us through two weeks all right: Six pounds bacon, 6 pounds pork, 3 pounds coffee, 1 pound tea, 6 pounds butter, 10 pounds flour, 10 pounds corn meal, 4 pounds rice, 2 pounds beans, 5 pounds granulated sugar, 1 pound baking powder, 2 pounds wheatena, 1 pound salt, ¼ pound pepper, 1 pound dried peaches, 2 pounds prunes, 10 small cans cream, 2 cans condensed milk, 2 pounds onions, a very few potatoes, ½ dozen candles and a few bars sweet chocolate.

At noon we were at the old dam at the lower end of Annie's Bay, an arm of Great Opeongo Lake. We met lively water all the way up, and the boys waded in some places and towed the canoes. Where the water was too deep they took a line from the shore. There were a few short paddling stretches, just enough to give a

little breathing spell. The shores are well wooded and the trip interesting, though somewhat strenuous. As soon as we landed, the light rod fishermen got busy, and quickly secured a fine mess of speckled trout from some pools where the water breaks away from the dam in its rush for McDonald. Then the dinner, fried trout and bacon, and pancakes and tea. Could anything be better with appetites, trained to the minute with our forenoon's work?

Passing up the long narrow bay we stopped at an interesting old lumber camp, a deserted little village, the former habitation of several hundred men. The buildings of logs included cabins, offices, cook houses, mess buildings, blacksmith shops, stables and storehouses wholly abandoned several years ago, apparently, and about everything dropped, in the way of tools, just as the men quit work. As we rounded the point and faced the broad lake, we found whitecaps aplenty, and we were compelled to go ashore, and we remained tied up on that point two nights and a day. When we finally got away early one morning, the lake was still pretty rough, but we made the other shore and the shelter hut "Sunny Side" all right, but it took some careful paddling to do it. Opeongo kicks up a big sea when the wind blows and the canoeist must beware.

Years ago, when trapping was unrestricted in the Province of Ontario, John Dennison penetrated the wilderness in the region of the "thousand lakes," and built a log cabin on a neck of land dividing portions of Great Opeongo Lake. (Opeongo is an Indian word meaning narrows connecting two big lakes.) He set his traps, cleared a little land, and as the years went by, children and grand children grew up around him. When the buying seasons came, trapper Dennison followed the blazed trails and water by-paths leading to the edge of civilization, well loaded with the pelts of the beaver, the otter and the mink.

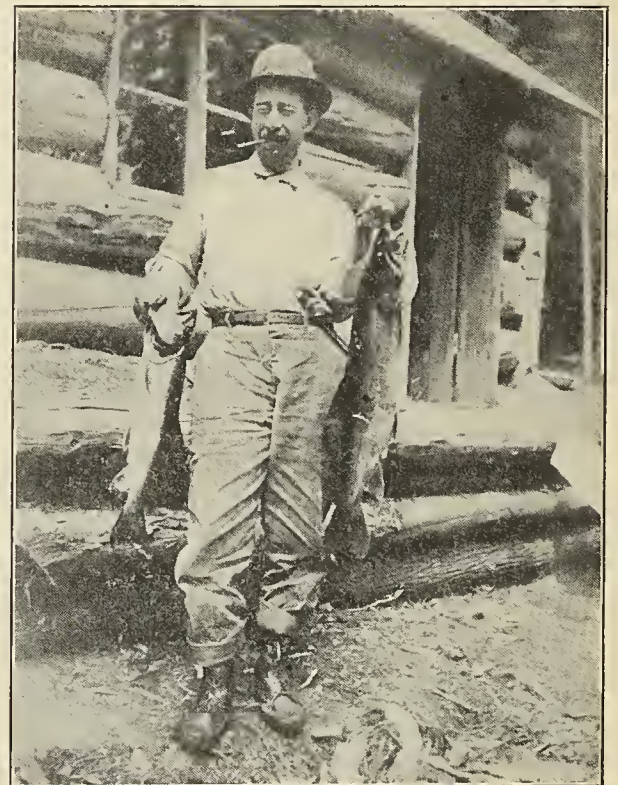
With no neighbors within many miles, except the wild animals of the woods, Dennison trapped on, growing old and gray. One day, using a dugout canoe, he visited his numerous traps, for Opeongo is sixteen miles long and has many deep bays. The old trapper had with him his eight-year-old grandson who often accompanied him on his trips. Nine miles from home, up under dark shores on Black Creek, a big bear was found in one of the traps, and Dennison undertook to kill the animal with a club just as he had done in many cases in years gone by. But the bear was unusually large and fierce, and in an unguarded moment ugly claws drew the old man into an embrace more vicious than the steel jaws of the trap that gripped the hind leg of the infuriated beast. Well knowing that he had tended his last trap, Dennison ordered his grandson to go home, and the terrified little fellow, half dead with fright, fled to the canoe, with the fierce growls ringing in his ears, and managed to find his way back to the old log house in a faraway section of the lake.

With the eight-year-old guide to lead them, the family made a brave attempt to find and aid the old man, but darkness of the forest night had blotted out head lands and trails, and it was not until the light of early morning had come that the stricken members of the Dennison family reached the scene. The bear was still in the trap, alive and fierce, and in his embrace the lifeless form of the old trapper. With much labor

they took him tenderly back to the clearing and laid him to rest not far from the log house, hewing out of pine a thick crude marker with a peculiar-fashioned top and surrounding the mound with a fence of cedar.

This is a true story of a wilderness tragedy that has been told to the writer many times by fire rangers met during our annual trips to what is now known as the Algonquin National Park of Canada. During our stay at the log shelter hut on Opeongo Lake—our first visit to that locality by the way—we had a friendly call one afternoon from Richard Owen and William Arnott, fire rangers who happened to be in that vicinity. When the conversation turned to the Dennison tragedy, our visitors suggested that we visit the spot where the old man was buried and volunteered to guide us to the place a mile away. So we tramped up the hillside over a winding trail among the evergreens and birches, and as we wound down the slope on the other side and neared the clearing, several deer broke for cover as the watchful bluejay sounded notes of warning.

In order that our cameras might have full play, the rangers removed some of the rails surrounding the grave, and standing about the little inclosure, the story of trapper Dennison was retold substantially as we had heard it many times before. There is a fine bit of sentiment about the incident, as fire rangers, strangers to the Dennison family long since gone, as they pass and repass in that region, seem to feel it a duty to care for the old trapper's burial place, kindly hands keeping the rustic fence about the plot in repair. The surroundings of that lone grave are impressive and the solitude fairly eats into the visitor. The mound is on the crest of a small clearing which slopes gently to the east, meeting Beaver Bay, fringed thickly with poplar trees and falling away to the west to an evergreen-lined shore. Over the grave and marker a self-sown balsam spreads its friendly branches. While the beaver builds its home undisturbed and munches buds and barks on the Opeongo, John Dennison, the old trapper, sleeps peacefully on.



SCOTT LANDS SALMON TROUT.

The Sand Sharks and the Man Eater

By THOMAS TRAVIS

EVERYBODY along Cape Cod knows the sloop Hattie B., of Hyannisport, and everybody knows her captain, too. That I found out one day as we lay tossing on the great waves off Bishop's and Clerk's lighthouse.

We were hauling in tautog, scaup and seabass, and merrily the big fellows were drumming their greetings in the bottom of the boat, when far off on the skyline, a black sloop appeared, stealing like a ghost-ship athwart the haze.

Whether it was the fact that she had a new mainsail and an old jib, or whether it was her lay (for she sat low and broad on the water), I cannot say. But something about her attracted me strangely, and I asked the captain what boat that was, threading her way so silently, and yet so business-like, among the reefs and shoals.

"Why, sir, that's the Hattie B.," said he, "everybody along Ca' Cod knows her."

"Well," said I, "the Hattie B., and what is she, a fisherman?"

"Sharker."

"Sharker?" and I watched her with new interest, as she trimmed sail and disappeared to southward.

Two days later, I was at the wharf waiting for the Hattie B., hired that day for a trip out to Horseshoe Shoal, sharking. For I had heard great tales of the huge monsters lying out there on the shoals, and though I had caught an occasional shark, as every fisherman alongshore will, I had never caught any sizeable ones such as those here described. And that was exactly the one and only business of the Hattie B.—the catching of huge sharks.

Her captain had told me the night before that I need bring neither tackle nor bait. None the less, being acquainted with the tackle furnished by these old wind-jammers, I had brought some of my own; among which was as fine a tarpon rod and reel as ever an artist in the fishing line would want to see. Also, I had gaffs and copper-wire lines, swivels, and all sorts of paraphernalia that go to make life in a southern fisherman's hotel bearable.

So eager was I, that long before the captain flung the rope, I leaped aboard, and we were off, with a spanking breeze, straight southwest from Hyannisport. A bucket of menhaden, another of porgies, and still another of good-sized blackfish, caught my eye.

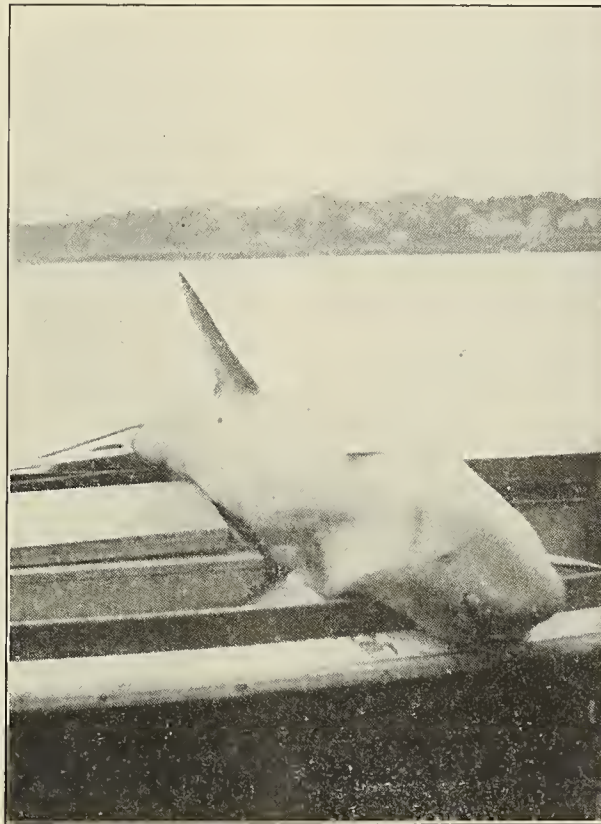
"Bait," said the Captain, interpreting my glance.

We wound our way along the channels to make a good offing; and while the captain was busy with the wheel, I began to overhaul his tackle. A box of lines with ordinary cod hooks, presented itself, and of course I thought these were what he would use. But not so; fitted into boxes with a roller were long coils of half-inch rope, and dangling from the ends of these, a yard of cow chain, ending in a hook some eighteen inches long and made of quarter-inch steel.

Mark you, I am not exaggerating, even

though I have the fisherman's license so to do. That was precisely the kind of chain with which, as a boy, I had been wont to tether Rena, the family cow; and that rope was precisely the same left, though tarred, as the rope with which I had been accustomed, as a boy, to restrain the roamings of that same cow. Therefore, I looked at it with interest. Had not the hooks been barbed, I should have supposed they were part of the hoisting tackle of the sloop. But there was no mistaking the business-like barb, and no misunderstanding the polished and scored condition of the steel. These were real fish-hooks, and had seen real service.

Having had several Cape Cod jokes played on me by the "simple" natives, I had become



THE MAN-EATER.

somewhat wary. So I carefully and surreptitiously stowed my beloved tarpon rod and reel in the cockpit, and joined the captain.

The wind was making, and against the tide was kicking up somewhat of a sea. A schooner foamed by us on the port tack, her rail awash, and a smother of foam rolling from time to time across her. Here was my opportunity; for I had been on many much-lauded grounds, only to be told in explanation of our small catch, that the weather was a little windy, or that they never did bite with the tide as it was, or that this was an off season.

"Captain," said I, "it isn't a very good day for sharking, is it?"

To my surprise he answered cheerily, "Fine day, sir; couldn't be better. They allus bites better with a sea runnin'. Why, Lo'd bless ya, I've been there on a ca'm day, an' seen 'em a-cruisin' around with their fins a-stickin' out

o' water, an' never a bite. Oh, Lo'd, this is a fine day!"

Evidently there was no intent to joke. His weather-beaten face was entirely serious. Could it be that for once I was about to get a delivery of goods equal to the advertisement? So we sat smoking, while the old salt pointed out to me the ranges, the buoys, the beacons and the lights.

Soon the last glimpse of land sank below the sky line of the sea, and we were apparently out on the open ocean. Then the excuse came: "It'll be pretty ha'd to find the spot on the ledge with this sea runnin'. Now if 'twas ca'm, I could put ya right there, sir; right on the spot."

My heart began to sink, for was not this the familiar language preliminary to a disappointment? "Ah well," said I to myself, "I'll have a nice sail anyhow."

"You might put out a line for bluefish, sir; they do git one or two here sometimes. Ya see, sir, I'm followin' down this tide rip for five miles."

I looked about for the rip, but saw nothing more than a ripple such as a school of menhaden might make in a rough sea. None the less, I put out an eel-skin squid, and then I felt the rip. She was running like a mill race over the shoals, and out of sight of land, we had a flat three fathom of water only. For over an hour I trolled, while we tacked across the rip and back. But not a single strike rewarded me. So I was perfectly ready to haul in when the captain bade me, telling me we were almost there.

Out came the lead, and with the boat steering herself along the shoal, the captain took soundings, thus feeling his way. "Four fathom! We're over the shoal. Stand by to go about. Hard-a-lea—so. Three fathom! Now we're gittin' there," said the captain. "See that white bottom?"—and he pointed to a light-colored spot in the water—"That's the place!" And as we came up, "Let her go!" he called to the ship's boy, and we were anchored.

I sat me down and waited. If there was any joke this time, I would not be so quick to bite. But the serious old man hauled out that cow-rope and chain, sliced a big blackfish in three pieces, jabbed the huge hook through one, and handed the line to me with the words, "Heave her over, and when ya git a bite, haul onto her like the devil."

I looked at the bait, sticking on the hook like a piece of beef on a butcher's peg, with no attempt at concealing the barbed iron; then I looked at the captain, and dropped the thing overboard. I felt it ground, for the water was not more than three fathoms deep. Two minutes later a little jerk, twice repeated, came, and I twitched the line smartly as one would for cod. Then something began to walk away with the line—it was clearly up to me. So I pinched that half-inch rope and hauled. Three minutes later I had a sixty-pound sand-shark alongside.

"So this is sharkin'," said I to myself, not

without disgust. "Why, I wouldn't disgrace my rod with doubting she could haul that clear out of water as a small boy lands his first sucker. What in the name of Sir Isaac did we bring this cow-rope for?" and I handed the line to the captain, who merely turned the shark over as he struck the side, and then hit him a whack over the snout with a baseball bat.

"Bait gone," said he, as he heaved the shark aboard. Hold a minute, an' I'll put a good one on." Still, as he sliced a porgy in half and jabbed the hook through as before, I thought, "Why this sort of tackle for these? I could hoist these out with a cod line and

"Heave? why bless you, Captain, that heave would have stopped a cow."

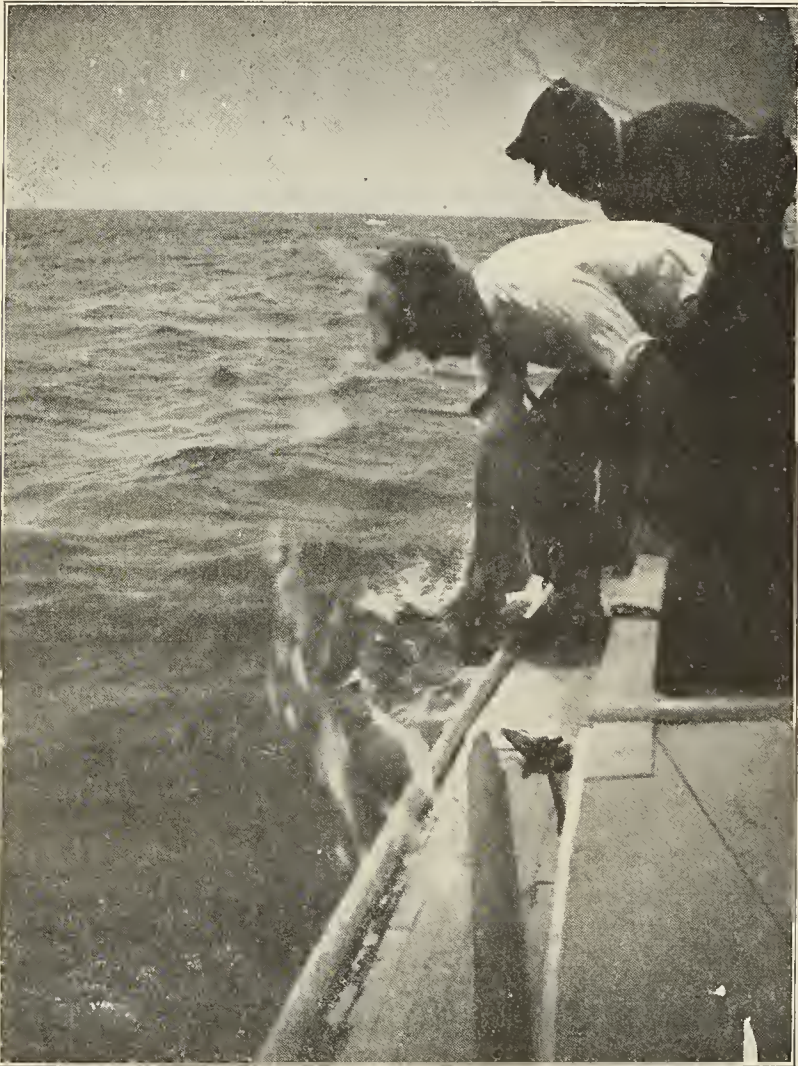
"Lo'd no, that wa'nt no heave; sock the hook right into her next time," and he jabbed a great slice of blackfish on.

Now I was fully awake to the situation. This time I stood on the seat by the side of the boat, and when I felt the same sort of a bite, I simply jumped backward off the seat with the line pinched desperately in my fists. "That ought to 'sock' the hook in," thought I, before I landed, and it did. It also "socked me," for I came up standing, with a jerk that snapped my teeth till sparks almost flew from

hold him. There was simply nothing to do but let him run, and keep a taught rope clear.

When he showed signs of weakening, I began to haul in. From stem to stern of the sloop I was jerked by that shark. Time and time again the captain stepped in to help, but I warned him off, determined to see if that fish could beat me with such tackle. It was twenty minutes of the most strenuous tug of war that I ever have experienced before he came to the side.

Even then the work was not over. No one man could hold that ponderous head from swirling. Showers of foam drenched the cap-



SHOOTING THE SHARK.



HAULING HIM ALONGSIDE.

save some of my self-respect." So I threw the line over again.

Perhaps five minutes passed, and I felt another bite—just a twitch and a tug about what a cod would give—and I pulled as before. Ye gods and little fishes! That rope came tight with a jerk that sent spray flying from it in jets, and tore the line through my hands till they burned.

"Hold him! Hold him tight!" said the captain. "Heave ahead!" and I hove. I had a good brace against the side of the sloop, and I leaned back with a will. By and by I saw a huge gray shape loom up through the wave, and with a slat that sent the water in showers over me, disappear, while I fell backward against the opposite thwarts.

"Ya didn't set the hook into him, sir. Ya want to heave right sma't when she bites. Ya see, if ya don't, the hook don't go through his thick skin."

my jaws. If you ever chanced to jump from a high limb, and thinking to land clear, tangled your fist in a noose and came up with a snap, you will know what happened on my end of the line. With blistering skin I held on till I fetched up with a slap against the side of the boat.

This time I took a turn about the rail, and looked to see what would happen. That half-inch rope was cutting through the water like a trout line with a lively six-pounder on. Bit by bit I got him started from the bottom, then with a surge he lunged surfaceward. I could see the dark-gray form shadowed through the green water, then the white belly, as he turned over, then in a shower of spray, up shot the head and front part of a great shark, his white maw and jagged teeth spitting out foam, and the huge hook clanking against the chain as he wagged his lumbering head against the barb. Hold him? It would have taken three men to

tain and me, as the shark threshed and rolled till the chain was wound about him, and everything in confusion. But taking a turn again, I waited till he unrolled himself. Then holding him as steady as I might, for the mere slatting of his head jerked the arms with almost a dislocating strain, I kept him close while the captain gave him his quietus. Just a little twenty-two bullet forward, not back of, but forward of the eye, almost at the end of the snout, and that monster shark fell limp in an instant with his mouth opening and his teeth spitting forth one long rattle of death.

Then we hooked him on the hoisting tackle and drew him aboard; nine feet and some few inches he was in length, and as thick about the belly as a flour barrel, two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds, the captain declared. That was some fish.

I played several of them in order to see
(Continued on page 823)

Hunting Game in Maine

By WILLIAM SIMPSON

THERE is a good deal of the primitive in most of us, even though we reside in cities of large population, enjoying as we do the improvements and luxuries of a modern city life, surrounded by comforts of culture, science and art, and their obvious environments.

