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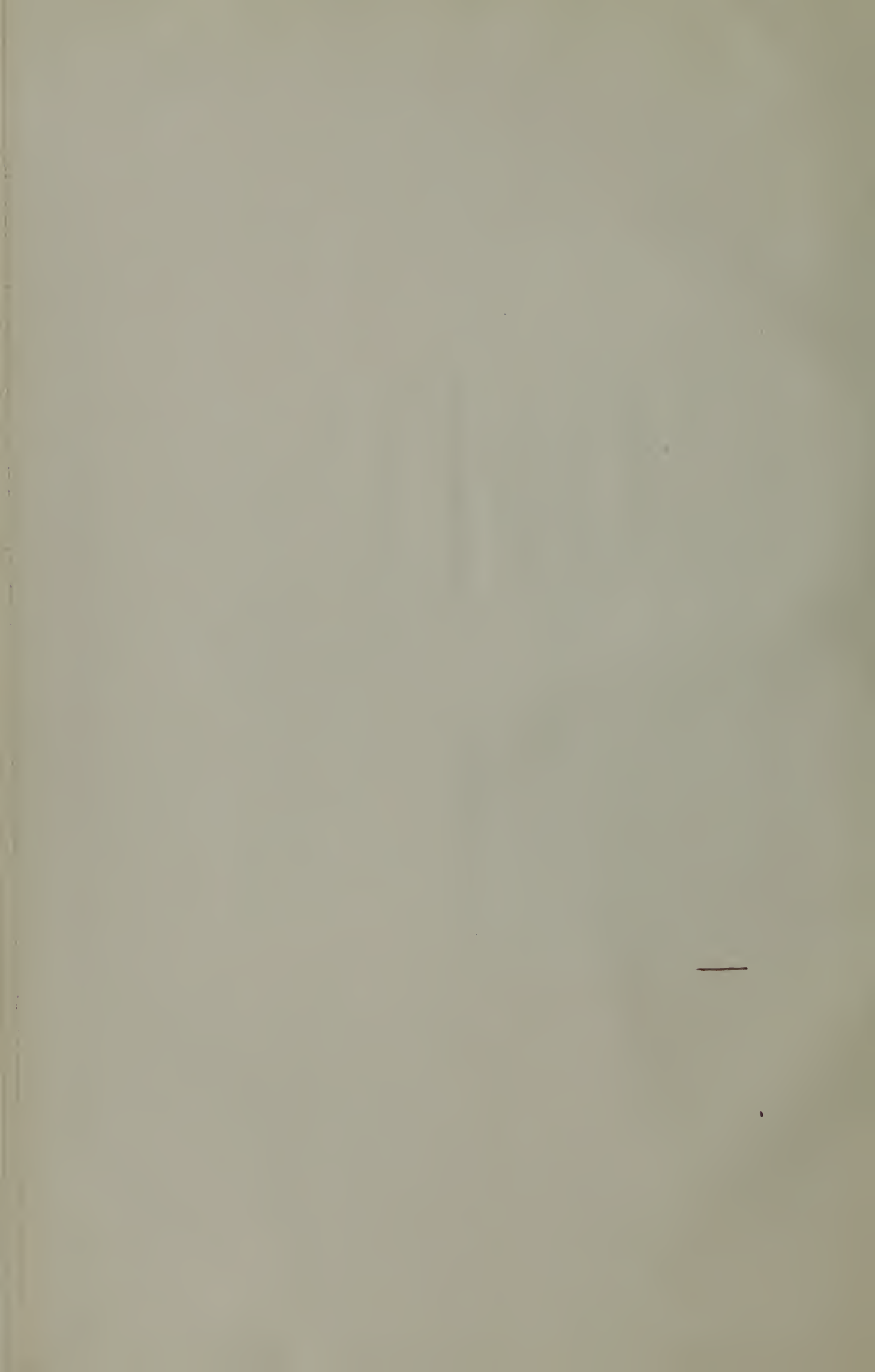
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# WESTERN FIELD



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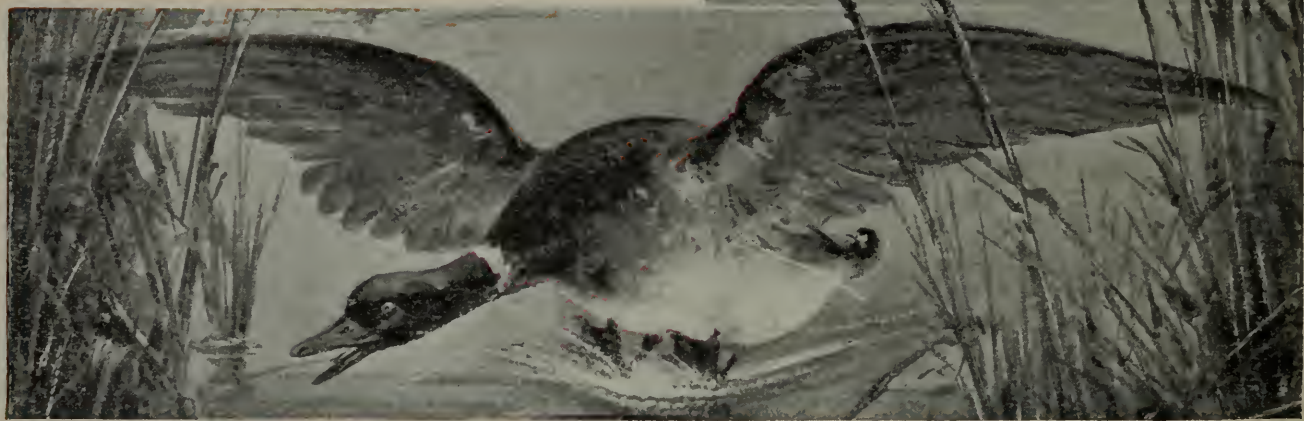
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# **WESTERN FIELD**

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CALIFORNIA CANVASBACKS.

# WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 6.

FEBRUARY, 1905.

NO. 1.

## SPORT ON THE LOWER COLORADO.

*By T. S. VAN DYKE.*



TEN YEARS ago I made a trip, lasting some three weeks, down the Colorado to its mouth and fifty miles below, and the interest lately taken in the subject by "Western Field" leads me to think that some reminiscences of that trip might be of service to those thinking of going that way. It is scarcely possible in these days to have an outing that will so quickly take one out of civilization and all its absurdities and bring one face to face with nature as she was ages ago. And there are few places where as good shooting on ducks and geese may be had, provided one knows the ground. If one does not it is easy to see myriads and get nothing.

The shooting is all in ponds and sloughs away from the river. I never followed The Hardy far, only a short distance above its mouth. But it must be the same there. There would, of course, be bends and bays where one could get an occasional shot for the larder, but it is apt to be like the main river for most of its length, having sloughs and ponds along its course wholly unconnected with the stream and therefore unsuspected. They are generally hidden by the heavy growth of willow, cottonwood, mesquite, etc., along each side, with dense masses of arrow weed and wild flax high enough to shut off all view from a common boat.

These ponds are mostly depressions in the bottoms not yet filled with sediment. They are filled only at high flood of summer, and as this will vary with different years there will be times when they are too dry for good shooting. But if you can not find them you might as well give up the idea of any good duck shooting, no matter how

plenty they may be in the region. Of several we found I can locate but two in any way that would enable the reader to find them, and even those I can not describe very closely.

One is on the west side of the main river a little below the mouth of The Hardy. This is of moderate size. It was too dry (about the middle of December) for good shooting, but had been quite full a month or so before. This was well lined with tule and must be good ground early enough in the season. The other was below that and on the east side of the river and about a mile and a half distant from it. The first pond could be seen from the deck of the boat and was not over half a mile from the river, but the other could not be seen and we located it by the great racket of the ducks and geese in it. I can not possibly say just how far below the other pond that was, but my recollection is that it is not over three or four miles. But it was the finest duck pond I have ever seen east or west. It was so large the ducks would not leave it while the geese, mostly snow geese or white fronted geese, circled around and stood a number of shots before they would forsake it. Even when they left it they soon began to return. It was indented with many arms, all robed in dense tule—the highest I ever saw and everywhere making the most perfect of blinds. And it had a hard sandy bottom everywhere we went, with water only about a foot deep, so that there was no struggling with ravenous mud. Ducks and geese were there in regiments and brigades, about every kind of duck being present, though there were no Canada geese. The ducks circled and whizzed about everywhere as they did in



THE TRIP CAN BE MADE BY WAGON.

the sloughs of the Illinois river when I used to hunt there forty years ago. As we could do nothing with them we made no attempt to make a bag, but waded about and watched them for a long while.

There are plenty more such sloughs along the river though this was much the largest and best we found. But there are few who know where they are, and still fewer who can tell one how to find them. The banks of the river are so monotonous it is almost impossible to locate any place except by reference to something like the mouth of The Hardy. By monotonous I do not mean uninteresting. Almost every mile of the river from Yuma down, for considerably over one hundred miles, is charming in its winding career through dense masses of green almost as bright in December as in June, with great flocks of pelicans sailing high in air and sandhill cranes often floating far above them. It is a scene that will well repay one who loves repose in nature instead of uproar in the chase for another dollar. Lovers of the complex life, whose principal amusement is the daily invention of new bearings on the machinery, for the sole purpose of struggling to get more coal under the boiler so as to overcome the new points of friction, would find it dull. But there are people who can enjoy a dollar and something else, too, and for all such I know of no more easy and interesting trip.

The best way to take it is by boat from Yuma, and go prepared to stay two or three weeks at the least. A month is much better. Captain Mellen and Captain Polhemus at Yuma, if still there, have boats that will take forty or fifty people with perfect comfort with room for all on the upper deck.

The best way is to get up an excursion of that kind. There are smaller boats there, but if a gasoline boat should get rebellious one might find walking back better than rowing it. The trip is good up to the middle of March.

The trip can be made by land with a wagon or pack train, but then a boat should be taken or you can not cross the river easily. The east side used to have a wagon road almost the whole distance. But on either side you will have to keep near the river for water, unless you follow The Hardy, as the correspondent of "Western Field" did. But by going that way some of the best attractions of the river are lost. You would also have to row back unless you took horses, and there are times when the navigation of The Hardy is very uncertain. When I was there it was only a long mud flat a few miles back from the main river, with a little tide water dribbling back over it.

At the mouth of the river, and for miles out in the gulf, the masses of water fowl are a wonderful sight. You see not acres, but hundreds of acres black with them, while great clouds of them drift here and there across the waters. Most of them are scoters, and even if they were all good ducks you could not get at them. There are myriads of good ducks among them, but these you must catch in the sloughs, which are getting scarce near the mouth of the river. We went down the gulf fifty miles to get to one big slough, but found the mouth had filled up so that it was dry.



PLENTY OF THESE ON THE HARDY.



Here on the shores as well as some distance up the river you will see a wonderful display of shore birds. No matter where you were raised, or where you have wandered in search of game, it is pretty safe to say you never saw willet and curlew, sandpipers, dowitchers, turnstones, oyster catchers, stilts, sanderlings and the whole world of waders and mud trotters in such immense quantities. As far as you can see the shores are fringed with gray and brown and pepper-and-salt jackets. At low tide a strip twenty to thirty feet wide has three or four birds to the square yard reaching way out of sight down the blue waters of the gulf, with thousands more whirling about in the air. I suppose they are all there yet, for there is no one to bother them. Most of these birds evidently follow the shores of Lower California all the way round, for there is no migration across Southern California that can account for one ten thousandth part of them. A few cross the Mojave desert in spring on the way home, but there is no flight in the fall. There is no difficulty in getting all the shooting desired on these birds.

The land about the river's mouth for many miles is almost a perfect level, very dry and bare of everything but a little drift wood. The air is the intensely dry clear air of the desert, which continues down to the very shores of the gulf. The consequence is a mirage, even in the middle of winter, that has no equal on any part of the desert that I have ever seen. On some days every bit of stick or rough edge of earth turns into a duck, goose, crane or curlew at only a few yards distance, while the flat smooth places shine like the purest water, with every spear of grass turning into a green bush; so that often within easy shot-gun range you have a first-rate duck pond full of game. I have never seen this anywhere else and it would be impossible without ground perfectly flat and dry, and the air so dry.

This reminds me that the climate of these winter days that make such a mirage is as far superior to the best on the Pacific side of the mountains as that is superior to the climate of Chicago. Such is the case all winter except when there is a storm on the coast, when the wind whips over quite hard at times and clouds drift far into Arizona



A BIT OF THE MAIN (UPPER) RIVER.

and it may even rain on the river. But generally even in a storm you will find it fine enough, with cool nights and warm days, no mosquitoes, fleas or torments of any kind. The north or east wind here is mild when it is strong on the Pacific side. This seems a peculiarity of both deserts, the winds being strongest on the farther side of the mountains.

Vast quantities of sandhill cranes winter here and there is no finer bird on the coast if you can get a fat one. Even a lean one is as good as most of the chicken eaten in California. This is contrary to the common idea which confounds them with the herons and bitterns. They are nothing of the sort, but graminivorous when they can get grass or grain. Here they feed on the wild flax which is grown in great quantities along the middle river. But unless one finds their flyways, and takes great care, one can do nothing with them. The ground is everywhere too flat to allow sneaking on to them.

What your correspondent says about the deer, sheep and wild pigs is correct. There are deer there, but generally it is a case of cover or no cover, there being little thin cover. Nearly all the willow and other trees or shrubbery is far too dense to allow one to see a deer at any reasonable distance. The flax, arrow-weed and similar stuff are as bad as the tule. Here and there are openings in the mesquite through which you can see something, but then comes another trouble: That of the ground being flat. On horseback one might get a shot a deer, but it would be more by accident than otherwise. It is better to waste no time on them,

but reserve your energies for deer on rolling ground somewhere else.

In the tules of the middle river there are wild hogs in considerable numbers. Some were turned loose there many years ago and are as wild as any one could wish. But unless you have good dogs you can get no sport out of them; and if you have such the better they are the more certain all the sport is to be on the side of the hogs if the dogs make one squeal. When a boar makes a side swing and an upward thrust at the same time, with a four-inch spiral of glittering ivory, the greater the courage of the dog and the greater his strength the more certain he is to be in the way of it. And if he is, there is generally but one result.

It is equally true that there are mountain sheep in all the larger mountains of the desert. The same is true here where I am writing these lines. I can look out of the window at mountains where I could get a sheep almost any day in summer in a drive of two hours. There is no one to inform and no one would know of it if I should kill one—and no one here would care a rap either. Why do I not do it then? A good enough reason is that there is absolutely nothing to do but sit at a water hole in the morning till they come to drink, which is generally before nine o'clock. Any kind of hunting is out of the question. Their range is too enormous; they go far back into the roughest hills, where there is no soil to show a track, where the big rocks are so thick that you might hunt all around a band without seeing one, where the small rocks make so much noise rolling under your feet that you could not get within shot of a sheep, where most of the time you could not get a dead one out even with the best donkey that ever climbed a rock. I never hunt for horns or specimens, and if I can not get game home easily I don't want it. To this you may add, on the Colorado desert, which is much lower, the necessity of carrying water with you and being very careful how you drink it up too soon. This is about the way you will find sheep in all those parts of Lower California that I have seen. The consequence is that no one hunts them for sport and there is no public sentiment on this desert in favor of enforcing the law. Over two dozen were killed last

summer by Indians within a few miles of my ranch, but no one cares. As game they are practically out of consideration. So when you go down the Colorado you had better content yourself, as I do here, with looking at the hills and thinking they are there.

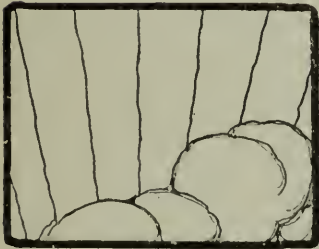
The only disappointment I had on that trip was not finding Wilson's snipe or any trace of him. I went prepared to have some fun with that erratic little chap, but in vain I scoured the mud flats around the sloughs or the soft mud in the tule. Nowhere in fresh or salt mud could I find any trace of his long bill, either new or old. If I could find nothing of the sort in the middle of December it is not likely that this bird is ever to be found there in any great numbers. It is, however, certain that he goes as far south as this, for on top of San Pedro Martir, nearly a hundred miles south of the mouth of the river, I have seen him in the mountain meadows as early as September. And in Mexico I have found him in great numbers in Durango and seen some in the Valley of Mexico. The mud here is soft enough and there should be plenty of worms for him on the Colorado.

I also missed entirely the Canada goose, though I saw some of the Hutchin's geese, commonly called "little honkers." Nor did I hear one either by day or night on the entire trip. Yet it is certain that they do go there at times, for they pass my place on the Mojave at times, though not in any great numbers.

There are places, though, where you may have very fine shooting on Gambel's partridge, or the Arizona quail. All that you admire in the slippery valley quail of California you are likely to find duplicated in him, with vast improvements and any amount of novelties that are apt to make you admire this bird still more. And the strange part of it is that all his tricks seem quite natural and not developed by persecution. You can find plenty that never heard the sound of a gun, yet act as though born to it. That is after you decide that you want some of them. As seen from a wagon, and sometimes by one on foot, they look so simple and tame it seems a shame to shoot at one. Get out and try to bag some by any fair means and you are likely to feel another kind of shame. The tactics are mainly the

same as those necessary to handle the valley quail in short cover, but one must be even quicker of leg and with the gun, must know how to clear a road for the shot through heavy mesquite or catch a bird with a snap shot before he is out of sight over the top of the arrow-weed. Wherever you find heavy mesquite along the river you are

apt to find plenty of these birds until you go down pretty far, when the flats become too bare to furnish the food he likes. Taken all in all the Colorado trip is one that can hardly fail to please one who can be pleased at all with a trip in which "trophies" and "records" are practically out of consideration.



## THE DREAMER

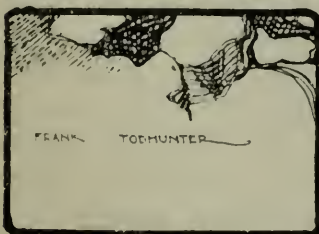
BY HARRY T. FEE

We saw the delvers in the land,  
The pain, the toil, the hopes they planned,  
The strife that every moment spanned.

The beauty of the grass dew kissed  
We knew the delvers all had missed—  
The skies of gold and amethyst.

Beside the river's silver flow  
We watched the stealthy shadows grow.  
And caught the dead day's afterglow.

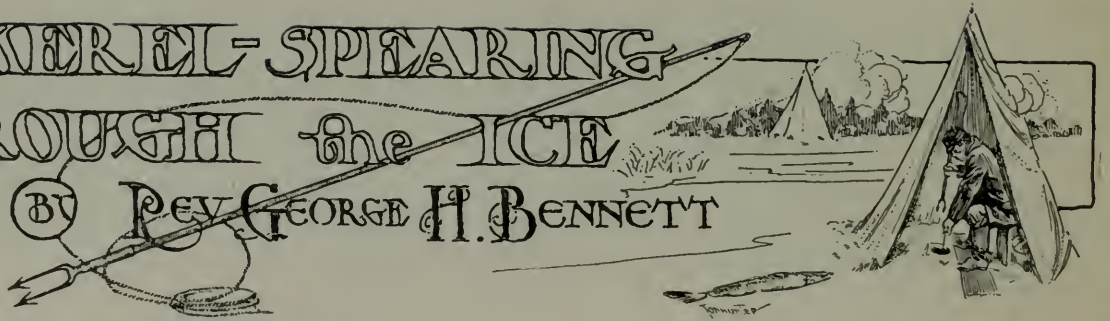
In solitude's expanse alone  
We saw a weed beside a stone  
And heard their subtle undertone.



FRANK TOCHUNTER

# PICKEREL-SPEARING THROUGH THE ICE

BY REV. GEORGE H. BENNETT



IT WAS twenty years ago—one afternoon in February—that I sat in my office poring over the books, and finishing my reports for the month, when the door opened and in strode Art. Buck, my bosom friend and fellow nimrod. We had grown up together from boyhood, and had early begun our career as sportsmen by spearing frogs in the little swamp on the corner of his father's farm, and trapping red squirrels in the cornfield. Many happy days did we spend roaming the woods, meadowlands and marshes, in quest of squirrels, partridges, snipe and ducks; and many were the nights, sleep we lost spearing fish on the lakes and hunting 'coons. Art. had the complexion of a redskin and was a hunter born. He had a hand like a ham and made tracks like a megatherium. He bore about him that spirit of abandon and enthusiasm for the chase, which very properly culminated in the tact and sagacity so requisite to the sheriff's office—an office he fills to-day with marked ability.

I motioned him to a chair. The fire of the chase was in his eye and flushed his cheek. There was no mistaking it. As he sat down, a quotation from Saint Peter, the ancient fisherman, fell from his lips—"I go a-fishing," said he. "I also go with thee" was my laconic though Scriptural reply. Art. then unbosomed himself. He predicted a February thaw. He declared the wind had shifted to the south within an hour and before morning the icicles would be dropping from the eaves and water would be running in the roads. Pickerel were just beginning to "run" and the coming freshet would fill the creeks and marshes with them. He proposed that we take our tents and spears for a day's sport on the Pork Barrel—a famous little lake a few miles north of Coldwater.

Plans were soon formed. Fishing tackle, lunch, and team were all duly made ready;

and daybreak found us driving over melting snow and sloppy roads toward our destination. The wind had blown from the south all night and had lost its chill. Eaves were dripping and water was hurrying down all the hillsides, and the air had the fragrance of Spring freshets which is so exhilarating after a long, hard winter.

A ride of two hours brought us in sight of the Pork Barrel. It was the last of a string of lakes and had its outlet in a small creek. The lake was a quarter of a mile long and about half as broad, and was surrounded by marsh, while on the side nearest the road arose a slight hill covered with forest trees. We let down the rail fence and drove down into the woods, where we unhitched and cared for the team.

The snow covering the lake was rapidly melting and water covered the ice in some places. But the ice, fully six inches thick, was perfectly solid, so we quickly selected our locations. We cut holes eighteen inches in diameter through the ice and erected our tents over them. Then, after banking snow around the base of the tent, and chinking up all the cracks to exclude the light, we were ready to receive callers from the deep. I fished in water about eight feet deep, and over a clear sandy bottom. My decoy worked to perfection. It would dive and dart and circle about like a living perch. My expectations ran pretty high—but the fish seemed pretty scarce, for after a couple of hours of silent and patient work only a couple of small mullet had fallen a prey to my seven-tined spear.

Art. seemed to be losing heart, too, and getting lonesome he called me to come over and visit him. I made my way through slush ankle-deep to his tent, which he had pitched a hundred yards away. He untied the black curtain and I crawled inside. He was fishing in water fifteen feet deep. I noticed, upon getting seated,

that his spear was gone, and as he pointed to the opening in the ice I peered down into the water. The light was rather dim and Art had thrown a handful of corn into the water. It had spread out as it sank and lay scattered over the muddy bottom, reflecting the light and making objects visible which otherwise could hardly be seen. Soon I discovered the cause of Art's invitation to "come over and be sociable," for there, ten feet below the ice, was a good sized pickerel swimming about with the spear sticking in its back. It was a handsome fellow, with dark greenish back and lighter sides, and covered with long oval silvery spots. The pickerel weighed about four pounds.

That waked us up. Our spirits revived. I went back to my tent but decided to find a better location. Crossing over to the foot of the lake, I cut a hole opposite the outlet and as nearly in the channel as possible. It required but a few minutes' brisk work and I was soon busy manipulating my painted decoy. So I worked on for an hour or more. Meantime Art. had pulled up his tent and gone up the lake a hundred yards to a new location. I could plainly hear him trudging through the slush and chopping the ice. He soon got settled down to business. It was now about noon, the sun was shining with considerable fervor, the air in the tent was getting stuffy, and I was getting pretty drowsy. While thus half asleep, holding the spear in one hand and with the other holding the decoy which dangled listlessly in the water below me, all at once I saw a reflection at the edge of the ice. Then a wide rounded snout came slowly into view. It was followed by a broad head with gleaming eyes. Then came the thick rounded neck and opening gills and trembling pectoral fins. How sinister the monster looked as he glared at the decoy! How bright were his silvery spots! I actually gasped for breath. My hair seemed to stand on end. In desperation I worked the decoy away from this tyrant of fresh water lakes, to lure him within range of the spear. He followed like a phantom. And when his graceful form was stretched out beneath me, with a heavy thrust I plunged the spear into his back. Letting go the spear, I seized the small rope which was tied to the end of its iron handle. Then I tipped the tent off from over me and



was ready to land my prize. The pickerel fought hard for its life. Round and round it went under the ice and darted here and there, completely roiling the water. But after a royal struggle it gave up in exhaustion and I hauled it out upon the ice.

I shouted to Art. His head popped out of his tent and I invited him to "be sociable and come over." He lost no time in accepting my invitation, and soon he came splashing through the water, bringing his tent along with him. When he caught sight of my lusty pickerel, Nature asserted itself and he let out a war-whoop which must have cracked the ice for rods around. Good luck sharpened our appetites and the basket of lunch met swift and terrible justice. Art. then proceeded to erect his tent within thirty feet of mine, in the outlet. Soon all was quiet, save the strange noises 'one will hear while thus sitting in a tent on the ice—noises made by the cracking of the ice as it heaves or settles while freezing or thawing.

The excitement attending my big catch had passed off, we had ceased talking and were both doing our best to attract some wandering fish to our decoys. Luck, however, seemed to have gone some other way. It got warmer. The sun was pouring his fervid rays with telling effect upon the snow. The lake was now covered almost completely with water and the ice was getting rotten. The power of a good dinner, the monotony of staring at the smooth sandy bottom, and the repeated breathing of impure air began to have their effect—and I became so stupid and sleepy I could hardly keep awake. But just then something happened. It jolted me into sudden wakefulness. It sent a chill down my spinal marrow and my heart reeled off the antics of an alarm clock. For right up close to the ice, and almost within reach of my hand, slowly and stealthily from the mysterious depths glided into view the wide snout, the broad head and blazing eyes and spotted form of a huge pickerel. Mechanically and half paralyzed with surprise at the startling apparition, I drew the decoy away—and the monster glided after it, though a without a perceptible effort. The moment seemed an hour. The anxiety and suspense of that moment, lest I should lose the prize, will never be forgotten. But with a careful poise and a quick thrust the spear was buried in its neck. I soon had a job on my

hands, for the pickerel was charging about under the ice, in mad desperation at the full length of the spear rope as the tugging at my knee quickly told me. I hurriedly lifted the tent off from over me, and began to labor with the fish.

Meantime Art. had crawled out of his tent. He had heard the celebration and wanted to see the fireworks. The big fish soon began to show signs of weariness, and after some coaching I brought him up to the hole in the ice. Then I saw that he was not securely barbed, and that only careful handling would land him. I worked cautiously, finally got his long head into the opening, and was just lifting him out of the water—when he slipped off the spear and began a lightning shoot for the bottom. I made one frenzied jab—the stab of wild despair—and as good luck would have it the spear landed in his hard bony head and he was my brain food. I felt just then as though I needed a whale. My, but how I did sweat! After shaking him off the spear, beside my other trophy, I turned to Art. His cap lay in the water. His hair hung in strings all over his face, and stuck up behind; and he was all doubled up holding his sides—he had laughed till he cried. He told me what he saw could never be seen but once by mortal man. He said my performance and my look when the pickerel slipped off my spear, and the way my eyes hung out when I made the frantic stab to recover it—you could have hung your hat on 'em—was better than a ten-ring circus, with the menagerie and mermaid and fat woman thrown in!

Just then we heard the roll of distant thunder. Looking up, we saw dense black clouds rising in the southwest. The wind was rising and the ice was getting unsafe. So we lost no time in getting our tackle together and rolling up our tents. We shouldered our bundles, and with the big string of fish started for the shore. The water on the ice was about ankle-deep and when we reached the shore we found the ice had melted and broken away from the marsh, leaving a gap of water six or eight feet across. We seemed to be in for a soustring, but pitched our bundles ashore, made running jumps and both got ashore all right. We fed the ponies, and when they had finished their meal we were ready for the homeward flight. We made good time

getting home. The storm almost caught us, for we only just drove into the barn when the cannonading thunders proclaimed a war of the elements and rain fell in torrents. That freshet took all the ice out of the lakes and there was no more spearing. But we

were well satisfied, as the two big pickrel were each exactly three feet long and weighed eleven and a quarter and eleven and three quarters pounds respectively, and our string was declared the best taken that winter.



## THE MALLARD'S SOLILOQUY.

**M**ESSRS. Sniquewell and Pottem  
Thought they had "got 'em"—  
Those Mallards down by the lake;  
But after much scheming and sulphurous  
blaspheming,  
Found they had made a mistake.

A wary old male unseen on the swale,  
Had watched their contortions awhile;  
And as they crept nearer—their meaning  
made clearer—  
Could hardly repress a faint smile.

For said this sage bird,  
In a tone "under"-heard  
"Just look at that geezer ahead!  
His eyes bulging out either side his red  
snout,  
Are enough to inspire one with dread.

"See the boy, too, astern,  
How *his* feelings yearn  
Toward my own kin on the water;  
Just see the desire in his eyes afire,"  
Although it aint *me* they are after.

"But they're close enough, now,  
And I'll show 'em how  
An outsider their little game spotted;  
I'll rise with that bluster I know how to  
muster,  
When in danger of being garrotted.

"Ah! just as I thought:  
They have 'on to' me caught,  
And though I've no time to be curious,  
I'll sound the alarm and save from all  
harm,  
"My charges, from Pot-hunters furious."

—J. G. Bliss.



# SOME HUNTING REMINISCENCES



## PART I.



IN AUGUST 1875, I left the Union Pacific west-bound train at Fort Steele on the North Platte River, on a hunting trip to the Big-Horn Mountains, with a friend, on a hunt-tains of Wyoming. Thirty years ago, this district was almost a *terra incognita* to all but a few adventurous trappers and prospectors, and to certain Indian tribes who, under their chief, Sitting Bull, were at that time still inclined, naturally enough, to look upon Northwestern Wyoming as their rightful hunting grounds, and to resent the intrusion of the white man. We were among the first—if not actually the first—white hunting party that had ever entered this particular region.

At that time, for some three hundred miles or more north of the Union Pacific, the State of Wyoming (then a territory), from the North Platte River to the Montana boundary, was a wild country, uncivilized, uninhabited by white men—a paradise for game. Miles of upland prairie and rolling foothills, covered with grass and sage brush, were interspersed with deep and precipitous cañons, and with rugged pine-clad mountains running up to more than ten thousand feet in height. Here, in a country splendidly watered, and with open deserts for winter range, were at that time to be found thousands of elk, buffalo, deer and antelope, as well as the range-grizzly and the big-horn sheep. The mountain-lion (puma) was not very common. For smaller game, wild ducks and geese were abundant around the numerous lakes and rivers; while sage hens, grouse and rabbits abounded on the prairies. This was part of the fair domain, then teeming with wild animal life, that the ruthless civilization of the white man has wrested by force from the red man, its rightful owner, on the principle that "might makes right."

On arrival at Fort Steele, we passed a couple of days in buying stores and generally arranging the details of our expedition, matters of some importance. Once started away from the railroad and civilization, anything forgotten must be done without. There could be no convenient "store around the corner" from camp where the missing article could be obtained. Our first stage was to a small outlying ranche on the North Platte River, about sixty miles away. A four-horse wagon carried our stores, baggage and tents, convoyed by our party on horse-back—my friend, myself, a cook, two guides, and a "horse-wrangler," with the spare horses intended to be used as pack animals.

Some ten miles from the start our wagon upset on a steep hillside and turned completely over. Luckily no damage was done beyond a small amount of breakage of bottles, the soft bedding on top saving the entire cargo. The second day out we reached our ranche, the last roof we were destined to see for some two months; and here a few days were spent in selecting pack-horses, fitting pack-saddles, and arranging the packs. A considerable amount of care, coupled with the knowledge that is only gained by experience, is required for a well-ordered pack-train. Badly fitting saddles and ill-balanced packs mean sore backs, kicking horses, general delay, and loss of temper. In our case, nine hardy little western ponies carried stores and cooking utensils, baggage, spare ammunition, camp tools and two tents. It took my friend and myself about a month to learn the mysteries of the "diamond hitch," in which the ropes form a diamond on the top of the pack.

For the first week of our trip we traveled steadily northward at the rate of fifteen to twenty miles a day, crossing the Rattlesnake Range and a forty-mile desert beyond,



and one fine evening we pitched our camp at the foot of some hills that our guides told us were the southern spur of the Big-Horn Range. Antelope had been everywhere visible since we had left the ranche, and had supplied us daily with fresh meat and the best possible rifle practice. On the Rattlesnake Mountains we had seen our first band of elk, some thousand strong, and had left them severely alone. They could rest in peace, as far as we were concerned, till our return. On the edge of the desert we found our first buffalo. Almost every day we amused ourselves by running one or two old bulls, but we were content to kill only a couple of the oldest and shaggiest we could find, in order to preserve their heads as trophies. As almost everybody knows, the buffalo was once the mainstay of the Indian tribes for food, robes, and tent covering. While every naturalist and sportsman must deeply regret the disappearance of the buffalo, it is nevertheless difficult to imagine how, in a wild and originally somewhat lawless country it could have been prevented. To a man mounted on a fast horse, and armed with a satisfactory rifle, a shaggy-coated, ferocious-looking beast was the easiest possible prey; and his dark body and great size always gave him away to the sharp-eyed hunter on the open ground which he insisted upon frequenting. I have frequently chased solitary old bulls on a pony about fourteen hands high, and have only once failed in any serious effort to overhaul the buffalo. What usually happened on these occasions was that, after a good

gallop of one or two miles, I would get within about twenty yards of the buffalo, generally on an uphill grade, and the then indignant bull would raise his little tufted apology for a tail, turn around, and—if approached too close—attempt to charge, an attack which never succeeded while the horse kept his legs, which mine always did. After a good look at the animal and some amusement with him, I usually left him, none the worse for our meeting. There was always, to my mind, something humorous, and also slightly pathetic, in the contrast between an old bull buffalo's ferocious appearance, and the impotence of his attack upon a man on horseback. I once succeeded, with the help of a fellow-hunter, in driving a bull buffalo some miles toward camp. He had been slightly wounded by one of our party, and by riding behind him and on one side we moved him at a trot for several miles in the desired direction, in order, as my companion remarked, to please the boys in camp. But the buffalo eventually tired of the process, and took refuge in a steep gully, out of which nothing would dislodge him. From the top of the high bank above I might have sprung on his back, and could touch him with the muzzle of my rifle. Having duly admired his massive proportions, and the savage way in which he drove his horns into the bank, we left him in peace, and I presume that he recovered both his health and his temper within a reasonable time.

The one occasion on which I failed to catch up with a buffalo, referred to above,



"ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT WE FOUND OUR FIRST BUFFALO."

Photo taken in 1875 by Capt. J. A. Lockwood. (Note antelope among buffalos at left of picture).

and on which I rode my pony to a complete standstill, was when we were crossing the desert previously mentioned. We were traveling with our pack-train, when we noticed a solitary old bull-buffalo, one of the largest I had ever seen, about three hundred yards ahead of us. My horse was fresh and I promptly gave chase. I wanted to kill that particular bull. By the time I had made a start the old monster was running at a lumbering gait along a downhill stretch of prairie. A single buffalo can run down hill or over flat ground at a pace that will beat the best cow-pony that ever lived, but uphill his heavy forequarters soon bring him to bay. It so happened in this case that the prairie stretched downhill for many miles, and I never got within a hundred yards of that bull. I have never fired a stern shot at a buffalo; that is always needless cruelty. For a "clean" kill, it is necessary to have a fair broadside chance, and to shoot the beast low behind the shoulder. Some three miles from the start of this race my pony was standing with heaving flanks, pumped out—the pace had been severe—while I sat on the prairie and watched with some annoyance a dark speck near the horizon in a cloud of dust.

We were now approaching the home of the grizzly and the big-horn sheep. Next day we journeyed upward along the mountain spur and well into the heart of a rough and thickly wooded country, and pitched our first regular camp in a beautiful grove of firs by the side of a stream. During that day's travel we came across the only man, outside of our own party, that we were destined to see for about two months. Jack and I had ridden ahead to look for a blacktail buck—an animal which supplies the most delicious venison of the Rockies. Coming suddenly to the edge of a small gully, we beheld below us a small prospector's camp, the owner of which was washing some gravel by a stream. We rode close to him unobserved, and his startled look as he turned and saw two men armed with rifles, close behind him, I shall long remember. His mind was soon relieved, but he subsequently confessed his fear of Indians and that for a moment his scalp felt loose. Yes, he was alone, he said, his "pard" having gone to the nearest settlement for stores. In answer to inquiries about game, he assured us that we should

find all the grizzlies we cared to shoot further up the range. Had we any 'baccy? We had, and gave it to him and then rode on. Soon after riding through an open park, we started a fine blacktail buck with a clustered head of many points. Before I was out of the saddle the deer was running, with the bounding gallop peculiar to these animals, for all he was worth to the thicket beyond. I broke his neck just as he was entering the timber, with one of those lucky shots that occasionally come off when wanted, and a splendid pair of fat haunches subsequently hung in camp that night. It was our pride all through the rest of that hunting trip never to be without fat black-tail venison in the larder.

That night for the first time we pitched our tents. Hitherto, having been traveling steadily every day, we had been satisfied, in glorious August weather, to make our beds on the prairie under the stars. Next morning we started in different directions. Jack and I went down the lip of the valley already referred to; the rest of the party went in a westerly direction. Occasionally we dismounted and carefully examined the valley below us from the rocky ridge above. The third time of doing this, as I stood on a slab of rock at the very edge of the cliff, I heard a scuffling on the rough hillside below me, and the next moment a three-parts-grown bear sprang onto the ledge not twenty feet from the spot where I stood, and made for the thick timber beside us. I lost no time in breaking his back with a 500-bore express bullet, and finished him with my second barrel as he scrambled toward me, evidently with hostile intent. From that day onward our saddles and camp outfit generally reeked of the smell of bear, much to the annoyance and disgust of some of our dogs. The nervous systems of one or two of our horses were completely upset by this pervading odor of a successful bear-hunting camp. They never became quite reconciled to it, as a scattered pack and occasionally a dismounted rider would now and then testify. We continued our progress down the valley, thinking that if we could not find sheep, jumping grizzlies from under the cliff was sport enough in itself. Later in the day I spent some time in eating the wild raspberries that grew in profusion along the hillside. I had left Jack and our horses a little way behind.



"THEY RESENTED OUR INTRUSION."



"I JUMPED A GRIZZLY."

and rifle in hand, had gradually eaten my way along a ridge of raspberry-bush-covered rock overhanging a thickly wooded glade, when I again heard the rush of some heavy animal below me. I cocked the rifle and peered down through the bushes and trees. Through an opening I saw a black bear some sixty yards below, which, unfortunately for himself, undertook to stop for a moment and look up toward the noise that had disturbed him. The opportunity was a good one. I fired directly at the center of a black furry back, heard a scuffle and a moan as the bear passed out of sight, and then everything was quiet. I cautiously made my way down to the cover below, and, equally cautiously, crawled through the bushes toward the spot where the bear was last seen and found him stone dead. He happened to be the only black bear that we shot during the whole of our trip. This variety is distinguished from the ordinary range-grizzly by a smaller head and claws, a smaller body, a milder disposition, and a silky coal-black coat. The cubs of the black bear are occasionally brown, but they turn black in color with maturity.

One day I was fortunate enough to secure four old ram sheep of the largest size, and during the process of stalking and shooting them ran against almost every variety of Rocky Mountain animal. I was out with Jack—our chief guide—and early in the day had spied with our glasses a band of rams on a rocky hill about a mile distant. Riding through some scattered timber toward the foot of this hill, we disturbed in suc-

cession a band of elk, a buck antelope, two old buffalo bulls and one of the finest old blacktail bucks I have ever seen. This latter animal simply would not get out of our way—because, I suppose, we did not want him—and he even threatened at one time to spoil our stalk of the sheep. We eventually managed, after a long climb on foot, to get within shot of our elderly rams, killing one and wounding another that we afterward secured. Meanwhile, during this pursuit, we came up with the rest of the band of sheep, which saw us and ran. They paused for a moment on the crest of the hill, and I knocked over a third ram—a long shot—before they disappeared, and wounded a fourth. We ran on to the ridge of the hill, but the wounded ram had disappeared. Following downhill the general direction that the herd had taken, I then jumped a grizzly out of a gulch, and missed him as he galloped away. A very much exhausted biped struggled back up the hill again—the elevation was probably over nine thousand feet—and as luck would have it I came unexpectedly on my last wounded ram lying down among some rocks. He sprang up and ran down the hill within easy range. With a desperate effort I managed to hold the sight on to him long enough to break his back, and then sat down on the hillside fairly tired out.

Having somewhat recovered from our exertions, and Jack being of opinion that we had had a great time (he used a stronger expression) with the sheep, our thoughts naturally turned toward food. We rode slowly down and around the hill toward a convenient stream, carrying the heads of the three rams already killed. But our morning's sport was not yet over. My first wounded ram—an animal with a fine head—was shortly spied on the reverse slope. Again leaving my companion with the horses, I approached through the rocks and trees to within a hundred and fifty yards, and for the last time that day managed a "clean" kill, although at the shot the ram moved round the hill out of sight, and I thought at first that I had missed him. Having discovered a strong blood trail, I followed it and found the animal a few hundred yards distant, dead, shot through the heart. We returned slowly to camp that afternoon, with a pair of big-horn heads slung behind each saddle.

(To be continued.)

# Where Nature Reigns

by ALEX. ROSS

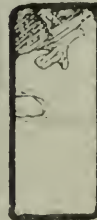
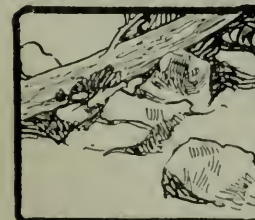
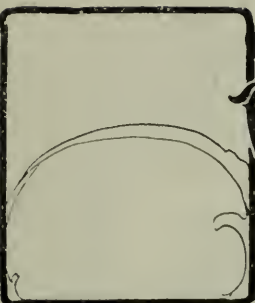
THERE'S a place where the soul of man longs to abide;  
 Where the spirit 's at rest and the mind free from care,  
 Where the beauty of Nature dwells on every side  
 And the scent of the pine forest floats through the air.

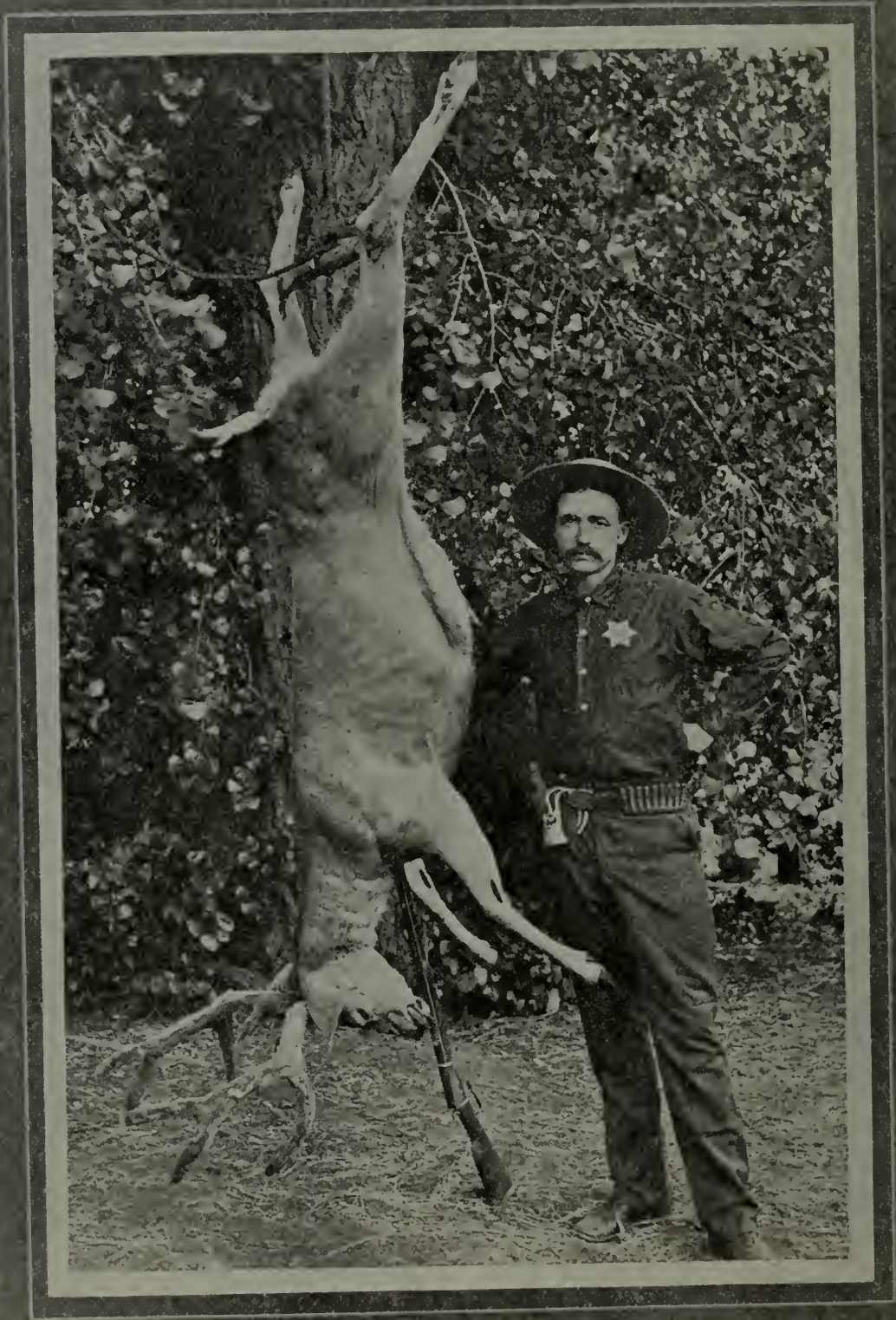
Where rivers flow swiftly through cañons of stone,  
 All foaming and dashing at furious pace,  
 And, leaping o'er boulders in loud happy tone,  
 Flow down through the valley in beauty and grace.

Where the scream of the eagle on flight to his nest  
 Resounds through the valley till lost in the glade.  
 Where the cool running brook whispers only of rest  
 As it smiles in the sunlight and dreams in the shade,

Where the sun in his splendor, at closing of day,  
 Gilds valley and forest in glorious light,  
 And then slowly sinking, to rest fades away,  
 Till Nature is lulled by the silence of night.

Where Luna, white queen of the tables, bends low  
 With lingering caress for the slumbering wolds,  
 While Ocean's quaint lullaby cadences flow  
 And peace and contentment the vista enfolds.





"JERKY" JOHNSON AND HIS RECORD BUCK.

## “IT.”

By JAMES H. PIERCE.



“IT” CAME to us. “It” came calmly into our lives and his sojourn was peaceful but the strenuosity of his passing out was something to be remembered; and in passing out he passed forever, not even a rumor returned concerning him.

We camped up above “Trout Meadows” just where the trail leaves the meadow. A few magnificent fir and pine trees and an ice cold stream make it one of the most ideal places to camp, except that the slides and fallen trees make the valley so narrow that the trail goes right through the camping place. There was the usual bustle of making camp, but when the “Kid” swatted an old dry log with the ax, Chum dodged behind a tree and Old man Henry fell over the pack he was untying and nearly swallowed his pipe; there was a general air of extreme nervousness. I noticed the same thing at Paco, P. I. the morning of February 5th.

Chum seemed so preoccupied all the evening that I did not quizz him on the events of the night before. We were all about ready to retire when he said, “If that had happened to-night I could plainly see our finish,” and then proceeded to draw horrible pictures of the possibilities of what would happen if a bear should stampede our horses and the cattle that were on the meadow, the valley is so narrow that their only trail would be over our camp and we’d be choice specimens of flapjacks” etc., etc., until Old man Henry got a club and solemnly swore that if he “opened his yap jes’ once more” he’d be “dinged” if he wouldn’t hammer him down so short that he could be packed dead easy in a kiack. “Good Lord, after last night to have you set there and yap; don’t you open your trap again to-night, if ye do I won’t be responsible fer myself.”

Chum winked solemnly at me and later whispered if I heard any rumpus not to get excited; but to shoot a few times in the air, and that was all I could get out of him. Knowing him of old I felt that there was something good coming.

The last thing I remember before going

to sleep was that someone was sneaking about camp, and when I regained consciousness Chum was shaking me and whispering for me to “lay low.” The moon had set and it was nearly morning. Rich nasal sounds proclaimed that the old man was at peace with all the world. Suddenly things broke loose; there was a wild bawling and rattling of hobbles and bells, horses dashed wildly away from camp. I started the old “pump” gun, the old man nearly choked on one of his choicest snores, grabbed for his gun—which wasn’t there—and then down upon the camp apparently came the horses with clanging bells and a wild hulla-baloo, and Dad Henry waited for nothing more but started for the tall timber. He didn’t get there, for he stepped into a hole and disappeared into the wild clover that covered the meadow; we afterward found that he had fallen into the only deep hole in the creek. I had forgotten the “Kid” and a wild howl of distress from the darkness proved to be from where he had made a fierce rush for safety and landed in a briar patch (he always would insist in sleeping in the “altogether”); this was too much, and I just had to howl. I got back with my family, and from their protection disclaimed any knowledge of what it was all about, but Chum slept out in the brush until daylight.

Chum sneaked into camp in the early morning and began to build a fire, stopping occasionally to hold his sides and shake his head. “Kid” and “Dad” were evidently sleeping. I got my wife up as a sort of protection for Chum, for I knew they were all too gentlemanly to start a fight before a lady, and I hoped that a good breakfast would simplify matters. There was an ominous cloud all the morning, and our breakfast was begun in silence. I had about given up reconciling the opposing forces. Chum was red in the face with suppressed laughter, and I knew that if he laughed, nothing could save him. “Kid” solemnly pulled from some part of his anatomy a briar and mournfully examined it. “Dad” let out a

raucus sneeze, and Chum fell backward off his seat, started to run, fell over a log, and too weak to get up just lay and roared.

"Kid" and Dad got up and gravely walked over, grabbed him by the neck, stood him up and then kicked him soundly, and as gravely walked back, sat down, gazed at each other for some time, finally broke out laughing, shook hands, and the incident was closed, although Chum had to take to the woods several times for laughing.

To reach the cause of all this we will go back to the beginning where I said "It" came to us.

We were on our way to the lakes of the upper Kern river and the great beyond which the tourist bound for Mount Whitney never sees—the little streams off the main trail where one can get his creel full while the "trail traveler" is cursing his luck; the places where the deer rest in peace until one who knows comes and disturbs, but never discloses. Some bits I have visited I doubt if man has ever seen before, so free from the marks of him and so difficult of access are they.

I do not think that I will ever forget the vision that met my surprised optics one evening on this trip while we were eating the meal that was to us both luncheon and dinner. My enraptured eyes were wandering in ecstasy over the panoramic glory each moment changing under the slanting rays of the setting sun, when I noted coming down the trail to camp one of the most grotesque dogs that it has ever been my good fortune to see. Of some nondescript yellow, feet and legs out of all proportion to the rest of his frame; big, black ears cocked out from an enormous head, and emaciated—I wondered how such a spirit could glow in the brown eyes that were turned pleadingly up to us.

We fed him, and what didn't he eat? I don't believe that dog had eaten for a week. A more peaceable creature never existed; he paid not the slightest attention to anything. Coyotes could howl all about the camp and not disturb his slumbers; grinnies, squirrels and rabbits could run all about him, and the dogs of other campers he did not even deign to notice. We were much puzzled as to exactly what he was good for, and many alleged humorous remarks were made which I wouldn't dare

to give here. His mission was unexpectedly disclosed.

I had gone down to Nelson's after some supplies and had got back rather late. We were camped at "Slick's Horse Corral," and some of the other tenants being snake-shy, had built beds up off the ground which we used as store houses for our packs, and there was also a good camp table. "It" had accompanied me, and when I got within about a half of a mile of camp he dashed off into the bushes from which soon arose sounds



IT.

of strife. I tied the horses and started to investigate, notwithstanding the fact that investigating in the woods after ten o'clock is rather ticklish business. After skinning my shins and having a few other "brushes," I arrived in view of a dark object with a yellow satellite revolving around it. The yellow cur had come to his own! I never saw a dog get into so many different places at one and the same time. The moonlight was uncertain and I had a gun that would shoot through pretty near anything, and the



satellite was rather eccentric in its orbit, so I stood back and started to keep cases until it had set or at least restricted its gyrations so that I might get a shot in. I had seen a dog worry a horse and dodge the flying hoofs, but this cur could give them cards and spades and then win in a walk. Mr. Bear suddenly realized that he had forgotten an appointment somewhere and started out to fill it; the place seemed right down the trail toward camp. I suddenly realized that I had a wife and babies down that way, too, and the way I tore down that gulch was a caution, but if it hadn't been for the fact that Mr. Bear stopped every few hundred feet to take a swat at his running mate, I wouldn't have been in it; as it was, I got there in time to see the jimmycane strike.

Everybody had gone to bed when the visitors arrived, but I can not say that that seemed to matter in any way to the visitors. Mr. Bear dodged around the tree to which our table was attached, and "It" landed on top of the table. Chum and Old man Henry had washed the dishes and piled them in a neat heap on this same table, and down at the end was a choice array of eatables, but this evidently didn't concern Mr. Bear; he saw his arch fiend in apparently a good place to get swatted, so he let go a fierce right-pawed swing which, if it had landed, would have put "It" out of commission for all time; but "It" wasn't there and our dishes were—say, we didn't find some of those dishes until nine o'clock next day, and some that we did find looked like an old tin can that the boys had been playing "shinny" with.

Mr. Bear took observations of the distant horizon, evidently expecting to see a revolving object disappear behind it, and then realized that something was chewing his tail; flea, was not there, having jumped on one of his claws, he started to dislodge the cause of his uneasiness, but it, like the proverbial flea, was not there, but jumped one of the the bunks where our duffle was piled. The old man and Chum had by this time got it through their befogged brains that there was something doing, and Chum had jumped up and grabbed for his gun which fortunately

had fallen down with a lot of miscellaneous truck on top of it, and he was stooping over trying to extricate it. The old man was trying to get his gun out of the case without first unbuckling it.

I think that Mr. Bear must have sort of exerted himself when he swiped at "It" this time, for of course he missed "It" and hit everything else on the platform. A ham took Chum in the rear and drove his nose into the sand, a side of bacon took the old man a swat alongside of the jaw and knocked his head against a tree, and "Dad's" troubles were over for the time being. "Kid" hadn't waked up yet.

Now this takes some time to tell, but I give you my word of honor that it did not take ten seconds to happen.

"It" was baying the bear from under our second supply of provisions and the bear started under the platform to get him out, and just as he got nicely under, of course that fool dog had to jump up on top of the truck and Mr. Bear humped himself to see where his accomplice in all this row had gone. Our "kyacks" went up at the same time; one started to describe a beautiful parabola, but just as it got over the "Kid's" blankets the contents, consisting of two fifty-pound sacks of flour and sundry other things too numerous to mention, came out, and I believe anyone will admit that to have a sack of flour drop on you from about ten feet in the air will have a tendency to arouse you, especially if this is followed about a 'steenth of a second later by its mate, and a bear and a dog have a fight on top of all the aforementioned things.

I rushed to the tent and was met by a very little boy and a very big gun, and seeing that all was well here I started to take inventory. Chum was behind a tree digging the sand out of his eyes and "Dad" was just returning to a realization of earthly woes. There was no sound from the "Kid's" blankets and fearing the worst I rushed over and began to tenderly draw them down; then he began to claw the atmosphere and said: "Aw! say, I wish you chumps would duck your nuts. I'd like to get a little sleep to-night."



# The ABORIGINES of BRITISH EAST AFRICA

By Elmer E. Davis

PART II.

## THE WA-KAMBAS.

**U**PON leaving Mombassa for the interior of British East Africa, we pass through a rough country covered with forests and jungle; this continues for thirty or forty miles until Mazaris is reached. From there, twenty or thirty miles to Makindu, the country is more or less rolling and covered with short scrubby trees having a tendency to run to brush; this, however, is not dense, but so continuous and uniform in appearance that a person can easily get lost in it if not very careful.

There seems to be very few inhabitants, and these of no particular tribe as far as I could learn, although I believe most of them belong to the "Wa-Taveta" tribe from farther south. Inquiring of one station master along the way what tribe inhabited that section, he said he "didn't know what tribe they were, but believed they were just niggers," so we will let them go at that. They raise a little maize and plantains, but seem to be a very shiftless lot. Some of them decorate the ears with large pieces of wood which are forced through a hole punched in the lobe. Their houses are of the most primitive kind and look like the muskrat houses seen in America.

Soon after leaving Makindu a more open country is seen; for some distance this is claimed by the Masai, but as only occasional parties of that tribe ever come this far we will skip them and enter Ukambana. The land inhabited by the "Wa-Kamba" tribe consists principally of open rolling land, although almost any kind of country may be found within its borders, as considerable territory is taken in; the elevation varies from three to six thousand feet. It is bounded on the north and south by the



Athi and Tsaro rivers, on the west by the rolling Kapote plains; the Wa-Kambas claim as far east as the Tana river, but it is very doubtful if they ever inhabit so far. These boundaries are a rough venture, as nearly correct as possible considering the difficulty of marking points on a practically unmapped country.

The Masai and Wa-Kamba are constantly weaving back and forth for miles in certain portions of this country, so while you find Masai therein one year, Wa-Kamba may



WA-TAVETA GIRL WEARING HUGE WOODEN EAR ORNAMENTS.

be found the next. Ukambana is the home of various industries. Classes are not so distinctly separated as in some African tribes, so the work of agriculture and stock raising do not conflict, but each man or family engages in one or both industries as suits the taste.

These people are not numerous when the extent of their territory is considered; in fact, large areas are practically uninhabited. They make their homes mostly along the streams, or in the mountains where there are numerous small fertile valleys suitable for agriculture. The people of the eastern

larges consist of a group of conical huts made of grass and sticks, with the whole surrounded by a brush barrier or *zeriba*, made of thorny sticks placed so close and thick that no hyenas or other unwelcome animals can get through. One narrow opening is left for the villagers and their herds to go in and out, but a stack of brush is placed near by to close this opening at night or in case of alarm. They cultivate little tracts of land here and there, and some years raise considerably more than they use. The crops are yams and a species of Egyptian corn.



WA-TAVETA WOMEN.

part are seldom seen near the railroad, only coming there when they have some cattle or sheep to barter with their neighbors.

East of the Athi river the tribe have developed a few different traits, but are still a close friend of the western division—or rather the two western divisions, for they are divided by a considerable stretch of country. The Kikumbulin division live south of the Kibwizi river. There are no very large villages and they seem to be scattered through the bush and hills in an indiscriminate manner. Small villages are often seen very close together. These vil-

It is either a feast or a famine as far as the crops are concerned, and if it were not for their flocks they would often be in distress. They have large flocks of sheep and goats pastured on the land not used for cultivation, but of cattle there are very few, for their watchful neighbors, the Masai, always have an eye on them and when cattle get too numerous come over and borrow some for their own use.

It will no doubt be a surprise to most people to learn that the central African sheep have no wool, the skin being covered instead with hair similar to that of a cow. Their color also varies the same as cattle,



ONE OF THE WATCHFUL MASAI.

and black, white, red and spotted are all in one flock. When feed is plenty the tails of these sheep grow to a wonderful size as their fat seems to go to that part of the body, the same as a camel's fat goes to the hump. These sheep live very readily on scant pasture as long as their tails are plump, but when these get thin they must have more food. They are not very enterprising animals, but go around in a stupid manner, with head down and their lop ears hanging over the eyes.

I understand there is a treaty between the Masai and Wa-Kamba, but to prevent future raids the latter have stopped raising cattle to any extent.

A mission was started some years ago in this region, but although it has struggled along I doubt if it can be called a great success.

The other division of the Wa-Kamba inhabit the highlands of "Ulu" mountains and are by far the most intelligent of the three branches. Their home is bare mountain peaks, intersected with beautiful valleys which are well watered by numerous little streams and springs. Many of the little valleys resemble those found in our

Allegheny mountains. They are covered with rich grass and herbage, but others are like portions of the Rockies, with bare rocks and little vegetation. In these mountains the Wa-Kamba are very hardy and courageous, but one thing is radically wrong with their system of government. Instead of having a head chief for a district, each little village has its own chief, who is supreme. This leads to serious complications in time of war, for they seem unable to get together. When war is anticipated, however, they try and rectify this fault by electing a chief to have temporary command. They have a number of scouts and lookouts located along the border of their possessions, who try to keep them posted on the movements of any wandering band of Masai who come too close. But with all their precautions a party of those lively fellows will occasionally make a raid and drive off a number of cattle. Should the Wa-Kamba hear of a raid it would be apparently the easiest sort of work for the raiders to get some of their herds, for the traders say as soon as it is learned the raiders are coming the people of every individual village start to drive their cattle to a safe place, making it very easy for the raiders to cut out a bunch and drive them off before enough warriors could be got together to make any show of resistance. One might deduce from this that the Wa-Kamba are poor warriors, but that is not so, for although they are not much on defense, they are even worse on a raid than the Masai. In a contemplated attack they usually display good judgment and considerable cunning, which more than counterbalances their lack of training. Many times have they destroyed entire villages of the enemy.

The men are usually well built; this can easily be seen, for the sight is not hindered by clothing. Their usual dress—if any is worn—consists of a piece of skin thrown over one shoulder. They are a trifle vain in regard to ornaments and wear beads or brass wire on various parts of the body. Around their ankles will perhaps be a piece of monkey skin or flat anklet of beads. Some have a string tied around the forehead, from which is suspended a bright piece of copper or brass. One I saw wearing a pair of blue glass earrings, which were the style in America when hoop skirts were

worn—about thirty years ago. All men file their teeth to a fine point, which spoils the looks of their mouths; they consider this a badge denoting their tribe and don't fail to keep their mouth open so that it can be always seen. The chief of a village and his near relations are tattooed, each according to his relative position. This is done by cutting little gashes and rubbing with some sort of weed which leaves a raised scar when the wound heals; this work is sometimes very artistic and symmetrical.

For weapons a warrior carries a short broad-bladed sword of native workmanship,

more than two ounces. The quivers are all made after the same style, out of rawhide. After the hair has been scraped off, a piece is cut that will just fit around a piece of wood previously shaved until it is about two and one-half inches in diameter; this being split in halves, but still held together, the skin is sewed around it and left to soak; when the skin is soft and flabby two wedges are driven between the two halves of wood, one at each end, and the job is left to dry. When dry the wedges are removed and the wood falls out, leaving the skin a hollow cylinder. A cap is now sewed over one end, which is



WA-KAMBA WARRIORS PLANNING A RAID.

a long bow and quiver of arrows. The bow is not very heavy, but few white men can draw a two-foot arrow to a head; the string is made of tendons taken from the back of animals, small thread-like cords which lie on each side of the back bone, and which are highly prized for this purpose. At a passing glance the bow string looks like common heavy cord, but examine it closely and the difference will be noted. The heads of the arrows are generally made of iron and are usually dipped in a poison made from certain herbs; the poison must be renewed frequently, as it loses strength on exposure. These arrows are about two feet long and very light, seldom weighing

the bottom. For a covering a simple and ingenious plan is used; taking a thong of leather about thirty inches long, they sew one end to the bottom covering, then cut two gashes an inch long in the cylinder, about four inches from the top; these gashes are cut crosswise and about half an inch apart, the leather between the cuts acts as a keeper for the thong which is passed through the lower cut into the cylinder and through the top cut out of it; the loose end of the thong is now sewed to a cap of rawhide, which is made to fit snugly over the open end of the cylinder; the thong drawn tight in the keeper, after the cap is on, has enough slack to go over the



THE WA-KAMBA IDEA OF FULL DRESS.

shoulder and there is no chance to lose an arrow no matter how much jolting and running about the carrier does.

The women are hardly so good looking as the men. They also look upon clothing as an unnecessary article, a belt of beads from which hangs a curtain before and behind is the extent of their wardrobe. The form of these flaps varies considerably; the front one is usually made of leather strings and bead work, while the back one is plain leather.

Some of the young women are not bad looking, but as they grow older the features assume a repulsive expression.

All African natives are superstitious and the Wa-Kamba are exceptionally so. Every distinct feature of the country is supposed to be the habitation of a spirit, and each mountain peak, large tree or curious formation has some superstition connected with it. The funny part of it is that all these spirits are very wicked and delight in doing harm. Each medicine man is supposed to be a medium for a few of these familiars. If a person desires to make an offering to any of these spirits he first notifies the medicine man whose duty it is to look after that particular shadow. Then, in the evening, with a bowl of his best *pombe*—a very strong native liquor—the supplicant proceeds to the usual spot and after entreating

the spirit to grant his prayer leaves the bowl by way of propitiation. The next morning the medicine man will be in a trance, but arouses during the day and tells the man whether his desires shall be granted or not. If the liquor is quite to the "spirit's" (medicine man's) liking, his request is granted; if not he must improve the grade of *pombe*.

The women place great faith in dreams, and certain medicine men do a thriving business interpreting their midnight visions into daylight facts. Their marriage ceremony is somewhat similar to that practiced by several other tribes of Africa. If a man and woman desire to be married, the man must go and settle with the girl's father; the price agreed on varies according to the social and tribal position of the bride—and how much the old man can coax the groom to pay. After these preliminaries are completed the prospective benedict agrees with the girl to meet at a certain place in a day or so. They meet, and after entreating her to come with him and being steadily refused, he carries her off by force with all her relatives in hot pursuit. If the bride fears her friends will overtake them she sometimes leads in the abduction. Upon reaching the groom's hut all hostilities cease and everybody joins in drinking *pombe* as long as it lasts, or until they are all drunk.

The little children run about entirely nude, darting in and out among the huts like a lot of little black imps. They are without exception extremely active; their abdomens are of unusual size, which gives them a very comical appearance.

The Wa-Kamba are very good porters; they work well, are faithful and the majority will do their best to please. They are, however, great gluttons and will eat more meat in a day than you would think half a dozen hungry men should. Certainly this can not be done every day, but their daily capacity is something enormous. If they have no fire it makes very little difference, they eat their food raw; even a knife is not necessary, as they tear chunks off with their teeth.

Game abounds in Ukambana and the natives organize hunts or drives. Large droves of antelope will be driven into a wedge-shaped enclosure and killed; these hunts are

not of frequent occurrence, and are made only as a final resort in case of an unusually poor crop. Most of the game is found in the uninhabited country along the Athi river; for miles on both sides of the river extend level or rolling tracts of land, generally dotted with numerous bands of different species of game animals, together with thousands of zebras. Ostriches, lions and rhinoceros were several years ago frequently found; and even now, after five years of shooting by numerous hunters from Europe, they can often be seen. A few years ago an English lord went into that section and armed a number of porters; with those he would run a band of antelope to a favorable spot and slaughter them, killing great numbers in a short time. Only a few of the best heads were taken and the meat left to rot. This was not sport, but murder, and what was still worse he bragged about the number slain!

Many adventures occurred along the railroad during its construction through this part of Africa, and the number of white men lost through the depredations of lions was twenty, up to the time I left. I asked one of the officials how many negro workmen had been lost through the same source. "Oh-" he said, "we lost them so fast all count has been stopped."

Personally I had no experience with hunting in this vicinity, as my work carried me farther up into the interior, but any sportsman who desires exciting sport can surely be accommodated by taking a gang of these coal-black Wa-Kamba porters and camping on the plains a month or so. Having no interesting adventures myself I will relate one which occurred to a young Englishman by the name of Robert Russell, while hunting here. He had been looking for lions at odd times for a month, and being unable to find one thought they had all left the vicinity. One day, being short of meat, he took his light .303 rifle and went out to knock over an antelope. He went quite a distance and was about to return when he saw a lioness go over the top of a hill. Running swiftly to the place where she had been last seen he found her sitting way down on the other side of the hill. A shot settled her and he proceeded to take off the skin; before he had finished, however, he glanced up and

caught sight of a male lion calmly sitting a short distance away, looking in his direction. Picking up the rifle, it was the work of but a second to send a bullet to find him, but with less effect than the first shot. The lion charged and Mr. Russell, seeing he was bound to be caught before another shot could take effect, calmly offered his left arm to the beast. The impact knocked him over and the lion, growling fiercely, lay upon his body. With a great degree of coolness the plucky hunter, who had retained his hold upon the gun, finally managed to work another shell into the chamber and, holding the stock outward, put the muzzle into the ear of the beast and pulled the trigger. As he did so, however, the lion shook his head and the result was simply a glancing shot. But the beast was stunned, and quickly working out from under him, Mr. Russell arose and ran a few paces, still trying to force another shell home in the gun with the one good arm. Before this could be accomplished the lion was up again, and as he leaped, the mutilated left side of the hunter was thrust forward; the force again knocked him down, the lion appeared more furious than before, biting the arm and shoulder in a frightful manner, while the claws did a great amount of damage to the side and leg. Still working at the gun, Mr. Russell managed to repeat his previous attempt, and this time with better success thrust the muzzle into the lion's ear and fairly blew the top of his head off.

His porters, who had run away upon seeing the lion leap the first time, returned to camp and told another Englishman that their master was dead, expecting such an encounter could result in no other manner. Imagine their astonishment when, upon coming within a couple of miles of the place where they expected to find the remains of Mr. Russell, they saw him come walking toward them. They took him to Nairobi and placed him in the hospital, where, although badly mutilated, he was on the road to recovery at the time of my leaving the country. Few would have come through such an attack alive, or displayed such nerve and coolness, but he says he "had to do it as there was no other way out of the scrape."



# MORO TRAPS



By AN EX-SOLDIER.

(Illustrations from sketches and photographs by the author.)



THE Moro hunters of the Island of Mindanao of the Philippine group devote much time and energy to the construction of automatic traps, a few samples of which are exhibited in the cuts. These were made from drawings taken on the spot by the writer while serving as a soldier in the United States Army in the island. Figure 1 is the "slingshot" device commonly used by the natives to make an entanglement of the feet of an animal. The wild boar is hunted with this contrivance. The native grasps the rope in the center between the balls and twirls it over his head. Then he releases the rope and let the affairs strike against the legs of the hog or other animal. The animal usually gets himself tangled up and falls down. The balls are metal or stone, weighing about six pounds each. Length of rope seven feet.

Figure 2 is an odd construction made to corral the grasshoppers. During the hopper season millions of hoppers go hopping and partly flying across the country, devouring the crops. The natives put up barriers of bamboo points and mat devices as shown, extending the width of a plot, and as the hoppers collect beat them down to the edge of the obstruction. In a few hours heaps of hoppers collect. These are gathered, dried in the sun and used for food.

Figure 3 is a device for exploding a cart-ridge in the path of animals. The wooden tube is bamboo about an inch in diameter and three inches long. This is first stopped at the base end with clay, and powder is put in. Then comes some wadding and then pieces of telegraph wire, nails, pebbles, etc., as at C. Next is the straw packing D. There is a slow-burning "punk" at B, held with a cord. A string E extends over this ignited punk and through the crotch as shown. This cord runs up the hillside some-



A MORO SPEARSMAN.

where, and the native squats there patiently for hours, waiting until some animal passes, when he pulls the cord, forcing the burning punk B into the powder and igniting the device. The contents are discharged in the direction of the animal and the chances are that some of the particles will hit him.

Blow tubes of considerable length are used by the natives; one of them is shown in figure 4. The tube G is a section of straight bamboo, about one inch diameter and from ten to twenty feet long. To get this length, several pieces the same diameter are neatly put together. The arrow or dart is a metal-pointed instrument, with burrs or fur-like arrangement to guide the same straight and preserve the impelling forces. The native becomes skilled at the blow pipe and can sink the dart into an animal or bird at a long distance. The arrow tubes used in connection with bowguns is shown in section in figure 5, in which H is the arrow. The tube is fitted with a stock, and a strong elastic bow is employed. The arrow is



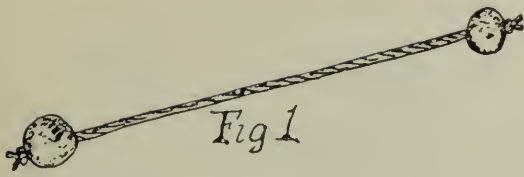


Fig 1

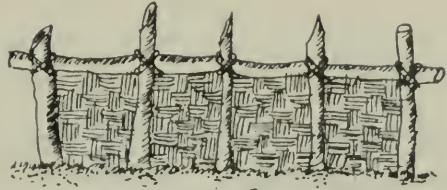


Fig 2

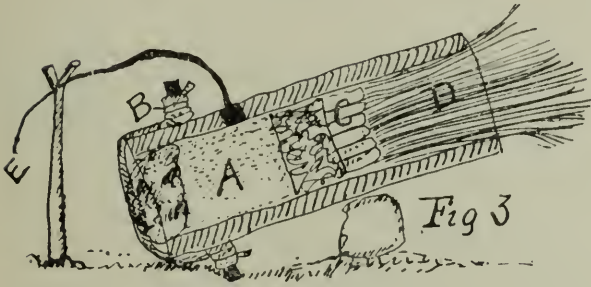


Fig 3

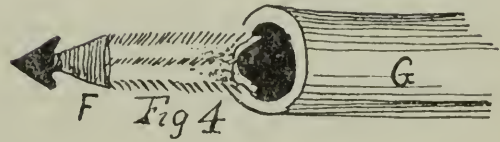


Fig 4

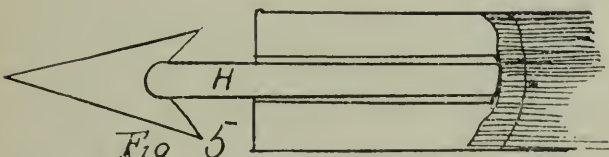


Fig 5

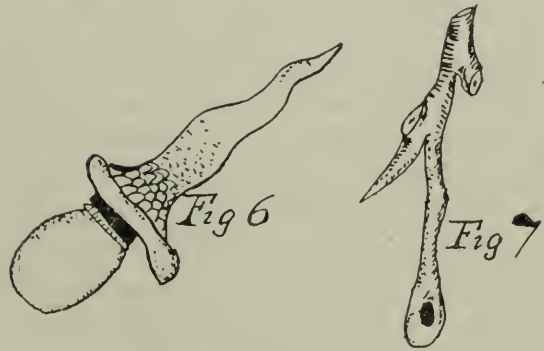


Fig 6

Fig 7

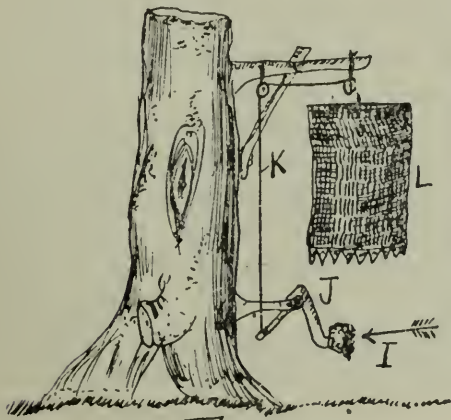


Fig 8

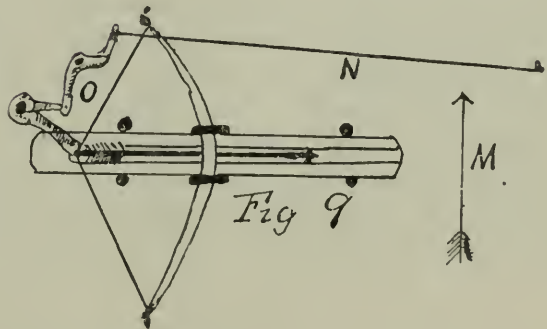


Fig 9

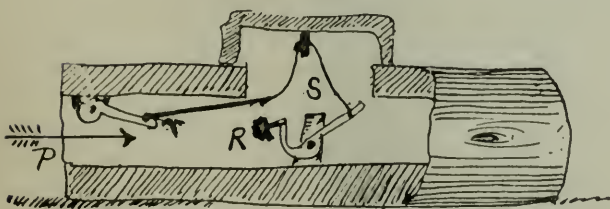


Fig 10



Fig 11

caused to pass through the tube in its departure from the gun, and with the burrs provided an unusually straight flight is assured.

The hunters of the island always carry knives of their own manufacture, one of the favorite styles being shown in figure 6. This is made after tedious labor on the part of the possessor. He finishes the handle and part of the blade with intricate carvings wrought with pointed tools, files and other devices. The fish hook of the sportsman of the island is often only a knotted piece selected from the tree, as shown in figure 7, with one of the points sharpened down.

I noticed the ingenious arrangement in figure 8, and observed its operation. A basket is made about five feet in diameter and somewhat longer. This has a top but no bottom. It is suspended as at I with a rope. The rope runs through wheels of wood held with other cords to a tree limb, over the pathway through the jungle used by hogs, deer and other animals. The rope runs down at K to the crooked piece of wood J. To the end of this crooked piece is fixed the bait I. The cord is fixed loosely over the tip end of the crooked piece and the animal unsuspectingly nibbles at the bait; before long the rope slips off and the basket comes down on the animal. It would overturn if it were not for the fact that there are guide poles set up, into which the basket slips and so can not be upset. The animal is caught and usually found there when the native inspects his trap.

Figure 9 explains the mechanism of the so-called "secret gun" of the native hunters. The gun is a base timber about four feet long and six inches wide. This is fixed to

the ground with pins driven into the earth. The bow is strapped on the base piece as shown. There are two sets of wood levers arranged according to the plan at O. The cord for tripping the trigger is marked N and it reaches across the pathway in the woods. The animal will pass at M and trip the cord N. This releases the lever pieces and the bow cord, when the arrow is shot forth.

The way that the native hunters trap animals in hollow logs is shown in figure 10. A hole is cut in the log so as to arrange a drop piece or shutter there. The hole is likewise used for inserting the bait. Thus the hole affords means to get at the bait stand and arrange the same as at R. The little hooked piece can be wood or metal. There is a cap made to support the cord and this cap is fitted above the opening. The animal enters the hollow log at P. When it arrives at the bait R and nibbles at the same, the cord S is drawn. This pulls the stick supporting the shutter at T and releases the shutter. The shutter is a flat piece of wood about the same size as the hollow of the log and is fitted hinge-like to a support above. Thus, as the shutter falls the animal is closed in. The shutter is long enough to come in contact with the bottom of the hollow and brace itself. It can be opened only inward.

Figure 11 requires the presence of the hunter. The cone-shaped affair is built up with bamboo and *nipa* or grass and a piece of bait is put in at the smallest end. The animal passing along smells the bait. He enters at V and when he gets inside, the hunter, who is in hiding, rushes forward and proceeds to kill the animal.



EXAMINING A MORO TRAP OF BAMBOO.



## WHEN BOTH BASKET AND TROUT WERE TRUMPS

BY FLETCHER COATES



ELL," drawled old Joe Stevens, meditatively stroking his chin whiskers, that night as we sat around the camp fire and Jim Rush was noisily bewailing the loss of an old Solomon of a trout he had hooked and lost that morning, "ye see, 'tain't so bad as I done with one on the last trip up the San Vicente. 'Tain't gone for good and all; if ye want to take another whack at him, ye can. I done a sight worse, I tell you, with mine.

"It happened—jest happened, and no foolin', either. There was four of us in the party—four boys, old sportsmen, none under fifty, out for a good time; all excellent fishermen, but not a hunter nor a gun in the party. We had pitched our camp about three miles up creek in a nice sheltered grove, and at about ten, one morning, two of us agreed to fix up camp and attend to the pot roast for dinner, while the others rigged up poles and lines and went down creek to get a mess of trout to go along with the other truck.

"In about an hour they came back and reported trout plenty and greedily taking the fly. Just then we had a caller, an old rancher with a gun on his shoulder, who told us that he was after a mountain lion that was making things too everlasting lively up his way. It had killed several calves and become a bugaboo generally.

"We weren't hunters, so weren't particularly interested, and after listening to his talk a spell after dinner, two of the boys took a sack and proposed to go down to the seashore and get some mussels and abalones for supper. Bob Benton didn't care to go out and so staid in camp, while I couldn't resist the chance to fish a while again, and so rigged up and started out, up stream this time.

"I found plenty of sport and was soon in my glory. Nothing of special importance happened till I caught this particular big fish I'm going to tell you about—and cracky!

but he was a whopper, and gamey! By about five o'clock I had filled my basket with as fine a catch of trout as you'd wish to see, an eighteen-inch beauty and all the others of good size, because I always put back anything under six inches.

"The sun was slanting low and I was tired, so, giving one last look at the creek and heftin' the basket for luck, I started for camp. Looking around to find an old trail I know of, that would bring me back to camp in shorter time than by following the creek bank, I suddenly felt my hair raise till it actually stood straight up! Not thirty feet from me was that old rancher's mountain lion. I just caught sight of him as he was sneaking from one clump of bushes to another, getting nearer to me every sneak.

"It did not take me the 'steenth part of a second to make up my mind to move closer toward camp. That lion acted as if he had got a hunch of some kind. I recollected what my wife says about my fish basket—it's 'loud.' I felt certain 'twas the smell of those fish that had attracted him. I soon noticed that he was sneakingly increasing his pace, too; no matter how fast I went he gained on me. At last an idea struck me full in the face—it was fish he wanted! Well, fish he could have to order, just as well as not. I had plenty and am generous by temperament.

"Sleight-o'-hand tricks ain't in it, compared to the way I tossed out a good-sized trout. I glanced back and noticed the bushes moving about where the trout fell. I lost no time a naturalizin' how mountain lions devour their prey—not I. I skipped, and increased my pace, too. But, land! that trout was out of sight quicker'n a wink.

"It made him bolder and he came on in big bounds to within fifteen feet of me. I threw out two trout this time, and, looking back as I hustled off, saw him grab 'em as a cat does a mouse. On I went and on came the lion, getting closer. My fish kept flying,



“I DID HATE TO PART WITH HIM.”

and so did my legs. At last I saw my old Solomon was nearly all there was left. I did hate to part with him! I was jest hungry for that fish and none other. All this time I'd been saying him to take to camp to crow over the other fellers; but 'twas no use, the lion seemed gone on jest that one. At last every one was gone but that big one—and there was the lion getting more familiar and loving like all the time.

“I had to do it; out it went, and I hoped that it would choke him. I was now not so awful far from camp. I glanced back. Solomon satisfy him? Nit. That lion wasn't more than fifteen feet off again, looking actually pleased—and hungry yet! I thought

of a trick, buckled the lid of the basket tight, took the strap off my shoulder and threw the whole thing full in his face.

“He jumped aside and sniffed—I could see that in the lightning glances I shot backward—and circled 'round it, too. By that time the perspiration was rolling off me and I was speeding along as lively as a kid of my age ever went. When I rushed into camp and told my tale, the boys hardly knew whether to josh me or to believe it. Next morning we went up and found the basket, all torn to pieces, which clinched the fact. My reputation as well as my skin were safe, and I felt relieved, but I did grieve over that big fish, and that's a fact, too.”





## SUNSET AT LONG BEACH.

SLOW fades the light. The orb of day  
goes down  
Into the Ocean; calm the sea and sky;  
No mad wave breaks the undulating plain,  
Nor scurrying clouds across the blue dome  
fly.

And from the land come music's liquid tones,  
A melody of love, long lingering,  
And every ripple echoes back the strain  
While all of Nature's voices gently sing.

So would I have it when my day is done  
As, to the tender sighing of a lute,  
My spirit sinks from sight into that sea  
Where even Nature's myriad tongues are  
mute.