There frequently comes, after a period of energetic engrossing business duties, which in these days of rivalry and universal strife to attain and excel, a sort of self-imposed slavery, and I know there is such a thing as taking the world and ourselves too seriously or anxiously, and the half of life's troubles come from a greedy notion that a man's life consists in the abundance of things that he possesses now. This frame of mind occasionally breaks out into a magic beckoning of old Mother Nature to emerge from the routine of these cares, and to betake ourselves to the woods, redolent in the invigorating atmosphere. Nowhere as in the wilderness is there such a change or variety of scenes, mountains, lakes, ponds, rivers, streams and brooks. And so I chose autumn for a few weeks in the heart of the Maine woods.

Between five and six o'clock in the morning, on my arrival at the Norcross railway station, Thomas Mullen, a strong, active healthy and agreeable young fellow came into my life—not altogether by chance, but partly by pre-arrangement.

It was a cold morning, colder for me than it seemed to be for Tom; but after a howdy and hand-shake, he and I fitted into each other's lives just as the cartridges fitted the three-barreled gun, the weapon of destruction, I brought along. He was not exactly an old-timer in the guiding business, but was the better for that. He knew the woods better than a farmer knows his fields; even tempered, always cheerful, honest, patient and as modest as a maiden with a wholesome way of saying and doing things. He had worked several years on the Lumber Company's job "on the drive," had "driven team" and had worked up to the position of camp boss; but for two years he had been guiding sportsmen in the summer for the fishing, and in the fall for the hunting, over Ambajesus Lake, and the west branch of the Penobscot. Tom entertained me with memories of these places, the names of which enliven the fancy and paralyze the tongue.

"Ye see that grassy p'int jest ahead of us? Last summer I was comin' down to the landin', there was three deer a-standin' on that p'int, a buck and two does. It took just a little while for us to look over each other and get acquainted; but as each one was looking into the other for the same purpose, the fit was speedy and proper.

"I g'ess there is going to be a blow of wind. This lake gets awful rough when she has a mind to. Some years ago two fellers started to go acrost in a canoe and both drowned."

I asked him if they had any jigwater in the canoe, but he said he did not know—he was not there.

The territory north from the west branch of the Penobscot River along the Sourdnhunk stream for some twenty-five miles to a lake of the same name, is one of grand scenery. The mountains are higher and more numerous than anywhere in the State of Maine. Katahdin lies to the east of the stream. There is something charming in the name "stream." It is the most companionable of all placid and material things. It lives a lively life, has a good character, a voice of its own and speaks to people of various tongues, as on its banks we met a lady and gentleman who were Russian artists by profession who conversed to it in various languages; to the trout fisherman there is

At dawn around a turn on the river we were in sight of Davis' camps, that home of many woodland comforts, neatly and carefully built of peeled spruce logs, lined with cedar boards, and with trim cosy appointments, perfect linen tastefully arranged, toilet appointments that gave an air of city manners in a forest home.

Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Davis were on hand to administer in their inimitable manner the creature comforts to weary wayfarers.

After a good night's rest and sound sleep—nature's great restorer—put us in good shape for our journey up the stream. After a few miles of smooth water we reached a place



KATAHDIN FROM DAISY POND.

nothing outside of the animal kingdom that favorably compares with its intimacy.

The formation or bottom, over which Sourdnhunk stream runs, is rocky and gravelly; it has many picturesque falls and rapids, as it hurries on its waters to the Penobscot, and it unquestionably contains more and livelier trout than any other water of its size in the Eastern States. Trout are invariably gamier, livelier and better fighters when they live in swift running water, where they have to battle with the current, but if they must live in a luxurious home of that nature, this one ought to be their first choice.

On the first day of our journey of over twenty miles, the scenery was magnificent. The mountains seemed to be getting higher and more rugged, and the leaves were gorgeous—the beech and maple had turned to orange and purple, the birch and poplar were in the gold, the soft wood retained its soft green, along the banks shrubs of various hues were bathed in a flood of living color, the sky was almost cloudless, enveloping in a delightful blue a woodland scene of superb aspect. At eve the birds were singing their closing song as the fading light disappeared, and soon all was slumbering and nature had drawn her curtain for the night.

where the canoe had to be left and no other alternative but go afoot on a stiff tramp of about four miles. We reached Daisy Pond, a small beautiful pond nestled here. It is about a mile wide, and from this point is a new trail up to the top of Katahdin that I will venture to say no lazy person ever reached. I asked Tom how high the mountain was, and he said the only way to be sure about that was to climb up to the top, adding that every person that had climbed up there found it high enough.

Here we came to a pause in our expedition. The landlord of the cabin was very talkative. I remarked to my guardian Tom that his conversation was excessive, and he admitted it, but added that he was always that way when he imbibed from those brown glass vessels with the long necks. He was chock full and bubbling over with politics, and like most of the people in his social set, was very positive his favorite candidate was certain of election.

However, the lady of the manor served us a game luncheon, of several courses, including broiled partridge and venison, that brought about in us a state of blessed contentment. Tom seemed to be doing a lot of thinking, then looking me over from head to foot and finally square in the eye, said, "The old man has a horse and I g'ess ye better hire him to



DRESSING FOR DINNER.



TALKING IT OVER.

take us up for the next ten or twelve miles," which I learned afterward was a very wise proceeding. "Rough" was a mild term for that trail. But there is an end to all material

things, and so it was with that trail, for at the end of it was Sourdnahunk Lake, the greatest place I ever saw for trout. A sheet of water four miles long, about one mile wide, fed by

innumerable springs, one of nature's masterpieces, where trout freely take the fly from May to October, and but for the wild cry of the
(Continued on page 823.)

The Caribou Barrens of Newfoundland—V.

Pictures and Text by the "Judge."

THE river was brimming full. Down camp and all away at 1 P. M. into a raw head wind from the north. Lots of black ducks were coursing up and down the river, and I shot two of them as we swept along, picking them up as Ralph skillfully drove the canoe ahead. The river tore along, cutting out the banks and letting down the little birches which fringed the edges, with here and there a big one toppling over. The wind increased and a cold rain came on again, numbing my hands and chilling me through and through, but life contains a few supreme moments which fully compensate for weeks of cold and exposure and discomfort. My body seemed impervious to the drenching rain and raw wind as I lived over again and again the scene up there on that high bog, every corner of which had become so familiar from days of tramping and watching, and which was now falling so rapidly away behind us as we raced back toward civilization, of which we had known nothing and heard nothing for so many weeks.

The fleeing does, the pursuing stags, the glimpse of that grand head through our binoculars, the hard run, the agony of waiting, the herd, the battle, the stalk, the hard holding down of nerves while the crucial moment of the shot hung breathless, the stricken stag, the fleeing herd, the ecstasy of savage exultant joy as I fully realized the beauty of the wonderful trophy which crowned the noble head of that truly royal monarch of the barrens—all this and a hundred details more passed again through my mind and will pass a thousand times, so often as my eye falls upon the rich golden curves of those antlers, the beauty of that head, the snowy

whiteness of the flowing pelage which adorns his throat.

Who, save the hunter of big game, is permitted thus to indulge without regrets and without reaction an outburst of that savagery which lies so close beneath the thin veneer which "civilization" has succeeded in spreading over the nature of man? I actually got out of my blankets the other night and went out with the tiny carbide lantern and looked and looked at that head, which proves that "men are but boys grown tall," and brings me closer to my golden-haired laddie at home who insists upon taking his new toy rhinoceros to bed with him.

At 4 P. M. we camped in the shelter of the last point which turns the river into Gander Lake. The wind was howling in from the lake tremendously, but at 2 A. M. I woke and realized that it had subsided to some extent, and arousing the boys, we bent our backs to the paddles and drove out on to the inky water, illuminated only by the Aurora Borealis which flashed up across the northern sky.

Arriving at Southwest Islands before dawn we found a heavy sea running in the straits outside, so got up a big beach fire and lay there waiting for the cold gray dawn. With daylight the wind eased off a bit, and we made off across the rollers safely and down on to the lee shore at Sandy Point at 7 A. M., dead tired, but safe from being wind-bound.

Here we had come from the heart of the wilderness out to within sound of the steam whistle inside of twenty-four hours, a journey which inbound had consumed many days. With camp pitched and a good breakfast I had an hour's sleep, then paddled down to Glenwood

to receive mail and papers and send telegrams informing my family of my safe return from five weeks of wandering in the wilderness, during which period I had seen sign of no human being save the members of my own small hunting party.

Next morning, with everything well dried out, we broke camp and moved down to Glenwood and packed everything up for the return journey. The good fortune which attended the trip continued to the end, for no sooner had we finished this task than the storm fiends which had been held in leash for two days were loosed and a violent northeaster full of snow smote Glenwood, hip and thigh. To have been upon the lake would have been most uncomfortable if not quite dangerous.

While waiting for the train I talked with Lionel and looked over his accumulated plunder. He gave me a beautiful eight-point cupped brow which I have had mounted with silver and made into a fine pin tray for my den, and showed me with warrantable pride the fine sled which his skill had produced for winter use. This sled he had shod with runners nine feet long, sawed out of a pair of fifteen-foot whale's jaw bones. They are strong and hard as iron and very smooth. He also gave me a fine slab of this hard white bone to take home.

I shall always retain a feeling of genuine affection for Lionel Hynes of Glenwood. He is a man of years near sixty, but of heart near twenty; a cheerful bearer of heavy burdens, a flowing well of good humor, bristling at every pore with stories, anecdotes and quaint comical observations; his presence in camp a sure antidote to bad luck and bad weather. A man accus-

tomed from youth to study very carefully the wild life about him, and now stored chock full of most interesting information pertaining to wilderness ways on the island of Newfoundland. An AI mechanic withal and equally at home with the needle or the ax. Better all around man for such a trip I would not wish to meet.

My hunter, Robert S. Brooking, of Alexander Bay, was an indefatigable tracker, persistent as Satan in pursuit of game and possessed of a pair of very long range blue eyes which kept about one lap ahead of the binoculars all day. He was obliging and considerate to the last degree; a first class man for results.

Our cook, Ralph S. Beach, of Grand Lake Stream, Maine, was "young and strong lak' moose," a master canoeman, careful and observant, a skilled juggler of the frying-pan, out of which by his magic he continually took all manner of good things to eat; well informed, but not afraid to learn. An old head upon young shoulders, and a good tent companion, for he does not snore.

I was at considerable pains to select these men, and the combination was a good one, in sharp contrast to some past experiences. I have upon occasion expended hard-earned kopecks to obtain the "services" of a Western guide who after breakfast each morning would mount his horse and keep to the trail a mile ahead of me, leaving me to my own devices. Upon the appearance of any game he would leap from the saddle and start his Winchester to squirting lead across the face of nature. I have had a horse wrangler who, upon observing me to light one of the very few cigars I ever carry, would with an air which plainly said, "One man is just as good as another and a good deal better," remark: "Boss, I'll stick one of them things into my face, too, if you don't mind."

In Mexico once we had a cook with us. He was "a white man, you understand" who, upon my timidly suggesting that during the hours between dawn and dusk while along in camp he fixed up a sort of a low table upon which the necessities of life might be displayed instead of disporting themselves longer in the sand, replied that better men than we had before now been "damn glad" to come right up to his frying-pan and get their grub, and that was just what we could do or starve.

All of which has made me a trifle gun shy, and the careful observer will note that all my kyacks, duffle bags, etc., carry chain locks whereby maple sugar, tobacco, cartridges, etc., may be preserved for the enjoyment of the proprietor and invited guests. This trip, however, was made, as I am glad to say many others have been, with everything unlocked, and it was a pleasure to be able to distribute equitably among the boys the small stock of extra luxuries which I always try to carry for this purpose.

My Newfoundland trip was one of the best. The island is easy of access, the people kindly and considerate. There is an atmosphere of real wilderness about the country which the North Woods of Maine and Canada do not possess for me. Good wood and pure water are plentiful, game abundant; what more could one ask?

Every little hunting trip has some characteristic all its own. The peculiar feature which this Newfoundland hunting impressed upon me most particularly was the traveling about the edges of the bogs, and from camp out on to

the bogs and back, through the caribou leads, which are cut down ten or twelve inches below the surface of the moss. Across these leads small spruces and firs have everywhere fallen, so that constantly, save when right out on the open bogs, one is stepping up over these little hurdles. Until the leg muscles become adjusted to this action, the effect is very tiring, and particularly after a very long hard day, when one is rather irritable, on the way back to camp, there seem to be literally thousands of these little sticks to step over. But there is absolutely no other way to get back to camp, and one has to keep right on stepping over them, the feet determined to drag back, the toes catching and tripping. With Bob ahead of me, my eyes

watching the sticks and following his heels up and down, there would run constantly through my head the complaint of Kipling's raw recruit marching in the Boer war in the rear rank of his company:

"Nothin' but boots, boots, boots, boots,
Comin' up and goin' down,
And there's no discharge in the war."

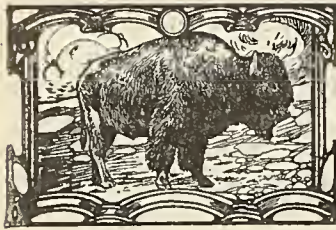
Our train arrived in due time, and with a hearty farewell from our good friends, Bob and Lionel, Ralph and I departed. At midnight we went aboard the steamer Invermore again at Port aux Basques, and putting out into the choppy sea, which was running in the Straits of Cabot, said au revoir to Newfoundland.

[THE END.]



"THAT GRAND HEAD."

Shot by the "Judge" and referred to in this chapter and in our editorial entitled "King Caribou" in issue of Nov. 23, 1912.



NATURAL HISTORY



Some Extraordinary Extinct Birds.

BY W. J. MURRAY.

THE DODO (*Didus ineptus*).

IN the whole range of natural history few animals of any class, whether existing or extinct, have attracted more attention and interest than the dodo. This extinct bird was a native of the island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean. From its size, which was about that of a swan, as well as its strange appearance, it seems to have been at all times an object of much interest and curiosity to travelers visiting Mauritius, many of whom wrote home descriptions of this extraordinary bird, which were more or less interesting. In the year 1628 an Englishman named Altham, in writing from Mauritius to his brother at home, says: "You shall receive a strange fowle which I had at the Island Mauritius, called by ye Portuigalls a Do Do, which, of the rareness thereof, I hope wilbe welcome to you if it live."

About the same time a Mr. Herbert, writing also from Mauritius, says: "The dodo comes first for a description; here and in Dygarrois (and nowhere else that I ever could see or heare of) is generated the dodo (a Portuigize name it is, and has reference to her simpleness) a bird, which for shape and rareness, might be called a phœnex (wert in Arabia)."

In a catalogue of rarities preserved in South Lambeth, London, and published in 1656, the following entry appeared under the heading of "Whole Birds": "A Doder from the island of Mauritius. It is not able to fly, being so big." The last evidence as to the dodo's existence is furnished by a journal kept by a Mr. Harry, and is now in the British Museum. This shows that the bird had not become extinct up to the year 1681. But all the writer had to say about it was that "Its flesh is very hard."

It was only after the discovery of large quantities of the remains of the dodo, by Mr. Clark, in the year 1865, that zoologists were able to trace its close relationship to the pigeon family (*Columbidæ*); and there appears to be sufficient evidence to justify the belief that the dodo was a huge pigeon of remarkable specialization in many respects. The wings, owing to gradual disuse, had become rudimentary and consequently it had lost the power of flight. This together with its reputed good edible qualities no doubt led to its extinction soon after the colonization of Mauritius nearly 300 years ago. Following the usual tendency of very large animals to produce few at a birth, it is said that the dodo laid only one egg for each hatching.

THE GREAT AUK (*Plautus impennis*).

This auk, or gare fowl, as it was also called, became extinct about sixty-eight years ago. It still, however, continues to be a subject of much interest to lovers of nature in general as well as to zoologists in particular. While the auk bore a strong resemblance to the penguin, it was

found to be closely allied to the puffin and to the albatross. It inhabited the north of Scotland, Iceland, Greenland and Newfoundland, in which latter country its skeletons have been discovered buried in heaps of guano, and in sand on the sea coast. The auk was about the size of a domestic goose. Its wings were rudimentary, and therefore useless for flight. Like the penguin it used its wings as flippers in the water in searching there for its food.

In the year 1844 the last pair of auks were killed on an island off the coast of Iceland. At an auction in London in 1895 one auk's skin sold for £360 (\$1,800), and one egg for £180 (\$900) thus showing the remarkable public interest taken in the history of this extinct bird.

THE MOA (*Dinornis robustus*).

This gigantic extinct bird of New Zealand possessed the most massive bones of the entire class of birds. The bones of its feet almost rivaled those of the ground sloth, or the elephant, in size. In the museum in Canterbury College, Christ Church, New Zealand, there are two specimens of the moa which measure 12 feet 3 inches in height, such remains having been found in the peat bogs of New Zealand. In the seaside sand dunes and caves were preserved the ligaments holding the bones of skeletons together, also pieces of dried skin and feathers, etc.

The moa is more nearly allied in structure to emus, cassowaries and kiwis (apteryx) than to the ostrich. It closely resembles the kiwis except for its short beak, and for having after-shafts upon its feathers.

For a long time it was hoped that in some of the backward mountainous regions of New Zealand some living specimen of the moa might be found. But the expedition of an Austrian naturalist, Herr Reischek, in 1877-8 for this object, was fruitless, so that the question of the moa's extinction was considered finally settled, and it is believed to have occurred a little over 500 years ago. The fact that it was flightless—not having a trace of rudimentary wings—no doubt contributed largely to render it an easy prey to its natural enemies, including man, and thus to lead to its early extinction.

The Dwarf Screech Owl.

SANTA BARBARA, Cal., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. Moody's writings in *FOREST AND STREAM* have always been of great interest to me, and up to now I have always regarded them as the trustworthy notes of a trained observer, but after a careful perusal of his article on the "Dwarf Screech Owl," published Nov. 16, I very much doubt if he has really met with this rare species.

The "heavy cedar and hemlock forests" of Idaho would be the last place to expect to find this owl, which is an inhabitant of the driest and hottest localities.

Brushy cañons in the sage brush country,

or dry southern exposures at low elevations would more nearly meet its requirements; the type specimen came from the southern portion of the State (Idaho), where such conditions exist.

The only dwarf screech owl I have taken personally was picked up dead at Pentictou, British Columbia, a locality almost Sonoran in its fauna and flora.

If Dr. Moody had been able to get a close observation of a dwarf screech owl, the first thing that would have struck him would have been the dark brown eyes—so different from the yellow eyes of most owls. Nor has this species the eyes set close to the top of the head, as he describes. This, as well as all his notes, habits and habitat of the little owl he met, exactly corresponds with the Pigmy owl.

The single bell-like whistle, uttered often in broad daylight, is especially diagnostic of the Pigmy (*Placidium groma*).

It is not generally known that Pigmy owls have distinct aigrettes or "horns," which are only in evidence in life.

I have often called these little owls up to me by an imitation of their whistle, and as they peered down at me, often not ten feet away, the "horns" would be quite conspicuous. After death these tufts become merged with the feathers of the crown.

It is hard to understand the Doctor's disinclination to call a specimen and so put his record on a definite and unassailable basis, when it is evident from some of his accounts of his recent hunts, that he is not averse to the killing of animals, such as the white goat, that are yearly growing scarcer in his state.

ALLAN BOOKS.

The Wild Pigeon.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find a clipping from the Buffalo Express of Dec. 12, 1912, in regard to the return of the wild pigeons.

What do you know about it? Kindly answer through *FOREST AND STREAM*.

E. H. KNISKERN.

PIGEONS COMING BACK?

Sportsman Declares That He Saw Flock of Them in Arkansas.

Have the wild pigeons, which flew across the Mississippi valley by the millions, a quarter of a century ago and then suddenly disappeared, returned? If they have, it is the best news sportsmen have heard in many a day, and Michael G. Burns, of Minneapolis, merchant and sportsman, declares that they have. Men who heard Mr. Burns' statement are inclined to discredit it, but the Minneapolis nimrod declares he has seen wild pigeons in great numbers along the White River in Arkansas.

"I was a member of a floating party that started at Beaver, Ark., three weeks ago and

floated to the mouth of the White River. One night, the second one out, I believe, our attention was attracted to a dead tree on the bank of the stream. Its branches seemed fairly alive with birds. None of us could guess what they were, but the old guide, who was sitting in the stern guiding the boat. He dropped his paddle in surprise. 'Gosh, fellers, them's the first wild pigeons I've seen in twenty-five years,' he yelled, and reached for the fowling piece. He brought down ten at a single shot.

"All of the old-time sportsmen will remember when wild pigeons were plentiful in this country and how they fairly covered the limbs of trees when they ceased their flying for the night."—From the Kansas City Journal.

[Possibly so, probably not. However, if—mind our emphasis on the if—this story is all a fact, the "old guide" to whom the feature relates, should be refused the privilege of guiding sportsmen. He is entirely lacking in the rudiments of sportsmanship.—Ed.]

SAGINAW, Mich., Dec. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have had sent to me by friends who, whenever they see anything in print about the passenger pigeon, clip it and send it to me, the account of the so-called "passenger pigeon" found at Odelltown, Quebec, which was first published in a Montreal paper.

This story has been going the rounds of the press now for a long while. It is misleading and should be corrected. When it was first called to my attention I investigated the report and got a reply that it was the mourning dove and not the passenger pigeon, just as all these reports turn out to be. The passenger pigeon is gone and all of these reports are mistakes.

W. B. MERSHON.

Whooping Cranes.

IMPERIAL, Cal., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sandhill cranes are numerous in this region. Large bands of them are seen quite often flying over the valley, and I have seen great numbers of them in the Colorado delta on the Mexican side of the boundary. White pelicans also are plentiful. They breed on the islands in Salton Sea, where I have seen many nests and thousands of eggs. The large white heron—egret—is seen here occasionally. It nests in the delta. Pity the delta cannot be made a bird reservation, but it is in Mexico.

ALLEN KELLY.

The White Fruit Pigeon.

ONE more bird of especial interest is a specimen, in very perfect condition, of the white fruit pigeon of Celebes and Sula Islands. It is a large pigeon, white with a slightly creamy tinge, the quills being slate gray, the terminal half of the tail and some of the under tail coverts black.

There are five species of these white fruit pigeons, ranging from the Nicobars and Andamans through the Malay Peninsula to Australia, the one with the most extensive range being the white nutmeg pigeon (*Myristicivora bicolor*), which only differs from the present species in having the primary feathers black instead of gray. These pigeons form a nest of twigs in the branches of trees, laying a single white egg instead of a pair, as with most pigeons.—London Field.



A Hunting Trip from Kyle, Texas.

KYLE, Texas, Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Oct. 31, we took the train for Southwest Texas, arriving at our destination about 3 P. M., where, with wagons and provisions ready, we left for the hunting grounds, twelve miles in the country.

Next morning about four o'clock we all hunted in different directions. By night we had three deer and a wolf hanging in camp. One of our party killed two bucks and the wolf within a space of twenty feet.

On the evening of Nov. 4, we had ten deer



JUST TO PROVE IT.

hanging in our camp, and so we decided to go home that night.

The hunting in Southwest Texas is very good, but the weather is too hot to enable one to keep game long. Deer are numerous, quail are very plentiful and javalin are abundant. We killed three and captured two small ones alive. We also saw a great many ducks. The writer will always remember this hunting trip with pleasure. The people are as kind as any in the world, and it is a pleasure to be with them. A few years more and the land will all be converted into fertile farms.

C. J. BORCHERT.

Deer Season in California.

BY WM. FITZMUGGINS.

ALLEGHANY, SIERRA COUNTY, Cal., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The open season for the shooting of deer in the Sierras was closed. All in all it has not been a satisfactory one to the general run of hunters, though in the aggregate a large number of the cervines were slain. For some unexplained reason the deer did not this year, as customary, go to the highest altitudes, but remained in the intermediate territory—that between the crest of the divide and the foothills. In fact, many deer usually migrating to the high altitudes were seen during the summer and fall in the foot-

hills, and many were there killed. In early September the animals were reported in the press as plentiful in certain sections of Northern Nevada county. Immediately parties of hunters went out from Nevada City and Grass Valley, the two principal gold lode mining cities of Northern California. More experienced and lucky hunters made good bags. But in the eastern portion of Nevada, Plumas and Sierra counties the deer were very scarce in their usual fall and summer haunts.

October hereabouts proved both a good and bad month for the pursuit of venatic animals. Early and severe frosts brought down the leaves of deciduous trees and brush, making the vistas clearer. Cold rains brought discomfort to the hunters; but a light fall of snow last week along the summits of the ridges made the tracking easier.

The writer has been too busy at compulsory, sordid occupation to find time to do any shooting, though quail have come within close gunshot of my domicile. Following the unwritten code to kill nothing that sought the shelter or society of your dwelling premises, the temptation to shoot was repressed, and the game was allowed to get away. However, friends who did get an opportunity to go out, brought evidence of their luck or prowess in the shape of gifts of bear meat, venison, squirrels and quail.

Bear meat, as a rule, is not the epicurean dainty that the uninitiated universally imagine it; and I have partaken of much which I would not have eaten had any other provision been obtainable. But in this instance it happened to be nearly as nice a piece of meat as I ever tasted. Guests said that its excellence was due to the manner in which I cooked it; but I heard from other persons who also were fortunate enough to get a chunk of that particular bruin's anatomy that their portion was very good, too. It was a two-year-old cinnamon, with a layer of fat half an inch thick under his skin, and a generous "fleece" to his kidneys. He had undoubtedly been feeding well; and the cool summer might have had something to do with making his flesh a toothsome morsel to the human palate.

More recently I received a couple of steaks from a buck deer killed by a hunter, of whom I expected incidents for a story. But nothing romantic developed. He simply drove to a spot in the forest where he expected to find game, and shortly after stepping from his buggy, got sight of the animal on an oak tree flat only a couple of hundred yards away. A quick shot, and the deer fell almost within its tracks. The hunting knife was promptly applied to the "sticking place," and the dressing and quartering followed. An hour after first sight of the deer, the hunter was driving home with his game.

According to all accounts there has been a good deal of hunting this season. The alleged high cost of butcher's meat has lent an incentive to many who can handle a gun to attempt

(Continued on page 824.)

Hunting Accidents Again.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Doubtless many sportsmen, in common with myself, read with real pleasure the contribution in the issue of Dec. 14 by Conservation Commissioner Moore on "Deer Hunting Accidents." It is notable as the first time any one of the three commissioners has shown an interest in the statistics either of the killing of deer or of hunters. Formerly such matters formed an interesting feature of the annual report, as FOREST AND STREAM readers can testify.

Personally I am interested in the commissioner's contribution because in it he mentions me by name, as he did at the banquet of the League of Clubs, when he knew I was not present to defend the statements he criticised. The statistics attacked by Commissioner Moore were collected in the Adirondack region by a reputable and reliable newspaper man, were printed in a reliable paper, and are supported as to accuracy by the consensus of opinion of the guides and woodsmen, as well as some of the oldest of the game protectors themselves. Such men know the great Northern wilderness and its wild life at first hand, and as between their knowledge and that of Commissioner Moore, who is a "consulting engineer" with a present tendency to hydraulics, which does not include woodcraft, I am willing to let the readers of FOREST AND STREAM choose.

Personally I have no interest in the new deer law, except to note how it works out. But, to quote Commissioner Moore, although he does not say so directly, the law seems to have "failed to accomplish its primary purpose of conserving human life, and its secondary purpose of conserving the deer supply." No law which depends on the hunter accurately determining the sex and length of horns before he fires, will conserve either human life or animal life, unless it opens the hunting season after the leaves are off the brush. The only criticism I would pass on the "Uniform" law, to whose defense Commissioner Moore has hastened so suspiciously, is that if it had been drawn by practical woodsmen, hunters and fishermen instead of by practical politicians, those most concerned in having a reasonably perfect law in New York State would have got something for the \$15,000 spent on it.

JOHN D. WHISH.

Hunting in California.

BY GOLDEN GATE.

THE total number of hunting licenses issued in California during the fiscal year 1911-1912 amounted to 141,777, as compared with 138,669 during the preceding year, bringing in an income of \$146,181. Sixty-eight non-resident hunters took out licenses at \$10 each, while 140 aliens purchased licenses at \$25 each.

During the months of August, September and October there were sixty-three arrests made for violations of the fish laws of California, one hundred and nine arrests for violations of the game laws and ninety-eight arrests for hunting and fishing without licenses. During this time 212 convictions were secured, twenty-two cases were dismissed and ten acquittals resulted. The fines imposed amounted to \$4,560 with jail sentences of 114 days. The seizures amounted to

581 ducks, 55 quail, 65 doves, 7 snipe, 27 non-game birds, 82 rabbits, 1 deer, 1 white heron, 1,783 pounds of salmon, 2,152 pounds of striped bass, a few trout, clams and crawfish, together with twenty-five ncts. During this period bounties were paid on forty-two mountain lion claims from twenty counties of the State.

Big Goose Stew.

THE greatest gathering of sportsmen ever held on the Pacific Coast took place on Sunday, Nov. 24, when 5,000 devotees of the shotgun were entertained at Sacramento by the sportsmen of that place. The occasion was a great goose stew, and it certainly was some event with 1,500 geese in the great cauldrons at one time, to say noth-

and of the farmers both if there were a change in the laws whereby there might be one day in a month, or something like that, when the deer could be killed. It is a matter of fact that the present open season comes when the flesh of the animals is the least desirable, as far as there is any choice between the different months of the year.

A further change which is proposed as tending to keep up the numbers of the deer is to permit hunters to kill nothing but bucks. There is a further consideration making in favor of this point that such a law would tend to prevent the accidents which occur at times in spite of all the precautions. It is said by Commissioner Garfield that if the hunters were all compelled to wait before shooting until they could see



BLUFFS AT HIGHLAND LIGHT, CAPE COD.

Photograph by H. B. March.

ing of one hundred tureys, forty hams and other provender. For a week previous to the great event, hunters were busy slaying geese in the Sacramento valley, and for a time it seemed as though there would be a goose to a man, but the attendance proved to be beyond the expectations of the hosts. The idea originated with Frank Newbert, President of the Fish and Game Commission, and at first was planned along very modest lines, it being intended that the sportsmen of Sacramento would go on a goose hunt at the same time and hold a feast at the close of this. It ended with Sacramento being host to the sportsmen of the State, with the feast being prepared by twenty cooks and served by a hundred waiters. Trapshooting contests were held before the dinner, followed by vaudeville shows, horse racing and boxing bouts.

Massachusetts Deer Season.

ALL pre-season reports to the contrary notwithstanding, there were fewer deer in Massachusetts this year than last. The number killed during the season which closed Nov. 30, was 1,170 as against 1,268 in 1911 and 1,281 in 1910. Hunters' reports generally show that the increase in breeding has not been commensurate to the killings of 1911. Chairman George W. Field, of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, thinks it would be better for the protection of the deer

the horns of the deer, then there would be impossible the shooting of men which occurs when the hunter sees something brown through the brush and blazes away at it without waiting to see whether it is a deer or the coat of some other hunter.

Wisconsin's New Game Preserve.

BY MOLLIE RICE.

PLANS have been made by State Forester Edward Griffiths to fence in a game preserve of 14,000 acres which will house wild animals and eventually stock the entire northern part of the State with its old-time quota of game animals and birds.

The township of North, Range 7, East, located almost in the center of Vilas county, and which is almost entirely owned by the State, has been chosen for this purpose. A heavy wire fence nine feet high will be erected about the preserve. Among the animals with which it will be stocked are elk, moose, Virginia deer, and either Rocky Mountain or blacktail deer, mink, otter, beaver, Mongolian pheasants, Scotch blackcock and partridge. It is expected that the wild game—mallard and canvasback especially—will make it a refuge, and will breed there in the spring.

This preserve is directly east of Big Turtle
(Continued on page 824.)



Southern California Angling

By CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

THE Tuna Club tournament for sea anglers ended the first of October, but did not close the fishing season, which bids fair to be the best in the history of the islands, Santa Catalina and San Clemente. The Tuna Club alone records ninety-seven swordfish, taken with rod and reel and 21-thread line. The fish averaged 188 pounds, and in all weighed 18,104 pounds.

This extraordinary fish, which Dr. Jordan supposed to be a Japan fish, has undoubtedly visited the islands to spawn for ages, but has never been fished for until the Tuna Club men began to experiment for it some six or seven years ago, when the tuna became erratic and threatened by a big band of blackfish, which prey upon this game fish. The result has been, it has been discovered, that the swordfish has developed remarkable game qualities. It puts the Florida tarpon to shame as a jumper, making fifty leaps where the tarpon makes ten, and is, all in all, a most spectacular fish. Dr. Gifford Pinchot in Collier's pronounces it the most sensational of all game fishes. There also is an element of danger in the sport, though no one has been "rammed" on the Pacific Coast.

The yellowtail fishing at Santa Catalina has been above par in every respect, the fish being large and game. The good fishing is laid to the fact that the islands have not been disturbed as much as usual by the market men who, as a rule, loot the shores of these islands; and as they are the spawning grounds of scores of fishes, the entire region is threatened with depletion. A movement is on foot to have this spawning ground along the Government island, San Clemente, and the island of Santa Catalina set aside as fish refuges. If this is not done, the Japanese alone will loot the coast of crabs, lobsters, shells and fish. Anything with life is their game, and the money gained goes to Japan.

Anglers at Santa Catalina found that on the south shore of the island, exposed to the sea, there is a duplication of the mainland beach fishes, the roncador, surf fish and several others. These are taken at the mouths of sandy cañons and off the wind-and-sea-swept beaches. An especially fine catch was made by Thos. McD. Potter and Chas. Barton. Santa Catalina is not only a prolific fishing ground, but it is unique in the variety of its fish which come and go with extraordinary uncertainty.

The swordfish, the tuna, the long-fin tuna, the strange Luvarus Jack and many more are found here. The ribbon fish is perhaps the rarest of fishes; so rare that practically every specimen ever found can be located; yet the Tuna Club records six or seven, and the writer kept one alive and photographed it alive. The rare and beautiful opah is not uncommon, and the radiant dolphin is not an unusual catch,

the Tuna Club having a dolphin cup.

At the present time the Tuna Club has the greatest assortment of cups and trophies owned by any anglers' club in the world. Not only are valuable cups and medals given, but nearly all the record holders have offered cups to anyone who will exceed their record. The result is, a lot of cups, badges, rods, reels and trophies in gold and silver, diamond-mounted badges, valued at six or seven thousand dollars. Every game fish in California waters has its cup, the object being to encourage the public to fish with the rod and light lines, thus stopping the waste of fish. A most remarkable reform has been accomplished in this manner, and nowhere is there a higher standard of sport.

The Tuna Club has an interesting affiliation with a dozen or more clubs in America, France and England to introduce the methods of each and entertain visiting members of foreign clubs. Members of such affiliated clubs visiting the Tuna Club are for the time being honorary members, having the privileges of the club. It is seen that they secure the best boatmen and meet members of the guild. It would be a good plan if this idea could be carried out all over America, so that all the clubs could have an annual convention and discuss the game laws relating to angling and educate the youth of the country to respect them.

I have recently returned from the region about Klamath Falls. It was said that as soon as the railroad reached this region anglers would crowd in and deplete the most wonderful trout country in the world. In a previous trip I crossed the lofty Cascades and Siskiyou Mountains in a stage, making in all a four days' trip from Los Angeles. Now I entered Klamath Falls in a Pullman, passed the night at a modern hotel, the White Pelican, going in the morning thirty miles up the Upper Klamath in a good launch, to find the old trout grounds as good as ever and the same old droves of trout.

This might be called the home of the big rainbow. My own catches are 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 pounds, and a few lower than three pounds. Years ago when an angler told me that he threw back everything under three pounds I accepted it with reservation, as I had never taken a three-pound trout with a fly. But when later I took a seven-pound rainbow with a March-brown, and a nine and three-quarter pounder with a spoon the size of a picayune, I began to believe things.

I found salmon trolling in the Williamson—a branch of Upper Klamath Lake—a most exhilarating sport. My best fish (with a spoon, of course) was a twelve-pounder, but a lady hooked and played one in a beautiful pool for an hour and then lost it. We never saw the fish, so did not curb the imagination. We passed an Indian who displayed a twenty-five

pounder, so our unknown must have been a "whale." My eight-ounce split bamboo was entirely outclassed by this fish and by the ten-pound rainbows, and I recommend for this fishing a rod with the reel above the hand, ten ounces, and with some lifting power.

I pretend to no angling virtues, but I have never—that is, barely ever—used more than one fly and should be glad to hear some argument for more than one. It is not so much, to my mind, a question of ethics as of pleasure. If you hook more than one fish the game is up; the fish, as a rule, fight each other and you play a dead weight.

I fished the waters of the Laurentian Club in Canada several years ago and found, as a rule of the club, the anglers were obliged to use flies. This should be applied in Southern California. Last April in Southern California men camped out or slept on the sand in the stream to, at the first intimation of day, thrust worms into the pools and "yank out" the biggest fish in the San Gabriel. These fish hogs practically ended the big trout fishing of that stream in a few days, when, if the fly rule had been enforced, it would have been extended for weeks.

The San Gabriel River, which has for years been the best stream in Southern California for the angler, is being ruined by the power companies, who probably have rights. They are diverting the water from long reaches.

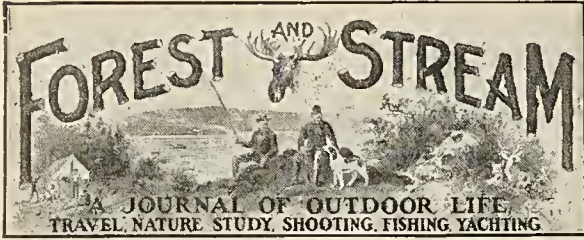
The same old story is being repeated in California; the Japanese and Chinese are looting the sea coast of every living thing and the dead shells; the game commission is unpaid—a thankless task; experts are rarely, if ever, found on it, the jobs in the past years going to men in the main to pay political debts, and when good men do get on the board, they are often helpless and subject to attacks.

Position of the Reel Handle.

NEWTON, Mass., Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. "Moccasin" wishes to have the reel handle facing to the left, apparently so that the rod being retained in the right hand, the reel can be operated by the left hand. There is no objection to this, but he will find it a much better plan neither to transfer the rod to the left hand nor to operate the reel. An angler should not change hands for quite a while, but should hold the rod in his right hand (being of course right-handed), and use the left hand in place of the reel, pulling off line or giving it as circumstances require. Later, if too much line is accumulated between hand and reel, the rod can be transferred, say during a pause in the conflict, and the line reeled in. Why should an angler hold the rod in either hand exclusively? No authority should teach such a rule. If the reel were placed facing to the left, one could not transfer the rod from right to left hand, which is often a relief in a hard fight.

If "Moccasin" will read the paragraph on the use of the hands in fly-fishing in Breck's "Ways of the Woods," by all odds the best authority of the kind, he will find the above stated better than I can do. ALLAN CHAPMAN.

LARGE quantities of dead and dying fish are being thrown on the coast of Uruguay, the mortality being due to some disease now being studied.



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THE SEASON'S GREETINGS.

FOREST AND STREAM extends to you the compliments of the season and wishes you and yours a happy and prosperous New Year.

AUTUMN AND WINTER.

So prone are most of us to lay our physical ills to the changing weather that it is a pleasure to find poetry enough in Cleveland to transform the succession of seasons into a delightful bit of imagination. To the average city dweller the transformation from late summer to winter is a jump from summer suit to overcoat, from open doors to coal bills; but a reading of Miss Elsie Schneider's interpretation almost leads us to believe that the coal barons and the caribou barrens are equally estimable:

"The glory of rosy Autumn is past, and in its train is the white sister of the North. Bedecked in brightest raiment, Autumn tripped merrily along, ruthlessly snatching the leaves that turned to see her pass. She trod in the meadow, and the grass took on a deeper hue. She paused beneath the wild plum, to listen to the mockingbird's last call. Stopping among the briars, she startled the ground thrush. She tarried long enough to hear the closing concert of the meadow larks.

"But the white sister raised an icy hand and pursued her until she fell, shrinking from the cold touch. Clad in drifting white robes, the sister marched slowly but steadily on, over the meadows. She covered the short-lived verdure with a snowy shroud, purified by her touch. From the wild plum tree she heard the hooting of the horned owl, while from the bare briars a startled rabbit frisked away. The lark took wing and the optimistic song of the chickadee was stilled. She crossed the stream and it turned to crystal at her step. As she neared the woods, the trees seemed to stand in closer companionship with each other. They huddled together to delay her march. Sturdily, and with the strength born of mutual sympathy, together they stood the test of her touch and growled defiance in her ear. She stooped low and glided away to the little cottage on the edge of the

woods. The rough logs were well put together and the chinks and crevices filled with moss and bark. The dripping eaves grew icicles at her glance. She loosened a bit of bark and peered in. The oil lamp sputtered. The flames in the cheery grate blazed higher and sent sparks flying up the chimney. The hickory logs snapped 'defeat' and she slunk away over the hills."

TAKING CARE OF THE OLD CHAPS.

ISN'T it great to know of the pleasure the old sportsman, now not able, because of financial condition, to take FOREST AND STREAM, gets out of the publication. Any man who has shot a gun or played a fish never tires of reading the news from the front. Veterans of the army, the navy, or from the retired rod and gun navy or army—as the case may be—love to keep in touch with those who still are doing. Appended is a letter from the Commandant of the Soldiers' Home in Massachusetts. Have you time to think of thousands of other institutions whose residents would appreciate FOREST AND STREAM? We have done our best to help them. How about you?

SOLDIERS' HOME IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 19, 1912.

Forest and Stream Pub. Co.:

Dear Sirs—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your communication of yesterday bearing the information that some kind-hearted gentleman had subscribed for FOREST AND STREAM as a gift to the Home.

I have every reason to believe it will please the old fellows very much, particularly those who in the past have been able to shoot and fish in the forests of the country. We have with us many men who have known what it is to have the best of everything in this life, and have enjoyed in their younger days everything which is talked about in FOREST AND STREAM.

Please convey to the gentleman who has so kindly remembered us our thanks for his generous gift.

Thanking you for the part you have taken in the matter, I am, very truly yours,

(Signed) RICHARD R. FOSTER, Commandant.

A. G. P. & P. ASSOCIATION DOINGS.

ENGLISH pheasants and wild mallard ducks have recently been sent to all parts of the United States by the American Game Protective and Propagation Association, according to an announcement just made at its offices, 111 Broadway, New York city. The birds were distributed free to members of the association who agreed to protect them.

These shipments are the first to be made in accordance with a plan for restocking the country with game through the establishment of sanctuaries on which birds can increase unmolested. The overflow from these sanctuaries will provide shooting on contiguous lands. With the aid of its members the association hopes to start such refuges in every suitable community by supplying the birds to stock them.