*Thomas Maitland Marshall.*

# ELK MEAT



BY S. D.  
BARNE'S



MAYBE my fondness for elk meat is due to the peculiar circumstance under which I first ate it. I will tell the story and let you judge for yourself, beginning with the confession that, for an interval of several years following the incident related, this remarkable appetite of mine was not overly troublesome. Just why, is another matter left to the reader's decision.

It all happened years ago, at the time of one of the many stampedes to reported "rich strikes" in the Coeur d'Alene country. I started to follow the first rush of prospectors, but chanced to meet an old mining chum who wanted me to go with him and inspect a "find" of his own about two days' travel to the westward of the trail leading to the new fields. It was growing pretty late in the season, and there was already lots of snow, reaching way down below timber line; but Tom thought we could figure on a couple of weeks of decent weather which would be quite enough for our purpose. It shouldn't be counted to our discredit that we missed it in our calculations by about ten days, for neither of us claim to be infallible as weather prophets. Tom guided me through a blinding snow storm to his location stakes and maybe we spent a half-hour cyphering around with pick and shovel before heading back for the trail. The indications were quite as good as Tom had led me to expect, and we planned to return in the spring and go down a piece below the grass roots. While I am on the subject I might as well add that we did come back, but found nothing worth staying by—though some one may make more than expenses working the lead later on, when the country is opened up a bit by railroads and becomes easier of access.

I never saw the snow fall more steadily. By noon the next day it lay knee deep on the slopes, loose and fluffy as feathers, and

quite as hard to pull through. That afternoon the wind swung around in the north and blew a perfect gale, sweeping the ridges bare and forming drifts waist deep in the valleys. As the moon was at the full we pushed on all the first part of the night; then tumbled down and slept under some trees at the foot of a cliff where the wind couldn't reach us.

According to Tom's calculations we would cut the trail in about ten miles more, and we were not worrying much over our chance of getting through all right, having still two days' rations on hand, without counting the possibility of running across game along the route. On bare ground ten miles would mean not more than three hours' travel, but that loose snow was a handicap of the worst sort. Holding us down to a mile-an-hour gait was not the worst of it, for on broken ground every step was dangerous. Dozens of falls we got—the most serious of all happening to Tom, who took a fall and a slide for a couple of hundred feet, and brought up, face first, against a big pine. He could laugh about the accident an hour after it occurred, though scratched and bruised a whole lot more than was comfortable. I had sense enough not to laugh with him, knowing that my own turn might come next. Darkness found us still plodding along with no familiar landmarks in sight, and then, all at once, our progress ceased, and not a foot farther did we go for three long weeks.

We had struck a gulch leading in the direction we wished to go, and travel was fairly good under the cliffs on the north side. Once in a while, however, where a side gulch came in, and the wind had a clear sweep, the snow would be drifted from six to ten feet deep and we would have to burrow through like rats through a dust heap. We had just left one of these behind us, and was still in a waist-deep drift,

when, as I was leading the way, the world seemed to drop from under me, there was the cracking of breaking limbs and I fell something like a dozen feet upon the hardest of hard rocks below. I was stunned for a moment, but presently heard Tom calling me and tried to scramble to my feet. My left leg refused to act properly; so I came down on my knees and advised my companion that I was probably crippled for life. "Roll out of the way," he said; "I want to see how you're fixed. Seems to be regular steps in the rock, but you was in too blame big a hurry to look for 'em."

I had got off a little better than I thought, having only a cracked shinbone and a sprained shoulder to show for my fall; still, Tom thought that was "a big plenty," and I didn't disagree with him. It might have been worse, and it could have happened to me in a worse place. I had simply fallen through a mass of driftwood into a broad crack in the rock, which went down to the level of the stream that ran through the

gulch in the wet season, but which was now dry. More accurately speaking, I had found the waterway from the side gulley we had just crossed, and later we found that it was a subterranean way for a distance, and in one place broadened out into quite a cave. Consequently we had warm and snow-proof quarters to camp in until a rain or a thaw came, with plenty of wood for a fire and no lack of water while the snow lasted.

The grub supply was the only problem to bother us, and we were not inclined to lose much sleep over that since Idaho has a fair reputation as a game country and Tom was something more than a fair hunter. The first day we had full rations; the second, next to nothing for the storm still continued and there was little use trying to hunt. It ceased snowing the following night, but turned much colder. On the third day Tom killed a grouse and saw several others, which led us into the mistake of eating our bird at a single meal. It was a serious error, for Tom found no game the next day,



"WE STRUCK A GULCH LEADING IN THE DIRECTION WE WISHED TO GO."

nor the next. He hunted almost continually, up and down the gulch, and on the mountain slopes to the south—the north wall being too precipitous to climb. Sixty hours without food had weakened and taken the courage out of us wonderfully. My leg was inflamed and painful, but the fretfulness that must have made me a disagreeable fellow-prisoner the first few days had given away to the apathy of despair. I urged Tom to leave me and try to save himself. He refused to go, and I cursed him for a fool and cried, and in five minutes we had forgotten it all and were peacefully sleeping side by side.

On the fifth morning at daybreak Tom was afoot and away with his rifle and in ten minutes I heard him calling my name. "Stir up a fire, old boy," said he. "I've got meat enough for an army.

"You're a liar," I retorted cheerfully, for no shot had been fired and I knew the nearest butcher shop was a hundred miles away. Presently he hurried in, empty-handed, snatched up my belt axe and was gone again. "Why don't you shoot it," I shouted, with a hazy idea that he intended knocking something on the head. "Shoot the dickens!" he called back. "It's already froze so cussed hard my knife won't touch it." And then I suddenly discovered I was hungry and got busy freshening up the fire. It seemed to me that Tom was gone an awful long time, but I forgave him for that when he came climbing down the rocks with a ten-pound chunk of pure "round" steak tucked under his arm. "Come down off the cliff in a snowslide last night," said he. "Just saw one hoof stickin' out'n the drift, an' you bet I done some tall clawin' till I got him un-kivered. What is it? Why, don't you know elk steak when you see it? Bless the Lord, we're elected now, fer a hull month to come."

We ate meat! All the rest of the day we chopped off slices from that and other chunks Tom brought in, broiled them over the coals, and gorged ourselves like two famished wolves. We laughed and sang and told stories, as free from care as though our little cave was a sumptuous apartment in some swell San Francisco hotel, and such things as mountain trails, snowbanks and broken bones were wholly unknown to us. Only one thing bothered me: I wanted Tom to bring in that elk skin for the two of us

to sleep on, and he insisted that skinning a frozen elk was wholly impracticable.

Days and nights passed wearily. Tom occasionally went abroad with the rifle, but more for the sake of exercise than with hopes of finding game. The cold weather held on wonderfully considering the season, the top of the snow thawing a little at midday but freezing again at the approach of night. Every morning found the surface more thickly crusted and our chance of getting back to the world better in proportion. Tom left camp early on the ninth morning after my accident, with the intention of seeking a practicable route into the hills to the northward. At noon he had not returned. Night came on and still he was absent. Once, early in the afternoon, I fancied I heard a shot far away, but this was of small import since our supply of elk meat was still far from being exhausted. Being now able to hobble around a little with the aid of a stick, I decided to venture outside. Climbing the rugged, water-worn wall was comparatively easy. The snow around the opening was tramped down by Tom's outgoings and incomings, and thickly strewn with chips and bark where he had thrown down our supplies of firewood. The tracks of his big boots led in all directions; but there was one well-defined path which I rightly guessed would take me to that blessed elk. I followed it as best I could, the course of the snowslide being visible some two hundred yards lower down the gulch. I followed until the trail came to an end in a blood-stained circle in the snow—and then I sank down, trembling, sick at heart and utterly aghast. The dismembered frame of some large animal lay before me; bones, scraps and patches of dun-colored skin, and—ye gods above—a severed head with glistening white teeth and long ears, and still wearing a plaited sea-grass halter. That thrice-welcome elk—heaven-sent for our rescue from certain starvation—had been in life only a very ordinary pack mule!

I still sat huddled in the snow when Tom came along with the saddle of a young deer on his shoulders. His broad grin resolved my chaotic thoughts into a definite purpose. "Tom," said I, "you knew this all the time, and never told me. It was a mule."

"Yep. Old, sore-backed, an' with one



hip knocked down; but I was careful in butcherin' it."

"I'll beat you to death if you ever tell of it—and don't you grin at me in that way again."

"I can't help it," responded Tom. "It ain't the mule I'm tickled about—I've found the trail. Where? Why, right over your head, follerin' along the edge of that cliff. Old Sal, here, must have made a misstep, fell far enough to break her neck, and then lodged an' hung till the snowslide started her again. Better still, I sighted a string of miners an' burros a mile long, stampedin'

back from the diggin's. They'll pass here first thing in the mornin', breakin' a road as they go; an' I'm goin' to rig up a sled to pull you on, an' keep right along with the gang. Thar's an' easy road out of the gulch a mile or so further up."

Tom would have held to his plan had there been no other way; but among the returning miners I found an old friend who had more burros than baggage for their lading, and so it chanced that the man whose continued existence was due to a dead mule, owed to a very live donkey his safe and comfortable return to civilization.



## WHAT IS A FRIEND?

**W**HAT is a friend? (For it is such I need!.)

Not he who freely offers love alone—  
Who, asked for bread, withholds the help-  
ful deed,  
And proffers me—a stone?

What is a friend? Who, on a dreary day,  
Opens his door, and bids me enter free!  
Who cheers my gloom, and drives my doubts  
away,  
And "closely walks with me!"

Who, when Prosperity has taken wing,  
And rags replaced the silks of yesterday,  
Still opes the door as though unto a king,  
And bids the beggar stay!

*Rose Bloom.*



## THE SHADOW ON THE TRAIL.



HE world of the mountains lay white beneath the first snowfall of the Western winter. On the peaks, where the storm had whirled in mad abandon and where now the besom of the winds laid bare the earth, things were not so very different from what they had been all through the long dry autumn. But down in the cañons and on the shaded slopes the snow lay in level sheets or piled against the wall of the underbrush in glistening windrows. In spite of the sun the air was cold, and the snow crunched beneath the boot heels of the man as he moved with the long stride of the mountaineer over the ill-defined trail that led from nowhere, just over beyond the great creek, down into the darkness of the cañon bed. Evidently he knew the way, for he sought no landmarks, but followed through the fading afternoon what at most times was a plain trail, but now was one with the rest of the mountainside. The broad-brimmed hat that he wore drew tiny avalanches of snow from overladen pine boughs and his broad shoulders brushed the rhododendrons from the trail where they, too, were burdened with snowy whiteness. Half miner, half hunter, skilled in woodcraft as he was in the search for gold, his dress partook of the nature of both occupations; the buckskin trousers and the heavy shirt of the hunter were grounded in a pair of thick-soled boots, such as no man who depended on the taking of the lives of the wild would have worn, for their creaking betrayed him at every step. Over his shoulder a pick lay in forgetful ease and at his middle swung a laden holster and a belt full of cartridges. As he walked he sang softly to himself as most men do in these solitudes—unless they are come for some sinister purpose, which he was not. Down

into the darkness of the cañon the trail led and still he followed on, unconscious of the grim trailer that followed him.

Slipping from pine trunk to pine trunk, from brush clump to brush clump, lying flat on his white belly when necessary, springing forward with great leaps when for an instant his quarry had placed the protecting trunk of some thick pine between them, a long, lithe form followed hard on the trail of the broad boots. Sinuous and silent, a drifting shadow on four feet, the snarling lynx, just come down from the cliffs of his home for a night's hunting, drew back with a growl of fear as the shifting thing passed him in his hiding place amid the rhododendrons. The man the lynx knew of old, for the two had long been near neighbors, but this one was something new to him, though deep in his small brain he had an inkling that the great beast was only a cat like himself—a cat of another breed and mightier size, one with which he should have no dealing. A cat has no idea of honor; it is no disgrace to him to run, and the lynx ran as fast as his short legs could carry him until he was well out of range of this new terror.

The passing puma, his stomach full, followed the man for the sole desire of hunting, that he might stalk to his heart's content some larger game than the rabbits and rats that formed his regular food. Not since the man had passed him, where he lay like a gray boulder on the ledge above the trail, had he lost sight of what was to him legitimate game. Three times had he been within striking distance, three times had the inch-long claws gripped their foothold in a mighty struggle to keep the tawny body from hurling itself headlong upon the easy prey below. But the cowardice of his family asserted itself, and where the fearless grizzly would have fed and fattened



the great cat only followed, followed, until the man entered his little cabin and, building a fire in the open hearth, commenced to prepare his evening meal. Then the cat was wise enough to know that his opportunity was gone for this night at least, and though he laid silent behind the fallen trunk of a pine beyond the cabin for several hours, he finally stole quietly away as he had come, over the old trail.

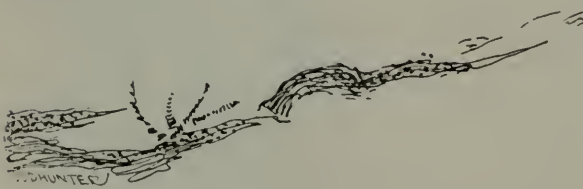
In the morning, when another day like to the one that had just passed came in soft silence on a waiting world, the man rose and shouldering his pick as was his daily custom bent his way once more to his prospect in the gorge beyond the mountain. That sense of being followed by some enemy, which comes to so many as they travel trails whose makers have long since gone, seemed not to have disturbed him in the least before, but this morning he was loth to leave the shelter of the cabin—and yet, for the life of him, he could not tell why. Nor did he shake off the feeling until, passing through a little defile in the cañon bed, he glanced at one side of the trail and saw there the huge five-toed mark of the mountain lion. Far too skilled in the craft of the outdoors was this old cat to follow in the trail the man had made, but where the thick underbrush came down close to the tracks of the boots he had leaped back and forth across the trail until more open country was reached, and in one such place as this the man saw the track of his hunter of the night before. And then, being more or less of an idler, and by no means hurried in his work on the prospect hole, he



took to following the track, noiseless yet persistent as the cat which had once trailed him. As he well knew, the footprints of the animal were quite fresh, and as he walked, besides watching the plain trail ahead of him, his eyes wandered down the wall of the forest, exploring every dark corner, trying to see behind every fallen log, lest here might lurk the cat, a more sinister purpose in his heart, than had been there the night



before. But as the forenoon wore on and he found no waiting gray body hidden in the underbrush, he gave more attention to the trail and the making of it. Soon to him it was an open book and soon he saw how the cat had followed straight back on its own trail when he had left it at the edge of the clearing where his cabin stood. Then, finally, he came to the place under the rocky ledge where the first trail ended, but even here there was nothing save the marks on the face of the boulder where the lion's great claws had gathered together as he leaped down into the trail to follow the unsuspecting one homeward.



But on and on, beyond the rock and down into the next deep cañon whence the man had come the night before, the trail led, and the hunter, now thoroughly aroused, went with it. At least he followed it until it passed beneath the slanting trunk of an old pine. Barren as the wind-swept earth was this giant, tottering to its fall into the green depths below, and held only by one massive root, still firmly embedded in the hillside.

Against this the cat had reared itself, and drawing its claws downward, scarred the bark repeatedly with its sharp nails. Always the cuts were downward, telling to all the world that the greatest of the cat tribe had passed that way. A grizzly, rising on his mighty hams, would have marked the tree trunk crosswise, and no other cat could reach so high as this, though many a lynx had tried, even since the puma had come and gone, for the tale was told in the cutting and marking of the lower bark of the old trunk. Here the man paused and looked at the sun. Fast toward the west it sank, and home was many miles back over the divide. Then, too, he seemed to be seized with a sudden desire to possess this king among the cats and to have come upon a plan, here at the base of the old tree, whereby he might take him, dead or alive  
it mattered little



"HE HAD CIRCLED THE CABIN  
AGAIN AND AGAIN."

which. So backward, over the steep hill and around and down the trail he had followed the day before, he went again until he came once more to the cabin, his pick still over his shoulder, the revolver undrawn from the belt at his side.

That night he took down from the wooden peg above his fireplace a coil of copper wire that he had once brought into this cañon to bind together the great fence he planned about his little claim. Somehow the fence had never been built, but that mattered little to him; he still planned and figured as he had always done, as he always would do until the end. To-night, too, he gave himself great credit for having the wire brought in over the long and rough

trail, because it was now of use to him and it seemed to his simple soul that he had foreseen an occasion like to this, wherein it would be needed. Into the roaring fire went some twenty feet of the wire, there to anneal thoroughly and then cool slowly with the ashes, until in the morning when he laid his breakfast fire, the wire was soft and pliable like a bit of coarse string. From this he made a running noose of a size sufficient to slip easily over the foot of the animal he sought. Then with a few leaves gathered from the anise bushes growing in his dooryard he destroyed the man smell that would else have warned all the four-foots from the snare. Because the metal had been twice heated and slowly cooled it was soft, and the snare ran easily through his hands. A light layer of snow had fallen, and there, once more, were the marks of the lion's huge pads, where he had circled the cabin again and again. Evidently he was no less a hunter than the man, no less eager on the trail than he, mayhap no less skilled in the ways of the two-foot than the man-animal was in his. To such thoughts as these, however, the man gave little heed; he was of the kind that have no fear, knowing full well that he himself, was the most dangerous thing he could ever meet in the piney forests or the cañon beds.

So over the hills and away the great boots made another trail one morning, but this was on the other side of the mountain, though at length it came to a point common to both trails—the giant pine. Coming upon the back of the great tree from the down-cañon side, the man crawled up on the slanting trunk, and clinging to the rough bark, saw the fresh marks of the same long claws, saw where the same lank body had been laid against the tree trunk and some of its yellow-white hairs left to remind other forest dwellers that this was the place of the lion, that here he put edge to his claws and that this was the place into which the lynxes and others should not intrude. To the man the sign meant something vastly different; it said: "Here is my game, still using the old runway, still waiting for me to take him, and still foolish enough to follow the same old trail." And believing thus, lying on the rough trunk of the tree, the man set his snare. First he bent down the top of a young pine that

grew just up the hill from the dead tree, passing over its tip the soft wire, one end of which he made fast beneath the bark of the half-fallen giant. The other end, running over the smaller tree, ended in the noose. Well the man knew the keenness of the lion's scent, and better yet he had learned by experience that seldom indeed is one of these cats caught in a man-made trap, so he laid his noose with a care of an Indian, with the silence and cunning of the lion himself when at dawn he creeps upon the grouse mother busy with her brood. And then, when he had set the snare exactly as he had planned, set it squarely at the base of the tree so that the cat could not rise to his full length close to the bark-covered trunk without putting one of those great feet into it, the man left as he had come, roundabout by way of another cañon and then home, there to await the passing of the creature he could not capture in open chase but which had held for hours his life between the pads of its great paws and yet had not taken it.

That afternoon, while the sun still made little patches of light among the pines though the shadow of the peak had grown long above the valley, the lion came down the trail. Conceit is a thing foreign to the world of the four-foots, but had the lion been of those that reason he must have long ago found out that he knew much more about the man than the man knew about him. Not for nothing had he lain along the largest limb of a great pine farther up the hillside and watched his enemy fix with great care some sort of tangle on the old pine. But what he had seen helped him but little, because he lacked the power of reasoning out within himself just what the man was doing, and what relationship the result of the man's labors bore to his own welfare. Missing this, he was and ever must be the man's inferior. He knew that the man was an enemy of his; he knew that, as such, his presence on the old tree could mean but one thing to him, danger! But all that he could see of harm to himself was the man's body sprawled out on the level side of the trunk. So, when he came to pass that way again, he went around to that part of the tree where the man had lain, cautiously as is the wont of all the cat tribe, and finding nothing after as

thorough an examination as he knew how to give, concluded that there was nothing there which could possibly interest him, so dropping down into the trail again went his way.

For the once that bit of caution saved his life, for it so happened that he went out on the opposite side of the tree from that on which he came in and so avoided passing over the carefully laid noose. To the lion the night went as usual in hunting down among the flats of the lower hills, and when he returned in the morning it was with a well-filled stomach and a sense of peace within him. He came to the leaning oak and the desire was strong within him to put his great body over against the tree's rough trunk, to scratch it with his claws, to feel, in well-fed comfort as he had felt it almost every night for many years, the unyielding strength of the forest patriarch, and to know that in all his life of warfare here at least was one true friend, one that would hide him from his enemies in its hollow bole and one that had many a time given him a point of vantage from which to leap full on the back of some unsuspecting deer. So he went slowly almost up to it—almost, but not quite, for there, squatted squarely in the path of him, was a black and white blotch that paid as little note to him as he did to the bob-cat of the flat below. Well he knew the stubborn wanderer, knew that he could not, with all his strength of jaws and teeth, drive him from a feeding ground once selected, and just now the little beast had some sort of meal before him. Long the lion looked, and had he been less full of stomach, and therefore less good natured, he might have undertaken the killing of the skunk right then and there, much as he hated the odor of the animal. At last, however, the cat, with not a few lashings of his long tail, moved slowly out and around the tree and the noose and the skunk—and because the skunk was small and of little weight he could not spring the snare and safety lay for him where there would have been death for the puma.

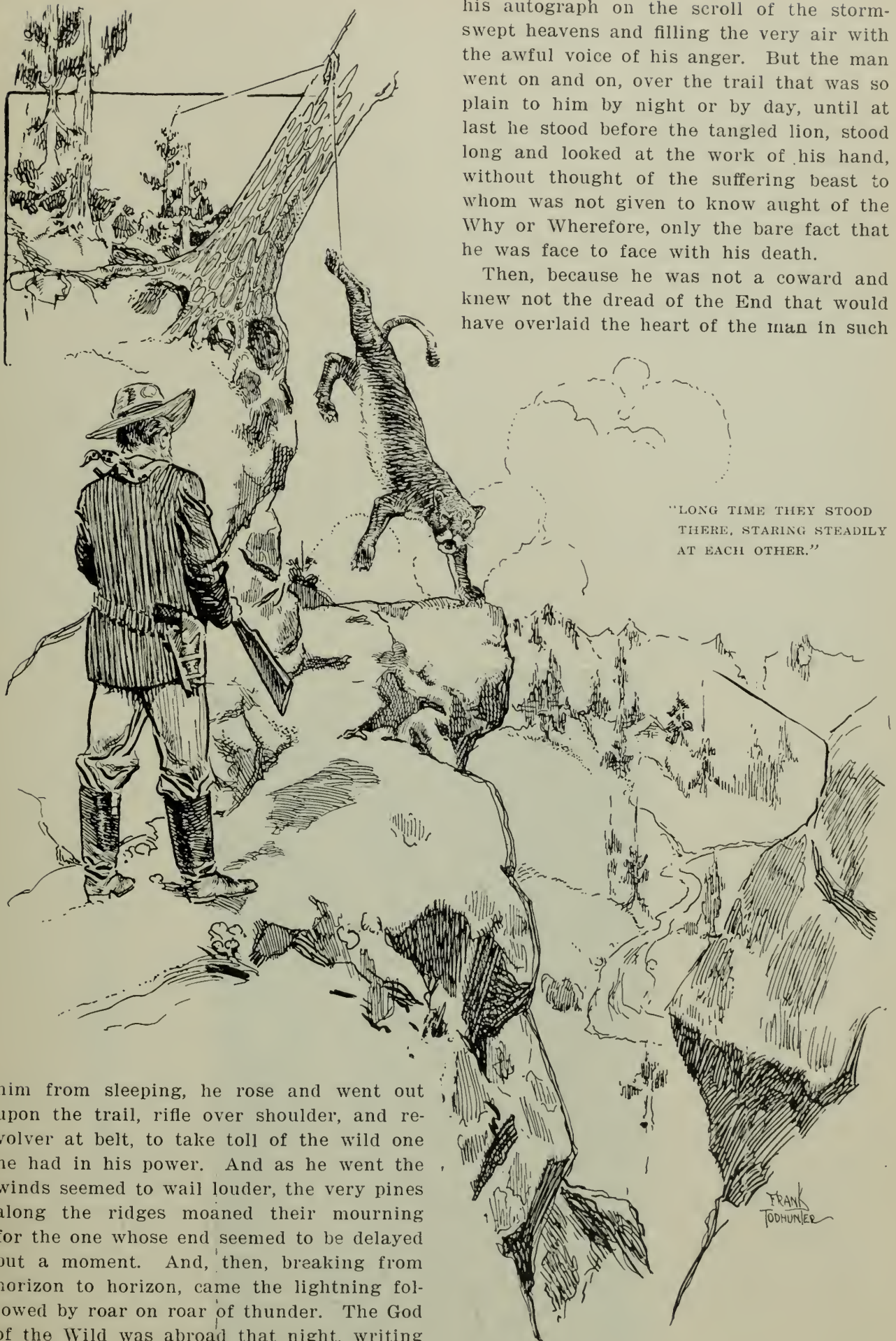
That day the storm came, not the snow nor the softly falling rain, but the roaring wind and the forked tongues of flame that time on time sear the heads of the great sierras. Beneath the breath of the heavens

the giant pines bowed their heads, though the crippled monster yet stood, protected as it was by the wall of the mountain and upheld by that one long root which refused to yield to sun or storm. Neither man nor lion were abroad that day, and when, as black night fell, the roar of the wind and the lashing of the lightning still lay like some great curtain unrolled above the hills, both were within their homes, content on full stomachs to abide the passing of the storm. Toward morning, however, hunger got the better of the four-foot; he was unable, as was the man, to lay by supplies for such an occasion as this and he broke from his cover even in the face of the lightning-scarred heavens to seek what he might find of food. And in his going forth, before he had had opportunity for the killing for which he came out and while he was yet cross from his new roused hunger he stepped fairly into the snare beneath the dead pine, stepped into it and was jerked high in air by the strength of the young tree, long bowed almost double by the leash the man had put upon it. Then raised he his voice in awful screaming, until even the silvertip, half asleep beneath his ledge in the far wilderness of the inner ranges, roused himself and sent forth an answering growl—for grizzly and lion have long been enemies of the worst kind. But the great cat could not have heard him, or, hearing, gave little heed, for once again, and again, he raised his voice, calling on the very hills to bear witness how mad he was. The snare hurt him little, but he was hungry, and being cross on that account was doubly enraged when he found himself entangled, as he well knew, in some device of the man-animal he had followed home so many, many times.

Yet all his strength, all his cunning availed nothing to release him; there he hung, caught by one of his hinder feet, head downward and high out of reach of aught that might give him aid. Why had his nose, his strongest guardian on a night like this, gone back on him at the very time when he needed it most? And far over the hill the man heard him with ears attuned through days of expectant waiting for that very cry, heard him and at first thought to leave him until morning. Then, as the cat's cries grew no less, and because they kept

his autograph on the scroll of the storm-swept heavens and filling the very air with the awful voice of his anger. But the man went on and on, over the trail that was so plain to him by night or by day, until at last he stood before the tangled lion, stood long and looked at the work of his hand, without thought of the suffering beast to whom was not given to know aught of the Why or Wherefore, only the bare fact that he was face to face with his death.

Then, because he was not a coward and knew not the dread of the End that would have overlaid the heart of the man in such



him from sleeping, he rose and went out upon the trail, rifle over shoulder, and revolver at belt, to take toll of the wild one he had in his power. And as he went the winds seemed to wail louder, the very pines along the ridges moaned their mourning for the one whose end seemed to be delayed but a moment. And, then, breaking from horizon to horizon, came the lightning followed by roar on roar of thunder. The God of the Wild was abroad that night, writing

a place, only fire and fierce hate of his enemy glowed from the eyes of the cat. Not his the spirit to ask mercy from the one to whom he would have shown none; nor yet his to quail before things to come of which he had no way of knowing, whatever they might be. Long time they stood there, staring steadily at each other until a sort of half admiration for the dumb brute crept into the man's heart. But he was of the sort that kills because the power lies within their hand and he raised the rifle level with the brown shadow just between the lion's eyes. Almost his finger pressed the trigger—and then from the throat of the prisoned one burst forth the last reverberating roar of his agony, his last call to the world he had known, the world that seemed now to have deserted him in his hour of direst need. Never before in his life of years among the gorges had he cried for help, and now it was half for help, half for farewell to the places he had lived among, that his call went forth.

And, as if in answer to it, as if in a measure to make up for the loss of him forever, from high heaven the lightning fell.

Not in a broad sheet came the liquid fire, but in a long, far-thrown bolt, rending the very skies and laying bare the forest as to the light of day. Fairly it struck the old pine, shattering it into a pile of splinters and dead wood, running down the trunk of it until it seized upon the tip of the green pine, bowed down by the weight of the lion, smiting him squarely between the eyes, cutting short his scream, denying to his pursuer the gift of his life, aye, taking him to the heart of the All-mother in loving grasp.

Then once again the night closed down—black night, filing the world of the wild and shutting out, for a brief space at least, the tragedy of a life, the fitting end of one whose days had been days of war and of fighting. And the man, because he knew the Thing that had come so close to him that night, and because, knowing, he feared it, went back slowly and with many thoughts over the hill to the cabin. Next day he made a new trail to the prospect hole in the cañon, so that now the old path is weed-grown and all unused, and occasional hunters passing that way wonder that it was ever made.





## THE DOG.

THE first in life to come,  
The last in death to leave,  
Though but a brute, and dumb,  
He hath a heart to grieve.

And though the path be long,  
He follows without fail.  
'Mid mountains, bush or throng,  
He knows his master's trail.

When hunger wastes his form—  
Should famine be his lot—  
His heart is ever warm,  
His friendship withers not.

No poverty, no want,  
Or sorrow, or disgrace,  
Bring forth the cruel taunt,  
Or yet his love efface.

There is no foe can blight  
His faithful, constant heart—  
Though it be wrong or right,  
He acts his humble part.

If wife and world condemn,  
If friends and wealth forsake,  
There is no power, with them,  
That simple bond to break.

Though mother, father—all—  
His master's voice may spurn,  
One friend he still may call  
Who will not from him turn.

No softer voice can coax,  
No warmer shelter 'lure;  
The world may be a hoax—  
The Dog, and Death, are sure.

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

# WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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## FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

IN THE name of the people of California we demand at the hands of our legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

## OUR NON-SALE CLAUSE.

DESPITE the fact that this is supposed to be an age of originality—an era of new and good things that every one accepts without question—any innovation which appears on its face to modify or curtail individual privilege, comes as a shock to the unbridled American citizen. It doesn't matter whether such abridgement be wise and far-reaching in its effect for the general good; he is properly shocked because his "sacred prerogatives" have been diminished and a great wail of protest goes up. After a while, when he has had time to think the matter over calmly and dispassionately, he—being generally a good, level-headed and clean reasoning thinker—comes to the conclusion that he hasn't been hurt half as badly as he thought he was, and is as prone to resent any reflections on the tenets of his conversion as he was to resist, at first, the new doctrine of his subsequent adoption.

That is why, to-day, we are hearing so little about the first assumed "injustice" of a non-sale clause on all game in our law. Our friends have thought it over and good gray matter has triumphed over gastric juice. There is to-day in California's big cities—the only source of opposition to a non-sale law—a reversion of feeling and sentiment over this question which speaks volumes for the intelligence and integrity of their citizens. So thoroughly converted have all classes now become, that the passage of this amendment to our game laws will be nearly as easy of accomplishment as it will be for every one who cares, to bag "the limit" a year or two after its adoption. The gas and froth of ignorant or unconsidered opposition has all blown away and only a few mercenarily interested market hunters and dealers, with a handful of emasculated gourmards at their back, are now raising any sort of opposition to this really imperative legislation. Not that the urban opposition as a whole would have cut much figure, anyhow. The rural and suburban population favored the measure to a man, from the beginning—and they are the power which dictates legislation. But we are glad, nevertheless, to see honest and manly convictions triumph over mere individual prejudice. It speaks well for the *morale* of our times, and is a gratifying assurance that posterity will yet receive at the hands of generous Californians the recognition which is its just due.

And now that we are all of one mind, it is most amusing to recall some of the curious ideas at first entertained and advanced by people who should have known better. One prominent man, for instance, declared sagely and with much conviction that "the gun and ammunition dealers would fight this measure as a unit, because it would tend to diminish their sales." He did not seem to know that the only class of hunters who sold ducks (the professional market hunters) are notoriously the dealers' poorest patrons, buying only the cheapest kind of ammunition in bulk and loading their own shells; and that the only other element contributing to the market pot (the duck netters) do not hunt at all and so buy no ammunition of any kind. Nor did he seem to realize that the law which compelled every man to go out and shoot his own ducks

necessarily entailed upon all duck-eating men the purchase of more guns and ammunition in one day than the market hunters would buy in a year of Sundays.

Another opined that the ducks would get so plentiful that they would destroy all the crops in the state and the farmers would rise in their wrath and sue the state for damages! Considering the fact that there are many thousands of dollars spent annually in this state by preserve leasers whose ducks, in spite of peculiar advantages so secured, cost them more per head than it takes to buy a whole dozen in the market, and the further fact that preserve grounds have grown so scarce that many clubs have been forced to disband in consequence, this gentleman's apprehension partakes of the distinctly humorous.

But lack of space forbids the reproduction here of hundreds as equally absurd deductions by equally wise and sagacious friends. Suffice it to say that when ducks get plentiful enough to obstruct navigation, interfere with human rights and enjoyments, or threaten business of any kind or otherwise menace life, limb or property, we will be the first to advocate their decimation to a degree compatible to the desires of the most rapacious game hog who ever squealed at the despoilation of his cherished sty.

### WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

**A**N INTERESTING question as to in whom the jurisdiction over migratory game fowls and animals is properly invested has been raised by Representative George Shiras in the bill which he introduced on December 5th into the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C. Briefly stated, Mr. Shiras' bill provides for Federal laws governing the taking of all migratory wild fowl, thus placing the custody and protection of such birds in the hands of the United States Government instead of leaving it in the hands of the various individual states as heretofore. The full text of the bill is reproduced elsewhere in this issue.

A number of years ago the writer, in an article on spring shooting contributed to an Eastern contemporary, took the same position on this question as now assumed by Mr. Shiras, viz., that the Federal Government alone had the power to regulate the disposition of all migratory fowl; and

a careful study of the conditions, complemented by an extensive correspondence with eminent legal authorities, has but strengthened and confirmed this belief. It is our joint contention that state ownership can only logically and legally apply to such birds and other game animals as have their permanent habitat within the respective state boundaries, and that no state can acquire title to any migratory species that only transiently rest for a limited time within its borders.

No one will dispute state ownership to the actual product of its soil. Wild turkeys, grouse, "quail" and other purely indigenous locally born and reared species, for instance, are indubitably the property of the people of the state which produces them, but migratory species which are hatched in the far north, raised almost to maturity outside of United States boundaries, and which merely stop to rest and feed for a single day or two in each of a dozen or more states on their migratory flight to regions beyond our uttermost southern borders, do not logically pass into such ownership. The assumption of state ownership of these species would be about as logical as would be the state's assumption to the right of taxing the property of any foreign traveler who chanced to transiently rest a day within its borders.

And yet, while we hold, with Mr. Shiras, that a vast majority of the wild geese, swans, brants, ducks, snipes, plovers, woodcocks, rails, pigeons, etc., which annually migrate across our continent, are alien born and reared birds over which the Federal Government alone has jurisdiction, we admit cheerfully that there are thousands of individuals of those species which breed, feed and live the greater portion of their lives in this state. In the light of previous reasoning these individuals are surely state property and it would be an impossible task to segregate them from the alien flight. It will, however, be cheerfully conceded by all that this purely local product is but an infinitesimal fraction of the whole—so small that it should not figure seriously in the consideration of the subject. And as Mr. Shiras' proposed legislation is for the common benefit of the whole people of the United States, we sincerely trust that the state authorities will waive their claim in the advancement of such common interest.

The argument that each state would require a differently timed open season so as to insure good shooting for its people, is effectively met by section 2 of the Shiras bill, which provides that in making the law the Federal authorities are to observe "due regard to the zones of temperature, breeding habits and times and line of migratory flight" in fixing open and close seasons. This provision seems to meet all requirements, and as the Federal authorities would be perfectly unbiased in their action it follows that their decisions would be as nearly equable as possible within human limitations.

It is but just and fair to our dearest enemy, the game hogs, to say that in all probability this legislation would prohibit spring shooting—a consummation devoutly to be wished! No man with any pretense to either decency or common sense will indorse that pernicious practice. We all know that spring shot ducks are unfit for food, being gravid, emaciated and otherwise out of condition. We know, also, that the present supply of ducks is due, almost altogether, to the sensible laws of Canada and the Northwest Possessions, which forbid shooting in the spring and protect the fowls during their nesting seasons. Could the countries south of us be induced to forbid the awful slaughter of the waterfowl on their southern winter resting grounds, America would be insured a good supply of water fowl for years to come. And it will be conceded by all that only through the request and by the aid of the National authorities can other governments be induced to co-operate to this end. Nations that would laugh to scorn the implorations of mere state officials will give courteous and favorable consideration to our "Uncle Samuel's" wishes and an international arrangement of this game question is a thing not only easy but certain of accomplishment. Therefore and for the reasons given "Western Field" indorses the Shiras bill and asks the sportsmen of California to do likewise. Should there among our friends be those who dissent from our views, we will be glad to give them space to advance counter arguments. Our columns are open to all and we cordially invite their use by all interested. Do you favor national jurisdiction over migratory game birds—or not?

## FOR FEDERAL PROTECTION OF WILD FOWL.



WITH a view to the better protection of migratory wild fowl, a bill (House Bill, No. 15,601), which is of more than usual interest to sportsmen, was introduced into the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C., by Representative George Shiras of the Third Congressional District of Pennsylvania.

As we deem this legislation of great importance to the cause of game protection, we print its text in full, inviting the public's friendly discussion of its merits in these columns.

### A BILL TO PROTECT THE MIGRATORY GAME BIRDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Whereas, Experience has shown that laws passed by the states and territories of the United States to protect game birds within their respective limits have proved insufficient to protect those kinds and classes of said birds which are migratory in their habits and which nest and hatch their young in states other than those in which they pass the usual hunting season, and in some cases breed beyond the boundaries of the United States; and

Whereas, Such local laws are also inapplicable and insufficient to protect such game birds as, in their migrations, are found in the public waters of the United States, outside the limits and jurisdiction of the several states and territories; and

Whereas, The absence of uniform and effective laws and regulations in such cases has resulted in the wholesale destruction and the threatened extermination of many valuable species of said game birds, which can not be practically restored or restocked under state laws applicable in the case of game birds having their permanent habitat within the respective states and territories; therefore

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That all wild geese, wild swans, brant, wild ducks, snipe, plover, woodcock, rail, wild pigeons and all other migratory game birds which in their northern and southern migrations pass through or do not remain permanently the entire year within the borders of any state or territory, shall hereafter be deemed to be within the custody and protection of the Government of the United States and shall not be destroyed or taken contrary to regulations hereinafter provided for.

Section 2: That the Department of Agriculture is hereby authorized to adopt suitable regulations to give effect to the previous section by prescribing and fixing closed seasons, having due regard to the zones of temperature, breeding habits and times and line of migratory flight, thereby enabling the department to select and designate suitable districts for different portions of the country within which said closed seasons it shall not be lawful to shoot or by any device kill or seize and capture migratory birds within the protection of this law, and by declaring penalties by fine or imprisonment, or both, for violations of such regulations.

Section 3. That the Department of Agriculture, after the preparation of said regula-

tions, shall cause the same to be made public and shall allow a period of three months in which said regulations may be examined and considered before final adoption, permitting, when deemed proper, public hearings thereon, and after final adoption to cause same to be engrossed and submitted to the President of the United States for approval; Provided, however,

That nothing herein contained shall be deemed to affect or interfere with the local laws of the states and territories for the protection of game localized within their borders, nor to prevent the states and territories from enacting laws and regulations to promote and render efficient the regulations of the Department of Agriculture provided under this statute.

## COUNTY ORDINANCES.

**B**Y LEGISLATIVE enactment the various Boards of Supervisors have, in their respective counties, jurisdiction and power to provide, by ordinances not in conflict with the general laws of the State, for the protection of fish and game, and may shorten (but not extend) the open season for the taking and killing of fish and game within the dates fixed by the general State law.

El Dorado—Male deer, September 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, August 1 to October 1; trout in Lake Tahoe and Loon Lake, June 1 to November 1.

Fresno—Doves, August 15 to February 1; quail November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1.

Humboldt—Trout, May 1 to November 1; striped bass, closed until January 1, 1905; barnacle or black brant, October 1 to March 1; Wilson or jack snipe, September 1 to February 15; English or Mongolian pheasant and wild turkey, closed until January 1, 1906; ducks, limit of 25 per day; black sea brant, limit of 8 per day; miscellaneous bag of game birds, not to exceed 40 in number per day's shoot.

Kern—No game to be shipped out of county.

Kings—Doves, September 1 to February 15; quail, November 1 to February 15; deer, September 1 to November 1; black bass, closed for two years; limit on ducks, 25 per day.

Lake—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

Los Angeles—Doves, August 1 to September 1; male deer, July 15 to September 15; trout, May 1 to August 1; gulls, terns, meadow larks, robins, flickers, brewers blackbird, road runners, orioles, mocking birds, the water ousel, the barn owl and other species of beneficial birds are protected at all times in Los Angeles County. The putting out of poison mixed with or dissolved in water for the purpose of poisoning birds or animals of any sort is forbidden.

Madera—Doves, August 15 to February 1; valley quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1; ducks, limit 25 per day; duck selling prohibited; trout limit, 10 pounds per day, size limit, 6 inches; black bass, closed for two years.

Marin—Male deer, July 15 to September 15; doves, August 1 to February 15; quail, October 15 to January 15; tree squirrel, July 1 to February 1. Shooting on county roads prohibited. Killing of larks and other song birds prohibited.

Mendocino—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Merced—Doves, August 15 to February 15.

Monterey—Deer, July 15 to October 1. No hounds. Sea gulls and blue cranes prohibited.

Napa—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

Orange—Doves, August 1 to February 15.

Placer—Doves, July 15 to February 15.

The ordinances as published below are, so far as we can ascertain, correct; changes are however, liable to occur from time to time, necessitated by new conditions, and we will make such corrections when they eventuate. If in any doubt, please address this office, and information will be gladly given. Where counties are not enumerated in the following list, it is to be understood that no departure from the general State law has been adopted:

Riverside—Male deer, August 1 to September 15; trout, May 1 to July 1.

Sacramento—Doves, July 15 to February 15.

San Benito—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

San Bernardino—Trout, June 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, limit 5 in one day; doves, August 1 to October 1; wild duck, trout or dove selling prohibited.

San Joaquin—Doves, August 1 to November 1.

San Luis Obispo—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

San Mateo—Cottontail and bush rabbit, July 1 to February 1; rail, October 15 to November 16. Rail hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited. Male deer, August 1 to October 1; trout, limit 100 per day; tree or pine squirrel, prohibited. Song birds protected perpetually.

Santa Barbara—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Santa Clara—Doves protected to August 1, 1909. Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Santa Cruz—Male deer, August 1 to October 1. All wild birds (other than those recognized as game birds in general law), except hawks, owls, bluejays, shrikes, English sparrows and housefinches, are perpetually protected, as are likewise all species of tree squirrel. Black bass can not be caught before January 1, 1907. Trout limit in one day, 100.

Santa Cruz—Doves protected absolutely until 1909.

Siskiyou—Deer, August 15 to October 15.

Sonoma—Deer, August 1 to October 1. Duck and quail, October 15 to February 1. Bag limit on ducks and quail, 25 each. Sale of all game prohibited.

Trinity—Male deer, September 15 to October 30.

Tulare—Trout limit, 10 pounds per day, 6-inch fish; black bass, closed for two years; road-runner killing prohibited.

Tuolumne—Mountain quail, south of ranges 13, 14, 15 and 16 east, township 3 north, and west of townships 1 and 2 north and township 1 south range, 7 east, October 15 to February 15.

Ventura—Trout, May 1 to November 1; male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Yolo—Doves, August 1 to February 1; quail, November 1 to January 1; deer, July 15 to September 15.

# THE CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

(Compiled by Charles A. Vogelsang, Chief Deputy, State Board of Fish Commissioners.)

OPEN AND CLOSE SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1903-1904.													
WHITE--Open Season.		BLACK--Close Season.											
* BAG LIMIT *		January.	February	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
Quail, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover,	25 in one day.												
Doves, Ducks,	50 in one day.												
Rails,	20 in one day.												
Deer (male),	3 in one season.												
<b>DEER,</b>								Jul. 15					
<b>DOVES,</b>			Feb 15										
<b>MOUNTAIN QUAIL, GROUSE, SAGE HEN,</b>			Feb 15										
<b>VALLEY QUAIL, DUCKS, IBIS, CURLEW, PLOVER, RAIL,</b>			Feb 15								Oct 15		
<b>TREE SQUIRRELS,</b>													
<b>TROUT,</b>													
<b>STEELHEAD TROUT,</b>										Sep 10			
<b>SALMON</b> (Above tide-water close season extends to Nov. 15),										Sep 10	Oct 16		
<b>LOBSTER or CRAWFISH</b> (Not less than 9½ in. long),									Aug 15				
<b>BLACK BASS,</b>													
<b>SHRIMP,</b>													
<b>CRAB</b> (No Crab taken less than 6 in. across the back),													

N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter  
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Fine for violation Game Laws, \$25 to \$500, and imprisonment.  
Fine for violation Fish Laws, \$20 to \$500, and imprisonment.  
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, \$250, and imprisonment.

## WHAT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

TO BUY, SELL, OFFER FOR SALE, BARTER OR TRADE, AT ANY TIME, ANY QUAIL, PHEASANT, GROUSE, SAGE HEN, IBIS, PLOVER, OR ANY DEER MEAT OR DEER SKINS.

- To have in possession doe or fawn skins.
- To take or kill, at any time, does, fawns, elk or antelope.
- To take or kill pheasants or Bob-White quail.
- To run deer with dogs during the close season.
- To shoot half-hour before sunrise, or half-hour after sunset.
- To trap game of any kind without having first procured written authority from the Board of Fish Commissioners.
- To take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds.
- To ship game in concealed packages, or without your name and address.
- To buy or sell trout less than one-half pound in weight.
- To take, at any time, sturgeon, or female crabs.
- To take abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference.
- To take trout or black bass, except with hook and line.
- To take salmon, shad or striped bass with a net less than seven and one-half inch mesh.
- To use a set net.
- To take fish in any manner, within fifty feet of a fishway.
- To take, buy, or sell striped bass less than three pounds in weight.
- To shoot meadow larks.
- To shoot on inclosed land without permission.

Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada.

(Date of close season and the first date of open season are given; to find open season, reverse dates.)

Corrected to September 1, 1904.

Compiled by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, (Biological Survey.)

BIRDS.

Table with columns for State, Quail, Grouse, Prairie Chicken, Wild Turkey, Dove, Plover, Snipe, Woodcock, Rail, Duck, and Goose/Swan. Rows are categorized by region: Northern, Southern, Pacific, Canada, and Northern/Southern/Pacific/Canada.

MAMMALS.

Table with columns for State, Deer, Elk, Moose, Caribou, Antelope, Sheep/Goat, Squirrel, Rabbit, and Introduced/Protected. Rows are categorized by region: Northern, Southern, Pacific, Canada, and Northern/Southern/Pacific/Canada.

1. Certain local exceptions. 2. Certain species. 3. Additional open season, included in following list: Plover, Rail; Ohio, Mar. 10-Apr. 21. Snipe; Ohio, Mar. 10-Apr. 21, Utah, Oct. 1-Dec. 15. Woodcock; New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, July Indiana, July August, and September. Duck, Goose, Swan; Indiana, Oct. 1-Nov. 10 (under license); Wisconsin, Apr. 1-Nov. 10. Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Newfoundland, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. Sheep, Goat; Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Squirrel; Kentucky, June 15-Sept. 15. Deer, Elk, Moose; Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Caribou; Nov. 16-Nov. 19, 1906. All altitudes above 7000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. In lake of Wight and Southampton counties only. 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary. 9. 10 to 20 counties in Mar. 19, 1906. 0. Altitudes above 7000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. 11. Except north of 33rd parallel. 12. Wood duck; Tennessee, Mar. 1-Aug. 1. Lemmings, July 1909. 13. Grouse only. 14. Swan only. 15. Swan; North Dakota, Sept. 1, 1905. Nevada, Wisconsin and Wyoming at all times. 16. Except with dogs or snares. 17. Sheep only. 18. Goat; Alaska, Jan. 1-Aug. 1, Montana, Jan. 1-Sept. 1. 19. Upland plover; New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1, Vermont, Dec. 1-Aug. 15. Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1. 20. Except in southeastern Assiniboia, Dec. 15-Dec. 1.



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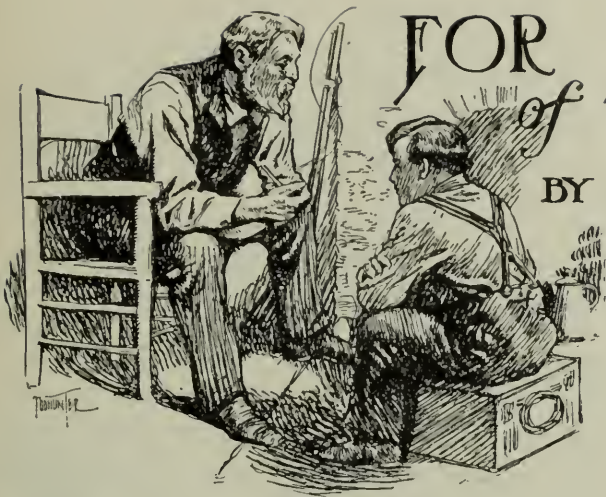
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# FOR THE SPORTSMEN of TO-MORROW

BY AN OLD FLINT



THE most common fault of young hunters—and of older ones, too, for that matter—is an eagerness to cover the greatest possible amount of ground in the smallest possible time. Finding game is a task requiring care and deliberation of movement; dash through field and woods at a race-horse speed, and the game will *find you*, which is exactly what you want to avoid. Under favorable conditions an express train may travel from Chicago to San Francisco at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and its progress across country will be noted by thousands of wild things, not one of which will be seen by trainmen or passengers; and so it is on a smaller scale with the hunter who travels from sunrise to sunset at a four-mile-an-hour gait. His day has been wasted and no one but himself is to blame. He has possibly passed within gunshot of more game than two men could have carried home; yet his only shots have been at running game, or at birds that flushed wild, and most of them were misses. On the other hand, an experienced hunter could have loitered around over a fourth of the same territory, enjoying good sport and killing as much game as he wished.

\* \* \*

The habit of haste is more common among those who are self-taught in the ways of the woods, and particularly among boys who begin to hunt before they have learned anything of the haunts and habits of game. It is but natural that they should waste much time hunting over ground that absolutely can not be expected to yield results; in fact, the temptation is to stick pretty

closely to paths and stretches free from brush and other natural cover, that there may be no obstacle to a successful shot when chance offers. Two boys aneld will travel faster than one, as there is the additional incentive of rivalry. Considered from the viewpoint of common sense there is much to lose and nothing to gain by rushing around; but boys are not given to considering. If a scope of territory will not yield all the small game one is looking for to every square mile of its area, there is not much use wasting time tramping it over. Ordinarily a day's hunting can be had in a patch of woods three-fourths smaller, but the selection of suitable grounds is a preliminary of prime importance, and here again the average boy errs in default of experience upon which to base his judgment. He should remember that game of every discription chooses its range with a view to food supply and concealment from its enemies. Squirrels are not commonly found in hedgerows, or quail in the branches of a hickory. Ducks are not averse to feeding within sight of human kind, but they are not overly plentiful in stubble fields. Maybe these reminders savor of silliness, but I am trying to find a stable foundation for the groundwork of my argument, and it is necessary to dig deep. Boys are not men; though for that matter, I have hunted with "grown-ups" who could find much needed instruction in every line of this paragraph.

\* \* \*

The best way to start a young sportsman right is to give him the benefit of expert teaching on his first ten or a dozen hunts. He should accompany some one who knows all there is to learn, and who is not averse to imparting knowledge. More than likely the boy will find it a bit tiresome to see the other fellow getting all the game, but his own comparative poor success will set him thinking, and when you once get a new beginner to think, the battle is more than half won. He must be taught that success

in hunting, as in other pursuits, depends upon pre-arranged method, deliberation and precision. Being a boy, he will ask questions and should be encouraged in his inquisitiveness. But lacking such companionship as I advise, he will be well enough taken care of if started afield with a thoroughly trained dog—the older and slower the better—and cautioned against arrogating his own wisdom above canine instinct. A setter or pointer in its fourth or fifth season of hard work knows more about birds than any wingshot that every tramped stubble; a bench-legged fice or crippled foxhound that has lived as many years in the woods can be taught nothing about rabbits, 'squirrels, skunks and other four-footed creatures. Any one of them will take their juvenile charge safely afield and bring him home jubilantly conscious that his hat has grown two sizes too small for his head. The value of a boy's first bag of game can not be even approximately estimated in paltry dollars and cents. I can recall bringing in a fox squirrel that looked far bigger and grander to me than any 200-pound buck that has since fallen to my aim—but the glory of that kill rightfully belonged to my old yellow half-cur, Rover, for he found the squirrel and treed it, and staid and barked for three long hours at the root of the tree while I was tearfully trying to persuade mother that I might be trusted with the old shotgun under guarantee that I would not look down its muzzle, nor pull back the hammer until the iron breech-plate was at my shoulder. Yes, it was Rove's squirrel; but I unblushingly claimed it, and he didn't seem to care.

\* \* \*

Writers have compiled columns of

"don'ts" for the warning of inexperienced handlers of firearms, but eight words cover all the ground: *Don't forget that a loaded gun will kill!* You invite disaster when you point one at yourself or anyone else; when you pick it up or set it down by the muzzle; when you fail to remove the charge before climbing a fence or into a wagon, or entering a house or camp. An empty gun is harmless, but don't be sure that it is empty until you have looked. Cultivate the habit of making sure. It takes only a few seconds to open the breech and satisfy yourself that the chamber or chambers are empty, and after a little while this caution will have become second nature, no more to be omitted than doffing your hat when addressing a lady in a public place. Remember that for every person shot by mistake for a deer or other game, dozens have fallen victims to the gun that "wasn't loaded," or that "went off of itself." Within my own knowledge, during the day of muzzle-loaders, a rifle hung on its hooks above the door; and in the corner of the room, directly in line with its muzzle, hung a drawing-knife when not in use by its owner, who lived by the making of pine shingles. One winter day the fire on the hearth burned low and a big backlog was brought in and tumbled down upon the floor, jarring the whole house. Maybe the hammer of that rifle had been left at half-cock; maybe it rested fairly on the cap. Althow, the jar was followed by a report and the bullet glanced from the drawing-knife and killed the shingle-maker's wife. It couldn't have happened with a breech-loader? Well, I am not sure; but it certainly wouldn't have occurred if the gun had not been loaded. You can bet high on that.

(To be Continued.)





## UNCONSCIOUS IMITATION AMONG THE LOWER FORMS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

*By* LAWRENCE IRWELL.



THE most casual observer who watches living animals of any kind among their natural surroundings can not fail to have noticed instances of adaption in color and marking between the animal and its environment. Color adaption is extremely widely spread and is limited neither by size nor zoölogical classification. The tiger, for example, is as perfectly concealed by its tawny skin and black stripes in the vegetation of the jungle as is the smallest green caterpillar which feeds on the leaves of trees or bushes. It must be evident to anyone who considers the subject that there is some agency at work which is neither purely physical nor entirely chemical. We know of no physical manifestation of force capable of bringing about resemblances to surroundings in structures so diverse as the feathers of a bird and the pattern on the wing of a moth. The various aspects of the phenomena referred to have now been carefully studied, and numerous attempts have been made to explain how these marvelous adaptations have been brought about. The first point that must be considered in any explanation of the well-known facts is whether the similarity in color and pattern between any form of life and its environment is of value to the particular creature concerned. Everybody who has seen cases of color adaption must admit that the general effect of the arrangement is to make the animal inconspicuous—in other words, to conceal it—and the same is true when pattern in addition to color is involved. It is recognized that concealment may be of use to a species in two ways. It may enable an individual—mammal or insect—to escape detection by its enemies, or it may enable it to escape being

detected by its prey. In other words, it may, by virtue of its guise, be enabled to secure a supply of food much more readily than if its color were out of harmony with its surroundings. Thus, two great functions of existence—to eat and to avoid being eaten—are fulfilled by such color adaptations, and we therefore claim that they are of distinct use in the life of the species so adapted. If the principle of utility is admitted, we may further claim that the origin of these resemblances is best explained by the doctrine of Natural Selection as propounded by Charles Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace some forty-five years ago, and now disputed by nobody in the scientific world. The distinguished founders of modern Evolution both foresaw that their theory was applicable to instances of animal adaption to surroundings, and Wallace has since elaborated this application of it. The resemblances which we are here dealing with have not, it will now be seen, been brought about by any imaginary direct action of physical and chemical forces, but by the preferential survival of small variations in color and pattern, in the direction of concealment. From generation to generation the individuals best concealed have tended to escape extermination or have gained an advantage by securing a better supply of food. And so the finishing touches have been added step by step from the first rough general resemblance to an adaption so perfect that, as in the case of some tropical leaf-insects, the most keensighted naturalist is not sure of the insect character of the species till he sees it move. Natural Selection has been the agency that has brought about these adaptations, irrespective of the inner mechanism producing the color and pattern.

It is now customary in the scientific world

to speak of cases of adaption for the purpose of escaping detection as "protective resemblance," while those cases in which the disguise is obviously for the purpose of minimizing risk of being seen when approaching prey are described as "aggressive resemblance." It is not always possible to decide off-hand in every case to which class the particular instance belongs, because we do not always know the life-history of the species, and we may never have had an opportunity of seeing it among its natural surroundings. Of course we meet with the most perfect examples in the tropics, where the struggle for life is very keen, and where the details of the resemblance have accordingly been worked up to a particularly high degree of finish. Nevertheless, the few examples which follow will serve to illustrate the principles of protective resemblance by an appeal to instances which are not infrequently met with. To begin with caterpillars, the cylindrical bodies of which are particularly well fitted for such adaption, we know of many species which in appearance and attitude very closely resemble the twigs of the food-plant upon which they live prior to their transformation into chrysalids. The color and the thornlike elevations on the body, together with the shape of the insect, must always be noticed. (It is unfortunate that nothing short of colored pictures would properly illustrate this article.) The caterpillar which eventually becomes the privet hawk moth is bright green, and, owing to its size, the insect would be conspicuous among the leaves of the evergreen plant if the uniform green surface was not broken by the oblique stripes. These stripes are white with purple edges, which shade them off in a most perfect way, so as to destroy sharpness of outline. The whole effect is a very decided resemblance to the lights and shades of color thrown by the leaves of the food-plant, and everybody who has seen this caterpillar among its natural surroundings is aware of the fact that, notwithstanding its size, it is very difficult to detect.

Turning now to the mature insects—butterflies and moths which are caterpillars in the fully-developed stage, having passed through the quiescent stage,—here again we meet with all kinds of color adaptations. Some butterflies are beautifully decked with colored patterns on the upper surface of the

wings, but mottled with dull browns, grays and black on the under surface, so that the insect when at rest with closed wings is admirably concealed on the surface of the bark of trees. Other species fold up their wings so as to resemble bits of stick or broken splinters of the surface on which they rest. The buff-tip moth has its wings mottled with silvery grays and browns, with buff-colored patches at the base and at the tip of the fore-wings. In a position of rest, the buff-tip of the wing, the head and upper part of the body—in fact the whole "get-up" of the moth—may be said to produce a most effective resemblance to the broken-off end of a small branch of a tree. (It is obvious, of course, that a colored picture is necessary to make this resemblance appeal with full force to those who have never taken any interest in insects. To any student of outdoor life, however, the facts alone will suggest the wisdom of further investigation).

Attention may well be called to those moths which conceal themselves among dead foliage, and in which the wings are more or less adapted in color to their surroundings. The shades of brown, yellow and orange, prevalent among autumnal foliage, are very common among the moths which are plentiful at that time of the year. The lappet moth is quite remarkable on account of its resemblance to dead leaves. The wings are mottled with rich shades of brown, and the upper wings, when the moth is at rest, are folded in a roof-like form, while the brown lower wings with jagged edges project from under the roof-like upper wings, the whole effect being an extraordinary close likeness to a dead and withered leaf.

Following the idea of protective resemblance, illustrated by the examples already given, it is evident that bright coloring would, as a general rule, be disadvantageous as far as concealment is concerned; and yet it is a familiar fact that many species of insects are brilliantly colored. In some cases, particularly among butterflies and moths, the disadvantageous character of brilliancy is declared very plainly by the sober mottling or marking of the fore-wings, which overlap and completely conceal the hind wings when the insect is at rest. The common red-underwing or yellow-underwing moths, for example, show no trace of the bright red or yellow

hind-wings when at rest, but present either a mottled-gray fore-wing, easily concealed on bark, or leaf-like shades of brown. And yet, when all such cases of concealed brilliancy have been considered, there still remain great quantities of insects of all orders which are more or less brilliantly colored, and which do not hide themselves either when at rest or during flight. It is quite certain that the explanation of protective resemblance just given can not apply to such cases. But if the doctrine of Evolution by Natural Selection demands that the characters of an organism must be of use in order to have survived, it may be asked whether this brilliancy of coloring is not a violation of the doctrine. According to Mr. Wallace, bright colorings are really of use because the species have some distasteful quality or qualities which render them unpalatable to insect-eating enemies. They may possess nauseous secretions, or acrid and evil-smelling juices, or penetrating hairs or spines, or wing-cases of extreme hardness, or other objectionable characters. It is clearly of advantage for a species protected by any such means to declare at once that it is unpalatable. (Of course, there is nothing of the nature of *volition* in any way involved; the process of Natural Selection makes the declaration.) The gaudy colors and striking patterns are danger signals, and the species thus protected can afford to flaunt their brilliancy openly in the face of insectivorous foes, because they are comparatively, but not absolutely, exempt from persecution, and are generally spoken of as "protected species" or as having "warning colors." Thus, while Natural Selection has been adapting the colors of eatable species to their surroundings, the same agency has been working in the opposite direction in the case of inedible species and has developed gaudiness as an indication of danger. This explanation was suggested in the first instance by Dr. Wallace to account for certain caterpillars; and it has now been gradually expanded so as to apply to all brightly colored forms of animal life.

It must not be supposed, however, that the idea of "warning colors" is a mere guess. It is true that it was advanced originally in a speculative way, as many advances and scientific knowledge have been, and was afterward submitted to the test of

experiment. Systematic observations have been made in this country, in Europe and in India with insects, birds and lizards, and the general result has been to confirm the theory of Wallace that bright coloring is associated with distasteful qualities to enemies.

There are other facts closely connected with protective resemblance and warning colors. Some of these facts seem very remarkable when learned for the first time. There is a fly known as the "drone fly" which appears in the autumn, and which is so much like a bee superficially that it is quite often mistaken for one. Anybody who is not an entomologist might hesitate to touch the fly for fear of being stung. But it is harmless, and has no connection with any bee, the resemblance to a bee being superficial only. There are many other similar cases, such as moths like hornets, beetles like wasps, and moths like bumblebees. The moth and the bee are, of course, absolutely distinct—they belong to quite different orders, and the bee-like appearance of the moth is produced by the hairy covering of the body, and the transparency of the wings, combined with which characters the mode of flight and, above all, the color all tend to perfect the resemblance between the two insects. A very extraordinary departure from the moth type has been produced in this case. The wings have lost the scaly covering characteristics of the order, and have become transparent. The Hornet Clearwings are good imitations of hornets in transparency of wing, in their yellow-banded bodies, and in their attitude when alarmed. These are cases of what is now called "mimicry" or "mimetic resemblance," the adaption being between two insects. In order to understand the explanation of of mimicry, it is necessary to go back to a certain point in the history of the subject—to the year 1861—when the late Henry Walter Bates, the author of "The Naturalist on the Amazon," published a pamphlet containing the results of some very remarkable observations which he had made in Brazil. Among the butterflies which Mr. Bates took from the region of the Amazon to England, there were specimens which, in the hurry of collecting, he had placed together as being the same species. On more careful examination, however, it was found that the

resemblance was only superficial, and that species belonging to different families were so much alike as to be absolutely indistinguishable when on the wing. Bates found that the departure in type had usually—perhaps always—been in the direction of certain groups of species belonging to genera and families quite characteristic of South America. These species had assumed the appearance of the predominating butterflies of some particular region—the resemblance often being of the greatest degree of exactness; and when the imitated form or “model” varied locally from one district to another, the “mimics” followed suit and varied in a corresponding manner. The result of these discoveries was a theory of mimicry which brought that phenomenon into line with the phenomena of protective resemblance. The “models” or imitated forms are abundant in individuals slow in flight and often gaudily colored or striped in a characteristic pattern. They take no precautions to conceal themselves, and they are marked and colored in a similar way on both sides of the wings, so that they must be as conspicuous when at rest as during flight. Bates suggested that they were “protected” forms, exempt from persecution, and that the “mimics,” which belonged to unprotected groups, derived advantage from the mimetic resemblance—just in the same way that it is of advantage for a harmless moth or fly to be mistaken for such a formidable insect as a bee. The gaudy colors of these “models” are, in fact, of the same character as the “warning colors” already described. The agency which has brought about this mimetic resemblance is, as before, natural selection, called by Mr. Herbert Spencer “the survival of the fittest.”

The discovery thus proclaimed from the South American butterfly population was soon confirmed from other quarters of the world, and examples of mimicry are now known by hundreds. The facts are really so plain that nobody who has studied them would deny their accuracy. The term “mimicry” has been objected to as implying *conscious* imitation, but the explanation advanced by Bates does not imply that the imitation is in any sense either conscious or voluntary. The objection, however, has been limited to the term; the facts are not seriously disputed. No effort of will or consciousness

could cause the color and pattern of a butterfly’s wing to become modified so as to resemble another butterfly. The result has been brought about by the usual operation—by the survival through generation after generation of those varieties which in any way resembled the “model”; and the tendency toward resemblance having once made a start, the details are perfected step by step by the better chance of existence which each individual possessing a resemblance to the “model” happens to have when hatched. The resemblance extends, it is true, in its most perfect developments to habit as well as to form and color. The “mimic,” not infrequently, moves—by flight or otherwise—in the same manner as the model. In good examples of protective resemblance the habit is often correlated with the resemblance in such a way as to enhance the deception. A stick-like caterpillar, for example, holds itself rigidly in a stick-like attitude, and instances might be multiplied indefinitely showing that natural selection can, and does, deal with habit, when of advantage to the species, as well as with any other characteristics.

There are instances in which two “models” of entirely different species are so much alike that they are indistinguishable during flight. They belong to “protected” groups. Such cases were noticed by Bates, but were not explained by him. The explanation was furnished by a German naturalist, resident in Brazil, in 1879—Dr. Müller. He proved that it must be advantageous for even “protected” species to resemble each other, because such species, although comparatively, are not absolutely exempt from attack. As it has been demonstrated that young birds do not inherit a knowledge of what they may eat and what they ought to avoid, but have to learn by experience, a certain number of individuals must be sacrificed by “protected” species during this acquisition of experience by their enemies. The larger the number of individuals over which this loss is distributed, the smaller must be the relative loss to each species. In other words, it is advantageous for a number of different species to be mistaken for one another, and that is why we find such a general similarity in color and pattern among whole groups of “protected” animals of various kinds. It is because the relative loss to

each species is minimised by the possession of a common characteristic—color or pattern—in place of a number of different inedible types. The experience gained at the expense of the loss of a single individual belonging to one species holds good for another species that looks like it superficially. Thus natural selection is again operative in two kinds of mimicry, known as Batesian and Mullerian. It is not always possible to determine, of course, whether a particular case of mimicry belongs to one class or to the other, because we do not invariably know whether a certain insect (as an example) is in some way distasteful to its enemies or not. As our knowledge of life-histories is extended, and, above all, as systematic experimental observations are made, the great array of mimetic forms will be capable of being referred to their proper divisions. But since the introduction of the idea of “warning colors” the belief has been gaining ground among many naturalists that this form of mimicry is the predominant one. The benefit gained by persecuted groups of species presenting one common type of color to their enemies is sufficiently obvious now that the idea has been launched. The further study of mimetic groups has of late years brought to light some still more remarkable aspects of the phenomena which form the subject of this paper. From groups of species within the same order, such as butterflies and moths, and from groups of different genera of wasps or beetles, we can

gather a more widely abstract idea of types of common warning colors applicable to whole tribes of insects, irrespective of the order to which they belong. In other words, we can discern over and above the actual mimetic resemblance, which may vary to some extent, a kind of general similarity in design which suggests that certain types of pattern have become fixed by the action of natural selection as outward and visible signs of distastefulness. The yellow and black-banded pattern so often observed in wasps, and somewhat less frequently in flies and beetles, is a good example of a common warning type of pattern. Although this general development of the theory of mimicry can not be satisfactorily demonstrated without colored plates, some idea of the facts will be grasped from the above explanation, and it is only necessary to add that, after observing some insects in a certain district, it is often possible to detect similar arrangements of color and marking among many others of quite different families, all presenting a striking uniformity of superficial appearance.

The subject of mimicry is one that does not easily lend itself to popular interpretation, but it is believed that enough has been written to enable the reader to realize that imitation on the part of many of the lower forms of life—absolutely unconscious and involuntary, of course—is an important factor in the process of evolution.



# FIELD NOTES



## QUAIL HUNTING IN RIVERSIDE COUNTY.

By JNO. H. BAKER.

**A**T THE closing of the last quail shooting season several parties participated in the sport with hearty cheer. Among them was a party of eight, organized under the name "Our Mutual Friends," with the writer as president and Sherley L. Holt, secretary, Mr. A. G. Allen acting as assistant in management.

The party was summonsed to the home of the President at 6 o'clock A. M., where his team and wagon was in waiting with a bountiful supply of refreshments. Upon the minute set, we pulled out for the south to a spot about thirteen miles distant, near Rincon, at the head of the famous Santa Anna Cañon, where the river of the same name penetrates its last range of hills, leaving the fertile San Bernardino Valley only to plunge its foamy waters into the sands of Orange County where they are obscured.

Reaching camp about nine o'clock, the team was cared for by the assistant, and while the transformation of neatly dressed gentlemen into those great puffy monsters that wade through brush, and stalk into all manner and kinds of cacti, with their sand colored leggings and suits, their pockets full to overflowing with the deadly little missiles to be sent as a messenger of death to the little blue-gray whirr as it leaves its place of safety, was going on, the president prepared a huge supply of egg-nog and sandwiches of which each partook joyously.

As had been arranged on the way, the eight were divided into two teams, one captained by A. G. Allen, the other by J. H. Hatcher, the losing team to defray the expenses of the day. Each team was divided into two squads with two men of opposing team in each, the river separating the hunting grounds—and on we plodded for a three hours' shoot, with terra incognita before us. We afterward divided again making one man of each in a squad, it was my lot to be paired with one of those lean, muscular, and never tiring sort of fellows, a fine shot and loyal, true sportsman. It was agreed that no bird was to be shot on the ground and no "pots" to be made.

At the first call which sounds like "*sit right there!*" we both looked ahead and saw a nice bevy in some cactus on a little hillside; the first bird flew undisturbed, as neither could draw a bead; the second came quartering my way, and as the "ballistite" exploded I saw a diminutive feather-bed floating in the air and heard a thud which told its own tale. The next scored a miss for my pard, and the fun was on. The bevy was a big one, and though the sky was rather clear it fairly rained quail.

Anxious as we all were to be on the winning side our ambitions ran high—likewise did the

hills, and the birds (being past the kindergarten stage) followed up the steepest ridges to the very top bunch of cactus. Here was our best shooting; pard and I shot close, side by side, and many times made doubles. We climbed and climbed, often over nice places, while sometimes the ground was so loose and rocky between the cactus, that in firing a shot one would lose his balance; only by the aid of some friendly cactus leaning lovingly against our lower extremities, could we regain our equipoise, and save tumbling down the jagged side, for no one knows how far.

The day was fine and the birds, though swift flyers, were plentiful, and we returned to the wagon long before the time set; before one o'clock every man was in with a praise for terra firma and a craze for some of the good things awaiting. The decision on counting the birds went to Mr. Allen's team, after which came the satisfying of that long, lank and drawn-out feeling which only a hungry quail hunter can fully appreciate.

After a brief rest the party started homeward, adding several varieties of game on the way. Upon reaching my house the game was divided equally among the shooters. Every one was somewhat tired, but all expressed themselves as having had the best time ever experienced on a hunting trip and each one departed happy with his bag, glad to have been out in such enjoyable company, and each feeling the healthy rejuvenation which rewards every enthusiastic sportsman's venture into the regions where his peculiar joy abounds.

JNO. H. BAKER.

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## SHOOTING QUAIL WITH A RIFLE.

"Ere the first cock his matin rings."

**T**HE alarm clock sounded; I sprang from my bed and seized the infernal machine in vain endeavor to stop it. Jumping into my clothes, I fed the horse and got ready for the hunt. After a light breakfast away I went for an hour's drive to the hunting ground, which was reached about half after five.

Starting out leisurely I tramped through the cactus and on into the trees and brush, and after fifteen minutes' walk heard the first twittering of the quarry. I called but they did not respond, so cautiously wending my way I came to the edge of an arroyo and upon the farther bank saw the game in open ground. I raised my rifle too late—they took flight for the brush, where I followed them, and soon the little spitfire flashed and a fine plump bird was in hand. Taking the trail of the bevy two more shots were secured. I had to let them go then for fear of being myself bagged by certain scatter-gun enthusiasts who appeared on the scene.

I took a bee line for the higher hills and



again heard quail, and again they failed to answer the call. Slily my way was made through the brush and at the crack of the rifle two more fine birds gave up the ghost. After securing a few more shots I departed, leaving the feathered tribe for some unscrupulous scatter-gun enthusiast, who thinks of nothing but getting the limit.

Traveling over the hills, I found some friends who had not fared so well with the scatter-gun as I had with a .22 rifle. I soon left the scene of bombardment and retraced my weary way to the rig and arrived home at eleven o'clock, tired but well satisfied with my bag. The birds were soon dressed and graced the Sunday dinner table.

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#### WITH THE BIG RIVER BUCKS.

By H. W. DOCKER.

**L**ATE in the season last year my chum, George, and I saddled our horses and started one afternoon for a two days' hunt on the South Fork of the Big River.

We reached an old logging camp in time to fix up for the night, and after piling brush across the road to keep the horses from going home, we cooked supper and turned in. At daybreak we were on the trail, and about sunrise, while looking at some big logs that had been left in a gulch below the camp, we got into a discussion about the amount of lumber in an extra big one, and forgot about hunting for a few minutes. When we started on I happened to look up toward the top of the ridge and there stood a forked-horn, watching us; it was a fine shot. Two 30's cracked and we had fresh meat as good as the hills afford.

After that we hunted hard without seeing anything encouraging, until about four o'clock, when we got into a part of the country where the tracks were plenty and the trails were fairly dusty. We knew we had found the country to hunt in next morning, so we started down the river to Wild Horse opening, where we could cross the ridge to our camp. After traveling along the river bed for half a mile our dog wined something up in the brush, so we let him go. We waited there a short time, then went a little ways down stream. Hearing the dog above us, we went back up stream again, staying there until we thought it was no use wasting any more time.

Just as we started down again we saw a spike come plunging headlong down the bank; he was close to us and we were so sure of him that we both missed, and he disappeared as though the bank had swallowed him. When we got down there we found that a small slide had come out of the bank and was just deep enough to shield him until he got out. We stopped the dog and went to camp, intending to try it over next day.

So at daybreak next morning we were well on our way. Just as we came to the top of the ridge that divides the two streams, we flushed a flock of mountain quail and as a matter of course there had to be a deer within hearing, though we did not know it until we

heard him jump. We only saw him an instant, but both shot and missed. As it was early yet we did not care.

Crossing the main river we struck a patch of open country, and had hunted almost through it when we heard something that George said made a fellow "have chills and fever," opining that "he must weigh about half a ton," judging from the racket he made. George just saw him go behind a tree and waited for him to come out on the other side—but George did not know their game, for they never come out of line of a tree until they are safe. I followed him and got a shot after he was about four hundred and fifty yards away. I hit just under him and though he did not hurry much I knew it was no use to follow him any farther.

I crossed the gulch and went up the ridge, while George went up the river. After going about a mile I crossed the river and went up to a huckleberry flat, having seen a pretty fresh bear track in the river. I thought it well to look around a little before going any farther, and just as I got well into the brush I heard the leaves rustle two or three times. I commenced to look for bear, but saw a deer going up through the brush instead. When I tried to get a bead on him I could not see anything but green, and after trying the second time I found that I was trying to look through a leaf that had caught in the rear sight. I pulled it out in a hurry but was too late; the deer was gone and my dog, too.

I reached the top of the spur in time to see the dog go up over a fine open sidehill. I wasn't mad, but I just tramped down a big huckleberry bush and made all the noise I could. After a while I calmed down and there, about forty yards away, was a "cow-horn" buck, watching me from behind a madrone tree. I shot pretty quick, but he never moved. I banged away again—still no move; next time I was sure that I pulled low enough, and down he came. I called George and we packed him in.

We intended to go home early the next morning, but could not find our horses that night; we thought they must be close around the camp and had just turned in when we heard a horse coming. I got up and fed him some grain, which he seemed to relish well enough. But he did not seem to me to be altogether right; he did not look like my horse even in the dark, and I thought it strange that he was alone. So I lit a torch and found that I had fed some strange horse and George got off the ancient joke about it's being "a horse on me."

Early next morning we struck out to find our horses and found that they had gone down the river bed, so we had a rough road to travel. When we left camp we intended to pack the deer on the horses and walk up to the top of the hill, which was about three miles long, and a hard climb. We finally found our horses at least five miles down the river, and when we got back to camp we intended to pack the deer on the horses and climb on ourselves, so we lashed the deer behind the saddles and the blankets in front, and struck the trail for home, which we reached just about supper time, with a fair load and a big appetite.





Conducted by A. T. NOE, M. D.



HERE is a rapidly growing necessity for more outdoor life. Each day forces the conviction more strongly upon me that we live too much indoors and that nature, never intending us to live such lives, has her revenge in the nervous, weak-chested race that peoples a greater part of the globe to-day. Man's lungs can not long sustain the strain of indoor air, and the lack of fresh air kills more men than does disease. It is with great pleasure that I note the increased facilities for outdoor sports, but I sincerely wish that more people were eager to take advantage of these opportunities. Here in California, where the climate is more propitious to outdoor life, there is no excuse for any one to stay indoors all of the time. People who work in stores, especially large ones, often take their meals in the store and thus are depriving themselves of a much-needed change of atmosphere; this class of people is apt to be indignant and say "we don't have time to go out. we have to make our own living." They forget that when pneumonia catches them they are compelled to take time to die, or cough until their body rebels and they are forced to a doctor. It is poor and foolish economy to neglect the body. No matter how poor you may be, or how busy making riches, you must have outdoor air; if you don't you won't have time for anything but doctors.

Many women do not leave the house or go into the open air for weeks. No wonder that there are so many puny babies, and that infant deaths are appalling in number. Every man or woman can walk a few blocks outdoors every day no matter what their occupation may be, and if they do not do this they can at least walk around one block. Only a few blocks daily, with head up, chest out, and every breath a deep respiration, will be a specific against cold, coughs and catarrh and tending as well to the

clearing up of the brain, cleansing the blood and giving a general tonic to the whole system. This sort of outdoor exercise is within the reach of all and there is no excuse for negligence on this score. We have so many beautiful nights that there is a temptation to go out and enjoy them, yet the majority sit at home in stuffy warm rooms and read. Take good advice and don't do it. Go out and get all of God's fresh air into your body that you possibly can, and see how fine you will feel.

As I said before, there is an increasing supply of outdoor pleasures for those who may desire to take advantage. Parks are more numerous, while apparatus and devices for fun and sport are becoming popular with almost every class. Schools and colleges are aiding in developing a desire for outdoor exercise, and football, basketball, golf, tennis, archery, bowling on the green and baseball are all more popular than ever before. Country clubs are opening excellent facilities on broader lines, and it was with much pleasure that I inspected the new quarters of the "Claremount Country Club" the other day. Here every possible temptation is before one to indulge in favorite pastimes, and the excellent arrangements are most convenient. All possible success, say I, to such ventures—"more power, to 'em" as the Irishman says. We can not have too many such clubs to enthuse our waning tastes for outdoor exercise, and there is room for a vast amount of philanthropy on this score.

It is a hard matter to discriminate as to the best outdoor sport; individual taste and inclination being so different, and physical ability of so many degrees, each one must choose for himself and use his best means for pleasure, exercise and sport. I have always disliked violent exercise, and I am deeply opposed to any game that taxes the strength to its utmost. Nature does not

provide for long and continued strains, except by collapse, and this is dangerous. No one should train or play until the aching muscles refuse to bear the exhausting strain, for this is sure to bring revulsion of feeling and make the body antagonistic to responding to such calls on its endurance. Besides, there is no pleasure in such terrible effort, for an aching back, tired legs and sore muscles would knock the pleasure out of paradise. Moderation in everything is a valuable adjunct to one's income, and as health is an asset of wealth it behooves us to handle it carefully.

Anything that increases the circulation without taxing the heart is beneficial. Horseback riding is a most glorious sport, and there are few things to equal its pleasure, especially if the air is keen and the man and animal in good comradeship. A man can not be glum or low spirited after a brisk canter in the sweet fresh morning air; if you think so, try it. I have worried and thought for hours over some difficult case, then, jumping on my good old horse have ridden 'til the cobwebs all vanished and gone back to my work with a clear head and fresh interest. I most heartily advise a good horse to the nervous dyspeptic, to the unfortunate possessor of an aldermanic stomach, and to the busy professional who is always on the alert and needs the restful contact and animal magnetism which his faithful horse will give. Of course, much depends on the way one sits on a horse. To mount on a saddle and sit humped up and stooped makes it hard for the horse and he will soon become restless, probably ugly; then both rider and animal are out of sorts and nothing is gained. But when the man sits erect, with his body balanced and his greatest weight on the stirrups, the horse moves along in a contented swing, man and beast enjoying mutual contact, while the body of the rider is benefited as well as exercised.

Boxing in the open air is most excellent, if not too violent, and it develops and strengthens as well as gives good sport. It is most excellent for broadening the chest and increasing lung power. Tennis and bowling are good, but apt to develop but one set of muscles; but if other work is taken to keep the rest of the body well developed I think that both these sports are most attractive.

But of all sports that are especially good fun, and valuable as to physical development, I personally favor archery. This old mediaeval game is gaining great popularity in the East, and I hope it will soon be so on the Pacific Coast. It is equally good for women as well as men and its attractive poses are very fetching when displayed by "my lady fayre." The use of the bow and arrow is most ancient; they have been employed by almost every race of which history gives us record. Especially in our own land of America was it the primitive means of securing food, pleasure and protection. In the hands of the Redmen it is a formidable weapon and the marvelous marksmanship they possess is the wonder of the inexperienced. In England it has always been in vogue, first as a warlike instrument, and now as a popular sport for both sexes. Almost every country home has its enthusiastic archers, and great skill is displayed by its devotees. Greek and Roman history affords many examples of the popularity of the bow and arrow, and the archery of the Egyptians is famous. The Turks are most expert, and the feats they can perform with bow and arrow are almost beyond belief. Even in our own days the bow and arrow are used by many peoples to secure valuable birds and animals, and the skilled hunter finds a valuable friend in his trusty bow.

One charm that archery surely has is its adaptability for old and young, and as I said before, it can be enjoyed by both ladies and gentlemen. At the World's Fair Stadium I saw gray-haired mothers shooting beside their young daughters, and father and son in earnest competition with their bows and arrows. I never saw a more charming or interesting sight. The exquisite poise of well-trained limbs, the sparkling eyes, the grace of the whole figure, the mantling cheeks, all were an inspiration that fired one with enthusiasm, and I am most anxious to see this fine sport popular in San Francisco, and on an equal footing with other games. I think our Golden Gate Park affords most excellent facilities for the game, and I hope I will find enough interest in archery to form a club so we can obtain space in the park, and thereby afford health and pleasure to many.