Although only pheasants and mallard ducks were reared last summer in sufficient numbers for distribution, experiments with quail, ruffed grouse, wild turkeys, woodducks and Canada geese proved very satisfactory and resulted in a supply of these birds from which it is hoped that enough can be raised next year to warrant sending them out. Especial attention is being given to the native upland birds, and if success with quail and grouse continues, they will in time entirely supplant the English pheasants at the association's farm.

MAKE IT A CRIME.

NUMEROUS mortalities and casualties to human beings, resulting from shooting of men by hunters who mistook their fellows for game this season, as in other years, prompts us to reprint a suggestion made years ago by FOREST AND STREAM.

"Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any hunter, or other person, carrying firearms, to shoot at any object without knowing by actual sight and observation that such object is not a human being; and any such hunter or other person who, by so offending, shall kill any human being, shall be adjudged guilty of manslaughter in the second degree; and any such hunter or person who, by so offending, shall wound or injure any human being without thereby causing death, shall be adjudged guilty of an assault in the second degree.

"Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission to post notices reciting the provisions of this act in the same form and manner and in like places as notices for the prevention of forest fires as are now posted by said commissioner."

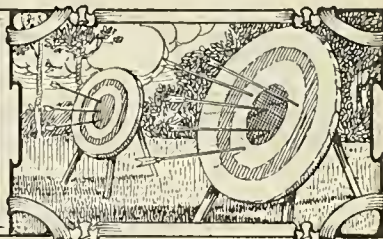
Such killings as are here concerned would appear to come legitimately under the definition of manslaughter even as the law now stands, but to incorporate in the statute some such specific provisions respecting these particular acts would doubtless emphasize the criminal aspect of the deed, and the effect could not but be salutary. As we have often pointed out, the knowledge that it is a crime to shoot at an object without knowing that the thing aimed at is not a human being, and the consciousness that one violating the rule incurs a penalty for this criminal act, must exert a constantly restraining influence. The thing to be attained here is restraint. The necessity is for caution and precaution which shall prevent the act, not for an added penalty after the deed has been done and the perpetrator has punished himself with the remorse which follows. If we had such a law, and the warning notices containing it were posted where they could not fail to impress themselves upon the hunter who goes into the woods, the list of hunting "accidents" would certainly be lessened.

DAYS OF REST FOR DUCKS.

THE Long Island Game Protective Association has under advisement the question of using its efforts toward closing the duck season two days each week on Long Island. One of these days will of course be Sunday, which day at present is observed to only a small extent on Great South Bay, where most of Long Island's ducking is done. The other day, probably, would be Wednesday. This proposition sounds a little harsh on gunners who go down to Long Island to shoot, but as a matter of fact the only ones hurt would be the hotels, Long Island railroad and the bay boatmen who hold out all sorts of allurements, and after the first week of the open season take your money without returning its equivalent in sport. Two closed days would benefit the gunner in that the ducks would have a chance to feed and get fat, undisturbed, so that on the open days they would not be so wild as to require a high power rifle to bring them within range, as is the case at present. We trust President Van Norden and his organization may do more than agitate this question, which, if it comes to an issue, will have our support.



ARCHERY



Pittsburgh Archers.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The three regulars of the Bon Air-Beechview clubs shot a team round Saturday, Dec. 14. The day was fine, cold and invigorating, with just a little too much wind for fine work. Scores made at this time of the year, under



MRS. J. H. SEAMAN, TROPICO, CAL.

conditions prevailing in December, must be given higher credit than those made in the calm warmth of an early autumn afternoon.

Mr. Jiles, when interviewed over the telephone in the morning in regard to shooting in the afternoon, complained of having a cold, "afraid to go out, wind too strong, ground too hard," etc. But, after having given all the excuses he could muster into service, finally went out to the range, shot the best score of his life to date and came home full of enthusiasm. Just a case of cold feet warmed up by

success. Scores, ninety-six arrows at 60 yards:

	Hits.	Score		Hits.	Score
Jas. S. Jiles.....	86	410	O. L. Hertig....	90	486
W. J. Holmes....	78	328			

Mr. Holmes is shooting below his usual form, owing to his inability to get out to practice. The improvement of Mr. Jiles is gradual and substantial, and we look for him to be a big factor next year in the Keystone team, of which Dr. Elmer is captain. He is a real archer, notwithstanding previous mention of cold pedal extremities, and is full of the right kind of enthusiasm. A skilled mechanic, he is busy evenings, making bow cabinets, arrow racks and boxes, and even real bows and good arrows. He comes second to our good Boston friend, Edw. W. Frenz, who, as a purely amateur archery maker, stands at the top. Of course, the veteran Capt. Barnes and the energetic, capable Jimmy Duff are much envied by Jiles, who says, "Give me the wood and I'll make you the bow." Apropos to this statement I relate the following:

Our friend, somewhat weary with his evening's work, had sat down in his workshop easy chair "just to rest a minute," so he says. He fell asleep, dreamed of finding a fine yew tree on Mt. Washington, and when he awakened, found himself frantically hacking away at the leg of his work bench.

I know that all the archers in the United States are wishing for many more recruits to this deserving sport just like Mr. Jiles.

O. L. HERTIG.

Chicago Archery Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since midsummer, George L. Nichols, of the Chicago Archery Club, in shooting the American round, has passed the 500 mark twelve times, averaging 86 hits, 528 score.

Since the Thanksgiving Day shoot, Homer W. Bishop, up to to-day, has made the following scores:

Team round:					
24	140	24	158	24	142
23	145	23	137	24	128
21	125	22	128	22	120
				23	117
				22	126
				22	126
				95	157
				92	536
				87	499

American round:					
29	157	30	204	30	220
29	157	30	188	30	216
				89	581
				30	166
				30	204
				30	228
				90	598
				30	176
				30	206
				30	236
				90	618

To-day the following scores were made. Temperature 40 degrees, west wind, 26 miles an hour, cloudy:

Team round:						
H. W. Bishop....	21	125	22	128	22	120
G. W. Nichols...	21	109	24	122	22	102
				21	125	87
				21	125	88
				19	99	83
				21	109	83
Dr. E. B. Weston	16	66	17	79	21	89
				23	101	77
				77	335	

American round:						
H. W. Bishop.....	26	154	29	181	30	214
G. W. Nichols	28	128	30	168	30	212
				85	549	
				88	508	

It is hoped that when the next season opens the archers will report their scores, for the pleasure of their friends, and the good of the sport.

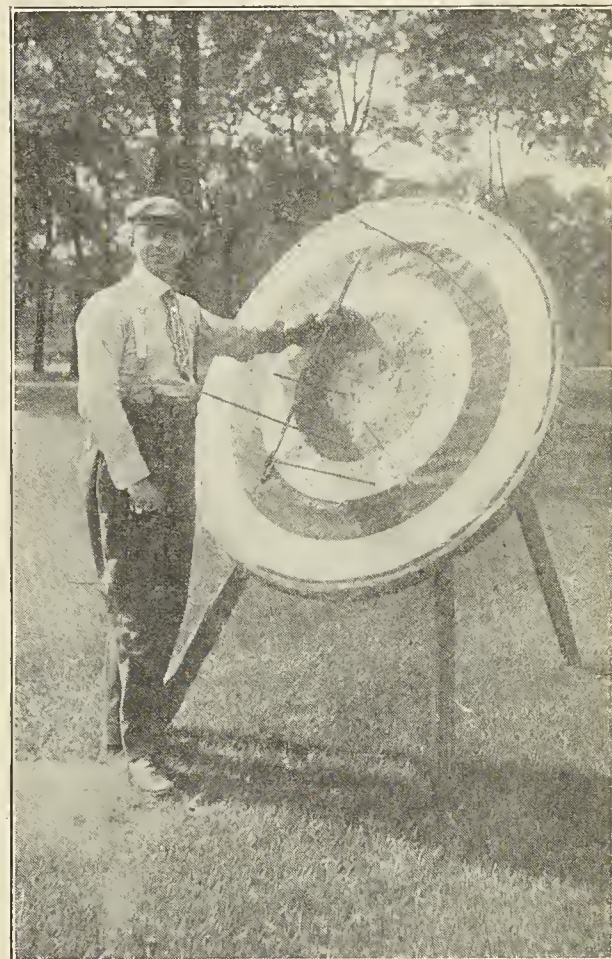
EDWARD B. WESTON.

Novice Scores.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following scores made by Mr. S. W. Wilder, of Newton Center, Mass., show what may be done by an enthusiast in a short time. Mr. Wilder took up the game last June and bids fair to keep at it in January. His enthusiasm equals his determination and is being rewarded as follows:

American Rounds.—Nov. 30:				Nov. 30:			
60yds.	50yds.	40yds.	Total.	60yds.	50yds.	40yds.	Total.
29	125	30	162	30	194	89	481
				26	134	29	169
				30	194	85	497
				26	138	29	169
				30	186	85	493
				25	135	29	153
				30	186	84	474
				27	139	26	142
				30	174	83	455
				29	167	29	163
				30	222	88	552
				29	165	29	135
				30	202	88	502

Mr. Wilder's steadiness is shown by the



GEORGE L. NICHOLS.

fact that while he never quite succeeded in getting a clean ninety hits, yet he never missed at forty yards—something we all cannot say.

G. P. BRYANT,

Sec'y-Treas. N. A. A.

SUFFRAGETTES in New York city hung up a huge, red Christmas stocking, hoping for the best. Isn't it lucky Santa didn't prove militant and fill that stocking with acid and coal tar?



YACHTING

Yacht Club Elections.

NEW YORK Y. C.

At the meeting of the New York Y. C., held Dec. 19, His Majesty, King George V., of Great Britain, was elected an honorary member of the club. The massive gold cup which he presented to the club, was on exhibition.

Twenty-three regular and seven naval candidates were elected to membership. The following are the officers and committees elected for 1913:

Commodore, Dallas B. Pratt; Vice-Commodore, George F. Baker, Jr.; Rear-Commodore, J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr.; Secretary, George A. Cormack; Treasurer, Tarrant Putnam; Measurer, William Hallock; Regatta Committee—H. de B. Parsons, J. M. Macdonough, and C. Sherman Hoyt; House Committee—Thomas A. Bronson, Samuel A. Brown and Commander James F. Carter, U. S. N.; Committee on Admission—William Buttler Duncan, Henry A. Bishop, Charles Lane Poor, Harold S. Vanderbilt and Commander F. L. Sawyer U. S. N.; Library Committee—Charles W. Lee, Henry B. Kane and James D. Sparkman; Model Committee—John Neilson, Frederick M. Hoyt and W. Harry McGill; Committee on Club Stations and Anchorage—J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., Robert E. Todd, Vernon C. Brown, Charles Lane Poor, Arthur Curtiss James, George F. Baker, Jr., and Harvey Ladew.

Twin Screw Ocean Cruiser for Canada.

J. MURRAY WATTS, naval architect, has designed a 63-foot boat now being built for Mr. Fred Magee, of Port Elgin, N. B. The owner's requirements called for a seaworthy type of vessel, suitable for the rough waters of the Nova Scotia coast, and as it was intended that the boat should take extended trips along the coast, a pilot house was fitted, from which the boat could be controlled in bad weather, while there is a steering position on the bridge deck for summer use.

The motive power consists of two four-cylinder, heavy duty oil engines, with their center of gravity corresponding to the center of buoyancy of the vessel. This is an ideal arrangement for sea-going work, not only on account of the proper location of weights, but it allows of short shafting with a small angle of rake and simple controls to the steering position.

The engine room skylight is very large, so that the motors can be easily lifted out for repair or replacement. The use of oil instead of gasoline makes more safety, and economy in cost of fuel on long runs.

The most noticeable feature of the design is the very large stateroom for the owner, 15 feet long and 13 feet wide, with a dressing room and toilet communication. This stateroom is reached from the chart house by means of steps leading into a lobby which also has access to the toilet room. The chart house is fitted

up to make a comfortable saloon with sofas 2 feet 8 inches wide on either side, making a very pleasant lounging place in bad weather.

The floor of this chart house is sunken to form a well 4 feet wide and 6 feet 6 inches long, which comes down right over the double bed in the stateroom and leaves plenty of headroom all around. This well is supported by the four posts of the double bed in the stateroom and is concealed by a chintz canopy, matching the other hangings of the stateroom, which is finished in Colonial style.

The after quarters consist of a large dining saloon with wide sofa transoms so arranged that three or four bachelor guests could be taken for a cruise and given comfortable sleeping accommodations in this room. There is a folding table fitted which can be stowed away after meal times. A commodious galley has access to this saloon.

On the port side is a dressing room and toilet. Amidships is the engine room, ventilated by a large stack, in which are installed the two heavy duty four-cylinder engines, a separate electric power plant and a work bench. There are two transoms for the crew at the side of the engine room and two pipe berths, so that four men can be carried in an emergency.

The dimensions of this boat are 63 feet over all, 14 feet 9 inches beam and 3 feet 11 inches draft. With two 35-horsepower engines, she is expected to develop a speed of 12½ miles.

New Cox & Stevens Steam Yacht.

A TWIN screw oil-burning steam yacht is now under construction for D. C. Jackling, of Salt Lake City. She was designed by Messrs. Cox & Stevens, of New York. The contract has been let to the Seattle Construction Company, Seattle, Wash. The dimensions of the vessel are: Length over all, 212 feet; length of waterline, 205 feet; beam, 27 feet; draft, 12 feet 6 inches.

This yacht has many striking features, Mr. Jackling having imposed upon his architects the task of designing for him a vessel combining an unusually high maximum speed with the greatest possible accommodation, and a vessel that should have a steaming radius of at least 3,500 miles at cruising speed and capable of extended ocean cruising in heavy water with comfort and safety to those on board.

The adoption of twin screw propulsion and oil fuel large reduced the length of space assigned to the machinery department; also made a considerable reduction in the force required in the engine department and made it possible to secure the unusually large cruising radius. The construction is to be in accordance with Lloyds' requirements.

The interior of the continuous deck house on the main deck provides a large amount of available space. While there is a passage on each side of the vessel on the main deck outside of the deck house, an interior passage also has been provided, so that the owner and his guests may pass from the dining room throughout the whole

length of the deck house and also from the quarters below forward to those below aft without going on deck.

Hardwoods, particularly Circassian walnut, are used throughout the interior equipment. The placing of this order in Seattle is of especial interest, as when completed Mr. Jackling's yacht will be the largest on the west coast, and the only steam yacht of any size ever built in any of the Western ship yards. This is undoubtedly a direct result of the near completion of the Panama Canal, which, when in operation, will open entirely new cruising grounds to yachts owned either on the Atlantic or the Pacific coast.

Yachts Change Hands.

THE Hollis Burgess Yacht Agency has sold the 35-foot waterline auxiliary yawl Rebecca, owned by E. E. Conway, of Boston, to a Marblehead yachtsman, who will use her for cruising along the coast next season; also 25-foot waterline sloop yacht Mignon, owned by E. A. Coupal, of South Boston, to E. A. Nelson, of New York; and the knockabout Edythe, owned by F. H. Davis, of Cambridge, Mass., to C. P. Cottrell, of Westerly, Rhode Island.

For This—Thanks.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 16.—Forest and Stream Publishing Co.: Gentlemen—Having read FOREST AND STREAM for a number of years, I cannot refrain from writing in order to let you know how much I have enjoyed it, especially the yachting news.

I have come to look each week for the yachting news, and I find I derive more information from reading it than from any other paper. It is so good, I regret you do not devote more space to it. Am always pleased to recommend FOREST AND STREAM to fellow yachtsmen, for it is a live-wire on yachting news.

With best wishes for a prosperous New Year, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) SHELDON CLARKE,

Secretary Chicago Yacht Club.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—6559, Robert Edward Fithian, Bridgeton, N. J.; 6560, William John Herdina, 54 Riverdale avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.; 6561, Clarence N. Capes, 43 West Thirty-seventh street, Bayonne, N. J.

A Lighthouse Takes Life.

AN old sportsman of Normandy declares that round the lighthouse of Barfleur last November there were picked up in the course of four nights 10,000 birds of all sorts, including 1,800 woodcock. The lighthouse on the Pointe de Penmarch, in Brittany, has a revolving light of 30,000,000 candle power. Visiting this on Nov. 10 last year, and again on the 12th, an observer saw tens of thousands of birds whirling round, and it seemed to him that the light shot out a perfect hail of electric sparks among the migrants. Next morning he was present while the dead bodies were being collected. They are dispatched every day to Paris by train, and the "catch," he was told, often comprised from 2,000 to 4,000 victims; one morning alone there had been more than 500 woodcock in the "bag." —The Argonaut.

THE SAND SHARKS AND THE MAN EATER.

Continued from page 812.

what their particular style of procedure was when hooked. I found that it was to dive down and swim along the bottom. Not one took the bait in mid water, and I tried with over twenty of them caught and many missed. Also my theories about sharks were all smashed—not one of the twenty caught turned over when they took the bait, for I never got a bite till the heavy line with its thick chain leader and massive hook was flat on bottom in two or three fathoms of water.

When seventeen fairly big sharks had thus been hauled aboard, I determined to try them with the rod and reel. To my surprise, the captain acted as though he knew exactly what was coming. He hauled the tender alongside, while I proceeded to screw up my gaff, and rig the rod with regular tarpon hook, leader, and line.

In five minutes I had a good one on. There was no trouble about bites, for the place was swarming with sharks, and when I struck, he scooted along the bottom. I could scarcely bring him up enough to see his shadow through the waves. Fifty yards ran off and no pause; then a hundred, and soon I was at the end of the line. There was nothing more to do but give him all the butt and try to turn him. The captain yelled for me to jump in the tender, and then we could bring the shark to gaff. But I held on, only to lose the line and gear.

Twice this happened before I consented to play the shark from the tender. I wanted to see how much strain a shark of size would stand without turning. And this I believe: a ten-foot shark will stand all a strong man can give with the purchase of a half-inch rope; stand it and not turn either, for some of these walked off as if I were hooked on to an automobile, not even wagging their heads—just a straight walk-away.

Rigging on a new line and gear, I got a bite, and after setting the hook, simply stepped into the boat with the captain's helper. Then the tale was different. The water was nowhere more than a few fathoms deep, and most of the time less than five. So he could not take advantage of his huge weight to sulk, or break connections with a dive. Nor did he try, but simply started along the shoal while we followed, partly towed by the fish, partly headed up by the oars.

In twenty minutes or half an hour I had him alongside, and was thinking the shark an easy prey when compared with a tarpon. But, alas! I had counted too quickly. For the first time he seemed to wake up when he caught sight of the boat, and away we went on a real cruise. The waves were tossing us about so, that it was impossible to stand. Between baling and rowing, my helper was having all he could do. We went along that shoal in a series of rushes which tore the line from the reel, and sent jets of spray over the boat.

Time and time again we could see the shark roll up with a wave; see the whole fish outlined in the green water, and then, with what seemed to be an easy wag of his head, he jerked the rod till, spite of the holder, the butt rattled my waistline and made me gasp for breath—or a pad.

We were two miles from the sloop when he came to gaff. Reaching down, I set the steel deep in his maw, and held on with all my might. The shark rolled around like a spinning minnow, around and around, winding the line about him, and to my no small chagrin, unscrewing the head of the gaff till it came away. Had the gaff held, I doubt whether I could have kept it in my hand, for the rolling of the shark and the slapping about of his monstrous head were almost incredibly strong. Even with a chain and rope, neither the captain nor I could hold a shark without taking a turn about the rail, and with a rod in one hand and a gaff in the other, the holding was simply out of the question. He went away with the gaff in his throat, and yards of the line wound about him so tightly that it seemed it must cut through even his tough skin.

Still the battle was not over, for hook and line both held. It was only a question of minutes before we had him up again, and this time we shot the shark just forward of the eyes—a constant surprise to me that day that such a monster thing should be killed as by a stroke of lightning, yet with only a little twenty-two bullet.

Three times this was repeated with slight variations, and I excused my apparent fish hoggishness on the score that these were a menace to life and limb, as well as to the game fish and food fish of the waters. So at last, thoroughly tired and drenched through with spray, we hauled up anchor and made for port with a score of sharks aboard.

The wind was fair. Far on the skyline a big schooner, with all sails set, stole along. About us the sea roared and foamed as the Hattie B. came down on a wave. No wonder the captain found trouble in locating a bar three fathoms under water, and thirteen miles out to sea. Yet he declared we could not catch a half dozen sharks in a week outside of that spot, perhaps half a square mile in extent.

"But they's hundreds of 'em there," said he. "It's a regular bedding ground for 'em. Lo'd love you, I've caught thousands of 'em right on that one shoal."

"Did you ever see one of them attack a man?" said I; for I had in mind the lurid stories of this monster of the deep.

"Wal," said he, "these ain't rightly man-eatin' sha'ks. The blue sha'ks is what they say eats men, and they look it. Only one you caught to-day is a blue sha'k. There he is—that pearl-gray one."

He certainly looked big enough—a monster of eleven feet, with a maw that would close over a man's shoulders.

"Well, Captain, you've been in this business twenty years? Did you ever see even signs of one attacking a man?"

"I never did—to speak the truth. Though I guess I wouldn't want to risk 'em none if they was in warmer water. Ya see, sir, them sha'ks don't stay hereabout in the winter. Along about the middle of August, the blue sha'k comes on the ledge and drives the sand-sha'ks off. Then's the time we catches the biggest."

"Did you ever fish for them in winter, Captain?" said I.

"Lo'd bless you, yes, I've come along here when that old lighthouse on Bishop's Ledge was covered thick with ice. Ya couldn't git into

her nohow, less'n you chopped through with an ax. Many a time we'd drop a line in the winter, but never a sha'k. They're off for the warm water when the ice comes here.

"Why, sir, it was in warm weather—fifteen, eighteen, twenty years ago—when I first found 'em. This sloop Hattie B. was bran new then, and we was seinin' for mack'rel. Well, sir, we had her out behind us, five hundred ya'ds o' fine new seine, and we come along the tide rip just the same as we done to-day. We had a fair net full when we hove over the ledge an' began to git ready to haul in on Horseshoe Shoal.

"Well, sir, I've been a long time fishin', but never did I see anythin' the like o' that. All on a sudden Scuppy sings out, 'Lo'd love ye, see the sha'k!' An' all along that five hundred ya'd o' seine the foam come poppin' up, and the blood, an' bits o' fish. Gulls come a squawkin' an' the net a wobblin' like she was in a backswirl. Ya'd better believe we got busy. All hands turned over an' we raised the very devil with them sha'ks. We shot 'em, an' belted 'em with the ax. We slugged 'em with pins an' everythin'. But I want to tell ya, when we gits that net aboard we done some cussin'. Ya could shove that boat through the holes. Five on us, four days' labor it took to mend that damned net. Yes, sir, five on us four days a-workin' like niggers. That's how I found 'em—right in the Hattie B. D'you think I'm likely to forgit 'em?"

"Well, Captain, there certainly are some sharks there. I'd like to have seen what was on the end of that line we broke to-day, with all three of us heaving."

"Sha'k?" said the Captain; "sha'k? by the gods they's sha'k to burn there. Un do ya know, sir, a fellow asks me last trip how in the world did I find them, the ledge bein' so small. 'Find 'em?' says I. Lo'd, I found them sha'k afore you was born; 'n' I aint likely to forgit where I found 'em neither."

HUNTING GAME IN MAINE.

Continued from page 814.

loons, the drumming of a partridge, the whistling of a frightened deer or call of the moose—that monarch of the thick timber—all is stillness and an ideal place to cultivate a quiet heart and a contented mind.

In tramping through the woods we saw many signs of deer, bear and moose. Every day we brought down a few partridges for the table and a sufficient supply of venison, which is cooked here at Charles Daisey's to perfection. However, the most enjoyable meal was that at midday, cooked on an open fire in the woods. There were many elements of enjoyment here—the cutting down of the wood for the fire, the building of the fire itself, which is to sportsmen generally one of the pleasantest recollections of the chase. Here we broiled partridge, a piece of luscious venison or a speckled beauty, all cooked hunter's style, a veritable triumph of culinary art. With a good appetite and a reasonable thirst, what could be better than this? True, we had no plates, but we never mourned their loss.

It is a long road and hard traveling, with many moss-covered fallen timbers, from finely decorated table-ware to the lair of the wild moose, and here Tom was at his best. He

knew exactly where the spring ought to be, and almost always where it was, and made the fire near it; and he certainly was a past master as a fire architect and cook.

During this trip, every day of which he led me over a new trail or spent a new day in a new way—from the first day, spent in a canoe trip around the lake, to rest up a little and make some photographs. In paddling to one of the spring holes we saw hundreds of trout in the spring some four or five feet deep. And on another day a little further up on the shore of the lake, where we could see the beavers busy at work on one of their dams, and in the distance a long blue heron wading about helping himself to small unsuspecting trout, we got a few nice partridges. One day we would be up on a high ridge for deer, the next through a dense thicket for moose, and on two occasions we went back to small ponds for moose, but all we could see of them was their footprints in the soft mud. We saw a lot of black ducks that kept a safe distance from us, but as our desires were centered on moose, we did not care to make a noise shooting at anything so small here in the wilderness.

One morning we came upon a very haughty buck. This unsuspecting victim arose, shook the dew-drops from his flanks and strolled about leisurely in the thick brambles and underbrush, and for some time it seemed a close race as to whether the deer or the sportsman would win. It is not always safe to shoot at a moving object a distance away, even in the woods, and victory was trembling in the balance. If he had got our wind, naturally and promptly his hide would have been safe, but he exposed himself to view for a moment. A steady aim and a well-directed soft lead bullet and the victory was mine, and our coveted prize, a fat deer, beautiful of form, lay stretched on the ground in the ferns and wild raspberry bushes.

Laura Lousie, the spirit who directs my domestic affairs, had not been in very robust health when I left home.

There is not a very extensive mail communication with the outer world, and as I had not received any for two weeks, and the only way of getting it was to go after it, I decided to retrace my way back home. So Dell the teamster was hired with the two horses, neither of which looked like prize winners, but Dell said they were handy in the woods, and he ought to know, for he had just come into camp that day in a downpour of rain, bringing in a moose and a deer that had been shot five or six miles away, and notwithstanding the breaking of an axle, the losing of two shoes from one of the horses and his water-soaked condition, he was as cheerful and happy as a May Queen. With the rising sun the stuff we had was put securely on the trusted gray, and I rode on the other horse—not the glossy black in the story, but a black without the gloss. Everything went as "merry as a marriage bell" for seven or eight miles, by cutting out a fallen tree on the trail or going around another that interfered with our progress. Finally we came to a place where there was a general blow-down, and Tom, who was the master of ceremonies, called a council, which decided to tie the horses to a tree and divide the stuff. In this way each one took his allotted load down the trail for

about five miles where the canoe was hidden in the bushes. I had some freshly shot partridges in the pack to take home, but I wanted a deer also, so we went quietly, when presently Tom saw a small deer on the shore, and in his matter-of-fact way, said: "You better take him." He was a small buck, probably about eighteen months old, and when dressed weighed about fifty pounds, and Tom said he got heavier the further he carried him.

Close to where we got the small deer we met a man with a large black bear that he got over near Harrington Lake, and Tom said he knew two "fellers" that got three bears over there last season. It was past noon when we reached Ambajesus Lake. The wind was puffy and quite strong, but it is astonishing the rough seas those canoes can ride, but with Tom at the paddle, there was no fear. He was engaged to take charge of the Paper Company's camp for the winter, and it was mutually agreed.

"That each go off his several way
Resolved to meet some other day."

DEER SEASON IN CALIFORNIA.

Continued from page 817.

the getting of a deer or bear, to help replenish or stock up the larder. One hunter told me that it was a "ground hog case" with him, because of the "high cost of living."

Mountain quail proved to be quite abundant here this year, and there has probably been a very good natural increase, as climatic conditions have been right for breeding, and forest fires have been comparatively few. The inclement weather of October has started the quail's "runs" toward the lower country, and the danger of being decimated by smothering under a heavy precipitation of snow is minimized by the probability of the birds getting below the snow line in time to avoid the treacherous "beautiful."

The other day I partook of a mess of cooked squirrels that mine host had obtained by good work with a rifle, getting his little quarry in each case with a single shot that decapitated each. Included in the bag were gray, tree and ground squirrels, and a few chipmunks. The ground squirrels were of the variety called here the "Johnny Digger," or gopher. Mine host did not harbor the prejudice existing in some places that the gopher was a "too ratty" rodent, nor that it was a carrier of bubonic plague. "That's all nonsense," he said. His opinion is shared by many other mountaineers, and particularly by the Chinese placer miners. The Orientals have box traps set all the time, and the meat of gophers is a frequent item in their bills of fare. Gopher meat tamale is deemed an especial luxury by many of the Latin people in the mining camps of the Sierra Nevadas.

"And why shouldn't the ground squirrel of the mountain be good eating at this time of year?" queried mine host. He went on to tell how they foraged in the vegetable gardens of the mountain ranchmen, and that they ought to be healthy and their meat palatable and nutritious. However, I prefer the tree squirrels.

The heavily timbered cañon slopes are scenically of wondrous beauty just now, the

golden yellow of the maples and oaks, and the fiery-red of the dogwoods contrasting vividly with the fresh green of the pines, cedars, firs and olive oak. But for the past week there has been daily precipitations of rain, snow and sleet, and while it has been light, a low enough temperature has accompanied it to make it rather disagreeable. The first onslaught of winter in this region generally has a depressing effect upon the spirits—that sharp, bracing one it has back in the New England and Middle States is lacking; but after the winter has advanced some, a reaction for the better obtains. To the present week of "indoor weather" FOREST AND STREAM is indebted for this letter. The promised dissertation on other topics may follow soon. Since my last I have had new adventures in my roving—nothing sensational, but, nevertheless, I hope, interesting to all your readers.

To-day I read every printed word and figure in the issue of Oct. 19 of FOREST AND STREAM, from date line on the title-page, clear through to the very last line on the last page, where I secured the address for the superscription. The loan of the copy has been promised to half a dozen disciples of Nimrod, and I guess it will be pretty well thumb-worn by the time it is returned to me.

"High class reading in FOREST AND STREAM," says one welcome borrower, who has been an enthusiastic reader of former numbers.

WISCONSIN'S NEW GAME PRESERVE.

Continued from page 818.

Lake and includes nine other lakes within its limits. The great wire fence, which will keep in the moose and elk, will also keep out the foxes and wolves. This fence will at first be extended around three sides. A drive will then be organized with men on horseback, which will drive a great number of deer into the preserve, and the fence will then be closed.

The elk will be shipped by the Government from the Jackson's Hole country in Montana. There the elk formerly came down from the mountains in winter to look for food under the snow. As the country settled up, much of the land was fenced, and so short did food become for the elk that they died standing around the haystacks which the settlers protected with fences of heavy timber. For the last year or two the State has appropriated a sum to buy alfalfa to feed them. This could not be done from a wagon standing still, for the elk would crowd around, and many of the calves would be killed by being trampled under foot. At present the wagons are driven at full speed through the forest, with men pitching off hay from the side.

In three or four years it is expected so many of the animals will have bred in the preserve that it will be possible to release them into the woods. The moose and elk are protected throughout the whole year; the beaver is also protected. There is a trapping season for the mink and otter.

'Ware 13.

BESIDES all else the future now holds, next year will be the thirteenth in the century.—Commercial Appeal.



If you want your shoot to be announced here, send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.
1913.

- Jan. 1.—Utica, N. Y.—Genesee Gun Club. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
- Feb. 22.—Birmingham (Ala.) G. C. tournament. O. L. Garl, Sec'y.
- Jan. 22-25.—Pinehurst (N. C.) Country Club. Leonard Tufts, Pres.
- July 8-13.—Cedar Point, Ohio.—The Indians' tournament. D. H. Eaton, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Don't overlook Amateur Championship of Long Island Sound at Manhasset Bay Yacht Club traps, Jan. 11. It's a jolly place to go, and will offer a competition worth winning.



Owing to domestic inclinations of du Pont members—and the fact that they all had turkeys—no shoot was held Christmas Day. However, all latent and pent-up desire for contest, turkeys and powder combustion may be indulged on New Year's Day, when a sufficient quantity of fat, chestnut-fed birds will be in the prize pens for those who can "hit the side of a barn."



Harry Kahler, the boy phenom clay bird eliminator, has slipped from the ranks of amateurs and gone pro. He will represent Peters Cartridge Co. in the West. Kahler has done remarkable shooting in his short career as a powder burner, and there will be many a sigh of relief from circuit trotting amateurs at the parting of the ways—Harry will now sell instead of buy. Good luck to the popular boy, say I.



The new trophies at Travers Island this year are handsome enough to bring out the best and bring out the best there is in the best after they are out—sounds Dutch, doesn't it? Well, parse it, and you sure will take to the cups—the three-finger variety. Well, to return to our mutton, or cups, Ralph Spotts has put up a beautiful silver one for high scratch season average. Charley Billings has Black, Starr & Frosted for 100-bird scratch for first four 100-bird events on any club day. Other silver linings for the clouds of smoke are B. M. Higginson for season high average, handicap; Geo. J. Corbett for handicap high score at 100 birds, same conditions as Billings' trophy; E. N. Huggins, for long straight run in any of first four events on any club day.



W. J. Wilson, Sec'y-Treas. Dows Gun Club, Dows, Ia., writes: "Our club is a newly organized one, composed of young shooters, and we are all striving to make ours a real live gun club. We are going to hold our first club tournament on Christmas Day, when turkeys will be shot for. We contemplate holding a couple of registered tournaments next spring and summer, and hope to entertain a number of out-of-town shooters."

[To this I may add that if FOREST AND STREAM can be of any help in making the march easier for Mr. Wilson's club, or any other young organization, just say what you want.—EDITOR.]

W. G. BEECROFT.

Evanston Gun Club.

EVANSTON, Ill., Dec. 19.—The Evanston Gun Club, of Evanston, Ill., held their annual dinner and election of officers at the City Club, of Chicago, on the evening of Dec. 17, at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: H. F. Darby, Jr., President; G. H. Coleman, Vice-President; W. J. Phalen, Secretary and Treasurer; W. R. Carman, Captain; H. Van Petten, Director.

It was decided that, owing to the rapid growth of the club, it was necessary to have larger quarters, and a committee was appointed to plan a larger club house and to arrange for the installation of another automatic trap.

Two teams, composed of fifteen members each, were formed to shoot for a trophy donated by Mr. F. H. Tichenor. New Years morning a contest will take place for the first leg on the Director's cup.

W. J. PHALEN, Sec'y-Treas.

Birmingham Gun Club.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 14.—Only five shooters were at the weekly shoot of the Birmingham Gun Club. The afternoon was the darkest in which we have ever shot, so the scores are away below the average.

Mr. Lee was shooting a 20-gauge gun. Mrs. Garl and Mr. Garl were trying a new gun in one event, which caused them to lose some. E. M. Cornwell has his gun away to the factory for repairs, and was shooting Baugh's gun.

Members of the Birmingham Gun Club are pleased to know that the Southern Handicap will be held at Montgomery. And also at the action of the Interstate Association in restoring the Preliminary Handicap to the subsidiary Interstate handicaps, and allowing the

purses divided as the gun clubs decide. Most of all, that E. E. Shaner and J. T. Skelly still remain at the helm of trapshooting in America.

Scores were made as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke		Shot at.	Broke
T K Lee.....	100	46	F Cornwell	50	34
Mrs Garl	65	43	E M Cornwell..	50	29
O L Garl.....	50	39			

Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club.

CONCORDIA, Kans., Dec. 18.—Chas. Sewart, of Hollis, was the high gun with 57 out of 60; Caldwell second with 55, and W. Price third with 54. Visiting shooters who shot through the program were: Geo. Mallo, of Aurora, and Frank Cote, of Rice, Kans. Following are the scores:

Sewart	60	57	Snyder	60	46
Caldwell	60	56	Myers	60	43
Price	60	54	Mallo	60	41
Empson	60	49	Birch	60	40
Huscher	60	49	Cole	45	42
Phillips	60	48	Cote	45	27
Krohn	60	47			

J. F. CALDWELL, Sec'y.

Looking Ahead to 1913 at the Traps

STAR INTERSTATE EVENTS

Grand American DAYTON **Eastern** WILMINGTON **Western** OMAHA **Southern** MONTGOMERY **Southwestern** SAN ANTONIO



Here is The True Guide to Would-Be Winners —not only at these shoots but at the long string of other big and little meets—from coast to coast—



NO TRAPSHOOTER HAS EVER BEATEN

1955 ex 2000

The Phenomenal 1910 Record

Made by W. H. Heer, with *Remington-UMC* Gun and Speed Shells

This score was made at Registered Tournaments, under Interstate Association auspices and is official. It stands as a remarkable example of the possibilities of skilled marksmanship in combination with modern arms and ammunition.

16 of 20 Interstate Handicaps Have Been Won With *Remington-UMC*

Start your practice *now* with *Remington-UMC* Pump Gun and the Speed Shells and you, too, will depend upon this "Perfect Shooting Combination" for the contests you want to win.

Shoot *Remington-UMC* For Speed Plus Pattern

REMINGTON ARMS—UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299-301 Broadway - - - - - New York, N. Y.

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 14.—May weather in the middle of December, such as we had to-day, certainly should have brought out a good field of shooters, but only a few came out for practice at the traps. Let us hope that those who have been going out after game will have the best of success, so that they will come back filled with new enthusiasm for shooting, and fill their places on the firing line before the traps.

Goode ran up a total of 91 out of 100 in the two 50-target club events, and then broke 24 out of 25 in event No. 4, gun below the armpit. Barnes took first honors in the practice event, scoring 14 out of 15, breaking 40 and 44 in the next two events. Cannon and Fetherston were out to-day for the first time in several moons. Scores:

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for various participants like O P Goode, C B Barnes, C W May, T V Cannon, L M Fetherston.

Dec. 15.—The pleasant weather of yesterday did not hold over for to-day, as dark, heavy clouds hung overhead, which made it dark, and a strong wind from the northwest had the shooters guessing as to whether the targets would soar up in the air or be driven down by the wind. But at that a number of good scores were made. Silver broke his 25 straight in practice, Thomas coming in for second place with one down, while Dickerman made a total of 23. Silver again took first place in the first 50-target event, when he made a total of 47, Eck, Thomas and Dickerman tying for second place with 45 each. George Eck was going along at a fine clip in the second 50, when he had brought down 42 straight; but the next was a bad one, which got away, and then he dropped two more out of his last three, which brought his total of 47. Dickerman came back with another 45, while Thomas had to be content with third place with a score of 44. Thomas ran up a total of 46 out of 50 in the last two events, breaking 23 out of 25 in each frame, gun below armpit. Eck rolled up a total of 44 in these two events, while Hardy Wolfe scored 40. Phil Miller shared second place with Eck in event No. 1, each breaking 21.

Barribal is one of the former "regulars," who had not shot at the traps for over a year. Raithel made his first visit at our club grounds to-day, this being his second trial at the traps. Scores:

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 5 columns of scores for participants like Geo Eck, D E Thomas, E Silver, H E Dickerman, P Miller, M E Bosley, A France, A G Raithel, A Moore, C H Barribal, J H Shrigley.

Crescent A. C.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 21.—Four events were trapped here to-day. G. G. Stephenson won committee cup with 45 from 6 free ones. R. C. Williams copped Vanderveer cup with 49 from 8. A. Blake made take-home trophy with 89 from 8, and monthly cup was divided between J. F. James and A. Blake, each of whom found 23. Scores:

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like G G Stephenson, F S Hyatt, A Blake, J F James, C Blake, F B Stephenson, J H Vanderveer, R C Williams.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like R C Williams, A Blake, F B Stephenson, Geo Bingham, C Blake, J F James, Geo. Brower, G G Stephenson, W W Pell, A P Palmer, W W Stabe, F S Hyatt.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like A Blake, Geo Brower, R C Williams, F S Hyatt, J F James, F B Stephenson, C Blake, G G Stephenson, Jr, Geo Bingham, A P Palmer, J H Vanderveer, W W Pell, W W Stabe.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like J F James, A Blake, J H Vanderveer, G G Stephenson, Jr, A P Palmer, Geo Brower, W W Stabe, C Blake, Geo Bingham, R C Williams, F S Hyatt, F B Stephenson.

Orange Gun Club.

ORANGE, N. J., Dec. 21.—Two scratch men, T. Dukes and F. W. Lockwood, tied at 24 on first sweep to-day. Second sweep went to F. D. Perkins, who drew one disc and made a full. In the third sweep two men stayed—A. Mosler drew 2 to a full, while M. R. Guggenheim, standing to right of the dealer, also drew 2, each making the full. In the last event Perkins needed one, which he got on the draw and made his full. Three others had calling hands, but with their draws all got busted straight, 24 being the

hand held by A. Mosler, Guggenheim and E. L. Haas. The scores:

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like A Mosler, M R Guggenheim, G W Wakeley, N Wallau, W J Kingsland, E L Haas, T Dukes, W Rockwell, F W Lockwood.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like A Mosler, M R Guggenheim, G W Wakeley, N Wallau, F D Perkins, W J Kingland, E L Haas, T Dukes, W Rockwell, F W Lockwood.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like A Mosler, M R Guggenheim, G W Wakeley, N Wallau, F D Perkins, W J Kingsland, E L Haas, T Dukes, W Rockwell, F W Lockwood.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like A Mosler, R Guggenheim, G W Wakeley, F D Perkins, E L Haas, T Dukes, W Rockwell, F W Lockwood.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT, N. Y., Dec. 22.—It looked like a concentrated attack of experts at Larchmont Yacht Club to-day. There were twenty-two trappists en squad, and some upper register chaps were among the new comers. High gun went to Ralph Spotts with 134 out of 150 from scratch. December cup leg went to E. G. Unitt after a shoot-off with J. V. Henry and A. W. Whiting. Unitt also tied Tom McCahill and S. Halstead for Larchmont trophy, which was won by Halstead on shoot-off. Visitors' cup went away with G. W. Lembeck. Take-home trophy was smashed into submission by Dr. W. B. Short, Jr., after a shoot-off with W. E. Ferguson and A. W. Whiting. This is Dr. Short's first appearance this season. He showed in a tie with Dan McMahon and A. L. Burns. Danny copped the kale on shoot-off. Day trophy was Buffaloed by W. E. Ferguson, who made 97 from a hand-out of 28.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like R L Spotts, D F McMahon, A W Whiting, J G Batterson, G W Lembeck, E G Unitt, J V Henry, T J McCahill, E Wood, T Lenane, Jr., S Halstead, P J White, A B Alley, L C Dalley, C A Singer, W E Ferguson, F W Fitzgerald, G Morrison.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like E G Unitt, J V Henry, A W Whiting, G W Lembeck, J G Batterson, G Morrison, C A Singer, D F McMahon, T J McCahill, S Halstead, E Wood, E L C Dalley, F W Fitzgerald.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like S Halstead, E G Unitt, T J McCahill, D F McMahon, W E Ferguson, G W Lembeck, T Lenane, Jr., A W Whiting, P J White, E Wood, E L C Dalley, F W Fitzgerald.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like G W Lembeck, T Lenane, Jr., W E Ferguson, T J McCahill, S Halstead, J V Henry, E Wood, P J White, F W Fitzgerald, E L C Dalley, G Morrison, A B Alley, F W Fitzgerald.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like Dr W B Short, W E Ferguson, A W Whiting, E G Unitt, R L Spotts, D F McMahon, S Halstead, J B Batterson, G W Lembeck, A L Burns, F W Fitzgerald, T J McCahill, E Wood, J V Henry, P J White, C A Singer, L Antoine, T Lenane, Jr.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like W E Ferguson, A W Whiting, E G Unitt, A L Burns, L Antoine, J G Batterson, G W Lembeck, T Lenane, Jr., D F McMahon.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like D F McMahon, Dr W B Short, A L Burns, J V Henry, R L Spotts, F W Fitzgerald, T J McCahill, C A Singer, A W Whiting, L Antoine, G W Lembeck, E G Unitt, E Wood, P J White, W E Ferguson, T Lenane, Jr., J G Batterson.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like W E Ferguson, G W Lembeck, A W Whiting, E G Unitt, S Halstead, J V Henry, T J McCahill, D F McMahon, R L Spotts, T Lenane, Jr., E Wood, I G Batterson, P J White, C A Singer, F W Fitzgerald.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like R L Spotts, G W Lembeck, D F McMahon, J V Henry, A W Whiting, T J McCahill, J G Batterson, T Lenane, Jr., E G Unitt, S Halstead, A B Alley, W E Ferguson, P J White, E Wood, F W Fitzgerald, C A Singer.