I especially recommend archery as an outdoor recreation, because it brings into play

every muscle in the body, and every mental concentration. You can not stand crooked or out of poise, round shouldered or stooped, and make a good shot. Every muscle must be in place and every nerve on the alert, while the eye directs and the body responds. In order to put the shot home on the target, you must be poised on the balls of the feet, chest up and in perfect control of nerves and muscles. You must have well-developed muscles in order to have force enough to speed the arrow to the target, and this means training the body to obey your demands upon it. All this, as will be readily seen, is most valuable to health development, which is the most important factor in any outdoor sport. To handle a bow properly takes a little strength as well as dexterity. The muscles of the chest, back, arms and abdomen are brought into active play, and if they are weak or flabby will soon tone up and develop under the practice with bow and arrow.

Nothing will so round and beautify a woman's figure as this graceful game. I saw more beautiful figures on the Stadium field than I ever saw before and I only wish more growing girls would take up and play archery, for there is nothing like it for developing health and beauty. The hollows around the neck, and thin arms, are unknown to the girl who is expert with the bow; and a round neck, finely molded arms and well-developed bust, are the reward of a little exercise at this fascinating sport.

To a weak and narrow-chested boy or girl, this sort of outdoor exercise means life and health and can not be overestimated in value to the growing youth. Aside from the physical benefit there is infinite gain in mental unfoldment and concentration of brain action. This alone is well worth time and patience, for in these days of hurry and too much wasted force, that which gives us mental and physical strength is most valuable.

Many of the ancients were able to shoot an arrow equally well with either right or left hand; this is indeed skill and is an excellent test of dexterity. I am in favor of dexterity in every thing, and it seems to me to be a great mistake to develop the right hand and arm only or to train them alone to skilled markmanship. In boxing, fencing or kindred sports, I think it is wise to be

able to deliver as hard a blow with the left hand as with the right one. So with archery; I should advise in training to draw the bow with the left arm equally with the right arm.

Rowing is excellent for weak and narrow-chested persons, and gives increased lung power. I do not believe in racing with oars, for this means a terrible strain on the back and heart, and anything that overtaxes any organ or the spine is injurious and should be let severely alone. But a good brisk row is exhilarating and most healthful, for the blood is pumped to the extremities and every part of the body. After a good row, a brisk rub down with a dry, coarse towel will cleanse the skin and leave it glowing, dry and warm, while the increased circulation refreshes the whole body.

Fencing in the open air is another very fine exercise, especially for stout men. This game also trains the eye and develops concentration. You can not be a laggard and parry your adversaries' blows. Every nerve must be on the *qui vive*, and every muscle at your absolute command. This is where the value of fencing comes in, for deep breathing is an absolute necessity, besides developing great elasticity in the muscles. To the stout man who is short winded, whose excess baggage is tiresome, there is no better way of reducing his weight and increasing his wind, than a vigorous bout with the foils in the open air; I know this from personal experience. Of course, a mere dilatory waving of arms about will not produce the desired result, but if the contestants will stand poised erect, muscles tense and ready for action, then deliver swift firm thrusts, only a few mornings will be necessary to show a marked improvement. He will enjoy his work more as his adipose leaves him, and he will feel lighter and freer than he has since he began to grow fat. The same is true for women, and they will find less chance for large abdomens to develop if they give a few minutes daily to this delightful sport.

As I have often said in these pages there nothing so fine as a brisk walk in the open air. This kind of exercise does not require any apparatus whatever, and is within the reach of all. Nature's free gifts are most abundant, but because they are so easily obtainable they are not appreciated. No

man need suffer with poor digestion or circulation, or be subject to severe colds; for clean, clear lungs, good, well-aired blood will be a most potent safe guard, and these things are obtainable by giving the body plenty of exercise and at the same time drawing in deep, full breaths of pure, cold air. There is a great prejudice against evening air; this is a hobgoblin which many dread and the very fear of it does more harm than the thing itself. Night air is colder than the sun-warmed air surely, but the breath is warmed before it reaches the lungs, and I do not see where the great danger in night air lies. In fact, I think after the dew has fallen that the air is sweetened and purified and is more fine and invigorating than at any time except early morning. Of course, delicate weak people, with a tendency to poor lungs, can not react quickly enough to get good out of cold air, but to the well person who has been cooped up in a stuffy room all day, a walk in the evening is magic in

its refreshment and vigor. These sharp winter mornings set the blood dancing, and its tingle takes one back to his boyhood days. Many dread the winter, but its cold is a tonic, more invigorating and life-giving than any chemist could compound. So I say again: GO OUT, get all of the ozone possible into your body, and if you can find time take your play and recreation out of doors. Don't be afraid of air; lack of it is far more dangerous than use of it. Let the children out, don't keep them shut up in a warm room, wrapped in thick flannels, but let them romp out doors—they need it!

In reference to the forming of an archery club to meet in Golden Gate Park, any one wishing to join such a club can communicate with the managing editor of "The Western Field," and all information will be given. I should be very glad to see such a club started, and I am sure much benefit and pleasure would be gained through such an organization.



**T**HE most important competition of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club is that held at the opening of each year for the Liverpool Gold Medal. When New Year's day falls on an ordinary week day the competition takes place on January 1st. As New Year's day fell this year on a Sunday, the general holiday and the annual competition for the gold medal took place on Monday, January 2. The dry weather that had prevailed for some time previously had absorbed the excessive moisture and left the course in excellent condition—except for certain hoofmarks of cavalry horses and ruts of wheels. The putting greens were in good trim, so that a ball lofted well would come to rest where it fell. About two dozen competitors played for the Liverpool gold medal and in the thirty-six-hole handicap. The lowest gross scores for the first eighteen holes played in the morning were reckoned for the gold medal, which carries with it the medal play championship of the club for the year. H. C. Golcher won it on New Year's day, 1904, with a score of 85, J. W. Byrne being the closest possible second with 86. H. C. Golcher retained possession of the medal during 1904 and handed it in to the tournament committee for the 1905 contest.

S. L. Abbot Jr. was in fine form, winning the gold medal and the club championship at medal play with a score of 38, 42; total 80, for the first eighteen holes. He also won the prize for the best gross score for 36 holes, with 38, 42, 46,

48; total, 174. B. D. Adamson, who has not played for a year and who came over from Fruitvale specially for the competition, made a gross score of 175 for the 36 holes. S. L. Abbott Jr. also captured the honor of the lowest net score for 36 holes, his score being 174, less 12; net 162. Since custom does not permit the same competitor to carry away the trophies for best gross and best net scores in the same competition, the prize for best net score went to the Rev. F. W. Clampett, whose gross returns of 204 were reduced by a liberal handicap of 36 strokes to 168 net. The next best gross scores in the 36-hole handicap were: B. D. Adamson's 175 (as already mentioned), H. C. Golcher's 178 and Dr. J. R. Clark's 181. B. D. Adamson and H. C. Golcher played from scratch and Dr. J. R. Clark received two strokes. Of the remaining competitors none had a smaller handicap than twelve strokes on the four rounds. Rolla V. Watt, George E. Starr and Warren Gregory made returns only in the gold medal contest; while Worthington Ames, C. W. Bennett and E. N. Bee made no returns at all.

Besides winning the prize for best gross score in the 36-hole handicap, S. L. Abbot Jr. will be the first to have his name and score, with the date, engraved on the Shreve Shield, a handsome silver trophy presented to the club by the well-known jewelers and occupying the central place on the mantelpiece in the living room. The details of the competition are shown in the table:

THIRTY-SIX HOLE HANDICAP AND LIVERPOOL GOLD MEDAL CONTEST.

	1st	2d	3d	4th			
COMPETITORS.	rd.	rd.	rd.	rd.	Gross	H'd'p	Net
S. L. Abbot Jr...	38	42	46	48	174	12	162
F. W. Clampett...	48	58	50	48	204	36	168
C. H. Bentley....	48	44	47	49	188	16	172
S. C. Buckbee....	51	51	53	53	208	36	172
B. D. Adamson..	46	44	43	42	175	0	175
H. A. Blackman..	46	47	45	49	187	12	175
Charles Page ...	49	48	46	47	190	14	176
H. C. Golcher...	48	44	47	39	178	0	178
L. Chenery .....	50	46	51	51	198	20	178
Dr. J. R. Clark...	45	44	45	47	181	2	179
Admiral Trilley..	52	54	54	53	213	28	185
L. B. Edwards ..	61	49	48	51	209	24	185
R. J. Woods ....	57	51	48	54	210	24	186
Capt. J. S. Oyster.	47	51	43	61	202	12	190
W. J. Dutton ...	57	53	57	59	226	28	198
T. W. M. Draper.	57	60	66	60	243	36	207
G. E. Starr .....	49	48	..	..	..	12	..
Warren Gregory..	49	56	..	..	..	12	..
W. H. La Boyt'x.	54	50	..	..	..	14	..
R. V. Watt .....	44	50	..	..	..	20	..
W. Ames .....	*	..	..	..	..	20	..
E. N. Bee.....	*	..	..	..	..	32	..
C. W. Bennett ..	*	..	..	..	..	36	..

\*No returns.

The annual meeting and election of officers to serve during the coming twelve months was held in the quarters of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club on Saturday afternoon, January 7th. The nominating committee, consisting of Rolla V. Watt, George E. Starr and S. C. Buckbee, made the following nominations for the council: Captain J. S. Oyster, R. D. Girvin, R. J. Woods, Dr. J. R. Clark and S. L. Abbot Jr. There being no opposition, the above were elected unanimously. Certain changes in the by-laws were also made, copies of the proposed changes having been sent by mail to the members for signature.

It is likely that a home-and-home match over thirty-six holes, eighteen on one course and eighteen on the other, will be played between teams representing the Claremont Country Club and the San Rafael Golf Club. As soon as the new course being prepared near Ingleside is ready for play, team matches will be arranged between the San Francisco Golf and Country Club and the Claremont Country Club.

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SANTA BARBARA GOLF NOTES.

By LAURENCE REDINGTON.

**G**OLF prospects for the coming winter and spring season in and around Santa Barbara are brighter than ever before in the history of the game here. Already the Santa Barbara Country Club has brought off three successful tournaments, and bogey sweepstakes are regular Saturday fixtures at the club for the balance of the season.

Handicap match play sweepstakes against the Colonel have proved the most popular form of regular weekly event, and a series of these tournaments has been arranged, every Satur-

day morning being set aside for play. In addition to these weekly sweeps, the club will hold several tournaments later in the season, a scratch event for the club championship, and several handicaps for handsome trophies. There is also a strong probability of a series of home-and-home team matches between the Santa Barbara club and teams representing other southern golfing centers.

The Pacific Coast Golf championship is at present held by a Santa Barbara player, Alden B. Swift of the Onwensia Club and Santa Barbara Country Club, and in all probability Swift will be on hand early in the year to get into practice for the event. He intends to defend his title, and if he plays the same game he did last year, will make a strong fight to retain possession of the trophy. Swift is a remarkably deliberate and painstaking player for so young a man, and seems to have unlimited powers of recovery, which allow him to perform some astonishing feats from seemingly impossible lies. Swift is the present holder of the record over the Santa Barbara course, having completed the nine holes in thirty-three strokes. Bogey is thirty-seven, and when the unusual smallness of the greens is taken into consideration, Swift's performance is nothing short of remarkable.

Another well-known young Chicagoan, who is a regular winter resident of Santa Barbara, and who will no doubt do something in the golf line, is Nat F. Moore, of the Lake Geneva Club. Moore won the low-score prize in the last Pacific Coast championship, and is an all-round player of marked ability. Swift and Moore will strengthen the Santa Barbara team to a considerable extent.

A heavy rain in September and light falls since that time have kept the Country Club links in the best possible condition for play, and, provided that no changes have to be made in the course, owing to the purchase of the land for building purposes, Santa Barbara will have the best-kept course in the south for the balance of the season. Some time ago a portion of the land over which the first four holes of the golf course runs was sold, it being understood that the new owners intended to improve their property immediately. In this belief the green committee changed the course, making five entirely new holes east of the present course. Up to the present time, however, nothing has been done toward disturbing the old course and it is hoped that the change will not have to be made until next summer. The new course, as laid out by the green committee and William Welsh, the club professional, will provide a better test of the game, but the lies through the new fair greens are sure to be inferior for some time to come.

The club championship is to be decided early in March. Nearly \$300 was raised by subscription among the members, a short time ago, and this amount has been put into a handsome championship cup. The trophy is to remain permanently in the possession of the club, the name of each year's champion to be inscribed on it. In addition to having his name on the cup, the holder of the championship will receive a gold medal.



# NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington and British Columbia. Conducted by F. M. Kelly.

"Withal,

I would like as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please."

—As You Like It.

**T**HE whole Coast seems to have awakened to the fact that most stringent measures will have to be enacted if the game is to be preserved. Washington enthusiasts are out for the passing of drastic laws governing game and fish, and they propose to agitate for the making of a law whereby the administration of the game laws will be under the direct supervision of men appointed for the sole purpose of enforcing them. At the present time it is claimed that conditions are very unsatisfactory, each county being practically an independent factor as regards the administration of the game laws within its boundaries, the whole being under the direction of the Fisheries Commissioner. It is proposed now to create a distinct office, a state game warden, with a deputy warden in each county; and that the county licenses be done away with and one which will hold good throughout the state be substituted, as the license returns from several counties amounted to almost nothing during the past year, while it was well known that the shooting was especially good and that there were a large number of seekers after sport. It is claimed that the payment of licenses under the proposed changes will make the administration of the game laws self-supporting, with the possibility of a balance which could be devoted to preserves and hatcheries. It will also be suggested that guides be licensed, so that they can be kept track of. In the Olympics, for instance, men who advertise themselves as guides guarantee any number of heads to parties seeking elk. Those who are interested in the preservation of forest life think it would be a wise move to make the means lawful whereby these gentry could be located at all times.

\* \* \*

Oregon, not to be outdone, has also come to the front with propositions essential to the propagation of its game. The Legislature is to be asked to do something there, sportsmen desiring that upland shooting be discontinued for a period of five years, that the bag limit of ducks for one day's shooting be set at twenty, that each resident of the state who shoots pays a license of one dollar, and that each non-resident who would enjoy sport in Oregon's game-fields pay a license of twenty dollars.

\* \* \*

Amendments to the British Columbia Game Act are also in order. The amendments follow: (1) The number of animals to be killed by an individual in one season to be restricted as follows: Elk, one; caribou, two; sheep, two; goats, two; mule deer, six; blacktail, six; white-tail, one. (2) Open season for deer to be extended to January 1st, and not more than two to be killed in one day by an individual. (3) Not more than eight of any one species of grouse to be killed in one day. (4) Not more than twenty-five ducks to be killed by an individual in twenty-four hours. (5) One Indian in each reservation (or group of reservations)

to be appointed a game warden under the local authorities. (6) Sale of all game animals and birds to be prohibited. (7) Naturalists to be allowed a permit to collect for their own collections and museums other than the Provincial Museum. (This should only be allowed for cabinet specimens, skins and not for mounted or ornamental subjects.) Mr. Allan Brooks, a naturalist, who has spent the latter fifteen years in various parts of the province, is mainly responsible for the above suggestions. In an interesting letter which was addressed to Mr. J. Musgrave, the indefatigable secretary of the Victoria Game Club, Mr. Brooks writes in part: "Knowing the interest you take in game preservation, I venture to make some suggestions regarding the amendments your club proposed to make to the Game Act.

"The present law, if enforced, is about the best in America, taking it all round. Too stringent regulations are apt to make too many men into lawbreakers.

"The greatest damage is undoubtedly committed by Siwashes, and the only way to control these is by the appointment of a number of Indian game wardens. The Indian agents should also be compelled to instruct the Indians as the game laws, and required to control the Indians during the close season.

"Elk should have complete protection for a period of years, though I am afraid they are doomed to speedy extinction in any event.

"Caribou should also be protected stringently in the southern portion of the province, as they are getting very scarce. The majority killed in the caribou district are killed from February to May, mostly cows.

"The whitetail deer of Southern Okanagan is getting very scarce. This deer (*odocoileus leucurus*) has a very restricted range and should be carefully protected.

"On the other hand, blacktail and mule deer should be allowed to be killed up to January 1st. At present they are killed by most hunters throughout the winter, regardless of the law. Mule deer do not come down to the foothills until December, and most men wait until the weather has set in cold before seeking them.

"The sale of all game (except, perhaps, wild fowl) should be prohibited. The bag of game per day should be limited. This is much easier of enforcement than controlling the season's bag. For instance, tremendous bags of grouse are being made this season in Okanagan, which will soon reduce the prairie chicken to the verge of extermination, etc."

\* \* \*

Alarmed at the smallness of the salmon pack of '04, the cannerymen of the Northwest, for the purpose of discussing a probable remedy for future years, recently met in Seattle. The outcome is still shadowy, as the programme to govern the industry, proposed by Washington cannerymen, has not been taken over kindly to by the Canadians. The situation is as follows:

For years the Canadian Government has maintained hatcheries in different parts of the Province of British Columbia, several new and large ones being lately established. It refused until a short time ago to permit the use of traps, experts were and are engaged by the province to study the salmon question and provide, if possible, the best means for the propagation of the species, and a close season of twenty-four hours each week was made part of the law governing the fishing industry, so that a number of the fish would have a chance to reach the spawning grounds. On the other hand, the Washington canners have done nothing to conserve the industry, there has been no weekly close season, with the result that comparatively few fish have succeeded in getting by the numerous traps, nets and seines set in waters which they must traverse in order to reach their parent rivers. The Washington canners on Puget Sound had decidedly the best of it, the people who paid for hatcheries being refused the privilege of putting in traps and competing on even terms with their neighbors. Overtures were made by the British Columbia canners to the Washington interests from time to time, but all to no purpose. Now that the Canadian Government has seen fit to grant licenses for traps in Canadian waters, the Washington canners of Puget Sound propose heroic measures. They are as follows: A weekly close season of thirty-six hours during the present year, when a record pack is expected, an entire shut-down during '06, the same observance in '07 as '05, with another all-year cessation in '08. It is not probable that the Canadians will agree for various reasons, the principal one being mistrust of the motive which prompted the programme offered.

\* \* \*

In the realm of the dog fancier much was doing during the closing weeks of '04. It looks now as though the Western Kennel League, which came into existence less than a year ago with a great blaring of noise, would soon be nothing but a remembrance, and not a very pleasant one to those who were responsible for its organization. The American Kennel Club has won over the clubs which had the temerity to strike out for themselves, and probably it is just as well that such is the case, probably better that 'tis so, for now more dogs will be benched, which was impossible under the regime of the Western Kennel League, owing to the conflicting interests in dogdom everywhere discernible in the Pacific States. A lot of trouble was engendered by the secession of the Western clubs from the big league, which was disastrous to the best interests of the dog in the West. Now let us hope we'll have peace and that the American League will continue the magnanimity shown in the hour of its victory.

Following the action of the Portland Kennel Club in withdrawing from the Western Kennel League and going over to the American League, the Victoria Kennel Club has decided to throw in its lot with the Canadian Kennel League. This is about the only course open to the British Columbia clubs, as the jurisdiction of the American Kennel League does not extend into British territory. This move will not interfere with the holding of bench shows; they will be continued and prove as successful as they

were prior to the coming into life of the Western Kennel League. It is considered very probable that the Vancouver and New Westminster Kennel Clubs will follow the lead of the Victoria club and amalgamate with the parent Canadian league. If so, Washington, with its two clubs, will have the only survivors of the Western Kennel League. Their existence, however, can only be a question of a short time.

\* \* \*

The Seattle Kennel Club was in court during December, the action arising out of the trouble which occurred last spring when a number of its members withdrew and started a rival organization, giving it the same name as the club they left. Hence the appeal to a judge, who found in favor of the old club.

\* \* \*

Mr. Helgeson, Fisheries Inspector for the Skeena district of British Columbia, recently brought to Victoria from the Skeena several interesting samples of salmon taken by the Indians near the hatchery there. The fish are not different from their kind, but the singular thing in connection with them, a circumstance which has caused considerable comment, is that they must have been branded some time in the past, for the skin showed quite plainly the letters, though there is still some doubt as to whether they are m's or w's. So far no trace has been discovered as to who did the branding. So far as can be ascertained, it wasn't done on the Skeena. When the mystery is solved, which seems quite unlikely at the present time, it may throw much light on one chapter at least in the life of a salmon.

\* \* \*

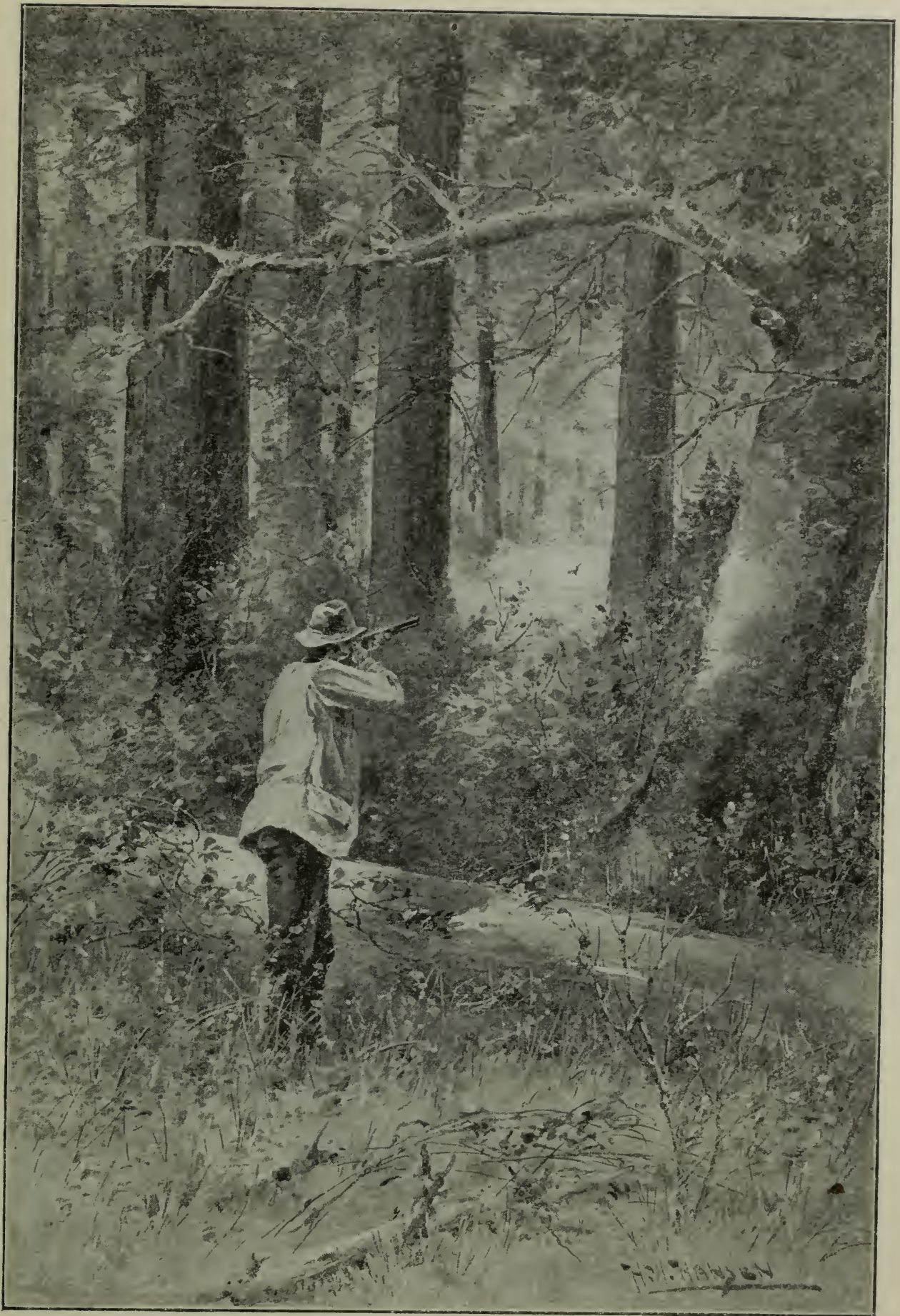
In the November monthly medal competition of the Victoria Golf Club, first place in the senior division was taken by C. N. Cronyn, with 96—12, while W. D. Bruce took leading position in the second-class series. Scores, A division: C. N. Cronyn, 96; handicap, 12; total 84. Colonel A. W. Jones, 102—12; total, 92. C. N. Cobbett, 99—2; total, 97. B. division: W. D. Bruce, 104—18; total, 86. A. S. Robertson, 123—18; total, 105. C. V. Cuppage, 122—14; total, 108. On the same day the postponed ladies' medal competition took place. The result was a tie between Mrs. Combe 76 (playing from scratch), and Mrs. Martin, who went around in 88, less 12 handicap. Mrs. Combe, whose score was as follows: 6, 5, 4, 7, 6, 6, 5, 6, 6, 6, 4, 6, 4, 5—76, broke the ladies' medal record. It was previously 79, and was held by Mrs. Combe and Mrs. Langley. Following are the scores: Mrs. Combe, 76. Mrs. Martin, 88—12; total, 76. Mrs. Burton, scratch, 80. Mrs. Hulton-Harrop, 89—8; total, 81. Mrs. Irving, 91—8, total, 83. Mrs. Musgrave, 100—16; total, 84. Miss Bell, 106—20; total, 86. Miss G. Loewen, 97—8; total, 89. Miss S. Pemberton, 107—16; total, 91. Mrs. Laing, 108—16; total, 92. Mrs. A. W. Jones, 105—12; total, 93.

\* \* \*

A big bench show is to be one of the features of the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland. The enthusiasts of the Webfoot City figure on benching about 1500 dogs, among them being the best canines America can boast of. Pierpont Morgan's kennel, it is stated, has already been entered.







Painted by H. W. Hansen.

AN OCTOBER MEMORY.



From Painting by Grace Hudson.  
Photo by Carpenter, Ukiah.

A GOOD BIRD FINDER.



H. L. BETTEN, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labors, fights, lives breathes for him alone."  
—BYRON.

## PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS.

By Harry T. Payne.

**T**HE twenty-second annual trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club was run at Bakersfield, California, during the week commencing January 9th. Perfect weather conditions and a fairly good number of birds coupled with a large entry of really high-class dogs, made these the most successful and interesting trials in the history of the club. The attendance was one of the largest ever known. The judging was done by a local man, Mr. H. L. Betten, kennel editor of "Western Field," a gentleman who has done considerable handling himself, and certainly does know a high-class field dog. His decisions in the Derby were received with a round of applause and were certainly correct, but in the All-Age were disappointing, everybody, almost without exception, having picked the two grand little bitches, Ladylike and Keepsake, as sure winners of first and second.

On account of the rain Monday morning a late start was made, the party driving to the Gosford ranch where two races were run before luncheon.

**NELLIE P.-CHECKMATE.** First brace put down was J. W. Flynn's lemon and white pointer bitch Nellie P. (Dr. Daniels-Senator's Mistress Nell) handled by Chas. Coutts, and Stockdale kennels liver and white pointer dog Checkmate (Cuba Jr.-Bow's daughter) handled by R. M. Dodge. This brace got away in good cover with a lively gait, making some wide casts in their efforts to locate birds, Nellie especially showing fine form and working very industriously. After a run of nearly twenty minutes, Nellie located a bevy in some low brush. Checkmate being called to back, caught scent and pointed also. Moving on, Checkmate saw a bird running and was only restrained from chasing by the efforts of his handler. This was all the point work done in the heat. Nellie showed best range and was considerably the fastest hunting with a good high head and moving very smoothly. Down forty-five minutes.

**ROMP ON-MODESTO.** J. W. Flynn's lemon and white pointer dog Romp On (Dr. Daniel's-Senator's Mistress Nell), handled by W. B. Coutts, and W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan English setter bitch Modesto (Detroit Joe-Countess Mark), handled by C. H. Babcock, were cast off at 12:40 near where the last brace was taken up. Romp soon secured a point on a single bird along a ditch in the open

field, but the bird flushed before his handler got to him, the dog showing a little unsteady. Modesto next pointed in nice style, Romp running by and refusing to back. Romp then made a point which Modesto backed nicely. Modesto treated the party to a peculiar exhibition: While standing upon a staunch point, a jack rabbit jumped by one of the spectators and, not seeing the dog, ran directly toward her. Slowly Modesto raised her head as the rabbit approached her, but when it had got within about eight feet of her it saw the dog and immediately turned and ran in the opposite direction. This was a temptation which the young bitch could not stand, so leaving her point she immediately gave hot chase after the rabbit. In this heat both dogs ran through a good many birds, possibly because of the density of the cover. Modesto had much the best style both in action and on point, but Romp showed the best range and speed. They were ordered up at 1:20 and the party went to the ranch house where a fine lunch was prepared for them.

**ROMP-SIR RODERICK.** J. E. Terry's orange and white English setter dog Romp (Orion-Terry's Lady), handled by Fred Coutts, and J. H. Schumacher's black, white and tan English setter dog Sir Roderick (Detroit Joe-Dolores), handled by W. B. Coutts, were cast off at 2:37 in an alfalfa field. Both dogs got away fast and ranged well, Sir Roderick making some very handsome casts. Sir Roderick was first to find but the birds flushed wild, Rod. behaving well to the flush. Taking another cast, Rod pointed and Romp backed. Romp then secured a point backed by Rod., but no bird was raised. Rod then pointed, but no bird was found. Casting again to the right, both dogs working their ground carefully, each secured a point. As Rod's bird was flushed he took about a dozen steps and pointed again, following this again by another point. After each had secured another point, the brace was ordered up at 3:15. Rod. had much the better style and certainly the best of the heat.

**BURBANK-JAPAN.** J. W. Flynn's black and white pointer dog Burbank (Dr. Daniel's-Senator's Mistress Nell), handled by W. B. Coutts, and Stockdale kennels black, white and tan pointer dog Japan (Cuba of Kenwood-Winnipeg Fly), handled by R. M. Dodge, were put down in a new field at 4 o'clock. The time of day,



**BELFONTAINE**



**PEACHBLOSSOM - KEEPSAKE**



**TERRY'S LADY**



**TERRY'S ROMP**

the large field of beautiful low cover and the very large bevy of birds well scattered throughout it, enabled this brace to give an exhibition of point work which proved very interesting to the spectators. Burbank secured six points to Japan's five. Burbank ranged well with a good deal of speed, but spoils his appearance by running with an extremely low head. In this last particular Japan was almost as bad and is not so fast. They were taken up at 4:40 and the party returned to town.

#### TUESDAY.

Monday night and Tuesday morning's trains brought many new enthusiasts to follow the dogs. The weather being exceedingly fine, an early start was had in the hope of finishing the derby on that day.

**MARIPOSA-KENWOOD.** The first brace put down in the morning was W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan English setter dog Mariposa (Detroit Joe-Countess Mark), handled by C. H. Babcock, and J. E. Terry's black, white and tan English setter dog Kenwood (Kilgarif-Iona S.), handled by Fred Coutts. They went down at 10:10 near the McKittrick railroad track near a knoll covered with high weeds. After a nice exhibition of speed and range, in which both dogs made several intelligent casts, Mariposa winded birds and worked up to a flush, behaving well to wing. Again running close to a small bunch he dropped the point, Kenwood soon after pointing. Mariposa backing. After this they each secured one point and were taken up at 10:48. Both were fast, wide rangers, Mariposa in this respect showing in splendid form.

**DEL REY BELL-YOULEY.** The next brace to be cast off was Rose and Christensen's black, white and tan English setter bitch Del Rey Bell (Calif. Bell Boy-Countess Mark), handled by Charles Coutts, and M. Lawrence's lemon and white English setter bitch Youley (Stamboul-Ruby V.), handled by S. N. Carlyle. This brace was in good cover where there were plenty of birds. Bell soon found and pointed a small bevy. On the scattered bevy Youley pointed, moved a few feet and pointed again from each point birds being raised. Bell pointed next but moved in and flushed. Youley's next point was nicely backed by Bell, Bell then securing a point. Youley followed this with two points after which Bell secured three. Down thirty-seven minutes. Bell much the best in range, speed and style.

**RIVAL-BOLING'S DUKE.** Fargo Rose's orange and white English setter dog Rival (Orion-Terry's Lady), handled by W. B. Coutts, and W. B. Coutts's liver and white pointer dog Bolin's Duke (Alford's John-Florence Fauster), handled by Charles Coutts, were cast off at 11:52. After a long run in another field, Duke found and pointed. Rival next pointed, but no bird was raised. Then Duke and Rival each secured a point in vines. Both dogs were very uncertain in their work, showing much hesitation. They were taken up at 12:45, and the party went to the Gosford Ranch for luncheon.

**LADYLIKE-CHIQUITE.** J. E. Terry's lemon and white English setter bitch Ladylike (Orion-Terry's Lady), handled by W. B. Coutts, and A. Cadigan's liver and white pointer dog Chiquite (Dr. Daniels-Fan Go), handled by J. E. Lucas, were cast off in a new field at 2:15. This brace got away at a clipping gait and soon covered a large amount of country. Lady crossed through the fence and pointed a running bird upon which she behaved very nicely. Chic ran by, refusing to back, and pointed another

bird. In this heat Lady secured six points, all of which she handled well, to Chic's five. On account of the nice character of the country, the splendid opportunity of observation and the number of close-lying birds, coupled with the almost total absence of errors, there was probably no heat in the Derby so much enjoyed by the spectators as this. Both dogs showed fine speed and range, handled easily and were stylish on point. They were taken up at 2:48.

**FANDANGO-(A BYE).** Mountain View kennels liver and white pointer dog Fandango (Dr. Daniels-Fan Go), handled by owner, was cast off to run his bye at 2:55. He had barely started when he ran into a wire fence in which he caught and hung for a few seconds, spraining his shoulder to such an extent that he went lame for some time and practically put him out of the race.

Moving over to another field, Judge Betten announced that the following dogs would be carried into the second series: Nellie P. with Sir Roderick, Ladylike with Mariposa, Del Rey Bell with Burbank, Chiquite with Japan.

#### SECOND SERIES.

**NELLIE P.-SIR RODERICK.** This brace was put down at 3:55 in a field where but few birds were found. Rod., after a very wild cast, secured a point on an outlying single. Upon the bird being flushed and the dog being ordered on, he pointed again. A little further he drew again to a point, following this with two more. Nellie made no points in this heat. They were taken up at 4:25.

**LADYLIKE-MARIPOSA.** This brace went down at 4:35 in another part of the same section. This proved a well matched pair of speedy, wide ranging and stylish dogs. The first point was secured by Mariposa, beautifully backed by the little Lady. Lady then secured the next point, which Mariposa stylishly honored. Mariposa then secured two more points, both of which were backed by Lady. They were taken up at 5 p.m. While Lady had given an excellent exhibition of point work in her first heat, Mariposa showed much the best in this respect in this. While both were very stylish and classy dogs, they occupied the two extremes, Lady being of the flashy, "gallery-playing" type, while Mariposa attracted equal attention by his grand, dignified style. This closed the running for the day.

#### WEDNESDAY.

This day's attendance was the largest of the trials, in fact so large that it was impossible in most cases for the large number of teams to line up in such position as to enable their occupants to see the work of the dogs.

**DEL REY BELL-BURBANK.** This was the first brace down in the morning, and Burbank opened proceedings by running through the field and flushing without giving any attention to the birds, but working over to where they scattered he redeemed himself by making three good points in quick succession. After this Bell secured a point, followed by one by Burbank which Bell backed beautifully, making one of the prettiest pictures of the trials. Through nearly their entire work the dogs ran close together, behaving rather wild and losing many good opportunities. Down forty-seven minutes.

When calling for the next and last brace of the second series it was discovered that one of the dogs, through a misunderstanding, had been left at home, so during the wait for this dog's appearance, a few braces of the All-Age were run.



**PRIM**



**CUBA JR.**



**BOB WHITE**



**CHECKMATE**

("Prim" is Kennel name of Oak Knoll.)  
Photos by Dr. J. W. Creagh. Copies and enlargements of originals can be obtained at this office.

**JAPAN-CHIQUITE.** This, the last brace of the Derby, was put down in a good field where many birds were found. Japan was the first to locate but he did so with much hesitation, moving around several times before deciding upon the position of the bird. Again Japan pointed unsteadily, followed by two or three false points. Chiquite seemed well on her metal, scoring three nice points, one of which was backed by Japan. They were down forty-eight minutes.

At the conclusion of the heat the Judge announced the winners:

First—Ladylike.

Second—Mariposa.

Equal Third—Chiquite, and Del Rey Bell.

#### ALL-AGE.

**KILGARIF-KEEPSAKE.** J. E. Terry's black, white and tan English setter dog Kilgarif (Orion-Mary Lou), handled by W. B. Coutts, and W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan English setter bitch Keepsake (Calif. Bell Boy-Peach Blossom), handled by C. H. Babcock, were put down Wednesday morning at 10:10. This brace was a case where the extremes meet, Kilgarif being the largest dog in the race, while Keepsake might be termed even a pocket edition of the latter day setter. Both dogs showed an abundance of range and plenty of speed, though in the latter the little bitch outclassed the larger dog. It is safe to say that no two dogs in the whole trials showed more judgment in hunting the likely places than did this brace, and while but few birds were found, neither dog made any errors. Both were staunch on point and both were true to back. In point works Keepsake had a little the best of the heat. They were taken up at 10:57.

**MIDGET - UNCLE JIMMY WHITESTONE.** Stockdale kennels' black and white English setter bitch Midget (Cuba's Zep-Jingo's Bagpipe), handled by S. N. Carlyle, and J. A. Peeble's lemon and white English setter dog Uncle Jimmy Whitestone (Count Whitestone-Sport's May Bell), handled by J. E. Lucas. This brace was turned down at 11:45 in a good open field in which quite a number of birds were found. Quite a number of points were made, but while both seemed bird-finders neither showed a great amount of speed or range, Midget being especially lacking in style.

**FAITH-BELLE FONTAINE.** William J. Morris's liver and white pointer bitch Faith (Silver Dick-Tipaway), handled by S. N. Carlyle, and Rose & Christensen's black, white and tan English setter bitch Belle Fontaine (Count Whitestone-Gracie Gladstone), handled by W. B. Coutts, were cast off at 12:10 in a new field. This was the only blank heat run during the trials, for while the dogs were moved into two or three different fields, neither found birds.

**HARRY H.-OAK KNOLL.** W. W. Van Arsdale's black and white English setter dog Harry H. (Why Not-Sue), handled by C. H. Babcock, and C. H. Shaw's liver and white pointer dog Oak Knoll (Tick Boy-Tick's Maid), handled by J. E. Lucas, were put down in a new field at 2:18. Both dogs showed splendid speed and range and had covered considerable country when Harry ran into a small bevy and dropped to wing. A few minutes later Harry pointed but no bird was raised. Oak Knoll secured the next point, then Harry pointed another single which Oak backed. Harry made another point followed by three points for Oak Knoll the last of which was backed by Harry. Again Harry pointed and Oak backed. To Harry's last point Oak ran in, but dropped to command; no bird

was raised. Harry made another point and the brace was called up at 3:01. Harry is a slashing goer with splendid style and wide range.

(The balance of the day was spent in finishing the Derby).

#### THURSDAY.

**CUBA JR.-McCLOUD BOY.** Stockdale kennels' liver and white pointer dog Cuba Jr. (Cuba of Kenwood-Florida), handled by Dodge, and W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan English setter dog McCloud Boy (Tony Boy-Sadie Hopkins), handled by Babcock, were cast off at 9:06 in the same field where Mariposa and Kenwood ran their heat. While a number of birds were flushed by the spectators, the dogs made rather a poor showing under the circumstances. Cuba secured three points and McCloud two, but both ran over a number of birds. They were taken up at 9:49.

**SOMBRA-POLICY GIRL.** H. W. Keller's lemon and white English setter bitch Sombra (Llwellyn Drake-Shadow), handled by W. B. Coutts, and J. W. Considine's black, white and tan English setter bitch Policy Girl (Dave Earl-Top's Queen), handled by J. E. Lucas, were cast off at 10:12. Sombra secured the first point, followed by a point by Policy Girl from which no bird was raised. Sombra again pointed on a little knoll and Policy Girl, being called up to back, ran in front of her, Sombra holding her position staunchly. Policy again made a false point, after which Sombra pointed backed by Policy Girl. They were taken up at 10:40. Both bitches showed plenty of speed and range, Sombra proving herself very staunch and reliable while Policy Girl was rather erratic.

**GLENWOOD - COUNT'S MARK.** Stockdale kennels' liver and white pointer dog Glenwood (Cuba of Kenwood-Petronella), handled by R. M. Dodge, and W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan English setter dog Count's Mark (Count Gladstone IV.-Peach Mark), handled by C. H. Babcock, were put down at 10:45 on the same grounds worked over by the last brace. A number of birds were flushed by both dogs and spectators, but from some unapparent reason neither secured a point although they were down for thirty-seven minutes.

**AVALON-VALITA.** W. W. Van Arsdale's black, white and tan English setter dog Avalon (California Bell Boy-Blossom), handled by C. H. Babcock, and J. H. Schumacher's black, white and tan English setter bitch Valita (California Bell Boy-Rod's Lark), handled by J. E. Lucas, were cast off at 11:40 in a new field. Here birds were found in good numbers and a number of points made, Avalon securing five points to Valita's four. Avalon is a merry working dog of very good style but not exceedingly fast in his speed or wide in his range, but Valita was too heavy in whelp to do herself justice.

**LADYLIKE-MARIPOSA.** J. E. Terry's lemon and white English setter bitch Ladylike (Orion-Terry's Lady), handled by W. B. Coutts, and William Dormer's (sold to Dormer during the Derby running) black, white and tan English setter dog Mariposa (Detroit Joe-Countess Mark), handled by C. H. Babcock, were cast off in a wide open field at 2:20. A prettier brace than this is seldom seen in competition. They are both fast, very wide rangers and full of style, but neither secured a point during the heat. It is justice to the dogs to say that while both dogs and spectators were all over the field, but three birds were put up.

**JAY M.-BURBANK.** W. W. Van Arsdale's lemon and white English setter dog Jay M.



COUNT'S MARK



SOMBRA



AVALON



KILGARIF

Photos by Dr. J. W. Creagh. Copies and enlargements of originals can be obtained at this office.





**BETSY TREADWELL**



**DR. DANIELS**



**MIDGET**



**IVY'S GLENWOOD**



*BURBANK*



*MARIPOSA*



*SIR RODERICK*



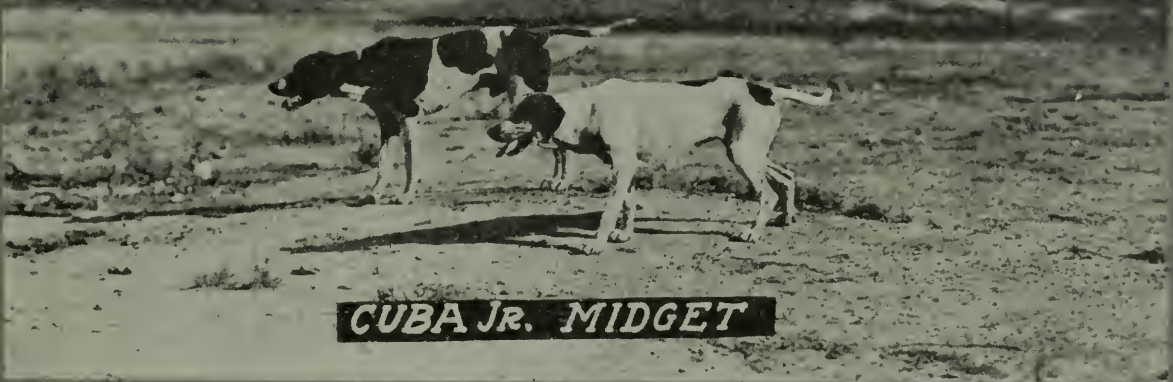
*HARRY H*



**LADY LIKE**



**J.M.**



**CUBA JR. MIDGET**



**BELFONTAIN**



SNAPPED AT THE TRIALS.

Photos by Dr. J. W. Creagh. Copies and enlargements of originals can be obtained at this office.

(Colonel R.-Spot's Girl), handled by C. H. Babcock, and J. W. Flynn's black and white pointer dog Burbank (Dr. Daniels-Senator's Mistress Nell), handled by W. B. Coutts, were put down at 3:26 on the same ground where Avalon and Valita were run in the forenoon. Burbank opened the work on a false point, followed by two good points by Jay and another by Burbank where a bird had just been flushed from. Following this Burbank pointed and Jay backed. Jay secured another point, followed by one by Burbank and backed by Jay. Jay pointed again but no bird was raised. They were taken up at 4:11. While there was an abundance of birds in this field the character of the work did not begin to class with that of several other braces in the series.

The judge announced that he would take the following dogs into the second series: Keepsake with Ladylike, Cuba Jr., with Harry H., Sombra with Jay M., and Avalon with Uncle Jimmy Whitestone, holding Kilgarif and Mariposa in reserve.

KEEPSAKE-LADYLIKE. Although it was quite late in the day, the judge ordered this brace to be cast off. They ran until it was nearly dark along the edge of some timber, but the only bird found was one which Lady pointed in a low stump. It being now almost dark, the brace was ordered up and the party returned to town.

## FRIDAY.

CUBA JR.-HARRY H. The first brace to go down was cast off in the same field where Keepsake and Kilgarif had run their heat the morning previous. A small bevy was found which Cuba Jr., working into, dropped to a flush. After this Cuba made five points from only one of which could a bird be flushed. Harry made no points in this heat. In all other respects he far outclassed Cuba Jr. They were down forty-five minutes.

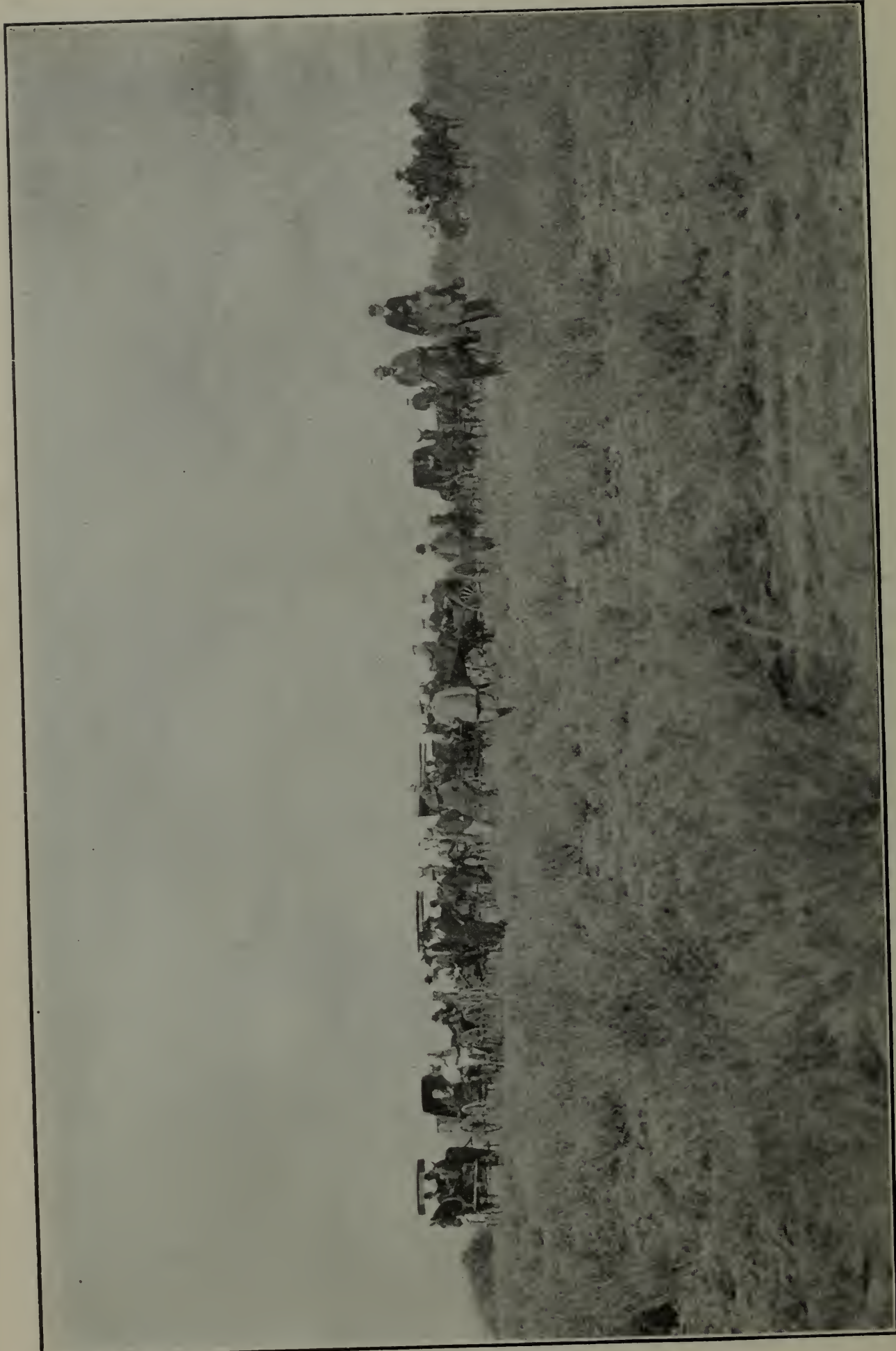
SOMBRA-JAY M. This brace was put down at 9:20 a little further to the south. Birds here seemed scarce also. Jay secured three points to Sombra's one. The work of Sombra in this heat was not up to her previous form. Taken up at 9:47.

AVALON - UNCLE JIMMY WHITESIDES. Moving some distance to the west this brace was cast off in good cover. Uncle Jimmy soon scored three points; on higher ground both dogs ran into a small bevy and paid but little attention to the birds when flushed. Later each dog secured a single point. They were down twenty-eight minutes. While Uncle Jimmy got away with good speed at the beginning of the heat he slowed down very much before its finish.

LADYLIKE-KEEPSAKE. Going into the section back of the Canfield schoolhouse this brace was cast off and gave the spectators one of



JUDGE H. L. BETTEN AND PATROLLER M'KINLEY.



WATCHING AN INTERESTING BRACE.

Photo by Dr. J. W. Creagh. Copies and enlargements of originals can be obtained at this office.



1. WATCHING A FLIGHT OF WILD GEESE.  
2. HOMEWARD BOUND.

3. LAYING THE COURSE.  
4. TWO OLD TIMERS AND EX-JUDGES.

the prettiest exhibitions of quick, snappy work seen in the entire trials. Not over a hundred yards from where they were cast off, and going like the wind, running not over twenty yards apart, they passed, one on each side, of a small bevy, and simultaneously catching scent each wheeled into a point with the rapidity of the snap of a whip. A little farther on Keepsake pointed a single and soon after followed it by another point. Lady then roaded to a flush. Moving on, Lady pointed again beautifully backed by Keepsake. The next point was added to Lady's score. Next, Keepsake pointed about half a dozen birds and, getting uneasy before her handler arrived, moved up and flushed. Lady, in the far end of the field, on a little knoll, with some tall grass, made a beautiful point which she held for a long time before her handler arrived. In the meantime Keepsake, sent up to back, passed to one side of her and pointed the same bird. Inasmuch as Keepsake had upon all other occasions backed promptly and staunchly at first sight, and many times at long distances away, it is hard to believe that she had seen Lady at all. They were taken up at 11:40 and the judge announced the winners:

First—Harry H.

Second—Cuba Jr.

Equal Third—Ladylike, and Jay M.

As stated above, this decision fell like a wet blanket upon the enthusiasm of the spectators, most of whom expressed the opinion that Ladylike and Keepsake should have had first and second with Harry H. third.

#### CHAMPION STAKE.

There were four entries in the Champion Stake: Terry's Lady, Dr. Daniels, Kilgarif and Cuba Jr. In this race each brace has to run two hours, and in order to finish it during the afternoon, luncheon was ordered to be sent out to the field near the McKittrick railroad track. H. W. Keller was chosen to assist Mr. Betten in judging this stake.

**TERRY'S LADY-DR. DANIELS.** J. E. Terry's lemon and white English setter bitch Terry's Lady (Count Gladstone IV.-Peach Mark), handled by W. B. Coutts, and W. W. Van Arsdale's liver and white pointer dog Dr. Daniels (Plain Sam-Dolly Dee II.), handled by C. H. Babcock, was the first brace cast off for its long run. The first bird work of this brace commenced with the Doctor roading a covey feeding in high weeds, but the birds flushed and before he was near enough to establish his point. The Doctor, now realizing that he was among birds, set to work locating them in his usual high form, soon placing a dozen points or more to his credit. In the meantime Lady was by no means idle, and although no birds were raised from her first three points she soon began to positively locate, and added many to her score. Although the middle of the day was rather warm and this brace of dogs worked over a very large territory, both maintained their pace to almost a wonderful degree. At the close of the heat the party took lunch on the field and hurriedly moved a couple of miles to the north where the next brace was put down.

**KILGARIF-CUBA JR.** J. E. Terry's black, white and tan English setter dog Kilgarif (Orion-Mary Lou), handled by W. B. Coutts, and Stockdale kennels' liver and white pointer dog Cuba Jr. (Cuba of Kenwood-Florida), handled by R. M. Dodge, were put down at 3

o'clock. After a long run in which both dogs showed good range and speed, Cuba located and pointed a small bevy. On the scattered birds both dogs secured several points, after which they were moved into another field. Here Kil was first to find and pointed just as the birds flushed. Several points were made in this field as well as in other ones in which they were worked, Kil getting considerable the best of the point work and locating with much more positiveness. Long before the heat terminated both dogs had slowed down very much, and were being so constantly urged by their handlers that the spectators were fully prepared for the final announcement made by the judges that Dr. Daniels was the winner of the stake, and Lady the runner-up.

#### MEMBER STAKE.

The Member Stake had five entries and was run off Saturday forenoon.

**SOMBRA-BURBANK.** First brace down was H. W. Keller's lemon and white English setter bitch Sombra (Llwellyn Drake-Shadow), handled by owner, and J. W. Flynn's black and white pointer dog Burbank (Dr. Daniels-Senator's Mistress Nell), handled by owner. This brace was put down in a sun-flower patch, Sombra soon scoring two points which Burbank backed. Sombra next ran in and flushed. After Sombra had secured two more points the brace was ordered up. Down forty-five minutes.

**ROSE OHM - MONTEREY.** Hugh Hopkins lemon and white English setter bitch Rose Ohm (Earl's Van-Ruby's Chic), Milton Donnelly's lemon and white English setter dog Monterey (Llwellyn Drake-Shadow) were cast off and worked in a heavy cover. Monterey secured a couple of points from one of which, on account of the close cover, his handler had difficulty to raise the bird. Hopkin's entry was a young bitch that had never seen birds but once before, and was only entered through the liberality and enthusiasm of her owner.

**BELLE FONTAINE.** S. Christensen's English setter bitch Belle Fontaine (Count Whitestone-Gracie Gladstone) ran her bye with Judge Post's Mary Hart. While a number of birds were found Belle failed to make any points in the heat. At the conclusion of this heat the judge announced the winners:

First—Sombra.

Second—Burbank.

Third—Monterey.

#### THE ANNUAL ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The annual business meeting of the club was held Wednesday night in the parlors of the Southern Hotel. Considerable important business was transacted, among which was the election of the following new members. F. H. Jermyn, Stanley Wood, Elmer Cox, S. Christensen, Arthur Burton, W. H. Hanlon, J. D. Hauer, Frank V. Bell, Fred Tegler, J. H. Williams, J. M. Donnelly, Dr. A. M. Barker, L. S. Chittenden, Frank Schumacher, Vernon P. Rood, L. McDaniels and J. H. Henry. The old officers had performed their duties so faithfully and well that, on motion of H. T. Payne, they were all re-elected by acclamation. President, W. W. Van Arsdale; first vice president, Clinton E. Worden; second vice president, H. W. Keller; secretary-treasurer, Albert Betz; executive committee, C. N. Post, W. S. Tevis, J. H. Schumacher, T. J. A. Tiedemann and W. W. Richards.



# THE DACHSHUNDE.

By ANDREW D. BROWN.

**W**HAT are they? Will they hunt? They can't run, can they? Do they fight?" These and many other questions are asked the owners of Dachshunde and to every stranger who has never seen a specimen of this breed have to be answered over again.

The Dachs is an ideal dog. One seldom meets the possessor of one who is dissatisfied with him. It is an altogether mistaken idea that only a few old Germans scattered here and there own them. It is indeed surprising how many of them are owned in the United States and they are gradually becoming more and more popular, especially in the East. In a very few years the Dachshunde will become one of our leading breeds because of its usefulness. Perhaps their boom will not be as fast as that of the Boston terrier or collie, but it is just as certain. While one is inclined to ask "What will he do?" those who understand him would be more apt to ask "What will he not do?"

He is intelligent, quick, easily trained, and lacks the usual stubbornness and straying disposition of the ordinary hound. As a street dog and a companion he is unexcelled and when he has a home he knows and appreciates it. "Will he hunt?" "Will a duck swim?" Either of these questions is as foolish as the other. The Dachshunde is about as easily trained as the beagle and is preferred by many because he is slower. He can not run fast, but by a series of leaps he can cover ground at a surprising rate of speed. He can be trained to tree squirrels 'possum and 'coon, and also to run rabbits. No rabbit hole is too deep, nor ground too hard for his little, short, crooked feet. He is as gritty as a bulldog, getting his name from the German word meaning "badger" and when trained will whip one of these proverbially hard fighters in its den.

The following little incident is ample illustration of his gameness: One Dachs was put down a hole thought to contain one badger;



H. KEBDEN'S "KULIE."

the hunters could hear fighting, but were unable to help their dog. In about a quarter of an hour three badgers came running out, followed by that poor little Dachshunde without a piece of skin left on his body the size of a man's hand, and so weak and in so much misery that he had to be shot.

Of his looks I will say nothing, for he is assuredly not a thing of beauty; but all of his defects as regards looks are forgotten when on some late fall morning, quite early, when it is just frosty enough to make one enjoy a nice crisp walk, your little pack of perhaps five or six Dachshunde start off with their cheery *ow-ow-ow*—some high, some low in tone. Now they are out of hearing, here they come back again—bang! and, with another cotton-tail in your pocket you are petting your dogs and hunting for another trail.

So much, in few words of the merits of this little, virtually unknown breed, the Dachshunde. In Germany, where the merits of these dogs are recognized, field trials of them are held and almost as much interest is said to be evinced as at our own setter and pointer trials in America.



WHERE ARE THOSE BIRDS?

# ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 25 cents per line for first issue, and 20 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

**FOR SALE**—Thoroughbred white, black and tan ticked English setter male pups, nine months old. George E. Williams, 621 Railroad avenue, Alameda, Cal.

\* \* \*  
**AIREDALE TERRIERS**—At stud Imported "Waterside Wizard." Fee \$15. "Culbertson Punch," Fee \$10. Puppies for sale by above dogs out of well bred bitches. Address, C. P. Hubbard, Atlantic, Iowa.

\* \* \*  
**FOR SALE**—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, \$25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422, Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon.



\* \* \*  
**THE ANGLERS' ANNUAL**, 1905, 100 pages, illustrated. Now ready; 25 cents, postpaid. Nassau Press, Jamaica, N. Y.

\* \* \*  
**WE OFFER** for sale several of our high-class field-trial and shooting dogs at reasonable prices.

These are the cream of English Setter blood and have had lots of work on game. A number of them are bench winners.

Also offer several fine puppies, over distemper, and well developed. **CALIFORNIA KENNELS**, Del Rey, California.

\* \* \*  
**SPORTSMEN**: I make a specialty of treeing bear for you to kill. Best of deer hunting and trout fishing. Write early for next season. Will insure bear and bucks and a good hunting trip. **A. R. GATES**, Hay Fork, Trinity county, California.

\* \* \*  
**FOR SALE**—Three foxhound pups, two males. Queen II by Ranger, born Jan. 7. Prices very reasonable considering quality. **AUGUST KRIEPS**, 1715 O'Farrell St., S. F.

**\$25 SUIT \$1**

Don't send money. Write for particulars and we will tell you how you can obtain one of our \$25.00 ladies' or gent's tailor-made suits or Overcoats for \$1.00. Write today.

**UNION TAILORING CO.**,  
 230 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.



# TRADE TOPICS

## AQUARIUM FOR THE FAIR.

An aquarium which will contain several hundred varieties of fish will be a feature of the United States government exhibit at the Lewis and Clark Centennial. The Exposition authorities have received a communication from the government Commission asking that a supply of fresh, cold water of 200 gallons a minute be provided for the fisheries wing of the Government Building.

Huge glass tanks from six to twelve feet long will be erected in the fisheries section, containing all known members of the finny tribe that the government can collect. The tanks will be above the level of the floor, and the light will come from above, so that the visitors to the exhibit can see the fish swimming about in their natural element. Several hundred feet of glass walls will be necessary to display the fish true to life. The department will be in charge of experts from the government department, who will attend to the proper care and feeding of the fish.

It is said that special arrangements will have to be made for the accommodation of the chinook salmon, as he will butt his head against the wall if confined in a limited tank, causing his own death. Impatient of restraint, the salmon would, if allowed, commit suicide by charging against the walls of his prison. It is believed that to overcome this suicidal propensity of the salmon that smaller circular tanks will need to be provided for the accommodation of the chinooks. In such quarters the fish could not get sufficient headway, and the curved wall would not offer enough resistance for him to kill himself by impact with the walls.

## WILL BECOME POPULAR.

A breed of dogs as yet very little known, but which from inherent virtues is bound to become immensely popular among our Western fanciers as soon as they make its better acquaintance is the Airedale terrier, one of the gamiest little animals so far produced in the canine world. Better retrievers from water than either Chesapeake Bays or Irish spaniels, they are also of a multitude of uses to ranchmen, hunters, etc., and as a watchdog or street companion there are few dogs as desirable. The Briardale Kennels, whose adlet appears elsewhere, have many elegant specimens for sale, and we advise our readers who wish a typical specimen of this valuable breed to at once enter into correspondence with the manager, Dr. Tucker, who will be pleased to answer all communications.

## TOO GOOD TO LAST.

The calendar for 1905 issued by the Peters Cartridge Company has proved so popular with sportsmen and dealers all over the country and the demand for them has been so great that the supply has already been exhausted. The announcement is, therefore, made by the Peters Cartridge Company that no further orders can be filled.

# SHREVE & CO.

are MANUFACTURERS of

## Presents for MEN

**SMOKERS' SETS,  
WHIPS, CROPS,  
CANES, SWAG-  
GER STICKS** ❖

and other dignified, elegant and useful articles in gun metal, gold and silver ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

**POST & MARKET STS.**

**SAN FRANCISCO**



FRANK D. ALKIRE.

You all know genial, whole-souled Frank Alkire. With his Parker gun he has lately won three high averages: November 22nd, Woodlyn, Ohio, 150 targets; December 20th, Circleville, Ohio, 120 targets; December 22nd, Frankfort, Ohio, 200 targets; high man. Frank says all the credit is due to the Parker automatic ejector. The best he has seen. He says Parker Bros. will tell you why.

BETTER SEND FOR THIS.

The Draper & Maynard Company, manufacturers of the famous pointer dog brand of sporting goods, report very bright prospects for the season of 1905. The demand for their goods has been steadily increasing and they report sales far in excess of last season. Their new sporting goods catalogue is about ready, and will be mailed upon request.

THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN LARGER.

It is a great pity that the editions of the 1905 calendars gotten out by the DuPont and Laffin & Rand Powder Companies were not about three times as large as they were. Although the issue of each was high up in the thousands, the extraordinary excellence of these calendars appealed so strongly to the discriminative sportsmen, who love the beautiful, that the editions were exhausted in record time. It is regrettable that every sportsman in this country did not secure copies, for few more taking and appealing pictures have never been offered to the guild. The DuPont offering was an exquisitely colored picture of a handsome retriever bringing a mallard out of the tules, while the Laffin & Rand calendar portrayed a moose hunt in colors that convey an indescribable emotion to every lover of outdoor life. They both have to be seen in order to be fully appreciated. We trust these companies will have another issue made of these souvenirs.

HOEGEE'S HANDSOME CALENDAR.

One of the most handsome and valuable calendars of the new year is that issued by the famous Hoegge Company of Los Angeles, Cal. It is a very artistically gotten up book 6x9½

inches in size and contains among other things thirty-eight fine half-tone views of the different departments conducted by this firm. The cover is in three colors and the whole book is a fine example of the printer's art. It will be sent gratis as long as the supply lasts to anyone who will write for a copy, mentioning "Western Field."

### THE VALUE OF SMALL ARMS IN MODERN WARFARE.

The Russo-Japanese war has taught modern war experts many important lessons, but none more convincing than the relative value of infantry and artillery in scientific warfare. Formerly it was a popular belief that the greatest power of an army was gauged by its artillery, but recent battles have proved that the real fighting strength of an army lies in the effectiveness of its infantry. Cannons are useful in reconnoitering the enemy's position and searching the opponent's lines, but the tide of battle is turned by the trained infantry—the men who know how to use the rifle. The Japanese attribute their remarkable successes to the skill of their infantrymen in the use of the small arms.

It was this same skill that won the day for the colonists when they were fighting for liberty against great odds. In those days every boy in the land knew how to shoot straight with his rifle, for he had been taught to use a gun from the time he was old enough to lift it.

The healthy outdoor life that the boy lives, when he possesses a rifle means self-reliance, strength of character, fortitude and moral courage. This is why shooting, even as a pastime, is an essential in the building up of a strong race of America's men.

This thought is right in line with the ideas that the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co. of Chicopee Falls, Mass., the famous firearm makers, have been advocating for some time. The handsome book of this company is a mine of information on gun owning and gun shooting, and makes interesting and instructive reading both for the boy and grown up. The Stevens people have offered to send this book free to any address on receipt of four cents to cover postage.



**Mullins Beaver Tail Auto Boat**  
21 Ft. Long. Speed 15 Miles an hour.

**BOUND TO BE FAMOUS.**

The W. H. Mullins Co., the steel boat builders of Salem, Ohio, have added to their already large output in the line of stamped steel motor boats, which promises to be as popular as the small rowboats and hunting boats which this company have been building.

These power boats are made of steel stamped in large rigid plates; are guaranteed to be non-leakable and unsinkable.

The ribs or framework of the boat are entirely independent of the shell; the shell being fastened only at the top and bottom along the gunwale and at the keel. The advantages being that in this construction any vibration on the frame of the boat is not communicated to the shell.

In the making of all motor and high-speed boats great difficulty has been experienced by the vibration of the frame, communicated to it by the engine, opening up the seams in the shell of the boat.

As heretofore constructed boats have always been built with the shell or plating securely nailed, screwed, riveted or otherwise attached

to the skeleton or frame of the boat, while in the Mullins construction this is dispensed with.

This firm will have boats that will suit all classes of buyers, from a 16-foot Torpedo stern model, fitted with 1½ H. P. Mullins reversible engine at \$135 to their Beaver-Tail Auto-Racing boat, as shown in the accompanying cut.

This Beaver-Tail boat is one of the most remarkable ever built, having attained the phenomenal speed of fifteen miles an hour when equipped with a 12-H. P. engine.

This firm is making further tests and will in all probability turn out some record breaking boats in the very near future.

Their handsome catalogue is ready for distribution, and will be sent free upon application.

\* \* \*

**A STRONG COMBINATION.**

Mr. Henry A. Schulze, architect, announces that Mr. Arthur Brown Jr., Architect Diplome par le Gouvernement Francais, has become associated with him under the firm name of Schulze & Brown as co-partners at the offices of Mr. Schulze, 509-510-511-512 Kohl (Hayward) building.



**Mullins Beaver Tail Auto Boat**  
21 Ft. Long. Speed 15 Miles an hour.

FOR LUXURY IN BOATING USE

**MULLENS' STAMPED STEEL MOTOR BOATS**

PRICES: \$135.00 AND UP

The BEAVER-TAIL AUTO BOAT shows the greatest speed of any boat made of its size.

Our 16-ft. and 18-ft. TORPEDO STERN MOTOR BOATS are ideal craft. Staunch, durable and safe. We will send free on request a copy of our beautiful illustrated Catalogue for 1905, which gives full description and includes Mullens' celebrated stamped steel Hunting, Fishing and Row Boats.

**THE W. H. MULLENS CO. (The Steel Boat Builders)**

Member National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers

131 FRANKLIN ST., Salem, Ohio



**IDEAL No. 2 RE & DE-CAPPER.**

**PRICE \$1.50**

Send three stamps for latest catalogue.

Straight Line Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever "A" folds over so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but eight ounces. Is strong and **powerful**. Seats the primers **easily** and **positively** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. Ejects old primer and seats new one **without removing the shell**, which is handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly **twice the work** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield (headless), 32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

**THE IDEAL MFG. CO., 16 U. St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.**

**The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast**

When you write please mention "WESTERN FIELD."

**FREE SCHOLARSHIPS.**

Three of the Jeannette M. Thurber Scholarships for singing, piano and violin—now vacant, will be open for competition at the semi-annual entrance examinations of the National Conservatory of Music of America, 128 East Seventeenth street, New York city. Singing and opera, Friday, January 6th, from 2 to 5 p. m. Piano, organ, violin and all orchestral instruments, Saturday, January 7th, from 10 a. m. to 12 m. and 2 to 4 p. m.

They will be given to students who have no means, but whose talent promises distinction as artists. Among those who have held these scholarships are: Lillian Blauvelt (singing); Bertha Visanska (piano) and Julius Casper (violin). Address "The Secretary."

\* \* \*

**A FEW MORE U. M. C. WINNINGS.**

Colonel J. T. Anthony has been adding a few more top-notch scores to his credit before the close of the season. At Charlotte, N. C., October 24th, he broke 96-100, and at Sumpter, S. C., October 27th, he won the high average, breaking 136-150. U. M. C. Arrow shells were used at both places.

At Taylorville, Ill., October 26th and 27th, Frank Riehl made the remarkable score of 340-350-97 1-5. This easily won the average; as usual, U. M. C. Arrow shells.

Billy Herr journeyed down to Blackwell, Okla., after a short rest at home and shot a fine exhibition. The score was 457-470-97 1-5 per cent, and his shells were U. M. C. Nitro Club.

\* \* \*

**A PERFECT POWDER.**

The Laffin & Rand Powder Company has never been content to let "well enough" alone. Because a certain powder has given universal satisfaction in the past is no reason why a better powder should not be placed on the market.

"E. C. No. 1" and "New E. C." were excellent powders. "New E. C. (Improved)" is a better powder than either of them or than both of them combined. All their good characteristics have been preserved, added to and improved. In fact, judging from exhaustive tests the Laffin & Rand Powder Company believe that no better—if as good—bulk powder can be made. The regularity of "New E. C. (Improved)" is something wonderful. There is no residue or unburned grains; while the velocity is high, the pattern is absolutely regular; owing to its hardness of grain it is not affected by ordinary variations of pressure when wads are seated; it positively will not pit the gun barrel. These are strong claims, but they can be borne out by trying the new powder "New E. C. (Improved)."

\* \* \*

**FOR ANGLERS.**

"The Anglers' Annual" for 1905 is before us. It is edited by Charles Bradford, the noted author of "The Determined Angler," etc., and is mostly composed of an alphabetical enumeration of American fishes, a popular key by which any fish by any name may be instantly identified. It is, in fact, a dictionary of the fresh water and salt water species—their appellations, colors, haunts, habits, habitats, foods, baits, weights, ranges, tides, seasons, sizes, shapes and similes. There is a practical account of the popular rods, baits and tackle used in their capture, an index of fifteen hundred local names and a summary of the fishing resorts. One hundred pages; illustrated; by mail, 25 cents. Orders may be sent to the office of "Western Field."

**DR. G. S. MOORE'S SCIENTIFIC HAIR RESTORER.**

A positive cure for all scalp diseases. Will positively make the hair grow. We challenge the world to equal this remedy.

Send for Free Catalogue.

332 O'Farrell St. - - San Francisco, Cal.



**A GOOD EYE, A STEADY HAND AND A Stevens Rifle, Pistol or Shotgun**

means a successful shot every time. "Stevens" arms are reliable under all conditions. Every gun that leaves our factory is tested by experts and guaranteed to be absolutely perfect.

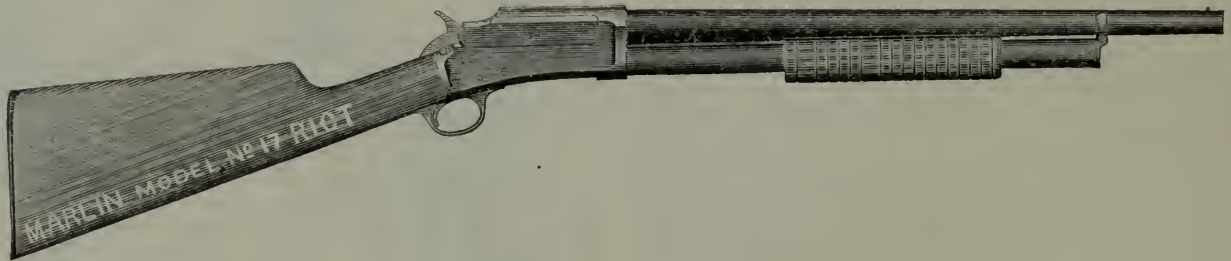
Ask your dealer and insist on our goods. If you cannot obtain them, will ship express prepaid, upon receipt of price.

DON'T FAIL to send for illustrated catalog. It is a book of ready reference, and appeals to all lovers interested in the grand sport of shooting. Mailed for 4 cents in stamps to pay postage. . . . Puzzle free!

**J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.**  
31 Main Street,  
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.

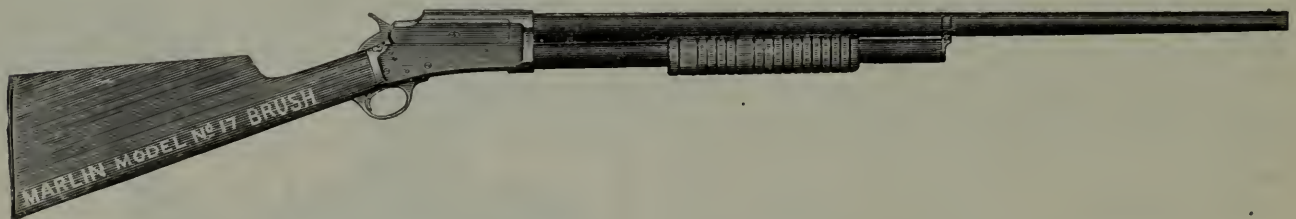
## SOME MARLIN PRODUCTS.

This is the time of the year when the whirr of flying wings makes sweet music to the sportsman's ears and the problem of suitable equipment for the delightful sport afield engages the careful investigation and sympathetic interest of every sportsman anxious to obtain not only the largest measure of gratification over his score, but also the greatest return in the happiness which comes through the use of well-chosen tools. No man who finds pleasure in the use of the shotgun can afford to overlook the claims which the famous Marlin repeating shotguns make to-day. They represent the highest type of mechanical ingenuity, scientific theory and practical skill



adapted to a popular sport. The American is keenly susceptible to brainy and practical mechanism intended either for sport or business, and the rapidly growing popularity of the Marlin products is ample proof that the critical taste of the keenest sportsmen of the world has been satisfied in this famous brand of firearms.

The Marlin Take-Down Repeating Shotgun in 12 and 16 gauges combines all the desirable qualities of any shotguns now on the American market. Their claims are many and varied



and each day may be substantiated by experiment and use.

Absolute safety to the shooter, simplicity in construction, excellence of workmanship, material, finish, balance and shooting qualities leave nothing to be desired. They are made in many grades to suit all requirements and recently the Marlin Company had added a new model (No. 17), which is especially worthy of attention. It is made in "regular," "brush" and "riot" styles. The "regular" model 17

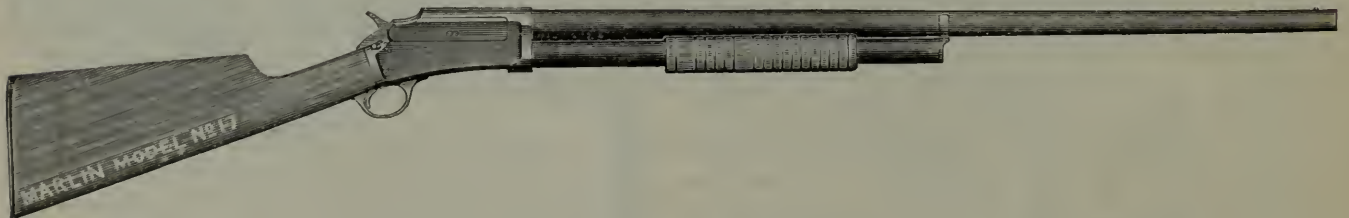
part, the workmanship and finish are of the finest quality and there are several important improvements in details of operating parts. Barrels are bored specially for smokeless powder as well as black, and chambered so that  $2\frac{3}{4}$  inch and  $2\frac{5}{8}$  inch shells may be used. The full-choked barrels are guaranteed to target better than 325 pellets in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards, using  $1\frac{1}{4}$  ounces of No. 8 chilled shot.

The Brush gun is a light, short, open bored gun designed for bird shooting in cover. It can be used with smokeless or black powder and any size of shot, including buck shot. The regular stock gun will be cylinder bored, and this boring will always be sent unless otherwise ordered. Modified and full-choked barrels made to order at same price.

The Riot gun is an extra short and light gun, open bored, for buck shot especially. It is a most deadly arm for guards of all kinds, watchmen, express messengers, and is kept handy in many banks and households as a protection against burglars, thieves and robbers. In this service it is much more effective than a rifle or a dozen revolvers.

The Marlin illustrated catalogue, describing the above guns and all the other arms made by this company, which is in itself a most

interesting piece of sporting literature, may be had by sending three stamps to the Marlin Fire Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., and if you will send your name and address, mention this paper and enclose a stamp to the Marlin Fire Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., they will send you, without charge, one of their desk calendars for 1905. This annual souvenir has now become a feature of the holiday season that hundreds of sportsmen welcome regularly, and among the sporting goods trade there is



is similar to the Marlin model 1898, grade "A." except that they have a solid frame (not take-down) and a straight grip stock. These changes allow of considerable economy in manufacturing so that they can offer the gun at a much lower price than any good repeating shotgun has ever been regularly sold. The omission of the take-down feature saves a number of pieces, making the gun extremely clean, simple and light. The best of material is used in every

hardly an office where one or more desks does not have its handy nook reserved and occupied with the current issue.

The 1905 design is entitled "A Great Shot" and tells a story that any lover of the woods will understand and enjoy developing the details of from his own experiences. The treatment is novel, the work well done, the size convenient, the calendar useful. Send your name to-day to the Marlin Company.

# MARLIN

## The Man Who Knows

never lets anything come between him and the game but a MARLIN. He finds MARLIN accuracy a pretty good thing to depend on.

MARLIN repeaters are made to get the game. They take heavy loads and stand hard service. They never fail.

The MARLINS with the "Special Smokeless Steel" barrels—using powerful, smokeless loads—are the rifles for big game. From the light .30-30—to the heavy .45-70—every calibre has proved its wonderful accuracy and value a thousand times.

Hundreds of vivid tales of MARLIN prowess are told by "The Men Who Know" in our Experience Book. It's worth reading. Sent with our catalogue for 3 stamps postage.

## THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.

No. 51 WILLOW STREET  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.



### A RECORD YEAR.

- The Grand American Handicap . . . . R. D. Guptill
- The Consolation Handicap . . . . . W. H. Heer
- The General Total Average at the G. A. H. . . . . J. L. D. Morrison
- The Grand Canadian Handicap . . . . . Messrs. Meyhew and Hartley
- The Sunny South Handicap at Targets . . . . . W. H. Heer
- The Sunny South Handicap at birds . . . . . T. E. Hubby
- The American Amateur Championship at birds . . . . . D. T. Bradley
- The Five-Man Squad World's Record . . . . . The U. M. C. Southern Squad

These important events were won with U. M. C. shells. The year 1904 has also proved the success of the new U. M. C. .33 primer and the new U. M. C. short-range shells.

\* \* \*

### THOSE FAMOUS INDIANS.

The Hendee Manufacturing Company, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in our pages, have enjoyed phenomenal success with their excellent "Indian" motorcycles during the past two years. At the St. Louis Exposition they were awarded the highest gold medal award for motorcycles, an honor which was well deserved indeed. For a motorcycle which runs perfectly at any and all times, develops the greatest power and speed with the minimum of noise, friction and operating expense, deserves well for the riding public, and this and more, too, are the qualifications of these "Indians."

We know of no motorcycle on the American market which begins to deserve a position in the premier rank of the "Indians" and we say this after an extended experience with and knowledge of such constructions. Better send for the Hendee literature and look into the merits of their product. It will be money in your pocket and satisfaction in your soul.

**REVOLVERS**

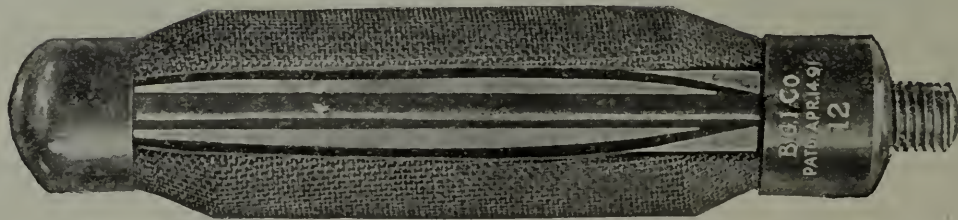
are noted for their absolute safety, accuracy and durability. Avoid inferior substitutes.

Sold direct where dealers will not supply.

**Harrington & Richardson Arms Company, DEPT. 38**  
WORCESTER MASS.

Makers of **H & R Single Guns**  
CATALOG FOR POSTAL

# B. G. I. TOMLINSON CLEANERS



Adapted to all chambers. Clean thoroughly without cutting the inside surface of the gun. Insure the life of your gun by using a Tomlinson Cleaner.

## BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT COMPANY

AGENCY, 315 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

PHIL. B. BEKEART CO.  
114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Harrington & Richardson Arms Company of Worcester, Mass., made a bullseye when they got out their 1905 calendar. It is a particularly fetching bit of color work, representing a modern Diana at rest, with her dog and gun, and is something entirely out of the common hackneyed scheme of most things of this kind. The company very kindly offers to send one without charge to every reader of "Western Field," who requests it and we advise sending for one without delay. It will be an ornament to any room in your house, and for den or office decoration it is the richest thing we have seen this year.



### GOOD AMMUNITION GETS GOOD BAGS.

What Winchester Leader shells are good for. Opening day, Alvarado, nine men, 450 ducks. Every man with the limit bag, and every man, without a single exception, shot nothing but the reliable time-tried Winchester Leader shells.