Buffalo Audubon Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 21.—The last shoot for December and 1912 was held under favorable conditions, but the boys were not all pointing right. F. S. Wright finished with 93 out of his century, which was high for the day. Mr. G. H. Hassam was with us and made application for membership, and, when elected, will probably make the boys shoot to beat him. The scores:

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 5 columns of scores for participants like Messenger, Ebberts, Wright, Lambert, Immel, Hassam, Covert, Cannon, Wacker, Rogers, Blackmer, Waldon, Seymour, Woolton.

On Saturday, Dec. 28, an all-day shoot will be held at which poultry will be the prizes, sliding handicap to govern four fowls in each event.

Essex Country Club.

ORANGE, N. J., Dec. 21.—B. M. Shanley, Jr., was it out here to-day. He shooting from scratch as usual, won take-home trophy with a straight 25, 25-bird sweep with 24, and tied on leg for December cup with 21. W. R. Delahanty, who tied for December cup, made his 21 from 6 free scalars. C. H. Daly, also a scratcher, did good, consistent shooting and deserved much more than he got.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like B M Shanley, Jr., C H Daly, J A Hart, W C Shanley, S Halstead, P J White, R L Spotts, W E Ferguson, T Lenane, Jr., E Wood, E L C Dalley, F W Fitzgerald, G Morrison.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like B M Shanley, Jr., W R Delahanty, C H Daly, J A Hart, W C Shanley, Jr., W C Shanley, A O Headley, P Ross, E H Graves, W R Delahanty.

Table with 2 columns of Events and Targets, and 4 columns of scores for participants like B M Shanley, Jr., A O Headley, C H Daly, J A Hart, W C Shanley, Jr., W C Shanley, P Ross, W R Delahanty.

Brewster Gun Club.

BREWSTER, O., Dec. 16.—The name of the North Brewster Gun Club has been changed to the Brewster Gun Club. The members of the new organization are as follows: W. Glick, President; Al. J. Burns, Secretary; A. Glick, Treasurer; J. Christman, E. Stevens, B. Glick, J. M. Arnold, W. Wilson, D. R. Webner, C. W. Coe, C. H. Holmes, F. A. Reinhart, D. Mossep, Chas. Engleman, W. D. Fairfax, D. A. Young, H. Glick, W. M. Duncan, J. G. Code, C. C. Needham, Alva Arnold. The club will hold a practice match on its old grounds on Christmas afternoon. On New Year's Day the club will go to Canton, Ohio, where they will be the guests of the Reed Urban Gun Club. The club's new grounds, with a brand new trap installed, will be ready for operation on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. This day will be made attractive by the attendance of shooters from a large number of gun clubs in this section, representatives of arms and ammunition companies who care to be with us on that day, and the prizes that will be awarded. A. J. BURNS, Sec'y.

Daniel Boone Gun Club.

MARTHASVILLE, Mo., Dec. 14.—Shoot to-day was for half a beef, each quarter divided into five parts, high gun system. Two events, 10 birds each. Ties not given: Ahmann, Lichtenberg, Meyer, F Mutert, F Koelling, Wyatt, Koch, Kite, J Mutert, Bollmann, McVey, W Gardyne, Wilson, Struebbe, Freese.

J. O. WILSON, Sec'y.

A TRAP SHOOTER HAS BEATEN 1955 x 2000 For a Season's Record

It Was Done With

WINCHESTER

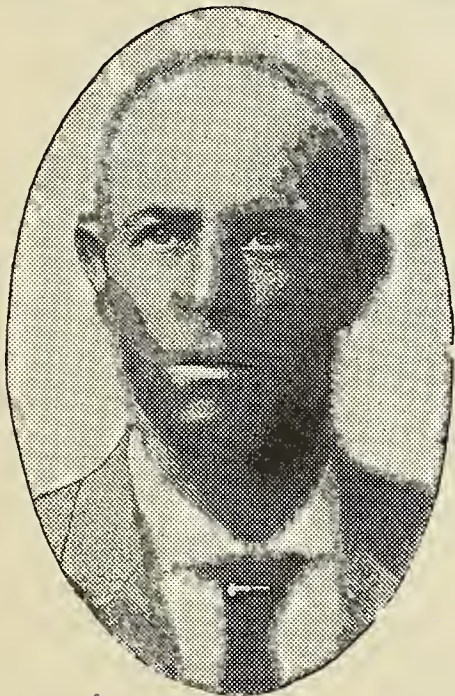
REPEATING SHOTGUN and SHOTGUN SHELLS

"No Trapshooter Has Ever Beaten 1955 x 2000"

"The phenomenal record, made by W. H. Heer with Remington-UMC Gun and Speed Shells."

*** "It stands as a remarkable example of the possibilities of skilled marksmanship in combination with modern arms and ammunition."

This gem of inaccuracy, quoted above, was recently offered in the advertisement of a gun and shell maker as a "True Guide To Would Be Winners." All well posted trap shooters know just how true a guide such a misstatement is and will classify it properly. That trap shooters who have recently taken up the sport may not be misguided, and in justice to the man whose average for a season's trap shooting in tournaments registered by the Interstate Association has never been equalled, we give herewith his unbeaten record.



E. F. FORSGARD

whose record of 98+% for 4895 targets shot in Registered Tournaments remains unbeaten.

¶ In the year 1910, E. F. Forsgard, of Waco, Texas, shooting in *Registered* tournaments at *regulation* targets, averaged 98+% for 4895 targets. Is that beating 97.75% for 2000 shots?

¶ At five consecutive *Registered* tournaments at *regulation* targets, Mr. Forsgard broke 2077 x 2100, 98.90%. Is that beating 97.75 for 2000 shots?

Mr. Forsgard in all his shooting used Winchester "Leader" or "Repeater" loaded shells. His gun was a Winchester repeater—not a double barreled one of a make so "modern" that it is no longer manufactured.

If the above records of Mr. Forsgard don't beat 1955 x 2000, for a season's shooting, we will "pass the buck" with a smile. We know that it does, however, and consequently rest the matter with trap shooters generally, with a feeling akin to "the calm confidence of a Christian sitting behind four aces," as Mark Twain once said.

Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn.

5 out of 6 REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIPS

PRACTICALLY A CLEAN SWEEP, WON BY

THE FAMOUS  BRAND

Peters

Ammunition

The results of the United States Revolver Association 1912 Outdoor Championships, just officially announced, show that users of Peters Cartridges won FIRST in every match but one, also Second place in one match, Third in three matches and fifth in two.

Match A. Revolver Championship

- 1st—A. M. Poindexter.....467
- 3rd—J. E. Gorman.....455
- 5th—C. M. McCutcheon.....448

Match D. Military Record

- 1st—Dr. J. H. Snook.....212
- 2nd—C. M. McCutcheon.....207

Match F. Pocket Revolver Championship

- 1st—Dr. O. A. Burgeson.....208

Match B. Pistol Championship

- 3rd—A. M. Poindexter.....574

Match C. Military Revolver Championship

- 1st—Dr. J. H. Snook.....621
- 3rd—A. M. Poindexter.....574
- 5th—C. M. McCutcheon.....570

TWO NEW RECORDS

Match E. Revolver Team Championship

- 1st—Denver Revolver Club...774

These victories, won against the hardest possible competition, show that our oft repeated claim for the ABSOLUTE SUPERIORITY OF PETERS AMMUNITION is not mere idle talk, but a conservative and provable statement of FACTS.

PETERS REVOLVER AND RIFLE CARTRIDGES of 32 and larger calibers are just as surely superior to other makes as Peters 22 caliber. PETERS SMOKELESS Cartridges are as far ahead of competing brands as are PETERS SEMI-SMOKELESS.

Shoot the P brand, the only kind that will shoot perfectly in ANY good gun.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

NEW YORK: 98 Chambers St., T. H. Keller, Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO: 608-612 Howard St., J. S. French, Manager.

NEW ORLEANS: 321 Magazine St., Lee Omohundro, Manager.

New York A. C.

PELHAM MANOR, N. Y., Dec. 21.—The same old bunch of upper register gun men took all events here to-day. Ralph Spotts took two, high gun with 91, and Travers Island trophy, the latter being taken on a straight from scratch. C. W. Billings took a pair, including high gun handicap with 97 from 12 free ones, and Olympic cup with 24 from an oval. Dr. Culver also lifted two cups—Held trophy, with a full from a 2-disc draw, and distance handicap event with 24 from 19yd. mark. B. M. Higginson won Culver cup leg after a tie with Billings and Stein, all three gunners having full scores. Dan McMahon scored on December cup with a full from one, after a shoot-off with Billings, who filled on a 3-disc draw. Scores:

High gun prize, 100 targets, scratch:	
R L Spotts..... 91	T Lenane, Jr..... 75
D F McMahon..... 89	J G Batterson..... 71
Dr Culver..... 88	Dr De Wolfe..... 71
C W Billings..... 85	W B Ogden..... 71
B M Higginson, Jr... 85	R R Debacher..... 65
R R Debacher..... 28	W B Ogden..... 60
O C Grinnell..... 83	J I Brandenburg..... 60
C Stein..... 79	J Meyer..... 56

High gun prize, 100 targets, handicap:	
C W Billings..... 12	97 C Stein..... 12
B M Higginson, Jr. 8	96 R L Spotts..... 0
Dr Culver..... 8	96 J I Brandenburg... 24
T Lenane, Jr..... 20	95 J G Batterson..... 16
O C Grinnell..... 12	95 Dr De Wolfe..... 12
R R Debacher..... 28	93 W B Ogden..... 8
D F McMahon..... 4	93 J Meyer..... 0

Olympic cup, gun below elbow, 25 targets, handicap:	
C W Billings..... 0	24 C Stein..... 5
O C Grinnell..... 2	23 J I Brandenburg... 5
D F McMahon..... 1	21 R R Debacher..... 2
R L Spotts..... 1	21 W B Ogden..... 4
Dr De Wolfe..... 1	21 J Meyer..... 0

Culver trophy, 25 targets, handicap:	
B M Higginson, Jr. 2	25 D F McMahon..... 0
C W Billings..... 0	25 R L Spotts..... 0
C Stein..... 3	25 Dr Culver..... 1
T Lenane, Jr..... 5	25 J G Batterson..... 4
J I Brandenburg... 1	25 O C Grinnell, Jr... 4
R R Debacher..... 7	24 Dr De Wolfe..... 3
W B Ogden..... 2	23 J Meyer..... 0

Travers Island trophy, 25 targets, handicap:	
R L Spotts..... 0	25 B M Higginson, Jr. 1
C W Billings..... 3	25 C Stein..... 3
O C Grinnell..... 3	25 Dr Culver..... 1
T Lenane, Jr..... 5	25 D F McMahon..... 0
R R Debacher..... 7	25 W B Ogden..... 2
J G Batterson..... 4	23 J I Brandenburg... 6
Dr De Wolfe..... 3	23 J Meyer..... 0

December cup, 25 targets, handicap:	
D F McMahon..... 1	25 J G Batterson..... 4
C W Billings..... 3	25 Dr Culver..... 2
R R Debacher..... 7	25 T Lenane, Jr..... 5
B M Higginson, Jr. 2	24 Dr De Wolfe..... 3
C Stein..... 3	23 O C Grinnell..... 3
R L Spotts..... 0	22 W B Ogden..... 2
J I Brandenburg... 2	22 J Meyer..... 1

Held trophy, 25 targets, handicap:	
Dr Culver..... 2	25 C W Billings..... 3
O C Grinnell..... 3	25 B M Higginson, Jr. 2
J G Batterson..... 3	24 R L Spotts..... 0
T Lenane, Jr..... 5	24 Dr De Wolfe..... 3
J I Brandenburg... 6	24 W B Ogden..... 2
C Stein..... 3	23 R R Debacher..... 7
D F McMahon..... 0	23 J Meyer..... 0

Distance prize, 25 targets, handicap:	
Dr Culver..... 19	24 J G Batterson..... 17
O C Grinnell..... 18	24 C Stein..... 18
D F McMahon..... 20	20 W B Ogden..... 19
C W Billings..... 18	19 T Lenane, Jr..... 16
B M Higginson, Jr. 19	18 R R Debacher..... 16
R L Spotts..... 21	18

Hudson Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 15.—Find scores of the Hudson Gun Club, held to-day. Dr. Culver with 92 per cent. was high, with good consistent shooting; C. Von Lengerke was the runner-up, scoring 85.6 per cent. The Du Pont trophy was won by B. Beyersdoft with a score of 192 with added handicap, out of 200 birds. W. Tewes and T. Kelley shot a 100-bird race with H. J. Burlington and A. Kurzell, and succeeded in trimming them to the tune of 17 targets, with the following scores: Tewes 69, Kelley 83; total 152. Burley 72, Kurzell 63; total 135.

On our next shooting date, Dec. 29, we expect a large gathering, so that we can arrange to fix handicaps for our prize event, that starts early in January. Everybody is welcome at our grounds, so come out and pay us a visit.

Events:		1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:		25	25	25	25	25	25
L Schortey.....	18	20	21	22	20	17	
Dr Culver.....	24	23	24	22	22		
J Williams.....	20	15	16	19	20		
W Eaton.....	14	13	16	17			
R Young.....	21	17	21	17			
W Summerfield.....	11	16	17	16			
T Davis.....	11	13	15	18	17		
W Tewes.....	13	16	20	20			
H J Burlington.....	17	16	20	19	18	18	
A Kurzell.....	16	17	11	19			
W Roach.....	16	21	15	18	18		
T Kelley.....	18	21	15	19	21		
W Raymond.....	11	12	16	14			
B Beyersdoft.....	19	21	15	18	21		
C Von Lengerke.....	21	20	21	22	24		
W O'Brien.....	21	22	21	20	20		
J Williams, Jr.....	21	16	19	21	21		
F Pannsteil.....	10	19	17	18	15		
W Eibsen.....	15	10	10				
W Graves.....	12	12	10	17	16		
J Holden.....	11	11	17	14			
W Goudy.....	12	14	14				
W Ormsby.....	16	10	15	19			

T. H. K., Sec'y.

Sunbury-Selinsgrove Gun Club.

SUNBURY, Pa., Dec. 20.—At our third annual poultry shoot to-day some very good scores were made, despite the high wind. The targets were caught in the gusty wind and were made to do all kinds of stunts to deceive the shooters. Hawkins, with 93 out of 100 targets, was high professional, Hassam at 86 being second professional. The high amateur score was rung up by Rohrbach with the good score of 88, he thereby winning the turkey of Class A. Schoffstall with 82 was second high amateur, getting the chicken of A class. Sigfried won the turkey of Class B, and Foster the chicken. Dawes and Spicer won the turkey and chicken of Class C. Cummings was the lucky man for a turkey in Class D. The scores follow:

Events:		1	2	3	4	5	6	Total.
Hawkins.....	14	15	14	13	13	24		93
Hartman.....	13	14	13	13	8	19		80
Lewis.....	9	8	13	10	14	23		77
Rohrbach.....	14	15	14	12	12	21		88
Spicer.....	11	11	9	8	9	17		65
Schoffstall.....	14	11	13	13	10	21		82
Sigfried.....	11	11	11	12	12	22		81
Foster.....	7	11	15	14	12	19		80
Rhymestin.....	4	9	12	10	7	11		53
Curtis.....	12	9	14	14	10	16		75
Teats.....	13	15	12	14	9	18		81
Moeschlin.....	5	5	8	13	10	16		57
Cummings.....	8	7	7	7	7	10		46
Dawes.....	11	13	10	13	12	14		73
Hassam.....	13	13	14	14	14	18		86
Martin.....	13	10	13	7	11	20		74
Byers.....						8		8
Simmers.....						11		11
Longberger.....						5		5
Leffler.....						16		16

J. W. SCHOFFSTALL, Sec'y.

Westwood Gun Club, of Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 21.—Seven members attended the weekly shoot to-day. The weather conditions were not favorable for high scores, a strong, chilly wind causing the targets to take very erratic flights and making it very cold on the firing line. C. Rosemeyer was high with 39, and was closely followed by J. Schneider with 35, the latter breaking his last 13 targets straight. Three new expert traps with electric pulls were installed yesterday, and getting them into working order delayed the shooting until late, so that only two events could be finished before dark. Weather permitting, the club will hold its next shoot on Dec. 28.

The club has not put up its house, and it is rather cold work shooting in the open with the mercury several degrees below freezing and a brisk wind sweeping over the hills. That so many turn out speaks well for the enthusiasm of the members, and augurs well for the success of the club, and practice will soon bring up the scores of the beginners.

The scores, 50 targets per man, follow: C. Rosemeyer 39, J. Schneider 35, M. Stopper 26, H. Carlson 22, C. Kuball 22, A. C. Kuball 20, Val Schroder 17.

The Du Pont Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 21.—The desire of man to break succumbed to his inherent right to go broke, so Santa Claus beat the gun to-day, and got away with most of the regulars. The merry Mulletied make shoppers of shooters. However, among the early shoppers were thirty-two Du Ponters, who turned out to-day to try to add their names to Connable cup and to eat with one of the Coleman du Pont silver spoons. The cuppers ran into a tie between W. Edmanson, already being a signatural resident of the cup, and J. H. Minnick, who, strange as it may seem, has not yet been able to get a scratch on the tankard. He has one chance left, for there is one more shoot, after which all those whose mark shows on the mug will shoot at 100 aerosaucers to decide to whom shall go the honor of its custody.

CONNABLE CUP.

The scores in the Connable cup event were: 23 yards—J. B. McHugh 21. 22yds.—J. H. Minnick and W. Edmanson 23; H. P. Carlon 22; W. M. Hammond 17; W. G. Wood 15; L. C. Lyon 11. 20 yards—Dr. A. Patterson 18, Victor du Pont 17, L. L. Jarrell 16, E. R. Galvin 16, Stanley Tughton 12. 18 yards—T. W. Matthewson 19, G. F. Lord 16, S. G. David 13. 16 yards—Dr. J. H. Squires 20, W. J. Highfield 16, Dr. Harris 5.

COLEMAN DU PONT SPOON.

In the Coleman du Pont spoon event the winners in their respective classes were: Class A—W. Edmanson 24; Class B—J. W. Anderson, Jr., 24; Class C—Walter Tomlinson 22; Class D—W. J. Highfield 19; Class E—Albert Bird 20.

The scores of the contest in the several classes were as below:

Class A—W. Edmanson 24, H. P. Carlon, W. M. Hammond, J. B. McHugh and J. H. Minnick 21; W. G. Wood 20; L. C. Lyon 17.

Class B—J. W. Anderson, Jr., 24, L. L. Jarrell 22, Dr. A. Patterson 21, Victor du Pont 20, Stanley Tughton 18, Henry Winchester 15.

Class C—Walter Tomlinson 22, G. F. Lord 18, Dr. Horace Betts 16, J. G. Highfield 14, T. W. Matthewson 13.

Class D—W. J. Highfield 19, W. G. Robelen and Dr. E. O. Bullock 10, R. S. Robison 15, S. G. David and W. G. Ramsay 14, A. F. du Pont 13, Lee Moore 13.

Class E—Albert Bird 20, Dr. Squires 14, E. R. Jenks 5.

Those who were not eligible for the prizes were Edward Banks 23, L. D. Willis 22, W. A. Joslyn 19, B. F. Stevens 13. Two weeks ago Dr. Arthur Patterson and Victor du Pont tied for the spoon in Class B, and the tie was decided yesterday afternoon, when Victor du Pont won by breaking 24 out of his 25.

DR. SQUIRES WON.

During the afternoon a match was shot for the Class D cup, Dr. H. J. Squires, of Class E, challenged W. J. Highfield, holder of the Class D cup. Dr. Squires won, breaking 33 to Highfield's 27. Thus a Class E man holds the Class D cup, the conditions permitting any person in a lower class to challenge for a cup in a higher class. Should he win, his name is inscribed on the trophy and he is entitled to take part in the final shoot-off for ultimate ownership.