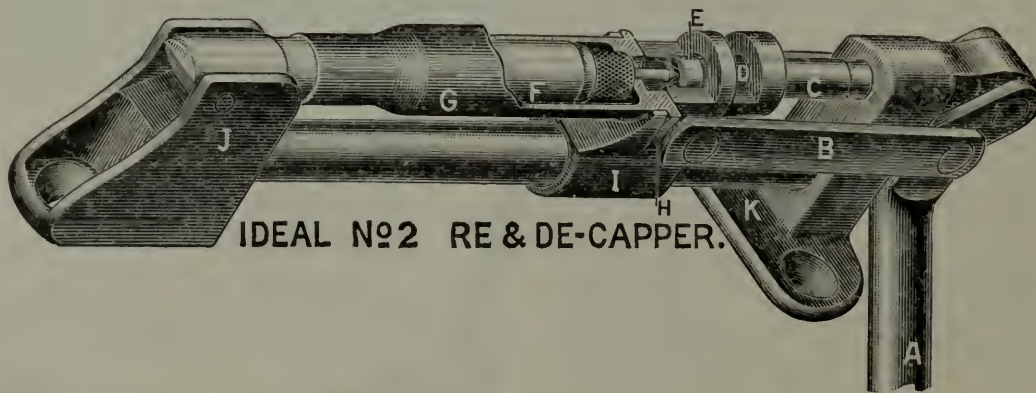
\* \* \*

### A NEW RE AND DE-CAPPER.

The Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn., are now ready to put on the market a new implement for expelling the old primers from shells that have been fired and reseating new ones. The operation is in a straight line, as may be seen by referring to the illustration. The implement may be fastened permanently to a bench or table, in which case it should be located at the right hand, front corner, so that the handle "A" will hang down as shown in the illustration;

or it may be fastened to a piece of board attached to a work bench, said piece of board projecting about four inches beyond the front edge of the bench. The forward portion of the block should be cut out between the Extractor Holder "J" and the head "K," so that the old expelled primers may drop into a receptacle underneath. The cut shows operation of expelling the old primer "E" just completed, the lever "A" is then down and expelling pin is seen as having passed through the fire hole in the pocket of the shell "G," which is shown as half cut away. The Cap Extractor "F" is pivoted to the Extractor Holder "J," the point pin showing near that letter. To complete the operation of re-capping, knock off the old primer "E," drop a new one in slot "D" and raise the lever "A" which is attached to two parallel links (only one of which is shown as "B"). The other ends of these links "B" are pivoted to the Shell Holder "I" in which is slot "H," into which the head of the shell "G" drops, the body of the shell near the head resting in a semi-circular seat. This seat, together with the de-capper "F," holds the shell in perfect alignment with punch "C," which passes through holes on each side of the slot "D," forcing a new primer in the pocket of the shell perfectly true, without tipping. When the lever "A" is raised the links "B" draw the Shell Holder "I" together with the shell "G" up to the punch "C." When the primer is seated the Cap Extractor "F" is raised and the primed shell is removed, another shell is placed and the operations repeated.

The implement is equally good as a hand tool. The lever "A" folds over so that the tool may be carried in the pocket. It weighs but eight ounces. It is strong and powerful. It seats the primers easily and positively to the bottom of the pocket, which prevents misfires. It ejects the old primer and seats a new one without removing the shell, which is handled but once to perform the two operations, thus enabling the operator to do nearly twice as much work in a given time, which is valuable where quan-



IDEAL No. 2 RE & DE-CAPPER.



# WESTERN FIELD



THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

# Clabrough, Golcher & Co.

LARGEST STOCK AND BEST  
MAKERS

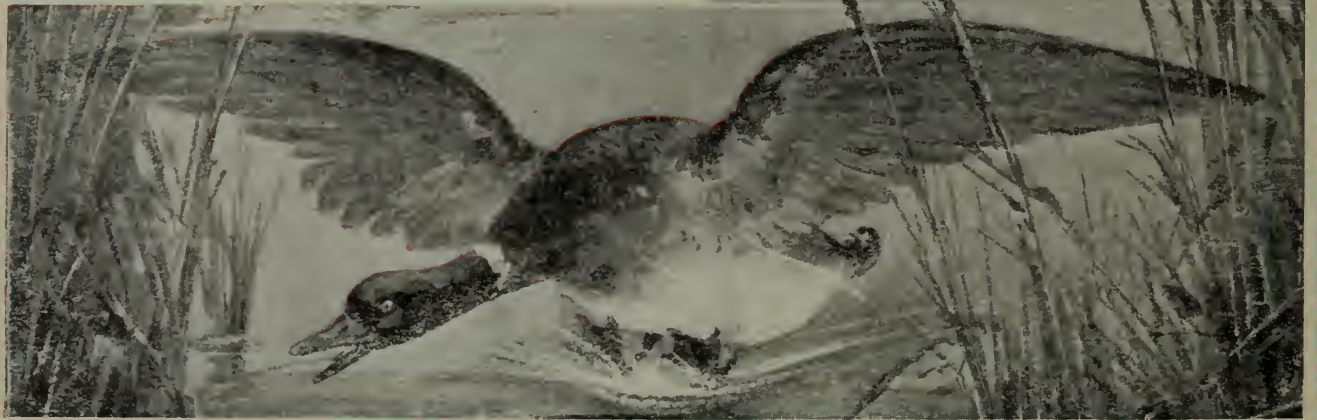
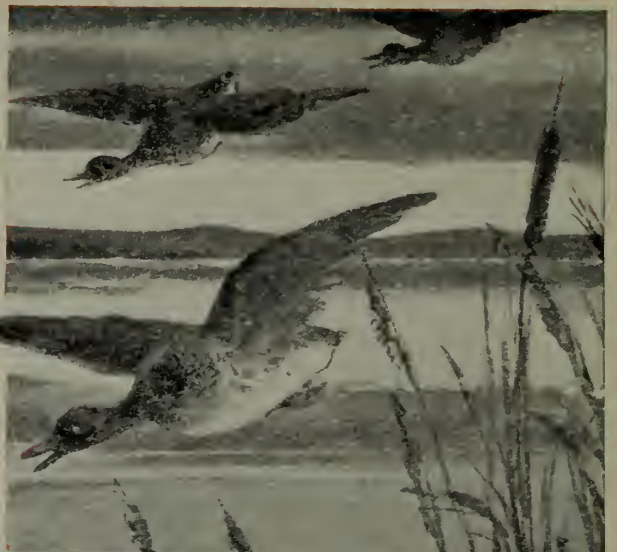
L. C. Smith    J. P. Clabrough & Bro.  
Parker Bros.    W. W. Greener  
Remington    Francotte  
Ithaca    Knockabout  
Syracuse Arms Co.

## High Grade Ammunition

### 538

MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Catalogue Free



MORE

## DUPONT SMOKELESS

Was shot at the Grand American Handicap in 1904 than all other smokeless powders combined. Why?

MORE

## DUPONT SMOKELESS

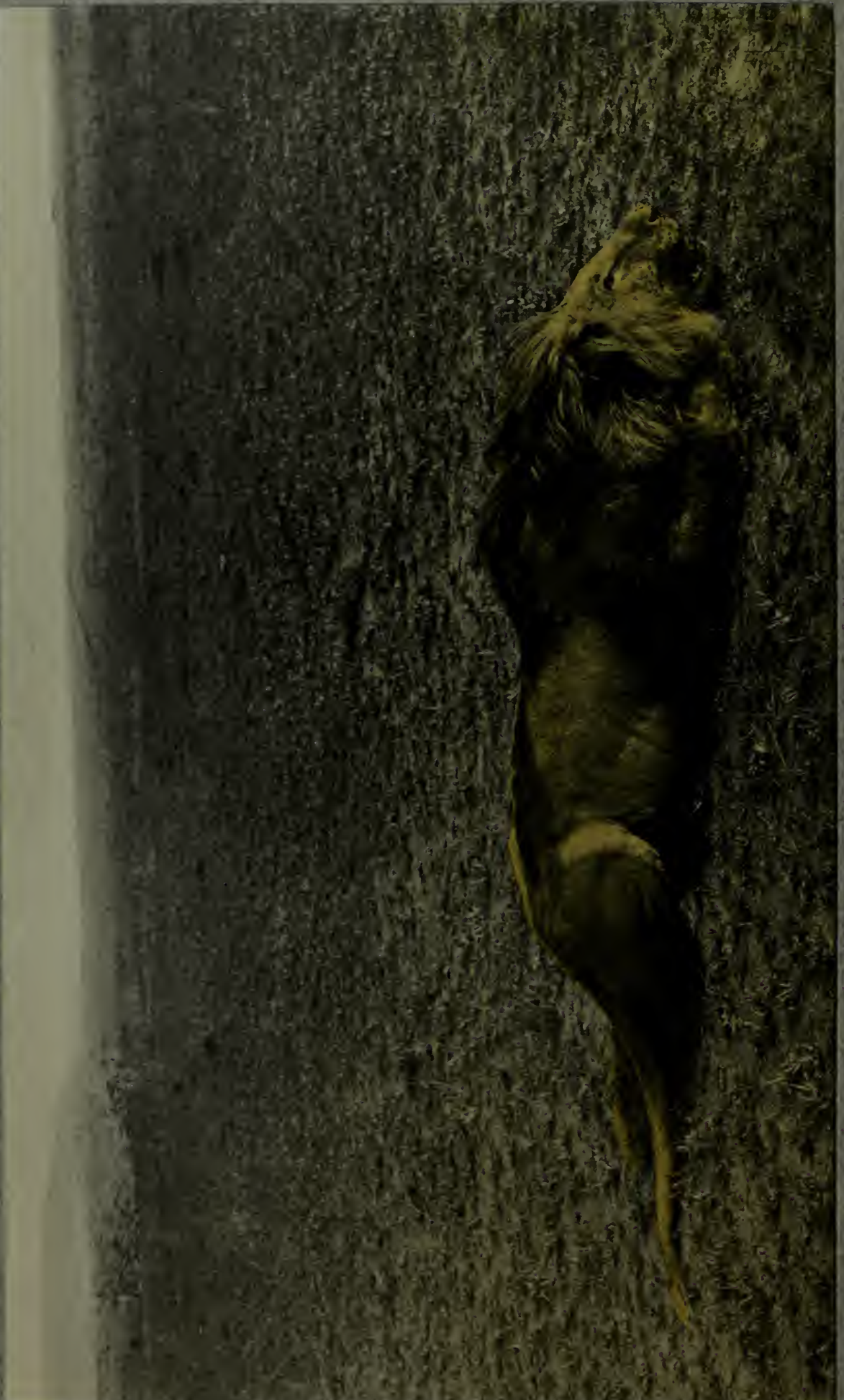
Is shot in America every year than all other smokeless powders combined. Why? Because it always gives satisfaction. Therefore the name and fame of

## DUPONT SMOKELESS

IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE.

Must the men

run



# WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 6.

MARCH, 1905.

NO. 2.

## AN EASY OUTING.

By J. C. HAWVER.



TWO years ago it was agreed among five of us that we would spend a short camping season in the higher Sierras.

Two of the party left Auburn about the middle of August, on an East-bound S. P. train and telephoned back the next day from the Summit Hotel that locations had been looked over, the necessary conveyances secured and that conditions were the most favorable. So three of us lost no time in getting the camp equipage together and boarding the next train.

As this was to be our first experience in real camp life, a tent was spurned; we preferred the dome of heaven for a cover with only the stars to see us sleeping.

Amid bundles of bedding, sacks of cooking utensils and boxes of provisions, we received a cordial welcome from the advance two and the genial management of the Summit Hotel.

A day was spent in short reconnaissance trips in various directions in search of the most desirable spot, all things considered, for a week's campfire.

Our ideal was the timbered shore of some lake nestling among the glacier-formed basins of the very summit, where with an unobstructed view the stars and their constellations could be watched as they appeared in the East and followed in their respective paths above us.

Lake St. Mary, Lake Angela and Lake Azalia were visited; all so perfect in so many respects that neither could be conclusively decided upon; but half a mile or less south of the hotel, in a dense grove of fir and tamarack trees, near a spring of clear cold water that bubbled up through the clean gravel of a small moraine, the camp-fire was built, and empty boxes nailed to the trees for cupboard conveniences.

The knack of putting down a bough bed was soon learned and as there was no lack of suitable material, the camp was soon a luxury of comfort. All the saddle-horses of the valley seemed to be extra busy on pack-trains carrying supplies out to Snow Mountain for the S. P. Co.'s surveyors, so walking as a means of locomotion was resorted to. Of course all were anxious to prove themselves real mountain climbers, with dim visions of Mr. Varden's ascent of the Swiss Matterhorn before them. The bare flank of the nearest summit to the south had a tempting aspect about it, but the attempt to go straight up proved a failure and was voted as foolish as climbing over a high stone wall within sight of this open gateway. A detour was made and the top easily reached, where a lone grouse was disturbed and went whirring off into space over the precipitous brow of the summit's level.

There is something that can not be said in words, to a person who has never been there, that will convey an idea of the experience attending a visit to the very top of a high mountain; it is something each must know and realize and appreciate according to his susceptibility to such impressions, which of course may in a measure be determined by one's bodily comfort at the time as well as one's mental attributes.

It was an impressive thing to be awakened by the chirps of the first bird and watch the changing colors of the sky as each new morning dawned, and to see the glintingsunbeams streak with light the terraced and pinnacled south wall of the valley about the top of Mt. Lincoln. If there were fish in the small streams emptying into Lake Van Norden, they chose to bite so early in the morning that the heavy dew on the grass prevented the fishermen—in this case a woman



ON THE TOP OF MT. LINCOLN.

—from often breaking fast with a finny fry. It is possible there were other reasons exerting a retarding influence.

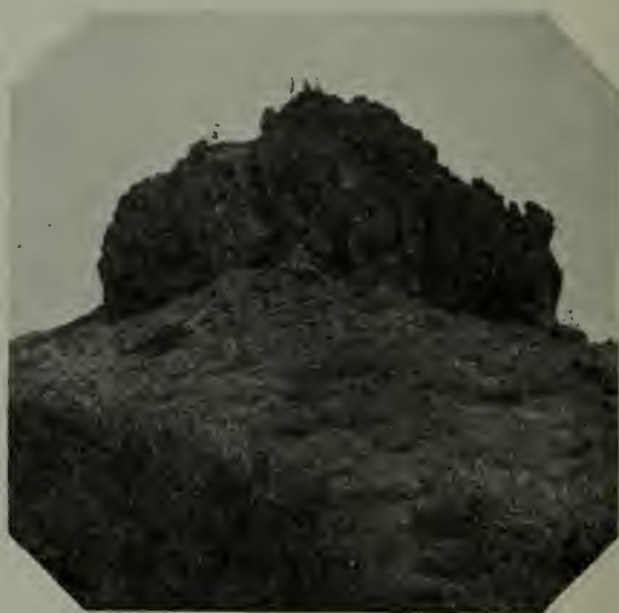
Several visits to the top of Mt. Lincoln were enjoyed, although it involved a climb from the 7000 to the 8000-foot level. There is an abundance of good water along the trails, but the lunch on the very summit means to be thirsty or to carry water up the last few hundred feet. Along the crest of the Sierras, between Mt. Lincoln and Tinker Knob, there is a region for the geologist as near heaven as he can well get, with all kinds of suggestions for his most reflective moods.

One day when resting on Mt. Anderson and passing the sardines and crackers around, attention was attracted to the beautiful cumulus clouds that began forming right over head; they seemed so near and so ponderable, that to think of tossing one's hat up would generate the fear that it would lodge in the clouds and be borne away, for all there was no wind blowing save only a gentle stirring of a most delightful breeze.

But few seasons are so long and dry that old snow does not linger on some north exposures until new snow flies in the fall. Some of these snow drifts were utilized in connection with products of a near-by dairy, to make ice-cream; it was soon learned, however, that plenty of salt and considerable "joggling" were necessary to produce anything better than cold cream.

There are no glaciers in the Sierras, but from about Emigrant Gap up there lies an

abundance of moraines and striated rocks which testify that the glacier has not so very long since gradually shrunk away and disappeared. One of our delights was an early morning walk out on the glacier-ground granite of Donner Pass. The view and general environment is such as to make all love to linger there, but when quietly resting under the protection of a storm-worn



THE "PLUG" OF CROW PEAK.

juniper tree, rooted fast in some narrow seam in the rock, recalling the history of the early pioneers who struggled so hard to gain that summit, the spot seemed enchanted and to leave it was like awakening from a dreamy sleep. We had planned on a week's camp when leaving home, but as long as the provisions held out time seemed as abundant as the gloriously large quantity of fresh air and pure water which bubbled up in innumerable springs about Donner and Crow Peaks. At the foot of Crow Peak, near its northeast corner, runs a trickle of water unsurpassed by any that nature can possibly distill.

Had civilization made less of a demand on Summit Valley for lumber and wood, leaving just a little more than a relic of its primeval forests standing, what a wonderland of beauty and delight it would be to every one who could look upon it with other eyes than those of greed. The one and only depressing influence to be felt along the way from Colfax to Truckee is that caused by the destruction of the forest. Man is the only creature created that insists upon making a region

uninhabitable as soon as he begins to inhabit it; he seems ever ready to kill the goose in hopes of getting the golden egg.

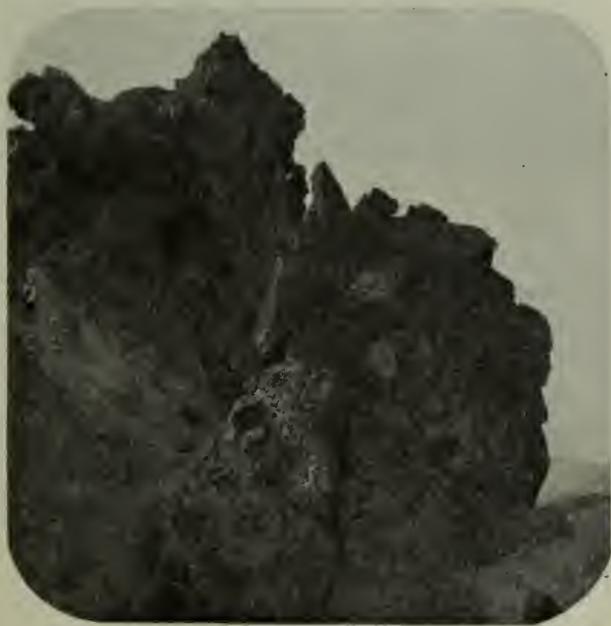
A sawmill man estimates that it would take 200 years of nature's best efforts to make these mountains a profitable place for lumbering again, could forest fires and the ax be excluded now.

Over Mt. Lincoln, 8400 feet high, or about 1400 feet above the valley, it is but six miles to Soda Springs by a trail; three of the party left camp one morning, making their way to Soda Springs over this trail by lunch time. A thunder storm arising on Tinker Knob, it was decided to return by the wagon road, making in all about twenty miles' walk for the day. The storm confined itself to the immediate summit and on reaching camp about dark, we found it deserted and well

sequent erosion had broken down and carried the south rim away. It is about three miles to Donner Lake, with a difference in altitude of nearly a thousand feet. It is seemingly but a hop, skip and a jump for the most indifferent walkers to go to the lake any morning.

Our party made a gay day of it and although not indulging in much boating, fishing or even swimming—for all of which the place is most famous—the restfulness beauty and delightfulness of it all marked the day as one among the few of a lifetime. It was an up-hill pull back to camp, where we arrived with an appetite that any epicurean might envy and the bough beds seemed like just what they are, the most fragrant and comfortable sleeping places on earth. Three of the party, inspired by a lofty ambition, took the trail for Castle Peak one glorious morning—(but then all the summer mornings are glorious along the summit) visiting Litton Lake and great numbers of interesting spots along the way.

The granite ridges of the south slopes were very easy climbing, it being only necessary to avoid the patches of dense undergrowth that are so frequently met with; the best of pure cold water was found at the foot of the lava cap that overtops the mountain. As the summit was approached from the east no effort was made to climb further than the foot of the flag pole, so our



TOP OF CASTLE PEAK.

drenched, so we found comfort for the night with the rest of the party at the hotel.

Crow Peak is an easy climb and furnishes interesting study; its summit is the "plug" of an ancient volcano, while a little way down on the southwest side a crater of more recent times has formed. Some of the fumaroles are still open, but nothing is escaping from them; its floor contains a cone-like mound of andesite with an opening in the top, near which is a small morained deposit of fine materials. Viewed from the ridge extending to the southwest it is easy to see what a perfect bowl-shaped crater this was until earthquake disturbances and sub-



CROW MOUNTAIN.



LOOKING DOWN ON TRUCKEE.



CASTLE PEAK.



SODA SPRINGS.

names were not registered on the roster in the tin cylinder at the top of the chimney which is of typical andesite and towers 9139 feet above sea level. A small patch of dirty looking snow was clinging in a crevice on the north side just below us, the melting of which was feeding the south fork of Prosser Creek, ultimately to become a few drops in the current of the Truckee River. Descending a short distance, we rested among some trees, whose storm-bleached tops glistened white against the deep blue of the sky and in suggestive contrast with the green boughs and brown bark growing on the opposite side of the trunk. Here, for amusement, we loosened boulders, some of them water-worn, that rattled through the dried leaves of the wild sun-flowers, gaining headway and lengthening their bounds until crashing into brush and standing timber hundreds of feet below, the echoes of their thuds and thumps growing fainter and fainter until distance seemed to swallow them down.

Inattention to direction, and mistaking the upper west lakes for Lake Azalia, led us too far down to the east, necessitating our climbing a high granite ridge and making a rapid march to avoid the fast approaching darkness which fairly overtook us before the hotel was reached.

There are several ways of going camping. Mr. Muir saw Yosemite for two dollars by putting a sack of bread on his shoulder and one foot before the other. Some put their outfits on burros and busy themselves with a club when not in camp. Others go by wagon and camp in a new place every night, or find pasturage for the team while established in a main camp. Jolting along all day over rough, dusty roads, and camping wherever night overtakes the team, (that is generally overloaded), is not so bad as it sounds, when the party has all summer for a vacation; but where only two, or at most four weeks can be spared, it is easier and more economical to board the train with what is necessary as baggage, and get into camp at once wherever it is most desirable and convenient according to the party. At Summit Valley we found no trouble in getting our outfit taken from the station into camp, and such supplies as bread, (as good as can be baked) fresh meat, milk and butter—in fact anything wanted—were obtained at most reasonable rates at the hotel.





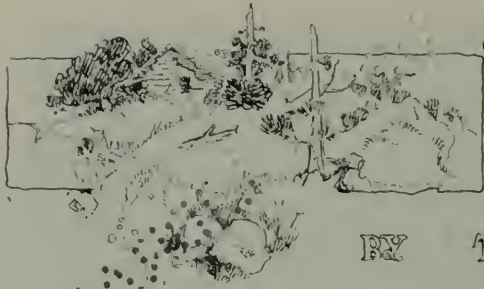
## MY CHURCH.

I WAKE before the faint flush reds the east,  
 Wide open throw my casement to the  
 morn,  
 And in the great cathedral of the world  
 Look up to God, forgetful of man's scorn.

The scent of flowers like incense fills the  
 breeze;  
 The ancient stars my waxen tapers are;  
 The murmuring leaves speak countless holy  
 prayers  
 That unto highest heaven speed afar.

This is my church, my place of holy prayer;  
 Here conscience plies her ever-ready rod;  
 Here do I worship, here I know and feel  
 The presence and the glory of my God.

—*Thomas Maitland Marshall.*



# "BIG BILL"

## the BEAR HUNTER

BY F. SHILLEY SUTTON



WILLIAM M'GUFFEY, commonly known to the hunters and trappers of the Blue Mountains as "Big Bill," was locally celebrated as a great bear hunter; and probably it was largely due to his successful and lengthy career as a nimrod that the big black and cinnamon bears of this Oregon hunting ground were fast becoming extinct. At present, when tourists step from the train at the summit station, Meacham, and gaze beyond the famous log-cabin hotel at the once densely wooded mountains—now looted by the lumberman—there is little to suggest the presence of bear, deer or other large game; yet these mountains, in early days, were a veritable rendezvous for all kinds of wild animals; and from twenty to thirty miles in the north interior may yet be found some fine specimens of black and brown bruin.

It was in this vicinity that "Big Bill" had erected his cabin; and after spending the best part of his life in a hunting tour of the world he settled down to the life of a hermit in the lonely Oregon mountains—contented with the meager living that he derived from hunting and trapping. But once a year, and sometimes oftener, Bill took a load of skins to Pendleton or La Grande, and on these occasions generally tried to get back in touch with civilization by indulging in a protracted spree, several bar-room fights, and other equally worldly sports. His reputation as a bear hunter was far-reaching, and he was generally liked among his own class of people; but nevertheless he bore the name of being "a bad man," "a tough character," etc., while some secretly whispered that he had once served a term in the penitentiary, was wanted for murder, and had held up more stages than Boon Helm. This gossip, connected with his stentorian voice and formidable verbosity, made him seem altogether a dangerous personage, and there were few of his own class who

ever cared to offer an adverse opinion or question his physical superiorities. It was admitted that he was a good bear hunter, and that he knew every trick, trait and characteristic of every tribe of Bruin "from a to izzard." He had hunted polar bears on the ice-bound shores of the Arctic; had killed scores of the flying fox and kangaroo of Australia; knew all about the big grizzlies of the Rockies, and the cougars of the Northwest. In fact, there was only one animal that Big Bill had not slaughtered. This was the deer. He had often expressed a desire to get a good shot at one, and had marveled to his friends upon his inability to come across this particular animal. However, he had never actually hunted them, for he usually confined his ammunition to beasts that he considered enemies of man. There lies the story.

Bill, as his popular appellation implied, was a "big" fellow, large of bone, brawny, reckless, rough—a regular go-lucky daredevil in everything. If there was a "cuss-word" any place in common use, it could be found in Bill's vocabulary, and there wasn't a really mean thing that he couldn't do or say if the occasion called for it. At least, such was his reputation. He was generally ready for a scrap, willing to be worsted if he met the right antagonist, and was never happy except when running his eyes down the barrel of a gun. So much for the common opinion of the multitude. There was an *alter ego* that few had seen. Bill had another side to him. His heart was as "big" as was his vocabulary of cuss words, and his magnanimity would have done credit to many a famous philanthropist. Nothing, perhaps, was too mean for an enemy, but at the same time nothing was too good for a friend. If he had his faults, he also had his redeeming qualities. And, too, another paradoxical peculiarity of his nature was his love for animals. His nature, in this respect, was utterly incompatible

with his life. He had been known to haul a crippled cub ten miles to camp, bandage its wounds, nurse it back to life and strength and turn it loose again. On one occasion he walked into La Grande, carrying under his arms two fawns that had been robbed of their mother by some heartless beast or hunter. He nursed them for three weeks on a bottle, then—afraid to take them back to the woods, lest some one should kill them—he sent them to his home city to be placed in a park. Another incident which illustrates thoroughly his peculiar tenderness for animals was told shortly after his death by a trapper from Meacham. The trapper, hurrying through the mountains in a December snow storm, came suddenly upon Big Bill, who was erecting a shed out of pine boughs and needles. It was a cold day—almost equal to a blizzard—and the snow was beating down in hard particles, like sleet.

“What you doin’, Bill?”

Bill actually got red, and avoided a reply, whereupon the trapper started forward to investigate.

“Oh, nothin’, Bill explained, “only jest a durn fool rabbit got its legs broke, somehow, an’ seemed to be freezin’. I thought I’d jest cover it up, you know.”

Once afterward, at Meacham, the trapper started to tell the story in a barroom, and Bill offered to “set ‘em up to the house” if he’d keep silent. I mention this little incident to exemplify his nature.

It was along in the summer of 1890 that two young college students from Walla Walla happened into Meacham, heavily armed for big game, and particularly anxious to meet “Big Bill” McGuffey. They had been informed *en route* that he was just the man to instruct them as to the best game haunts, and they had heard so many tales of his bravery and phenomenal marksmanship that he had come to be regarded as a sort of hunting god—a veritable Agamemnon, or a direct relative of Diana. Upon arriving at Meacham the two young men ascertained the location of the old hunter’s cabin, which was in the Red Cañon, some twenty-five or thirty miles from the station, and thither they immediately made their way, bubbling over with expectancy, and prepared to kill all the way from ten to a thousand bears. Big Bill, who had never known what it was to have

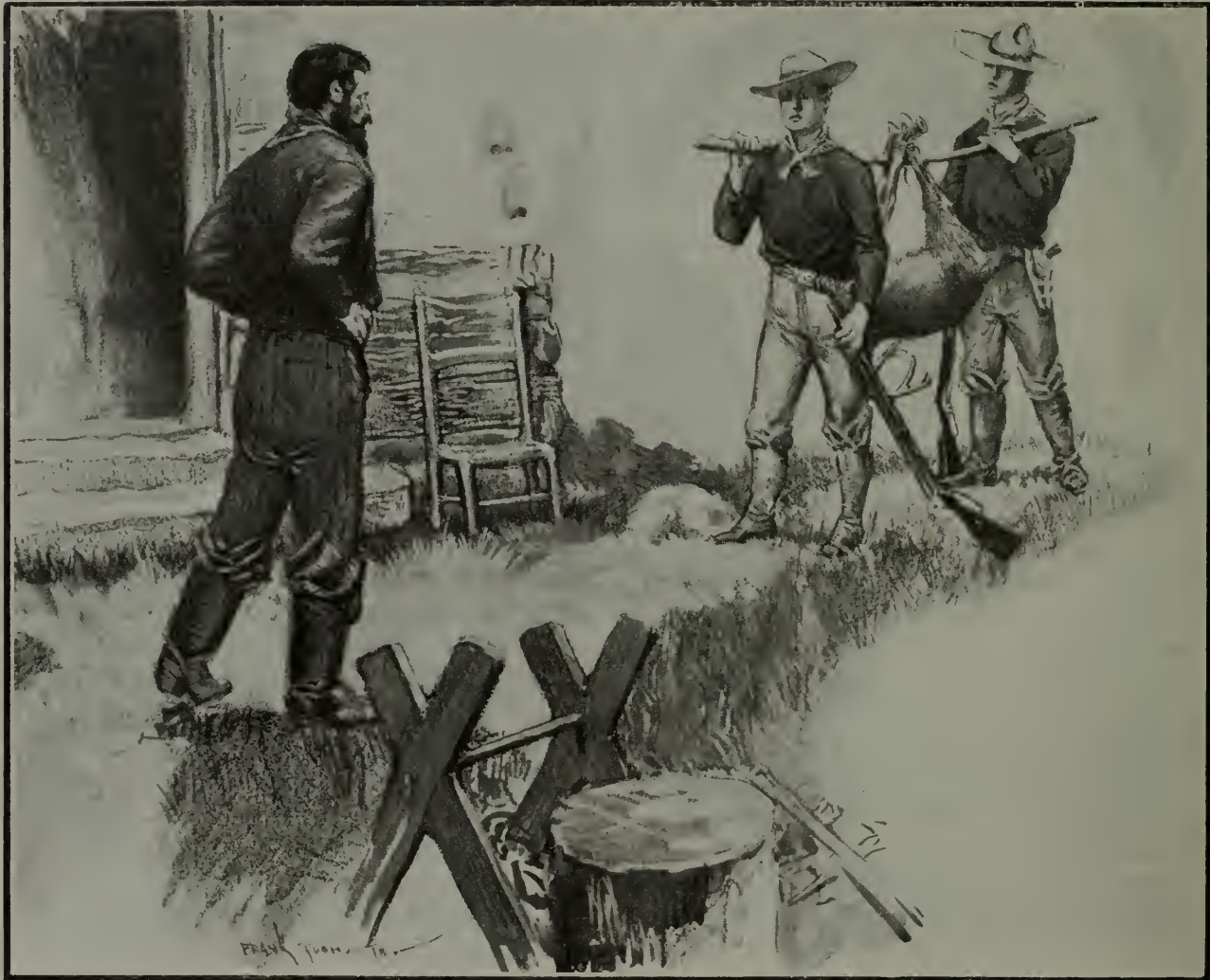
company even for a day, met them at the door with a glad welcome, and shared with them his bacon and blankets with all the hospitality of a paid host. When they informed the old hunter that they “were out for bear,” he smiled broadly, and began to tell them a few of his hair-raising anecdotes. They passed the first day listening with open-mouth interest to his reminiscences of blood and bears, and by the morning of the second day concluded that it wasn’t bears that they were looking for. Did he know where there was any deer? A deer, or something like that, would suit them better.

But Bill shook his head in the negative, and replied, thoughtfully, that he didn’t remember ever to have seen anything in that line “tharabouts.”

“But what you want to shoot deer fur, when thar’s lots o’ good b’ar-meat to be had?” Bill asked, eying them sharply. “Say, you fellers just come with me. I’ll show you some sport.”

So that day, and the next, Bill dragged them after him through woods, brush, rocks, cañons and mountains, and toward the close of the second day the much-desired Bruin revealed himself. He was strolling leisurely among some under-brush at the bottom of a deep gorge, and Bill at once recognized him as an animal that he had once encountered in a bloody conflict. The animal turned slowly about, and with an ominous, rumbling growl started briskly off into the brush with long, fearful strides. Bill lifted his rifle, took a surprisingly quick aim, and pulled the trigger. A moment later they saw the animal rolling convulsively among the rocks, where in a few minutes he breathed his last. It was the easiest thing the boys had ever witnessed, and was done so quickly that the young students were dumfounded. After that they found the old enthusiasm returning, and no longer harbored a fear of the formidable Bruin.

One day, about a week after the boys arrived at the old hunter’s cabin, they went out alone in search of bear—taking with them a good supply of cartridges, a hunting-knife, six-shooters and rifles. They returned late in the afternoon, almost breathless, declaring that they had run across a “whole drove of deers” about two hundred yards from the mouth of Red Cañon, a point but a short distance from the cabin. Bill



"BIG BILL \* \* \* SAW THEM AS THEY APPROACHED."

looked incredulously at the young hunters, and smiled, agreeably.

"Well, why didn't you get one?" he asked, calmly.

"We—we couldn't get close enough," one of them explained. Then he added, testingly: "Why, even you, Mr. McGuffey, couldn't have shot one if you had been right on them! You never saw such wild animals."

"*Me* couldn't shoot a deer?" They were touching a tender spot in Bill's pride, so he threw his shoulders back with much dignity, and continued with a tone of cold assurance: "Huh! thar ain't a critter as walks on four legs that *I* couldn't bring down if I wanted to. Blast my buttons, gentlemen, but I ain't been huntin' these twenty-five yeers fur nothin'; No sir! You kin chew my suspenders ef I don't go out an' show you what kind of a hunter *I* am!"

With this expression of braggadocio Big Bill shouldered his "Old Trusty" and walked

moodily out into the red glow of sunset. The woods and hills were burnished with gold and crimson of departing day, and he gazed around him with a strange expression of mingled doubt and uncertainty. A character-reader could have traced a suggestion of latent fear depicted in his bronzed visage. Slowly, with a glance backward at the cabin, he extracted a lengthy plug of tobacco and bit from it an extra large mouthful, which he began to chew vigorously. Then he started slowly down toward the Red Cañon.

It was nearly dusk when he reached the place where the "drove of deer" had been reported by the two young hunters, and there, standing calmly in a little glade among the timber, he saw one lone, innocent and unsuspecting deer. It was a deer that long ago Big Bill McGuffey had learned to look upon as a pet—one that he loved almost as one would love a child. He had said nothing to the boys of its presence, for he knew that they would laugh at him; but

for several days the fear had been eating at his heart—the fear that they would see and kill it. All through the long, lonely summer the animal had sought his door for protection, when the presence of bear or panthers jeopardized its life, and many a day he had sat by the cabin and watched it feed at the forest's edge. Why he should care for it he did not know; but perhaps it was because the animal had never been afraid of him. Well, he would show those college students that Bill McGuffey was a good shot—a hunter of the old school. Slowly, carefully he raised his rifle, and took a long, deliberate aim at the animal's heart. The deer was not afraid, and stood watching him with obvious interest in the big, brown eyes. One—two—three minutes Big Bill allowed his eye to roam steadily down the barrel, but his finger was powerless to pull the trigger. Finally, with a strange, unnatural laugh, he lowered the gun and turned thoughtfully back toward the cabin.

The boys met him at the door.

"Where's your deer, Bill?" one of them asked, half-banteringly.

"I only saw one," Bill answered, quietly, "and the critter was too fur out o' range, so I let him go. It was gettin' dark."

The following day the two young college students started out in quest of the deer, leaving Bill to look after some bear traps down the cañon. When they returned that

evening, they carried with them, on a pole across their shoulders, the carcass of the little deer. Big Bill, standing in the cabin door, saw them as they approached, and from his lips fell an oath that almost shook the ground and caused the two young hunters to drop their burden.

"You blasted, bloomin', consarned, white-livered idjets! You don't mean to say you went an' killed a harmless little critter like that, do ye? You're a dad-blasted pair o' hair-brained simpletons!"

In a moment, however, he grew more calm, and then, as they carried their burden on to the cabin-door, he told them how he had sighted for the animal's heart and how his nerve had failed him.

That night there was fried venison for supper at the log-cabin, but Big Bill McGuffey refused to participate.

"Mebbe I'm a consarned dunce," he said, with an odd smile, "but the way that critter had o' lookin' at me jest kind o' won me to him, so I couldn't touch that meat no more'n I could eat a chunk off'n my own arm. But nibble my necktie if I don't get a b'ar tomorrow to make up for it!"

And he did.

The story is just an incident, but it shows that even "bold bad men" sometimes have a woman's soft spot in some little corner of their hearts—and the story is not without its lesson.



# SOME HUNTING REMINISCENCES



## PART II.

**F**OR some weeks after this, we worked slowly north and west through the range, camping here and there for a few days at a time adding steadily to our pile of bearskins and curved *Ovis montana* heads, and at the same time steadily reducing our stock of groceries. Among other incidents, I may mention that I was once unwillingly compelled to pass a night away from camp. It happened in this way: Bob, our second guide, was hunting with me on the west side of the range, in a country intersected by the deep and steep-sided cañons characteristic of the Rockies. We had noticed two fine rams feeding on the far side of one of these cañons, which had taken the whole morning to cross. The far side was flat and offered no convenient cover, except high grass. I managed, nevertheless, to effect an artistic approach. By the time that I reached the flat on the far side of the cañon, the rams were lying down, and I could just see their great curving horns over the grass. I slowly approached up wind in a sitting posture, with my head clear of the vegetation. When I was something like two hundred yards away, the rams caught sight of me and sprang up, standing for a moment to inspect me, I suppose. Taking a full sight on the back of the largest, I was lucky enough to break his spine, but missed the second ram as he ran—like a streak—for the cañon. By the time we had returned with the head across the cañon back to our horses, it was getting late. Idly spying up the gorge with my glass, before starting for camp, I saw a large bear coming down a trail on the other side. The opportunity was far too good to be lost. Again we scrambled down the cañon side, caught the bear feeding upon wild cherries at the bottom, put an express bullet down her throat as she gazed upward at us

over a rock, and finally, after skinning her, we regained our horses as it began to get decidedly dark. We were in a hurry, of course, and my horse shied at the bearskin—broke away and bolted—had to be followed and caught, and I soon afterward realized the reason of Bob's profanity. A mountain mist descended upon us, and before we were a mile on our road to camp it was absolutely dark and raining heavily. In a few moments I could not see my horse's head. We camped perforce that night in the open, supperless and smokeless—everything upon us being wet through—with saddles for pillows and the fresh bearskin for a covering. At the first streak of dawn we started for camp and got there in time for breakfast, none the worse for our outing. But all that night I had, for the first time, envied Bob's capacity for chewing tobacco.

We had now killed about a dozen bears without any serious difficulty. "Where are the fighting grizzlies?" we one evening asked our guides, with all the insolence and confidence of youth. "We supposed that the Big-Horn grizzlies could—and would—fight."

"This heer shootin' picnic ain't over yet," growled the men in return; "there's some old grizzlies about this range that know how to fight, and don't you forget it. You may happen on one yet before you're through, and then you'll find out all right what a b'ar fight means."

The opportunity came sooner than I had expected. Jack and I had spent the morning after the conversation just related in cleaning bear hides, and after lunch we rode away north into some rough country where I had previously seen the indication of many bears, and after a time we came to the top of a hill commanding a distant view. From here we spied, with a glass, a bear not very far away. Exactly how far I could not tell. We

promptly hustled off in pursuit and after a ride of a mile or more came to an open park, in the center of which lay a fallen tree. The bear had evidently been feeding near that tree. I happened to be riding ahead. "There's a bear," whispered Jack, as a big gray head appeared above the trunk. What followed in the next few moments takes longer to tell than it did to happen. As I sprang from the saddle to shoot, an enormous grizzly of the largest kind—quite a different animal from the bear first seen—jumped up on the trunk of the tree, behind which he had been feeding on a dead elk. As I pulled the first trigger, he sprang down, all claws, teeth and hair, and charged directly at us. The shot was a miss, over his back; and here was grizzly not thirty yards away, on a downhill run and obviously intent on first blood. The second bullet went home, right in the center of the broad furry breast—so we afterward ascertained. He turned a complete somersault and, lighting on his feet again, came on apparently uninjured. My rifle was now empty and there was no time to reload. The next few seconds were a nightmare. I turned and jumped at my horse. This animal, seeing the bear close behind me, swerved and bolted. Grizzly, now only a few yards away, was rising to strike with a great sinewy paw that could, with a single blow break a buffalo's back or tear out all his ribs. With a cold thrill down my spine and a "hollow" sensation at the pit of my stomach, I also swerved and bolted—up the hill—for all I was worth, in what Jack afterward described as ten-foot strides. He, meanwhile, with unloaded rifle thrown on the ground, sat on his horse fifty yards away and emptied his six-shooter at the bear with no appreciable result. I glanced nervously over my shoulder as I ran, and then saw that the fight was over. Grizzly—obviously mortally wounded—having missed his blow, was blundering on downhill, probably not knowing where he went. Even an old King-bear, weighing at least nine hundred pounds of sinewy, mus-

cular flesh and bone, could not long withstand the effects of a half-inch expanding bullet, propelled by five drams of black powder through a Henry rifled barrel, crashing through his body. I stopped short, rapidly reloaded, fired two more bullets behind the shoulder of the bear, and laid him dead almost at our feet.

An inspection of the surroundings showed the half-eaten carcass of an old elk behind the fallen tree in the center of the open park. We had disturbed an old grizzly at his dinner and had aroused his temper. This explained the sudden and savage nature of his charge. We took the skin and skull of our fallen foe and then went in search of the bear first seen, but failed to find him. We then returned and found and killed yet another bear eating remains of the elk already mentioned. This bear bolted ingloriously for the timber and was shot in the process. Then we went back to camp. The laugh around the campfire that night was "on me"—very decidedly.

Three days later we began to think of re-

"AN OLD KING BEAR."



turning southward. It was near the end of September, and the weather was threatening. A snowstorm had kept us in camp for a couple of days and we had built a "wicky-up" or Indian tent with young fir trees and boughs. On the third day the weather cleared, and that evening some of our party brought the news that much rifle shooting had been heard on the east side of the range. We noticed that our guides were distinctly uneasy during that night and a good deal was said about Indians. Next day Jack and I went out to investigate in the direction in which the shots had been heard. We found the carcass of a freshly killed buffalo—also numerous horse tracks crossing the range from east to west. These tracks, Jack asserted, were those of Indians on the warpath, first because no party of white men would be at all likely to travel in such numbers; secondly, because the horses were unshod. For these reasons the men were necessarily Indians. As there were no marks of poles, which drag on the ground and leave a trail, these Indians, according to Jack, were unquestionably on the warpath. On our return to the railroad some weeks later, we found that our guide's deductions were correct. A band of red men on the warpath had crossed the range a few miles from our camp—fortunately the recent snow had concealed our trail and our presence—and had subsequently proceeded to raid a valley further west. The rifle shots which our party had heard the previous day were, no doubt, the Indians killing some animals for food. Our guides now refused to do any more hunting and insisted upon an immediate return. Next day we left our camp, with regret, and proceeded to go south in what we, who had never experienced an encounter with Indians, considered an undignified hurry.

Another bear episode, however, was in store for us. I had ridden ahead of the pack-train and was engaged in eating some lunch as I jogged along, when, turning a corner, I caught sight of a fair sized silvertip digging for roots. The temptation for a shot was irresistible. I jumped from the saddle and with the bridle over my arm, opened fire on the bear. My horse had recently become rather jumpy under fire and would not stand well. The continuous and all-pervading smell of bear's grease for many weeks past had

tended to upset his nervous system. For one shot he stood still, strange to say. This luckily broke the bear's leg. Then my unruly steed dragged steadily on my arm, while I continued ineffectually to bombard the silvertip, who at first indulged in a variety of curious antics, no doubt furious, and wondering what strange fly had bitten him. After a moment he galloped on three legs to a neighboring belt of timber. During the interval between my first and last shots, the whole pack-train had filed into view and our men watched with amusement what they were subsequently pleased to describe as a circus. But no halt was made. Jack and Bob showed great anxiety to move on, and they afterward explained that they feared my shots would be heard by the Indians who might take a notion to follow us. No such idea had entered my inexperienced head. That bear had to be killed; and our party disappeared in the distance down the valley as I followed the wounded silvertip—a well-grown two-year-old—into the timber, where I found and killed him. I took his skin and claws and then hustled on after my friends whom I did not catch up with till dark.

Four days' steady traveling took us out of the Big-Horn Range; but Jack was very much disturbed in his mind and was not happy till we were once again south of the desert and the Rattlesnake Range. What we chiefly feared was the theft of our horses. Six well armed men would only be attacked by Indians if taken by surprise. But to steal our horses would have been an irresistible temptation and an easy task for a redskin marauding band; and to compel us to travel home on foot would be almost as bad as taking our scalps or our lives. Fortunately nothing of the kind occurred. We reached our ranch in due course with a load of twenty-two bearskins and fourteen big-horn heads, the largest of which latter trophies measured thirty-nine inches along the curve of the horn and eighteen inches round the base. We had, in addition, a couple of buffalo heads and two of blacktail deer. For the last week of our travel south, our stores had been short, and we had learned by experience how easy it is to do without luxuries. Tea, oatmeal, bread and meat constituted our diet for the final seven days of the trip. It was now the month of October and the weather was cold. We wanted two-



wapiti heads to complete our season's sport, and accordingly proceeded for ten days to explore a range of mountains on the east of the North Platte River, this time with a wagon carrying our stores and baggage—including a tent stove—in order to obtain some of these magnificent trophies.

Notwithstanding all that I have written concerning the attractions of hunting big-norn grizzlies or buffalo—no matter what I may have said as to the splendid variety of Rocky Mountain big game in the seventies—I am prepared to assert that the finest wild animal of them all is the mature wapiti bull, that magnificent great red deer that I have never yet hunted in his native forest without a thrill of extreme admiration for his appearance and great excitement in his pursuit.

Almost everybody has seen an engraving or Landseer's famous picture "Monarch of the Glen." Imagine the deer portrayed in that painting magnified in size about twice, with horns sixty inches long, the three top points on each side of his twelve-point head, not as a crown, but on a plane—the first tine of the three being the longest and heaviest of all—and there you have the "Monarch of the Divide," the finest deer in the world. More particularly in the autumn, in the time of love and war, is he a beast of strength, grace and beauty. Lean of flank, with a great black ruff of long hair around his neck, hoarsely whistling and bellowing defiance to all comers till the forest resounds, occupied only in guarding and fighting for his harem of cows, the old bull elk in October is a joy to behold, and an irresistible temptation—in season and in reason—to hunt and to kill. "Why kill him?" is a question that often

forces itself on one's attention. "Why not admire him, photograph him by snapshot if possible and then leave him in peace?" Echo answers, "Why not?" The only true reply is that it is part of man's nature to kill wild animals. Hunters generally are drawn from "all sorts and conditions of men," and are thoroughly representative of the *genus homo*. It is the world-wide instinct of civilized as well as primitive man to hunt and to kill, as I have already stated; and even in the year 1904, *homo sapiens* is a carnivorous omnivorous, predatory animal.

The big game hunters of the class for whom I speak have done practically nothing to reduce the stock of Rocky Mountain big game. They have only killed in reasonable quantity for sport and healthful excitement and exercise, the old bulls and such like; and all their combined killing multiplied fourfold would have had no appreciable influence on the natural increase of the stock, except perhaps in the case of such game as wolf, bear, and mountain lion, where no distinction of age and sex are drawn. Hide hunters, settlers and Indians, who have killed in the past regardless of season, numbers, age, or sex, are the real authors of that sad diminution of the wild animal life of the Rockies that has taken place during the past thirty years. Wapiti have only been saved from total extinction by their own natural activity and instincts, by the establishment of game wardens, by a license to kill that must be paid for, by a restriction on the numbers allowed to be killed per hunter, and last, but by no means least, by the strictly enforced game sanctity of the Yellowstone National Park.



# IN FAVORED SAN JOAQUIN.

By PAUL G. CLARK.

(Pictures by Mr. Bert Lyons and the author.)



THE region adjacent to the river of the San Joaquin affords an emporium for the sportsman, and in its almost infinite variety, its fabulous plenty is nowhere equaled even in this richly endowed State of California.

The San Joaquin is one of the two great California rivers. It waters a country whose richness and yield are proverbial. Its watershed embraces almost 21,000,000 acres, half available for agriculture. Arising in the high Sierras, rain and melted snow send down tributary creeks and streams which unite to form the water course of the San Joaquin. From the summit range of the Sierra Nevada, through rugged cañons and hundreds of miles of plain, runs seaward the river which gives life to an imperial region.

No more beautiful or instructive proof of the prolificness and progress of the West can be obtained than by a trip by boat up the San Joaquin, passing by fields of wheat and barley, orchard fruits of every variety and great truck gardens producing in immense quantities. The transportation of the river has made wealth of land possible here. Through San Joaquin county the water course is lined with luxuriant growths of swamp willows, interspersed with blooming shrubs and bushes of the wild blackberry. Here are fertile fields, great oaks, herds of cattle in pasturage and some of the most renowned varying interests on the globe. On the reclaimed lands, particularly at the delta of the rivers, so large are the returns that the credulity of even an expert agriculturist is taxed. And while contributing so greatly to the wealth of men, the river and its region afford as rich a variety in the matter of sport.

Almost any day in the year the river resounds with the *chug chug* of the launch, plugging its incessant way from town to tule, filled with the pleasure seekers, the

ardent hunter or the inquisitive tourist. And at all light hours white wings of yachts may be picked out on the horizon—yachtsmen from San Francisco penetrating to the tules. The beauty of the river scene is always supplemented in the lazy afternoons by row and scull boats and there is the occasional dart of the canoe.

For the fisherman the San Joaquin river furnishes an actual paradise. Does there live one who does not reckon among his most unsullied joys the memory of goin' fishin' ? Was there ever greater cause of trial, a more supreme excitement or a vaster reward for patience? The last element is largely eliminated on the San Joaquin, for when it comes to shad you can just dip them up! In May and June the annual run of these fish begins, millions of them going up stream. A single dip of a small net in the waters yields five or six fine fish. There are plenty of bass in the San Joaquin, both of the striped and black varieties. Some of the fishermen have caught immense specimens. The stream is thoroughly stocked, a recent addition being several thousand of the gamy black fellows.

Great hauls of catfish can be obtained in the river by netting and they take a bait readily as well. The man in the picture is pulling at more than he was able to haul alone. Every reward of the most fastidious fisherman may be satisfied in the San Joaquin. Here he can find salmon, perch, carp, sturgeon and steelhead, with trout in its tributaries.

One of the great hunting grounds of the West is in the valley of the San Joaquin; here can be found mallards in great plenty, with every other variety of duck—sprig, teal, canvasback, widgeon, in fact all sorts and kinds come to the marshes.

This great game field is in touch, too, with civilization and handy for the "man-at-home." Stockton may be left by the hunter at four o'clock in the afternoon. He reaches the hunting ground in plenty of time for the



ON THE SAN JOAQUIN.

light of ducks is more pure. The hunter is indeed allowed by law but fifty a day. But whose fervid imagination demands more? The great string of ducks in the picture exemplifies their plentitude in this section. There are 279 of them, 179 of which are mallards. A great many ducks breed here, taking up their residence for all summer. But the great flight of birds commences in the middle of October when they come in from the north.

Stockton is a remarkable place for love of duck hunting. All ages are affected by the contiguous opportunities for the sport and almost every one there belongs to a gun club. There are a number past the regulation lease of life who never miss their trips to the tules



SHAD ARE PLENTIFUL.



ONE MORNING'S BAG.

evening flight, commencing at dusk and continuing till dark. Comfortable cabins have been erected at many places down the river to facilitate the sport.

Four o'clock sees the man who ordinarily arises two hours after sun up, with gun ready when he visits the tules. What is the wonderful spell cast on him by the change of scene? Ducks, hunting ducks! He paddles away in the cold gray morning to his blind in the tules, warmed by his fervor for the sport. He has found a small stream and in there has picked out a cove which his instinct tells him is the place for ducks. He is not mistaken. Here he is amply rewarded for the cold, the mist, the early paddle, the self-cooked breakfast! There is no greater satisfaction out of heaven. Not even sudden fortune produces such a glow, for the de-



MORE THAN HE COULD HANDLE ALONE.



HUNTING LODGE ON SAN JOAQUIN.

when the season is on. Their ardor in the sport equals that of the new member. The union in the tules presents one of the most varied and edifying pictures of our civilization. Eight professions are to be represented in one Stockton gun club.

The best duck shooting in the country is found in the long marshes and the overflowed land some nine miles northwest of Stockton. The shooting of this region is not at all limited to ducks. The cry of the goose is heard at night as the gray traveler goes on his way to the tule land. Quails are found, and in August there are plenty of doves, with snipe and shore birds in varieties too numerous to mention.



## MILADY HUNTS

**M**ILADY strolls the forest glen;  
 A huntress she, and stern arrayed.  
 No fripperies to hinder, when  
 Milady strolls the forest glen—  
 For lo! Milady's Dian then;  
 A truce to things that balk a maid!  
 Milady strolls the forest glen;  
 A huntress she, and stern arrayed.



Milady's dog is puzzled, quite,  
 For all in vain he points for her;  
 The startled birds at last take flight.  
 Milady's dog is puzzled, quite,  
 Milady's eyes are clear and bright—  
 She sees, so why each chance defer?  
 Milady's dog is puzzled quite,  
 For all in vain he points for her.

The day is done. Milady's tale  
 Falls sweet to me as purling rhyme.  
 O joyous hill! O happy vale!  
 The day is done. Milady's tale  
 Is all of you—nor gamey trail—  
 And, O, she's had the *dearest* time.  
 The day is done. Milady's tale  
 Falls sweet to me as purling rhyme.

—Stacy E. Baker.

## A DEER HUNT.

By SOPHIA D. LANE.



WE HAVE been "a-hunting of the deer" with Charles Dudley Warner, and have followed with him, in imagination, the flight of the frightened doe over hill and valley and across stream. We have urged her on in her flight, and our hearts have made mute appeals to the cruel pursuers to spare the innocent creature's life and let her return to her forest covert and her bleating fawn. With tears in our eyes we have put the story aside and felt the pitilessness of the chase. But in spite of this pathetic appeal, a call comes from the woods and, armed with gun and knapsack, away goes our huntsman with a true sportsman's spirit in search of a deer-skin and a set of stag-horns for his den, a delicious venison steak for his dinner in the wild-woods, and a glorious story for his wide-eyed youngster of how he killed the deer.

The more tender-hearted huntsman arms himself with a camera for a harmless shot at his prey. Of course in this kind of hunt the animal is expected to place himself in an open spot, just emerging from the deep forest, the sunlight full upon him, and with proud, erect head, sniffing the breezes for the approach of an enemy, he gazes with those trusting eyes of his straight into your camera, while a click announces that he is yours. The most sentimental lover of animals can not object to such a hunt as this, but strange to say, the walls of our dens are not covered with pictures of the deer taken at close range, for the deer is a more contrary animal than one might suppose when he listens to the camera-hunter's counsel. He does not place himself on the highways or the by-ways for the delight of the camera fiend. He who would find this child of nature in his native wilds must journey far and wait long. But there is another kind of hunt that is quite as humane as one with the camera and, as the following incident will show, quite as effective.

Girls, of course, are not brave hunters and

most of them are not fine marksmen. There were two of us, and we didn't know how to use a gun, nor would our tender hearts have permitted us to do so even if we could. And we had not the good fortune to have a camera with us. So the next best thing was to hunt up the deer where we could find it and to take a good look at it. By so doing we should experience all the pleasures of the real huntsman in following up his prey, and the excitement of the chase would be quite as keen as if we were to delight in a hard-won trophy. Our desire was simply to see a deer in its native haunts. We anticipated the thrills of joy that we should feel when the antlered head should peer at us through the dense underbrush. The picture would surely be one never to be forgotten. What more could we desire?

We had made careful inquiries from some old hunters, the day before, as to where we should find our prize, and they had told us all about it. The home of the deer lay over that high mountain, in a deep valley and in the heart of a primeval forest. One's spirits are high in mountain air, and a climb of fifteen or twenty miles over a rough trail is only a pleasant day's outing—and what is a summer vacation worth without an experience or two to take home for winter musings!

Stirred neither by thirst for blood nor triumph of conquest, we started out on our search. Our trail lay through the heart of the forest and the first part of it wound up the steep mountain side, straight up in the air it seemed in places. It was a hot day and we found it hard climbing, but what did that matter? We should be fully repaid for our trouble, for over that mountain was our deer—possibly a herd of them.

After a long scrabble and much failure we found ourselves at the summit. From there we beheld the promised land—more mountains all around it, hemming in a dense red-wood forest. This was the place just as we had been told. We looked about for our trail

but it had vanished in a dense grove of madrone trees. So down the mountain side we plunged, turning first this way and then that, wherever we could make our way through thick brambles, around clumps of young redwoods, and over trunks of fallen trees, regardless of distance or direction, our one purpose to find traces of the deer and follow up its trail as the hunters had told us.

The deeper down in the valley we went, the taller grew the trees and thicker the undergrowth. Suddenly we came on an opening in the brush. Something had evidently passed that way, and not long before us, for there were the broken branches; and—yes! there, too, were the unmistakable prints of hoofs. It was surely our deer and we were close upon his track. Should we go on? Yes; but slowly and quietly as possible.

Almost breathlessly we made our way along this wild path till we came to an old redwood tree whose trunk had been hollowed out by fire. It looked dark and forbidding in the great black hollow, but it might pay to investigate and see what secrets it could reveal. Tremblingly we approached it and peered into its depths. Some wild creature had been there, for the soil was freshly trampled, and here were the same prints that we had been following. We tried to recall exactly what the hunters had told us of the deer's tracks and its habits. It seemed that they could not look exactly like these, and we couldn't quite remember whether a deer, a bear or a cougar preferred the hollow of a tree for its lair. Of course there was a probability that this might be one of the other animals, and what then? Some of the old inhabitants of the vicinity where we had started out from still told famous bear stories of this region. A bear had been killed, we had been told, in that very valley, twenty years or more ago; and in this same range of mountains, only a few counties south of us, men had this very year come upon cougars and they had had hard fights with the hungry beasts. It was the habit, too, of the cougar to spring upon its prey suddenly from the brush.

We began to look about us and to listen. Hark! There was a sound of cracking branches. It stopped and we sat down for a little while to consider. Nothing but the falling of a dead limb or a cone, we hoped,

and courage revived. How silent it seemed, and how beautiful here in this deep secluded forest, far, far away from human kind. This was what we whispered to each other and our hearts stopped fluttering for a moment.

How deep and dark the forest seemed! We looked through the tall trees at the sun and saw that it was already sloping toward the west, and we remembered that we had only two sandwiches left in our knapsack. Somehow a night in these woods did not appeal to us as strongly as it had when we bade our friends good-bye in the early morning, and had told them that we might stay out over night, if we found ourselves too far away to get back before dark. Which mountain had we come down, and in what direction should we turn to find our trail back? One might easily be lost in such wilds as these!

Just then out of the forest came more crackling of boughs and we rose to our feet. Was it to find our deer—our herd of deer? This was just the place we had been hunting for. Now was the moment for the antlered head to peer through the brush. The sound came nearer and nearer. Something was surely coming toward us. We could now plainly hear it trampling the dead leaves. And it could be no very small animal, for it seemed as if it were treading the forest down before it. On and on it came!

"Discretion is the better part of valor." Speech was not necessary; we read it in each other's eyes, and with one consent we began to scramble up the nearest mountain side, instinct leading us in the opposite direction from the crackling brush. We looked for no trail, and we chose no path, but simply pushed and pulled ourselves up by the straightest climb possible. Not a word did we speak till we reached the top, where by good fortune we found ourselves in a clump of madrone trees.

Flinging ourselves on the ground we broke the silence by questioning each other. "Do you really suppose it was a deer?" "It's certainly too late now to go back and find out," and we broke out into laughter, each at the other, without any explanation. Our song on the way home ran to the familiar words—

The bear went over the mountain  
To see what he could see.



## A BLADE OF GRASS.

**W**HERE the hills caress the sky,  
 And the peaceful valleys lie;  
 Where the silence lightly broods  
 O'er enchanted solitudes;  
 Close beside a silver stream,  
 Midst the rapture of a dream,  
 In time's course I came to pass—  
 Just a simple blade of grass.

In the rosy morning's light,  
 In the silences of night  
 Where no strife the spirit mars  
 But the glimmer of the stars,  
 Through the night winds, softly stirred  
 Echoings of love I heard  
 In the silence, and I knew  
 All the secret of the dew.

All the gleaming mountain's night,  
 All the valleys bathed in light;  
 All the sunlight's golden gleams,  
 And the murmuring of the streams;  
 Soft winds gleaning beauty's store  
 Wafted to my woodland door;  
 And my tendrils in the sod  
 Knew the whisperings of God.

—Harry T. Fee.

# The ABORIGINES of BRITISH EAST AFRICA

By Elmer E. Davis

PART III.

## THE KIKUYU.



SHORT journey by rail from the Ulu highlands of Ukambani brings us to the border of "Kikuyu land" where a different type of natives are found. The territory claimed by the Kikuyu people is almost surrounded by a belt of forest and jungle, but once emerging from this a traveler will be struck by the sudden change of appearance and general characteristics of the land. Broad fertile tracts which are in some cases so well laid off and cultivated as to arouse the admiration of an agriculturist, are common; in fact most land fit for cultivation is cared for by some of those restless and industrious people. In years gone by this entire country was doubtlessly covered by a dense growth of jungle and forest, for even now in some spots the blackened stumps and trunks of trees are to be seen protruding from the ground, occasionally a standing tree which has been left for some reason or other rearing its lofty head above the growing crops. It is necessary to keep constantly at work on this land, for if left without attention for a few months there springs up a rank growth of jungle which takes considerable labor and time to destroy. In the southeast portion of Kikuyuland, I am told, the farms are not so well cared for on account of Wa-Kamba raids; there the land is very easily entered by hostile parties as the forest loses some of its density upon nearing Mount Kenia. To the northeast the soil gradually changes to a rocky and barren country where the inhabitants are not so industrious as those in the south and west portions of the land.

Kikuyuland is very small compared to Ukambani; from near the Ulu Mountains it extends north to Lake Naivasha, which i



should say was about in the northwest corner of it. They claim as far east as Mount Kenia, although few live there.

This land has many beautiful spots, and what forest there is still left is full of little flat grassy glades, which no one can see without admiring, and in several places a person could almost believe human hands had been at work arranging beautiful parks for some future millionaire's home.

Of course the natives hardly realize the great beauty of their land, and in the near future will probably have cause to regret that others do, for it is bound to be the first part of British East Africa to attract the attention of prospective settlers if the government will allow it. It would be a shame, however, to drive these people from the land which has taken them so many years of hard labor to reclaim from the virgin forest; this will no doubt be forgotten when the greedy whites become acquainted with this beautiful country.

At present most European and American people believe the interior of Africa to be nothing but a howling wilderness, inhabited by bloodthirsty cannibals and big snakes. and I don't know but what I am doing an unwise thing by assisting to disillusionize the public, but it is bound to come out sometime, and I can only hope the British government will deal fairly by these industrious people.

Many prominent features of the country may be seen from different portions of Kikuyuland, and you may get an idea of the geography of an immense extent of territory by studying different views.



The land is watered by an extraordinary number of small streams which flow in a southeasterly direction; few of these streams are much larger than a mountain brook, for this country forms the watershed from which they start. Each of these streams was guarded a few years ago, and no strange caravan was allowed to cross unless a tribute was paid, so you can imagine what travel must have been where a stream was encountered every two or three hours, at each of which an argument of a couple of hours' duration had to be gone through. This has

The Kikuyu system of government makes it very hard for the English to make peaceable arrangements with the natives, as each little valley has its own special "chiefs," of which there are four. First in command is the "Lygomani," or head chief, whose duty is to preside at council, but whose power is really not great; next comes the "Lieban," who leads in war, and under him is the "Samaky," and one or two assistants, who keep everything in order around the villages.

The natives have a number of paths leading to all parts of the country, and a stranger



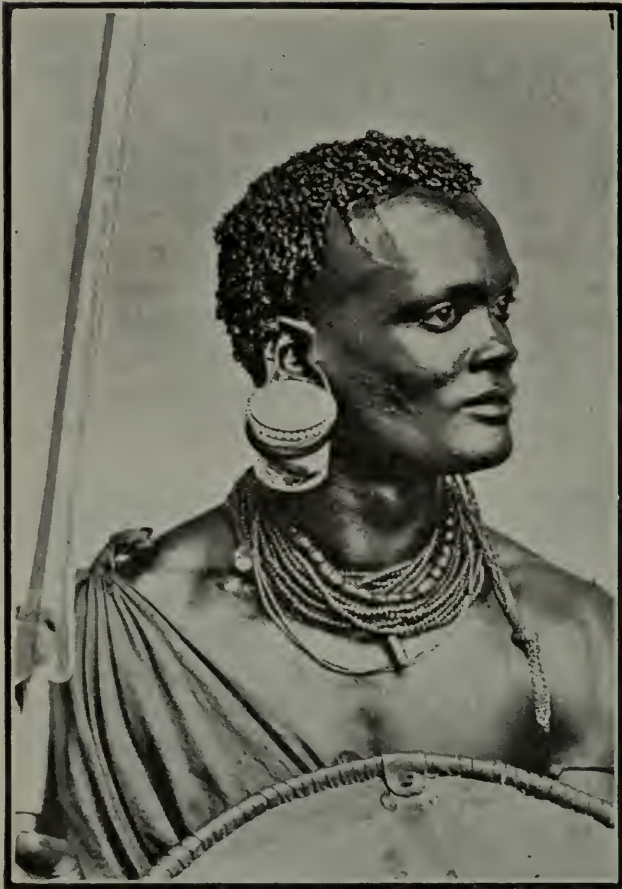
A KIKUYU WAR PARTY.

been done away with in the vicinity of the railroad, so a person may now travel some distance without trouble, though it is always best to be on the safe side and stay near the government property unless accompanied by a force of men; for the natives, although subdued, are very resentful if the whites get too curious and come near their villages or trespass on cultivated ground.

Ordinarily one thinks of an agricultural people as being peaceably inclined, but it is just the reverse in this case, for the English officials are constantly on the watch and expect trouble at most any moment.

is surprised at the direct line they take, going over hill and dale without any attempt to keep on the level; this makes it very hard traveling, but a Kikuyu seems to pay no attention to grades or valleys when he starts to go anywhere. If a traveler diverges from the path and walks on cultivated ground he will soon be curtly notified to make himself scarce if the owner of the field is near.

The soil, which is of a red volcanic nature, is very suitable for the growth of potatoes, brown beans, maize, millet, yams, sugar-cane, gourds and bananas; certainly all of these do not grow in the same locality, the stronger



A "LYGOMANI," OR HEAD CHIEF.

of them growing on the high grounds while the sugar-cane, tobacco and bananas grow in the valleys. It is a remarkable fact that this is the only tribe in Central Africa that raises millet; where the seed originally came from no one seems able to tell.

The climate of Kikuyuland is ideal. Lying as it does nearly under the equator, a person would naturally suppose the heat would be oppressive; but the elevation—which is from five to seven thousand feet—insures the natives a pleasant climate all the year round, the only climatic changes noticeable being that certain months of the year have more or less rain than others, the equinoxial periods apparently having a great influence over these conditions. Occasionally during the year frost will appear at the highest points, but it seldom does any damage. Beside the cereal crops raised by the natives, numbers of goats, sheep and chickens are seen in various places; a few cattle will be noted also, but they either do not thrive well or are not thought so much of, for only small bunches are seen now and then.

Kikuyu men are quick, nervous, excitable fellows, who hate white men and don't fail to show it. They are of a peculiar dirty

brown color, and have repulsive features; a fat man—or even one with plenty of meat on his bones—is never seen. They are like high-strung racehorses, always moving in an uneasy manner. As a rule they are not very large in stature, averaging about one hundred and forty pounds in weight.

Although very restless the men seldom do their share of the work, electing instead to paint themselves with a combination of oil and red clay and strut about with the ugliest sort of expression on their faces. This paint is applied over the entire body, but generally the face will be decorated in a grotesque manner with streaks around the eyes and mouth which would make the observer laugh if cold chills were not running up and down his back. The nose is not badly formed, but the lips usually roll away from the teeth, giving a fiendish expression to that part of the face.

The hair is allowed to grow several inches long, and is worn twisted into little spikes plentifully smeared with oil and clay; sometimes a man will be seen with numerous chicken and guinea feathers fastened to his hair in such a manner that they look as if



KIKUYU WARRIOR.

they grew there; the ears are pierced in a number of places, and pieces of stick or bits of wire and ivory are punched through. In the bottom lobe a hole large enough to insert a piece of wood about three inches in diameter is made; to this is suspended coils of iron wire or a motley assortment of bead ornaments, and sometimes both. These large orifices in the ears are made by first punching a hole when the child is young and inserting a small stick, which is replaced every few months by a larger one until the result is a hole large enough to put your hand through.

In many cases the ear ornaments have a string attached to them which goes over the head; this acts as a support to the weight of wire and beads, preventing tearing of the ears.

The arms also are decorated with bracelets of a peculiar design; these are made of wood or ivory shaped somewhat like the mouth of a fish, through which the arm is thrust. A necklace of beads or cowri shells encircles the neck. Sometimes a piece of monkey skin is worn on the ankle, but not always.

For weapons each warrior carries a spear, bow and quiver, short sword, knobsticks and shield. The spears have blades about a foot long and from two to three inches wide; attached to this by a socket is the shaft, about five feet long, at the other end is an iron point to balance the whole. Bow and sword are quite the same as those used by the Wa-Kamba, but the quiver is sometimes slightly different, for instead of a plain cylinder of rawhide they often sew the skin around a hollow shell of bamboo, making a neater looking quiver as it holds the shape better.

Most all shields are made of buffalo skin which is very thick and tough; their size varies from four feet long and a foot wide to three feet long and two feet wide. Whether the shape has any significance I do not know. These shields are painted in a number of different designs; red, gray, white and sometimes black paint will be used. Each faction or inhabitants of every valley have several designs which distinguish them from their neighbors; this custom, I believe, was copied from the Masai.

Like most African peoples, they poison their arrows, using a poison made from the

"morio" sap; this poison is not very potent, and must be renewed very often. To protect it they sometimes use little leather covers for the arrowheads; these arrows are much the same as those of the Wa-Kamba, but of more delicate workmanship.

The belt which holds the sword and knobstick is generally worked with beads and brass wire, making a very pretty ornament, but the grease and red paint which collect on it from the body soon spoils its beauty.

Knobsticks are simply sticks about two feet long with a large natural knob on one end.

Some of the Kikuyu men are good blacksmiths and fashion their spears and arrowheads in a remarkable manner considering the tools they have to do the work with. The anvil is usually a hard piece of flint, the hammer a smaller piece of the same rock. For a forge they dig a hole in the ground, then taking a piece of goatskin which has been sewed into the form of a bag with both ends open, they tie one end of it tightly around a hollow piece of bamboo; this bamboo is then laid under ground and covered up, with the open end pointing to where the fire will be; now taking two sticks which are long enough to reach across the other end of the goatskin bag, they sew one on either side so that when these sticks are pressed together no air can escape between them; with a small loop of leather on each stick the forge is complete. When a fire of charcoal is started in the hole the blacksmith adjusts a thumb and finger of the left hand in the loops on the two sticks, and as he raises the bag from the ground holds both sticks apart, thus allowing the air to enter, then closing the sticks firmly together to confine the air he presses down, which action forces the air out through the bamboo into the fire; it is a contrivance that would do credit to wiser heads.

The reader will no doubt wonder where the iron which the Kikuyu smiths use comes from. At present most of it comes from the coast, but in former years it was secured from the Nandi people and one or two other tribes farther west, who smelt iron from the virgin ore.

A Kikuyu man's dress consists of a single piece of leather thrown over the arm and a small flap hanging down the back from a narrow string around the waist. Often this

scanty dress is even more than he wants; so it is left off or hung around the waist in a roll. Barring the red paint and oil he generally runs about as nature made him.

Kikuyu men are very poor porters on account of their nervous temperament, for they become easily excited and are more trouble than an unbroken field dog. In some instances they are unaccountably brave, but generally do some foolhardy act which counterbalances all good of it. When excited nothing but strong measures will bring them to their senses. In camp they do not exhibit the same good humor which characterizes Swahili or Wa-Kamba men, but go around in a sullen manner which gives a fellow the creeps. All of them are hard drinkers of their native liquors when it can be obtained and quarrel fiercely among themselves; this leads to broken heads or gashed flesh many times, for their disposition is quick and impulsive.

Kikuyu women are quite different from their lords in both disposition and build. They appear to be better formed physically, being larger in many cases than the men. Ordinarily they are better looking also, but the everlasting red clay and oil which enters largely into their toilets gives them a filthy look. They are the ones who should receive the real credit for the appearance and usefulness of their country, for from morning until night they may be found digging away at the little farms with a hooked stick or a sort of heavy hoe used in working earth on the railroad. They were quick to see the advantage of this latter instrument, and at every opportunity steal them from the workmen. Their ornaments are as plentiful as circumstances will allow, and any beads, or almost anything else which strikes their fancy will be used on the body in some manner as a bracelet, pendant, belt or ear-ring. They keep the head about half shaved, leaving a poll of hair on the top. All hair is pulled from the body by both men and women, little iron tweezers being used in this operation.

The dress of a Kikuyu woman is very simple and consists in warm weather of a very much abbreviated leather skirt fastened around the waist; this is sometimes not much more than a wide belt. In damp weather a long leather cape is fastened around the neck.

Kikuyu men marry or rather buy as many wives as they can afford; there seems to be no particular ceremony about it; the woman simply changing dwellings.

Although heavier eaters than white men these people are not such gluttons as the Wa-Kamba. They seem to have no set time for meals, but eat when hunger appeals to them—which is sometimes often, but generally only one or two times a day. For food they bake green bananas with the peel on, or dry them and make flour from which a sort of oil cake is made. Yams and grain are also ground into a flour before using and mixed with milk or grease.

As before stated they are addicted to the use of strong drink; this is made from sugarcane in the following manner: Stripping the shell from the sweet pith—which is the part used—they cut it into small pieces which are pounded into a sort of mash and left to ferment for some time before the liquor is drained off and used. Those white men who have tasted it say it is very intoxicating.

Both sexes use a great amount of tobacco and snuff. The latter is carried in a receptacle made of horn or ivory hung on a string around the neck. When talking they resort to this with remarkable frequency, and snuff combined with the oil on their faces gives them anything but an inviting appearance.

If a Kikuyu dies, the near relatives drag the corpse outside the village and allow hyenas to devour it. None but the head men are ever buried; they are buried in the village so the grave can be watched in order that hyenas may not dig them up. Should any one having no friends or relatives near be about to die, he is hustled outside the village and left to die alone because no one will touch the corpse of a stranger.

As to the religion of this people, I know very little, because they can hardly understand what a person wants to find out. There are no sacred spots which they hold in reverence, except Mount Kenia; here, they think, resides some great and wonderful spirit, who is too busy with his own affairs to bother with them. They seem to have an idea that some great power is abroad in the land, but their knowledge of it is so vague they seem to be unable to give any description of it whatever. Some of their ornaments seem to be worn as charms to prevent sickness and

bad luck, but they can seldom be induced to talk of this.

A Kikuyu village is built somewhat different from those of the Wa-Kamba, for instead of being inclosed by a *zeriba* the ground around their conical huts is left open as they are not very much afraid of attack. These little villages on the hillside look quite like patches of mushrooms, for there seems to be no order or regularity recognized in

chiefs have contracted to furnish certain superintendents along the road with men to do their work. These are often met along the right of way where cuts or fills are being made. These workmen are generally emaciated and sullen, and few sadder sights will be encountered than a broken-spirited gang of such Kikuyu slave men. They do their work mechanically, without song or laughter, for this people will never get accustomed



TYPICAL KIKUYU COSTUMES.

placing the huts, each of which invariably has an annex in which grain and other supplies are stored.

All chiefs are tyrants, and rule their people with a strong hand; petty offenders are dealt with roughly, being sometimes even enslaved. Often the people feel the effect of their leaders' quarrels; the weaker chief will be required to send a number of men to work for his stronger neighbor. Since the railroad has started, some of those stronger

to servility; their hearts break and they long for death, which I believe is a relief to them.

It will readily be seen that Kikuyuland is no place for a hunter to go for sport. Nearly all game has been driven out by the numerous inhabitants; true, once in a while a rhinoceros or elephant emerges from the forest and causes a serious disturbance among the crops, but it is not worth while stopping here if on a hunting expedition.



# OUR LAST QUAIL

By *Lycurgus*



HE last living animal of any species would invoke great interest in most of us. Who could gaze upon the last buffalo or elk unmoved by something akin to awe as memory scanned his history back through the labyrinth of time? What mad enthusiasm would possess our scientists if the remote fastnesses of Shasta were to yield the miracle of a mastodon in the flesh. Yet how long will it be ere the bison, the elk, the moose and even the wild turkey will be of the past as far as their wild, untrameled life is concerned and their species extinct except for isolated individuals carefully nurtured in private preserves and zoölogical gardens.

Now let us view the question a little nearer home. At the present time our native and migratory game, the ornament of the dinner table, the gracious nourishment of the sick and the material of civilized sport, is vanishing also and despite the best efforts of legislators and game protectionists certain species cannot escape extermination. Writing in Central California, one is impressed with the rapid destruction of game, a process extending wherever thick settlement and continued persecution has con-nived to deprive them of conditions to their liking or made merciless inroads on their ranks through the agency of the death-dealing shotgun or repeating rifle.

The view from my window, as I write, is typical of many others. Here, not long ago, the eye was gladdened by a view of sylvan retreats among the giant oaks while through a rift in the trees countless flocks of wild fowl could be seen skimming the waters of the bay or resting in indolent ease on the tide flats, when the waters had receded. Now there stretches rows of prosaic dwellings on grounds where once the quail loved to hide. The song of the meadow lark is no longer heard, but instead the jangling "ragtime" affrights the air and

the bare-footed boys who once wandered along woodland paths, armed with sling-shots or more deadly weapons, and acquiring a knowledge of woodcraft never derived from books, have been supplanted by thin-shanked, finicky youngsters wearing immaculate clothing and in whose natures is present no trace of the barbarian.

Out on the waters of the bay appearances would proclaim conditions the same as of old, but alas! there, too, an indefinite change has taken place. True, pale Luna exerts the same forces as of yore and twice in each twenty-four hours the tides ebb and flow, but they no longer carry on their floods the hosts of wild fowl which once tenanted the waters of the bay.

"But, after all," some one may say, "this is the necessary sacrifice to the encroachments of civilization; and although you mourn the elimination of field sports in your immediate vicinity, others have benefited by the changes which have taken place." The sentiment of this is, of course, very true, but to see the neighborhood of his home bereft of much of its former charm is a sad spectacle to one who has enjoyed such keen sport within its precincts.

From the window on my left a patch of woodland marks the last vestige of true cover for miles around. Some of the great oaks have fallen prey to the land owners' rapacity and much of the undercover has been destroyed, but robbed as it is of many of its charms, there still lingers about the spot a gentle influence which recalls pleasant memories of the past. Here in days of yore the twang of the slingshot and the crack of the parlor rifle was heard among the glades and often, too, the voice of the muzzle-loader reverberated through the leafy aisles while lusty quails crashed through the thickets.

Down in a corner of this well-remembered ground, in a mass of blackberry vines and poison oak, there was until last winter our



"SYLVAN RETREATS AMONG THE GIANT OAKS."

last local representative of the valley quails. I had often seen the bird when following a path which led past this bit of cover. It may have been wounded in a bygone season and incapacitated from seeking others of its kind, or it is barely possible that, the last of its brood, old associations caused it to cling to this insecure hiding place. At any rate it had escaped the onslaughts of the small boy and other designing creatures. My dogs had found it many times, and as I neared the spot would cast about for the delightful scent and often as not would point or flush it, when it would bolt into an impenetrable hedge of cypresses which must often have proved its salvation. The sight of this bright little fellow with his immaculate plumage and jaunty topknot always gladdened my heart and I was determined, if such a thing were possible, to prevent the elimination of the last trace of upland sport about my home.

One morning in early November the door bell rang; answering its summons I beheld a short puffy individual attired in a radiant but seedy suit of clothes, with patent leather shoes cracked and seamed like unto a bas-relief map of the Suisun marshes. He was panting heavily from some unusual exertion, combined with excitement and bowing as fast as his breath would allow him.

"Will explain my call in a minute, sir," he said as he invited himself to a seat in the hallway and mopped his forehead. "Here's my circular; read it while I am gettin' my breath." A few deep-drawn inhalations and my caller, who proved to be F. Wesley Gokey, Esq., representing the Excelsior Patent Trousers Creaser Company, ejaculated: "That there is the most ingenious contrivance of its kind ever manufactured. Keeps your trousers creased and free from wrinkles. By an autymatic adjustment of the springs prevents bagging at the knees and an unequal strain on the wool fibers which constitute the cloth. Adapted to any length of trousers and practically indestructible. Simple in adjustment and occupies the minimum of room consistent with their adaptability for the purpose for which they are constructed. Made of carefully selected material and should be in every household. The joy and admiration of the rich man and poor man alike. A boon to suffering mankind and an inducement to neatness in dress. Price nominal and ——"

"My dear sir," I ejaculated, freezing a little as I surveyed Mr. Gokey very thoroughly. "I am sorry I can not accommodate you with an order. I am old-fashioned enough to hang my trousers on a nail and as for creasing them, I do not care to have

them appear under false pretenses by attempting to disguise their vintage and the bags at the knees by a renovating crease."

"But for preserving the shape of new pants, you know."

"As for new trousers, Mr. Gokey, heaven knows when the opportunity will present to clothe myself in such, and until the happy moment arrives I have no use for your ingenious contrivance."

"Well, to tell the truth, I did not call on business," said the irrepressible Mr. Gokey, "but seeing I was here and the opportunity presented, I thought I would present my goods! Now I called for another purpose, in fact, I am here personally."

"Yes?" said I in a tone of inquiry.

"I would like to borrow your gun," said Mr. Gokey, coming to the point at once and gazing on me with a benign expression, which partially arrested my indignation.

"My dear man," said I, in a cold, distant tone of voice, "I am sorry I can not comply with your request. You are a perfect stranger to me and besides I make it a rule never to loan my gun to any one, not even to an intimate acquaintance."

"Well, that's all right, sir, excuse me for disturbin' you. You see, I was followin' that path through the pasture over yonder and I see a quail sittin' in a tree there. This morning when I called on your neighbor, down the road a bit, they told me you was a sport and being a part of one myself, when I seen that quail naturally I thought 'now there's a feller will lend me his gun, sure!'" and he looked at me reproachfully as he added, "I'd a gone back and got that bird."

A queer feeling stole over me and I felt in a measure as would some virtuoso asked for the loan of a favorite violin by the fiddler of a country dance. My gun, now oiled and apart, reposing in its sole-leather case with barrels plugged and action as clean as a watch—my gun, that old companion and cherished relic, was desired by this irrepressible agent of novelties, a man I had never met before, as a medium of some recuperative piece of business during a lull in the sale of his infernal contrivance of wire and wood! As I reviewed the unutterable gall of this Gokey, not alone in seeking the use of my favorite weapon, but in wishing to use it in an attempt to exterminate one quail, the one I had tried so

hard to preserve from harm, my patience with the man was exhausted and, turning on him, I sought to dismiss him in the following words:

"See here, Mr.—what ever your name is —"

"Mr. Gokey," he interposed as he thoughtfully rubbed his nose.