Collegiate Shooting.

PRINCETON, N. J., Dec. 22.—Perhaps readers of FOREST AND STREAM may be a little interested in what we are trying to do with trapshooting in the colleges. Possibly this fall's record may tend to give us a black eye in your opinion, and I do not blame any one in the least. However, all of us had the misfortune this season to experience extreme adverse conditions on the dates of our intercollegiate team shoots. There was but one exception, when Harvard met Yale over the New Haven traps. Given average conditions, there are several of us that have developed close to a 90 per cent. average at the end of a season's practice.

I have only direct statistics from the Princeton Club, but have had opportunity to know of the work of several dependable men in the others. Thompson and Scott, of Yale; Bullock and Lockwood, of Harvard, and Comstock, of Dartmouth, are all experienced men, and, allowing for an occasional off day, will be seen near the top in any of our matches.

The difficulty with most college shots is generally in timing too slowly on a windy day. Older shooters who have more opportunity for practice, are able to narrow their marginal difference between windy and calm days to a few birds. The average college man is in the stage of experience when one timing has to do for both conditions, making a big difference in his scores.

Last year and year before, Yale led the best teams ever put out by any college, establishing records that we are proud to hand down.

The intercollegiate team record was boosted to 445 out of 500, while Biddle and Thompson, of Yale, put the individual mark at 95.

The intercollegiate shoot last spring indicated a high-water mark in collegiate shooting, all teams participating (Yale, Dartmouth, Princeton, Harvard), keeping well above the 80 per cent. mark. This fall has indicated a slump, but we all feel confident that next spring's showing will be of a higher order.

Just a word about what we are doing at Princeton: During the last three years interest in the traps has steadily increased. Now we have two trap pits—an Ideal Leggett installed in one, and three experts in the other. Some days twenty or more shooters turn out. Last spring and this fall a cup has been put up for the season's high average in practice. N. R. White won both cups with a total of 991 out of a possible 1,100 pigeons, an average of 90 per cent. R. Simpson and F. B. Nimick led him a very close race, losing but few more targets.



NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

To All Sportsmen:

1913

The Du Pont Powder Company extends the readers of Forest and Stream sincere wishes for a Happy and a Prosperous New Year.

1913

At this time we also wish to express our thanks for the most satisfactory treatment accorded us during the past year.

1913

We feel that our increased business is largely due to the high quality of our powder. We wish to assure you that our manufacturing plants are continually striving to excel in that particular.

1913

The high quality of Du Pont Powder is conclusively shown by the splendid records made by sportsmen at the traps and their success in the field.

1913

Preference for Du Pont Powders, "The Regular and Reliable Brands," during 1913 will be appreciated.

START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT BY SHOOTING DU PONT POWDERS

Certain weeks during the season handicap cups are shot for, which tends to keep everybody interested.

Next spring we are going to bend our efforts to have it the best season of all, and we hope if any visitor interested in shooting is in Princeton when we are holding forth, he will come down and see us.

A TIGER.

Greenwich Gun Beats Greenwich Field.

GREENWICH, Conn., Dec. 21.—To-day a 50-target match was shot at the traps of the Greenwich Field Club between a team from that Club and one from the Greenwich Gun Club, the match being won by the latter team. On account of the high wind the targets were very difficult. Scores:

Table with 2 columns: Greenwich Field Club and Greenwich Gun Club. Lists names and scores for various participants.

Marine and Field Club.

BATH BEACH, L. I., Dec. 21.—Only two events were pulled here to-day—December cup, which ran into a tie between C. D. Sayre and C. B. Ludwig, each getting 92 out of 100—no mean shooting, considering conditions. Take-home trophy went home with L. C. Hopkins, but not until he had shot off a tie with Sayre, who had 22 out of 25. There was lots of good shooting on the beach, which, however, is not unusual for the Marine and Field aerosaucer exponents. The scores:

Table with 2 columns: December cup, 100 targets, handicap and Take-home trophy, 100 targets, handicap. Lists names and scores for various participants.



This Model 28, 12 gauge *Marlin* shotgun is the finest repeating gun in the world. It has every up-to-date feature, perfected far beyond all previous standards, and it has exclusive advantages not obtainable in other guns.

Note these features: **Hammerless—Solid Steel Breech** (inside as well as out)—**Solid Top—Side Ejection—Matted Barrel** (as on our highest grade hammer guns)—**Press-Button Cartridge Release** (to remove loaded cartridges quickly from magazine without working through action)—**Double Extractors—Take-Down Feature—Trigger and Hammer Safety**. Price, \$22.60.

Our 160-page **Ideal Hand Book** tells about reloading all cartridges; mailed for 6c. stamps.

The Model 28 is a fine appearing, beautifully balanced gun, without any objectionable humps or bumps; its **Solid Steel Breech** (not a shell of wood) permits a thoroughly symmetrical gun without sacrificing strength or safety; **it is the safest breech-loading shotgun ever built.**

Our free circular gives large illustration of gun and full description. Our complete 122-page catalog of all other *Marlin* repeating rifles and shotguns mailed for three stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
27 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

Dows Gun Club.

Dows, Ia., Dec. 14.—Hemenway was high with 46 out of 50, with Shafer next with 40. A few more practice shoots and we all hope to make our averages swell. Scores:

	Shot at.	Broke		Shot at.	Broke
Hemenway	50	46	Wilson	50	33
Shafer	50	40	Carpenter	30	20
Saterlee	50	36	Nelson	5	3

W. J. WILSON, Sec'y.

To Preserve Fort Edmonton.

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY (Janey Canuck), president of the Women's Canadian Club, of Edmonton, Alta., is at the head of a movement to bring before the Provincial Legislature, which will meet in Edmonton next spring, the desirability of taking immediate steps to preserve for the people the buildings known as Fort Edmonton, formerly owned and occupied by factors and traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, organized in 1670.

These buildings have been used by the Department of Public Works of Alberta for storage and office purposes, "but now," Mrs. Murphy says, "that the Parliament buildings, costing \$1,500,000, have been completed and opened there no longer exists any valid reason why the fort should not be restored and kept as a memorial of the days when it was known as 'the last house of the world.'"

The original fort was owned by the Northwest Fur Company, and was built in the latter part of the eighteenth century by J. Hughes, M. Shaw and J. McDonald, of Garth. It was known as Fort des Prairies and sometimes as Hughes Fort, in 1805. Later it was called Fort Augustus. There is no authentic record of the exact date when the Hudson's Bay Company built its fort in Edmonton, but it is known the company had one as early as 1805, for in that year it was taken in charge by Donald McDonald. It was a small and comparatively unimportant post at this time, for the main post of the Hudson's Bay Company was at Dogrump Port, near St. Paul de Metis.

These two companies were amalgamated in 1821. At this period the Hudson's Bay Company fort was in charge of M. Bird, who named the new post Fort Edmonton after his birthplace in England. Mr. Bird was retired from service, and the new fort placed in the charge of John Rowand, a native of Quebec, associated with the Northwest Fur Company, who built the house known as "Rowand's Folly," so named

because it consisted of three stories. This was the first skyscraper of the Province of Alberta. Rowand died in Edmonton. He was the factor of the post, and on his death bed commanded that his bones be interred in Quebec. It may interest the curious to know that his order was carried out to the letter, the flesh first being removed from the bones by the process of boiling.

Rowand's successors as chief factors were in turn Messrs. Sinclair, Christie, Swanson and Hardisty. "Rowand's Folly" was razed in 1874 by Chief Factor Hardisty, who built what became known as the "Big House." This residence was destroyed by fire ten years ago.

Many notable men visited the post at Fort Edmonton from time to time, one of the most interesting being Captain Palliser, who was sent out in 1856 by the British Government to study the conditions in Western Canada with a view to considering its possibility as a home for white people.

Mrs. Murphy's plan is to either have the decayed logs replaced or to rebuild the structure in the same manner and in the same dimensions, using wherever possible the original materials. The massive timbers in the old assembly hall, which were whipsawn and hewn with broad axes, are still in good condition. The clamps and bolts which fastened the shutters to the windows and the ponderous locks and keys which weigh a pound each, are yet in the building. The cellar, where the honorable company of gentlemen adventurers stored their wines, is still preserved, and the brick powder house was until recently used by the Government as a rabbit-hutch.

"In requesting the Legislature to reserve these buildings," Mrs. Murphy said, "we need feel no diffidence nor offer any apology. The fort is provincial property, and as citizens of Alberta we look to our representatives to see that it is preserved, and if necessary properly restored.

"We have come a long way since then, but the remains of the old fort we have with us still, and I believe the members of the Legislature and people in general will agree with me that its history is of sufficient interest and value to be preserved as a central landmark of the capital city of the Province of Alberta."

SPORADIC advertising gives but moderate returns. For advertising to be entirely successful, continuity is essential.

Charge of the Rhino.

GENERALLY the rhinoceros lives by himself, sometimes with his spouse, more rarely still with a third that is probably a grown-up son or daughter, writes Stewart Edward White in the *American Magazine*. I personally have never seen more than three in company.

Some observers have reported larger bands or rather collections, but lacking other evidence I should be inclined to suspect that some circumstance of food or water rather than a sense of gregariousness had attracted a number of individuals to one locality.

The rhinoceros has three objects in life—to fill his stomach with food and water, to stand absolutely motionless under a bush, and to imitate ant hills when he lies down in the tall grass. When disturbed at any of these occupations, he snorts. The snort sounds exactly as though the safety valve of a locomotive had suddenly opened and as suddenly shut again after two seconds of escaping steam.

Then he puts his head down and rushes madly in some direction, generally up wind. As he weighs about two tons and can, in spite of his appearance, get over the ground nearly as fast as an ordinary horse, he is a truly imposing sight, especially since the innocent bystander generally happens to be upwind, and hence in the general path of progress.

This is because the rhino's scent is his keenest sense, and through it he becomes aware, in the majority of times, of man's presence. His sight is very poor indeed; he cannot see clearly even a moving object much beyond fifty yards. He can, however, hear pretty well.

The novice then is subjected to what he calls a "vicious charge" on the part of the rhinoceros, merely because his scent was borne to the beast from upwind, and the rhino naturally runs away upwind. He opens fire, and has another thrilling adventure to relate. As a matter of fact, if he had approached from the other side and then aroused the animal with a clod of earth, the beast would probably have "charged" away in identically the same direction. I am convinced from a fairly varied experience that this is the basis for most of the thrilling experiences with rhinoceroses.

Owing to his size, his powerful armament and his incredible quickness, the rhinoceros is a dangerous animal, at all times to be treated with respect and due caution. This is proved by the number of white men out of a sparse population that are annually tossed and killed by the brutes and by the promptness with which the natives take to trees—thorn trees at that—when the cry of faru! is raised. As he comes rushing in your direction, head down and long weapon pointed, tail rigidly erect, ears up, the earth trembling with his tread and the air with his snorts, you suddenly feel very small and ineffective.

If you keep cool, however, it is probable the encounter will result only in a lot of mental perturbation for the rhino, and a bit of excitement for yourself. If there is any cover you should duck down behind it and move rapidly but quietly to one side or another of the line of advance. If there is no cover, you should crouch low and hold still. The chances are that he will pass to one side or the other of you and go snorting away in the distance. Keep your eye on him very closely.

If he swerves definitely in your direction and drops his head a little lower, it would be just as well to open fire. Provided the beast was still far enough away to give me sea room, I used to put a small bullet in the flesh on the outer part of the shoulder. The wound thus inflicted was not at all serious, but the shock of the bullet usually turned the beast to one side, and as usual he went right on through. If, however, he seemed to mean business or was too close for comfort, the point to aim for was the neck just above the lowered horn.

In my own experience I came to establish a dead line about twenty yards from myself. That seemed to be as near as I cared to let the brutes come. Up to that point I let them alone on the chance that they might swerve or change their minds, as they often did. But inside of twenty

yards, whether the rhinoceros meant to charge me or was merely running blindly, did not particularly matter.

Even in the latter case he might happen to catch sight of me and change his mind. Thus looking over my notebook records I find that I was "charged" forty-odd times; that is to say, the rhinoceros rushed in my general direction. Of this lot I can be sure of but three, and possibly four, that certainly meant mischief. Six more came so directly at us and continued so to come that in spite of ourselves we were compelled to kill them. The rest were successfully dodged.

Fortunately it is often possible to avoid the chance rhinoceros through the warning given by the rhinoceros birds. These are birds about the size of a robin that accompany the beast everywhere. They sit in a row along his back occupying themselves with ticks and a good place to roost.

Always they are peaceful and quiet until a human being approaches. Then they flutter a few feet into the air, uttering a peculiar rapid chattering. Writers with more sentiment than sense of proportion assure us that this warns the rhinoceros of approaching danger. On the contrary, I always looked at it the other way. The rhinoceros birds thereby warned me of danger, and I was duly thankful.

How the Birds Consume Destructive Insects.

WEATHER conditions, parasites, fungi, insect diseases and mechanically applied poisons (most of which are both dangerous and expensive) together are insufficient to check the multiplication of insects without the assistance of insectivorous birds. Edward H. Forbush records seeing a pair of grosbeaks visit their nest 450 times in eleven hours, carrying to their young two or more larvæ at a time. Sparrows, chickadees, vireos, martins and warblers, says the American Review of Reviews, made from forty to sixty trips an hour to their nests with all kinds of insects for their young. One of the reports of the Biological Survey records the finding of sixty grasshoppers in the crop of one nighthawk and 500 mosquitoes in another; thirty-eight cutworms in the crop of a blackbird and seventy cankerworms in the crop of a cedar bird. Professor Tschudi estimates that a song sparrow devours 1,500 larvæ a day, and Professor Forbush says that a single yellow-throated warbler will consume 10,000 tree lice in a day. A scarlet tanager has been seen to devour gypsy moths at the rate of thirty-five a minute for eighteen minutes at a time. It is known that more than fifty species of birds feed upon different kinds of caterpillars, while thirty-eight species live largely upon destructive plant lice.

"By far the most efficient aids to man in controlling the codling moth are the birds," says the "Year Book" (1911) of the Department of Agriculture. A report of the Bureau of Entomology says that this insect does more damage to apples and pears than all of the other insect pests combined, this damage being estimated at from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 a year. Thirty-six species of birds attack this insect, these species representing thirteen families, of which the three most important are the woodpeckers, the titmice and the sparrows. In some localities these birds destroy from 66 per cent. to 85 per cent. of the hibernating larvæ of this insect.

Coyote Went Back to the Wild.

MISS ELIZABETH COYNE, living on a homestead north of Grover, being a good rifle shot, lay in wait for a coyote that had been stealing her chickens.

The other morning she killed it and upon examination was surprised to find on its neck an ordinary dog collar with a small plate engraved "Jerry McGahan."

The animal was at one time a pet of Wild Horse Jerry, a widely known character of the Chalk Bluff country, who was killed three years ago.—Denver Republican.

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Wear Well, Shoot Well and Handle Well

Wear well because they are made of the best material by the most skillful craftsmen.

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Handle well because the greatest attention has always been paid to the distribution of wood and metal, to insure perfect balance and the most symmetrical outline.

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CLEAR VISION means a sure shot. The bright rays of the sun, or the haze of a dark day can't affect your vision if you wear **KING'S SHOOTING GLASSES**. Made of **Akopes Crystal**, our exclusive product and infinitely superior to amber. Non-magnifying. Postpaid, \$1.50 to \$7.00. Prescriptions ground to order.

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Write to-day for Booklet and Prices

THE F. W. KING OPTICAL CO.

Cleveland, Ohio

"So Why Fret?"

ARE the trains too slow for you? Cæsar, with all of his court, never exceeded the speed limit.

Are your wages too small? In Europe people are content with making a living.

Are the lights too dim? David wrote his Psalms by the light of a smoky torch.

Are you ugly? Cleopatra, though homely, bewitched two emperors.

Are you cold? The soldiers of Valley Forge walked barefoot on the ice and snow.

Are you hungry? The children of India are starving for want of a crust of bread.

Are you tired? Why fret about it? Jacob was tired when he dreamed of the angels of heaven.

Are you sick? Suppose you had lived 2,000 years ago, when sickness was fatal.

Are you poor? The Saviour of men was not wealthy.

Cheer up! Praise God that you live in the midst of His blessings.

Why fret?—American Magazine.

Wild Ducks are Tamed.

THE Agricultural Experiment Station at the Connecticut State College is taming wild ducks. The station was enabled this season through funds provided by sportsmen to send an expedition to the Canadian Northwest to study methods of increasing wild ducks and getting breeding stock for experimental purposes. The expedition was in charge of State Ornithologist Herbert K. Job.

Most species of wild ducks have not been persuaded to breed under restraint, but it has been believed they would do so if stock could be secured that was hand reared from the egg and had never learned wild ways. Job established a camp on the shore of Lake Manitoba. Wild duck eggs were collected in the surrounding wilderness and hatched out in incubators. Twelve species of wild ducks' nests in that region and eggs of young of all these were secured.

In the majority of cases every egg hatched. The average for the season was 92 per cent., far better than poultry men often attain. Most of the young, except of two peculiar maritime species—the white-winged scoter and the ruddy duck—were reared with little loss. Even such

supposedly wild natures as the redhead, canvas-back, bluebill and various others proved perfectly docile, thriving in confinement.

On the 2,000-mile journey back, Job personally cared for and tended the consignment in the express cars. A fine large stock, representing eleven species, arrived in good condition and are now thriving at one of the large preserves affiliated with the experiment station. Experiments with them will be conducted there. On the trip only one duckling, some three weeks old, died.

The achievement is expected to prove the beginning of an important movement to save and restore the wildfowl, while demonstrating the effect of environment on even the wildest creatures.—Winnipeg Correspondence, Minneapolis Journal.

Big Game in Portuguese East Africa.

THE big-game shooting grounds of British East Africa have become so widely and generally known that they have blotted out of mind the Zambezi Valley to the south, the forests of Gorongoza and Govuro, and the courses of a dozen rivers that break into the Indian Ocean through Portuguese territory. To the big-game hunter with a desire for trophies, British East Africa presents undoubted advantages over any other country in the world, but to the sportsman who wishes to test his powers of woodcraft to the full and on the supreme scale, so far as game is concerned, Portuguese East Africa offers a field that is unsurpassed.

Portuguese East Africa still contains the following big game in abundance: Buffalo, crocodile, eland, elephant, giraffe, brindled and white-tailed gnu or wildebeest, hartbeest, hippopotamus, hyena, koodoo, rhinoceros, roan antelope, sable antelope, waterbuck and zebra. There is a great variety of smaller game. Not all of the species mentioned can be hunted indiscriminately, but each may be hunted under certain conditions in certain districts after securing the necessary gun permits and shooting licenses.

(Consul Chamberlain's complete report, giving information as to the required permits and licenses and fees therefor, ammunition, guns, outfit and probable expense will be loaned to interested sportsmen by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Washington, D. C.)—Consul G. A. Chamberlain, Lourenco Marquez.



High Gun

AT DENVER, 1912
HANDICAP, SEPT. 10-13

Mr. R. H. Bruns, shooting his

LEFEVER

made the marvellous run of
283 without a miss.

On the 700 single targets, including handicaps, Mr. Bruns scored **683 out of 700.**

The second day of the tournament on the day's program of 200 targets, Mr. Bruns and his Lefever gun scored **200 out of 200.** A world's record for ten traps.

On the 500 single 16-yard target for amateurs, Mr. Bruns scored **494 out of 500.**

ANOTHER WINNER AT THE PACIFIC COAST HANDICAP

Mr. L. H. Reid, shooting his Lefever gun, won second high average with **381 out of 400.**

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Taking the Pucker Out of the Persimmon.

THE popular demand for the large and beautiful Japanese persimmon has been retarded by the marked astringency of the fruit when firm and tempting to the eye, says the Scientific American. Moreover, if the fruit is allowed to ripen until the "pucker" is lost it becomes soft and mushy, decaying very rapidly.

In Japan they have for years practiced the art of removing the "pucker" by sealing the firm fruit in barrels which have been rinsed with "sake," a sort of Japanese beer. Our bureau of chemistry finally took the hint and has recently found that the same effect is obtained by keeping the persimmon in carbon dioxide from three to five days.

Some varieties come out of this "processing," as it is called, as firm as an apple and may be peeled and eaten like an apple with great satisfaction. Our native American persimmon, however, does not respond to this treatment. The fruit grows easily on the Gulf Coast, and the demand is increasing. When the growers and retail dealers learn that persimmons may be put on the market in firm, rosy and edible condition the industry will take on new life.

Fox-Farming a Gold Mine.

SOME years ago a Canadian farmer, while hunting strayed cattle in the woods, found two silver-fox pups, a male and a female. He swapped them with a neighbor for a cow and a few dollars to boot. The neighbor experimented for several years with various kinds of pens and treatment, but finally became discouraged and sold the foxes for eighty dollars. This second man gave over his experiment to a third man, who lived on an island in Cascumpec Bay. The quiet of the new place, the increasing tameness of the foxes, and the intelligence of the new keeper produced conditions that relieved Mme. Reynard's nervous apprehension for her young's safety, and three pups were reared to maturity in two seasons. This success, the result of eight years' experimentation, gave a strong impulse to a brand-new industry. Farmers have not many new industries to turn to nowadays, and this one began in earnest. About six men possessed a knowledge of the fine art of rearing foxes in captivity, and jealously guarded their secret until 1910. Up to that time no live foxes were sold except some light "silvers" to distant places.