"Well, see here, Mr. Gokey! Let me tell you in a few words that there is an ordinance in this town prohibiting the discharge of firearms within its limits, and if you dare to fire a shot in that field you'll be in the hands of a constable before you can count up to one hundred; secondly, you can not borrow a gun from me. Furthermore, I want to impress upon your mind the fact that you have been misinformed in one particular. I never was a 'sport' and if you have not advanced beyond the stage where you can be classed as part of one, the sooner you rid yourself of that part the better. A sport, Mr. Gokey, is at best a nondescript with few of the instincts of a gentleman. He flourishes in the gambling ring and haunts all manner of questionable resorts. You see thousands of his kind gathered around the prize ring, and illegitimate pastimes attracts his patronage to a far greater extent than do the true athletic outdoor sports. There is as much difference between a sportsman and a sport as there is between a clergyman and an anarchist. A sportsman is one in whom is instilled a deep love for nature and nature's haunts, which may be shown by a passion for shooting on marsh or fen or in the field or forest. He may be a disciple of old Isaak Walton and fond of wandering along the banks of crystal streams or casting his lure on the bosom of some quiet lake. You may find him at the helm of a yacht or camped in forest aisles—in fact, you may find him engaged in a hundred different sports and yet he always possesses the characteristics of a gentleman. Be he clad in the finest of raiment or a worn, dirt-begrimed suit of canvas or corduroy, he is always the same; upright and manly in his bearing and possessed of a generous heart."

"My views exactly," exclaimed Gokey as I concluded. "That's me every time! I always claimed that a sport—I mean a sportsman—has got a saint beat a city block. Sorry to have disturbed you; but," as he



arose to go, "I don't get a chanst to go hunting much, and when I saw that quail he made my mouth water. I'm an epycure; that's me!" With this he was gone.

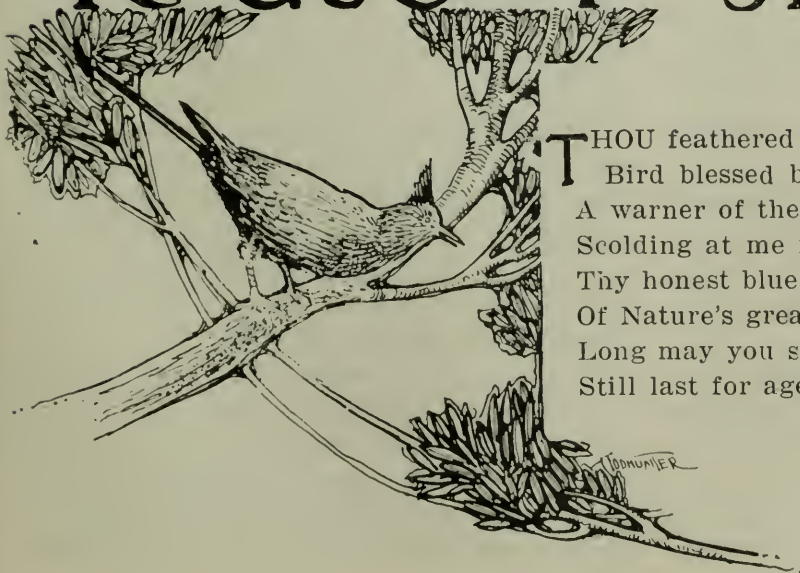
Less than one hour later I heard the report of a shotgun from the direction of the pasture field. Presently another. Gazing out of the window I saw two clouds of whitish smoke arise from the farther end of the pasture and ten minutes later the esteemed Mr. F. Wesley Gokey emerged from cover and, satisfying himself that he was not being pursued by an officer or constable, he came on triumphantly with laborious strides. He had borrowed a gun and used it successfully, for as he passed my domicile and saw me at the window he made a momentary halt, held the quail aloft, and bestowing a wink on me passed on in triumph.

And this was the end of the only lingering evidence of upland sport which once reigned in the glory of the woodland. The last quail had met an ignominious death at the hands of this barbarian Gokey, potted, no doubt, as it sat in fancied security on the limb of an oak or amid the twining vines. Truly, if killed it must be, this vestige was worthy of a different end and sepulcher. It should have passed from mortal ken in the atmosphere of sportsmanship. There the motionless, statuesque setter or pointer should have stood with every fiber intense

with suppressed emotion while the entrancing scent was borne to his nostrils. A moment later the sportsman should emerge from that group of oaks and drink in the first scene of the woodland tragedy. With eager expectant steps he should walk to the bit of cover while the dog, rigid as a rock, watched his every movement, but feared to move himself. A few stamps on the cover and with a *whir-r-r* of wings the lusty bird should break cover only to stop at the crack of the nitro. while a cloud of feathers slowly drifted past on the gentle breeze. A clever retrieve and a gentle smoothing of the feathers and the final scene should be shifted to the dinner table, where in the atmosphere of genial spirits and to the music of old memories the dainty morsel should be carved in true epicurean style.

But such, alas, was not the end of our last quail. Shot in the back by the prosaic, pot-hunting dispenser of the Excelsior Patent Trousers Creaser, its remains were doubtless consigned to a frying pan from whence, charged with grease and ill flavored, it was transferred to a slice of toast and presented as a problem to the stomach of F. Wesley Gokey, Esq. That it was a hard one to solve I do not doubt, but had the power been mine Gokey's punishment should have been far greater and experienced in a warmer clime than ours.

## ROGUE OF THE WOODS



THOU feathered follower of Pan,  
 Bird blessed by Nature, cursed by man,  
 A warner of the wildwood, thou—  
 Scolding at me from yonder bough;  
 Thy honest blue a guarantee  
 Of Nature's great integrity.  
 Long may you scold, and may thy day  
 Still last for ages, saucy Jay.

—Tom Veitch.

## MORMON JACK EXPLAINS.

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR.



FOOTSTEPS sounded on the veranda of the bunkhouse. I looked up from the book I was reading, as a shadow fell across the floor, and saw that it was Mormon Jack who stood in the doorway. He came into the room and sat down, balancing his chair dexterously upon its hind legs, his back against the wall, and made a cigarette.

"All alone, eh, Kid?" he remarked after I had welcomed him in a manner befitting a cowpuncher who has just returned from a pilgrimage to that stockman's Mecca, Chicago. It could hardly be called a pilgrimage, either, for Jack had gone East in charge of a trainload of cattle.

His face wore a look of sorrow—likewise the marks of conflict. Sundry pieces of skin were missing from his good-natured countenance and one eye was rather conspicuous in its coloring.

"Yes," I replied at length, "the boys are all out looking for some horses that got out of the lower pasture yesterday. You made rather a quick trip, didn't you? I thought you were going to stay a few days. How is Chicago?"

"Chicago's all right, I guess," said he without enthusiasm.

I scented adventurous happenings, but forbore further questioning. Left to himself, Jack would, I knew—barring outside interruption—unfold his tale.

"Chicago's a great place, all right," he observed after a while. "You can get up against most any kind of game there, I reckon. You ought to know, Kid; you've been there."

I had, I admitted, and adroitly inquired if his bruises were the result of an accident.

"Accident nothin'!" he growled. "I'll tell you how I got that."

He threw the stub of his cigarette at our pet cat, which eyed him from behind the stove, and producing papers and tobacco, rolled a fresh one.

"We had a pretty good run, all the way down," he began, "and got unloaded in the

yards the mornin' of the fourth day. After I'd got the cattle off my hands, I located the railroad offices and got my transportation back, so's I could hit the trail whenever I felt like it—it's lucky I did!

"After I'd fixed that up I thought I'd hunt up that hotel you told me 'bout, and get a snooze before I went prowlin' around town. Say, she's a whopper of a town! And noise! I can hear them blasted street cars yet. And I like to got run over a half-dozen times with them tootin' autymobiles that come chug-chug-chuggin' around corners like a stampedin' horse. Huh! Talk about gittin' in front of a stampedin' herd—I'd back them Chicago streets against any old herd that ever jumped off a bedground.

"I found the hotel, all right—after pokin' around for an hour like a dogie yearlin' turned loose in the Bad Lands. You told me 'twas on J street, you know; so I asked fellers, once in a while, and they showed me the way. Some of 'em did, I mean; some of 'em was in such a blamed hurry they'd be out of hearin' before I'd got to tell 'em what I wanted.

"Anyhow, when I thought I was about where one feller told me J street was, I asked a little geeser standin' on the corner.

"J street?" says he. "Sure! This is your street." And he starts off. I gloms him by the shoulder and says, "You darned little runt, maybe I look like a jay, all right, but you'll answer me like a white man or I'll peck you, worse'n any jay *you* ever laid eyes on."

"Why, pardner," says he, "I didn't mean nothin' out of the way. This is the street you asked me about." He points me out the name on the corner, and sure enough, it was.

"I take it all back," I says to him. "I ain't used to livin' where streets is so plenty they have to label 'em."

"That sort of tickled him, and we got to talkin'." He'd been out West himself, in Nebraska, but he'd been in Chicago a long time. I told him where I was goin' and how I wanted to get a good sleep first thing. He come down to the hotel with me, and when

we got there he said he'd come around in the evenin' and show me the town. I was kinda glad to have him, for I didn't know where in the dickens to go; bein' in Chicago is pretty much like bein' turned loose in the Mojave desert.

"I goes into the Le Roy House and registers. I told the clerk I wanted to go to bed right away, if the Lord was willin' and the devil would let me, and he calls a kid with a soldier's uniform on and says to him, 'Boy, show this gentleman up to seventy-four.'

"The kid grabs my warbag before I could get a hold of it, and lit out. I follered him into a sort of cage business, where there was another brass-buttoned shaver.

"'Looky here, m'son,' says I, 'do yuh reckon I'm goin'—but I didn't get no further. I went, all right. That infernal cage jumped up kinda sudden, and I set down on the floor like somebody'd grabbed me by the shoulders and pushed. I hadn't more'n got straightened up when it stopped with a chuck that sent me up in the air eighteen inches, or so. And them two little varmints grinnin' like Chessy cats!

"The one with my warbag, he steps out and opens a door and says, 'Here's your room, mister.' I give him half a dollar and told him to hit the trail—and he sure did! Then I kicked off my boots and rolled in; that shoot-the-shoot business had turned my stummick plum upside down.

"About six o'clock I woke up, feelin' as frisky as a bronk that's run on good grass all winter. I slicked up a little and goes down to see if my friend had showed up.

"He was there when I got down, settin' in a big chair smokin' a cigar. I was goin' to get supper at the hotel before I started out, but he said there was plenty of good restaurants down town. So off we goes.

"We strayed into a big place all lit up with electric lights, and fixed up with little tables and big green trees set in pots—'palms' the little fellow called 'em. A swell-lookin' cus, all dressed up, with the whole front hacked out of his coat and vest so's to show about half an acre of fried shirt, sashayed up and stood lookin' at us.

"'Well! What's the matter?' says I. 'Don't we look good to you?'

"Shafer—that was the little fellow's name—kicks me under the table. 'Tell him what

you want to eat,' says he. 'He's a waiter.'

"So I did. When I come to size up the layout I sees quite a few of them tony boys waitin' on the people sittin' around. For biscuit-shooters, they were certainly togged up swell. While we were eatin' Shafer says to me, 'There's a rattlin' good show at the Alhambra to-night. It's a Western play—about cowboys and soldiers in Arizona. Let's go.'

"'All right,' says I. 'You lead the way. I'm like a cayuse in a strange corral, here.'

"So we went. Say, Kid! it was a lalla of a place. You could bed a good-sized herd in the blamed house, down below, and there was two more floors stacked one on top of the other in the back part. We went in through a kind of room the size of an ordinary house. There was lookin' glasses stuck up on the walls and on posts; so blamed many of 'em it seemed like I was about to run into myself every step I took.

"We got seats in the lower part of the house, after a fellow with a sash on come and looked at the tickets Shafer had. People was just a swarmin' in. I got to rubberin' round and sees the seats in the front part of the house was full of fellows with the fronts carved out of their coats. There was more of the same peekin' out of a lot of little pens stacked on top of each other both sides of the stage.

"'Say,' I asks Shafer, 'what's all them gazabos in front? They biscuit-shooters, too?'

"'Lord, no!' he says, grinnin'. 'Them's the aristocrats—the bigwigs of Chicago.'

"'Well,' thinks I, 'this town's sure a corker. The biscuit-shooters and the big-bugs is the whole thing. A plain, common, ordinary white man ain't nothin' at all, I guess.'

"Pretty soon the curtain goes up and I sees two old fellows sittin' on the stage talkin'. By and by a woman or two comes in and they all chewed the rag to beat the band. Then there's a rattle-te-jingle and a sixteen-year-old girl comes side-steppin' in from the back part of the stage.

"'How's that for a Western girl?' says Shafer.

"'Huh!' I says. 'She's white, but she's got on a rig a Crow Indian squaw wouldn't be seen wearin' to a waterhole, and she's actin' like she'd been raised in a barn. No,

siree! the West don't produce no freaks like that.'

"After a while a lot of soldiers rode horse-back across the back of the stage, and everybody in the theayter hollered like they'd ate a bunch of loco and was feelin' the effects of it. Then the curtain come down.

"That was the way they went on. I got onto what they was tryin' to play after a while, and it made me kinda sore. It was rank! They didn't know what they was talkin' about. There was one old fellow—looked like the Professor—that I took a notion to. He was supposed to be a rancher and he did look and act like he'd punched cows. And there was a young fellow that'd been chased out of the army for somethin' he didn't do—he was all right. He was supposed to be workin' for the old boy, punchin' cows. He gets in love with this skylarkin' female, that's supposed to be a Western girl, and he is goin' to marry her, when along comes some army officers from the post where he used to be, and bawls him out.

"They had quite a time. The girl runs up to the fellow and throws her arms around him like she was rasslin' a calf down for the brandin' iron, and says, 'No matter what happens, I *l-o-o-o-ve* you,' bearin' down hard on the 'love' with all her voice. Then the old man takes her in his arms and begins a wartalk to the young fellow.

"'Out here in Arizon-ah,' he hollers like he was talkin' to somebody t'other side of a big herd, 'we don't ask a man who he is nor where he comes from. *We* can tell by the way he throws a saddle on a horse if he's a man that can do as we do. *We* know if he can sit for *sixty* hours in his saddle, holdin' a herd that's tryin' to stampede *all* the time.'

"Right there, Kid, was where Mormon Jack made a d—n fool of himself. But I couldn't help it. It made me mad to think a man had the nerve to stand up and tell such things before a cowpuncher's face. You've punched cows some, Kid, and you never saw nothin' like that; and I've punched cows right down in the country he was talkin' about—I was born right across the Arizona line, in Utah—and I know he didn't. So when he throwed that out of him I got up and declared myself.

"'You're locoed!' I hollers. 'You've been grazin' on the weed. You never seen nor

heard of a man sittin' sixty hours in a saddle; and if you'd ever seen anything but a bunch of old milk cows tied up in a barn you'd know that longhorns don't *try* to stampede—when they start, they go, and no corn huskin' farmer like you would stop 'em if you sat a hundred and sixty hours in the saddle. You make me tired!'

"Gee-umpin' burros! but there was a ruction. Everybody was gabblin' and about half the people in front turned around and was sizin' me up with little spy-glasses. A big gazabo with a shiny diamond on his shirt front, two or three of the fellows with sashes on, come around to me.

"'I'll have you arrested for disturbance,' the big fellow says—and he looked at me kinda mean.

"'Go to it, old boy,' says I. 'Turn yourself loose! Bring on your Sheriff and your dep'ty marshals. I ain't no sixty-hour rider—but I can go some!'

"'I wisht you'd get out of here,' he says.

"'I'll do that,' I says, 'cheerful and willin'. I didn't suppose I'd have to listen to any bone-headed tenderfoot ki-yi-in' about things he ain't any more acquainted with than a June calf is with snow storms.'

"Then I hit the trail, forgettin' Shafer till I was near the first door. I looks back, and he was sittin' there lookin' after me, his eyes stickin' out so's you could have knocked 'em off with a club. I waved my hand for him to come, but he shook his head, so I kept right on a goin'.

"I was a hikin' out the big doors when about six policemen nailed me—and there was about six more grabbin' for a holt; they sure run in big bunches, in Chicago. There was enough of 'em runnin' up to make three good-sized posses. They picked me up bodily and slammed me into a big covered wagon that was backed up to the sidewalk—but they forgot to look for my gun, or I wouldn't be here now. Two of 'em got into the wagon which had seats runnin' along each side, and after they straightened me up, away we went, like a roundup makin' a hurryup move.

"After I got my wind, I sized up the two of 'em. The one that set alongside me was about my size, but the one sittin' on the opposite side was a big, overgrown, pot-bellied cuss, with a face the shape of a middle-aged

prairie dog's, and the color of a chunk of fresh-cut beef.

"'Looky here,' says I. 'I ain't wantin' to see the town in this here omnibus. I'd just as soon git out.'

"'Oh, ye will, will ye?' says the big feller, and he made a swipe at me with a club.

"I'd got my fingers on my old hogleg while I was speakin', and when he made that pass at me I slapped him over the head with it. He tumbled into the back end. Then the other feller lammed at me with a stick, and bein' too close to hit him, I just grabbed him. We went to the floor, and the wagon turnin' a corner right sharp just then, tumbled the three of us out into the street, and kept right on goin', rattle-te-bang. The driver ain't missed us yet, I reckon.

"I lit on top of the heap, plum loose from his nibs, and stickin' my gun in my pocket, broke through the crowd. I didn't stop to

ask nobody the way—I just kept on goin'. I ambled into a Sheeny store and bought a hat; they've got mine in that wagon to remember me by. Then I nailed one of them little kids that sells papers on the street, and give him a dollar to steer me to the Union depot. And here I am."

Jack felt of his eye gingerly, as though the feeling of it brought back painful memories.

"What about your warbag?" I inquired.

"Warbags ain't botherin' me none," he muttered.

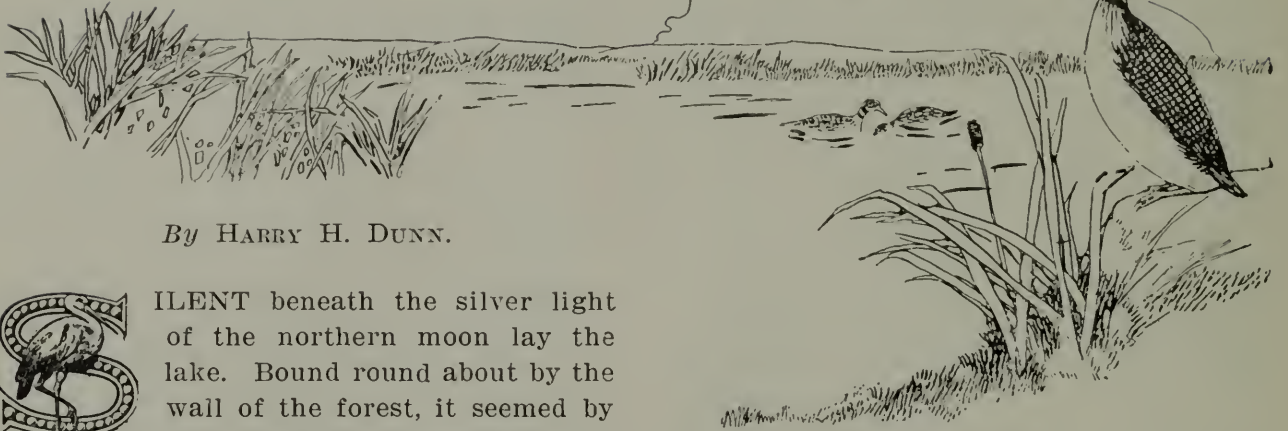
"I guess you like Chicago—eh, Jack?" I chaffed.

"Chicago!" he growled truculently. "To — with Chicago! God's country, where the bunchgrass grows, and where a man can say what he thinks 'thout havin' a Sheriff's posse tackle him, is good enough for me."



FRANK TOMPKINS

# THE DIVER



By HARRY H. DUNN.



SILENT beneath the silver light of the northern moon lay the lake. Bound round about by the wall of the forest, it seemed by day a turquoise ringed with emerald; by night, an emerald set in ebony. No ripple of wind-kissed water moved, not even a solitary trout broke the level surface, while in the thin bank of reeds that limned one shallow end a band of mallards, lean of flesh from their long northward flight, dozed away the night in happy dreams of broods they were to rear in months to come.

To right and left, to north and south, rising high above even the wavering tips of the gaunt pines, range on range of snow-capped peaks broke the clear air. To the west a few miles, as men measure distance in this far northern world, rolled and tossed the sea; to east, beyond more mountains than walled in the west, lay the great plain, swinging away to the south and east until it overran the Height of Land and broke into the basin from which springs the Father of Waters. For the most part this plain was yet deep in snow, though here and there the wind, drawn down from the Circle in eddying gusts, had laid bare the floor to the spring sun's mild caresses. Once free of this blanket, the few short months of summer would overlay the land with a veil of beauty woven from innumerable blossoms, such flowers as only the rigorous Northland can put forth.

But as yet around the lake there was little sign of spring and still less of summer. The querulous mallards, impervious to the cold though they were, seemed yet strangely out of place beside the silent lake. Far were they from their usual nesting places, and they seemed to know it, for they hung together in this band, eating, swimming and

flying with one mind, as though half afraid the great white wilderness might swallow them should they for a moment break the ranks of their flock, and calling, each to each, all through the long watches of the silent night. What they said is not written, but it sufficed to warn the young birds, strangers to the ways of the lake and its habitants, of the coming of the blue fox when he sought to creep upon them from behind a snow-crowned hummock, and the strident voice of the oldest of all the band made useless the silent swiftness of the great white owl dropping down from his perch in a dead pine.

And so, indeed, they passed the night, not unlike the nights of all the lesser dwellers in wild places, who are forever on the lookout for the coming of the stronger ones seeking their lives. But with the morning a warmer sun uprose, and the laden branches gave freely of their moisture to swell the tiny rivulets already beginning to flow from the mountain sides into the lake. Back from their ranges in the barren grounds came herd on herd of antlered caribou to test the growth of the lily beds in the lake and to see if the mud flats, wherein they were wont to escape the mosquitoes, were in the proper stage of making. Following them as they had been doing all winter through, came now and again a cougar, long of limb and lithe and rangy of body, made stronger and more daring by months of enforced hunger scantily interspersed with full meals. The lynxes still hunted over more open

country where, by their matchless stalking, they got many a hare and many a white ptarmigan, and the great shaggy bears were yet bound in the arms of their long winter's sleep, so that the cougars and the caribou and the foxes had the kingdom of the land pretty much to themselves.

By night the great owls ruled the air, but when the day came up out of the east a lean, red-backed harrier, mighty of talon and strong of beak, laid heavy war on the winged tribes. The world of the hunted was coming north on rapid wings and feet, and the more powerful of the hunters were glad thereat, for their lives through the long winter of the north had been very close to the border of starvation and not a few had given way to it, leaving the field to the more fit. Of all that came through the winter there was but one in perfect condition, but one that paid no attention to the doings of those about him, and that was the porcupine. He shuffled unconcernedly down the trail he had followed for so many years, climbed the same young spruces and made the wandering cat step out of the trail for him in the same way that he had always done. And, though the cougar snarled, laying bare his strong white teeth, he made no move to put unwary paw upon the thorny-coated stranger.

Then, falling into such a world as this in mid-afternoon of the amethystine day, came from far up in the heavens a sonorous call. It was not the "honk" of the white-front, not the wailing cry of the migrating curlew seeking the *tundra* that lies within the Circle, nor yet the victorious scream of the great white-headed eagle coming with strong wing-beats into his summer kingdom there besides the lake. Mightily different it was from all of these, and yet it seemed a part of the wild world, so well did it fit in with the calls of the dwellers therein. Again it was repeated, and yet again, each time clearer and more near, until, far up, mere specks against the sun, two black birds appeared, flying with necks extended and feet a-trail as fly the geese. But they were not geese. Side by side, moving as evenly as if driven by the power of one pigmy engine, on they came until they hung in mid-air just over the lake. Then they swung in ever-narrowing circles, down, down, as regularly and with as much certainty of their whereabouts

as though they, too, had long been dwellers on the pine-bordered shores.

Now scarce the length of one gaunt tree separated them from the surface of the pool, and with one accord the black wings folded, the long cylindrical bodies tip-tilted in the air, and headlong they fell. With a rush and a sigh, as when some riven pine falls on the mountain side, they passed the upraised head of a startled caribou as he drank on the swampy shore, passed him and in the same instant buried themselves, almost without a sound, in the clear waters of the lake. With heads held rigid and bodies trailing stiff behind, they made no splash and scarcely a ripple broke the still water where they fell. Half the length of the lake from the place of their coming they rose again, and standing on the very floor of the waters shook themselves free of the last vestments of their journey.

One was, perhaps, a trifle larger than the other, but so near alike were they that in all their movements, fishing and swimming and flying, they were as one. Coal black was their feathering, with a wide necklace of white around each sinewy neck. Closely was their covering laid so that, as they rose from the crystal depths no drop of all the water they had passed through clung to them. Their heads, and such part of their necks and shoulders as rose above the surface when they swam, seemed those of sinister water snakes rather than of birds, but when they floated easily on top of the water their perfect bodies seemed more some cruisers of the deep, built for speed and long passage through the waves.

Almost as soon as they came they set themselves to fishing, rushing at full speed beneath the water after some luckless trout sighted from above, or sinking like leaden plummets upon the lazy perch resting on the graveled bottom. And always, as they came back from these under-water excursions, they rose to the air cautiously, not with a great flapping of wings and squawking of voice as the mallards would have done, nor yet with the sudden upward rush and shrill cry of the grebes that came up from the south in the later months, but with a silent way of their own that brought them a full view of the world round about before any chance enemy should see them. More often than not, too, they came back with a struggling

fish, pierced through and through by the sharp beak with which the great divers are always armed. Sometimes, by mistake, one of the pair would lay hold on a large fish, bringing it with much effort to the top, there to release it in disgust when it was found to be too large for the small throat to encompass. However, with a deal of chattering and not a few useless chases after passing fish, the pair finally finished their meal and floated for the rest of the hours of the daylight placidly upon the unbroken water, rising now and again in short screaming flights of a few hundred feet.

Early in the afternoon the darkness came, creeping ever so slowly down over the crown of the hills, touching their summits with amber and adding a darker shade to the waters of the lake. Then from their places on the lake the loons sent forth their weird calls of the night, calls that were unanswered, for there were no others of their kind for a good hundred miles in either direction. At sound of it the wild world hid in the hills and the valleys, from the gaunt silver-tip to the roving weasel, and from the hoary whiteheads to the round-eyed owls, knew that spring was come in reality and in truth, for here were the sharp-voiced loons flown from far to the south to enter into full possession of their summer homes. On the edge of the lake the caribou heard it and was glad, for he knew that when he came to drink at the lake's edge at night-fall he would have a watchful friend that would warn him of the approach of the cougar or even of the lesser bob-cat, though from him the great bull feared little. And because this very thing was so, the powerful cat, prowling on the mountain's lower rim, sent forth his cry of defiance to all the world and especially to the birds swimming out in the lake. They were the one enemy he had on whom he could vent no revenge; the one enemy whose world was unassailable by any of the ways he knew. So he watched them from a vantage point on the trunk of a leaning pine, planning in his small mind how he could at length come at them, even though he knew that once in his power they would be of no use to him as food. His was the cat nature and vengeance was dear to him, so that, in after months he lost many a good opportunity at other and better game through watching these two always just out

of his reach, always safe on the blue bosom of the lake. Like the rest of his tribe he feared and hated water, a world into which he could not enter and whose life was not for his taking as was the life of the piney woods.

And the loons knew the ways of the land into which they had come, knew where they were safe, so they spent the night floating sound asleep upon the mid-waters of the lake instead of hiding themselves in the tules as did the rest of the lesser divers, or going out upon the brush covered promontory as did the mallards. On these the lynx fell at midnight and made sure of at least one good meal in the cold morning ere he sought his den on the far side of the ridge. When, with a sudden rush, up came the sun of the second day of their stay upon the little lake, the loons were ahead of him and each fed well upon a round-bodied trout, seized as it sped through the icy water. Cold was of no moment to them, and the only reason for which they ever left the Northland was that the heavy hand of winter shut off their food supply, forcing them to a region of more open waters. To this, their natural home, they returned again as soon as the warmth of spring began to re-people the brooks and lakes, and here, too, they would rear their young, training them up in the way of the north rather than of the south where but a small part of their lives would be spent.

So day wore into night and night to day again. The sun grew warmer, and under its gaze the blanket of snow quite faded from the lower slopes, giving place to a thin carpet of green that hour by hour seemed to spring into new life and thickness. With this, of course, came a quickening of animal and bird life. Strangers of the air began to arrive from the south, and those four-foots that had slept through the greater part of the long cold season woke to new activity in the dawn of the fresh year.

Into the hearts of the great divers, mated though they had been through many a spring and summer, came the old desire, and the smaller of the two spent much of her time searching among the reeds and over the rounded floor of the little island that lay in the center of the lake. What she sought she was a long time in finding, but at last, one day in early April, she swam out to her mate, and with much chattering and many



movements of her ungainly head persuaded him to follow her to the grass-grown island.

Here in the very center of the little plat was a pile of dead rushes, sticks and debris that the high waters of winter had deposited; it was of the height of the pair as they stood upright before it and broad as one of the domed beaver houses that barred the outlet of the lake at its lower end. In such a place as this some pair of lordly white-fronted geese might have made their home, and had they been there the geese would have laid hold upon the nesting site long before the loons came to the conclusion that it suited them. But the little lake was far from the usual air-trail of the honkers, and the divers were lords of its waters, with time and opportunity to choose as they pleased from its accommodations. And they were slow in their choosing. With all the efforts and arguments of the female it was a good week before the leader of the pair made up his mind that this was the exact place they had been seeking, through all their long northward flight, for the rearing of a family. Finally, however, even his critical taste was satisfied and both together went at the work of nest-building as though their very existence there in the heart of the great hills depended upon it.

First of all they hollowed out a basin in the top of the pile of driftwood, shaping it to the body of the female as she would sit when the nest was completed. On one side of the little island the stretch of water which separated it from the shore was considerably narrower than on the other sides, and toward this the guardian of the eggs must face; the water would protect her on the more open sides, but here there was just the faintest chance that some prowling four-foot would attempt to swim the short distance from the mainland and rob her of her brood. A sharp beak she was possessed of as well as the power to use it, but previous meetings with some of the killer tribes had put her on her guard, for four claw-clad paws are better in a fight than one razor-edged beak, even though the beak be the longer. So from the beginning she built and he brought her material, so that all things would aid her when the time for her real task came. There were no rats on the island to infest the driftwood pile and by their absence she was relieved from another terror, for of all the

myriad eggs of water fowl that are laid, the sharp-toothed wood rats get far more than their share.

Into the cup so made in the driftwood pile went a coarse lining of sedge grass and rushes, for this was to be a better nest than most of the divers make, on account of the long cold nights that would come even after the eggs were laid, to say nothing of nipping mornings and cloudy afternoons when the rain began to fall. The making of this first lining was a task; dry sedges had to be selected from all the acres of damp lakeshore, while such sticks and twigs as went in to bind the whole together were gathered with infinite pains at the edge of the forest. A loon on land is as awkward as a cat in the water, and the waddling woodchuck is a master of speed when compared to either one of these when out of its own element. When this first lining was completed the nest would have seemed, to any casual observer, to be good enough for the rearing of a fine family; not so with the loon-mother. She knew the days and nights to come as well as the brood she was to rear and she builded accordingly. A layer of feathers followed into the reed-basket, most of them stolen from the mallards now beginning to think of selecting their own nesting places around the lake's edge, and a very few plucked from her own breast. There is little difference in the plumage of the divers at any time of year, but just now the coats of both of these seemed a bit brighter, or perhaps they were just getting thoroughly cleaned off after their long flight. At any rate, as the nest-building progressed the male played more and worked less, until, one warm afternoon, when the main part of the nest had been finished and the female sat in the basin at the top of the driftwood hillock working the inside of the nest until it should fit her body perfectly, he brought to her a fish out of the crystal waters of the lake. And she, opening wide her lance-like beak, accepted it as the first sign of her coming dependence on him for at least a part of her food supply.

Next day in the nest there lay an egg of the size of the eggs of the largest of the geese, dull drab in color and heavily blotched here and there with darker shades of gray and brown. To you or me it would have been a very ordinary looking thing, not nearly so beautiful as the egg of many others of the

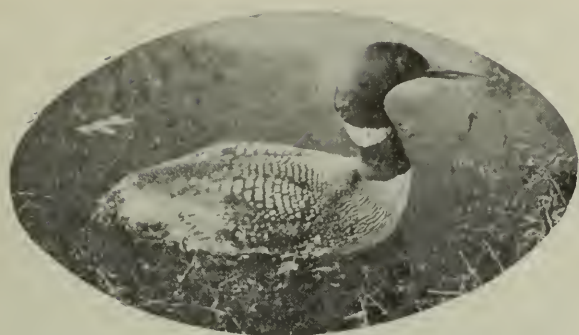
fliers; but to her that hovered over it with consummate care it was the most beautiful object, the most precious treasure in the world. That night for the first time her mate had kept his place on a little mat of dried grasses but a foot or two from the nest on which she sat, and early in the gray dawn, ere yet the sun had livened the rainbow waters of the lake, she called him with many a hoarse little chuckle to see the egg that the hours of darkness had brought to them. He, in turn, gave vent to his delight by one long peal of loon laughter that went echoing and re-echoing through the gray-green aisles of the silent forest, fading into silence on the snow-bound mountain sides far above. With that laugh began the real life of the pair—the task which they had set themselves when they first took wing together from the little lake in the far-away Adirondacks several seasons before. Each season since they had played out the same game, sometimes successfully, sometimes thwarted by prowling muskrat or beaver, until at last the encroachments of man had driven them to seek a new home in this northern wilderness. How much of their hopes were bound up in that dull gray egg and the one other that followed it into the nest can only be known by those that for years have been of the wanderers of the wild, knowing them better than they could ever know their brother men.

When the other egg came the mother seldom left the island home, while her mate swam in gradually increasing circles about the plot of ground that held his all. Meanwhile he fished, bringing to her food in plenty from the well stocked lake. When she slipped from her nest into the water for a short swim he it was that guarded the eggs until such time as she returned. Always as one they worked together to a common end—the safe hatching of those eggs. And they succeeded; though not without what seemed more than their share of the troubles of the water world.

One night, just as dusk was beginning to supersede the day, a duck hawk, returning empty handed from a day-long hunt and winnowing the air close above the lake, saw in the uncertain twilight the loon sitting motionless upon the level floor of the water. Him the hunter mistook for some lone brant, and, though he knew his quarry had far the

advantage of him on the water, he was driven by his hunger and the hunger of the mate back there in the hollow tree to fall upon the stranger with a sudden rush of beak and talon. But the loon had played at this game beneath other skies, and with scarcely a ripple he sank silently beneath the sheltering surface of the lake. It was his friend, and the falcon, his long claws grasping only the icy water, turned into the air with a shrill scream of disappointed rage. Meanwhile, the diver had arisen again but a few feet from where he sank, and his laughing scream woke the cougar asleep on the farthest slope of the great mountain. The hawk heard, and, towering above, ever up and up until he became a speck against the white stars, he fell, as falls the legendary thunderbolt, upon the unwary loon. The latter, because his eyes were limited, as are those of all his kind, to a view of things below or on a level with the line of vision, knew nothing of his danger until the rushing wings of the hunter roared in his ears. Too late even for him to seek safety in the depths, he did the only thing by which he could hope to save his life: he threw his head upward and backward, opposing his powerful beak to the falling body of his enemy. And then, before he had time to swerve, his useless wings bound to his sides by the rush of air, the falcon fell full upon the upturned lance awaiting him. With his own cruelly notched beak he strove; with long, sharp talons he tore at the loon's back, but the leathern skin of the diver held, and down, down into the icy water he bore the body of the winged terror in like manner as, in centuries ago, his far distant kin amid the fens of another North Country had borne the famed Peregrine to his doom. Next day the rats along the mainland shore fattened on the body of the brown-feathered hunter, and from her perch above her nestful of eggs in the dead pine, his mate screamed long and lonelily for him who would never more be mate to her.

With the beavers, too, the great diver had his trouble, but he was more than a match for them and in their squabbles his mate could do her share in protecting the nest, which was, after all, what the beavers and the rest of the four-foots really sought rather than the bodies of the parent birds themselves. On the eggs of the mallards hid in



"THE MOTHER LOON SAT LAZILY ON THE DIMPLING WATER."

the grasses of the shore the rats and even the sharp-billed herons fed, while the cats of the forest caught the sleeping birds by night, but with the loons and their island home it was far different. The cats could not swim to them and they were far more than a match for any of the rest of the pirates of earth or air that sought to prey upon them.

And gradually the dank damp days of northern spring passed into weeks and the weeks almost into a full month. The time of blossoms came and waned toward its close, when, breaking slowly from their shells, the ugly young of the loon pair came forth. One of the two was a trifle ahead of the other in getting into the world, but the last was no less lusty than the first, no less ready to feed upon the supply of semi-putrid fish which the parent birds had prepared in anticipation of just such an event. They grew rapidly, almost from the first day in fact, for it was now a race between them and time to make themselves fit for the long southern journey they would have to take in a few months. From naked, homely little creatures they turned into balls of down. Then through the white, on wing tips and on rump, long dark quills appeared—quills which were but forerunners of the powerful wings they would one day have.

But at best, fast though their growth, it was a long time ere the parent birds could relax their vigilant care of them, long ere they were of a size sufficient to leave the range of one or the other of the older pair. In common with most water birds they speedily found their way into the lake from the nest, and once there, swimming came to them as easily as walking does to the quail broods of more southern lands. When they had made sure of their swimming, they tried the diving game. This is something like

what you and I played when we were wee ones, and called it "peek-a-boo," and this is the way it was done among these youngsters of the wild: The mother loon sat lazily on the dimpling water one sunny afternoon, the two playing around her, chasing the Mayflies and the warm beams of the late sun. One of them, swimming suddenly from behind his parent, almost came into abrupt collision with his playmate, and to avoid this did what he had never done before—turned tail to the air and sank as naturally as his older relatives would have done. Thereby he learned a new way of escape from his enemies, and at the same time became prepared for the great lesson of his life, how to obtain his food. Shortly after this the other youngster, seeking to imitate his relative, found how easy this matter of diving was to his kind, and then the two held high revel there in the middle of the lake, guarded in their play by the watchful eyes of the strong-beaked pair.

Two or three days following this event in the life of the baby loons they were again on the water, playing as usual, when a band of perch rising recklessly, possibly pursued by some giant mountain trout, fled along the very surface of the lake and but a few feet past the group of divers. It was a matter of an instant for both of the old birds to straighten their necks, lift their bodies through their native element and seize upon one apiece of the swimming fish. To watch this was great sport for the young birds, though at first they made no attempts at fishing on their own account—well content as they were with the plenty their guardians brought. But as the days wore on and they were constantly with these older divers, seeing what they did the spirit of emulation took possession of their little lives, and after many futile attempts, many half-drowned returns to the island, they succeeded one day in capturing and eating a young perch. Long they played with their helpless captive before at last he went the way of all good fish—down the gullet of some water bird.

From this time on they were less of a dependence upon the parent pair, and, as their feathering grew, their strength expanded so that by the middle of summer they were as expert fishers as any of their tribe, swimming long distances beneath the water, timing the strokes of their great beaks so as to strike

each fish, no matter how fast he swam, exactly in some vital spot, and best of all, learning which were the good fish and which were bad for fishers to eat. Through all this they had never been to the mainland. In fact a lake shore such as this was not a good landing place for birds like these. They, when they go on shore at all, seek open sandy beaches or tide flats, where for long distances on all sides the world lies open to their vision. Here the forest came down to the shore, and being slow in their movements on land this pair were wise enough to keep themselves and their young away from it. Time on time the two half-grown birds, seeing some dead fish upon the beach would seek to go to it, but always the body of one of the older ones would interpose until finally they learned that there was a reason, hid from them as yet, why they should not seek the shore.

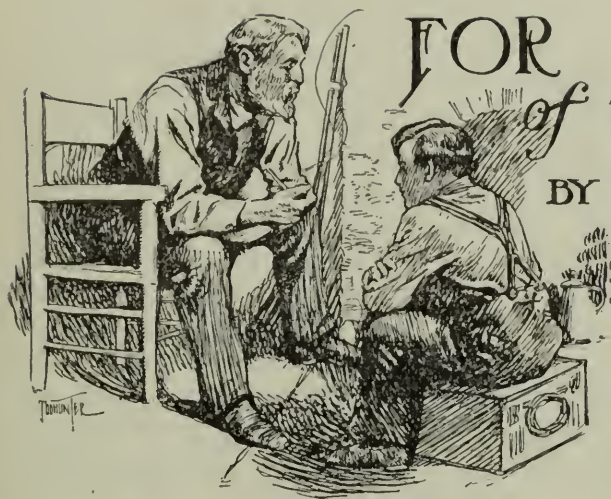
From catching fish in the center of the lake they next learned to seize the frogs along the rushy banks of the southern end. These were much harder to lay hold upon than the fish, but they went down the same way and formed a good substitute for the regular loon diet when, for some reason, the finny tribe hugged the gravel beds beneath the water. Of these two the divers' feed would ever be, and unlike most birds they learned as much of the ways of getting their food right there in the place of their birth as they would ever need to know. Beyond them lay the use of their wings, strange growths that were daily growing stronger, and which they now and again tried in short playful flights not far above the safe surface of the element they had come to know so well.

But with the learning of all these things the summer was well advanced, and as the leaves began to fall from the water beeches and other of the lesser forest growth about

the lake, they together with the parent pair began to feel a sort of longing to be on the wing, to beat their way through the far blue distances they could see so entrancingly inverted above them. Daily their flights became longer, more and more the older birds left them to depend on themselves, not alone for food but for their journeys about over the lake. They came to know its every corner, to understand every ripple, and to pit their wits and their knowledge of the out-doors against that of those of the killer tribes that sought to get at them. Time on time they slipped from beneath the very paw of the lynx waiting for them among the reeds, and often they dived headlong to escape the swoop of some white owl seeking their lives as they slept afloat.

Finally, one night, there floated down from the clear sky the first call of the returning hordes, the *ha-ha-honk* of the leader of a great band of white-fronts, dimly limned against the gray-blue sky. It was time, high time, they said, in the strange sweet tongue of the wild, that all those who flew should be on the move. Winter was hard on their wing beats, the snowy edge of his mantle was already trailing among the upper reaches of the hills. In the northern sky the red aurora flamed, and over the brown plain the caribou herds were moving ever to the south. Three nights they heard these calls, three more days they moved restlessly about the pool that had been their home for all the summer months, and then, just at the beginning of one long arctic evening, the four, running together along the surface of the lake, lifted themselves on long black wings and slipped away over the tops of the pines, over the whitening summits of the peaks, away to the south where food was plenty and the world less cold.





# FOR THE SPORTSMEN of TO-MORROW

BY AN OLD FLINT

The difference—for there is a difference—comes in when the game is flushed. Game birds will generally rise with their heads to the wind and with some species the contrary is not the case once in twenty times. The knowledge of this fact, if one has the forethought to profit by it, will give quicker work and more kills in duck shooting, especially when there is considerable of a breeze stirring, and it also comes handy now and then on a snipe marsh. But paying attention to the wind is one of the things that boy gunners usually forget when game is in sight, or known to be close at hand. Allowances must be made for the primary class, and I am not expecting impossibilities of my pupils; still, there's no harm in advising them to notice which way it is blowing when they start out, and to try to observe any later change in its direction. Here, too, I might drop a hint that is needed by many gunners of mature years, which is that the course of the wind can't always be determined by watching the drift of the clouds. Everybody knows that, if they would only stop to think, for the air has its currents the same as the sea, only they are more changeful. The smoke from a campfire or chimney is a good guide to judge from, or you can throw a dry leaf or blade of dead grass in the air and watch its drift, or revert to the aboriginal method of holding a dampened finger aloft and noting which side gets cold first. This last way is unfailing—which is probably the reason why the Indians adopted it.

\* \* \*

It isn't always practicable to travel against the wind. Circumstances alter cases, and maybe the wind will not always be obliging enough to blow from the direction you want to hunt. Neither will it always be convenient to keep the sun at your back while hunting, but if you can manage to, it will give you the advantage of a better light on all objects ahead. I have met a few riflemen who claimed they could do the best shooting at a target directly under the sun, but I could never see the philosophy



THINK no one ever wrote a book or extended article on woodcraft without laying stress on the need of hunting big game "up the wind," or in other words

hunting toward the direction from which the wind was blowing. The argument advanced is that the larger wild animals are blessed with keen scenting powers and, when the drift of the atmosphere is favorable, will smell an approaching enemy quite as quickly and surely as they will see him. But the average boy will likely serve his apprenticeship in killing, or trying to kill, the smaller species of game, and in such hunting the direction of the wind is a matter of less importance, though it figures to a certain degree. The best of authorities on natural history disagree as to whether or not birds possess the sense of smell, and I certainly do not intend attempting to settle the dispute. In thirty years of hunting I have never noted a case where birds flushed from a peril that they could neither see nor hear; but on the other hand, it may be that such circumstantial evidence or their lack of scenting ability is wholly misleading. All the smaller mammals have keen noses and know how to use them. A rabbit, for instance, has his nostrils continually atwiltch, and these nasal contortions are certainly for a purpose; yet, who ever saw a rabbit take fright at man or dog, however near these might be, so long as their proximity was not manifest to eye or ear. Therefore we may conclude that rabbits and birds may be approached from one direction as readily as another so far as the drift of the wind is concerned.

\* \* \*

of it. Get the sun at your back and you will find that the light is on the target and the front bead of your rifle, while the peep sight is shaded by your hat. Get on the sunny side of a rabbit, squirrel, coyote, deer, or any other "critter" that wears hair, and you can tell that it is hair—it don't much matter how far you happen to be away; but if the light isn't right you notice only a patch of gray or brown and will have to look two or three times to satisfy yourself there is life in it. This is one of the wrinkles of woodcraft that was beat into my head when I was rather new in the game, and it has been of service to me a good many times. In fact, it has come to be instinctive with me to squint up at the sun and sidle around toward it when expecting to run upon game, even if it is only a flock of quail that my dog has pointed. Wing shooting right into the eye of the sun is pretty difficult, and I try to avoid doing it as much as possible. Forethought makes all things easy in this world, and the man or boy who is wholly without it has no particular business monkeying around with a gun. It is hunters of this stamp who furnish "sad accident" items for the dailies, and sometimes do not live long enough to read them.

\* \* \*

Rabbits are the chosen game of most boy riflemen. They present a target of considerable size, and will usually sit still long enough to allow a deliberate aim. I am speaking of course of the rabbits that the youthful Daniel Boones manage to get sight of before they have decided upon a change of location. Those that run are not to be counted as game—if there was anything "game" about them they would wait and take their medicine. Now it goes without saying that the proper place to shoot a rabbit is exactly in the eye, but that isn't the proper place to "hold" until you have killed a few of them and learned how it is done. Most rifles are sighted to shoot to the center at from 50 to 100 yards, and at shorter distances will throw high. Moreover, when a boy is aiming at his first rabbit the sights have a tendency to blurr, while the notch grows so deep that there is no getting to the bottom of it. The chief beauty of a rabbit as a stationary target is that there is a streak of hair all the way from his eye to the ground, and if you want to hold a little low there is no necessity of aiming at an

imaginary point in space. And always hold low until you are positively sure that your hand and eye can be depended upon to work together with steadiness and accuracy. No matter how much previous practice you may have had at the target, you will find in taking up game shooting that there is a remarkable difference somewhere—the difference which, away back in the forgotten past led some one to invent the expressive term "buck fever." You will find yourself shooting three or four inches high when you'd be willing to bet your entire outfit, from rifle to socks, that you were holding "dead on." So I advise allowing for this unconscious coarse sighting, whether the game is rabbits, squirrels, prairie dogs or something bigger. If you happen to shoot low you will get the news as quick as the animal shot at can pick up all four of his feet—and that is a short job quickly done; but it is pretty hard to spot a miss that goes over the game, unless there is snow on the ground or a sand bank within range. You see I am taking it for granted that misses will be due to mistakes in elevation, eliminating the possibility of "side wobble," which is easily avoided by the simple plan of shooting quick. Throw the rifle to your face with the sights aligned under the game, then raise the muzzle quickly till the bead touches the hair, and pull. The longer you hold the greater the "wobble." Remember that the marksman never lived who could hold the front bead of a rifle steadily on the center of the target. Novelists love to tell about him, but that don't alter the facts in the case. Perfectly steady holding off-hand is impossible, and accurate work only comes from pulling the trigger at that auspicious instant just before the sight's transit across the right spot.

\* \* \*

My own score on game would have been vastly better to-day had some one come to me and said, "No matter what the temptation, never shoot with a rest." Hunting calls for off-hand work, because you must take the game as you find it, accept every chance as given, and shoot quickly. Once acquire the habit of skulking up to a rock or stump for a rest shot when game is in sight and you can never thereafter regain the old-time confidence in your off-hand work. You will always be thinking how nice it would be if you could lay your rifle-barrel against the side of a tree or in the fork of a bush, and

you will waste time looking for a chance of that sort when the exigences of the situation demands shooting first and thinking afterward. This sort of a habit grows on one, you will go from bad to worse—just as I did—until a year or two of snapshooting with a shotgun is the only thing that can

bring you back into form. Cut out rest-shooting, boys, if you hope to be mighty hunters. Depend upon the steadiness of your good left arm, unless you happen to be what base-ballists term a "southpaw," in which case the right arm will answer the purpose as well, and possibly better.

(To be Continued.)

## THE REDHAISED BEAR HUNTER.

(A poem in prose.)

By ROGER REED.



HERE'S just one thing I would like to know," said the man with the auburn hair; "and that is where can a fellow go and find a grizzly bear? I have wealth galore—and possibly more (I'm not sure what 'galore' implies)—and lucky the guide who stands by my side when the aforesaid grizzly dies."

As usual, there was quite a crowd at the "Golden Spur" that night, and the red-haired stranger was talking loud—as he certainly had a right, having just expressed a polite request that the gentlemen all would join in a friendly drink; then we heard the chink of a pocketful of coin.

There were miners from over on Sandy Branch, a soldier or two from the post, the grub-train crew of the "T 5" ranch and some timbermen just from the coast, not to mention the gang that made the shebang a regular loafing place; and they lined up all right at the stranger's invite with a smile on each bearded face. Brown ducking jumpers were rubbing free 'gainst the soldiers' jackets blue, and red flannel shirts—sorter negligee—here and there popping into view; but the shiny black worn by Poker Jack kept clear of the jostling line, and we'd too much sense for to take offense at his evident wise design.

"Referrin' to b'ar," remarked Greasy Pete, sorter smacking his lips for more. "Fellers a-yearning fer grizzly meat have cut inter my trail afore. 'Taint fer me ter suggest that yer jest like the rest—ev'ry rule has its 'ceptions, folks say; but the 'tothers I've knowed allus boasted an' blowed when the b'ar was some distance away."

Then the redheaded chap went down in his flank, and Pete pulled his gun to the fore; but 'twas only another small draw on the bank. Said the stranger, "Let's have something more. Every gent has a right his own views to recite, and I'm not denying that same; but I wish to observe I can furnish the nerve if you fellows will furnish the game."

Remarked Poker Jack, in a casual way, "Perhaps you may think it queer, but fiercer than grizzly, any day, is the game you can strike right here. These thousand plunks you may win in chunks if the luck only comes your way." Then he flashed his roll and, Lord bless your soul! the stranger allowed he'd play. So we crowded 'round 'em to see the fun. Jack was the first to deal, and the redheaded chap, when the cards were run, sprung his bluff just as cold as steel: "It strikes me this game will be sorter tame, so, just for a sweetener, pard, here's a thousand neat that I've got you beat, before we look at a card." For half a minute the room was still—not a sound but the clock's tick-tick—while Poker Jack chewed his bitter pill, and that card sharp sure looked sick! He'd been too free with his bait, you see, and his sucker had bit too fair. "I'll pass," said Jack as he shoved his roll back. "Go and find this damn fool a bear."

And what further befell the redheaded sport I grieve that I can't relate in a positive way, but a vague report, which came to me pretty straight, details how he struck a good run of luck away back in the hills one day, and at risk of his life killed a bear with his knife—in his blamed fool redheaded way.



SABLE ANTELOPE (*Hippotragus niger*).





"AND STANDS OVER THE FORM OF THE FALLEN KING WITH A FEELING OF LORDLY PRIDE."

## AN OLD HUNTER'S SONG.

[The following song, widely sung by the hunters and trappers of half a century ago, was handed to "Western Field" by Mr. J. B. Haas of Los Angeles, who twice visited this State in the early fifties. The author of the verse is unknown, but it is certainly worthy of preservation among the few relics of a class of men that is fast passing away.]

The frost lies crisp on the dead brown grass and jewels the fading trees,  
 The wild deer tosses its antlered head, and sniffs at the passing breeze;  
 The snow sifts down from the bald old peak and drifts in the hollow swale;  
 While the smoke of the camp fire floats away, like a vapory bridal veil.  
 The song of the hunter smites the rocks and breaks into echoing trills  
 That fainter grow as they fade away in the shade of the distant hills.

Oh the hunter's life is the life for me! Away from the world of care—  
 Where the rifle cracks and the echoes leap through the heart of the mountain air.  
 Where the soul is free as the breath of God and the heart in the bosom leaps,  
 And the stars keep watch in the silent night, while the man at the camp fire sleeps.

When the sun peeps over the snowy peaks like a ball of eternal flame,  
 He is up and away through the trackless wilds in search of noble game.  
 He follows the trail of the fleeing deer through the rocks on the mountain side,  
 And stands over the form of the fallen king with a feeling of lordly pride.  
 While the mountain lion far up on the cliff a growl of defiance sends down  
 At the bold intruder of strangest form in the garbing of canvas brown.

Oh, the hunter's life is the life for me! In the wilds or the mountain pass;  
 When the frost lies crisp with its sparkling eyes like gems on the dead brown grass.  
 And the smoke of the camp fire floats away on the breath of the wintry air,  
 Then the soul feels light, and the heart is free from the worry of deadly care.

# WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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## FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

IN THE name of the people of California we demand at the hands of our legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

## OUR FRONTISPIECE.

AS OUR frontispiece this issue we are reproducing in color one of the most remarkable and unique photographs that has ever come under our notice. It is an easy enough matter to "snap" the King of Beasts when he is dead or safely confined in a steel cage, but it is quite another matter to boldly stalk him on the open veldt in all his pristine vigor and lethality; and a picture as good as this, taken under such conditions, approximates very close to a miracle.

Our picture is reproduced from a negative taken by a famous African hunter who much to our regret, modestly declines to allow his name to be given, urging as his reason that the reproduction of another photograph taken by him caused him no end of bothersome correspondence and expense, incurred in the satisfying of merely idle curiosity. The photograph was made with a tel-

ephoto lens at a distance of some sixty yards, and was the only satisfactory negative secured out of a dozen exposures. The lion at the time was watching a band of zebras who were gradually feeding toward a water hole in the Lake Nekura country, near Elburgon, British East Africa, and was eventually shot by the photographer. A companion picture, equally as interesting, will be reproduced in our April issue, accompanied by a spirited sketch of the whole occurrence. As examples of the nerve and skill in woodcraft as well as in photography, of the average courageous, up-to-date American sportsman these two pictures are unequaled by anything so far reproduced, and are unique and valuable from numerous other standpoints, among which their artistic beauty and wonderfully good detail are not to be reckoned the least.

## OUR GAME BILLS.

AT THE present writing there is every favorable indication that some very good legislation for the better protection of game will be enacted by our legislature this session. It is too early as yet to predict the outcome conclusively, and as the price of success is not only eternal vigilance, but the "keeping at it" aggressively and eternally as well, we urge that all our readers who are really interested in the protection of game lose no time in writing their respective representatives at Sacramento to vote for the measures contained in the joint bills presented by the State Fish Commission and the Game Protective Associations. These joint bills cover every point of value that we can hope to carry this year, and should not be allowed to be amended out of their original virtue or otherwise tinkered with by those who, while possibly well-intentioned, have little or no knowledge of the conditions or conversance with the actual necessities in the case. These bills have been formulated only after long and careful discussion and consideration by fully capable representatives of all classes and interests concerned, and should be passed as they stand, without alteration. Their legality and constitutionality have been fully determined in advance, and they stand

for only those things which are right, just and equitable to all.

Ask your representative to vote for these joint measures without fail or evasion—and ask them at once! Delays are dangerous and the time is getting short.

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### A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

OUR letter files are filled to overflowing with complaints sent in by friends throughout the length and breadth of the State, reporting alleged violations of the game laws and indignantly demanding to know why the latter are not enforced. To each and every one of these complaints we have made a stereotyped answer: "Make your charges full and specific; give us names, dates, and other good evidence substantiated by affidavits, and this office will at once institute proceedings and fight the cases to a finish." It is significant that in not one of these cases has such evidence been furnished, our investigations usually sifting the matter down to a question of mere hearsay, the complainant, if he really is in a position to substantiate his assertions, invariably refusing to give us his indispensable personal assistance for one or other of the hundred funny reasons usually advanced. "He doesn't want to appear against his friends; he is afraid that if he personally appears his business interests will suffer; he is not a game warden and it isn't his business"—and so forth to the one invariable end that he don't "make good" and we have not got a single substantiative hook to hang an action on.

Talk is cheap but it takes evidence to secure a conviction. If our good friends' indignation would only assume more material proportions; if they would furnish something more tangible than mere hints or hearsay rumors; if they would really give us the imperative personal aid necessary to the abolition of such offenses and the punishment of the offenders, their virtuously assumed interest in game protection would really have some virtue.

We ask our friends to remember that the State Fish Commission has hardly enough funds at its disposal to even successfully conduct the prosecution of actions that are

laid on indisputable evidence, much less than having money to throw away on wild goose chases after reported violators about whom our friends are very careful to suppress all information. We concede, with infinite regret, that the laws are being almost daily violated by persons who are never brought to justice, but we urge that the fault lies almost altogether with those who, while ready to rush into promiscuous complaints, are very chary about helping to bring the guilty ones to book. And as this sort of thing has got to be a veritable nuisance, we hereby wish to announce that we will hereafter positively refuse to give any attention to complaints that are not specific and exact in their nature. Send in your sworn statements and we will act with a celerity and effectiveness that will make game law violators think that a new age of dispensation has come. Don't make a charge that you can not—or are afraid to substantiate. "They say" is a very poor ground to bring an action upon in the courts. Give us facts—cold, hard, substantiable evidence, and we will do the rest in a way eminently to the satisfaction of the most exacting friend of game protection.

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### A COMMENDABLE ENTERPRISE.

THE results attained by last year's experimental introduction into this State of Mexican quails were so favorable, that the State Fish Commission have recently sent two agents into Mexico for the purpose of securing a large quantity of the valuable birds for propagative purposes. The intention is to secure as many varieties as possible, and in numbers sufficient to give a fair stock to experiment with. These elegant birds possess many desirable qualities not found in our native species. They are distinctively field-inhabiting species, lie well to a dog and are hardy and gamy to the last degree, besides being of elegant plumage. It is only just to say that the expense of this experiment is personally borne, largely if not totally, by the gentlemen composing the Commission, and the thanks of our sportsmen are due Messrs. Van Arsdale and Gerber for their great generosity and philanthropic enterprise.

## COUNTY ORDINANCES.

**B**Y LEGISLATIVE enactment the various Boards of Supervisors have, in their respective counties, jurisdiction and power to provide, by ordinances not in conflict with the general laws of the State, for the protection of fish and game, and may shorten (but not extend) the open season for the taking and killing of fish and game within the dates fixed by the general State law.

El Dorado—Male deer, September 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, August 1 to October 1; trout in Lake Tahoe and Loon Lake, June 1 to November 1.

Fresno—Doves, August 15 to February 1; quail November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1.

Humboldt—Trout, May 1 to November 1; striped bass, closed until January 1, 1905; barnacle or black brant, October 1 to March 1; Wilson or jack snipe, September 1 to February 15; English or Mongolian pheasant and wild turkey, closed until January 1, 1906; ducks, limit of 25 per day; black sea brant, limit of 8 per day; miscellaneous bag of game birds, not to exceed 40 in number per day's shoot.

Kern—No game to be shipped out of county.

Kings—Doves, September 1 to February 15; quail, November 1 to February 15; deer, September 1 to November 1; black bass, closed for two years; limit on ducks, 25 per day.

Lake—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

Los Angeles—Doves, August 1 to September 1; male deer, July 15 to September 15; trout, May 1 to August 1; gulls, terns, meadow larks, robins, flickers, brewers blackbird, road runners, orioles, mocking birds, the water ousel, the barn owl and other species of beneficial birds are protected at all times in Los Angeles County. The putting out of poison mixed with or dissolved in water for the purpose of poisoning birds or animals of any sort is forbidden.

Madera—Doves, August 15 to February 1; valley quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1; ducks, limit 25 per day; duck selling prohibited; trout limit, 10 pounds per day, size limit, 6 inches; black bass, closed for two years.

Marin—Male deer, July 15 to September 15; doves, August 1 to February 15; quail, October 15 to January 15; tree squirrel, July 1 to February 1. Shooting on county roads prohibited. Killing of larks and other song birds prohibited.

Mendocino—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Merced—Doves, August 15 to February 15.

Monterey—Deer, July 15 to October 1. No hounds. Sea gulls and blue cranes prohibited.

Napa—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

Orange—Doves, August 1 to February 15.

Placer—Doves, July 15 to February 15.

The ordinances as published below are, so far as we can ascertain, correct; changes are however, liable to occur from time to time, necessitated by new conditions, and we will make such corrections when they eventuate. If in any doubt, please address this office, and information will be gladly given. Where counties are not enumerated in the following list, it is to be understood that no departure from the general State law has been adopted:

Riverside—Male deer, August 1 to September 15; trout, May 1 to July 1.

Sacramento—Doves, July 15 to February 15.

San Benito—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

San Bernardino—Trout, June 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, limit 5 in one day; doves, August 1 to October 1; wild duck. trout or dove selling prohibited.

San Joaquin—Doves, August 1 to November 1.

San Luis Obispo—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

San Mateo—Cottontail and bush rabbit, July 1 to February 1; rail, October 15 to November 16. Rail hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited. Male deer, August 1 to October 1; trout, limit 100 per day; tree or pine squirrel, prohibited. Song birds protected perpetually.

Santa Barbara—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Santa Clara—Doves protected to August 1, 1909. Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Santa Cruz—Male deer, August 1 to October 1. All wild birds (other than those recognized as game birds in general law), except hawks, owls, bluejays, shrikes, English sparrows and housefinches, are perpetually protected, as are likewise all species of tree squirrel. Black bass can not be caught before January 1, 1907. Trout limit in one day, 100.

Santa Cruz—Doves protected absolutely until 1909.

Siskiyou—Deer, August 15 to October 15.

Sonoma—Deer, August 1 to October 1. Duck and quail, October 15 to February 1. Bag limit on ducks and quail, 25 each. Sale of all game prohibited.

Trinity—Male deer, September 15 to October 30.

Tulare—Trout limit, 10 pounds per day, 6-inch fish; black bass, closed for two years; road-runner killing prohibited.

Tuolumne—Mountain quail, south of ranges 13, 14, 15 and 16 east, township 3 north, and west of townships 1 and 2 north and township 1 south range, 7 east, October 15 to February 15.

Ventura—Trout, May 1 to November 1; male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Yolo—Doves, August 1 to February 1; quail, November 1 to January 1; deer, July 15 to September 15.

## THE CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

(Compiled by Charles A. Vogelsang, Chief Deputy, State Board of Fish Commissioners.)

OPEN AND CLOSE SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1903-1904.													
WHITE--Open Season.		BLACK--Close Season.											
* BAG LIMIT *		January.	February	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
Quail, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover,	25 in one day.												
Doves, Ducks,	50 in one day.												
Rails,	20 in one day.												
Deer (male),	3 in one season.												
<b>DEER,</b>								Jul. 15					
<b>DOVES,</b>			Feb 15										
<b>MOUNTAIN QUAIL, GROUSE, SAGE HEN,</b>			Feb 15										
<b>VALLEY QUAIL, DUCKS, IBIS, CURLEW, PLOVER, RAIL,</b>			Feb 15								Oct 15		
<b>TREE SQUIRRELS,</b>													
<b>TROUT,</b>													
<b>STEELHEAD TROUT,</b>									Sep 10		Oct 16		
<b>SALMON</b> (Above tide-water close season extends to Nov. 15),									Sep 10		Oct 16		
<b>LOBSTER or CRAWFISH</b> (Not less than 9½ in. long),								Aug 15					
<b>BLACK BASS,</b>													
<b>SHRIMP,</b>													
<b>CRAB</b> (No Crab taken less than 6 in across the back),													

N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter  
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Fine for violation Game Laws, \$25 to \$500, and imprisonment.  
Fine for violation Fish Laws, \$20 to \$500, and imprisonment.  
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, \$250, and imprisonment.

### WHAT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

TO BUY, SELL, OFFER FOR SALE, BARTER OR TRADE, AT ANY TIME, ANY QUAIL, PHEASANT, GROUSE, SAGE HEN, IBIS, PLOVER, OR ANY DEER MEAT OR DEER SKINS.

- To have in possession doe or fawn skins.
- To take or kill, at any time, does, fawns, elk or antelope.
- To take or kill pheasants or Bob-White quail.
- To run deer with dogs during the close season.
- To shoot half-hour before sunrise, or half-hour after sunset.
- To trap game of any kind without having first procured written authority from the Board of Fish Commissioners.
- To take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds.
- To ship game in concealed packages, or without your name and address.
- To buy or sell trout less than one-half pound in weight.
- To take, at any time, sturgeon, or female crabs.
- To take abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference.
- To take trout or black bass, except with hook and line.
- To take salmon, shad or striped bass with a net less than seven and one-half inch mesh.
- To use a set net.
- To take fish in any manner, within fifty feet of a fishway.
- To take, buy, or sell striped bass less than three pounds in weight.
- To shoot meadow larks.
- To shoot on inclosed land without permission.

Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada.

(Date of close season and the first date of open season are given; to find open season, reverse dates.)

Corrected to September 1, 1904.

Compiled by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, (Biological Survey.)

Table with columns for STATE, QUAIL, GROUSE, PRAIRIE CHICKEN, WILD TURKEY, DOVE, PLOVER, SNIPES, WOODCOCK, RAIL, DEER, GOOSE, SWAN, and BIRDS. It lists close seasons for various species across different states and territories.

MAMMALS.

INTRODUCED FURBEASTS.

BIRDS PROTECTED IN A FEW STATES ONLY.

Table with columns for STATE, DEER, ELK, MOOSE, CARIBOU, ANTELOPE, SHEEP, GOAT, SQUIRREL, RABBIT, and FURBEASTS. It lists close seasons for various mammals across different states and territories.

1 Certain local exceptions. 2 Certain species. 3 Additional open season, included in following list: Plover, Rail; Ohio, Mar. 10-Apr. 21. Snipe, Ohio, Mar. 10-Apr. 21. Utah, Oct. 1-Dec. 15. Woodcock, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, July. Indiana, July, August, and September. Duck, Goose, Swan season, Oct. 1-Nov. 10 (under license). Wisconsin, Apr. 10 (under license). Utah, Feb. 15-Mar. 15. Deer, Elk, Moose, Ungarnized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Caribou: Ungarnized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Newfoundland, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. Sheep, Goat, Ungarnized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Squirrel, Kentucky, June 15-Sept. 15. Indiana, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. In 39 counties to Mar. 15, 1905. 6. Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. 7. In Isle of Wight and Southampton counties only. 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Mattaw and Maudslayi boundary, Nov. 16-Nov. 1. 9. Except credit permit, to 1903. 10. Upland plover only. 11. Except sora. 12. Wood duck, Tennessee, Mar. 1-Aug. 1. Louisiana, to July, 1909. 13. Goose only. 14. Swan only. 15. Swan, North Dakota, to Sept. 1, 1905. Nevada, Wisconsin and Wyoming at all times. 16. Except with dogs or snares. 17. Sheep only. 18. Goat, Alaska, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. Montana, Jan. 1-Sept. 1. 19. Upland plover, New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1. Vermont, Dec. 1-Aug. 15. Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1. 20. Except in southeastern Assiniboia, Dec. 15-Dec. 1.



## President.

H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Stret, San Francisco.

## Vice-Presidents.

Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; H. A. Greene, Monterey; J. H. Williams, Porterville; H. W. Keller, Santa Monica; T. A. Chatten, Visalia.

## Executive Committee.

C. W. Hibbard, Chairman, San Francisco; T. J. Sherwood, Marysville; Frank H. Mayer, San Francisco; Floyd S. Judah, San Francisco; Frank V. Bell, San Francisco.

## Membership Committee.

E. A. Mocker, Chairman, San Francisco; S. A. Heller, San Francisco; Dr. J. H. Barr, Marysville.

## Secretary-Treasurer.

E. A. Mocker, 1316 Hayes Street.

## County Associations—Their Secretaries and Addresses:

Alturas—R. A. Laird, Sec., Alturas, Cal.  
 Angels—Walter Tryon, Sec., Angels Camp, Cal.  
 Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande Cal.  
 Auburn—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.  
 Boulder Creek—J. H. Aran, Sec., Boulder Creek, Cal.  
 Chico, —————Sec., Chico Cal.  
 Cloverdale—C. H. Smith Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.  
 Colusa—S. J. Gilmour, Sec., Colusa, Cal.  
 Covelo—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covelo, Cal.  
 Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell Sec., Hot Springs, Cal.  
 Fort Bragg—Thos. Bourns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal.  
 Corning—Mason Case, Sec., Corning Cal.  
 Fresno—D. Dismukes, Sec., Fresno, Cal.  
 Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.  
 Hollister—Wm. Higby, Sec., Hollister, Cal.  
 Humboldt—Julius Janssen, Sec., Humboldt, Cal.  
 Jackson—O. H. Reichling, Sec., Jackson, Cal.  
 Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.  
 Kern County—E. F. Puschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.  
 Kings County—S. S. Mullins Sec., Hanford, Cal.  
 Lakeport — B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport, Cal.  
 Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.  
 Lodi—Greer McDonald, Sec., Lodi, Cal.  
 Lompoc—W. R. Smith, Sec., Lompoc, Cal.

Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Madera—Joe Barcroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.  
 Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.  
 Mendocino City—O. L. Stanly, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.  
 Monterey—C. R. Few, Sec., Monterey, Cal.  
 Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.  
 Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Sec., Nevada City, Cal.  
 Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.  
 Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.  
 Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.  
 Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero Cal.  
 Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal.  
 Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.  
 Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.  
 Red Bluff—W. F. Luning, Sec., Red Bluff, Cal.  
 Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding, Cal.  
 Redlands—Robert Leith, Sec., Redlands, Cal.  
 Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.  
 Riverside—Joe Shields, Sec., Riverside, Cal.  
 San Andreas—Will A. Dower, Sec., San Andreas, Cal.  
 San Rafael—H. E. Robertson, Sec. San Rafael, Cal.  
 Santa Ana—J. W. Carlyle, Sec., Santa Ana, Cal.  
 Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbara, Cal.  
 San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino, Cal.  
 Santa Clara—J. H. Faull, Sec., San Jose, Cal.  
 Santa Cruz—R. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz, Cal.  
 San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.  
 Santa Maria—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Maria, Cal.  
 Santa Rosa—Miles Peerman, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.  
 San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.  
 Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.  
 Sanger—H. C. Coblenz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.  
 Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.  
 Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.  
 Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.  
 Sacramento County—A. Hertzog, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.  
 Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.  
 Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.  
 Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.  
 Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Sutter Creek, Cal.  
 Three Rivers—F. B. Britten, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.  
 Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.  
 Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal.  
 Visalia—Thomas A. Chatten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.  
 Watsonville—Ed. Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.  
 Willits—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.  
 Woodland—W. F. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.  
 West Berkeley—Chas. Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.  
 Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.  
 Vallejo—J. V. O'Hara, Sec., Vallejo, Cal.  
 San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.  
 California Audubon Society—J. Scott Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.  
 California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

# NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington and British Columbia. Conducted by F. M. Kelly.

"Withal,

I would like as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please."

—As You Like It.

**T**HE salmon is the principal topic of interest in these parts at the present time, and from all appearances the proposed changes to govern the industry in certain future years will be that for some time to come, the reason being a very potent one—the various interests will not agree. Some time ago the canners of Puget Sound and the Fraser River met in Seattle when the Washington packers proposed to the Fraser River packers that the government of Washington and Canada (which latter governs the British Columbia fisheries) be petitioned to make new regulations for the government of the salmon fishery, the principal of which should be an entire closed season for '06, the same for '08, with a weekly closed season in '05 and '07 of thirty-six hours. I believe I made some mention of the matter in a previous number of "Western Field," but a reference to it now is essential to the telling of what followed, contrary to the expectations of the newly born interests of Vancouver Island. The Fraser packers agreed to the proposal of the Puget Sound Interests, and a deputation left for Ottawa to interview the government there, and to agitate for the enactment of a law which would embody the proposed means of protecting the salmon. In Washington, the fishermen and others employed in canneries object to the closing down of the plants, and it is the same from the standpoint of the man who depends upon the fisheries for a living in British Columbia. Besides these, the folks who have recently invested their capital in the erection of traps on the Vancouver Island coast would like to have something to say, and their delegate was sent East for the purpose of combating the close seasons proposals of the Fraser River delegates. It is the impression on the island that the proposed measure is a blow at the infant industry established there.

Against the granting of trap licenses on Vancouver Island the Fraser River canners fought most strenuously, but to no purpose. When they saw that they could not succeed in their efforts to have the fisheries regulated especially for their benefit, and have legislation passed which would keep others from exploiting their money in the development of the country, it was too late for them to get any trap sites only a limited number being available on the rocky coast of the island; and it is felt that the ready acquiescence of the Fraser River people to the proposals of the Puget Sound Packers is a blow to retard operations on the island. The enactment of such legislation could not be but harmful under the circumstances.

Again, the packers of Puget Sound, in all the years that have gone since canneries were first established there, turned a deaf ear to every proposal made them by the British Columbia interests. They would not even ask for the

enactment by their government of a weekly close season. Had they done so, there would have been no reason for such a scarcity of fish on the spawning grounds, and it is a moot question whether they would have proposed such drastic measures if traps had not been established on Vancouver Island. Though against the closed season proposals, the island industries recognize the necessity of legislation which will tend to increase the salmon output; and they believe that a weekly close season, strictly observed on both sides of the boundary, would be sufficient at the present time. That, and the large number of well-equipped hatcheries in Washington and British Columbia, should be productive of considerable good, and would be a compromise between the methods employed in the past and those proposed for the future. From every present indication, however, it looks as if the proposed restrictions would become law.

\* \* \*

The fourteenth and fifteenth annual reports of the fish commissioner for the State of Washington contain much of interest. Commissioner Kershaw must be an indefatigable worker, inasmuch as he also controls the game department of the State—no small item in a man's yearly work, providing he has the matter at heart, and it is no exaggeration to assume that Commissioner Kershaw has, and very much so. The reports are very exhaustive. In dealing with the salmon question, the Commissioner clearly defines the stand the State must take if that valuable fish of commerce is to be propagated. He tells of the hatcheries and their good work. On the Columbia River, where conditions have been much better than on Puget Sound, the canners have been more fortunate than those of the latter district, due to the system of hatcheries on that river.

In 1895 a Chinook hatchery was built on the Chinook River, Pacific county, the same year another was erected on the Kalama, Cowlitz county. In the year 1899 one was built on the Wind River, Skamania county, another on the Wematchee River, Chelan county, while a third was put up on the Methow, Okonagan county. These hatcheries are all located on tributaries of the Columbia. In addition to the above, the United States Government has kept in operation, since 1894, hatcheries on the Little White Salmon and the Clackamas, while the State of Oregon has operated several hatcheries for a number of years. Each of these hatcheries has an average capacity of from four to eight million of spawn annually, which means that between the Federal Government and the States of Washington and Oregon something like 60,000,000 young salmon fry have been liberated each year for at least seven years past. The department has conclusive evidence of the value



of these hatcheries, for by experimental work conducted at several of them, it has been proved that a large number of young fry liberated returned to the Columbia in course of time. As near as can be determined from the methods employed, Chinook salmon return to the Columbia river in three to five years after they are hatched.

In the Puget Sound District, however, comparatively little has been done. The hatcheries have not proved successful. In this regard it might be pointed out that the Fraser River is the only natural salmon spawning water flowing thereabouts, and the Canadian Government has not been able to supplant the great slaughter of salmon with the product of its hatcheries.

The section dealing with trout and wild game shows the good work of preservation being carried on. The first trout hatchery in the

repeal of the game laws and the enactment of one which would give the State game warden the authority to appoint five or six deputies with a salary of \$100 a month and sufficient traveling expenses, so that they could be sent out at any time. He is now a firm believer in the county game warden, and that the latter is indispensable to the work of game preservation. He proposes now that there should be one chief deputy, who would look exclusively after the game interests. Sufficient expense money should be allowed him for the purpose of continually traveling from one county to another to consult with and advise the county game wardens, and to impress upon the county commissioners the urgency for enforcing the game laws and the building up of the game preserves.

In concluding these references to his report,



WINTER IN THE NORTHLAND.

State was built in '03. It is located on Lake Chelan, an ideal spot, a resort for the tourist, high up in the Cascade Mountains. It is modern in all its details with a complete system of ponds and basins for the rearing of all the best varieties of game fish. In '04 about 1,000,000 young trout were hatched, of which number some 300,000 were distributed in different brooks and lakes throughout the State. The Commissioner will ask for a further appropriation during the present year, which will be devoted to the erection of two more hatcheries, one to be built in the prairie country on the Little Spokane River, about nine miles from Spokane, the other in the western part of the State on Lake Crescent, in the Olympics. When complete and in operation, the State of Washington will have ample means for supplying its lakes and streams with the much-sought-after game fish.

A time there was when the Commissioner was opposed to the idea of county game wardens. Some few years ago, however, he advocated the

I can not do better than quote the Commissioner's own words on the question of fish and game preservation:

"Too much importance can not be placed upon the desirability of keeping our mountain streams and lakes well supplied with fish, and our forests with game. Indirectly it will be one of our great commercial resources. There is no class of people who spend money so freely as those who seek enjoyment along our mountain streams with rod and reel, and our wooded hills with dog and gun. Our State is now inhabited by a class of people who can afford and demand this pastime. Not alone should our State be well supplied with trout hatcheries, but each hatchery should be equipped with a game propagating station. This can be done with very little expense; the same superintendent who looks after the fish could also attend to the game. It is done in Oregon and I can see no reason why it can not be done here. \* \* \* When I took charge of the Department of Fisheries



AT ANCHOR.

and Game, my attention was first called to the rapid inroads being made upon our game and the fast depletion of our mountain streams of their finny tribes. The great prosperity of our State during the last few years had brought within her borders men of wealth, men of leisure, men who do not believe life is made up entirely from a commercial standpoint, men who believe the serious side of life should be brightened by out-door sports, to whom wild game in the forest, the majestic trees, the placid lake and the bubbling brook in which wild game and fish abound, appeal to them in all their grandeur and beauty. As we look with pride upon this great influx of wealth, prosperity and civilization within our State, we realize, with doubtful misgivings, that it was the cause of the disappearance of the Rainbow and the Cutthroat from our mountain streams, and the deer and elk from the wooded hills. We realized then, that, if within a few years our game did not become extinct, heroic measures must be adopted, and this led to a conference between a few true sportsmen of the West and myself. The result was that the last Legislature placed a code of laws upon our statute books for the preservation of our game. While they are not perfect or as radical as we would have them, still they work very well for a beginning, and we expect within a few years to make the State of Washington one of the grandest game preserves on this continent."

\* \* \*

A strong deputation of sportsmen, interested in the preservation of British Columbia's game, recently interviewed the members of the Cabinet at Victoria. Their proposals for the better protection and propagation of fish and game, met with the Government's approval, and legislation will be enacted along the lines proposed during the present sitting of the As-

sembly. A new departure for British Columbia also was promised—the appointment of game wardens to enforce the laws relating to game.

\* \* \*

In the near future, British Columbia is to have a fisheries' research station. It will be located on the Pacific at or near the northern end of Vancouver Island. Everything in connection with it will be of the most modern order. A powerful steamer will be built, and experts will be engaged to report on the life of the food fishes abounding along the coast. Such an institution has long been a necessity, as but little is known of the marine life of these waters.

\* \* \*

What is to be the outcome of the kennel troubles? The Victoria and Vancouver Clubs have lately received earnest requests to assist in the re-establishment of another Western Kennel League. The requests came a little late, as both clubs are now under the jurisdiction of the Canadian Kennel League, and as they have been received into that body under the best of terms, it is not likely they will withdraw for the purpose of casting in their lot with an organization similar to the one which lately existed, and as they were not considered when certain clubs of the league to which they belonged sought to re-enter the American Kennel League, it is not to be wondered at that they do not want to be left again in such a position.



A COLUMBIAN RIVER.





## DEFORMITIES IN ANIMALS.

By DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

Corresponding member Zoölogical Society  
of London, Etc., Etc.



WELL-INFORMED people nowadays are more or less familiar with the great variety of congenital deformities that occur in different parts of the world in the cases of children. Science has described and explained not a few of these unfortunate departures from normally organized beings, while in another large class of cases, in order to create a cloak for our ignorance, they have been called "monstrosities" and "freaks of nature." It would seem a little harsh to apply the term "monster" to some of them, while the designation "freak" would soon fall into disuse were we able to furnish the true explanation of the cause of occurrence of these distorted or otherwise disfigured creatures. Medical literature of the day is full of descriptions of these cases, and every now and then we hear of twins being born ligatured together by a common band of flesh, and perhaps other structures, as were the now famous Siamese brothers. So, too, children are born with but a single eye in the middle of the forehead; there are pygmies and giants; women with full beards and mustaches; girls born without a vestige of any breasts, and they never develop through life; boys in whom the breasts are functional; we find double organs and missing organs of all kinds; people with three legs; any number of cases of polydactylism; every variety of idiot; and so on *ad infinitum*.

Now many of the deformities of the class just mentioned as afflicting our own species at various stages of life, are to be met with among animals of all kinds below man in the scale of nature. In fact, no group is exempt from them, either vertebrate or

invertebrate, and many abnormalities of the kind are likewise to be found throughout the vegetable world. With respect to the latter kingdom, however, most of the departures from the normal are seen to be double or multiple growths. These are by no means rare, such as four-leafed clovers, tripartite nuts, many double fruits and leaves, twin stalks, and the like. This is largely the case, too, throughout the invertebrate kingdom, as with molluscs, insects, and other groups. These must all be passed by here, for it is the intention of the writer to point out some of the more interesting examples of this kind as they have occurred among vertebrates, especially among mammals, birds, reptiles, batrachians, fish and other classes in the animal world. Deformities are most varied in character there, and as man himself belongs to the vertebrate series, a careful study of a deformed ape, lemur, or lion would mean more to him, everything else being equal, than it would to investigate a double ear of corn, or a double daisy.

Very recently my attention has been called to the case of a deformity of the teeth in a rabbit, and also in the beak of a cock pheasant (*Phasianus colchicus*). These specimens were both mounted by my friend and correspondent, Mr. H. H. ter Meer Jr., the talented taxidermist of the Leyden Museum, Leyden, Holland. After having been thus prepared he made photographs of the specimens and sent them to me in a letter (November 19, 1904). Reproductions of these photographs illustrate the present article, I having received the kind permission of Mr. ter Meer to publish them. He points out in his letter that in the case of the rabbit, the left incisor tooth of the lower jaw was miss-



RABBIT WITH DEFORMED TEETH.

ing, while its companion was greatly elongated and projected much beyond the lips. The upper incisors curved backward into the cavity of the mouth. As is usually the case, this poor animal was nearly starved and could not have lived much longer. It was shot in the Dutch Province of Gelderland. The cause of these dental deformities in rodents is well known, and examples are by no means uncommon among rabbits, hares, beavers, squirrels and their various kin in this country. If anything such as an injury to or a loss of any one of the incisors in these animals chances to occur, so that the cutting edges of these teeth are no longer kept ground down by the normal wearing away of their opposed surfaces, the remaining tooth or teeth, having nothing to prevent its or their continued growth, will in time curl backward into the mouth cavity, or shoot out beyond it, or pierce the roof and eventually enter the brain above, but surely, sooner or later, destroy the life of its owner. Cases of this character have been seen by me both in hares and in beavers; in one case of the latter animal the backward-curved and

formidable incisor had passed completely through the bony roof of the hard palate and was already close to the under surface of the brain-mass when the specimen was collected.

What caused the deformity of the bill in the pheasant (Fig. 2) I am unable to say, as I have not had the opportunity to examine the bird. I am told however, that the specimen was fat and well nourished at the time it was shot, so it probably met with no inconvenience in feeding. Perhaps the apex of the upper mandible may have been shot away some time, or otherwise injured and in such a manner that the horny sheath, or *theca*, covering it grew out beyond the lower bill or mandible, in the manner shown in the cut. I can very easily conceive how this could come about. This pheasant is now quite common in Oregon, Washington and the surrounding region, having been introduced there some years ago. The specimen shown in Figure 2 was shot at Wassenaar in the royal grounds of the downs near the North Sea coast not far from Leyden.

Polydactylism, or multiplicity of fingers and toes, as well as supernumerary limbs is just as likely to occur in any of the lower



PHEASANT WITH DEFORMED BILL.

vertebrates as it is in man. Cats, dogs and pigs have frequently exhibited this condition and cats have been born with extra limbs. Pigs and deer have also existed wherein the hoofs were solid, or in other words the ungual digits of the fore or hind toes, or both, were indistinguishably amalgamated. While in New Mexico many years ago, I had the opportunity to observe several examples of the famous polycerate or multiple horned sheep. Accounts of them were published by me in some of the magazines of the day. These sheep sometimes had four horns, or more rarely eight, but they always grew in pairs and always sprang from the *frontal bone*. Darwin in his *Origin of Species* pays some attention to such peculiarities. As in the case of double-headed children, I have met with instances of double-headed fish (trout), toads, snakes, turtles, lizards (*Anolis*), grouse, chickens, ducks, antelope, calves and lambs, and not a few other mammals and representatives of other vertebrate groups. From double heads, the joining together of the two (or very rarely three) young may be less and less intimate. I once saw two young chicks of the common barnyard hen so loosely linked when hatched that they could have easily been snipped apart with the scissors with extremely trifling pain or injury, while on the other hand, the double-headed grouse I refer to above, the union was so close that it had been reduced to the two heads, the spinal column branching in the upper third of the neck. In all these cases however, whether they occur in man or in the lower animals, and be the degree of intimacy of the union what it may, they all arise from a similar cause, and this is either that the young are developed from two impregnated ova which primarily fuse together *in utero*, the amount of fusion varying, or else a single ovum *in utero* receives a double or triple impregnation and young develop as before—the amount of fusion varying.

Several times in my life I have met with both snakes and lizards possessing two tails. Such a condition however, must not be confused with double-headed snakes or lizards. Where two heads are in evidence the cause is to be sought in the explanation just given above, but if two tails are present the case is very different. Take our common little

green American chameleon of the Southern States for example. I have in at least three or four instances met with specimens having two tails, and it is to be accounted for by the fact that this caudal extremity in these little reptiles is wonderfully fragile, a provision on the part of nature to enhance the chances of their escape when caught and held by that appendage. In probably an untold number of cases this facility with which the tail parts company with its owner has resulted in the saving of the life of the latter. When thus broken off in a young and healthy specimen, a new tail immediately starts to grow out and replace the one that was lost. Why it does, however, come out double in a small percentage of cases, I am at present unable to say. Close histological examination at the point of fracture may settle this some day, but so far as my present knowledge carries me I am not aware that this has been undertaken. In any event we may always be well assured that nature invariably puts forth a prodigious effort *to restore damage*, and should this effort sometimes result in a lizard or a snake being endowed with two tails instead of one, doubtless nature says to herself "better two tails than none at all."

Frequently deformities in animals are due to direct injury and for an example I may mention a raven I shot in New Mexico a number of years ago. It possessed no upper mandible, that portion of the bill apparently having been shot away some time and complete healing followed. The bird was well nourished. Many different kinds of cases of this character occur but they will not especially be touched upon here. Again man in his breeding enterprises has frequently in his enthusiasm, or greed for gain, produced some very remarkable deformities, as for instance in the case of a high bred domestic pigeon with a bill so small that the bird is now totally unable to feed itself and would starve to death if left to its own resources. Dogs, fowls and other domestic animals have for similar causes suffered in a similar manner and we can consider such wide departures from nature's original type only in the light of deformities, no matter how strongly they may appeal to the tastes of some fanciers in this field of industry.



"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
 Who labors, fights, lives breathes for him alone."  
 —BYRON.

## TRIM.

By HIS MASTER.

**T** IRED, old boy? No—don't get up! This is the hour of well-earned rest, and while I'll own that your dear old brown head on my knee would be a joy to me, I would be loathe to mar that picture of ineffable content on the hearth rug. I'm getting all that's coming to me—and more—out of that sympathetic tail wiggle and the wondrously sweet beam of pure affection which ceaselessly streams upward from the corner of that half-closed eye. Oh! you old rascal, why that pretense of sleep? See! I but turn in my chair and you are wide-eyed in solicitude. That is the "dog" of it.

Tired, eh! "Dog tired" in reality. Well, why not? You want to remember, Trim, that we were out all afternoon and covered some half dozen square miles of mixed going—and you are not a field-trial wind-splitter, old man, with an extended pedigree dating back to some Nancy Hanks of canine speed, who could run over a ten mile cover in forty minutes—as well as over all the birds in it—and your forte is bird finding rather than stubble-burning foot races, and when you get through with a forty acre lot you've been going some, when your quartering zigzags have been logged up. And then, again, you see, I hunt you every day, Trim; and Andy Jones says that at the end of a two-hour field-trial cross-country scamper even the "classiest" of the famed crackajacks get pegged out and go to pottering about at a gait that you would be ashamed to strike after a whole season's continuous work.

And Andy says that when they get that-a-way even the scent of Limburger cheese would be too faint and evanescent to attract their attention. But then Andy's a bit biased and bigoty, belike. You see his dog didn't do anything but just find and point birds at the last field trials, while the high-class fellows tore long holes in the circumambient atmosphere, and scared clear out of the country all the rapacious quails that have been doing so much damage to the vineyards and onion patches and haystacks down Fresno way. He naturally wasn't in it, and so he's feeling sore—and then, as I suggested to him, one can't reasonably expect a scion of the *sang peur* to notice such a plebeian thing as a common quail, especially when he's got a date to fill at the far end of another township.

When I finally made it clear to him that they don't shoot quails at field trials; that the object of these meets was just to scare the eternal stuffing out of the grape eaters, and incidentally to afford Colonel Mazuma an opportunity to prove that his nick of "Rabbit Fanner" with "Never Scent" made a speedier, higher class and more absolutely uncontrollable dog than did Major Mazook's fancy scheme of breeding "No Sense" to "Mile Eater," he took a broader view of it—a manly, seven-mile field-trial view of it. But even then he mumbled something about using "bird dogs for birds, and greyhounds for coursing matches." It's hard to remove some people's prejudices.

What, yawning, Trim! Well, I don't won-

der. Andy said it made him tired, too. But you don't want to go putting on any lugs, old fellow; that assumption of contempt for "class" don't go with me, you old bluffer! What if you *did* find every bevy in that briar patch and then nailed them singly until I got tired of the easy slaughter—that cuts no ice when you come to reckon on class. Why you didn't range more than a quarter mile away from the gun all day—what's that! *You didn't have to—birds plenty much nearer at hand!* Trim, you're a depraved meat dog. All you think of is going to where the birds are, directly and with no soul thrilling intervals of fancy wind-warming stunts to relieve the lethal monotony of powder burning. *What do I take you out for?* Well, what do you think of that!!

Sit up here, you plebeian old game hog, and look me in the eye! It's wonderful how deceptive some faces are. Here you are with a square, honest and intelligent head; eyes like a loving woman's, with the sou-sticking out of them in chunks; perfect beauty and harmony of line and color everywhere aggressively present—and yet you are not your own grandson, or your own uncle, or any other of the fashionable self-relatives demanded by fashion and produced by inbreeding. Why, you haven't got a single incestuous cross on your whole blooming escutcheon and yet you dare to sit there and wink superciliously and grin contemptuously when I talk seriously to you about your lamentable lack of high-class blood lines! Why, your forbears have not been indecent for ten generations. Positively, Trim, your pedigree is as blue as it should be purple, and that's what's the matter of you.

And yet—do you mind that old cock you roaded for a hundred yards in the short sage on that knoll this afternoon and held until I got up! It must have been a good twenty minutes that I consumed in getting over that ditch and around those fences, but he came to hand, all the same, and how proudly you retrieved him! *S-h-h!* I'm glad Andy wasn't here to hear that; he says that no high-class dogs ever retrieve at field trials. It spoils their nose for ranging and unsteadies them on wide casts. He says that real "classy" dogs are so delicately organized that the handlers dare not even fire shotted charges at the birds they flush—it would make them nervous and excitable. So they

use pocket pistols with reduced blank charges, and under no circumstances point them in the direction of the flying bird lest some lamentable *contretemps* should ensue.

So you see, Trim, you and I are dubs with no chance of honorable distinction in high-class company. So I propose that next year you and Andy's Rover, together with Andy and I will hold a little field trials of our own. We'll shoot—to kill—at every blamed bird you find, and a dog that don't retrieve—clean and cheerfully—is out of the stake. We'll use full shotted cartridges in regular field guns and shoot over every point. A point at fur will score five demerits, and a rabbit chase will count ten chalks off your credit. A flush will be inexcusable—if made by Andy's dog—if you make one I'll loosen your slats!

If he hasn't gone to sleep and ignored every word I've said! Well, sleep on old friend, and may your dreams be pleasant ones. You're not a typical modern field-trial wonder of high caste and "class"-ical attainments, but you're an almighty lovable and useful old sort for all that. There is a certain class for even our kinds of man and beast, and we are both in it. If I were only as good a type of my particular breed as you are of yours and I could read my title clear without any conventional abstract. There may not be in me that repose—or in you the lack of it—which "stamps the caste of Vere de Vere" but when we go afield for quail *we get 'em*—and that, too, after the manner prescribed for gentlemen's observance. Hello, Andy! Glad you've come in. Drag up that rocking chair and fill your pipe. And you don't need to knock your fool tail off, Trim; it's only Andy, and he ain't got any use for pointers—he's figuring on being a field-trial judge next year.

Been a talking to the old pup, holding him up to himself in his true colors. Only a meat dog—but hanged if that ain't what I've got him for. Cost me seven dollars, and he's worth every penny of it! Andy, you're a pretty level headed thinker if you are a bad shot. Just answer me a few questions:

The highest type of a sporting dog is supposed to be found among the field-trial stock. *It ain't supposed—it is!* Well, then, let's say it is, rather than argufy. Now, for field-trial dogs we breed to "class" and "blood"; the idea, I take it, is to perpetuate certain desirable, if not virtually indispensable,

qualities existing among such sires and dams, and to improve on even these by selection. Am I right? Yes—well then: In such case, if our practice is right, our pups, inheriting all these fine qualities of their ancestors, ought to be perfect in them when they are born. Why so many "scrubs" and such a small percentage of "field-trial class" among them? Don't the qualities transmit? You'll acknowledge that the time to begin to train a race horse is twenty years before he's born. They get better horses every year—why not better dogs? The race horses of this day are head and shoulders above those of two decades ago. How many of these gilt-edged, purple-bred pups of to-day, after all our breeding and selection, can equal the dogs of several generations back? How many Count Nobles, Sensations, Plain Sams, Drakes and Rhoebes are we producing to-day?

What is the good of "class" and "blood" if breeding and inbreeding brings as many degenerates among dogs as it seems to do among the "royal" (!) dynasties of Europe? Tell me that!

What! Ye ain't goin' already? *Ain't got neither time nor inclination to listen to any such fool rot, eh?* Well, put this in your pipe and smoke it: Old Trim found eighteen birds that I bagged, besides a dozen I missed; while you with your ornary, no 'count, purple-bred winner of nothing got a measly three—and them out of a bevy you found yourself while you was chasin' after that wide ranging rabbit scooter of yours. Why, I would'nt have that mangy duffer for ———. Blamed if I see what a man wants to slam a door like that for! Andy must be a little sore. Now what d'ye suppose I could a said to make him feel that-away? Never mind; he'll come over again and I'll really tell him what we ought to do to perpetuate the breed of bird dogs. Funny how bigoty some folks get—especially about things they don't know anything about.

#### THE S. K. C. SHOW COMMITTEE.

The annual meeting of the San Francisco Kennel Club was held at the Occidental Hotel January 10th. John E. de Ruyter, Charles K. Harley, and John L. Cunningham were selected to act as the bench show committee for the ninth annual dog show which will be held at the Mechanics' Pavilion May 10, 11, 12 and 13. The bench show committee is now negotiating with a noted English expert on dogs, with the view of having him judge the show.

## ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 25 cents per line for first issue, and 20 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

SPORTSMEN: I make a specialty of treeing bear for you to kill. Best of deer hunting and trout fishing. Write early for next season. Will insure bear and bucks and a good hunting trip.

A. R. GATES,

Hay Fork, Trinity county, California.

\* \* \*

FOR SALE—Three foxhound pups, two males. Queen II by Ranger, born Jan. 7. Prices very reasonable considering quality.

AUGUST KRIEPS,

1715 O'Farrell St., S. F.

\* \* \*

FOR SALE—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, \$25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422, Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon.

\* \* \*

WANTED—Sportsmen to send for our illustrated catalogue of mounted Bobwhite Grouse, ducks, pheasants, etc; beautiful for your den. Want to correspond with those having live game for sale. Adams & Son, 317 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

\* \* \*

FOR SALE—Japanese Fox skins of all varieties. Prices very reasonable. Frank Rguchi, 512 Minnie Street, San Francisco.

\* \* \*

WANTED—A thoroughly broken 'coon and cat hound. Must be warranted not to run deer. Address James Brady, 625 Union Street, S. F.

\* \* \*

#### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

We have located permanent kennels at Ridgewood, Mendocino County. When you want anything in the line of bird-dogs that win, address us there. California Kennels.



## BOOK on DOG DISEASES

AND HOW TO FEED.

Mailed Free to any address by the author.

H. CLAY GLOVER, D.V.S., 1278 Broadway, N.Y.





## TRADE TOPICS

### AT THE HEAD OF THEM ALL.

Are the famous dog remedies of Dr. H. Clay Glover, who by the way informs us that he has made a new home at Sarasota, Manatee county, Florida, where he will hereafter reside. The Doctor informs us that he will, nevertheless, retain his present New York office, from which the great demand for his unequalled remedies will be supplied. We are gratified to learn that Dr. Glover's business has increased very greatly last year, there being an especially augmented and heavy demand in foreign countries for these world famed canine specifics. Which only goes to prove that the people of this world want the best of everything—especially when such can be supplied at no material advance over mediocre products. Everybody knows the value of Glover's remedies.

\* \* \*

### A POPULAR TRADESMAN.

In these days of keen competition and individual hustle, it is not enough for a merchant to merely have a good line of staple articles of established merit in stock if he aims at the full commercial success which this age demands. He must have, as well, fully qualified salesmen to push his wares; men who can not only create and build up trade, but who can hold it permanently when once established. In this respect, Boltz, Clymer & Co., the well known cigar and tobacco dealers at 416 Market street, this city, are peculiarly fortunate. In the person of Will Goodfriend, manager of their retail department, they possess one of the most valuable men in their line of business. Courteous, affable, polite and energetic, untiring in his efforts to please patrons—and always succeeding in doing it—he has attached to himself a personal clientage which is immensely profitable to his firm. Of course, the excellence of the product he handles has been a great factor in his success—El Palencia cigars have an international reputation—but the personal qualities of Mr. Goodfriend has endeared him to hundreds who find in him all that his name implies and who universally vote him a rare good fellow as well.

\* \* \*

### AN EXQUISITE BROCHURE.

That any product of Shreve & Company, the great firm of San Francisco gold and silversmiths, must necessarily needs be of the highest quality, goes without saying. Yet, we can not help commenting upon the particularly engaging beauty of their "Watch Book," a publication recently issued by them, having for its subject matter a brief history of watches from the earliest days to modern times.

The hall marks of "Shreve" quality is all over it—in the chastity of its modest, yet rich, binding; the superb paper stock employed, the artistic photo illustrations (which are of rare technical and historical value as well) and the general excellence of its letter press, whose mechanical execution is full as good as its subject matter. Taken all in all, it is one of the daintiest booklets that has ever come under our notice, and must be seen to be fully appreciated.

### BETTER THAN EVER.

The 1905 edition of the World Almanac and Encyclopedia has just made its appearance. It is by far the best edition yet produced, as full of interesting statistics as a nut is of meat, containing 10,000 subjects and 100,000 facts and figures. In fact, the World Almanac for 1905 is the most authentic year book in print to-day. Sold by all news agents and booksellers at 25 cents per copy, or sent by mail by the publishers for 35 cents. Address, The World (Almanac Dept.), 49 Pulitzer Building, New York City.

\* \* \*

### VERY REALISTIC.

The Iver Johnson Arms and Cycle Works of Fitchburg, Mass., have adopted for their 1905 Calendar design a very realistic representation of a couple of their celebrated revolvers, in hammer and hammerless models, suspended to nails driven into a rough board wall, whereon is also hung a corduroy hunting coat. The effect is a particularly pleasing one, the natural colors of both objects and background being well reproduced.

\* \* \*

### FREE FOR THE ASKING.


It is not often that one can really get something of value for nothing, yet if any resident sportsman will call at this office we will be glad to give him, with our compliments, a sample of the famous "3 in 1" oil—a lubricant, rust preventer, cleanser and polisher that has no equal, for these combined purposes, in the world. If secretaries of gun clubs will kindly inform us by letter of the numbers of members in their clubs, we will be glad to send samples for the individual trial of such members. In making this offer we are actuated only by the desire to acquaint fellow-sportsmen with the merits of what we have found to be the best article for the purposes indicated. As our supply is limited we advise making application without delay.

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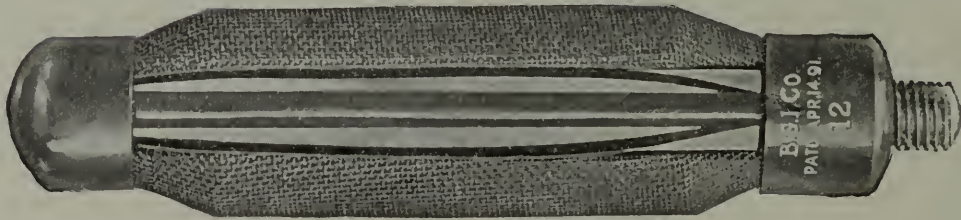
## ARTICLES FOR MEN

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Adapted to all chambers. Clean thoroughly without cutting the inside surface of the gun. Insure the life of your gun by using a Tomlinson Cleaner.

### BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT COMPANY

AGENCY, 315 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

PHIL. B. BEKEART CO.  
114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Peters Cartridge Company, now occupying the entire third floor of the Pickering Building, Cincinnati, find it necessary, owing to the growth of its business, to secure more commodious office quarters, and has secured a lease on the seventeenth floor of the First National Bank Building, Cincinnati, where it will have nearly four thousand square feet of space. The new quarters are being especially fitted up, and will be ready for occupancy about March 1st.

\* \* \*

We have just received the new Marlin Catalog for 1905, containing full details of Marlin repeating rifles, .22 to .45 caliber, and Marlin repeating shotguns, 12 and 16 gauge. It also has a section on ammunition, giving proper loads of black and smokeless powders and telling what bullets may be used in the various sizes. A third section has chapters devoted to "Care of Rifles," "Sighting Rifles," "Reloading Ammunition," "Low Pressure Powders," "High Power Powders," "How to Lubricate Bullets," "Accuracy, Velocity, Trajectory and Penetration," "The Choice of a Rifle," and many other similar topics.

The cover is in colors, showing two hunters sitting on a log resting and waiting for the savory meal cooking over the camp-fire, their guns and dog close at hand, while one graphically relates to the other the story of "A Great Shot."

You can get a copy of this 128-page book with hundreds of illustrations, by mentioning this paper and sending three stamps for postage to The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

\* \* \*

### "SONGS IN MANY KEYS"

Is the title of a very charming little collection of poems by George Burchard, who has from time to time favored "Western Field" with many choice bits of verse. The little volume, in its chaste binding and beautiful typography, is worthy of a place in the library of every lover of the outdoor beautiful. It is a veritable bouquet of mountain blossoms and brings in its pages a refreshing whiff of the pure air which inspired them. It is from the press of the Whitaker & Ray Company of San Francisco.

\* \* \*

### UNJUSTIFIED APPREHENSION.

It is reported that at a recent big fire in one of our northland cities, the firemen were afraid to work in a burning building where, as it happened, a quantity of fixed ammunition was kept in stock. Their refusal was based upon the groundless fear that their lives would be endangered by the explosions, the idea being that the flying projectiles from the cartridges were as dangerous as though fired from a gun. That this idea is entirely based in error has been repeatedly proved by experiments, the Winchester Arms Co. especially conducting a very comprehensive and exhaustive set of trials

a few months ago. In these experiments, which are very fully set forth in a booklet recently issued by the Winchester Arms Co., and copies of which will be cheerfully sent to any one applying, is it conclusively proven that no serious explosion can occur through the ignition, either by shock or fire of one or more cartridges or shot shells when lying within the mass of cartridges or shells in a whole case. Cases of loaded shells were shot into by heavy guns, were consumed by blow pipe flames directly forced upon them, until half the contents were ignited, were dashed upon hard pavements from great heights, and otherwise abused with only the smallest possible effects. In the cases of the fire tests, the experts actually kept their hands upon the burning cases with perfect immunity. The whole subject is very interesting and should be read by every one, especially insurance agents who may obtain therefrom data of extreme value in the writing of their risks.

\* \* \*

### UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Savage Arms Company, Utica, N. Y., was held on January 25, and the following officers were elected: President, Benjamin Adriance; vice president, Walter Jerome Green; secretary and treasurer, J. DePeyster Lynch. Mr. Arthur W. Savage is no longer connected with the company in the capacity of managing director, and is therefore not authorized to make any transactions for the company.

\* \* \*

### TO SHOW INDIAN WORK.

The Indian exhibit at the Lewis and Clark Centennial will be a large and extensive one, in many respects superior to those held at earlier World's Fairs. Superintendent Edwin L. Chalcraft of the Chemawa (Ore.) Indian School, has been appointed to take charge of the exhibit, and the work of collecting the display is well advanced.

The exhibit will show the progress of the Indian people during the past century, and displays will be made illustrating the life of the Indians at the time of the Lewis and Clark Expedition and the present condition of the Red Men. The exhibit will be given an Indian setting, an abundance of native grasses, Navajo rugs and blankets, Indian pottery and basket work being used for this purpose. Schoolroom papers, articles manufactured by the Indians, specimens of crops and photographs of schools are being collected. The finest collection of Indian baskets ever displayed will be a feature of the exhibit. The Chemawa Indian students are at work making a miniature wagon which will be shown at the Fair. While the display will show in a representative way the work of Indians in every part of the country where the native Red Man still lives, special attention will be given to the work of the Indians of the Pacific Northwest.



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A remarkable example of the silversmith's art is the enormous loving cup recently presented to David H. Moffat by the citizens of Denver, Colo. This cup, a half-tone illustration of which appears on this page, is of sterling silver, stands over three and a half feet high, and has a capacity of over nine gallons. It is entirely hand wrought, the special features of its decoration consisting of a bas-relief portrait of Mr. Moffat, scenic views of the Moffat road—the Denver, Northwestern and Pacific Railway—etched and carved, and a particularly happy treatment of oak leaves and the columbine, the emblematic flower of the State of Colorado. The base is of verde antique marble ornamented with further scenic views.

The dignity of line which characterizes the cup itself is amply reinforced by the skilful handling of its decorations.

The cup was furnished by Bohm-Bristol Company, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the above data and photograph. It exemplifies very pleasingly the splendid facilities and artistic resources of this great concern, whose local branch has attained, almost at a bound, the confidence and favor of the whole Pacific Coast.

\* \* \*

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The Marble Safety Axe Company have recently enlarged their factory and have installed a dozen new and modern machines to enable them to make in larger quantities their line of front and rear rifle sights, rifle cleaners and jointed rods. Although placed on the market only last year, they have had a great demand for these articles.

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The value of personal intercourse in business affairs was never more clearly demonstrated than by the Annual Reunion of the Salesmen of the Peters Cartridge Company, which was held at Cincinnati, January 2-7. These representatives came from every section of the country, and constitute a body of highly intelligent, progressive men, experts alike on the subject of ammunition and in the science of salesmanship. They are, of course, almost continually in correspondence with the office of the company, an altogether satisfactory means of communication ordinarily, but a week of intimate association with each other, and with those who control their movements, supplies a generous stock of information and inspiration for the year's work. The picture reproduced on this page shows that the traveling force of the Peters Cartridge Co. has increased materially since the last reunion, a fact which accounts in part for the immensely increased sales of Peters' products during the past year. The reunion program extended over a full week, and was replete with many enjoyable features.

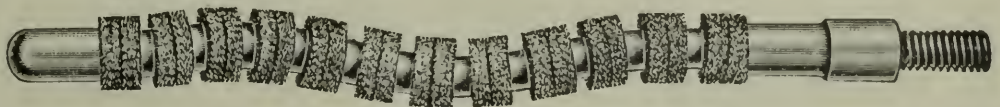
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# WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 6

APRIL, 1905.

NO. 3.

## HUNTING MONTEZUMA QUAIL IN MEXICO.

By H. T. PAYNE.



MAKING the Southern Pacific from San Francisco on my recent trip to Mexico, we crossed the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico and made our first stop at the old town of El Paso, Texas. El Paso, while rounded many years ago, is to-day a new town. Having recently become an important railroad center it suddenly took on a new growth with all the concomitants of metropolitan airs; tall, massive buildings of pretentious architecture; spacious stores elegantly equipped, and fine hotels. Even the old Mexican town across the river, Paso del Norte, has recently been rechristened Juarez and, catching the infection of American push, has actually built a new and rather pretentious arena for the national sport of bullfighting. My companion, Mr. Mocker, here got his first taste of Mexico and, after purchasing a handkerchief for a dollar and receiving a dollar "Mex" in change for Uncle Sam's fifty cents worth of silver, concluded that Mexico was the most liberal country he had ever seen. But when he came to spend the Mexican dollar on the El Paso side he changed his mind and concluded that there must be a bunco game somewhere in the transaction. From El Paso we went to the new and flourishing town of Douglas, where are located two large smelters doing a rushing business on the reduction of the copper ores of Arizona and Northern Mexico.

Taking the Douglas and Nacozari railroad, our baggage was inspected by the polite officers of the Mexican Republic at Agua Prieta, the Mexican town across the line, and we were soon speeding southward into the "land of *manana*," much surprised at no attention being given to our guns and am-

munition. At Fronteras we stopped for lunch and were directed to a low adobe building. Uninviting as was the outward appearance, the dirt floor, bare table and graniteware dishes were still more so. Having had a good deal of experience with Mexican eating houses, I soon found my appetite vanishing with about the same rapidity with which Tam O'Shanter and his grey mare, Meg, got away from the haunted kirk. Not so with Mocker, who yet had to take his initiatory degree. He was keen to go the limit. He seated himself with about a dozen of us at the single table with curious, if not high, expectations. But when a comely *senorita* came in with an armful of *tortillos* and deposited them on the bare table boards, he picked up one of the discs, which were about sixteen inches in diameter and two-hundredths of an inch in thickness, held it up to the light, looked through it and, in his surprise, exclaimed: "What in — is this?" Beans, black coffee and a meat stew of questionable genealogy completed the menu. Soon after leaving Fronteras the road begins to wind down a narrow and quite picturesque cañon where, standing on the platform of the rear coach, I caught a few "snap-shots," notable among which being one of the "castle," a pretentious stone building in the narrow rift. It is the headquarters of the Wheeler land concession, comprising something over 100,000 acres.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at Nacozari, the location of the Montezuma Copper Company's mines and reduction works. The American quarter, located on the mesa, presents quite a respectable appearance, but the Mexican hovels tucked in the gulches and on the rocky hillsides are mere shelters com-



A GUARDIAN OF THE FRONTIER.



MONTEZUMA'S HEAD, NEAR CANANEA.

posed of rough slabs, discarded mill screens, gunnysacks, tin cans and any old thing that can be stood up or tacked onto the crude poles that form the framework. For this is a treeless country and lumber is worth about as much per square inch as Mexican dollars. Adobes, the national building material, are impossible here for there is not soil enough among the rocks to produce one to the acre.

The day after our arrival we planted ourselves upon the upper deck of a couple of small beasts, called horses in respect to their distant ancestors, and with my dog at our heels started for our first quail hunt. In this section of Sonora there are three varieties of quail: The *Lophortyx gambeli*, a species of the California valley quail; the *Callipepla squamata*, or scaled quail, and the *Cyrtonyx montezuma*. These montezuma quail are closely allied in their habits to the Eastern bob white. In appearance the female resembles the Eastern female very closely. The male, however, presents a bizarre though handsome appearance. As we did not find the montezumas very plentiful near Nacozari we soon returned to Douglas where we took the El Paso and Southwestern railroad to Naco. On this trip we fell in with a party of Bisbee sportsmen just returning from a duck hunt on the lakes near Fronteras. Like all the sportsmen of Arizona whom I have had the good fortune to meet they were a jovial lot, and our ride together, which lasted nearly half a day, was indeed a pleasant one. When we parted at the Douglas junction I lined them up for a photograph.

At Naco we had to stay all night, and I have been addling my brain ever since to find what excuse it has for being on the map. Like all the border towns it has its American and Mexican sides, and possibly the purpose of each is to keep the other from stealing the boundary monument.

Naco has no hotels and the traveler has to depend on the rooming houses. It has no restaurant worthy of the name, but it has the champion waiter of all Arizona. He is a young gentleman with a terracotta complexion and claybank hair, and from his ro-tund appearance I should judge that he takes his meals outside. On taking our seats at one of the three tables he came within about



SNAP SHOTS BY THE WAY.

"Water Works."  
In the Quail Country.

Her First Montezuma Quail.  
The Wheeler Land Company's "Castle."

A Party of Bisbee Sportsmen.

four feet of us, struck a tragic attitude, and in the voice of the sweet girl graduate, declaimed: "We have some nice cottontail rabbit. Also," with a strong emphasis on the first syllable, "some channel catfish from Texas; besides," same emphasis as the girl graduate's and, "we have steaks and chops from Kansas City, as well as ham and eggs." After a long breath—"likewise we have oysters." Mocker spoiled the tableaux by

possibility of finding lodgment for buildings along the rocky sides of the cañon. Wherever the latter broadens out so as to admit of a second street it has been given local names, so we have in the town proper the subdivisions of Mesa, Ronquillo, Capote, Alicia, etc. Mesa, the lower end, has an elevation of 5,300 feet above the sea. Cananea is practically an American town, its only industry being the extensive mills and mines



THE MONTEZUMA QUAIL, OR MEARNS PARTRIDGE (*Cyrtonix Montezumae mearnsi*).

irreverently interposing the question: "Where are the oysters from?" "Damfino," was the reply and, without waiting for our order, he sculled himself into the kitchen and returned a few minutes later with some bacon, beans and bread.

The ride from Naco to Cananea is up a broad tableland, broken here and there with short ranges of mountains. At the base and in the cañon of one of these ranges is situated the town of Cananea. The town is about nine miles long and from fifty to three hundred yards wide, according to the

of the Cananea Consolidated Copper Company, giving employment to some 6,000 men, and turning out 3,000 tons of copper each month. While it has its American church and American school, it is sadly lacking in hotel accommodations. The best we found was "The Elks," an upright board shell, run by a genial son of Great Britain who serves nothing but T-bone steaks on his table, but cuts them from any old place between the horns and the hock joints, and sings "Old Black Joe" in "high C" with an alarming vigor. Nevertheless he is a good landlord,



SNAP SHOTS EN ROUTE.

always pleasant and obliging and trying to make his guests as comfortable as the conditions of the country will permit.

To the south and east of the lower end of Cananea the table land stretches down to the Sonora River and the Jaralita, one of its tributaries. Along these streams the mesa becomes broken into rolling hills covered with grama and bunch grass and dotted here and there with small scrub caks. In these hills we found the montezuma quail quite plentiful. These birds are the very opposite of the California blue quail. In shape they are round and plump and somewhat larger than the Eastern bob white. They are found only in single broods, and never run, not even when wounded. The bexies range from six to fifteen in number. When alarmed they huddle together and only flush when closely approached, springing high in the air and getting away with a rapid flight. They are the best hiders that I have ever seen, lying to a dog until almost stepped upon. Never have I had such fine bevy work as on these birds, although I was working a young bitch but half broken. They must give out a strong scent, for points on bexies at from thirty to fifty yards was the rule, not the exception. The flight of a flushed bevy ranged according to the cover from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty yards, and they generally scatter well upon alighting. When scattered they only get up one at a time, and then only from a point or as one is about to step upon them. They are emphatically a sportsman's bird. With a dog they furnish the finest of sport, but without one you may tramp a whole day without raising a single bird. They must be a hardy bird and capable of acclimatizing in any but a severely cold country, for during our stay at Cananea we had several snow storms, one of which lasted three days, but I saw no evidence of any damage or even inconvenience to the montezumas therefrom.

Deer, also, are quite plentiful in that part of Sonora. They were brought in on pack mules nearly every day and sold on the streets—bucks, does and fawns, without let or hindrance. For, to her shame be it said, Mexico has no game laws.

Possibly some day Mexico will wake up from her dream of *manana* and realize the



ON THE UPPER BERTH OF A MEXICAN PALACE CAR.

value of her game. The supply is yet abundant and the variety remarkable. Deer, antelope and mountain sheep; black bear, mountain lions and jaguars; quail of some twenty varieties, nearly all of our waterfowl as well as a number of species that never come this far north; shore birds of great variety, including the white and scarlet ibis.

To these may be added wild turkeys and chachalates, and at least two other genera approaching the *pheasianidae*, but of these I only know the local Mexican names. Besides these there is another species of upland bird called the "tinamus." They are a game bird of the first order, behaving well to a dog, and as a table bird they have few if any superiors. In appearance they are somewhat larger than our mountain quail and somewhat resembling the San Mateo marsh rail in color, while both bill and feet resemble those of the ostrich. They remain in single broods, are good breeders and strong on the wing. They inhabit the plains and remain contented near the cultivated fields. In their range, which is from about Mazatlan, Mexico, to Central Peru, there are some six or more species, some of those near the equator being nearly as large as a common domestic fowl. My friend, Dr. St. John, who shot the Peruvian species for over twenty years, considers them the greatest of all game birds.

---

## THE END OF WINTER.

THE fringe is on the willow,  
 The lily's in the pod;  
 The crocus leaves its pillow  
 And the seedling breaks the sod.  
 The dreary winter's over,  
 And in the dewy wood,  
 Peeps out the pink-lipped Arbutus  
 From 'neath its leafy hood.

Oh, Spring is on the mountain,  
 I've heard her voice in song;  
 It rippled like a fountain,  
 Freed from its ice-bonds strong.  
 The brown bird calls to "Phoebe,"  
 The red bird whistles "Mate,"  
 Spring's too impatient children  
 Are come to test their fate.

A fair sky bends above us,  
 All dappled blue and gold;  
 The warm rains seem to love us  
 And the maple leaves unfold.  
 I smell the warm earth's honey,  
 The lilacs by the wall,  
 And think the young grass' velvet  
 The fairest tint of all.

I hear a partridge drumming,  
 A sweet joy thrills the air—  
 Oh, Spring is surely coming,  
 I hear her everywhere!  
 And when the sun is wooing  
 With fervent, honeyed kiss,  
 How can one keep from singing  
 A little song like this?

—Maude E. Smith Hymers.





# DAYS WITH THE MONTEREY DEER

BY DR. B. F. COLEMAN

**F**OR weeks we had planned, and now it was July 13th. The 15th is "bucks day."

After a long, dreary, dusty journey we finally reached our destination—Jim's father's ranch, the mountain home of A. J. Myers, in Priest Valley, Southern Monterey County. This historic valley, named after the Spanish padres, is at the head of two great water-sheds, Lewis Creek running west into the Salinas Valley, and Warthan Creek which flows east into the San Joaquin. An elevation of 2500 feet makes it a land of "tall pines and massive oaks." Above the valley on the east towers Bald Mountain, from whose crest we afterward could see the derricks of Coalinga and Oil City.

Next morning after our arrival Jim and I were up before daylight and made for the old coal mines, Jim's brother John having seen two "spikes" in that district a few days before. We slipped along the low rolling ridge and gradually worked to the top, then dropped over to the east side where the sun was beginning to make it pretty hot. We were going through scrub oaks and tall wild oats. Just as we came to an open spot, Jim, who was ahead, caught me by the arm and looked intently to the left. There lying under a scrub oak was a beauty. Instantly my rifle came to my shoulder, but soon dropped again, for look as hard as we could not even a sign of a spike could we discern. I then unhooked my kodak and in a second more would surely have had a fine "shot," but with a bound she was gone. As it was beginning to warm up, we took the back trail homeward, feeling much elated over our prospecting trip.

For several days we hunted early and late, and not a day did we fail to see deer—but invariably of the hornless sex. Having sat-

isfied ourselves that the bucks were in the higher and rockier country, we next planned a trip up to Bald Mountain, an elevation of almost 5,000 feet. On our exploratory trip we saw some very encouraging signs, and Jim's brother-in-law, Mr. Partington, got a nice spike buck. Mr. Partington made a phenomenal shot at the time, but swears of course to this day that he hit just where he aimed. At 150 yards his bullet struck the deer squarely between the eyes. The next day we made a trip to the head of Salt Creek in the lower hills, but with the same old aggravating circumstances. In that one forenoon we counted nine does and fawns. We then concluded that Bald Mountain with its high, rocky ridges was the only place to find the antlered sex.

Early one afternoon Jim and I saddled up old "Dime," packed some blankets and provisions and started for Live Oak Spring, lying south of the peak. That was one of the hottest climbs I ever undertook. As



TOP OF BALD MOUNTAIN.



A MONTEREY FOUR-POINTER.

you approach the top walking becomes more difficult, for the geology of the country changes to an ancient river bottom upheaval. The mountain itself is a gigantic mass of small round stones about the size of a hen's egg. Progress was slow here, for the stones roll under your feet so easily that one has to choose his footing cautiously.

At last our camping grounds were reached just in time for a little hunt before sundown. Slipping out beyond the spring and close to the head of a small cañon, we were making our way among the rocks when, "Doc, there is one now," I heard in a low whisper. Looking in the direction indicated, about 200 yards away stood a fine old yellow doe again. The deer was standing with its head partially concealed by brush, so we were judging the sex by color.

Then with a bound into brush, over brush and across gulches went as fine a pair of antlers as I have ever seen. Well, that cañon echoed for some seconds as "30-30" and "32-special" popped and popped again. Finally, with a sudden bound and apparently wounded slightly, he jumped into the brush in the bottom of a gulch and remained in cover.

About that time two hunters were saying not very complimentary remarks about bucks in the "blue," etc. But all this was interrupted by a second buck breaking cover a short distance from where the first started. This fellow, however, being impeded by the rolling rocks, could not make such rapid progress as the first one, he having run around the mountain side in-

stead of up. A few shots and Jim scored, the buck going down with a broken shoulder. Jim worked up to where he lay and then looked into his magazine. "Just one, Doc! Shall I go after the other one?"

"You have a good show," said I, "and I'll stay right here and see if he goes out."

"All right, it's a hard old climb, and I haven't much water left in my canteen."

At last he reached the high rock that was between him and the gulch in which the buck was concealed. A few moments and he was on the summit of the rock and stopped to drain the canteen of its last drop. While doing so he heard a rustling beneath him in the brush, and quickly moved over to that side in order to get a better view. The next moment out jumped the buck, smashing and crashing through the brush. Finally gaining an open space, the buck stopped to satisfy that ever present trait, curiosity. *Crack!* and the dust flew up just over his withers; and then, knowing full well, as I believe, his perfect safety—he poked off over the ridge and out of sight.

I looked for Jim. Where was he? A blue film seemed to envelop the whole rock on which he had been standing. Then low mutterings came to my ears, and finally he appeared from amidst the haze. "That climb was too much for me, Doc. I was shaking all over and plumb out of breath." I felt sorry for the poor fellow, but I did not know until the next morning how sorry Jim really felt for himself.

We then, with old Dime's assistance, brought our game into camp. He proved to be a fine young spike, but as I was after a nice head of horns to mount, I was not a little disappointed. However, with a generous supply of hot coffee, bacon and eggs in us, and a very thin canvas on some of those nice round rocks under us, we were soon dreaming of bucks with heads of horns like elk.

Before daybreak more hot coffee put us in keen condition. We had determined to follow the deer we had lost the day before. It was then that I discovered that I had but five cartridges left. Jim had found several in his coat upon returning to camp on the previous evening. Having found the tracks, we were following them and were almost to the point where they led over the top

of a small ridge into another cañon. I was ahead and had climbed over a large boulder when there, standing in full view and looking straight at me was a beautiful four-pointer. I motioned to Jim and he slipped forward under cover to a better position.

"Let him have it, Doc."

The buck kicked wildly into the air, staggered, regained his footing and was into the brush in an instant. I fired three more shots and Jim one, but the brush was so thick that our bullets seemed to have no effect. Evidently my bullet had not mushroomed. We then rushed to the backbone of the ridge to follow him. Smash! smash! rattle-te-bang! Something was doing in the little gulch below us. Out jumped another buck which climbed a rock and turned to see what we were.

"Now, Doc, make your last shot count." Crack! and the dust flew beyond just over his withers—and then I knew how Jim felt the evening before. Then Jim really showed me how; with a bullet through the lungs and one through the loins he soon staggered, coughed and began rolling with the rocks

to the bottom of the gulch, where he lodged stone dead.

We then hurried to take the wounded one's trail; I, of course, with an empty gun must play dog. Blood and intestinal juice was found in profusion. The trail at first went down hill, but soon turned, climbed a slight ridge and finally dropped to the other side of the mountain. Faithfully I followed the now fading signs until they again crossed the top of the ridge, where the trail was lost. This was certainly another one of those sad experiences enacted every season—a fatally shot deer crawling into the thick brush on a hot hillside, there to await an agonizing death.

The next job was what all hunters hate—but what all glory in having the opportunity to do—"gulch out" a big buck. But with old Dime's help, buck number two was at last in camp. Then number one was packed and away we struck for home, which was reached about 2 p. m.. It was a rough, hard trip, but I only wish that July 15th would hurry around that I might attempt it again.

## The Wild Canary

A BEAUTIFUL yellow songster  
 With black-embroidered wings,  
 On a bush beside my window  
 Sings to me as he swings;  
 A song full of joy and gladness,  
 A message from above,  
 That shames my unrest and sadness  
 And fills my heart with love.

—Katherine March Chase.



# FISHING ON LITTLE RIVER

J. A. BUCHANAN



WHEN the hot days of summer come and business is dull, the office worker begins to yearn for the cooling breezes of the seashore or the bracing atmosphere of the mountains. When the heat of the city becomes unendurable I generally "strike for tall timber," and the hot days of August find me securely anchored with a book in the forest shade of some mountain recess, or whipping the mountain streams for trout, with an occasional hunt for the Columbian blacktail deer.

Last summer I spent a few weeks, with my family camping on Little River, a tributary of the Umpqua, in Oregon. We had many profitable hunting trips, but the object of this article is to tell of a fishing excursion, one of many we had during our stay.

It was a beautiful day, not a cloud appearing in the sky. Leaving the camp in charge of the cook, we carried a bountiful lunch, and wife, children and all were supplied with rod and line and the best of artificial flies. Now I know that fishermen, as a rule, do not take women and children on their fishing trips, especially if they want to make a record catch. But we were out for pleasure, and the pleasure of a fishing excursion is not measured by the number of fish caught.

All were equipped for wading, and therein, probably, is half the pleasure of fishing, especially for the children. Up the river we went, casting our flies into all likely places, and every once in a while a shout went up from some throat as a beauty came splashing out of the rippling stream. It is worth a great deal to me to see a child catch a fish.

The eagerness with which he watches the hook float down the riffle, the energy of his swing when he sees an unwary trout dart at his fly, the unconfined and unbounded joy when he lands his prize carry me back to my own boyhood days, when I fished day after day, with cork and sinker, in the rivers of old Missouri. Though I enjoy fishing as much as any one, I would to-day walk a long distance to see a boy catch a fish.

No better stream for trout fishing could be found. It had many of those riffles and eddies in which the trout love to linger. Often large boulders appeared in the stream, and we never failed to lure some luckless trout from beneath their shade. As we were fishing quietly along, Jim, who was in advance of the rest of us, suddenly gave a yell. He had hooked a big one and was playing him for a landing. I had my camera with me and took a snapshot as he struggled with his prize. It required five minutes or more to tire the fish out, and on bringing him to shore, Jim found that he had a fine salmon trout, eighteen inches long. Jim is a grown up boy, but you never saw a child better pleased than he was then.

The children often went ahead to find the best fishing places. Suddenly one of them came running back, wild with excitement. We quickly followed, paying little heed to



"LARGE BOULDERS APPEARED IN THE STREAM."



A GOOD RIFFLE.

his wild ejaculations, but on reaching the spot indicated found that some large animal had crossed the stream but a little while before. He had waded from boulder to boulder, and on them we found the tracks of a large bear, still wet, and there were water splashes on the rocks. On the opposite shore we saw where he had shaken the water from his shaggy body before taking his way into the forest. In these mountains it is always well to carry firearms, and as Jim and I had our guns strapped to our backs we felt safe, thinking ourselves able to cope with bruin should he make his appearance. But the ardor of the children was somewhat cooled, and after that they kept in the rear.

At noon we rested for a couple of hours under a shade by the side of the stream and ate our lunch. For drink we used the cold water of the mountain stream from a tin cup, nothing stronger. I enjoyed that cold lunch of camp bread and butter, tongue, fried venison, tinned delicacies, strawberry jam—and onions, more than I ever enjoyed any banquet in the city. There is nothing like a tramp in the mountains, or fishing

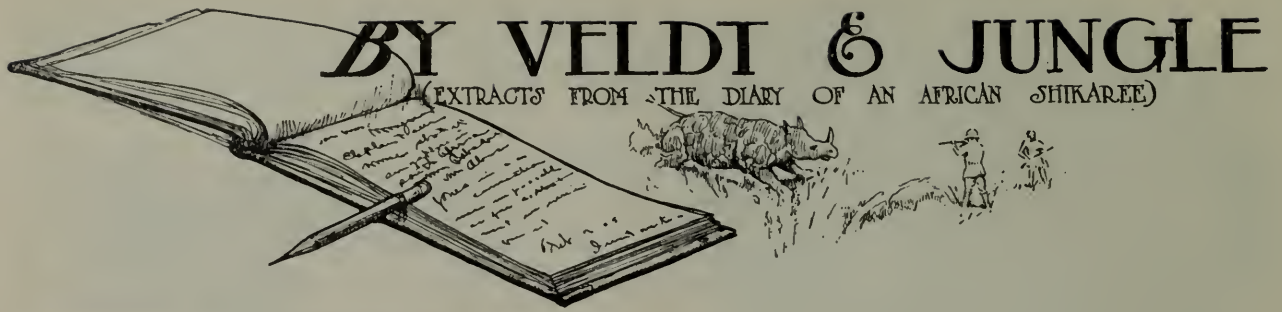
excursion like this, to give one an appetite and cause him to appreciate the good things of life. The blue sky above, the evergreen forests extending in every direction, the murmuring mountain stream at our feet, as we sat by its side in the shade of a giant fir and watched the waters bounding and singing over the boulders as if anxious to escape from the uninhabited wilds, added a zest to the repast that can not be found under any other circumstances. No other sauce was required, and nothing else was desired to make us completely happy.

After our rest we again went slowly up the stream, casting our flies into the laughing waters and taking many views of mountain and river scenery, which for beauty and grandeur can not be surpassed anywhere in the world. The afternoon wore away all too soon, and as the shadows were lengthening we clambered up the steep bank to find the mountain trail, and took our way slowly toward our camping place, arriving there as the darkness began to fall. We had our basket full of beautiful trout, all we needed or could use, many of them over a foot long.

The cook had our evening meal prepared for us, and after supper we sat around the blazing camp-fire and sang songs and told stories until a late hour, and then retired to sleep the sleep of the contented and happy. The last I remembered was the sighing of the wind in the tree tops, the far away call of some night bird, and the musical murmuring of the river flowing over its rocky bed.

I have spent many days in the mountains, but none more enjoyable than this. And even now, when I weary of office life and business cares oppress, I often think of that red-letter day, and return to my work with a keener zest, and a bright anticipation of another outing in the longed-for August days to come.





# BY VELDT & JUNGLE

(EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN AFRICAN SHIKAREE)



LAMA, Dec. 25, 1900.—In observance of the day we stayed in camp and wrote letters. B— was a little off his feed with bowel complaint, but perked up enough after a few doses of Sun cholera mixture to eat considerably more than his half of the English plum pudding (made in Philadelphia, Penn.) which we had saved for this momentous occasion. It went good at the heel of a gazelle-stew dinner, washed down by a generous billy of *pombe*; and Britisher to the core though he be he was honest enough to admit that Lincolnshire had never produced a better bit of dessert. Personally I don't admire plum pudding and gave the better part of mine to Kimbi, my gun bearer, who ate it with apparent enjoyment after carefully picking out and throwing away the raisins which, I afterward learned, he took to be bugs!

These Molo plains are very promising country, and I expect to have good sport. Some parties just in from a reconnoissance, report large herds of hartebeest and zebra, and last night two lions roared close to camp. Gazelles of at least three kinds are plentiful, and B— assures me that in the forest are plenty of antelope and eland with quite a sprinkling of rhinos in the *nullahs*. Altogether the prospect is alluring. \* \* \* For a while, at least, I am going to hunt mostly with the camera; for pictures are worth more to me than meat—*that* can be gotten at any time in this land of preposterous plenty.

Dec. 26.—The lions bothered us again last night, and I am afraid that our cowardly Swahilis will desert in a body if we don't kill a few of the beasts. Kimbi assures me that they are "much afraid," and urges us to take the field at once if we want to hold our men. To-day at a water hole we found the remains of a zebra devoured overnight

by lions, and saw the spoor of the pair that had made the kill. The tracks are those of a large male and a disproportionately small female. I killed two fine waterbucks at the hole and made several exposures which I think will turn out well, as the conditions were good. B— shot a fine hartebeest (*Bulbalis jacksoni*), a fair steinbuck and five "Tommies" (*Gazella thomsoni*), so we have abundance of meat.

Dec. 27.—This has been a red-letter day! I was up early in the morning and taking only my camera and twenty-bore shotgun—having already plenty of meat in camp and, therefore, not caring to burden myself with a heavy rifle—I was ensconced before day-break at the waterhole, hoping to get quite a number of good pictures, as there seemed to be an infinite variety of game "using" there. A great deal of game came and went before the light served for photographing. At least a dozen varieties of buck were noticed, and quite a good sounder of wart hog swilled their fill and departed. I was ambushed in a little thicket on the east side of the waterhole, and to my chagrin all the game approached and left from the western side. But I would presently have the sun over my left shoulder, and knew that my position was correct from a photographic standpoint. To my left was a rather bushy mimosa tree to which I paid but little attention, my mind being centered on the disappointing beasts on the other side of the hole.

The sun was well up and it was getting warm when I heard a patter of hoofs, and a small herd of zebras trotted past me toward the water. I got them in focus and was just about to press the release when a sudden commotion convulsed them and they scattered like a bevy of quail from a common center. Raising my head with an imprecation at my beastly luck, the words froze



HUNTER'S HARTEBEEST.  
(Taken with telephoto lens at about seventy-five yards.)



WATER BUCK (*Kobus ellipsiprymnus*) KILLED BY AUTHOR AFTER PHOTOGRAPHING.



on my lips and I sprang to my feet in astonishment.

There, under the mimosa before mentioned, was a struggling, writhing, screaming zebra *with a half-grown lioness on his back*, and for a full minute I was practically incapable of movement, so paralyzed was I with surprise. Then, as the ruling passion possessed me, I began snapping my camera at the frantically twisting medley of black, white and orange—foolishly wasting film after film in the vain attempt to get them in the field of the lens. Fortunately I recovered my wits in time to reserve two exposures for a more auspicious moment, and was rewarded by seeing the doomed zebra stiffen suddenly into an almost statue-like rigor as the merciless teeth crushed paralyzingly through the spinal cord in its neck. Instinctively I snapped the two remaining exposures, jumping deliberately to one side to get a broadside view, and the result is two negatives that will be unequalled, I think, in the world, if they "come out" all right.

[The best of the two pictures appears in an enlarged form, in color, as our frontispiece this month.—EDITOR.]

As I pressed the button on the last film the zebra sank slowly to the ground and, after a few convulsive throes lay quiet, the lioness savagely tearing at its neck. Realizing my dangerous position I sprang back and picked up the shotgun. The lioness was standing on her prey, growling threateningly at me, with ears laid back and tail switching viciously. It was a short twenty yards and the chilled 6's put both her eyes out in a flash. She sprang up madly, lashing the air and screaming, but after a dozen frantic leaps, subsided into a moaning, helpless mass. Just then Kimbi came running up with my rifle and, stepping up close, I put her out of her misery with a single shot.

Examination showed that she had lain in wait in the mimosa top, and sprang directly downward on the zebra as it passed beneath the tree. I shudder at the thought of what might have occurred had I essayed that passage instead of the poor zebra!

Dec. 28.—Glory be! The lion negatives are all right—that is, the last two, and I am repaid for the whole trip. I could hardly wait to develop them, but B—— was there to

steady and encourage me, and he is overjoyed at my great luck. I am going to make contact positives from them at once, so as to double my chances of preserving that picture. \* \* \*

Jan. 23, 1901.—Camped now on border of Lake Nekura. Like the location very well, as game is abundant and quite easy of approach. Our collection of heads now includes hartebeest of three kinds—Jackson's, Neuman's and a third unclassified; think it is a hybrid between preceding two. We have also stein, water, reit, bush, blau, bless pallah and black buck, a species of new spring buck, eland, and about a dozen varieties of gazelle, "orabi" and smaller fry. We will have them identified at the coast. We have also two kinds of koodoo, wart hog and have secured eight lions—five males, one of which we succeeded in photographing with telephoto lens at a distance of only sixty yards, as he was stalking zebras at a waterhole. It is an excellent negative and we are much elated. The telephoto has likewise got us excellent negatives of several other species of interest. To-morrow we go out to look for two rhinos that Kimbi located to-day in a boggy jungle near by. I am going to take my Mannlicher 8m-m with the Winchester 30-40 as a reserve. I want to convince B—— that his .577 Webley and 8-bore Holland are unnecessarily large for this work. Kimbi has developed into a very dependable bearer and is in high feather at our to-morrow's prospects.

Jan. 24.—My position is confirmed, and even B—— is convinced. Johnny Rhino wilted before the Winchester which is even not as powerful as the Mannlicher. It was a ridiculously easy kill and only took a single cartridge. The porters beat the rhino out of a wait-a-bit thorn clump and he charged them all over the shop. As he came quarteringly toward me where I stood on a little hummock, I put a bullet into one of the creases in the butt of his neck and, for a moment, thought I had not phased him, as he kept going. Just as I was about to fire again he stopped and began coughing violently, the blood gushing from mouth and nose at each hic-cough. Then he waddled into a patch of high grass and laid down. I could see him plainly and thought his head kept sinking.



BLACK RHINOCEROS, KILLED BY AUTHOR NEAR NJORO.

Suddenly he jumped up and charged blindly into the open again, coughed, reeled and coughed again, then tumbled over on his side and the jig was up. On opening him we found that the bullet had only mushroomed fairly, but his heart, liver and lungs were one lacerated pulp. He was a fine specimen, and my only regret is that my boy bolted with the camera when he charged and did not show up until he was dead. After photographing him we turned him over to the porters, who soon left but a few edible shreds for the leopards and hyenas. It is astonishing how much flesh a score of these people can devour at a sitting!

April 15.—Basilonda, Somaliland.—Tomorrow I leave for the coast, having taken full toll of all the game in this section. This morning I stalked and killed a beautiful giraffe—concededly the hardest of all African animals to approach. It was a solitary bull, feeding all by his lonesome on a *watti-wanti* tree, and I made a very creditable first-shot kill at over six hundred yards with B——'s Holland .450, the gun I happened to have

along at the time. This, with the leopards killed last week, completes my quota of desirable game in this section of Africa; now there remains only the hippopotami and elephants—which I will get in the Congo country—and then ho! for home and the land of the Eagle.

July 26, Mashonoga, Upper Congo River.—To-day I have killed my first—and *last*—elephant. Now that the deed is done I am filled with a regret more poignant than words can tell, a self-reproach that can never be assuaged. When I think of the long years of anticipation, of the days of relentless and merciless pursuit, of the unworthy lust that impelled me to cross two oceans and travel many miles with this one indefensible murder in view, my heart sickens.

I would fain spare myself the horrible recital, but in the interests of my fellow-men, as well as of this most intelligent, defenseless and innocent animal, I am compelled to write of how I killed this elephant.

Passing over the uninteresting details of the long, weary journey from Mombassa,

around the Cape of Good Hope, thence up the Congo, where I killed a large hippopotamus for meat, and through the dismal forests to this place, I need but say that yesterday my beaters discovered the spoor of a herd of elephants about a half mile from camp. The beasts were in the forest just back of a plantain field, and my Portuguese guide assured me that they were led by a monstrous tusker whose ivory would be worth while.

As we approached their cover I grew nervous and, when we finally heard their ponderous grunting and smashing in the jungle, I will confess to a degree of excitement never before experienced by me in the presence, immediate or remote, of any big game. My excitement was increased by the fact that although we were within forty yards of the herd and could hear them grunting, snuffling and whining in the silent intervals between the crashes, we could see absolutely nothing of them. It was intensified to a degree almost approximating to terror when suddenly there appeared, less than eight yards away, a monstrous, inchoate bulk that

loomed up mountain-like to my distorted vision. There was, for a moment, no definable shape to it in the semi-gloom of the dense forest, but there gradually resolved to my eyes the outlines of a gigantic, heaving body, the back half of a yard-wide ear, and then as the beast turned abruptly around to look at me, the glint of a mild, small, brown eye above the pendant trunk and the gleam of a white, slightly curved tusk in sharp relief against the blackness of his side. He was not in the least alarmed, for he only looked at me in wonder without making any perceptible movement. There was not a breath of air stirring and he could not have caught my scent. It is possible that he did not, at first, discern me plainly in the shade of the jungle, but when I at last recovered my nerve and threw the Mannlicher to my shoulder he raised his head slightly and thrust his trunk inquisitively in my direction. Then I fired, aiming instinctively at that little eye and, with a scream of anguish that still rings in my ears, he went



GIRAFFE, KILLED BY AUTHOR IN SOMALILAND.

smashing headlong through the forest, while pandemonium reigned amongst his fellows who went trumpeting and crashing away in affright like a flock of derailed express trains tearing their way through a wrecked station house. I could hear their retreat for a full five minutes; then the clamor died away in the far distance and all was still.

Suddenly, above the silence arose the most unearthly, blood-curdling sound I have ever

moaning, sobbing, *sightless* brute—*both* eyes destroyed by the glancing jacketed bullet. He would walk helpless around, butting his head clumsily against obstructions from which he would nervously retreat, all the while crying and moaning like a grievously hurt child, until my heart sickened with the horror of it. Twice I raised my rifle to give him the merciful coup but as often he clumsily and helplessly waddled about, de-



THE AUTHOR'S FIRST—AND LAST—ELEPHANT.

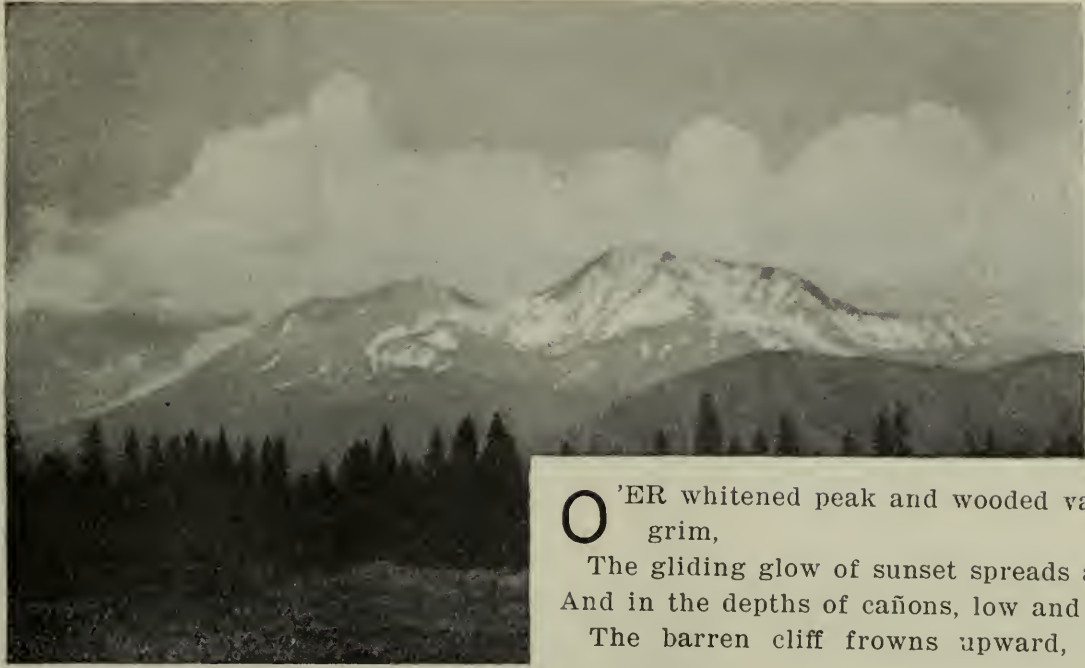
heard—the cry of an elephant in mortal pain and terror. It seemed to come from the direction of the plantain clearing, and thitherward I cautiously bent my trembling steps, hoping, yet dreading, to see what I expected—the wounded elephant at my mercy.

I shall never forget what I saw in that clearing! There, brushing his trunk pitiously over his bloody face and swaying slightly from side to side, stood the poor,

stroying my aim. Then, in desperation, unable to stand it any longer, I walked recklessly up to within arm's reach of him and put a bullet into the orifice of his ear, up through his brain. He fell with the noise of a falling building, quivered a few seconds and lay still.

Then I hid my face for a season and bitterly cursed the wondering Portuguese when he came shouting his congratulations.





SUNSET  
AT  
SISKIYOU

O 'ER whitened peak and wooded vastness  
grim,  
The gliding glow of sunset spreads afar,  
And in the depths of cañons, low and dim,  
The barren cliff frowns upward, like a  
scar  
Upon the snowy bosom of the scene—  
Grown livid, now, as from the crystal  
height  
Prismatic peaks reflect their gorgeous sheen,  
Bathing the depths in red and gold, as  
Night  
Advances further on her war-like quest.  
The Day, unconquered, hurls his lances  
bright  
From red entrenchments in the fading West,  
And now the world is steeped in aerial  
blood,  
And Sol, half-baffled, hurries from the field,  
As Day's fair ichor courses in a flood  
O'er hill and wood. The Day is made to  
yield.  
His lances fall no longer. One by one  
The hosts of Night advance upon the sky;  
The Day has flown; the gleaming, red-  
wet Sun  
Like some defeated monarch seems to die,  
And Cynthia, stern, cold, haughty and  
serene,  
Commands her astral army—gazing, now,  
In proud review, as some triumphant  
Queen  
Who feels the crown more firmly on her brow.  
The Night—dark Night!—is master of  
the scene,  
And gloom prevails. The veins of perished  
Day  
Have ceased to flow; the stygian shroud  
is placed  
O'er hill and peak and cañon, there to stay  
Till Sol returns and Darkness is effaced.

—T. Shelley Sutton.

## A SKETCH.

By KATHERINE Q—.



ND Aaron Burr once visited that house! Would it be possible to enter——. Could we in any way secure permission to go inside?"

As usual, it needed the seeing eye of a stranger to bring to my notice the importance of the brick house across the way. How fatally true it is that one reads miles of words concerning historical spots in the adjoining county, yet fails utterly to appreciate those but a stone's throw away. Here had I lived for years within plain view of the old Morgan homestead, and never had I taken the trouble to step inside.

Our first effort to rectify this error met with an amusing repulse. Seated on the dilapidated door sill, with dejection written on every line of his dirty little face, sat a forlorn youngster who, in response to our inquiry: "Is this the house where Aaron Burr stopped—and may we enter?" replied sulkily "Aaron Burr? Who's he? I ain't never heard of him! Must have moved out before ever Pop came here, I reckon!" But his expression brightened at the sight of a silver coin, and he promptly ushered us in.

A quaint old house indeed! Brick, of the usual simple colonial type of the last century, with few windows of many panes, wooden door jambs and window frames, a worn stone path leading down to a gate which sagged wearily with the weight of many years—yet, withal, looking dignified and homelike. The inside proved more interesting. The narrow door opened directly into the large square living room, the principal feature of which was a huge rough stone mantle from whose depths the light from many a blazing log had flickered and danced merrily over the painted wooden pillars supporting the ceiling. A deep wainscot added solidity to the whole. But to us the greatest treasure proved to be several primitive pear-shaped brass knobs and slender bars on doors and shutters. My friend, who is something of a collector, was almost prostrated with silent joy!



THE OLD MORGAN HOMESTEAD.

This old house was, indeed, one of the finest in Washington County, Penn., in the early part of the last century—and general Morgan a most cordial and generous host. His estate lay close to the main road to Pittsburg, Penn., and was the center of interest for many miles around. T'was in the neighboring valley that the famous "Whisky Rebellion" arose, flourished and died. Indians once built their camp fires not far from his doorstep—and last, but not least, a great portion of the hills and valleys near by had been granted to George Washington as a return for his services to his country.

To this inviting mansion came Aaron Burr. Can't you fancy him—gay, handsome, riding like a Centaur, his brilliant eyes glancing from right to left, seeing everything and everybody, always courteous—and always enthusing those about him with the intense spirit which animated his entire personality.

His mission is only too well known. How he tried to induce General Morgan to enter into his wild schemes but vaguely outlined, and the unequivocal refusal he received are historical incidents. But that the knowledge of his attempts here conveyed to Washington caused his eventual failure, is remembered by few. And when one thinks what his success might have meant to the country—what

his visit to this quaint old house might have accomplished, the house itself takes on an air of dignity and conscious worth quite worthy of its colonial prominence.

Unfortunately all the old furniture that might have warmed the heart of the modern collector has entirely vanished. The house itself has passed out of the hands of the Morgans. But those brass door handles (for

a consideration!) passed quietly into the possession of my friend—who looked at them with awe, exclaiming, “And to think that Aaron Burr’s hand once pressed this very handle—that he once rested in this very house!”

And it was the sight of those glowing bits of brass that brought our little expedition to my recollection to-day.

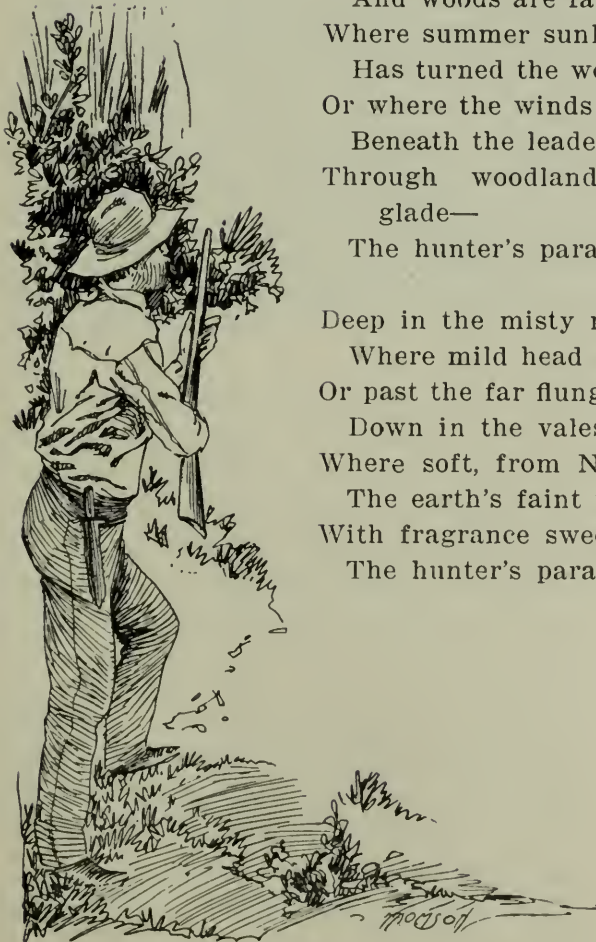
## THE HUNTER’S PARADISE.

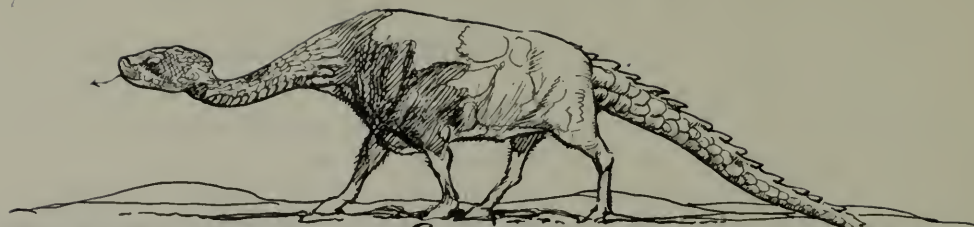
**W**HERE marsh reeds grow the rankest  
 By wild and dank bayou,  
 Or where the meadow grasses  
 The silent star beams woo.  
 Or where the trembling branches  
 Weep with the wind’s soft sighs,  
 Through plain and fen, and woodland glen—  
 The hunter’s paradise.

Where leaves are gone a browning  
 And woods are faint with mold;  
 Where summer sunlight, shining,  
 Has turned the world to gold.  
 Or where the winds are sighing  
 Beneath the leaden skies,  
 Through woodland shade and fragrant  
 glade—  
 The hunter’s paradise.

Deep in the misty mountains  
 Where mild head waters flow;  
 Or past the far flung shadows  
 Down in the vales below.  
 Where soft, from Nature’s bosom,  
 The earth’s faint vapors rise  
 With fragrance sweet his steps to greet—  
 The hunter’s paradise.

—Harry T. Fee.





# The GREGOSAUR of BLACK LAKE

BY JULIEN JOSEPHSON

And Li Sum rolled yet another pill  
And sucked till the visions came.  
—The Pipe Dream.



SOME three years ago when my old friend and former college instructor, Professor Wharton, was appointed by the United States Government to search for the bones of extinct animals in the Black Lake country of Southwestern Oregon, it was my good fortune to accompany him as assistant and private secretary.

This Black Lake country, I should explain, lies in the heart of rugged and forbidding mountains; and, in order to reach it, one is obliged to journey on foot and with pack horses over a trackless wilderness for a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles. As neither the professor nor myself had ever been in this region before, our first task was to find a strong, reliable guide. And here we met with great difficulty. For although many skilled hunters and trappers who made their living chiefly by acting as guides offered us their services, they one and all declined to take the position as soon as they found out that we were bound for Black Lake.

Professor Wharton was both vexed and puzzled at this strange conduct. Finally in despair he bluntly asked one of the men, "Why do you all refuse to go with us as soon as you learn that we are going to Black Lake? Surely for trained mountaineers like you the journey is not too hard or too long?"

The man, a tanned, gray-haired old hunter, shook his head slowly and smiled in a peculiar manner. "I reckon you're a stranger in these parts," he said, gravely, "or you'd know the reason. Why, sir, you couldn't get a white man to go into the Black Lake country if you offered him a cold thousand dollars!" And with this strange remark he

was gone before we could question him further.

Finally, however, after many discouraging failures, we succeeded in finding a man who consented to act as our guide to Black Lake. He was an old Klamath Indian, Poji by name; and he assured us that he knew the Black Lake country thoroughly, as he had often hunted there for the great red elk. Now, as you may suppose, our curiosity had been considerably aroused by the refusal of the white men to go into the Black Lake region; so we asked Poji if he knew the reason of this strange fear.

At the question old Poji smiled until we could see every one of his scattered, yellow front teeth. Then he told us in his broken English that some twenty years ago a party of four men had gone into the region in search of gold and that three of them had never returned. The single survivor, Poji declared, told a strange story about a huge monster that lived in a great cave at the head of the lake; and about how it had killed and eaten his companions. But no one believed his story. Everybody thought that his hardships and sufferings had made him insane, and that he merely imagined that he had seen the monster. "But," Poji concluded, "since that time no white man has ever gone near the borders of Black Lake."

I thought the story an interesting one. Of course, I did not believe it. But somehow nevertheless it made me feel uncomfortable. As for the professor he smiled broadly. "And what sort of a monster was this?" he asked Poji, jokingly.

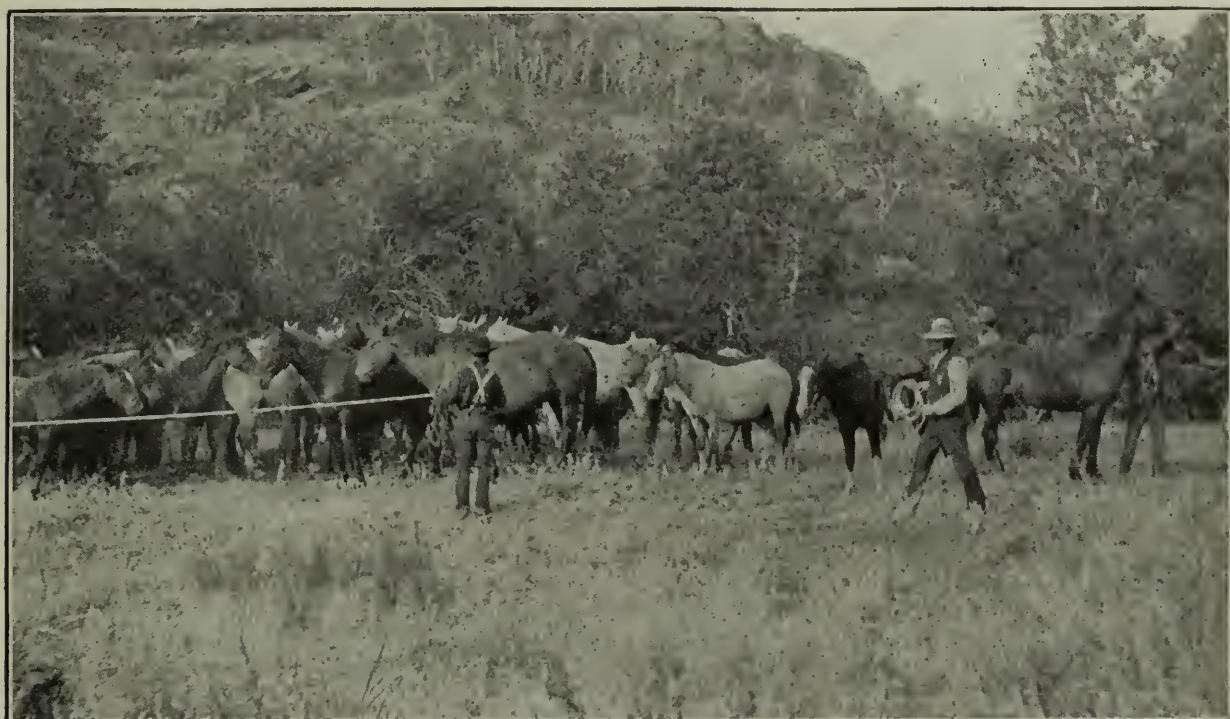
Poji looked very serious. "The grandfather of my father's father has seen it," he



declared solemnly. "And the white man whom they called crazy told the truth. A terrible creature it is—with a head like a snake, a body like that of an immense bull, and a tail like a huge lizzard. 'Ijiwat,' my people of long ago called him—Ijiwat, the devourer of men!"

I had been watching the professor closely to see what effect the story would have upon him. Once I thought that he turned a little pale, but I may have been mistaken. At any rate, when Poji was through speaking the professor simply said: "And do these white men actually believe this foolish story?"

long journey to Black Lake. From the very beginning of the trip until the day when we set foot on the shores of Black Lake, we were continually beset with serious difficulties. For the first fifty miles of the distance we were able to travel along roads and paths. But as we penetrated deeper into the mountains, both paths and roads disappeared. We were setting foot in places where, perhaps, no white man had ever set foot before. Many a time we were obliged to take our axes and cut a way through the dense undergrowth in order to enable our pack animals to get through. As we advanced into the heart of the mountains the



SELECTING THE PACK-HORSES.

"It is true!" replied Poji, doggedly. "The fathers of my people did not lie!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the professor, addressing me in a low tone. "Why, the animal which Poji has described is a gregosaur—a creature that has been extinct for at least five thousand years. His story is probably one that has been handed down from the most ancient times." He paused a moment as if buried in thought. "And yet," he continued, half to himself, "these Indians can not date further back than two thousand years. It's very strange, very strange!"

But, gregosaur or no gregosaur, we at last had a guide; and within two days we had secured our pack horses and begun our

country became wilder and wilder. Great, towering rocks, almost as high as mountains, rose on every side, hemming us in completely. Through dark forests of oak and pine, through dense thickets of hazel and arrow-wood we slowly and laboriously made our way. Every now and then a deer, startled by the unaccustomed sight of men and horses, would go crashing through the brush. Once we saw a great brown bear which looked at us curiously for a moment and then turned and fled at the top of its speed. At last, on the twentieth evening of our journey, we pitched our tent upon the shores of Black Lake.

Poji and I were feeling tired and somewhat



BLACK LAKE.

gloomy, but the professor was in high spirits. By the time supper was over the night air was beginning to grow uncomfortably sharp. So we built a small camp-fire near the tent and stretched ourselves comfortably about it. A little later in the evening, at the suggestion of Poji, we cleaned our guns and pistols and loaded them with fresh cartridges.

When we were done the professor turned suddenly to Poji. "Poji," he said good naturedly, "I don't think that you really believe there is such a thing as this monster which you call 'Ijiwat.' If you do believe it, why did you come along and risk your life?"

"Ijiwat is here!" replied the old Indian in such an impressive tone that I glanced involuntarily around. "I came with you because I am old and must die soon, anyway!"

But at any rate the gregosaur did not see fit to terrify us with its presence on that

night. Bright and early we arose, ate our breakfast, and under the guidance of Poji set out upon our search for the bones of the gregosaur. We found nothing that morning. But about the middle of the afternoon, while we were exploring the floor of a large cave at the head of the lake, I heard a sudden cry of delight from the professor, who had advanced far into the cave. The next moment I saw him coming toward me, staggering under the weight of an immense bone which he was carrying over his shoulder. "It's a gregosaur!" he shouted. "A gregosaur! The only remains of the gregosaur that has ever been found. Why, this bone alone is worth all our trouble!"

I ran to his assistance and together we carried the immense bone out into the light—Poji watching us with curious, half-frightened eyes. We deposited our precious burden gently upon the sand. Then the professor took out his glass to examine his find. For one

moment he gazed at it through the powerful microscope. Then the glass dropped from his hand, he turned white, sprang to his feet and looked wildly about him. "God help us!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "The Indian has told the truth! This bone is not fifty years old. The mate of the dead gregosaur may still be alive and in the cave!"

I shuddered at his words and I could see that Poji was trembling. In a moment, however, the professor had regained his customary coolness, and this had a wonderfully bracing effect upon Poji and myself. We turned instinctively to the professor for advice. "We must get out of this place at once!" he said, speaking in quick, decisive tones. "If the gregosaur is really here, it has failed to discover us only because it is asleep. For when awake it is able to scent its prey at an enormous distance. If our bullets are able to kill it, we are safe. If not—God help us!"

We started to leave the place on the run. But we had scarcely taken a hundred strides when there came from the depths of the cave a terrible, deafening bellow which sounded as if it might have been produced by a throat of brass. "The gregosaur!" panted the professor, glancing back at the cave. "It's useless to run," he continued grimly, "We've got to fight for our lives!"

We halted suddenly and faced about toward the cave, which was only a hundred and fifty yards away. Unslinging our rifles, we loosened our pistols in their holsters and waited for the monster to issue from the cave. A few moments later the Thing came slowly forth, and for a short space gazed at us curiously with its great, blood-red eyes, all the while baring its huge yellow teeth in a horrible manner. Then with long clumsy leaps that carried it over the ground at a tremendous speed, it bore down swiftly upon us.

"Shoot for the head and aim true!" warned the professor, raising his heavy rifle to his shoulder with a hand that was steady

as a rock. Then he fired twice in quick succession. Almost at the same instant Poji and myself each sent two well-aimed bullets into the onrushing monster. The gregosaur gave a deafening roar of pain and for a moment stopped short in its tracks. In a flash we realized that in this moment lay our sole hope of escaping with our lives. And so, taking a careful aim at the crouching monster—which was now less than fifty paces distant—we fired again and again. The gregosaur leaped high in the air, with blood spurting from between its immense jaws, and struck the earth with a dull, heavy shock. Then suddenly it sprang to its feet and made swiftly in the direction of the lake. Far out into the water it swam, leaving in its wake a trail of blood. All at once it sank from sight—and that was the last we ever saw of the gregosaur of Black Lake.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now that the monster was killed, we explored its cave from beginning to end. We found a number of gregosaur bones, but all of these were undoubtedly of very great age. As for our story about the live gregosaur, scientists were at first inclined to discredit and ridicule it. But when we showed them the huge, comparatively fresh bone they quickly changed their opinion. The entire scientific world became intensely excited. An expedition composed of the most noted scientists of this country was sent to search Black Lake in the hope of finding the remains of the gregosaur which we had killed. But although the lake was dragged, and although skillful divers were sent down to examine its bottom, no trace of the animal was ever found. It had probably sunk deep into the soft thick slime at the bottom of Black Lake.

Why the gregosaur should have existed at a time five thousand years later than its proper period is a question which the greatest scientists have been unable to answer. So you are at liberty to draw your own conclusions.



# The ABORIGINES of BRITISH EAST AFRICA

By Elmer E. Davis

PART IV.

THE MASAI.



IN THE last two articles of this series the Masai people were mentioned several times and the reader no doubt is curious to learn more of the people bearing that name. The Masai were the ruling power among the tribes of British East Africa many years before white men were ever seen in the interior, and even now if the Masai are mentioned to any member of the various tribes which have felt the weight of their power they shrug their shoulders and emit a shivering grunt; and all a mother must do to persuade the refractory "piccaninny" to be good is to tell them the terrible Masai will get them.