The surplus animals were killed and the pelts marketed in London. One dark silver pelt was sold for \$3,000 at a London auction, and in 1910-11 prices of \$2,700 and \$2,500 were obtained. Since then as much as \$3,500 has been realized, the highest price ever paid for the pelt of any kind of animal.

Now that the secret is out, fox-farms are springing up in Canada in all directions, and henceforth it would seem that the production of costly fur is only a problem for the animal husbandman. Perhaps the day will soon come when books of fox, marten, otter, and mink pedigrees will be published. One fox-farm recently visited by the writer on the banks of the St. Lawrence contained eighteen animals, for which the owner demanded \$75,000.—From "Fox-Farming" in Strand.

Ten Million Oyster Shells.

OYSTER shells have of late become quite valuable. It has been discovered that they are excellent to build roads with; they are also used for fertilizers and the manufacture of buttons. Nowadays, says the Wide World Magazine, the oysterman saves his shells and sells them at a profit. The biggest pile of shells in the world is situated at Hampton, Virginia, on Chesapeake Bay, the greatest of oyster waters. This miniature mountain is the product of one season's catch of one man, Frank Darling, the millionaire "King of the Oystermen." The pile is fifty feet high and a hundred and fifty feet long, and contains about two hundred thousand bushels of shells, which yielded about five million oysters. These shells will sell for ten thousand dollars, and before the next season the pile will have disappeared, to make room for another as large. There are many oyster-shell hillocks in the Chesapeake Bay region, though none quite so large as this.

Trapping a Game Keeper.

A WEST HIGHLAND gamekeeper one afternoon, not very long ago, came across a number of young men from a small neighboring town ransacking his best grouse stretches, and evidently making a heavy bag. Being alone, he deemed it prudent not to challenge them, but he devised a little scheme which he believed would result, if cleverly executed, in their being nicely trapped. He guessed that the boat which had conveyed them thither lay anchored in a certain creek, and concluded that, if he could, disguised, secure a passage with them to the town, he could get them handed over to the police immediately on landing. Their "swag" and gear would form irrefutable proof of their guilt. He hurried home and effected such a transformation in his personal appearance as old clothes and an application of the razor rendered possible. He then repaired to the place where the boat was fast-

ened, and patiently awaited the return of the impudent marauders. They appeared in due time, laden with plunder, and jubilant and happy. The fantastically arrayed keeper meekly begged a passage to town, which was cordially granted. They all embarked, and the oarsmen bent to their work. When about a mile from the shore they reached a large buoy considerably provided by a solicitous Government to warn navigators of the presence of a sunken rock. Straight for this colossal hogshead the boat was steered, and when it had been touched, the ragged passenger was peremptorily commanded to climb to its top. Expostulations and entreaties were alike in vain. It was clear that his disguise had been pierced and his mission correctly guessed. It was equally patent that the boisterous youths were bent on administering a salutary lesson in punitive justice. He was compelled to leave the boat and climb to the apex of the rickety and isolated float. The young men bade him an effusive and affectionate farewell and sped along on their homeward voyage. Next morning the poor gamekeeper was rescued from his perilous position by a passing yacht, after having been nearly terrified out of his seven senses.—Shooting Times & British Sportsman.

Catching Turtles for Market.

CATCHING mud turtles for the eastern market is not only exciting, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, but it is extremely remunerative. For several months past hundreds of pounds of mud turtles have been shipped via the boat line to Chicago billed to Philadelphia, where they are placed on the market as ocean terrapin. So fine and highly flavored is the flesh of the turtles caught in this locality that a great market has been opened for them in the east, where even a connoisseur of ocean turtle cannot distinguish them from the real article.

The variety of turtle shipped is the diamond-back, about the gamiest and best known fighter of the mud turtle family. Because of his aggressiveness he is crowded into a box with a half dozen others of the same size, where there are just enough holes to admit sufficient air to keep him from going to waste on the way. If he was given any more liberty the freight handlers would be minus some fingers, besides storing up a lot of grievances against the shipper.

The diamond-back turtle brings the shipper from \$3 to \$5, according to his size. The ones shipped from here vary in weight from thirty to fifty pounds, and are some turtles.

On a day when the weather is particularly fine the turtles are sure to show themselves. They will come up on top of a floating log and sun themselves. Sometimes as many as forty or fifty will occupy one log, ranging in size from infant turtles to grownups. As they are not fast travelers, when driven to the shore it is not difficult to corral them, but a bite from one of them has been known to bring serious results to the one bitten. For this reason the occupation is not as agreeable as some others might be, and not one to be chosen as a pastime.

A Missouri Deer Farm.

IN a half developed hill country a few agricultural side lines may mean the difference between farming at a loss or at a profit. Chalmer Roseberry, of Stella, Mo., has half a dozen of these side lines, and the most unusual of them, deer farming, has in recent years proved the most remunerative.

There was no demand at all for deer in the Ozark hills when a little over twenty years ago as a boy of sixteen Roseberry penned off one and a half acres for a fawn which a neighbor gave him for a pet. The first fawns that the young deer farmer sold a few years later brought \$20 a pair, and grown deer \$30 a pair.

The demand for the animals for parks and circuses and country places recently has got far ahead of the supply, and Roseberry's common or Virginia whitetails are fetching \$50 to \$60 for a pair of fawns and \$75 to \$85 for a pair of adults.—Farm and Fireside.



KENNEL



The Airedale's Coat.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reviewing Mr. Post's interesting letter on Airedale judging is a little difficult, as it is such a joyous mixture of facts which have no existence and fancies without foundation.

First—No Airedale judge at all worthy of consideration insists upon the dark-colored coat or the dark-colored eye. I do not recall a single show in recent years in which the judge has not put up one or more dogs with gray or grizzled coats and one or more dogs with light-colored eyes. True, all other points being equal, a black coat is preferred, but all other things never are equal. Quality of coat is insisted upon and black is the most difficult color in which to obtain the harshness and density combined. So with a dark eye. The darker the eye, the better, but many a dog with comparatively light eyes has won premier honors in the last three years. The Champion of Champions for at least two years in succession is a light-eyed dog. But—and here lies the difficulty—there are degrees in this as in other qualities. A yellow-eyed dog ought never to be put up. There are many good reasons for this, but the all-sufficing reason is that standard reads "small dark eye deeply set." If this is incorrect, the remedy is an appeal to the A. T. C. of America to change the standard, not an abuse of the judge who follows the standard. "Almost good" dogs with one glaring defect are easy to produce. The problem is to breed good qualities in and bad qualities out, and the nearest approximation to this gets the blue.

Second—The statement that a dog can be got ready fit to show only four times a year is absurd. The steady campaigns of Ch. Red Raven, Ch. Prince of York, Ch. Tintern Royalist, Ch. King Oorang, Ch. Soudan Swiveller, Ch. Soudan Stamboul, Ch. Cloumel Isonomy, Ch. King Nobbler and numberless others disproves it without argument. True, any dog is best on some particular day, and naturally an effort is made to have this best condition coincide with the most important show, but it is not one time in a hundred that the effort succeeds, yet the dog wins because he is the best dog on the day under the standard. Mr. Post has a litter of seven puppies born Election Day and all have a black coat and dark eyes. Five hundred other puppies born within thirty days each way from Election Day have black coats and dark eyes. Now, if the expectation based on pedigree be excluded, Omniscience only can say whether five of the five hundred will have black coats and dark eyes ten months hence. In fact, it is better than an even bet that Mr. Post cannot pick out the one of the seven which will have the darkest eye at one year old.

Third—It is true that some dogs are bad actors in the show ring; it is also true that all judges penalize such a dog when he appears, and there are times when such a dog should be given the gate. However, this is so much more the fault of the handler than the dog, that one should move carefully. No one ever saw the

late "Auchairnie" Smith, George, Thomas or Richard Abbott show a dog whose ring deportment was not almost the perfection of gentle and restrained dignity. A genuine handler always controls his dog more with voice than with lead. I have never yet seen the Airedale which could not be trained, but I know scores of dog owners and dog showers who have neither the skill nor the patience to train a dog.

The best bear dogs, the best lynx dogs and the best mountain lion hunters I have ever bred have been from the best prize winning stock. I am therefore constrained to believe either that Mr. Post is in error in his sweeping generality concerning the dogs now being bred or he has had a very unfortunate and an isolated experience.

The judge is trustee of a little brief authority and charged with the duty of so discharging this trust as to improve the best qualities of the entire breed. He is corrected and helped by criticism. Personally, I like the critics—in part because I do not have to agree with them.

EDWIN A. MUNGER.

The Psychology of the Dog.

(*Canis familiaris*).

THE dog is a very highly organized vertebrate, and in zoology it shares with man himself the distinction of being included in the class mammalia. The earliest remains of this class have been traced to the Jurassic period, but beyond this fact nothing is accurately known of the origin of the dog. It seems highly probable, however, that the Canidæ family, which includes dogs, wolves, jackals and foxes, was derived from a common source in remote prehistoric times, from a group of promammalian carnivores which were distributed over the central regions of both hemispheres. This view is supported by the fact that all sorts of dogs, no matter how different in size, shape, color and habits they may be, yet they interbreed freely, the offspring of such union being almost invariably fertile; and further, these "crosses," under favorable conditions, show a readiness to revert to the wild state. In this respect they show a remarkable similitude to the pigeon family (*Columba vidua*). These, like the Canidæ, no matter how many varieties may be produced by the selective art of the breeder, all tend to revert to the original rock pigeon found on the European coasts.

It is a long call from the crowned pigeon to the turtle dove, but perhaps not so long as between a St. Bernard and a Yorkshire terrier, or between both these and a greyhound.

As is well known, the dog is by nature and by necessity a hunter, and in his wild state he lived by the chase, trusting to the fleetness of his limbs rather than to methods of cunning and strategy like his congener the fox. It is generally supposed that the dog was the first wild animal that was domesticated by man, and the reason is not far to seek.

Our savage ancestors, in common with those

Kennel.

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of the dog, were obliged to shift for a living, and they both found in the chase the most ready and congenial expedient; a fact which no doubt brought them into early association for a common purpose—their mutual help and agreeable companionship.

To this fact more than any other is due the highly developed intelligence and emotional nature of the dog as well as his (at least rudimentary) ethical, or moral sense, as well as his veneration and unfailing fidelity to his master in the protection of whose life and property he is at all times ready to sacrifice his life if necessary. The nature of his attachment to and genuine affection for his master has often been exhibited by his dog often following him to the grave, the result of uncontrollable grief on account of his bereavement.

Closely related to his emotional nature is the dog's moral sense. Any civilized (if the term may be used) dog, when detected in doing what he knew he should not have done, will appear quite ashamed of himself, and will cower

Resorts for Sportsmen.

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Bear Hunting

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in a penitent attitude before his master or mistress, as if asking for forgiveness.

The sense of justice or fair play is often exhibited as between dogs. For instance, they recognize vested interests, and much as the natural impulse of greed may be present, a decent dog will not deprive his fellow canine of his meal or his bed, even though perhaps twice his size and strength. Now can human practical ethics surpass this? Doubtless not, and only too often this standard is not attained in human experience. Of course there are "black sheep" in every flock, but we cannot afford to be too hard on even erring dogs.

As regards the cerebral development of the dog, it is of a very high order indeed, and it is probably the nearest approach of all the lower animals to the human standard, not excepting the higher primates, including the chimpanzee. But the latter scores heavily against the dog, in comparison with the human animal, when it comes to anatomy and relative morphology. The dog's anatomy is totally unlike the human in various important respects, while the human organism and that of the anthropoid apes, so far as bodily structure goes, are almost identical—the same 200 bones, the same 300 muscles, the same dentition (thirty-two teeth, sixteen above and sixteen below, set in the same order in their jaws), the same plan of the limbs, the same vital organs, the same glands, the same hairy covering, similar features (external and internal), the erect or semi-erect position and the same absence of a caudal appendage or tail; in short, every essential detail is similar so far as anatomy goes. It is in brain development that the chimpanzee falls so far short in comparison with man, while it is in bodily shape that the dog shows such a wide difference from the human form. If a chimpanzee only had more of the dog's higher attributes such as his human-like intelligence, his moral sense, his fidelity, and his emotional nature, he might fairly be regarded as the nearest approach of all animals to man, but not having these, there seem no grounds for doubt that psychologically regarded the dog comes nearer the human standard.

Can anything be more distinctly human than the various emotions exhibited by the dog, such as affection, jealousy, anger, gratitude, joy, etc.? Of course the dog has not the gift of speech, but many dogs can understand what is spoken to them, and will promptly carry out instructions given them by word of mouth. If this is not the next thing to speaking, it is hard to know what is.

How often has one heard the remark regarding an intelligent setter or fox terrier, "Well, that dog can do anything but speak." There is one thing he can at all events do: he can express his pleasure very clearly by the familiar wag of his tail. This method possibly originated by association of ideas. When the wild ancestors of the dog used to hunt in packs through jungles and long grass, the tips of their tails would often be visible above cover, especially when those tails (as is often the case) would be white-tipped. It is supposed the dogs used to signal to their companions by wagging their tails when locating their quarry, and thus the idea of pleasure became associated with the wagging of the tail, and so the idea has persisted in the mind of the dog through the force of heredity to this day.

As regards the senses the dog has some (such as that of smell, hearing and sight) which far surpass those of man and most other animals. He appears to have a special sense also by which he finds his way home directly and quickly if liberated in a distant and unknown locality.

As previously stated, a dog has intelligence of a high order, and if the hiatus between his and man's is still great, the difference is only in degree and not in kind.

The Pointer Club of New England.

At a meeting of the directors of the Pointer Club of New England, held at the Hotel Essex, Boston, on Wednesday, Dec. 18, 1912, it was voted to offer \$55 in cash to the Eastern Dog Club for prizes at the coming show in February, the same to be placed as follows: Five dollars for best novice dog, \$5 for best novice bitch, \$5 for best limit dog under 55 pounds, \$5 for best limit dog under 55 pounds and over, \$5 for best limit bitch under 55 pounds, \$5 for best limit bitch under 55 pounds and over, \$5 for best open dog under 55 pounds, \$5 for best open dog under 55 pounds and over, \$5 for best open bitch under 55 pounds, \$5 for best open bitch under 55 pounds and over, \$5 for best dog or bitch in field trial class.

VINTON W. MASON, Sec'y.

A Mange Remedy.

ONE of the most efficacious and quickest mange remedies that has come to our notice is as follows:

Mutton tallow, 8 pounds; carbolic acid, 6 ounces; pine tar, 1 pint; sulphur, 1 pound; kerosene oil, 1 pint.

Mix ingredients hot, except sulphur, which add when mixture is cool. Apply with small stiff brush to affected parts once a day, keeping dog in room with clean board floor.

The remedy was given the writer by F. R. Clarke, of Bloomington, Ill., and used successfully for several years. It will keep indefinitely.

Continental Field Trial Club.

At a meeting held at Waynesboro, Ga., the Continental Field Trial Club decided to hold their nineteenth annual meet and field trials at Waynesboro, Ga., on Nov. 26, 1913, beginning with the members' stake. At the same meeting nine new members were elected, making the list at present eighty-one. W. G. Hundley, of Virginia, and W. B. Hamilton, of Mississippi, have been engaged to judge all stakes. A third judge, selected from the list of members, will be added.

JOHN WHITE, Sec'y.

Bruin Becoming a Nuisance.

ARE bears to become a nuisance in Warren county? From all parts of it reports of bears are received.

At Cortelyou recently a big bear was killed by a freight train. On Brown Run a lumber camp larder was cleaned by bears. On Quaker Hill a big black bear strolled up to the school house, looked in and shambled off. Near the late Hon. C. W. Stone's country home a bear invaded an orchard and ate apples side by side with cattle.

Most of the animals have escaped, but several have been killed and bear meat is offered at nearly all of the local meat markets.—Warren Correspondence, Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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Breath of Mammoth Cave.

MAMMOTH CAVE breathes once a year. That is to say, in summer, when the temperature of the external air is above that of the cave, the current sets from the latter to the former. In fact the cave is the entire summer making an expiration.

On the other hand, when the order is reversed or the outer atmosphere is below 54 degrees, the cave makes an inspiration, or draws in its breath. This, according to the Mammoth Cave Magazine, is accomplished during the winter.

Charles W. Wright in describing the respiratory mechanism of Mammoth Cave says this mechanism ceases to operate, or in everyday language the cave holds its breath, when the mercury in the thermometer stands at 54 degrees in the outer air; that is, the average temperature of all parts of the cave, winter and summer. Hence it is frequently observed in the spring and fall that there is no motion of air in either direction at the mouth of the cave.

In summer, when the temperature is near 100 degrees, the air rushes out at the entrance to the cave with such force as frequently to extinguish the lanterns carried by visitors. This condition prevails, however, for but a few yards. At a distance of about half a mile from the entrance the motion of air is hardly perceptible at any time from the fact that the main avenue enlarges so rapidly that it plays the part of a reservoir, where a current of air from any direction is speedily neutralized.

If a current of air blows from without inward and is below 54 degrees it does not pass more than a quarter of a mile before it is brought up to that point. Air above the average temperature of the cave never blows into it.

The element of change inevitably entwined with the passage of time above ground is singularly absent in the passage of time underground. In Mammoth Cave, where there is no variation of temperature, no water and no light, the three great forces of geological transformation cease to operate, and even Father Time must perforce pass through some parts of Mammoth Cave and leave not the slightest imprint of his journey. A change of seasons is unknown; day and night, morning and evening have no existence in this subterranean world. In fact, there is an external sameness here which has no known parallel.

The proportions of oxygen and nitrogen bear the same relation to each other in the Mammoth Cave that they do in the external air. In those avenues of the cave that are at a great distance from the rivers, upon the walls and floors of which there is a deposit of nitrate of lime, the air is almost entirely destitute of moisture owing to the hygroscopic properties of the salt, and animal matter mummifies instead of suffering decomposition. And for the same reason, no matter what state of division the disintegrated rock may attain, dust never rises.

How Moose Jaw Got Its Name.

MOOSE JAW is a strange name for a city, and it may be of interest to know how such a name was given. Some fifty years ago, so the story goes, a pioneer with his team of oxen and "prairie schooner," while passing along the banks of the river, was obliged to camp at this point, in Saskatchewan, on account of an accident to his cart, as a spoke had fallen out during the day and the wheel was falling apart. He looked around for something to insert for a temporary brace for the wheel, while his wife busied herself with the evening meal.

The pioneer's child, while romping around, found the jawbone of a moose, which she held up to her father, who by this time almost despaired of finding something with which to mend his wagon, and was delighted to find that the jawbone exactly fitted the place of the missing spoke. The Indian thereafter named this part of the river "The Place Where the White Man Found the Moose Jaw." This accounts for the town's unforgettable name.—London Standard.

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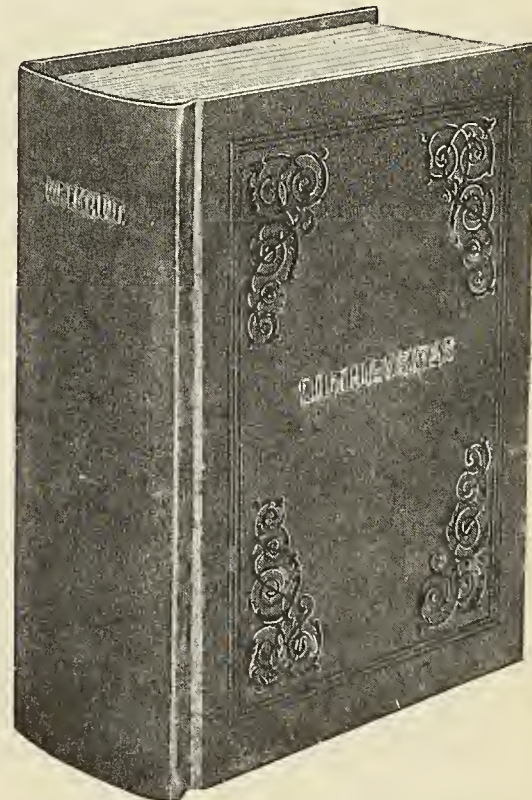
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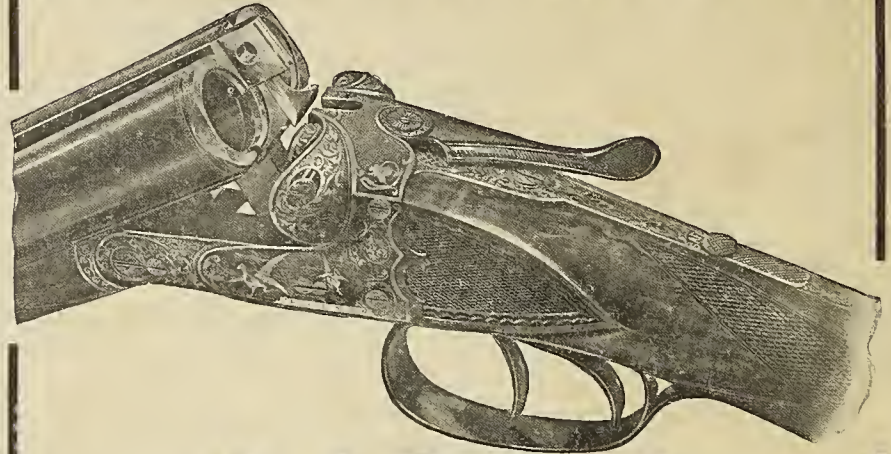
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