No doubt many of the weird and barbarous stories told of the cruelty and craft of this people are purely fabrications, but we must remember they are not white, but ordinary negroes with a well-cultivated taste for excitement and danger; coupled with this is a longing to possess all the property their neighbors have, and this combination is sure to cause trouble for all parties concerned.

The Masai are divided into two branches or divisions, whose habits and life are so different that were it not for the similarity of speech and appearance one would hardly suppose them to be of the one tribe; the division is so recent, however, that old men now living participated in the trouble leading to the cause of separation.

In writing of them they must be dealt with as two different people, so in order not to cause confusion I will take up the Pastoral Masai first. The Agricultural branch of the tribe, which lives south of the Lake Baringo in a small territory, are practically isolated from the Pastoral. The Pastoral branch have a particular longing for cattle and will



undergo great hardships and danger to steal those belonging to their neighbors. They really seem to think that cattle were put on earth for their especial benefit and act accordingly, regardless of the views entertained by others. Their propensity for stealing, and their nomad habits which makes it almost impossible for the scouts of other tribes to keep track of them, have been a thorn in the flesh of Central Africa for many years. This more than anything else enabled the British to establish a protectorate over that vast territory, for the question generally asked of their agents was: "Will you protect us from the Masai?"

The Masai themselves were won over chiefly by the pure cheek of the whites, which dumfounded them; for it was figuratively speaking, "beating them with their own club," and before they could comprehend what had been done their influence had departed. I doubt very much if everything would have gone so easily had it not been for a scourge of "rinderpest" and smallpox a few years before, which killed their herds and thousands of their people, leaving many more in a destitute condition. At present they are just regaining a new grip on prosperity and large herds are encountered on every hand while traveling through the best portions of Masailand.

To define the location and boundaries of Masailand is a task entirely beyond my ability or knowledge; about the best answer I can give to such a question is the one given to me by an Irish locomotive engineer; he said: "The little devils own wherever the grass is good." Certainly this is not so, but

it gives the reader an idea of their propensity for acquiring land, and if you believe the neighboring tribes, in former years they took about everything in that line they wanted. Roughly speaking their land lies west of Ukambana and Kikuyu land; north of Kikuyu land as far as Lake Rudolph it is from fifty to four hundred miles wide in different places.

Although not so well watered as Kikuyu-land it is an ideal stock country, and should some of our western stockmen see it there would be a sudden emigration to those parts.

tage of it is testified to by fact of the ground about them always being bare of grass and the stems of the trees being rubbed smooth.

The Masai as a people are courageous and tenacious and fight to the death. Unlike other Central African tribes they have a standing army, each able-bodied man being compelled to serve about twelve years of his life as a warrior; during this time their life is spent in continuous activity and fighting.

When on a raid it is not unusual to travel fifty miles a day, going sometimes as far as



MASAI WARRIORS, IN FULL COSTUME.

Very seldom is the grass poor, for as a rule rain falls often enough to insure a good growth. This pasture land is usually very flat or rolling although at some places rough, rocky ground is also found; the rough places are sometimes covered with a growth of forest and jungle. The level ground in certain parts has groves of trees also, but generally the only growth of trees found away from the hills are mimosa. These grow in little clumps and groves, seldom covering more than four or five acres. Their low flat tops forms a fine shady place for cattle and game to rest, and that they take advan-

four or five hundred miles to rob a neighbor of his cattle.

The rapidity of their movements is one of their strong points, as they will travel all night and attack a village in the early morning when the unsuspecting people are not aware of a hostile band being within a hundred miles of them.

During his warrior career a man must accumulate cattle or sheep enough to start business with when his term expires. This is the fiercest bone of contention between the English and Masai, for the warrior says, "If I can not raid my neighbors, how am I to



MASAI CEREMONIAL HEADDRESS.

get cattle to start with?" His reasoning really is all right from his standpoint, for as a warrior he can get nothing only by raiding, as it is beneath their dignity to trade or barter only in weapons; so it can readily be seen there is trouble and hard times ahead for the Pastoral Masai.

In business they must not cheat a fellow-tribesman, but a stranger may be cheated if possible; as traders, however, the Masai are a poor proposition, for they have very little to dispose of except their livestock and this they will not part with if possible to avoid doing so, for disaster would speedily overtake them according to their belief.

A few tusks of ivory is their only commercial article, and even these are stolen from their half cousins, the Anderobo. As raiders they can not be beaten for their bravery, coolness and cunning and their "cheek" places them far above most negroes.

The Masai man is not an imposing appearing fellow, but rather a genial good-looking person for a darky; they are slim and wiry with no superfluous flesh, although they have enough to make them look sleek and well kept. They do not laugh much,

but the expression of the face is not bad; their faces are not so broad as those of most negroes and the nose is well formed.

Their only really bad feature is the mouth, the teeth of which protrude forward; the lower incisors, however, in many cases have been knocked out. The cause of the teeth protruding I believe is due to a custom the mothers have of giving babies a tough piece of meat to chew; this meat the child places in its mouth, then while gripping it with the teeth, both hands are used to draw it from the mouth; the result of this act on the gums is obvious.

Why the two lower teeth are knocked out I do not know; some say it is the custom since an epidemic of lockjaw years ago, during which it was discovered that food could be administered by knocking the teeth out. I doubt the truth of this story very much, but must confess my inability to explain it better.

The ears of all Masai are deformed in much the same way as those of the Kikuyu, who I believe patterned after them.

The warrior's hair is allowed to grow as long as possible, and a portion in front and behind is formed into a queue or twist and mixed with oil and red clay, the whole being wrapped with thin strips of sheep intestines. The hind twist is about six inches long, but the front one is seldom more than four; the hair which is not used in these two twists is twisted into numerous smaller spikes, smeared with oil and clay, which is a favorite decoration of the Masai as well as several other Central African tribes.

Both hands and feet are well formed, as is indeed the whole body, and a Masai man presents a striking appearance in contrast with the heavier built negroes of the coast. They possess a very limited quantity of brute strength but their muscles are so even, soft and enduring, as to astonish a person unacquainted with them. When their habits are taken into consideration a person can easily comprehend how this physique has been developed. The warriors are out on the plains almost every day, scouting or visiting the neighboring villages, and practicing with the spear, which they often use as well with one hand as with the other. They seldom overtax themselves, but are always on the

go; this tends to keep them in perfect physical condition and ready to fight.

The warriors live in a different village from the married men, who are not supposed to associate with them when it can be avoided.

All herds belonging to the warriors are cared for by small boys, who fight for this honor although it generally brings a goodly portion of cuffs, kicks and other hardships with it; but to live near these wonderful warriors is sufficient wages for any boy, as they are regaled with occasional dangerous tasks and filled with stories of bravery by their elders, which makes them groan and wonder if the time will ever come when they can go out and mix up with the rows; for they are as easily excited as other small boys. Their only consolation, however, is a bow and some arrows or a wooden spear; with these they kill small birds and animals.

They are adepts at handling cattie; these cattle will attack a white man, but allow a negro to do as he pleases with them, and several times have I been rescued from a ticklish position by some little brown Masai when the herd seemed determined to stam-pede in my direction. One time a large bull had hung out all the signs of war and appeared ready to charge me, when one of the boys ran up and seizing him by the nose led him away bellowing angrily. I don't know that he saved me, but he certainly did save the bull, for I had my rifle ready. These cattle are the zebu or humped species, which is the only breed found in Central Africa.

The dress of a warrior when not on the war path consists of a plain piece of leather

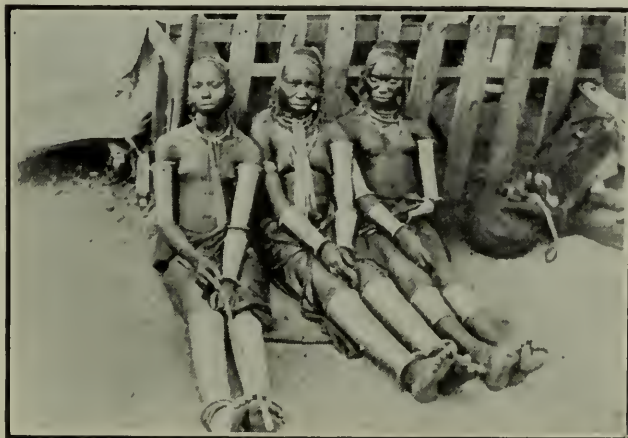
thrown over one shoulder or around both. Rude sandals of cow's skin are worn while traveling. The older men and chiefs sometimes wear a square fur mantel made from the skin of hyrax, which they get from the Anderobo.

When a warrior is about to go on a raid he fairly overdoes himself dressing, and puts on all the finery possible. His head will be decorated with ostrich plumes and feathers of other birds; Colobus monkey skin capes are thrown over the shoulders, and the left leg decorated with a tuft of white hair; then, with a fresh coat of red paint, he is ready to do battle, and woe to anybody who gets in his way when the excitement is upon him! He stamps around and makes himself generally disagreeable to everybody; all this is done for a purpose, of course, for he knows the lovely damsels are standing around shivering and admiring his ferocious courage. But as much the same game is played in our own country, don't blame these savages too severely for it.

The warriors deny taking any medicine to make them brave, but I believe they have an extract of some plant which is supposed to make them immune from fear. Should a warrior show cowardice he had better get out of camp, for some of his relatives will do away with him; the ranks of Anderobo are open to this class of men, and occasionally one finds refuge with them but not often, for a cowardly Masai is a scarce article

After being looked up to by their neighbors for years it is but natural that they become haughty and conceited to some extent.

*(To be concluded in April)*



MASAI GIRLS.

# POPPY-JENTS



Poppy is a sleepy flower  
Closing up its tent so tight,  
Closing up within its chalice,  
Honey feeders of the night.

Resting in their yellow wigwams  
They repose on pollen-beds,  
Flying off when rosy morning  
Lifts the cover from their heads.

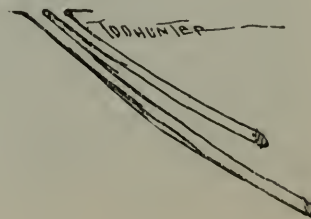
Does the winged, drowsy creature  
In the poppy's silken seam,  
Conjure into mind such visions  
As the opium-eaters dream?

And when night-winds fresh are blowing  
Swaying poppy to and fro,  
Does her little captive wonder  
Why the cradle trembles so?

I am like thee, weakling brother  
Wrapped within thy golden flower,  
I live in the earth's dominions  
Prisoned by a higher power.

When my night like thine is over,  
Vision-sprinkled, dreamy, bright,  
Will my spirit lift its pinions  
Unto realms of morning light?

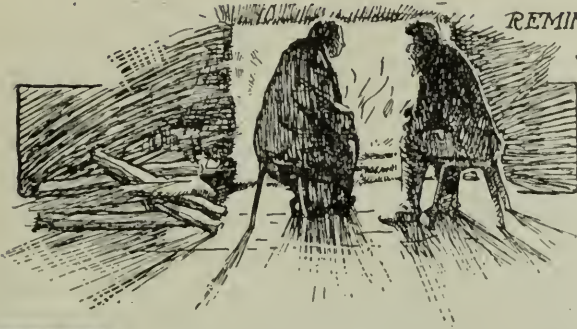
—P. B. Anspacher.





# WIND RIVER BILL'S COURTSHIP

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD BUFFALO DAYS  
J. W. SCHULTZ



There were three: Wind River Bill, Tom Allison and I, living in a comfortable "fort" we had built that fell on Twin Butte Creek, about twenty miles east of the foot of the great mountains. Here, on each side of the deep, timbered valley, and not more than a mile apart, were two very tall and slender buttes, flat-topped and bare, commanding a view of miles and miles of the vast brown plain. They were as alike as two peas, and we named them respectively, the North and the South Twin. Numbers of elk and deer inhabited the cottonwood groves along the stream; many beavers lived upon it, and great herds of buffalo and antelope came to it daily from the surrounding plain to quench their thirst. And then there were the wolves, big and sleek and bold, prowling about among this wealth of game, ruthlessly killing, killing, killing and feasting upon the fat, red meat of their victims. Oh, that I could hear the wolves once more! Hear their long-drawn, melancholy cry breaking the stillness of the night, rising, falling, dying slowly away, only to be taken up again by others far up or down the valley, or out on the wide, bare plain.

We could not have located in a better place for our business. Already our store-room was nearly filled with the pelts of beaver and wolf we had trapped, and the season was not half over. So far, nothing had occurred to break the even tenor of the days. We arose betimes, turned our horses out of the corral to graze, ate a leisurely breakfast and then visited our traps and poisoned baits. We had expected to be troubled more or less by Indians, for we were situated near the foot of the Snowy Mountains where passed the trails of Black-foot and Crows, Sioux, Gros Ventre and As-

sinaboines, traveling to make raids upon each other or upon any white men they could take unawares. Still, we felt reasonably secure, for our three-room fort and the strong corral adjoining it were built of heavy green logs, and there were numerous little loopholes on all sides through which we could pour a galling fire upon any attacking party. What we most feared was to be ambushed when visiting our traps, or to have our horses run off. We never let the animals stray out of sight, and you may be sure that when abroad we keep a sharp lookout for possible enemies.

Along in January a furious blizzard swept over the land from the north, and when it subsided the ground was covered by several inches of snow, and the weather day after day remained exceedingly cold. The air was thick with a fine frost—so thick and heavy and low that the sun was as effectually obscured as if it had been behind a great thick cloud. The deer and the elk and antelope hardly moved, standing all day humped up in the *coulies*, and on the hillsides facing the south. The buffalo alone, big, strong and warm under their thick, furry coat, moved about and fed on the bleak plain as usual.

Following the example of a pet badger which lived in our front yard, so to speak, when this cold snap came we "penned up," too, and stayed close to the broad stone fireplace, mending clothes, tanning buckskins, braiding whiplashes, doing many odd jobs to help pass the time. We were thus employed one evening when Allison said: "Listen, I thought I heard a knock on the door."

"Knock nothin'!" Wind River drawled. "D'you s'pose anybody is crazy enough to be travelin' this kind of weather?"

He was answered by three faint taps on the door. We looked at each other wonderingly, questioningly. Again the knocks were repeated, very faint to be sure, but certainly the rapping of a human hand upon the door. With one accord we went to our bunks,

strapped on our six-shooters and picked up our rifles. "Now, fellers," said Wind River, "stand by and be ready and I'll swing her open."

He silently removed the heavy bar, and then swung the door open, walking backward with it so that he could not be seen by any one without. Tom and I stood close to the wall nearby ready to shoot, if necessary. Through the open space a thick, white cloud of the frosty air rolled into the room, and with it came a person enveloped in a buffalo robe so held that the features were concealed.

"An Indian," said Tom.

The person advanced straight to the fireplace, sat down before it, threw back the robe.

"An' a woman at that!" cried Wind River. "Wall, I'll be tetotally ——!"

We stood there for a little, staring at her in astonishment, Bill forgetting even to close the door. Young, comely featured, her glossy hair neatly combed and braided, clothed in a fine, bead-embroidered, buckskin dress, wearing shapely buffalo moccasins on

her small feet, she was a very fair specimen of her race.

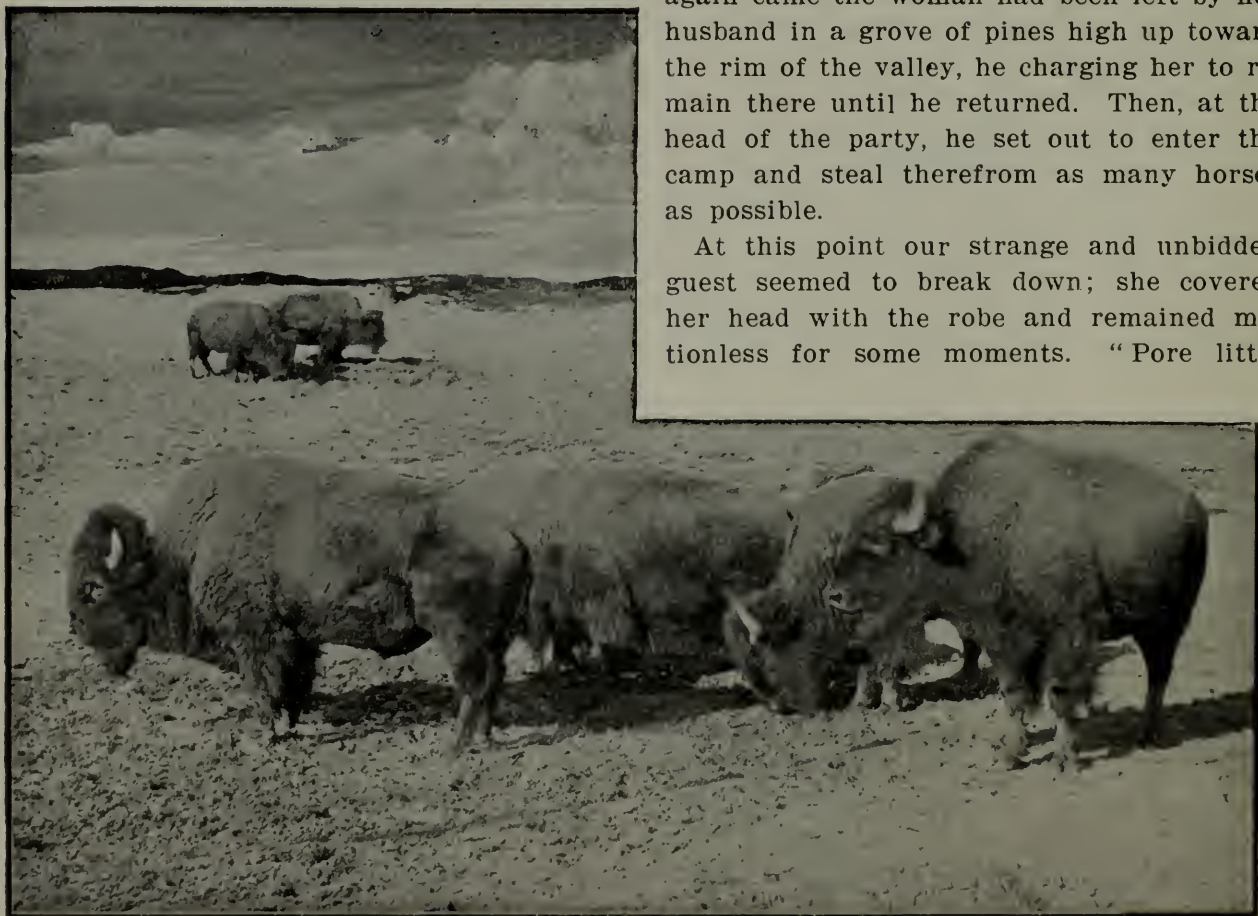
"Whar on earth do you s'pose she came from?" Tom asked.

"And how could she have traveled during this terrible weather?" I added. "Boys, there's something queer about this."

The woman had not looked up at any of us, but sat staring at the dancing flames. Bill advanced and bending over her extended his hand and said "How!"

She shook hands with him timidly, glancing up at him—a glance shy, but yet searching. Bill began to question her in the sign language understood by all Indians and frontiersmen from the Great Slav lakes to Mexico. She explained that she was a Cheyenne, and that two moons previously she had accompanied her husband to war against the Missouri River tribes, he being the partisan or leader of the party, numbering twenty-three in all. After traveling many nights and hiding somewhere away to sleep in the daytime they had at last come to the great river and, looking down into its deep, wide valley, saw a large encampment of the enemy on the opposite side. When night again came the woman had been left by her husband in a grove of pines high up toward the rim of the valley, he charging her to remain there until he returned. Then, at the head of the party, he set out to enter the camp and steal therefrom as many horses as possible.

At this point our strange and unbidden guest seemed to break down; she covered her head with the robe and remained motionless for some moments. "Pore little



"THE BUFFALO, ALONE, MOVED ABOUT."



"LOOKING DOWN, HE SAW AN ENCAMPMENT OF THE ENEMY."

gal," said Wind River, leaning over and patting her gently on the shoulder. "I can see how 'twas; she's shore had a hard time of it."

"I bet she has," Allison put in, sympathetically.

The woman continued her story: "Long, long I sat there under the pines. The moon set, thè Seven wheeled slowly round, the middle of the night passed and then, far below, I heard shots, many shots, saw the flash of the guns, and knew that our party had been discovered. All night I waited—hoping, fearing, listening, but my husband did not return, nor did anyone else. Yet I still had hope, and remained where I was all that day. But when another night came and partly passed, and none returned to me, then I knew that they were all dead. So I arose and took all of our food that I could carry and started homeward. The way has been long, my food is long since gone. I was about to give up when I saw the sparks from your fire here."

Again the woman covered her face with the robe, and bent over as if in great grief and sorrow. And again Wind River said: "Pore little gal; how she must have suffered."

Allison had been warming up some meat and beans and coffee, and these, with a large hunk of bread, he now placed before her. She ate, but not as one nearly famished does; no more, in fact, than a light meal. From the moment she entered the cabin I was suspicious of her. Her hair was so smoothly and neatly dressed. Could she have done it out there in the terrible cold? All the water was frozen up; her fingers would have frozen before the task could have been completed. And then her moccasins showed no signs of hard wear. And, again, dressed as lightly as she was, I believed that no one could have survived the past few days without warm shelter and good fire. These thoughts I imparted to Wind River and Allison and they laughed at me. "Why," Wind River asked, "do you s'pose an Injun woman could make up such a story as that? No, sir, it isn't in 'em. She's told nothin' but the bare truth. I'm dretful sorry for her."

"So be I," said Allison. "We must take good care of her and feed her up plenty."

When bedtime came the woman asked to be allowed to sleep in the storeroom, which communicated with our living room by a rawhide door. There was no other door to

it; neither did it have any windows. We gave her some extra blankets and robes and she retired, and we also turned in. But I did not sleep much. Somehow I could not help but believe that her presence boded us no good, and I lay awake trying to think in what way she could harm us—what her scheme was.

The morning broke as cold and cheerless as the preceding ones had been. The air was still full of frost, obscuring the rays of the sun. Early in the fall with a couple of scythes and a home-made rake we had managed to put up a couple of tons of hay, and now we congratulated ourselves that we had done so for, instead of turning our stock loose and herding of them out in the bitter cold, we fed them in the corral where, under lock and key, we knew that they were perfectly safe. I noticed that my partners dressed themselves with unusual care that morning, putting on clean shirts and overalls and carefully combing their long hair; Wind River's hair was a beautiful, glossy, wavy black and fell down to his shoulders. He was very proud of it. We called the woman in time to wash and get ready for breakfast, but she would not sit at the table with us, preferring to carry her plate of food and cup of coffee over to the fireplace, and sit before the hearth. After the meal was over and the dishes had been washed, we all gathered as usual around the fire. Wind River produced a couple of pairs of buffalo moccasins, asking the woman to patch them, and accompanying his gestures in the Sioux language. She immediately answered him, and a grin of delight spread over his face. The sign language was good, but a spoken one better; he spoke Sioux fluently, so did she; they began a conversation which bid fair to last all day. I understood a little of it myself, enough to keep the run of their talk, but Allison didn't. Poor Tom; he fidgeted around and, after a few futile attempts to draw the young woman's attention to himself and get her to converse with him in signs, gave up. Wind River had the running all to himself and he was bound to make an impression. Good looking, fairly young, once married to a Sioux girl who had died, if any white man was capable to make an impression upon an Indian woman's heart, he certainly was.

I know not how it is now since the tribe has met starvation and want, but in the buffalo days the Cheyenne women were noted for their strict morality; an immoral one was something almost unheard of among them. This one seemed to be no exception to the rule; her every action showed her innate modesty. She let Bill do most of the talking, and he talked well, telling her of his adventures, amusing and otherwise, but she seldom smiled and would tell but little about herself.

The days dragged on; there was no sign of a chinook; if anything, the weather seemed to get colder and colder. Bill continued his courtship, confiding to us his intentions. "I just nacherally ain't felt right since my pore little woman died," he said. "I'm plumb lonesome. A man ain't got no right to live alone; to be happy he must have a nice little woman to care fer, an' who'll care fer him. I'm goin' to marry this one—if I can—an' I b'lieve I can. When Wind River sets out to do a thing, he generally gets there."

"I wish you luck, old man," said Allison. "I'd a tried to court her myself ef I could have talked the lingo, but even then I'd had no chance with you, fer courtin' is shore your forte."

I laughed and said a word or two of encouragement to Bill, but all the same I was uneasy. I felt that the woman was with us for something that boded us no good.

At last the cold weather broke. We awoke one morning to find a warm chinook blowing, the snow had nearly all disappeared and little streamlets of water were running down the *coulies*. After breakfast we turned the horses out, Allison going to herd them. It was too sloppy to visit our beaver traps, so Bill and I remained at home. It was pleasant to go out once more and potter about the place in our shirt sleeves and feel that balmy warm wind blowing. Bill stayed close to the fire place—and the woman—all day. While I was getting dinner I heard him pleading with her to marry him, and her repeated answer: "I do not know; I can not say; you must talk with my father and mother about it." She was certainly non-committal.



WHERE THE INDIANS HAD CAMPED.

We retired early that evening. Bill had partly made up his mind to start with the girl next morning for the camp of her people, somewhere beyond the Yellowstone. I am always a light sleeper. About midnight I awoke, fancying that I heard a commotion among the horses in the corral, of which, as I have said, our building formed one side. I got up and struck a light and glanced over at the door jamb where we always hung the key of the corral gate. It was gone! The door remained barred. I thought of the woman, and ran with the light into the storeroom; there I found a little mound of earth by the north wall; she had tunneled under the bottom log and gone. In less time than it takes to tell it I had dragged Bill and Allison out of their bunks, onto their feet—and of course they came down rifles in hand. “The horses,” I whispered, as I unbarred the door. “Maybe we’re too late.” We ran out into the bright moonlight and around the corner of the building. The corral gate was open. The last of our

horses were just coming out, and astride the bunch were seven Indians. We opened fire and two of them fell. The others as they sped away, driving the loose stock before them, returned our fire; and Bill, unlucky Bill, received a ball just above his left ankle which broke the bone, and he dropped. It was all over in an instant. We could hear the pounding of the horses—our horses’—feet on the frozen ground dying gradually away in the distance. The two Cheyennes we had dropped were dead. We got Bill into the house, undressed and onto his bunk, and I set his leg. How he did curse! His dream of love was shattered.

We afterward found where the Indians had camped in a thick grove of cottonwoods and willows a mile or two up the river. There was their war house, sheltered and warm, and the remains of the animals they had killed and feasted upon. Unable to run off our horses by day, or steal them from our corral at night, they had sent the woman in to outwit us.



AFTERGLOW.

A CLEAR pale evening sky  
Suffused with primrose light;  
The sun has gone to rest  
And left the world to Night.  
But 'ere she spreads her veil  
Of dusky tissue soft,  
Shot here and there with stars  
That glance and gleam aloft,  
The handmaid of the Sun  
Shakes out his robes of state,  
And primrose leaps to flame  
Athwart the Golden Gate.

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NIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

(A Fragment.)

THE Regal City sits aloft,  
The waters at her feet,  
And on her head, like crown of stars,  
Twines lighted street on street.

But now she nods as night goes on,  
And draws about her face  
The drifting fog, the soft gray fog,  
Like misty folds of lace;

And through the folds the lights shine dim,  
Like stars in half eclipse,  
While out at sea the sirens moan,  
To warn the passing ships.

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THE fireflies with their lanterns,  
Are lighting the night-moths home  
From their revels with the flowers,  
In haste lest the dawn shall come.

FIREFLIES.

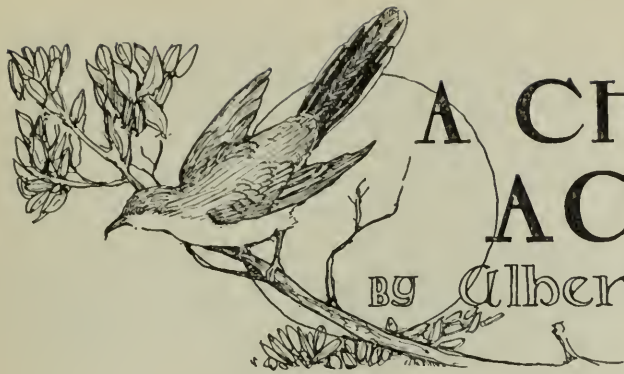
(After the Japanese.)

But—tricksey little linkmen—  
They are straying from the path,  
And hiding in the shadows  
To laugh at the night-moth's wrath.

They draw about their lanterns  
The spider's gossamer threads,  
Leaving the moths to scramble  
As best they may to their beds.

Oh, foolish little fireflies!  
There will come to-morrow's sun,  
When the night-moths are in hiding  
And of patrons you'll have none.

Mary Vaughan



# A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE

By Alberta Field

*"O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird  
Or but a wandering voice."*

—Wordsworth.



ALTHOUGH a pretty constant attendant at Nature's "At Homes" for many a long day he was to me "but a wandering voice," as I was unable to catch more than a passing glimpse of this shadowy creature who does not seem to be greatly interested in the various social function of Bird-dom. It was years, in fact, before I could claim other than the most casual acquaintance with the timid, "lady-like" cuckoo, and then it all came about in the twinkling of an eye, as it were.

One warm spring afternoon, after a wearisome struggle with the tangled growths in the valley below, I had thrown myself down to rest, and chancing to glance up into the branches of a tattered old apple-tree, decked out like a bride in pink and white bloom, I discovered him—and he me. As he was sitting on a limb not over ten or fifteen feet above my head, I hardly dared to breathe for fear he would take to his heels, or wings, for he is a bashful chap and loves to slip out of sight if he thinks himself observed. For a moment or two we eyed each other with an intensity born of mutual astonishment, but contrary to all precedents it was he—the male, and not I, the female—who first broke the silence of our meeting. *Cow-cow-cow-cow, roo-o-o-o-o!* came floating down through the over-laden air, and at every *cow* his tail was lifted a notch as though manipulated by a ratchet attachment, while at the concluding *roo-o-o-o's* it glided gently down the scale again, certainly the most unique accompaniment to a bird song I ever was privileged to witness.

It was to me a rare treat to come across

so sociable a cuckoo, as these birds are very chary of exhibiting their musical accomplishments "before folks," but to my delight and surprise this fellow continued his serenade for at least ten minutes (though I knew it was not to me but his silent lady-love in the valley to whom this charming melody was intoned) and I had a fine opportunity to take careful notes of the whole performance—mental only, mind you—for he would have been quite as frightened at the appearance of paper and pencil as any of our own celebrities who had chanced to run up against a reporter anxious for an interview.

After a while my position became so wearisome that I made an involuntary movement which brought the concert to an abrupt termination, for the principal soloist was up and away like a beautiful dream and I was at liberty to put down in black and white my impressions of the event of the season.

I knew from his scarlet eye-rims that my bird belonged to the black-billed species, *Coccyzus trythrophthalmus* (do you wonder that the bird is afraid of the word-creating fraternity?) further indicated by the faint "thumb prints" of white on his dusky tail which are much more conspicuous in the yellow-bills. The rest of his plumage was of modest gray with here and there a few metallic glints, and his gentle manners and romantic personality as well as his quaint song were suggestive of an old-fashioned, well-bred repose, not at all characteristic of our twentieth century audaciousness, and he seemed a bird really incongruous among the rabble of alert, chattering, voracious, inconsequent but delightful little songsters

who were making the old orchard fairly ring with their enthusiastic choruses.

Usually the cuckoos select lonely, quiet retreats as a habitat, but occasionally a pair will venture to nest near a house and sometimes in a garden in a busy town. I fancy, however, that an "epidemic" of Tussock moths is in a measure responsible for their friendliness, for both the yellow and black billed are inordinately fond of the coral-headed, white-tufted Tussock larvæ. In fact the cuckoos have so extravagantly indulged their predilection for "woolly ones" that their stomachs are coated with caterpillar hairs until they have become literally "fur-lined." In further verification of their abnormal appetites, the Bird Stomach Man at Washington tells us that they devour quantities of the larvæ of the Io moth, particularly ugly green creatures as large as one's finger and completely covered with dense spines as poisonous as nettles. Seven of these caterpillars were found in one stomach, hence we may conclude that although possessed of such gentle manners and romantic personality they are also blessed with a cast-iron digestive apparatus without parallel.

If I used the word "voracious" as though it were not applicable to my modest friends, I must refute the suggestion for I certainly never saw birds who showed greater gastronomic capabilities than a pair of black bills who came to my own garden for Tussock caterpillars. A plum-tree that was being literally eaten alive was in three days entirely cleared by these notable red-eyed chaps. It was "gobble, gobble, gobble," until I could not find even so much as a single larva for a specimen, but it has always been a mystery to me how they ever came to discover that I had a "corner" on caterpillars, for the garden is in the heart of a busy town and surrounded on three sides by high buildings and almost no shrubbery to attract attention.

Quite recently some of our bird lovers have discovered that the black-billed cuckoos are nocturnal in their habits, flying about on warm, moist evenings, so perhaps during some midnight excursion they located my Tussock crop which at daylight they came to harvest. At any rate they came, they ate, and they went away again, and the plum-tree

that once knew them knows them no more.

Save for the nightingale and skylarks no bird has entered so largely into literature as the cuckoo, though most of the references apply to the Old World species which in many respects differs from our own bird who possesses some characteristics in its favor. Job, Pliny, Aristophanes and Aristotle discussed him; Philip Wharton wrote the quaint old English ballad beginning:

Sumer is i-cumen in,  
Lhude sing cuccu.

Shakespeare criticised him; Goethe enjoyed him; and, as best suited their various moods, the more modern writers have eulogized or censured this "ornithological Skimpole" as some one has facetiously called him, and all of this is without reference to the distinction he has received through his association with the famous clocks, the call which is very like the cry of the English bird.

The "rascally sonneteer" as Miss Mitford calls the European species, is a true parasite who makes a regular business of evading all parental responsibilities, fostering its young upon any credulous hedge-sparrow or wheat-ear that will allow the imposition. Like our own cow-bird it makes no pretense to nest-building and whether we may consider this as evidence of a more progressive state, a sort of "new woman" advancement in ornithological circles, or on the contrary these birds have simply failed to develop the proper constructive ability or instinct, is a question each one must determine as best suits him.

It is only once in a while that our own bird lapses into this "Anglicism" but it does happen occasionally. I knew one instance where a shiftless cuckoo slipped into the nest of a chipping-sparrow and deposited a big, greenish egg among the somewhat smaller blue-green gems of that cheerful songster. Bradford Torrey says that the watcher of birds in the bush soon discovers that they have individual as well as race characteristics: that they are not things but persons, and so my negligent mother-bird was perhaps only a single example who, like some of her human prototypes, desired to be "awfully English."

The nest of the American cuckoo is rather a slipshod affair, and it seems to me that



if the eggs possessed a proper sense of the laws of gravitation they would tumble to the ground, so flimsily put together are the few twigs which compose the support. The funniest of all funny fledgelings is a newly hatched cuckoo. If I had the vivid imagination of some nature writers, when I discovered my first nest of young cuckoos I should have rushed into print with a glowing account of some strange, two-footed porcupines, who built nests in low pines and whose young were covered with a coat of long, sharp quills. These youngsters do look as unlike birds as one can imagine, and at

best are queer little objects in their "pepper-and-salt" feathers encased in stout sheaths. But they come on amazing fast, and before you even dream they have had time to shed a quill, they are feathered out and away. I have never had the heart to observe them as carefully as I desired to, for the gentle mother shows such distress at my presence, evinced by long drawn out "whispers" and smothered "sobs," that rather than be the cause of so much unhappiness, I am glad to leave, even though my curiosity is unsatisfied.

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## THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

**T**HERE is a spirit in the wood,  
 Its voice is in the breeze,  
 The song birds sing its merry mood,  
 It murmurs with the bees;  
 Its laughter babbles with the brook,  
 It whispers to the leaves,  
 It slumbers in the shady nook  
 Beneath the primal trees.

It rouses with the winter blast;  
 It howls adown the night;  
 About it lightning bolts are cast,  
 It bellows in affright.  
 It towers upon the bleak headland  
 And strikes the blast of Thor,  
 Its voice sounds through the ocean storm  
 Like mighty orator.

It shouts from out old ocean's caves;  
 The winds its armies form;  
 It scurries o'er the lashing waves—  
 The spirit of the storm.  
 It slumbers when its wrath is spent  
 Upon the mountain crest,  
 Housed like a chieftain in his tent  
 Or wild bird in its nest.

—*Thomas Maitland Marshall.*

## THE PIKE AND CARSON CLUB.

By "MONTEZUMA."



BACK in a charming little town in the Colorado Rockies lives a typical American sportsman by the name of Dall DeWeese. A mighty Nimrod before the Lord, with a *penchant* for doing things and the knack of doing them right, and with an insatiable desire to go somewhere and see and learn things for himself, Mr. DeWeese has globe-trotted a plenty and burned powder in every land accessible to most men, and in a great many inaccessible to any of a less courageous, indefatigable and energetic temperament than himself. The Orient and the Occident have borne his spoor in their wildest places; the game fields of Europe, Asia and Africa are an open book to him—and America's game haunts are his familiar loafing places. A hunter of big and dangerous game only, he has killed more varieties and been in more tight places while in their pursuit, than any other one living man. His knowledge of natural history, woodcraft—and it may incidentally be added of mankind as well—is unique in its comprehensiveness, and when to this it is added that Dall DeWeese is also one of Colorado's most successful business men, the outcome of his latest venture, one distinctively and entirely in the interests of American game and its hunters, is conceded by all who know him to be a success assured.

Mr. DeWeese is a game protectionist of the most advanced type, and his labors to that end have received international recognition.

His last achievement in this direction is the organization of what is known as the "Pike and Carson Club," which is destined to be a worthy Western prototype of the celebrated Boone and Crockett Club of the East. Realizing what had been accomplished by this club in creating a public sentiment favoring the adoption and enforcement of laws protecting the game of the East from ruthless slaughter, Mr. DeWeese was prompted to organize a Western association having for its object the conservation of game animals of the great West. The selec-



DALL DE WEESE.

tion of the name, "The Pike and Carson Club," was an inspiration, and while designed to keep alive the memory of two men inseparably connected with the exploration and settlement of the West, stands for those principles and traits of character upon which the organization is founded.

The pre-requisites for membership in the Pike and Carson Club are American citizenship, ladies being admitted on the same terms as men. The candidate must have killed at least one specimen of three species of North American big game with a gun in a fair, honorable, sportsmanlike manner, without a guide, or to have made some exploration or original research of benefit to mankind. The conditions imposed preclude most people from entering the charmed circle, and the constitution limits the membership to one hundred persons.

When the quota is full no new members will be taken in until a vacancy occurs by

death or resignation. As the club is national in its scope, it is designed that its members shall represent all sections of the country from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard and from the Canadian border to the Rio Grande.

One of the cardinal principles of the club is the preservation of the native game animals, birds and fish of North America, and to this end it is pledged to use its best endeavors to secure the enactment of wholesome laws by Congress and the legislatures of the several States in the Union. Among the members of the club are some of the most prominent men in the country, men distin-

guished in science, exploration and sport, and its influences in preserving the game and fish of the country from extermination can not be otherwise than beneficent in the extreme. The possibilities for good of such an organization are inestimable, and its inception reflects much credit upon Mr. DeWeese. Its objects are of national interest, and in the hands of so capable and efficient a manager as hustling Dall DeWeese, of Cañon City, they will be advanced to finality; for when Mr. DeWeese goes afield for hunting or business he makes records, and the Pike and Carson Club promises to eclipse all his former achievements.

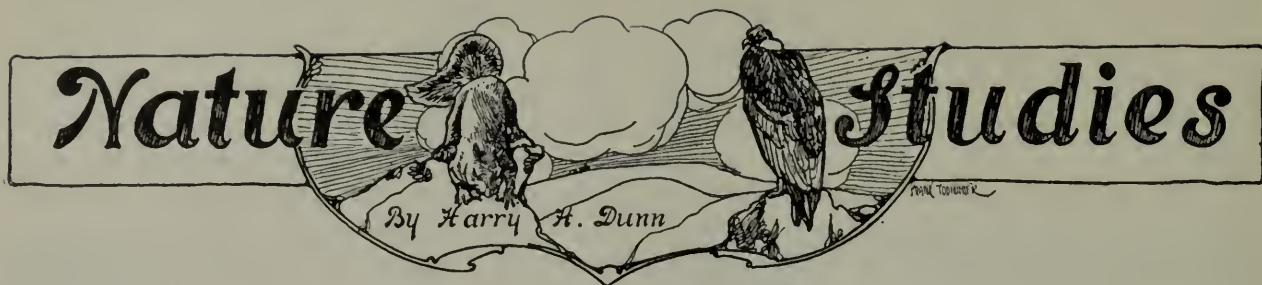


## DEVOTION.

WHO so prefers it may rent gilded pews,  
 At fashion's shrine sit to hear gospel news;  
 But when to worship God my soul aspires  
 Then seek I leafy temples, feathered choirs.

—*Katherine March Chase.*





## THE VENGEANCE OF THE WILD.

**A** GLOWING opal bedded in clouds of roseate amethyst, the sun sank behind the wall of Gray-back. To the east long fingers of shadow sought hurriedly to pull down the curtain of the night on the rugged gorge of the Mesquite, but the day star was slow to be subdued, each passing cloud that for an instant veiled his face, bringing seeming night, was brushed aside almost as rapidly as it came; and still the golden glow tinted the slopes wherever the wall of the hills did not too far overhang. Out toward the sea great banks of violet presaged the coming night, yet they, too, bided their time, perhaps a bit less impatiently than the shadows of the hills, but none the less sure of their final victory.

Under the pines, where the long branches kept off the spring warmth of the sun and where the myriad tiny streams of the side-hills could not exercise their power, the snow yet lay, thinly and in sodden gray, but cold and firm, nevertheless. Out further, where there were wide open spaces, the first early grasses spread a wavering tracery of green. It would be months 'ere the flowers came, but the odor of spring was in the air. In the lower hills the catkins on many a slender willow breathed a downy incense to the languid breeze, and although the sycamores were putting forth long sprays of stem that would one day be covered with green seed capsules, which when the year had grown old again would turn to the same rich brown as autumn hills. The tint of the world was bright, filled with hope, crowned with promise of what the year was to bring forth in days to come.

Half a mile back from the Mesquite's foaming torrent a sheer wall of stone rose fair from the bed of one of the many small

cañons that here scar the great mountain. From the crest of the ridge a pine, its bole thick with the rings of centuries, clung firmly, its weight sustained by two long roots running far back along the earth-covered floor which stretched away at the top of the cliff. Below, it hung clear and free; the winds of winter roared through the sprawling stubs of what, in fertile soil, had been mighty roots, and year by year the rains wore and tore at its hold on the cliff; but all to no avail, and the swallows of each recurring spring found there a place, sheltered from all enemies, in which to plaster their daubed nests of mud. In summer the bed of the cañon, a good hundred feet below, was dry—dry as the wind-swept crag of Ke-beck whereon the great white-headed eagles came to nest, but now it was a tumbling, noisy brook, anon swelled to fill the whole of its course by some outburst of rain or melting snow on the hills above, anon falling to the size of some of the tiny lowland streams that knew naught of the sustaining power of the great mother mountain.

At the upper end of the cliff where it sloped a bit less suddenly to the stream, a ledge wound its sinuous way along the face of the wall of rock, ending at last in the mouth of a low, dark cave. No limb of tree, no clump of hardy brush overhung this opening; in front of it no sloping roof of fallen stone saved it from the wind or the rain; indeed, it was the last place one of the two-footed wanderers that sometimes strive to make themselves skilled in the ways of the wild would have thought of looking for the home of one of the hill kindred; and yet, in many ways it was ideal for the purpose to which it had been put. Just within the cave the narrow entrance-way turned

abruptly upward and, after running so for a little space, ended in a level floor only a few feet square but warm and dry and high above all the enemies of those whose lives are spent in such places: Without, along the narrow ledge no mark of padded paw lay on the shelf of rock, washed clean as it had been by the rains of the past two months. Within, where the dust was damp but for a few inches, a tangled web of round, five-soled marks left no doubt as to who was the inhabitant. And even had these been lacking, the litter of well-cleaned bones that had accumulated in the out of the way corners of the little upper room would have told only too plainly the tale of its dwellers. The quail and the grouse and the rabbits—soft-footed wanderers of the lower hills—could have told, too, had they been so disposed which, fortunately, they were not. But men, such men as knew the Mesquite at least, had no inkling of the world of this little cave; and so all was well.

If day goes slowly in the land of rugged peaks then, too, paradoxical as it may seem, night comes rapidly. In other words, there is no twilight. The sun shines brightly this moment—the next he is buried in the darkness of another night. Then for a brief space there is utter, absolute blackness, until with a sudden rush out of the deeps of air come the stars, the most beautiful stars that light a night in any part of the world—the stars of Southern California. And so it was on this night of early spring. First the deep darkness that blinds every dweller in the hills, save the brown-winged owls as one after one they winnowed their way noiselessly out of their caves further back in the deepest cañons to seek their hunting grounds in the fields below. From like caves and from under sheltered shelves of rock came hordes of leather-winged and noisy bats. From them the owls gathered here and there light lunches, but these winged mice were not the game the birds sought, and they for the most part dallied not long with them. Below, along the flats that limn the river's edge, the whippoorwills called, not dismally but happily, joyous in the new spring and busy in the taking of their mates.

Then came the stars and with them, at the very mouth of the little cave, appeared a round head topped by two ears sharp and

pointed forward as though their business was to hear all that went on in the world ahead of them, paying little or no attention to things of the past. From the tip of each of these ears rose a tuft of short hairs banded together to form a sort of brush, adding not a little to the expression of the face but of absolutely no use to the ears they surmounted. In itself the face was not different from that of any of the rest of the cats, save that it might have been a trifle more heavy about the jaws. But there were the eyes. No beast in all the outdoors but what hated those eyes; few but feared them with an unreasoning dread. Even the great screamer—he of the lank, gray body and long tail; he whose cry of scorn for all the world rang through the cañons of the Mesquite on almost every still, clear night—even he wanted as little as possible to do with the owner of those eyes; while the silver-tip, whose range was quite over on the other side of the river, avoided him as much as he could. Where those golden-brown orbs flared, in thicket or at edge of marsh, there death followed—followed sure and fast. What matter that the wild kindred knew that when those twin bale-lights appeared they must flee for their lives—they never saw them until the grip of the powerful jaws was on their throats, until the long claws were wet with the red blood of their sides.

When he had satisfied himself that the narrow trail he must follow in going to his hunting was clear, he drew himself, ever so lightly and with the noiselessness of the night wind that forever sighs about old Grayback's hoary head, a bit further out of the hole. Then leisurely, as if he might be considering whether it were not best to return to his day-long nap on the dust floor of the cavern, he lifted another section of himself into the full light of the stars and stood firmly on the trail. His height as he stood so, erect on all fours, was not less than the lion in whose range he was a trespasser, but his length was scarce half that of the larger cat. Between his shoulders and his massive rump, however, lay piled roll on roll of solid muscle. Down his strong legs the flesh lay firmly, raising rounded masses beneath the gray-brown skin. Along his back the dark red of his winter coat

seemed almost black in the white light, while the gray of his chin and under parts glowed white as the fur of any snow rabbit that ever played in the northern land whence he came. For this old bob-cat was a wanderer, an interloper, one not born to the hills where he found himself. Long years before and in a land far different from this he had come from an alien race—the lucifees of the northern pine barrens. Mile after mile he had wandered down the high ranges, hugging their crests, ever finding as he held his course to the south that food became more plentiful and more easily obtained than it had been among the almost perpetual snows of his northern home. Now and again, in seasons of plenty and in meadows of the hills that particularly pleased him, he had made himself a den and taken a mate, but these were but temporary homes at best. All the time he had been seeking a kingdom, his kingdom, where he should rule with claws of power and be enabled to set up his home forever. And here and now it seemed to him that he had found it; here the world was filled with all things that made his heart glad, all things that united for the comfort of his wild hunter life were in the cañons round about. With man he had learned by dear experience it was the height of folly to wage war—easier and safer far was it to flee the wrath of the hunter, smiting at him and his at some more auspicious time, in some less hazardous way. And because he had learned this, he had been enabled to pass unscathed through lands where men and their dog allies were more numerous than the wild kindred of whose ways he had equal knowledge.

So here, having come out of his den, he stretched his length to the cool evening air, drinking in the breath of the hills and valleys that the freshening breeze brought to him. Long he loitered, playing with his sharp claws on the soft rocky wall, until a sound from within the cave caused him to turn for an instant toward the entrance he had just quitted and then to leap lightly down the trail. As he went, being fairly started, he left off his long straightaway bounds and settled down to that peculiar gait of all the cat tribe which, being neither walk nor run, is yet a combination of both

and which carries its master over the roughest country at a surprising rate of speed.

At the lower end, the trail down the ledge ended abruptly in a sheer fall of some twenty feet to the tumbling water. Beyond, at a space of four or five times the length of the bob-tailed cat, the narrow shelf picked itself up again and went on skirting the edge of the river down to the valley. Coming here the lynx paused not an instant but, lifting himself easily and with a carelessness born of long familiarity with the ways of his going, cleared at a leap the gap and resumed his steady course. He seemed to travel rapidly, and yet, as he went, no thing of all the world beneath the reach of eye or nose escaped him. A bat, wheeling in dizzy circles above, dropped incautiously too close, gritting its teeth in that weird manner common to his kind. Hearing was with the cat next thing to action. One lithe forearm shot up and out and the bat fluttered, a helpless mass of dead flesh, into the waters boiling below. The thing he would not attempt to eat he killed for very love of the killing, and there laid bare one of the strongest traits of the whole cat tribe—the love of blood for blood's sake, to feel it gush warm and red from the throat of some victim for which, as food, they can have absolutely no use. The bat to this cave-dweller was worse than useless, for the four-foot abhorred the musty smell of the leather-wing, but he killed him simply because he had the opportunity—mayhap he took a pride in the doing of it because there were skill and quickness needed, and he was possessed of both in great quantity. At any rate he made no delay in his journey because of this, but went straight ahead until the cliff-walled gorge gave way to the broader cañon through which the brook ran less noisily. Here the pines came down to within a few feet of the sand flat that marked the edge of the highest stage of water the stream had ever known, and here the cat, leaping down the few feet of sharp slope that led from his trail, came to a stop rigidly behind one of the larger pines.

In his pose, erect on all fours, every muscle taut and ready for the spring they might be called upon to make, there was little about him, either his motionless silence or

his perfectly blended colors, to separate him from the great number of tree trunks among which he stood. But of the effect of his poses upon an unseen audience he had no thought; to him the sole object of life just then was to see without being seen. The first warder of all his senses, his nose, had long ago told him that there was something coming down the cañon; from the slow, deliberate way in which the night wind brought these warning odors to him he had every right to believe that the creature was making a very easy journey, feeding as it went. So he had taken his time and now he waited, waited for the coming animal which he could hear plainly as it broke through the low thicket of underbrush that filled in the upper end of the little meadow, where there were no pines. Presently out of one of the glades in this miniature forest there came a deer, large of size and so dark as to seem almost black against the wall of the undergrowth. For such game as this the lucifée was in very poor position. He could have struck a grouse or a rabbit or even, a young white-tail from the ground, but this tall blacktail buck was quite another matter. The whine that had come to him out of the den ere he had gone to his hunting was ringing in his ears, and he knew that at home waited hungry mother and kits of a day's age. He knew, too, what a feast this great fellow would make for them. At first he rather shrank from him, not through fear, but because he half knew that to strike now meant failure. Long he hesitated while the animal he sought, feeding up wind from him, felt naught of the danger so near. And because, like all the cats, he dreaded failure even in one venture, the lynx let the great round pads of his feet bear him down the cañon until he found a sycamore, old and almost torn from its root-hold by the storms of summer and winter.

Here, where his mottled body blended perfectly with the bark on the great limb which overhung the trail, he stretched himself out. No earth-bound rock, no crag-hung pine in all the world of the wild is more still in its bed than the hunting lucifée. Once more the deer broke through the wall of the forest, his head held high, his spreading hoofs making almost no noise as they fell on the dead leaves of the pathway. On he came,

straight to the living death that lay so quiet above. For an instant the widespread antlers paused below the massy trunk; his head was beyond the line of the cat's body and his faithful nose had brought him timely warning of the danger above. Beneath his red coat the muscles gathered, his legs lifted him in one mighty leap—but all too late. On the tree's broad trunk there had been an infinitely quicker movement, and one that gave no sound or sign of its maker's thought. As the deer leaped, so leaped the cat, alighting fairly on the back of the wanderer's neck. Four sets of powerful claws laid hold on shoulder and breast, two jaws full of strong teeth tore through skin and muscle until, the red flood of life pouring from him in redoubled stream at every breath, the deer dropped in the middle of the path.

The God of the Wild is the most merciless thing man ever invented. To be unfit, or to meet one who is the better prepared for the endless struggle which is forever waged in the world of the outdoors is to invite death. The deer had been incautious and unprepared for the final struggle when it came; it was, therefore, meet in the economy of Nature that he go to furnish the sinews of war for the cat whose struggle was yet to come. In the wild the battle is always to the strong; brains have no chance whatever with brawn and the gentle are forever giving themselves as the food of the mighty. So then, to the cat this was exactly as it should be, exactly as he had planned it would be when he drew himself up into the sycamore above the trail. Man, the lord high executioner of the world, alone he feared; but men had been scarce in these southern hills since his arrival, and neither he nor the red mate he had taken from among the lesser lynxes of his new world feared them overmuch. So he raised himself on the body of the deer and ate until he could hold no more. Then he bethought him of the mate and the cubs back there in the cave and, standing on the head of the half-eaten four-foot, he let go a wail that set the very pines on Grayback's further crest to swaying. It brought from the high gorges Mahng's reverberating scream, and from the silver-tip, snug in his cave beneath the roots of a great pine, a growl that would have

cowed a less stern-souled hunter than the lucifee.

To the one for whom it was intended, however, it brought only good news, the news of fresh kills and full bellies—the only news, after all, which is of much import to dwellers among the hills. Soundly slept the kits in the cave, and she, letting herself down over the same narrow ledge by which he had come upon the glade, soon fed beside him from the body of the deer. It was no fault of the cats that dawn left aught for the foxes and little gray hill wolves, but eat as they did, aided by a ravenous hunger, they turned away from more than a third of the great deer untouched by tooth or paw. Then, she, because she felt the longing for her cubs and knew that they must be crying for the food she had for them, led the way back up the ledge, slowly and with such a full stomach that the leap across the open space was a hardship. Following slowly, once or twice the lynx lifted his stub nose and, weak organ that it is among all the cats, it seemed to tell him that all was not right in the little home. For the life of him he could not have told what the fear was that overlaid his heart—not even could he have conveyed an idea of it to that slender mate of his, aided though he be by many rubbings of velvet nose and soft whines such as were wont to pass between them. But, with a bound he took the lead in the narrow trail, and she, seeing nothing, knowing nothing of what was in his movement, dropped back as was her custom when they went forth to hunt.

No sobbing rain wind, scarce moving the tips of the slenderest pines, ever trod more silently the unmarked paths of air than did these two the hard floor of the cliff-bound trail until, rounding a corner of one rough ledge which for a little space crowded the path, they came upon the cave opening. Now he that was in the lead seemed to change; every hair along his red back rose in anger; from his great yellow eyes the hate of a lifetime leaped into flame and, without waiting for the mother of his kits to enter the low den, he rushed at a bound into and up the entrance-way that led to the warm nest above. Wise in all the ways of the hunter people, and having at last caught the scent of the hated killer that had been abroad that

night, she drew herself a little to one side of the cave's mouth, stretched her full length flat to the bare rocks of the trail—and waited, waited as only a cat can wait. And he who had gone within was moving not less rapidly, not less surely than she. There was a growl, two startled shrieks that blended as one, a muffled cry of awful agony, and from the cave came forth in headlong flight, terror in every line of his sinewy, yellow body, a weasel. And as he came, she that waited without stretched forth one armed paw and smothered him—long, sharp claws piercing heart and brain almost at the same instant—lifting him from his feet, hurling him, bruised and broken, against the wall of the cañon side. Behind, bearing in his mouth a draggled creature very like unto the first came her mate, but to him she paid no heed. His was the vengeance, hers the sorrow, and now she dumbly sensed this, the first grief of her new year. The darkness of the cave was to her as the lightest day and there she laid herself beside the dead, and there her dumb heart mourned, mourned as mother hearts will always mourn the wide world over. All the day long and well into the next night she grieved; and for a like time without the cave her mate watched. Well indeed for the wild wanderers that were abroad that day and night that the trail was closed at one of its ends, else they might by chance have drifted down upon the rounded form watching, watching there beside the dead he had brought to their sudden end.

At last even her sorrow became less; indeed, it may be that the great blessing of forgetfulness is given to the four-foots in larger portion than to men; at last, one at a time, slowly and sadly as any mother could have done, she brought the bodies of her young to lay beside those of the weasels. Then, leaving the wind and the waters to mercifully bear away all traces of the tragedy, the two, moving together as they had come in from the flat below on that awful morning, turned their feet to the valley below.

Afar on the other side of the gorge, well hid in the deep crevice of a rocky ledge, five tiny bodies, their eyes as yet unopened, one by one turned over in their last merciful sleep. The reign of the weasel family in that cañon was forever done.





SPRING.



# WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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## FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

IN THE name of the people of California we demand at the hands of our legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

## OUR NEW FISH COMMISSIONER.

GOVERNOR PARDEE has announced his appointment of Mr. John Birmingham Jr. of Hercules, to the position of State fish commissioner, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Henry W. Keller, of Santa Monica. In offering our congratulations to Mr. Birmingham we likewise offer up our fervent prayer that he may prove to be possessed of a very much to be desired rigidity of backbone, tenacity of purpose, consistency of action, and the usual quantity of good horse sense and true manliness which are indispensable to the proper exercise of the functions of such a highly responsible position.

With all these—and more—we are quick to credit Mr. Birmingham, whom we are assured will be a credit to his station. It is not exactly the appointment which we should have most desired, the gentleman's necessary conversance with the conditions which

make his appointment resultful being as yet an undetermined quantity, but we are glad to take him on probation—and if we were not, we couldn't help ourselves, anyway. So here's hoping that he will be a genuine game protectionist, with a certain standing in his own court. California hopes Mr. Birmingham will do things.

## OUR SPORTSMEN'S EXHIBITION.

THE Pacific Coast Forest, Fish and Game Association's Exposition which will be held at the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, April 1-15, should receive the most cordial support and encouragement of our citizens, and more especially of the sportsmen of this Coast, and such support should be material as well as sentimental.

The inceptive object of the association is absolutely devoid of any mercenary taint, the desired ends being the encouragement in all classes of the love of nature, the education of the masses in natural history, the conservation of California's natural advantages, the advancement of clean and wholesome sports and the teaching, by means of beautiful and interesting object lessons, of the great principle of practical and beneficent game, fish and forest protection. In short, the object is wholly and purely philanthropic, and the enterprise is one which must commend itself to all. The value of the open book of nature which will be delightfully spread before our rising generation is incalculable. Here they will be brought into close touch with the manifold beauties of nature and learn to love and appreciate them. Gathered together in a conveniently small space will be shown the wonderful things of land, water, sky and forest, the whole being a symposium of natural delights whose beholding will constitute a liberal education in things all too woefully neglected in this hurrying, bustling age of strenuous selfishness. Here for a while one can conveniently dodge the debts and duns and deviltries of a care-laden life and commune with Nature in her undress. The business man chained to his desk can at least temporarily slip his galling shackles and revel in the half-forgotten fragrance of pine and fir. His wife, mother, daughter or sweetheart can, standing in the spell of

these translated glories, understand the attraction of the wild for all normal men, and drink in the elixir of Nature's overflowing chalice for which all humanity is so pathetically athirst. And the little children, gazing in wonder and delight upon the unwonted scene, can hear with their pure sense the faint call whispered from the heart of the wild, the soft music of the enchanted spheres. The value and importance of this exposition is significantly attested by the high *personnel* of its organizers. Among the names of its officers, directors and subscribers are those of men most prominent in every walk of life—the bone, brain, flesh and sinew of the whole Pacific Coast's social and business fabric. That it will be a success in all respects is cheerfully conceded by all. That it will be a potent factor for good is assured; we are only solicitous that our whole people without exception should share in its benefits, and so urge that every man, woman and child do themselves the justice of visiting this great school of natural studies and learn therein the sweet lesson of love and kindness—the religion without schism or secular blight.

### OUR GAME LAWS.

**I**N ANOTHER department we give a short resumé of the amendments made during our last session of legislature to our previous game and fish laws. The changes, while few and not nearly as complete and comprehensive as could be desired, were nevertheless of value and importance, and in all but one instance were decidedly steps in advance, and the friends of game protection are to be correspondingly congratulated.

The only retrograde step taken—and it is a particularly lamentable one—was the making of a continuous open season upon shrimp, which heretofore have enjoyed a much-needed close season of four months, May-August, inclusive. Just why the State Board of Fish Commissioners lent their enormous influence to certain interested parties in having this pernicious measure passed, is a matter upon which we have no light. Suffice it to say, in passing comment, that despite the showing of the Commission's own hired expert, Mr. N. B. Scofield of Stanford University (whose report was indorsed and

recommended by no less an eminent authority than Dr. David Starr Jordan), the Commission have deliberately elected to ignore the facts in the case and were directly instrumental in procuring a result that will affect deplorably not only the shrimp, but the salmon fisheries as well. Quoting from the eighteenth biennial report of the State Board of Fish Commissioners, the black letter being ours:

“The average catch per day for each boat at the San Rafael fishery during the last two weeks of July was 70 baskets, each basket weighing about 90 pounds, making in all 6,300 pounds. The average number of boats out each day was seven making in all a daily catch of 44,100 pounds. For fifteen days this number is swelled to 661,500 pounds. One half of this consisted of small fish, principally of the following species: *Osmerus thaleichthys* (smelt); *Engraulis mordax* (California anchovy); *Porichthys notatus* (mid-shipman); *Leptocottus armatus* (sculpin).

The small *Osmerus thaleichthys*, about 2½ to 3½ inches long, were very abundant, making up over one fourth of the entire catch. The estimated amount of these young smelt taken in the last fifteen days of July is 165,375 pounds, or about 16,537,500 small fish. It is more than probable that this particular smelt is the principal food of the young salmon descending the Sacramento River.

When the nets come to the surface of the water these small smelt are dead, so that to throw them back would do no good. The only way to prevent this destruction would be to stop the [shrimp] fishing entirely during the time from April to October when these fish are so abundant.—[From Mr. Scofield's report.]

\* \* \* \* \*

“The same conditions that existed at the time this report was written, prevail to-day. There has been no change in the method of taking shrimps, and the same reasons that existed for continuing the present close season exist more strongly to-day, because as our population increases there is a greater demand for fish. Therefore, we can less afford to have the young fish—a future food supply—destroyed.”

Under the conditions as stated above in their own report, the action of the Commissioners in opening the season altogether is a marvel of paradoxical inconsistency whose explanation would be of interest to the public. The whole measure in so far as it relates to shrimp is full of holes, and its enactment was a positive misfortune.

The main advantages secured by the various bills were the establishment of a six and one half months' close season on English snipe, which hitherto have had no protection whatever; the reduction in the creel limit of trout and the increase in legal selling weight of each trout to one pound; the protection of all game and harmless song birds; the reductions of bag limit in various

species; the placing of all birds except ducks upon a non-sale basis, and the reduction on bag limit for deer from three to two in one season.

The failure to secure the enactment of a measure forbidding the sale of all game was a grievous disappointment to the true friends of game protection. By an unfortunate chain of circumstances which brought about defection in certain quarters where logically least expected, the advocates of this really keystone measure of the whole arch of game protection were compelled to submit to the inevitable. When it is stated that there were no less than twenty-four separate game and fish bills introduced in the lower House alone, many of them being presented merely in a spirit of malice by certain mercenarily interested persons for the sole purpose of hampering and impeding the course of game legislation, our friends will understand that we were fortunate in being able to force a compromise, which compromise

was altogether in our favor and a positive and drastic defeat for the enemies of good law. In this connection we are glad to assure our readers that at the next session of legislature we will certainly pass a non-sale law on all game, be it fur, fin or feather, and to that end will keep our demand for such a clause standing at the head of these pages. We confess to being flimflammed by ostensible friends this legislature—we won't be so unsophisticated another time. Our next fight will see the finish of public robbery and private graft so far as game and the laws which govern it are concerned.

It is a great consolation to know that other more advanced and sensible commonwealths have adopted the non-sale principle of game protection. Oregon and Utah have enacted non-sale laws, and in a short time every State whose people are of normal intelligence will do the same. It is only an end deferred and its consummation is close at hand. God speed the day!

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## CALIFORNIA GAME LEGISLATION IN 1905.

*By C. W. HIBBARD.*



HE passage of game bills or other measures through the legislature to one not familiar with the necessary routine seems a simple matter, and only those who come in contact with the actual conditions of detail and opposition can realize the difficulties to be overcome. The average legislator seldom takes a game bill seriously and even then each has his own pet measures to promote; and only when it is remembered that there are eighty members in the Assembly and forty in the Senate, and that over two thousand bills of various kinds were introduced at the last session, can the amount of hard work necessary to success be appreciated. The story of game law legislation in California during the session of 1905 will be long remembered by those who took an active part in the struggle, and the success which attended the efforts of the game protectionists was not altogether in the amendments passed, but rather in being able to retain on the statute books the many

excellent measures now in force, and in preventing a movement which was unquestionably retrogressive in character.

Never in the history of the State have so many bills been introduced relating to fish and game as during the last session, and never were their objects more diversified. That the reader may more thoroughly understand the history of a number of these bills, it will be necessary to revert to the annual meeting of the California Fish and Game Protective Association which was held in Visalia on November 11th and 12th, 1904. The State Association, in addition to their two hundred and fifty (250) members have an associated membership of sixty-five (65) county fish and game protective associations, the latter having been organized by and through the efforts of the California Fish Commission, the aggregate membership being close to ten thousand (10,000).

Among other amendments agreed upon at the annual meeting was a section prohibiting the sale of ducks, and another fixing a shoot-

ing license of \$1.00 per year. These measures, together with the general game bills, were introduced in the legislature with the full knowledge and consent of the Fish Commission, but it was later discovered that through some misunderstanding the commission had also introduced several bills, and these added to the many above referred to, footed up a total of nineteen bills in the Assembly and twenty-one in the Senate. This was the condition found by a committee from the State association early in January. As the bills of the Fish Commission and those of the Association were strongly in conflict, and it was evident that for the best interests of game protection that full harmony prevail, a compromise bill was plainly necessary and this was finally effected by the withdrawal of all Commission and Association bills and the introduction of a compromise bill which has now become a law. This accomplished, the work had only fairly begun, as a dozen bills still remained in the field, introduced by parties from remote parts of the State and generally drawn to the advantage of some particular section. Plainly, tact and policy alone could win the authors of these bills from their pet measures and enlist their support for the compromise bill, and when this failed, as it sometimes did, defeat on the floor became necessary. The compromise bill as given to the Fish and Game committees in both Senate and Assembly, called for an open season on deer from August 15th to October 15th, also a bag limit of twenty-five (25) ducks per day. This was amended by the said committee to make the deer season open August 1st, and placing the limit of fifty ducks per day, and prohibiting the use of boats in duck shooting. The latter provision was struck out on the second reading in the Assembly and on the third reading there was a desperate attempt to amend in various ways, by changing the season and otherwise injuring the bill, all of which finally failed.

In the meantime Senator Wolfe had offered an amendment to the Senate bill to the effect that "having in possession during any one calendar day" should not apply to commission houses, markets, restaurants, etc., and Senator Leavitt had succeeded in amending the season limit of deer from two to three. Time after time the Senate bill was made

an especial order for the purpose of arguing Senator Wolfe's amendment, but as often postponed. As no notice of reconsideration had been given at the proper time on Senator Leavitt's amendment, it seemed certain that it must prevail in the end. Finally, the Assembly game bill passed the House and at Senator Leavitt's suggestion was substituted on the file for the Senate bill, he not realizing that the bill from the lower House did not carry his amendment. After some further delay the bill was again made a special order, the Wolfe amendment was argued and defeated, as was also Leavitt's endeavor to raise the limit on deer. On the third reading Senator Ralston endeavored to again amend by making a close season on deer, which met the fate of those preceding it, and the bill was finally passed with but four negative votes.

Many bills were killed in committee, among which was one prohibiting the shooting of deer for five years, another prohibiting the shooting of quail for two years, another allowing a land owner to shoot on his own property at all seasons, and still another which was an attempt to restore quail and deer meat to the sale list. The legislators, however, were keenly alive to the value of the fish and game in the State and the necessity of protective measures, and promptly voted down all vicious amendments. Charles M. Shortridge, chairman of the Fish and Game committee, championed the bills in the upper House and deserves the thanks of all game protectionists for his untiring zeal and the splendid manner in which he presented the question on the floor of the Senate. Senator Coggins was also alert and with Senators Belshaw, Simpson, Selvage and others, used their influence toward the passage of the bills.

Speaker, pro tem, Thomas Atkinson, practically deserves the credit of having passed both the fish and game bills in the Assembly, and the California Fish Commission and the State Game Protective Association are under obligations to him which will long remain unpaid. Mr. Paul J. Arnerich, of Santa Clara; Mr. Louis P. Branstetter, of Humboldt, and Mr. Frank J. O'Brien, of Sacramento, chairman of the Assembly Fish and Game committee, also deserve great credit for their work.

An inspection of the vote given below shows that but one of the San Francisco delegates voted against the game bill in the Assembly, which is in striking contrast to the vote of former years, which showed a practically solid negative attitude toward all measures referring to the protection of fish and game. In the Senate the same condition prevailed, a fact which is exceedingly encouraging to those interested in matters of this character.

The amendments of both the fish and game bills are as follows: The open season on deer, August 1st to October 15th, and the season limited to two instead of three, as formerly. English snipe are for the first time protected, the season being from October 15th to April 1st, and they are also placed on the non-sale list. Bag limit on doves reduced from fifty to twenty-five, and placed on non-sale list. All shore birds, excepting Wilson snipe, are placed on the non-sale list and the season made the same as for ducks and quail, October 15th to February 15th, which protects all game birds by non-sale except wild ducks. A continued close season was placed on swan, all varieties of pheasants, all varieties of imported quail, and all varieties of tree squirrel. The minimum fine for the killing of does and fawns was raised from \$25 to \$50. A bill was introduced by Humboldt County representatives, and passed, making it a felony to kill an elk in the State of California. Song birds were also protected(?) as the bill allows farmers to destroy such varieties as *they may believe* are destructive to their fruit, berries, etc. In the fish bill some important amendments

were passed, one being a bag limit on trout of fifty in any one calendar day, and it was made a misdemeanor to have in possession more than twenty-five pounds of trout in any one calendar day. The open season on trout remains unchanged. The weight limit on trout which may be sold in the market is raised from one-half to one pound, and the season on black bass extended one month, opening now on June 1st instead of July 1st. The open season on crawfish was reduced by one month, and the close season on shrimps entirely abolished. Other amendments of minor importance are omitted.

The vote on the final passage of the game bill follows:

#### SENATE.

Ayes—Senators Anderson, Bauer, Belshaw, Broughton, Carter, Coggins, Diggs, Greenwell, Hahn, Keane, Lukens, Mattos, McKee, Pendleton, Rambo, Rush, Sanford, Savage, Selvage, Shortridge, Simpson, and Ward—22.

Noes—Senators Leavitt, Nelson, Ralston and Wolfe—4.

#### ASSEMBLY.

Ayes—Messrs. Amerige, Anthony, Arnerich, Atkinson Barnes, Bates, Beardslee, Beckett, Boyle, Branstetter, Burge, Burke, Busick, Chandler, Coyle, Creighton, Cullen, Devlin, Drew, Ells, Estudillo, Houser, Johnson, Johnstone, Jones of Tuolumne, Jury, Lucey, Lumley, McCarty, McGowan, McNamara, Meincke, Mindham, O'Brien, Pfaeffle, Rolley, Severance, Thompson, Transue, Treadwell, Tripp, Vogel, Wickersham, and Mr. Speaker—44.

Noes—T. B. R. Cooper, Monterey; F. R. Dorsey, Bakersfield; Dr. W. F. Gates, Oroville; W. D. L. Held, Ukiah; W. M. John, San Luis Obispo; P. S. King, Napa; E. P. Manwell, Wheatland; C. H. McKenney, Ione; S. H. Olmsted, San Rafael; D. T. Perkins, Heuneme; J. F. Prior, Hanford; E. M. Pyle, Santa Barbara; Louis Strohl, San Francisco; S. M. Walsh, Oakland; E. F. Whiting, Grass Valley.



## THE OREGON GAME LAWS.

(Special Correspondence.)

**M**EMBERS of the various fish and game associations throughout the State, including the Oregon Association, are highly pleased with the new legislation along the lines of protection of fish and game. Practically everything that was wanted was enacted into laws, while objectionable features were carefully sidetracked or killed in committee. The two main laws that were made were the ones prohibiting the sale of all kinds of game in the market or elsewhere, and the hunters' license law. The latter had to be amended to suit the farmers, but taking it all in all there are no great hardships worked and everyone is well satisfied.

These were the two laws that were generally demanded. There was not the slightest opposition to the bill to prohibit the sale of any kind of game in the State or out of it. The legislators generally seemed to appreciate that the best way to preserve the game in Oregon is by stopping the sale. This will apply practically entirely to the sale of ducks and pheasants, the latter being sold for a limited period only. Duck hunters, at the time of the meeting of the State Fish and Game Association, protested against including ducks, but they were put into the bill which was passed with a slight amendment, excluding wild geese. The wild geese are killed at Arlington and, while very few of them are sold, they destroy the grain and for that reason it was thought best to permit them to be sold wherever possible.

It was feared for a time that the hunters' license would not become a law. In fact, in its original state this bill failed to pass the House of Representatives. The Representatives from the farming districts voted against it, claiming that their constituents ought to have the right to hunt on their own lands without a license. When the bill failed, its supporters agreed to a change by which a farmer or any member of his family, can hunt on their own fields without paying the license fee. The law was also amended so that a non-resident of the State must pay a \$10 license for the privilege of hunting.

While the law is somewhat the same as that in Washington, it is far more simple. There is a tax of \$1 a year, which can be paid to the nearest county clerk, who will issue a license which will include a personal description of the man owning the license. This paper must be carried when one is hunting. In the State of

Washington it is necessary to have a license for each county. Even by excluding the farmers it is figured that fully \$9,000 will be raised, which will go a long way toward paying for the much-needed protection of game.

Another law was passed relating to the number of ducks that may be killed in a limited time. At present the law allows not more than one hundred ducks in a week, or not more than fifty in a day. The new law, which will go into effect in ninety days, will permit not more than fifty ducks in a week, or twenty-five in any one day.

After the new bills become laws black bass can be caught at any time. Senator Tuttle introduced a bill in the Senate, which passed both Houses, repealing the statute that gives this variety of fish protection. It has long been claimed that black bass are of no particular good, and this law is for the purpose of making an all-around-the-year open season for them. Fishermen who frequent the Columbia River slough will rejoice at this bit of information.

By a bill introduced by Pierce and successfully passed through both Houses, in Eastern Oregon the time for killing upland birds has been changed from August 1 to November 1, so that it reads from August 15 to December 1.

It will no longer be within the pale of the law to use live pigeons as targets in trapshooting. That practice, however, has not prevailed in Oregon, so the law will effect no change.

There were a number of bills to which the sportsmen objected strongly and which were not passed. One of these came from Dr. Coe, and was intended to permit any farmer raising trout to sell the same. It was successfully argued that to permit the sale of trout under such conditions would be to throw wide open the doors. While it is true the burden of proof was presumed to rest on the man who offered the trout for sale, it would hardly work out that way in practice. It would have meant the sale of trout of all kinds, and the fishermen were strongly opposed to it as being a dangerous measure.

Representative Edwards wanted to pass a measure to prohibit the hunting of upland birds with dogs, while Representative Mubkers wanted to abolish the feeding of duck ponds. Both of these measures were held in committee until they died a peaceful death, without trouble to themselves or their opponents.

There were many other bills killed, but chiefly because they duplicated measures that were further along in one House or the other, and so had precedence. By one bill it is provided that the game warden is to have authority to engage deputies at \$2 a day and their expenses, to see that the laws are enforced. The whole responsibility now rests with the game warden. He will have sufficient money to see that the laws are obeyed, and if he fails in his duty the sportsmen will have a strong objection coming

HARRY B. SMITH.

## COUNTY ORDINANCES.

**B**Y LEGISLATIVE enactment the various Boards of Supervisors have, in their respective counties, jurisdiction and power to provide, by ordinances not in conflict with the general laws of the State, for the protection of fish and game, and may shorten (but not extend) the open season for the taking and killing of fish and game within the dates fixed by the general State law.

El Dorado—Male deer, September 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, August 1 to October 1; trout in Lake Tahoe and Loon Lake, June 1 to November 1.

Fresno—Doves, August 15 to February 1; quail November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1.

Humboldt—Trout, May 1 to November 1; striped bass, closed until January 1, 1905; barnacle or black brant, October 1 to March 1; Wilson or jack snipe, September 1 to February 15; English or Mongolian pheasant and wild turkey, closed until January 1, 1906; ducks, limit of 25 per day; black sea brant, limit of 8 per day; miscellaneous bag of game birds, not to exceed 40 in number per day's shoot.

Kern—No game to be shipped out of county.

Kings—Doves, September 1 to February 15; quail, November 1 to February 15; deer, September 1 to November 1; black bass, closed for two years; limit on ducks, 25 per day.

Lake—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

Los Angeles—Doves, August 1 to September 1; male deer, July 15 to September 15; trout, May 1 to August 1; gulls, terns, meadow larks, robins, flickers, brewers blackbird, road runners, orioles, mocking birds, the water ousel, the barn owl and other species of beneficial birds are protected at all times in Los Angeles County. The putting out of poison mixed with or dissolved in water for the purpose of poisoning birds or animals of any sort is forbidden.

Madera—Doves, August 15 to February 1; valley quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1; ducks, limit 25 per day; duck selling prohibited; trout limit, 10 pounds per day, size limit, 6 inches; black bass, closed for two years.

Marin—Male deer, July 15 to September 15; doves, August 1 to February 15; quail, October 15 to January 15; tree squirrel, July 1 to February 1. Shooting on county roads prohibited. Killing of larks and other song birds prohibited.

Mendocino—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Merced—Doves, August 15 to February 15.

Monterey—Deer, July 15 to October 1. No hounds. Sea gulls and blue cranes prohibited.

Napa—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

Orange—Doves, August 1 to February 15.

Placer—Doves, July 15 to February 15.

The ordinances as published below are, so far as we can ascertain, correct; changes are however, liable to occur from time to time, necessitated by new conditions, and we will make such corrections when they eventuate. If in any doubt, please address this office, and information will be gladly given. Where counties are not enumerated in the following list, it is to be understood that no departure from the general State law has been adopted:

Riverside—Male deer, August 1 to September 15; trout, May 1 to July 1.

Sacramento—Doves, July 15 to February 15.

San Benito—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

San Bernardino—Trout, June 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, limit 5 in one day; doves, August 1 to October 1; wild duck, trout or dove selling prohibited.

San Joaquin—Doves, August 1 to November 1.

San Luis Obispo—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

San Mateo—Cottontail and bush rabbit, July 1 to February 1; rail, October 15 to November 15. Rail hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited. Male deer, August 1 to October 1; trout, limit 100 per day; tree or pine squirrel, prohibited. Song birds protected perpetually.

Santa Barbara—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Santa Clara—Doves protected to August 1, 1909. Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Santa Cruz—Male deer, August 1 to October 1. All wild birds (other than those recognized as game birds in general law), except hawks, owls, bluejays, shrikes, English sparrows and housefinches, are perpetually protected, as are likewise all species of tree squirrel. Black bass can not be caught before January 1, 1907. Trout limit in one day, 100.

Santa Cruz—Doves protected absolutely until 1909.

Siskiyou—Deer, August 15 to October 15.

Sonoma—Deer, August 1 to October 1. Duck and quail, October 15 to February 1. Bag limit on ducks and quail, 25 each. Sale of all game prohibited.

Trinity—Male deer, September 15 to October 30.

Tulare—Trout limit, 10 pounds per day, 6-inch fish; black bass, closed for two years; road-runner killing prohibited.

Tuolumne—Mountain quail, south of ranges 13, 14, 15 and 16 east, township 3 north, and west of townships 1 and 2 north and township 1 south range, 7 east, October 15 to February 15.

Ventura—Trout, May 1 to November 1; male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Yolo—Doves, August 1 to February 1; quail, November 1 to January 1; deer, July 15 to September 15.





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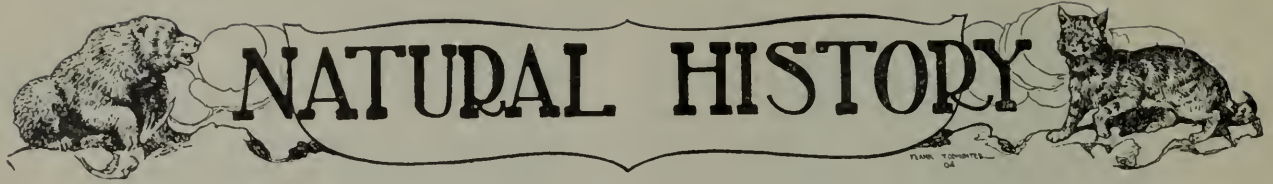
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 California Audubon Society—J. Scott Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.  
 California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.



## THE WORK OF THE PACIFIC COAST FOREST, FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.

By HENRY D. CASHMAN.

**A** POWERFUL association of San Francisco's foremost men is now undertaking the furtherance of a plan that "Western Field" has always advocated—the preservation and propagation of the forests, fish, birds and game which nature has so lavishly bestowed on California, the garden spot of the world. Many plans have been devised toward this end; some of them good, some indifferent and many impracticable. Every lover of nature and every true sportsman realizes the need of a more energetic movement in this direction, but the want of concerted action has always retarded consummation of the schemes advanced. True, the Fish and Game Commission has been doing a noble work in enforcing existing laws against the "game hogs." Private persons, also, have helped to protect the original denizens of our State from wholesale slaughter and annihilation, but the latest idea strikes at the fountain head of the whole affair by making lovers of nature out of the young, strengtning the same regard in the middle-aged, and confirming it in those of mature years. It is nothing less than a grand educational nature show that is planned as the initial effort of the Pacific Coast Forest, Fish and Game Association. The beauties of California's animal, plant, bird and fish life will be put before the people in a way that is bound to result favorably. Mechanics' Pavilion is to be the scene of this mammoth production during the first fortnight of April, and the fruit of three months' labor will give an exhibition of which Californians may be justly proud.

Eastern cities have given sportsman's shows under similar auspices, and the societies with homes in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago have permanent offices where the same line of work is being carried forward to the vast benefit of the States which these cities adorn. San Francisco's Association will also be made permanent, and the work of the future is manifold. Proceeds of the coming exhibition will be given to local charities, but it is likely that the exposition will be made an annual affair, and future cash results will be utilized for game preserves and such other uses along such lines as the directors may deem best.

In the philanthropy of the show the need of making an attractive exhibit in order to charm the dollars from the pockets of the general public has not been overlooked. William Greer Harrison, president of the Association and nominal director of the whole affair, has gathered around him a band of willing workers: business men who have sacrificed their personal in-

terests for the good of the exhibition. Such men as Albert Van der Naillen, Jr.; George T. Marsh, Dr. F. W. D'Evelyn, Archibald J. Treat, E. Courtney Ford, Theodore Kytko, M. Hall McAllister, Charles S. Aiken, W. D. Mansfield, William McMurray, John McLaren and others of the same class could not be had for price. They are men of affairs, mixed in the vortex of the day's work and the day's history, yet they have given their time and services without stint. It is of this enthusiasm that the idea was born and has been nurtured and reared into a healthy creature. All of these men have given their money as well, and with them as shareholders are some forty others who have helped to finance the great movement.

It would be difficult within the narrow limits of a magazine article to give an adequate idea of the entire exhibition. First of all it might be well to speak of the setting prepared to make the building beautiful. A forestry effect is first given consideration. Mechanics' Pavilion is 450 by 250 feet from wall to wall. To fill such an immense area with redwoods and pines so that a dense forest covers the entire space is a monumental task in itself, but it will be done, and done successfully. At least seventy-five of the trees will be fifty feet in height, obliterating the lines of the gallery; the balance of some 3,000 smaller trees and saplings will vary in size to suit the needs and take away a stilted look. Smaller shrubs, logs, moss, ferns and natural refuse of the forest will be brought in profusion, it being estimated that the pine needles and cones necessary to cover the floor will be in the neighborhood of 1,000 sacks.

When one enters the main door of the pavilion it will be through a log cabin. Once past the portals a view of fairyland will greet the eye. At the far end of the structure a drop curtain, representing a vista of mountains and blue sky, will cover the severe beams and walls. A tiny mountain cataract will be seen leaping through the foliage; then by an ingenious panoramic effect the painting will become reality, the rocks real rocks, and the sparkling water a genuine falls splashing into an immense pond in the center of the building. On the banks of this pond will be an Indian village with a band of the Navajo tribe making it their home for the fortnight, plying their native occupations of basket and blanket making. Braves, squaws, children and papposes to the number of thirty will comprise this band. In order to provide a home for the beavers and muskrats, a small stream will run from the main pond to a point fifty feet distant where a beaver dam will be

built by these industrious little animals. In the main pond a varied collection of water fowl will find a home, the entire species making this State a habitat will be represented as nearly as possible. A small island in the center of the pond will provide them a resting place. Several shooting clubs are to erect stationary blinds, and a flock of decoy lures will also be seen among the living game birds.

The balance of the central floor space will be devoted to an athletic field for all sorts of sports to be held afternoon and evening. Under the balconies the forest effect will be carried out, even the walls being hung with drop curtains depicting a range of hills with fences hemming in winding roads. In the midst of this profusion of nature's attractions will be found live denizens of the hills and valleys, rivers and ocean. As nearly as possible the entire animal, fish and bird kingdom will have a member present. Even here the show beautiful is to be preserved. Instead of straight rows of cages, the pens, aviaries and aquaria will be scattered throughout a maze of irregular roads and decorated with shrubs and boughs. There are no straight lines in nature and there will be no straight lines in this grand sportsman's nature show. So much for the general decorative idea.

Exhibits will be permitted in the balcony when they are in keeping with the scope of the exposition. Many of the most prominent organizations, such as the Sierra, Olympic, Fly-casting, Country and Camera Clubs will have booths of attractive character, filled with such trophies of the hunt and other matter as may prove of interest to the general public. Sporting goods, such as arms, fishing tackle and other outdoor

paraphernalia will have spaces. Tents and camping outfit in their infinite variety are to be given room. Boats and Alpine material and everything that pertains to the waters, mountains, forests and valleys will have a nook, and the show will be varied and instructive as well as beautiful.

Special days have been set aside for many clubs, orders and nationalities. Every day and evening of the exhibition will have its features with a meaning. Scotch, Germans, Native Sons and Daughters and Orientals have dates set apart, and the closing night of the exhibition will be for all nations. The universities and colleges have a day and night to themselves. The Elks have one day, and other fraternal orders will unite in planning attractive features for another. The Sierra Club has called a reunion for its day, and the Olympic Club is to give a varied program for its portion. Special music by a concert band of thirty-five pieces has been appropriately arranged for.

Turning to general athletics there are several big tournaments in prospect. Indoor baseball, lacrosse, tennis, basketball, wrestling and boxing tourneys have been planned, and the fly-casters will hold a big competitive exhibition. In the annex, expert rifle and revolver ranges have been built, and a mammoth tournament will run the term of the exhibition.

In supplying attractions to gain patronage the central idea has never been lost sight of. The promoters are all enthusiasts, working along the lines of William Cullen Bryant's famous poem: "To him who in his love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language."



HE WILL BE AT THE SHOW.



*Conducted by A. T. NOE, M. D.*



MUCH regret that stress of personal business has forced me to be absent from these pages for several issues; but I trust now to be able to chat with you without interruption for some time to come. I have received so many applications for special instruction for different physical conditions that I shall now devote a series of articles along the line of specialization, and will be glad to answer such inquiry as well as it is in my power to do. In past issues I have given a general outline of physical culture, which covers a common ground for physical development, and which should be sufficient for the average need in that direction, but for those who are abnormal, or who lack in a marked degree certain adjuncts of health, strength or beauty, it will be necessary for them to use extra training and care, in order to be what they desire, and to overcome all defects.

There are many people who are neither sick nor well, who do not care to employ a physician, yet who feel that they lack energy and force; people who are not satisfied because they know that they are not getting all that life could give them. In this dissatisfaction lies their safety; for in lack of energy, in the listless, sluggish feeling of inactivity, is often the beginning of organic and nervous disease. It behooves us to throw off these morbid conditions, and by using will power, apply active though careful measures to overcome these hurtful and degenerating influences.

In the rush of business, social or household cares, we are apt to neglect certain health details, and this carelessness is sure to be punished sooner or later. It is not necessary, in order to maintain health, to devote a large amount of time to exercise but it is absolutely necessary to our physi-

cal welfare that every function of the body is active and free from congestion. To do this will at most require careful attention to the laws of health, and then the amount of exercise will be optional to a large degree. Some exercise must be taken every day and there are so many pleasant ways of using every muscle in the body that this daily exercise need not be a task, but a pleasure.

In these glorious spring days the blood naturally moves in quicker flow, and the one who fails to feel the desire for better health—and make the effort to obtain it—is indeed in sad plight and much to be pitied. I think it fitting to the spring-time to speak of the blood, its action, value and abuse; for at this time of the year more than any other is the blood circulation affected by exterior conditions. The sap in trees and shrubs is rising, so filling them with new life that they unfold in the exquisite blossoms and leaves with which the spring beautifies the earth. The blood—the sap of the human tree—feels, too, the revivifying and bounding touch of the new life, and blooms in the blushing cheek, sparkling eye and radiant face of health. The tree in which no sap bounds upward is dead, decays and falls; so with the physical man, when his blood crawls slowly, or stagnate in spots, there will be decay and disintegration. As a stagnant pool breeds disease, bad air and microbes, so the blood generates the same conditions that tend toward a disastrous physical future.

Water that flows always purifies itself. We all know the delicious purity of a bubbling, brawling, mountain stream; its limpid clearness, displaying its wholesomeness, and its refreshing sweetness is a delight to all. Contrast with this pure stream a foul pool where there is no motion, save that of noisome creatures that live in its filthy reek, and the trend of my comparison will be

quickly seen. For there are the same conditions existing between a body whose bounding blood cleanses itself, and the one whose sluggish circulation breeds disease which in turn feeds upon the bad and unwholesome condition of the blood.

Now the chief thing under such circumstances is to start the blood moving. Rouse up the dormant corpuscles and teach them the habit of doing their work well; this means work and well sustained effort, until every vestige of poor circulation is demolished, then you can maintain a proper state of blood movement without much further trouble. A few special exercises taken night and morning are sufficient to the average case, and the regularity with which they are taken adds much to their effectiveness. People who are subject to low fevers are apt to think that their blood circulates quickly; this is not so. The heart, to be sure, pounds away at a rapid rate, but this is necessary to overcome the thick and heavy action of that organ, and to endeavor to gain back the proper balance; and while the blood may run swiftly in some places it is almost at a standstill in others. This state of affairs is very common in typhoid conditions, and if vigorously mended will often overcome an attack of typhoid fever, breaking it up before it has too firm a hold upon the system.

First and foremost in the work for good circulation is fresh air—oceans of it! Pump the lungs just as full as they can expand, hold for several seconds, then slowly exhale until every corner is empty. Repeat ten times. Then draw in a long deep breath until the whole body feels the exhaustion, and after holding as long as possible, suddenly and with force expel it from the lungs. This should be done twice a day without clothes of any kind on the body, so that the skin may do its part in the absorption of ozone. This deep breathing will be found most exhilarating, causing a glow of vitality to enliven the whole body. Try it for yourself and see how much better you will feel. Another good exercise is to fill the lungs, and then pump the stomach up and down by raising and lowering the chest and side muscles. Do not do this by breathing, but after filling the lungs hold the breath until the stomach has been moved up and down

at least ten times. This exercise sends the blood flying through the bowels, stomach, liver, kidneys and lungs, and since the good circulation of the blood is a most beneficial condition, you will soon find yourself gaining the elasticity, vigor, and health sought.

For those who have cold hands and feet the following exercises will be found excellent: Draw a deep full breath, hold while you make arms rigid and tense as possible; then draw arms up to the shoulder level keeping them tense, then relax and drop arms as you expel breath from lungs. Repeat several times. Tense the muscles of the leg until they are hard and tight, then raise up on tiptoes, and hold for a few seconds; then still keeping on tip-toes, squat to sitting posture, hold a few seconds and return to first position, then slowly lower body until normal position is reached. Repeat five times.

Another very good exercise to start the blood in the legs and feet is to stand on a block about three inches high with one foot, and allow the other to hang down relaxed. Then by swinging body cause the lax leg to swing rapidly to and fro at least twenty times, then repeat standing on other foot.

Stand with right foot forward and bend knees very slowly to first position. Repeat five times. If you find yourself shaky or trembling you may be sure this is just what you need, and persist until you can move without great effort, and the movement is smooth and steady.

Sit down; grasp right ankle firmly with hands; try to relax foot, then shake foot vigorously with hands. Repeat with left foot.

These last exercises will be found excellent for those who have to stand on their feet most of the time, as well as those who complain of cold feet. Running, jumping, swimming and rowing are all good for circulation, but as these things are not available for all, the foregoing work only takes a few moments in each day and will greatly aid those in need of such exercise. Much hard rowing etcetra, will tax the heart, but these simple exercises are purely beneficial and do not overtax in any way. I do not approve of any physical effort that strains or evertaxes the vital centers, or leaves the body exhausted from long drain of nerve and

muscle power. These heavy muscular efforts only circumvent the purpose of exercise, for they use up more force than they generate, thus leaving the patient worse off than ever. The simpler the daily exercise regime, the better, for true progression to health is made by degrees, just as nature unfolds from the blossom of spring to the fully matured fruit of autumn. She does not hurry nor make spasmodic efforts to accomplish her laws, but moves in majestic surety without haste.

For many obstinate cases of poor circulation, I have found alternations of hot and cold water very effective, and used in connection with the foregoing exercises they will be found very helpful, especially in the case of cold extremities. Dip feet into hot water then into cold and hold in each about one minute. Repeat five times and the last time dip feet in cold water, holding them in about thirty seconds; then rub dry with a very brisk motion. This treatment will quickly relieve cold or aching feet or hands.

People dread malaria as an almost universal ill, and we hear on all sides the constant expression of its hold on humanity. Now this hobgoblin of the medical practice need not be such a bugaboo. Malaria in nine cases out of ten is caused by slow moving blood, combined with an overtaxed alimentary canal. This state of affairs soon results in fermentation and sourness which naturally causes an upheavei, and when long continued is apt to result in typhoid fever. Now wherever there is a weak spot, there the impure blood makes the most trouble, and the remedy lies in forcing new clean blood to rush through the weak places to strengthen and heal. This is surely simple

enough, and will be found to be a more permanent good than can ever result from pills, powders, cathartics, etcetra. To remove effects and still leave the cause is like pouring water through a sieve; the cause remaining, similar effects will again be produced and the patient has only hindered his return to health. If you feel malarial just try the foregoing exercises, fast for one day, drinking all the lemon-juice and pure water you can hold, and I guarantee you will be surprised at the astonishing difference in your feelings.

Stubborn colds often result from poor circulation, and the foregoing treatment will also greatly relieve, if not entirely cure, the most obstinate cold. Cold packs on throat and chest will oftentimes relieve congestion and aid circulation, while if deep long breaths are frequently taken the curative action will be greatly increased.

At this time of the year we hear much about blood medicine and remedies; people are taking patent drugs by the quart to purify their blood. Small boys are dodging a bottle and a spoon, while we older ones are groaning in misery over some nasty dose that we have taken into our system. All this sort of thing is not only foolish but harmful. Nature will cleanse herself if we only give her a chance. If we do not overload and work our bodies overtime, if we eat plenty of fresh green things, such as onions, lettuce, celery and the like, if we do not stuff rich, greasy, highly seasoned food, then we won't need "Dr. Quack's Patent Blood Purifier," but will have good circulation, and the rapidly moving stream will cleanse itself. Plenty of fresh air, sufficient exercise and simple diet mean healthy blood.





## DINNER OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF CALIFORNIA.

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

**T**HE first "dinner and smoker" of the Automobile Club of California was held on Saturday evening, February 18, in the handsome white-and-gold room of the St. Francis Hotel. Seven o'clock was set as the time for sitting down at the table, but when a large number of guests from various parts of the city and adjoining counties had to be gathered in one spot, some delay was unavoidable. The early comers spent the time in pleasant chat in the reception-room, and at about 7:45 P. M. all were in their seats. The committee in charge of the arrangements for the dinner had wisely prepared a menu consisting of a moderate number of well-chosen dishes, which agreeably satisfied the appetite without producing that feeling of repletion which is too common a result of a public dinner. The menu comprised: Blue Points; Creme de Celeri, Profiterole; Hors d'oeuvres varies; Aiguillette de Sole, Marguery; Filet de Boeuf, Jardiniere; Pommies, Parisienne; Pigeonneaux Robis; Salade de Laitue; Glaces Fantaisies; Friandises; Cafe; Reisling; Red Seal; Moet & Chandon; White Seal.

The dinner was attended by at least 250 persons, about a dozen of whom were seated to right or left of R. P. Schwerin, the president, at a table at the south end of the hall. The rest sat at three long tables reaching all down the hall and placed at right angles to the principal table. At the further end of the hall was a stage, of which more anon. To the right of R. P. Schwerin sat the Mayor of San Francisco, Eugene E. Schmitz, others at the table being J. H. Coleman, H. T. Scott, F. A. Maestretti, M. E. Cummings, Charles L. Gallagher, Dr. H. H. D'Ancona, John Mitchell, J. Connor and J. A. Linscott. Table No. 2 was presided over by S. G. Buckbee, Treasurer; Table No. 3, by F. W. McNear, a director, and Table No. 4, by L. P. Lowe, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Automobile Club of California. The tables were decorated with sprays of blossoms intended to typify the beautiful things that the touring motorist sees and brings home with him; and at each guest's place was a neat club button and a carnation buttonhole. The guests made up a representative assemblage from all walks of life. The gathering comprised millionaire presidents of banks and of commercial enterprises; judges of the Superior Court, lawyers, doctors, dentists, supervisors, politicians, the wealthy owners of daily newspapers and less opulent scribes who write them; prize-fighters, comic singers, yachtsmen, golfers, polo-players, etc. R. P. Schwerin commented

on the motley nature of the party, drawing attention to the fact that automobilists and supervisors were sitting down side by side, in peace and amity—a thing that would have been impossible two or three years ago, when a supervisor, if invited to such an affair, would have brought a shotgun with him.

In his opening speech, R. P. Schwerin stated that the Automobile Club desires to carry out all reasonable laws made for the regulation of the motor car, and is strongly opposed to such abuse of the roads as interferes with the lawful use and enjoyment of anyone else. The club also earnestly desires the improvement of the City streets and of the country roads, being convinced that a good road is of greatest value to a community, lightening the labors of men and animals and increasing the pleasures of all. The most amusing, and in its way the best speech of the evening was made by M. H. de Young, in response to the somewhat ponderous toast: "The Power of the Press to Form Public Opinion in Favor of the Automobile." After stating the fact that the self-propelled carriage was at first viewed with suspicion by the press, and that the Park Commissioners thought it too dangerous to admit into Golden Gate Park, he said that in the densely populated cities of Europe, such as London, Paris and Berlin, one sees automobiles moving in and out, to and fro, among horses, yet the horses show no alarm. Why? Because the horses have automobile sense. Mr. de Young intimated that the horses of San Francisco were rapidly acquiring this and that there is hope that the Park Commissioners and other officials will ultimately acquire it also.

Mayor Schmitz, Supervisor Samuel Braunhart, Dr. Gray of the National Good Roads Association, Thomas Egan of the Board of Public Works, Herbert E. Law, and J. A. Linscott (a supervisor from one of the mountain districts of Santa Cruz County) also spoke. Nearly all the speakers dilated on the necessity for good roads and promised their individual aid and cooperation to the accomplishment of the desired end. The Mayor, having evidently made other speeches in the big dining-room, pitched his voice higher, spoke more slowly and was heard better than any of the other speakers. Herbert E. Law spoke of the beautiful scenery that the automobile opens up to the motorist, and of the need of making Nature's loveliness accessible.

On behalf of the members of the Automobile Club, James D. Phelan presented a handsome silver trophy to R. P. Schwerin, suggesting that the recipient might perhaps punch a hole in the

bottom of it and make use of it as a horn for his motor-car. The trophy is decorated with California poppies in repousse work, and bears the following inscription:

"Presented by the members of the Automobile Club of California to R. P. Schwerin, president, as a token of their regard and appreciation. February 18, 1905."

James D. Phelan does things of this sort neatly, and his address of presentation was all that was required. President R. P. Schwerin made a suitable reply.

The speech-making was enlivened by the deft insertion of songs, sparring exhibitions, dancing and humorous recitations. George Carlyle rendered the song, "Emancipation Day." Señor E. Robles, a Spanish toreador and a fine, big fellow, gave the "Toreador" song from Carmen and a selection from La Paloma. The effect of his good voice was heightened by the Spanish costume in which he appeared. Later he gave a proof of the variety of his accomplishments by acting as referee in a three-round bout between Twin Sullivan and Tommy West Wilson. Gans and "Young Corbett" also gave a sparring exhibition that was highly appreciated by the spectators. James Edward Britt was down on the program for a monologue, but either had an earlier engagement or preferred missing a good dinner to facing the ordeal of making a speech. Kolb and Dill made some clever remarks about the automobile in their well-known humorous style.

Jack Wilson of Ford and Wilson entertained the company with a few words of funny talk, and Barney Bernard appeared in one of his famous Hebrew comic impersonations. Jack Holland told some tales of Italy, which were given in a highly realistic manner, but which the rapidity of his utterance and the poor acoustics of the hall rendered difficult to hear.

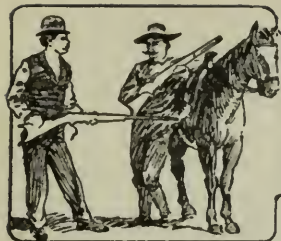
The Quigley brothers amused their listeners with a comic Irish sketch, and Douglas and Ford sang and danced.

After the menu had been discussed, cigars were distributed, for the affair was a "dinner and smoker." The whole evening was much enjoyed by those present and was excellently managed. The service was good, the foods and wines well chosen, the amusement varied and the speeches short. It is intended that the "dinner and smoker" of the Automobile Club shall become an annual event; and now that it has been inaugurated so successfully its recurrence will be looked forward to as a treat. The affair can not fail to be productive of good results, for the guests intermingled so frankly, and the interchange of opinion was so free that better understanding is an almost certain result. The guests may have come to eat, drink and smoke, but they must have carried away with them some food for thought. More automobilists were gathered together than have ever been seen under one roof in this State, and seated side by side with them were public officials who had an opportunity of learning that the Automobile Club of California does not consist of the men who shoot out lights in the street lamps, ring door-bells or talk impudently to women, but of law-abiding, decent citizens who set their faces against these things and who will cordially help in the task of punishing those who are guilty of them. That the chief work of the club lies not in securing privileges for its members but in cultivating a demand for good roads and showing how they may be got and maintained was emphasized by almost every speaker, and was the predominant note of the evening. The first annual "dinner and smoker" of the Automobile Club of California undoubtedly made many friends for the motor-car and its owner.

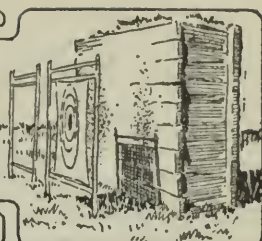


LA SIESTA.





# RIFLE-TALK



## WHAT CAUSES KEYHOLING—THE FLIGHT OF PROJECTILES.

Editor "Western Field": In the January issue of your valuable publication an article from the facile pen of "Turbina," under the above caption, was read by me with great interest. More particularly so as the writer explained in a highly scholarly and scientific way the gyrations which he maintains and clearly demonstrates would take place in the flight of a defective projectile driven from a rifled bore. His explanations are certainly interesting, his comparisons apt, and his illustrations convey a meaning that are convincing. The entire article and argument certainly substantiate, in a much more scientific and technical manner, the very premises I have tried to explain and strenuously advocated for some years past. I will not presume to claim that I was the discoverer of this undeniable though peculiar condition of the flight of a projectile, but these things were never taught me and, in fact, I have been laughed at and quietly "gibed" for years by a certain class of riflemen for having the temerity to differ from what might be called the "old school" doctrine, that just stopped the argument by calling many things that were not clearly lucid "unaccountables," or gave some irremedial or very minute and apparently inconsequential reason for the occurrence, and left "keyholes" and off-shots to take care of themselves without bothering themselves about it.

When I first made public in print these theories (several years ago) I received letters from riflemen who honestly differed with me, and in various arguments tried to convince me of the "error of my ways"—though unsuccessfully. I also received many warm letters from riflemen of repute and standing, including editors of sporting and scientific journals, who highly commended the grounds I took and the reasoning I offered in explanation of it; and the tone of their communications led me to believe that I had advanced some new "doctrine" that seemed to have a logical and undisputable foundation therefor and, perhaps, might eventually unravel some of the heretofore "unexplainableness" of the difficulties encountered by riflemen, while others pronounced it arrant heresy that could not be accepted for a moment.

One of the warm friends of the theory was the late Mr. A. C. Gould, then editor of "Shooting and Fishing," who was universally conceded an authority on all matters pertaining to the rifle, and who said editorially concerning it, "It is worthy of careful investigation," and who expressed himself personally, "There is something in it." Such expressions from practical riflemen suggested that it was a change from general accepted theory, though I was none the less positive of my convictions, and the argument seemed to be somewhat ironically called "Lent's Theory," though thinking rifle-

men of the conservative class did not take very radical grounds against it. Only as late as last November there appeared in the "Sporting Goods Dealer," published in St. Louis, an article from the pen of a practical gunmaker of many years' experience—Mr. L. H. Hartman—who was educated in the best schools of Europe, and who asserted that "my premises was wrong," and gave considerable "old school" theory in substantiation, and in endeavoring to explain he practically denied that the bullet went through the evolutions which I advanced and which "Turbina" so effectively and clearly demonstrates and explains. He, however, conceded some of the points that were obvious, and on the whole commended very emphatically the "vented muzzle," but differed as to the cause of "tipping" and "corkscrew flight." He conceded, however, that "the invention was valuable," and concluded the article with the frank assertions of his honest convictions by saying: "Improve the bullet and vent the muzzle, and our averages will be higher."

"Turbina" alleges that the peculiar gyrations of a flying projectile (which he admits occur) is due to essentially the same causes as Bro. H. and, like him also asserts that they are irremedial, though Bro. H. differs emphatically with "Turbina" regarding the flight of the bullet, and warmly commends the remedy I offer. Neither of them agree fully with me regarding the identical cause of these conditions, though partially conceded by "Turbina," who gives a good, logical argument therefor, but offers no remedy, beyond the inference that it would be found in a perfect bullet, could such be made, but asserts that this is an impossibility.

Queer, is'nt it, that so small and simple a thing as a bullet can not be made perfect?

Bro. H. goes him one better and concedes the remedy, but seems to take exceptions regarding the gyrations.

Now, gentlemen and other riflemen, let us reason together: It does seem incredible and quite improbable with the many years of experience and with all of the improved and expensive machinery that the manufacturers of the present day possess that none of them can yet produce perfect bullets, and in large quantities also (write to any one of them and see what they will tell you), or at least so near perfect as to produce infinitely more uniform shooting with fixed ammunition, or that so small an item as a "foreign speck" will cause them to differ so materially and fly so much at a variance, and occur in so large a percentage of them.

How is it that so many times it happens that the plainly defective bullets (with ridges, and blow holes, and specks, and creases and poor cut-offs, and mutilated points etc.) show

up a "bullseye"—unexpectedly of course—while some of those with critical care fly so wild as to cause us to—ejaculate from sheer disgust?

I agree that it is well to have good bullets—in fact necessary—but it seems very peculiar that we are not better able to ascertain that it was a perfect bullet until after it made a "bullseye" or adjudge it an imperfect one before a shot (with a good hold) was signaled, and that with all of our inspecting, and weighing and testing, at the time of selecting the ones we were to "bank on"; that with all of our pains nothing revealed to us the presence of that terrible "speck" that caused several of those otherwise apparently perfect bullets to "shy off" to one side, or drop, or raise (when we knew our holding was good) so as to make such a fearful contrast between them, and the pleasing results of those plainly "no good ones" that we used for sighters, and warmers, and in-betweens, with no better holding.

But Brother H. admits that the remedy I prescribe is good: "Turbina" says nothing relative thereto. I assert, and many riflemen who are now using them affirm, that the vented muzzle will cure, to an incredible extent, these "blow-holes" and "specks" that are so very detrimental to uniform results—and then, it will also thereby reflect more care and knowledge on the bullet makers, it will accredit more intelligence to our own ways of loading our rifle, it will help the powder-maker to get more of what is his due concerning the merits of his products, the rifle-maker will also be credited with being a better workman and knowing more how to rifle a gun, we can hold with more confidence when the element of uncertainty is so much lessened, and, to sum the matter up, the vented muzzle connects these very points.

If it will rectify the flight of "Turbina's" defective bullets without changing the (not apparent) "blow-hole" or the "foreign speck" or altering the bullet at all, so that average results are better, then it would be a logical conclusion that the cause alleged was not the cause of the erratic flight, would it not? And also, conceded that it had such a flight, it would substantiate my claim as to the real cause.

Now, we can draw but one inference, i. e., that while we admit that a perfect bullet certainly possesses in a larger degree all the essentials necessary for a more accurate flight—other conditions being equal—I can not concede that so very small a cause as a small speck is a contributing factor worthy of consideration. It is to me like "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel." It is one of those very fine-drawn non-essentials which I characterize as an

"ism," or an excuse for a better reason; akin to the "little oil on one side" or an "uneven pressure in the barrel," "did not wipe it quite the same as before" or "one side might have been a little drier than the other," etc., ad infinitum.

It is the remedy we are all after! Not an elaborate, technical scientific deduction of the causes (and then told they are irremedial); we have our own versions as to that, and they are as varied and comprise as many infinitesimals as they number devotees.

"Turbina" admits that "Visatergo" (as he terms the muzzle blast) is undoubtedly a contributing factor, and concedes that under such conditions the base of a projectile "would describe" a helix around the line of projection and must enter the target anglewise," i. e., the geometrical center of the projectile revolves eccentrically to the line of projection, while this eccentric behavior is slightly accentuated by the muzzle blast. All right! now, if this occurs with a bullet that we have used our best endeavors to detect imperfections in, and failed, and does not occur every time with bullets that bear evidences on their surface of a variety of imperfections that a blind man could easily detect, then "where are we at" for unflinching corroborative evidence for such grounds?

But supposing that the reasons "Turbina" gives are the only real ones—aggravated by the "muzzle-blast"—and he offers no cure or pronounces it incurable, then what shall we do? Evidently we are up against it!

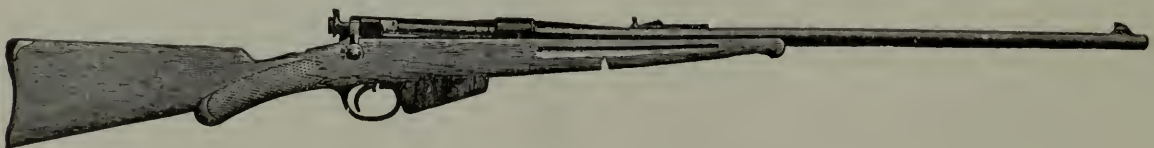
When I first told the public my deductions, I could only say that they were so-and-so with my own rifles. Luckily I can now bring many other witnesses (who are as fully convinced now, as I was then,) to bear testimony that the same gratifying results are in great evidence with their own rifles; and many of them are almost incredible, even to me.

In conclusion: If the vented muzzle will cure the disease what care we as to its origin, be it long or short bullets, big or little bullets, absolutely perfect or somewhat defective bullets, hard or soft bullets, battered points and flattened contours (plainly apparent) or those with a wee small speck—so small as to be undetectable and undiscernible? We have the disease, and the diagnosis thereof is according to the school of the prescribing physician; but as for me, I say give me the cure! even if it comes through a so-called patent medicine and has to be well-shaken before taken.

Yours for results,

PERRY E. KENT.

Utica, N. Y.



# NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington and British Columbia. Conducted by F. M. Kelly.

[To-day the immense territory comprising British Columbia and Alaska is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The mountains and valleys abound with big game, while the rivers and lakes teem with trout and salmon. The

writer has hunted and angled much in this district, and information given can be relied upon. Any request, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will receive an early reply. Address, F. M. Kelly, Victoria, B. C.]

**N**OW for the rod and creel. Now for the deep, dark pools of the tumbling, music making mountain stream, the swirling water at the end of the river's quick riffles, the broad expanse of the placid, woodland-set lake. The spirit of Walton is abroad in the land, the time of the year when the disciple of the gentle Izaak is in his blithest mood. Now he stands to his hips in the brook and hearkens to a symphony of natural sounds music-waking stones, its dash from high places—the gentle purling of water over innumerable as it seeks more even stretched, the zephyrs twanging softly on the slender branches of larch and willow—stringed instruments of the brookside, the silvered and gold-toned voices of the tree-top kind—call them flowers of the air, so beautiful are they. Happy, gloriously happy, is the patient angler. Mark him at the lakeside, his rod reflecting in the depths of a favorite spot. Listen as he grows reminiscent and tells you of the big ones that did'nt get away. He who does not believe is not of the elect. The ardent angler dwells in a circle of existence peculiar to the guild. He is large-minded, and sees things with large eyes; and when he leaves the little city places becomes a part of the vast outdoors. He who does not understand, is skeptical. Let us pity him, Brethren of the Only Circle. 'Tis his misfortune, not his fault.

\* \* \*

Again out of British Columbia has come a something new to science—a species of white bear. For a number of years odd skins of this animal have been finding their way to the fur dealers, but only recently was it proved beyond a doubt that it was distinct from all other known varieties. Mr. Francis Kermode, curator of the provincial museum, Victoria, and Professor Hornaday of the Zoological Society, New York, are responsible for the announcement, and the former has been honored in the name given the species *Ursus Kermodei*.

In a pamphlet issued by the New York Zoological Society entitled "A New White Bear from British Columbia," Professor Hornaday describes it thoroughly and tells of the efforts of himself and Mr. Kermode to establish its standing in the realm of zoology. Professor Hornaday states:

"While making an examination of the skins of North American bears that were to be found in Victoria, British Columbia, I found, in 1900, a very strange specimen in the possession of a dealer in raw furs. The skin was of a creamy white color, and very small. The dealer stated that it had come from the Naas River country, and that he had previously received four or five skins from the same locality.

"Although the skin was of small size, and belonged to an animal no larger than a grizzly cub one year old, its well-worn teeth indicated

a fully grown adult animal. Believing the specimens might really represent a new ursine form, it was purchased and held for further evidence. In view of the multiplicity of new species and sub-species of North American bears that have been brought out during the past ten years it is not desirable to add to the grand total without the best reasons for doing so.

"Four years have elapsed without the appearance of a zoological collector in the region drained by the Naas and Skeena Rivers, and further reports regarding the white bear of British Columbia was slow in coming. At last, however, the efforts of Mr. Francis Kermode, curator of the provincial museum, Victoria, have been crowned with success in the form of three skins in a good state of preservation. They represent two localities about forty miles apart.

"Following the route that a polar bear would naturally be obliged to travel from its most southern haunt in Bering Sea to the Naas River the distance is about 2,300 miles. But the teeth of these specimens unmistakably show that they are not polar bears.

"There is not the slightest possibility that albinism is rampant among any of the known species of bears of North America; and it is safe to assume that these specimens do not owe their color to a continuous series of freaks of nature. There is no escape from the conclusion that a hitherto unknown species of white bear of very small size inhabits the west-central portion of British Columbia, and that it is represented by the four specimens now in hand. In recognition of his successful efforts in securing three of these specimens the new species is named in honor of Mr. Francis Kermode.

"Description of the species—Of small size, much below dimensions and weight of black bear (*Ursus americanus*). In general appearance its skin is like that of a long-furred and particularly handsome polar bear. Its color is clear, creamy white, with no trace of brown, black or any other dark color. In the specimen received, on the upper neck and head and on the forelegs the yellowish creamy tint is well defined. The hair is all white, down to the roots; and on the entire animal there is not one brown or black hair. The ears are very small and the hair upon them is very straight and short. The pelage of the type specimen is very long, fine, abundant and in places of silky softness. The hair grows in tufts, and in both quality and manner of growth it distinctly resembles the pelage of the Alaskan brown bears rather than the shorter, smoothly trimmed coat of the black bear. The basal half of the pelage is very fine, woolly and warm, and only the tip of the terminal portion is straightened out to form the raincoat. Only on the forehead, muzzle and lower portions of the limbs does the hair grow short, and develop the straight and stiff charac-

ter that is necessary at those points for the comfort of the animal. The pelage on the two young specimens consist of a dense coat of fine, wooly hair, through which appears a scattering growth of long, straight hairs. Both these skins are everywhere creamy white. The claws are dull white, thin and strongly curved, representing about 120 degrees of a perfect circle,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  inches in diameter for the middle front claw. The teeth differ widely from those of a polar bear, and indicate relationship to the American black bear."

At the present time, *Ursus kermodei* is known to range between Rivers Inlet and the Naas River. It belongs to the uplands, its habitat being about 1,400 feet above sea level. It is very retiring in its habits.

ning industry of the Fraser River, these representations show that the unrestricted fishing in Puget Sound and Juan de Fuca Strait, and waters off Point Roberts, carried on by United States fishermen, and the vast extension of the salmon canning industry in the State of Washington, has been the cause of the present critical condition of the Fraser River salmon fisheries.

The minister states that the great schools of salmon, especially the valuable sockeye, migrating from the ocean to the Fraser River, have been intercepted and destroyed to such an alarming extent, that not only the British Columbia salmon industry on the Fraser, but the United States salmon industry in the State of Washington are threatened with complete



A NORTHWEST BEAUTY (THE MOOSE).

Killed by Dall DeWeese in Alaska.

Heeding the voice of the few (the majority of B. C. Cannerymen) and ignoring the petitions of the many (Cannerymen, fishermen and businessmen dependent upon the latter), the Canadian Government passed an order—in council—on the lines proposed by the Washington packers the lines proposed by the report of the honorable Committee of the Privy Council and its approval by the Governor-General follows:

"On a report dated nineteenth of January, 1905, submitting that representations have been made by influential parties in British Columbia and by deputations from the said province, representing the majority of the salmon cannerymen interested, that a crisis has arisen in the salmon fisheries of the Fraser and adjoining waters of the Straits of Georgia and Juan de Fuca, threatening to permanently injure and even wholly destroy the important salmon fishing and can-

ruin unless stringent and effective steps to protect the Fraser River supply, especially the sockeye salmon, in their annual migration, are carried out.

The minister further states that the legislature of the State of Washington has proposed to provide for an entire closure of the sockeye salmon industry in two future seasons, viz., 1906 and 1908, between the tenth day of July and the twenty-fifth day of August in each of the years named.

The minister further observes that it is proposed also to enact a permanent weekly close season from six P. M. on Friday to six A. M. on Sunday, which will be enforced in the said state; but these two protective provisions are dependent upon similar action being sanctioned by Canada, and also upon the establishment by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, under

sub-section 6 of section 8 of the Fisheries Act, chapter 95 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, of a defined tidal boundary of estuary fishing in the Fraser River, at a line drawn across the river coinciding with Mission Bridge.

The minister recommends—as the Tidal boundary above mentioned is being established as aforesaid, and a weekly close season on the lines specified above is already enacted and enforced in British Columbia, that under the provisions of section 16 of the Fisheries Act, Chapter 95 of the revised statutes of Canada, an order-in-council be passed rescinding section 20 of the general fisheries' regulations for the province of British Columbia, established by an order-in-council the third of March, 1894.

The committee submit the same for approval.

JOHN J. M'GEE,

Clerk of the Privy Council.

The Governor-General in virtue of the provisions of section 16 of the Fisheries Act, chapter 95 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, is pleased to order that section 20 of the general fishery regulations for the province of British Columbia, established by the order-in-council of the third of March, 1894, shall be and the same is hereby rescinded and the following substituted therefor:

It shall be unlawful to take or fish for sockeye salmon in any of the waters of the Fraser River, Straits of Georgia and Juan de Fuca Strait, lying east of the one hundred and twenty-fifth degree of west longitude and south of the fiftieth degree of north latitude, with any pound net, trap, seine, gill net, set net, purse net, drag seine, or any other appliance for the catching of fish, or to sell, export or otherwise dispose of, or to care, pack, salt or otherwise cure any sockeye salmon, whether specifically enumerated in this section or not, on the shores adjacent within the limits above mentioned, between the tenth day of July, 1906, and the twenty-fifth day of August, 1906, and between the tenth day of July, 1908, and the twenty-fifth day of August, 1908.

JOHN J. M'GEE.

That the Canadians went half way to meet the Washington cannery, the order-in-council proves; but it now looks as though Washington folk would not be able to make their promises of like legislation in their State good. Fierce opposition to the proposed close seasons developed at Olympia. Delegations from all the districts affected sought the death of the measure and so far with success. They pointed out the injury it would work on the fishermen and those who did business with them, and that the main reason why the Washington packers want the close season is, not so much the conservation

of the salmon in Puget Sound waters, but the great increase in price they would receive from the Alaska packs, where many of the cannerymen interested in Washington are operating. The Earles' Bill has been filed for an indefinite period by the Senate Committee, and some say it is the last of it. Be that as it may, something should be done, something which would be satisfactory to all concerned.

The possibility of the proposed close seasons not becoming law in Washington meets with the approval of the people of Vancouver Island, who, while they would have the salmon protected, think that the entire close season programme is not necessary. The weekly close season, they believe, is all that is required.

\* \* \*

The first news of yachting interest hereabouts comes from Vancouver. They are stirring betimes, the yachtsmen of the city, and have elected officers for the current year, which promises to be a big one for the Vancouver Yacht Club as the N. W. I. Y. A. meets there for its annual races. Not the second series of the Northwest International Yacht races, however, as the well-meaning, but misinformed, papers of Vancouver have stated. Northwest International Yacht racing, though new to Vancouver, is an old institution in these waters, and for many years the boys of Vancouver Island and Puget Sound have contested under the rules of the association for yachting honors. I make mention of this fact merely to put matters right. I am sure the lusty young club, growing on the shores of Burrard, would not wish yachtsmen of British Columbia and Washington, who know better, that it was responsible for the statements in the papers of Vancouver, which claim the honor for that city of the first international yacht races ever held in the Northwest. There is no one interested in yachting that grudges the strength this young club has attained since its organization, and we all hope, when it again has the honor of entertaining the Northwest Association, that it will be as strong as the true yachtsmen among its members now plan to make it. "Unto Caesar that which is Caesar's," however.

Officials of the Vancouver Yacht Club elected for '05: Commodore, W. Graveley (re-elected) vice-Commodore, Phil Thompson; Captain Geo. Bushly; secretary, O. L. Spencer (re-elected).

The Maple Leaf is now at the yards of the Vancouver Ship Company, where she is being made ready for a coasting cruise. When she leaves Vancouver, she will have cleared for California, where her owner, Mr. McLaren, a millionaire lumberman of British Columbia, will join her.





"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
 Who labors, fights, lives breathes for him alone."  
 —BYRON.

## SOME POINTER HISTORY.

By H. L. BETTEN.

**P**RACTICALLY speaking, pointer history dates back only some fifty or sixty years; for while previous to that time a few breeders preserved authentic pedigrees of their dogs, the vast majority were satisfied to breed from good individuals regardless of their blood lines, and took no pains to keep a record of their breeding.

The organization of the English Kennel Club and field trials organizations which held trials at Shrewsbury, Bedford, Stafford and Bola led to an increased interest in the breeding of pointers and setters for competition, and to a more careful compilation of pedigrees.

Naturally enough the standard of excellence in the various breeds was greatly advanced, and the early 'seventies saw the development of some unusually meritorious performers.

Among the stellar lights in the pointer division was Garth's Drake, then regarded as a phenomenon and probably one of the best individuals ever cast off in competition. Drake was a good-sized liver-and-white dog possessing exceptional speed and a splendid nose, with an utter lack of that hesitation which mars the work of so many otherwise meritorious individuals of the short-haired breed. He dropped to most of his points, which naturally detracted from his style, but this was deemed excusable by his admirers, for otherwise, hunting at the speed he usually employed, it was claimed

that it would have been impossible to stop quickly enough to avoid flushes.

However, despite Drake's unusual merit in the field his progeny failed to show to great advantage, and outside of Lord Downe's Bang II, Drake II, Beau, Mars and Mallard, few of them possessed merit above the ordinary. Nevertheless, his blood is present in the pedigrees of many of our up-to-date winners.

Bentick's Belle, later owned by Mr. Lloyd Price, the famous pointer fancier of Bola, was another pointer of exceptional merit which fully held her own with the best setters of her day. She scored a win over Llewelin's crack bitch Countess, although the year previous the setter bitch had taken her measure. Belle was a very headstrong bitch, and it required great tact and patience on the part of her handlers in order to bring out her good qualities. As a dam she was quite successful, having to her credit Mallard and Beau by Drake, and Eos by Statter's Major.

Statter's Major was a fast, courageous dog but had little opportunity to show his merits in trials. He was descended from the strains of Lord Derby and Mr. Edge, and was one of many good dogs owned and bred by Mr. Statter, others being Dick and Rex, both of which have their places in pointer geneology.

Other good performers of this period of pointer development were Price's Bang, Mike and Wag, all of which left worthy descendants. Another dog of merit was Mr. White-

house's celebrated Hamlet, a lemon-and-white which was the progenitor of a long line of excellent performers. Mr. Whitehouse's pointers were noted both for looks and field ability, as was attested by Priam, Rape, Joke, Flirt and Nina.

Among other strains which had a marked influence on the breed in America were those of Lord Septon, Mr. Salter and Viscount Downe.

Probably no individual contributed more to the success of our pointers than Mr. S. Price's Ch. Bang (Coham's Bang-Price's Vesta). Besides being a winner in ten trials, he sired a large number of high-class performers, among which were Young Bang, Salter's Mike, Vandervort's Don and Lloyd's Hebe. Of these Young Bang was the sire of Champ Croxteth and Ch. Priam, the former one of the most noted of American sires,

while Priam was the sire of the great King of Kent, Ridgeview, Beppo, Bob, Osborne Ale, Beppo III and Tribulation. Salter's Mike was the sire of Mainspring, who was in turn the sire of Ch. Jingo, Springbok, Rex, Count Faustus, Mainstay and Spring. Mike also was the sire of Hops, the dam of Ch. Rip Rap, Zig Zag, Maid of Kent and others. Vandervort's Don sired quite a few good performers, but although his owner was located in this State and the dog was at the disposal of Coast sportsmen, few availed themselves of his presence or recognized his merits and breeding. Lloyd's Hebe was the dam of three field-trial winners and of the great producing bitch Pearlstone, which was the dam of Pearl's Dot. The latter was the dam of Strideaway, Virginia, Ripple, Young Rip Rap and Young Jingo, the latter two being noted winners and sires of winners; also of Dot's Pearl, America's greatest producing dam.

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## THE REARING OF PUPPIES.

This is the season of the year when puppies are the chief care of the sportsman, and a few hints on their rearing may not be amiss. It is surprising how much difference a little care and thoughtfulness from the start will make in the number of puppies to pass safely through the critical period from whelping to weaning time.

In the first place, see that the mother in whelp is well-fed and has sufficient exercise to keep her from becoming too fat. Do not work her very hard; but see that she has an exercise run every day. This nearly always insures ease in whelping. In preparing her nest, give her a good roomy box about four feet square, and place it where it will not be too cold nor yet very warm.

It is a good idea to nail a shelf five inches wide around the inside of the box and about five inches from the floor. This keeps the bitch from getting the puppies against the side of the box and lying upon and crushing them, as it is there that the damage is usually done. Now carpet the floor with a piece of burlap and cover this with three inches of straw. The former serves as a foothold to the puppies, enabling them to pull themselves up close when nursing; the latter will be hollowed away by the mother, thus making it impossible for the puppies to become separated from her and so get chilled.

She should be allowed to occupy these quarters alone a week previous to whelping, so that she will not feel suspicious of a strange place. At whelping-time leave her severely alone. This is of the greatest importance. Unless there is undue disturbance, showing that something is radically wrong, do not let your curiosity induce you to go near her in less than twelve hours after, and supply her with nothing but

water in the meantime. Right here is where many make a fatal mistake. If she is approached at this time she becomes nervous, crowds the puppies under her to protect them and perhaps kills them. Under this nervous tension at being disturbed, they are likely to go to any extreme, even digging holes and burying the puppies, and acting in various other insane ways. Just leave them alone and in nearly every case nature's machinery will run smoothly.

After twelve hours have passed, induce her in the gentlest manner possible to leave the puppies and, putting her out of doors, close the door, allowing her a little warm milk or soup. Now examine the little fellows to see if they have had their proper share of nourishment. This can be seen by the rounded contour of their little bodies. If there are any that have not fed properly or that are chilly, step away until the mother returns and settles down, then see that they get hold properly. This is the critical time in a puppy's life—just insure him one good meal and he will henceforward be able to look out for himself. Should he not be able to nurse, give him a little milk from a spoon, and if he is chilly warm him and he will soon be as strong as the rest. Should the mother give insufficient milk for the litter, feed them more or less every day with a spoon. Many pups die a few days after being whelped simply from starvation. If they had been helped along for a short time they would have survived.

At this time, also, one must watch the mother sharply. Caked breast is of very common occurrence, and is usually caused by the refusal of the pups to nurse certain teats. In this case they must be milked by hand until the milk becomes healthy again. If the case is severe, also rub on the breast a little camphorated oil.

This trouble is easily noticeable by the breast feeling hard to the touch. If not taken in hand in time, the effect may be serious.

Feed the mother good, strong food. Do not fear to give plenty of meat with her diet. If she gets thin in flesh, feed the puppies. Cow's milk and meat broth are both good for them, and after they are weaned do not be afraid to give them a little chopped raw beef. The no-meat diet has been responsible for the ruin of many a fine puppy. Meat is absolutely essential, being the natural food of the dog, and at this stage solid food is better than too much liquid. After weaning give them a good vermifuge and see that they are kept free from worms, as these lead up to more troubles than any other one cause.

These are the main points in raising young puppies and if followed closely will terminate any difficulty the reader may have had in that direction.

### THE JUDGING OF FIELD TRIALS

By A HANDLER.

One of the greatest obstacles in connection with field trials and one which proves the most discouraging to all field trial men, is the lack of uniformity in the judgment of different judges. To such an extent is this the case—and especially so in the West—that one must know the peculiar personal tastes of the judge before making the entries, otherwise one may withhold the very individual dog or dogs that could have won.

Not only is this the case with different judges, but very often a judge is not consistent in his various awards in the same stake, one dog being placed for his strictly high-class qualities, while another which could scarcely be called anything but medium in class will be placed because of the fact that under poor conditions a dog of moderate speed and pottering inclinations may have an advantage when it comes to pointing birds.

Generally speaking, field-trial men are divided into two classes: those who insist on great speed and range, and who would not place a dog not possessing those qualities; and those who insist that the dog who is able to score a large number of points is the one who should win.

One judge may place first a dog that has made only one point during the trials, provided it has been accompanied by high-class range and speed, with small opportunity to do point work; while another judge would choose for the winner a dog that had succeeded in making more points, even if he did not rank with the former in quality.

This is not always so much a difference of opinion as it is the lack of ability on the part of the judge to give a dog credit for the hard conditions under which he runs; in fact it takes a man of the keenest perception to judge the ability of two dogs, one of which is drawn in the cool of the morning with plenty of birds to work upon, and the other of which is drawn in the heat of the day and worked on a scarcity of birds. In order to do this, a man must not only possess great natural ability, but also have had an unlimited amount of experience. It is only such a man that can reduce the element of chance at trials to a minimum, but such judges must be had to make the field-trial game anything but a disappointment to its supporters.

Let the judge remove the element of chance as much as possible, allowing the best dog to win, regardless of poor luck, and he does more toward satisfying everyone interested than can possibly be done in any other way.

The elements that are most likely to affect a dog's chances are temperature, scenting conditions and opportunities on birds. The first-named difficulty to a correct decision can be largely overcome by giving the dogs that run in the heat of the day in the first series the benefit of the cooler part of the day in the next series. If this be done it almost entirely eliminates one great advantage that one dog is likely to have over another.

The experienced judge usually knows when scenting conditions are not good and makes allowance. Scent in itself is sometimes a very baffling study and it is not always possible to find a correct solution of its mysteries. The action of the dogs, however, usually indicates if the scent is at fault.

The matter of opportunity on birds should be an easy one of which to find a solution, but seems to be a stumbling block to many judges, they appearing not to possess the courage to drop the dog who under favorable conditions has run up a goodly score of points. This, however, should be done unless the dog shows high class in other respects. On the other hand, the dog who has had only a few opportunities to point and has made the best of them is entitled to just as much credit in his bird-work as the former dog.

Most breeders nowadays are endeavoring to breed dogs of great speed and wide range, on the principle that birds must be found before they can be pointed, and consequently this is really the most important part of the work. To be sure, the dog must also show bird-sense and ability to do point-work, and the more brains he displays possession of, the better his ultimate chances of being in the winning ranks.

While it has been my experience that field-trial dogs make the best shooting dogs when once they have been converted over, I am still of the opinion that the running of field trials is a sport peculiar to itself—one that requires action to satisfy the demands—and that field trials can no more be held without speed than could any other form of racing. Then, also, while many do not realize it, speed and range that will still remain after the dog has become trained are qualities that are difficult to get, and while there are thousands of dogs which can handle birds, but into whom no speed can be instilled, the instances are indeed rare in which the high-class dog can not be made to handle birds if properly trained. Any good trainer can reduce the range or even the speed of the wildest dog to any required extent, but the trainer does not exist who can get speed and range out of the dog who does not naturally possess these qualities. Thus the man who owns a wide-ranging, fast dog can, if he handles him properly, induce him to hunt close in cover, and when he strikes a wide open country with bevs far separated, his dog is still equal to the occasion and the sportsman is not obliged to travel over every rod of the ground. His dog does the work for him, while the man with the close-ranging dog may as well have no dog at all, as he himself is obliged to do the hunting.

The field-trial club which expects to acquire or retain popularity must exercise extreme care in its choice of judges, inviting only those to



officiate who appreciate the value of a high-class dog. The judge who renders his decision along these lines will come nearest to pleasing the majority, for field trials are really for the purpose of bringing before the sportsmen the dogs to which they should breed in order to raise the standard, rather than for the exhibition of clever shooting dogs.

#### THE TONOPAH-PLUMAS MATCH.

The following details of the four-hour match race between David McWade's Tonopah and James Dunham's Plumas (both English setters) which was run off at Bodega recently, were given us by William Dormer who judged the competition. Tonopah was handled by his owner, and Plumas by John Hughes, a veteran in the game.

Plumas, the winner, was bred by Pleasant D. Linville of San Francisco, and is by Cavalier (Count Gladstone IV-Daisy Craft) out of Love-knot (Harold-Sweetheart's Last), bred by Judge Post of Sacramento, Cal.

Tonopah is a white, black and tan, by Clipper W-Dixie.

The dogs were cast off on the east side of a cañon and making a short cast came in; ordered on they made quite a wide cast for the character of the country, and went about half way up the cañon, crossed over the ridge into the head of a gully that made up from the creek. This was good ground with good cover, but nothing was found. One of the local men said a bevy had flown and lit near the creek. The dogs were worked down to the creek, and while out of sight in the high brush a bevy flushed. Shortly after Plumas was seen coming from where they arose. The dogs were worked on the side hill up the creek four or five hundred yards; nothing found, they were worked back to where four birds were seen to light. Dogs passed through without finding, but crowd put up three birds. Then worked down the creek where a bevy was put up on first crossing before the dogs were put down. They had gone into high brush, from which the crowd tried to drive them without success, as what few were put up flew down the creek. The dogs were then worked up the west side of the cañon on a very steep side hill from which many little gulches and dams made in to the cañon. About half a mile up when the dogs were out of sight the spectators from the east ridge called point. Before handlers or judge could see the dogs a bevy flushed from where the dogs were. Spectators said Plumas was pointing them. A half-dozen birds flew back past the handlers and lit in a little gulch; the dogs were worked back on them and one bird flushed wild, and Plumas pointed lower down in a clump of brush; Tonopah backed, but broke in and went to the pointing dog, stayed but a few seconds and went down the gulch. Hughes went in to flush, and Plumas moved to the left a quarter way around. Hughes cautioned him and he was steady. Hughes tried to flush, but not succeeding and the dog seeming positive, came around the clump and tried again. After two minutes more of beating the brush the bird was flushed. Plumas was steady and behaved well all the time Hughes was trying to flush. While he was pointing, three birds flushed wild 150 yards further down the gulch; dogs were worked up to the hill without finding, and handlers flushed one bird. Worked up the cañon through several gulches and draws—likely looking places—but no

birds were found. Went out at the head of the cañon, crossed a fence onto the Furlong Ranch into a long wide cañon. Plumas made game in the head of a draw and did a very nice piece of work in roading a bevy three hundred yards with unfavorable wind, and located. Tonopah backed but broke in. Hughes flushed a dozen birds, and both handlers shot; dogs were steady, Hughes cautioning Plumas. Worked down the west side of cañon over good ground and very good cover for a half mile, when a dozen birds flushed two hundred yards above the dogs; birds flew back and were not followed. Five hundred yards further the handlers and judge came to a watering trough with a nice spring pouring into it. Two hundred yards further along a bevy flushed; both dogs were on point. Following birds down cañon Plumas pointed but nothing was raised. Next Tonopah pointed—no bird. Plumas pointed a bird a long distance (sixty feet), making an unusually long point. Hughes flushed bird; Plumas steady to caution. Went on four hundred or five hundred yards, and both dogs pointed another bevy, independently, twenty yards apart.

The dogs were then worked along hillside lower down and Tonopah pointed false, followed by false point by Plumas. They had now been down three hours but did not let up. Dogs were now worked through the head of a cañon, and when half way down a bevy flushed wild. On scattered birds Plumas pointed one, and soon after found a second bird. Tonopah next pointed at base of the hill, a long distance from handler, but was perfectly steady. Arriving at the mouth of the cañon the dogs were called up at 4:05, having run the full four hours. Both finished strong and ran a creditable race, equal in most qualities except bird work, in which Plumas excelled.

#### SOME KENNEL RECIPES.

A sure cure for external canker of the ear—usually a most difficult disease to overcome—and a general panacea for all skin diseases of the dog, one which acts also as a tonic and invigorator, is the following "Sulphur Dip," prescribed by one of the Coast's most successful kennel men and handlers.

##### SULPHUR DIP.

Boil one pound concentrated lye in two quarts of water; when boiling stir in four cups of flour of sulphur until it dissolves into a reddish liquid. Add this to one barrel of water and use as a dip.

For severe cases of mange, add to the above one ounce of sulphuric acid.

To kill fleas and other vermin take one quart of coal-oil, one bar ordinary yellow soap sliced thin, and bring just to boiling point. Stir well and add to the above dip.

To make an efficacious disinfectant add two pounds of copperas to a barrel of the sulphur dip.

These remedies are as cheap as they are effective, and should be known to every owner of a dog.

#### A FINE SPECIMEN.

The picture herewith presented is that of Mallwyd Bob, an English setter of exceptionally beautiful lines and illustrious lineage. He is by Rumney Racket (Sir Betinck-Lady Dorothy) out of Einion Lucy (Mallwyd Don-Llanfair

## JOLIET SPINNER BAIT



The Joliet Spinner Bait. Made of aluminum, handsomely mounted, swivel at both ends; revolves in the water, and when in action is a perfect imitation of a minnow. The latest bait. Price 25 cents.

MANUFACTURED BY GEORGE BRUTON & CO., JOLIET, ILL.

Nancy), a breeding of purple elegance unequaled by any bench dog on this Coast.

Mallwyd Bob is a good-sized blue belton ticked all over without patches. He has a grand body with deep chest, and profuse coat and feather, and his head is a picture. He has plenty of bone, good legs and feet and is perfectly straight "fore and aft," and a good mover. He is thoroughly field broken and the sire of the sensational English winner, Brown Hill Bob, and may others. Besides previous wins at the big shows of Birmingham, Manchester, Birkenhead, etc., he placed to his credit in 1904 three firsts and championship, Manchester; first and reserve for best in whole show at Otley, in the very hottest competition; first and special for the best of all breeds at Blaenau Festiniog; first and special, Keighley; first and special, Southport; first and special, Scunthorpe; first and special, Antrincham, besides thirty other first and special prizes.

At Antrincham and also at Manchester he defeated England's best setters, including the celebrated English crack champion Rumney Rock. He is now the property of T. B. McConnell, Victoria, B. C., in whose hands he will doubtless accomplish great things.

### THE UNSPEAKABLE POISONER.

It is with great regret that we have to chronicle the loss sustained by Mr. Frank Park, of the famous Lady of the Lake Kennels, of two of his best fox hound bitches, who were killed by poison carelessly or maliciously put out by some execrable fiend. Their death will seriously cripple Mr. Park's facilities to supply puppies to eager purchasers, at least for a time, and we deeply sympathize with him.

The use of poison for any purpose should be interdicted by law. It is a brutal and inhuman method of destroying even harmful creatures, and is only resorted to by the most degraded people who, as a rule, are too ignorant to use it with discretion.

Mr. Belcher of the Henshaw-Bulkley Co. of this city was also recently the victim of a similar outrage, losing one of the most intelligent and valuable dogs in this city. Some day one of these fiends in human guise will be caught red-handed, in which event we would suggest that he be compelled to take a dose of his own medicine. "Western Field" will take a peculiar pleasure in publishing the obituary of such a wretch, and hopes that an opportunity may be speedily vouchsafed it.



MALLWYD BOB.

# Announcement


---

MR. C. H. REHNSTROM

Wishes to announce his arrival from Europe, with a new line of Summer Novelties, and you are cordially invited to call and inspect the same at his

TEMPORARY QUARTERS  
61-62 CHRONICLE BLDG.

My permanent quarters will be in  
THE MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK  
BUILDING, Cor. Market and Geary  
Streets. ❀ After June 15, 1905



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# ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 25 cents per line for first issue, and 20 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

**WANTED**—A thoroughly broken 'coon and cat hound. Must be warranted not to run deer. Address James Brady, 625 Union Street, S. F.

\* \* \*

**WANTED**—Sportsmen to send for our illustrated catalogue of mounted Bobwhite Grouse, ducks, pheasants .etc; beautiful for your den. Want to correspond with those having live game for sale. Adams & Son, 317 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

\* \* \*



The Anglers' Annual, 1905; 100 pgs.; illst'd; edited by Chas. Bradford; 25c postpd. Western Field, 4 Sutter st., S. F. Calif.

\* \* \*

**WANTED**—A three-barrel, 12-gauge, hammerless. Address L. C. De Lano, 795 S. 24th st., San Diego, Cal.

\* \* \*

**WANTED**—Western taxidermists to write for my price list of glass eyes. We save you time and money. A. E. Colburn Co., 1204 South Main st., Los Angeles, Cal.

\* \* \*

**FOR SALE**—A lot of light trout fishing tackle, complete outfit, second-hand, but good as new, and never been used. Also some new kitchen utensils. J. E. Alden, 369 First st., San Francisco.

\* \* \*

**EVERY** year we sell Derbies that win. Our blood won twelve out of thirteen places in recent trial. A few fine derby prospects for sale. Buy the best. California Kennels, Ridgewood, Mendocino Co., Cal.

\* \* \*

**FOR SALE**—Blue-ticked English Setter bitch, Champion Albert's Rosalind, a thoroughly broken field bitch, a champion on the bench, including winners at New York, and dam of winners Ch. Count Rego, Mallwyd Joe-Victoria, Fleet-Fanilla and many others, now in whelp to England's best setter, Mallwyd Bob. Price \$200.

\* \* \*

**FOR SALE**—Lemon ticked bitch Fanilla by Albert's Fleet-Ch. Albert's Rosalind, litter sister to Ch. Count Rego, and considered by experts his equal in every respect; won two firsts only time shown and can win again in any company East or West; thoroughly field broken and beautiful disposition. Price \$100, including free service to Mallwyd Bob when in season.

\* \* \*

**FOR SALE**—White lemon ticked bitch puppy by Ch. Count Rego-Imported Tirphils Judith, whelped New Year's day. My choice of a litter of five, shows every indication of being a big winner; as pretty a pup as you ever saw. Price \$25. Wires preference. T. P. McConnell, Victoria, B. C.



## TRADE TOPICS

### A RUNAWAY RACE.

In "hoss racin'" when one horse beats the field so badly as to make explanations and excuses impossible, those versed in the vernacular of the turf called it "a runaway race." "Sporting Life's" Trap Shooting Review for 1904 shows that the shooters who shot Winchester "Leader" and Winchester "Repeater" shotgun shells made "a runaway race" of the contest for premier honors for the year. Out of the twenty-nine shooters who made 90% or over, shooting at least 3,000 targets in competition during the year, seventeen shot Winchester "Leader" and "Repeater" shells. These seventeen include Messrs. Gilbert and Crosby, who tried for first professional average. Mr. John W. Garrett, who won first amateur average; C. B. Wiggins and C. M. Powers, who tried for second amateur average, and nine of the first thirteen leaders. Another coveted honor won by Winchester shotgun shells was the Grand Prize at the St. Louis Exposition, Winchester shells being the only ones to receive such an award. These triumphs on the firing line and in the strife of international competition prove that Winchester shotgun shells are certainly in the premier class of modern amenities of their time, and that a word to the wise is sufficient. Those that desire to be in the first class should shoot first-class shells, the kind that won the honors in 1904, as they did in 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903.

\* \* \*

At the Golden Gate Gun Club shoot, held at Ingleside, Sunday, March 5, 1905, Mr. M. O. Feudner made the high average, breaking 94 out of 100 with the time-tried and true Winchester "Leader" shells, primed with the celebrated Winchester new No. 4 primer. Mr. Feudner made the longest straight run, of 65 breaks.

\* \* \*

Out of the thirty-nine shooters present at the opening shoot of the Blue Rock Gun Club of Alameda, March 5, 1905, twenty-eight shooters shot the celebrated Winchester "Leader" shells primed with the Winchester new No. 4 primer, quick and reliable; adapted to smokeless powders.

## \$1200 a Year for Life

**Secured** by small monthly payments. Equally good opportunity for the investment of any amount of cash. Easily within reach of the average wage earner or salaried employee.

Photographic Souvenir free. Write for particulars.

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OUR DEPARTMENT OF  
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OFFERS A MOST COMPREHENSIVE AND TASTEFUL  
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SMART EFFECTS

**BOHM-BRISTOL CO.**

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

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FOR CALIFORNIA INTERESTS—BOTH  
 EASTERNERS AND CALIFORNIANS.

"For California," the monthly publication of the California Promotion Committee, is designed to give definite and technical information of a practical and helpful nature on various subjects of interests in California. Each month's issue is a special number devoted to some one subject. The articles in each issue are written by persons of experience or by authorities in the various subjects, but they are presented in a popular way and are easily understood by one not familiar with the topics treated. Perhaps the number for which there has been the greatest demand is the poultry number, there being great interest in the subject of poultry raising in California. Other popular numbers have been the Dairy Farm number, the Special Opportunities number which gives information about definite opportunities throughout California, the Intensive Farming number, showing how good results are obtained by making a certain area of ground produce the most of which it is capable. The January number of "For California" is the Results number; it gives the experiences of settlers who have come to California. The February issue of "For California" will be the Irrigation number—just to show the manner of treatment. This number will discuss such subjects as "Irrigation, Regardless of Rainfall," amplifying the fact that irrigation may be profitably employed where the rainfall is sufficient for ordinary crops; "Methods of Pumping and Various Pumping Plants," "California's Water Supply for Future Irrigation," "How to Irrigate Alfalfa," "Irrigation and Climate," "Methods of Irrigation for Various Crops," etc. Back numbers of "For California," are kept on file by the committee, and are sent in answer to inquiries on definite subjects.

"For California" is not published as a business proposition and it contains no advertising, but it is doubtful if any of the interesting publications which the Committee issues on the State have more fulfilled a definite purpose in fully treating any one topic.

GOODYEAR'S NEW VENTURE.

Appreciating the importance in the business world of Southern California interests, The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. have decided to enter the field, and have, therefore, opened a beautiful store at 932 So. Main St., Los Angeles, with Mr. W. D. Newerf as Coast agent. This will be an exclusive Rubber Goods house, and while handling everything in the Rubber Goods line, will make a specialty of Auto supplies.

A feature of special importance and one that will tend to revolutionize the auto business, is the "Universal Rim" which they now have on exhibition at their Emporium. This rim will carry tires of any and all makes and can be removed and replaced again in an almost incredibly short time. To an autoist who has "fallen foul" of a puncture and been compelled to spend from one to two hours making repairs, this unique feature will prove a boon.

It is a well-known fact that Goodyear New Construction Tires are superior to any other tires on the market because of the pure Para rubber which is used in their construction. The Goodyear people were pioneers in this country in the manufacture of "Pure Para Rubber Tires" with the "Wrapper Thread" construction, such tires having been in use for more than a year. The "Wrapped Tread" feature is now being adopted by most manufacturers.

\* \* \*

THE FULFORD MEMORIAL.

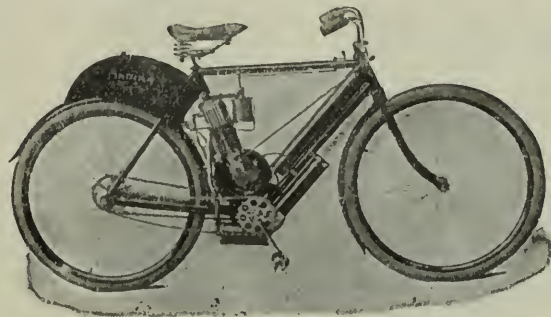
The committee having charge of the Fulford Memorial Fund have contracted with Jenny & Nelbach of Utica, N. Y., to erect a monument at a cost of \$600 to the memory of the late Elijah D. Fulford. This monument will be erected on the family plot in New Forest Hill Cemetery, Utica, N. Y., and will be dedicated on the first day of the tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, which takes place in June. Mr. G. L. Biederman of Utica, N. Y., has kindly consented to deliver the memorial address.



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 AT THE  
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# MARLIN

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never lets anything come between him and the game but a MARLIN. He finds MARLIN accuracy a pretty good thing to depend on.

MARLIN repeaters are made to get the game. They take heavy loads and stand hard service. They never fail.

The MARLINS with the "Special Smokeless Steel" barrels—using powerful, smokeless loads—are the rifles for big game. From the light .30-30 to the heavy .45-70—every calibre has proved its wonderful accuracy and value a thousand times.

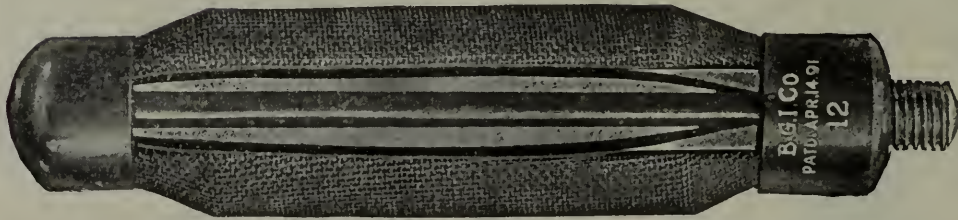
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Adapted to all chambers. Clean thoroughly without cutting the inside surface of the gun. Insure the life of your gun by using a Tomlinson Cleaner.

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PHIL. B. BEKERT CO.  
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#### THE DELINEATOR FOR APRIL.

April being an important month in the fashion World, the April "Delineator" is primarily a fashion number containing an elaborate portrayal of the spring styles and the latest fashion news. In the literary portion of the magazine the first installment of a new serial story by Albert Bigelow Paine is an item of note. It is called "The Lucky Piece; a Story of the Mountains," and promises well from the early chapters. In "The Rights of the Child," a new serial feature, it is announced, Dr. Grace P. Murray will discuss every phase of the care of children; the first paper on "The Coming of the Child," contains information that has never before been presented in popular form, and will be of great assistance to young mothers. Another series, "Little Sketches of Travel," opens with an intimate description of the children of Oberammergau, later to be known to fame as the actors in the "Passion Play." Amateur collectors will be able to gain much useful information from an article on luster ware by M. Hudson Moore, and Gustav Kobbe contributes a very interesting paper, strikingly illustrated, on "The Stage and the Second Self." Short stories by Virginia W. Cloud and Elmore E. Peake are other features, in addition to pastimes and tales for children by L. Frank Baum, Grace MacGowan Cooke and others. The domestic columns are of particular interest and ably edited.

\* \* \*

#### LEFEVER CHANGES BASE.

The firm of D. M. Lefever, Sons & Co. have removed their factory and offices from Syracuse N. Y., to Defiance, O., where they should be addressed in the future. The change was made necessary by the inevitable enlargement of their plant, as predicted in these columns some months ago, their business now having attained to phenomenal proportions. Dan M. Lefever, the president of the company—which, by the way, has no connection of any kind with the Lefever Arms Co. of Syracuse—has enjoyed an experience of fifty-five years in the practical and continuous manufacture of fine sporting guns of all kinds; he was for seventeen years a partner in the Lefever Arms Co., and his sons, who are associated with him in his present enterprise, have passed a life-long apprenticeship in the gun-making business under "Uncle Dan's" care and supervision. It goes without saying that the new concern is in an admirable position to turn out the best possible work, and quality is the first quantity aimed at in their product. The D. M. Lefever Sons & Co.'s guns have many points of excellence singular to this make only, and we advise all our readers to send for description and prices of these admirable arms when thinking of purchasing a strictly up-to-date weapon.

#### A FAMOUS PRODUCT.

In the elegant new catalogue recently issued by the Draper & Maynard Co., of Plymouth, N. H., is listed and describes a line of athletic goods and sporting paraphernalia that are second in quality and variety to none on earth. This is a pretty strong recommendation, but we are speaking of an intimate personal and long extended experience with these goods, and know whereof we speak. So satisfactory have these goods proved in our hands that for us the familiar pointer and diamond on anything in the athletic goods way is a hall mark that at once proclaims that article to be the best obtainable for money in the American market. We regret that lack of space forbids enumerating here the hundred and one varieties of athletic desiderata made by the "D. & M." Company, and we earnestly advise our readers to send for a copy of the catalogue, a perusal of which will afford a liberal education in the things beloved by all who follow athletic pursuits.

\* \* \*

#### TO MOTOCYCLISTS.

The Hendee Mfg. Co. of Springfield, Mass., request us to announce that the cushion fork used in their famous "Indian" motorcycle, model 1905, can be fitted to any of their model 1902-3-4 machines. There are many users of the "Indians" who would very much like to have this great convenience added to their machines if they were made aware that such could be supplied, and this announcement is intended for their benefit. An "Indian" fitted with this ingenious and comfort-bringing device will approximate very close to perfection, and we have no doubt that "Indian" riders will be quick to avail themselves of the opportunity.

\* \* \*

#### A SUCCESS FROM THE START

The initial advertisement of the A. C. Rulofson Co., which appears in this issue, is a fore-runner presaging an immediate and complete commercial success.

Mr. A. C. Rulofson's long association with the Baker & Hamilton concern of this city brought him into close and intimate touch with dealers and consumers all over this Coast, its adjacent territory and the Orient, and there is to-day no man in the great West whose conversance with conditions, needs and customs of the Pacific Coast is equal to his. When, in addition to his great natural business ability, the excellence of the line he handles is taken into consideration, the result is easily forecast. The Rulofson Co. is a distinctively valuable accession to the Coast trade, and will enjoy a prosperity commensurable with the energy and thoroughness that has always distinguished its enterprising founder.



AN ENTERPRISING PROPOSITION.

"Western Field" is in receipt of one of the metal signs and window transparencies gotten out in eight colors by the Enterprise Manufacturing Company of Akron, O., for display by dealers who handle their goods.

Both the embossed signs and the transparencies measure 10 by 14 inches.

The illustration herewith gives an idea of the subject, though it can not adequately reproduce the beauty of the colored original.

Both the signs and the transparencies are so handsomely gotten up that they are an ornament to the handsomest sporting goods establishment, and are bound to attract favorable attention wherever seen by anglers.

The Enterprise Manufacturing Company, however, have not stopped at this. They have, in addition, issued a set of certificates which, when signed by both the dealer and his customer, certifying that the customer has purchased \$1.00 worth of Pfeuger's goods from the dealer's store, and mailed to the Enterprise Manufacturing Company, together with 4 cents in stamps to cover postage, entitles the customer to an eight-color picture of the subject illustrated below, measuring 10 by 14 inches, but entirely free from advertising matter of any kind.

This picture is a work of art particularly appropriate for any sportsman's den, and the liberal policy of the Enterprise Manufacturing Company in presenting it to their patrons is bound to greatly help the retailers in increasing sales.

Realizing that there will be a great demand for these pictures during the coming season, the Enterprise Manufacturing Company positively state that not more than one picture will be sent to the same person, no matter what the amount of his purchase may be.

The metal signs, window transparencies, and certificates will be sent to any dealer in fishing tackle addressing the Enterprise Manufacturing Company and mentioning "Sporting Goods" in his request.



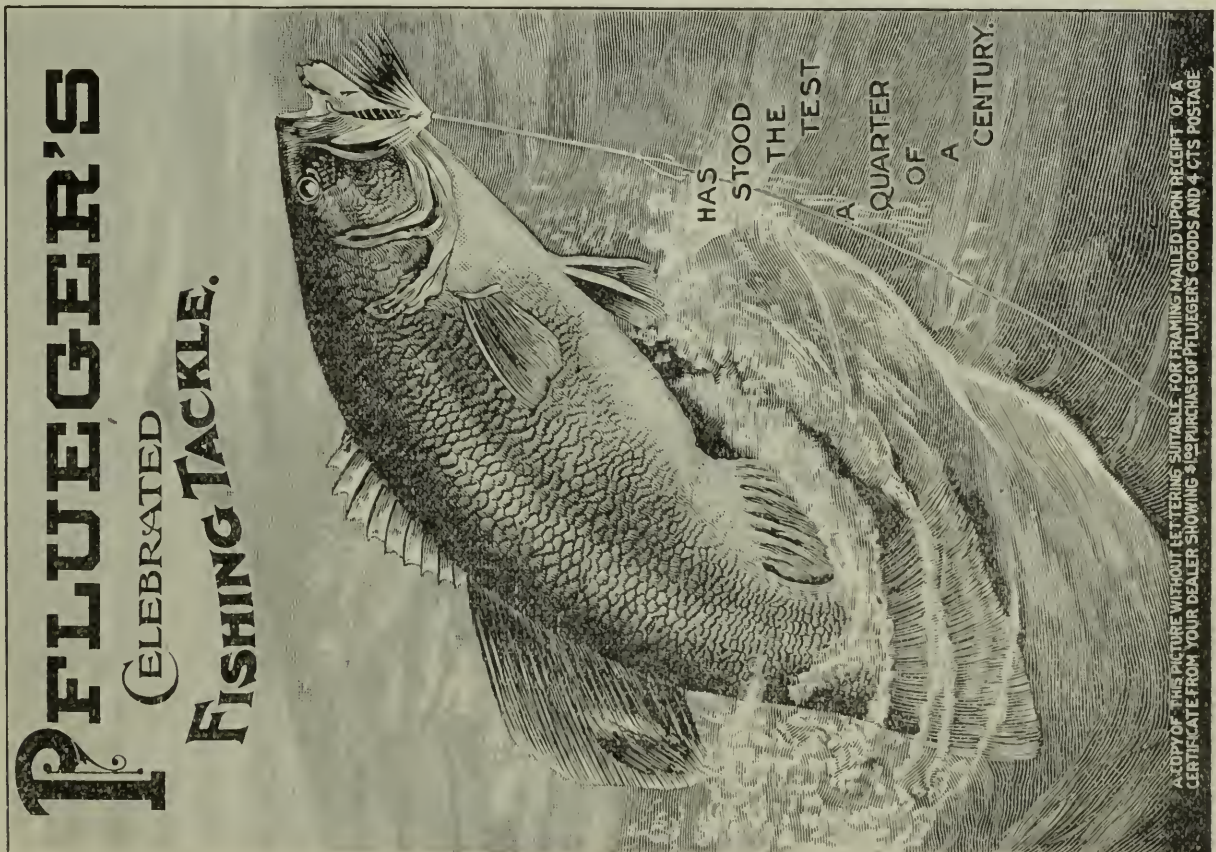
Beautifies and Preserves the Complexion.

A Positive Relief for Chapped Hands, Chafing and all Skin Afflictions.

Mennen's face on every box; be sure that you get the original. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET TALCUM.



**"Fits Both Ends"**

**"Utility" Sportsman's Cushion  
Pillow  
Yoke**



to save the shoulders,  
with six inch spread  
and hollows for hold-  
ing the

**Gun  
Oar  
Canoe**

or anything you  
would carry

**Life Preserver  
Swimming Collar**

**A Cushion  
for the  
Boat  
Camp  
Canoe  
Home  
Office  
Piazza  
Shooting Stand**



WITHOUT COVER

Covered with brown duck; weighs 1 lb.; carried  
in pocket. Sold by all dealers. Price, \$3.00. Sent  
express paid on receipt of price. Send for circular.

**Metropolitan Air Goods Co. Reading Mass.**

**ATTRACTIVE SAVAGES.**

The Savage Arms Company, Utica, N. Y., have just issued an exceedingly beautiful catalogue, which reflects the high quality of their products in every way. Many new Savage rifles are shown—in fact, there are six or seven of these,



together with several new lines of ammunition. Any sportsman does himself an injustice not to send for this catalogue, which should be designated Catalogue No. 15, inclosing a stamp and mentioning this publication. Believe us, it is worth while.

\* \* \*

**AN OAKLAND EMPORIUM.**

Oakland sportsmen are to be congratulated upon the opening in that city of so splendid a store as that of Lancaster & Lancaster, at 109 San Pablo avenue.

Here can be found in bewildering variety—and what is best of all at very moderate prices, quality considered—all manner of sportsman's requisites, including fishing tackle, athletic goods, guns, ammunition, cutlery, etc., etc., too numerous to mention. The gentlemen constituting the firm are proverbial for their courtesy and affability, and we predict for them an overflowing measure of success in their new enterprise.

**STILL SUPREME!**

The Indoor .22 Caliber Rifle Cham-  
pionship of the United States

WON

WITH

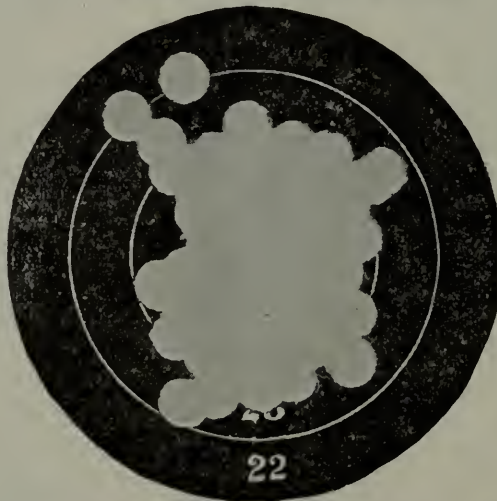
**PETERS**

.22 SHORT

CARTRIDGES.

**A NEW RECORD**

100 shot record  
score of 2459 out  
of a possible 2500  
at 25 yards by L. P.  
Ittel, Pittsburg, Pa.,  
Jan., 17 - 20, 1905,  
winning the cham-  
pionship.



The first 14 prize  
winners, and 17 of  
the total of 20 prize  
winners, used  
Peters Cartridges.

Ask for the Semi-Smokeless Kind

**THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY**

NEW YORK : } 98 Chambers St.  
                  } T. H. Keller, M'g'r

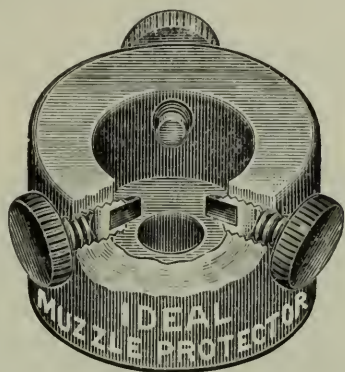
CINCINNATI, O.

Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., Chicago, Ill.  
Pacific Hardware and Steel Co., San Francisco, Cal.

## A NEW IDEAL IMPLEMENT.

All expert riflemen recognize the necessity of preserving the muzzle of their rifles. Uniform and accurate shooting can not be secured from a rifle having the extreme edge of the muzzle of the barrel worn out of true or bell-muzzled; a bullet leaving the muzzle of such a barrel will be deflected by the gas first escaping from the worn side and consequently forcing the bullet sideways.

Rifle barrels must of course be cleaned, and the most natural and handiest way is to introduce the cleaning rod with the wiping rag at the muzzle. The rifle may then be held firmly between the knees and the operation may be performed thus with greater ease. Cleaning rifle barrels is generally done this way except by a few so-called cranks who have a fine rifle. They will not, if they can avoid it, clean from the muzzle for fear of injury to that very important point. Many military experts have extra long wiping rods so that they may clean from the breech. They choose to purchase an extra wiping rod and put up with the inconvenience of cleaning that way rather than take chances of injuring their rifle.



With the new Ideal Muzzle Protector it is impossible to injure the muzzle of the rifle with the cleaning rod. None other than the regular service rod as issued with the rifle is required, and the cleaning may be done in the same old easy way with safety, as the hole through the protector is so small that the rod can not touch the inner edge of the rifling near the muzzle. The protector is made a close fit to the outside of the muzzle of the 30-40 Krag, and it is held firmly by three knurled screws. In the point of each screw is inserted a hard leather disc, which prevents injury to the outside of the barrel and holds the protector firmly in place while the rifle barrel is being cleaned. No military shooter who appreciates the necessity of preserving the muzzle of his rifle will be without one of these.

\* \* \*

## UTILITY AND COMFORT.

Pacific Coast sportsmen will give quick and cordial recognition to the air cushion products now offered to them through our advertising pages by the celebrated Metropolitan Air Goods Co., Reading, Mass. This well-known concern, whose product is now world famous, aim primarily at utility and comfort in their pneumatic cushions, mattresses, etc., and come nearer to filling the bill of those requirements than any makers of similar goods of whom we have knowledge.

Their new "Utility" cushion is at once a yoke to save the sportsman's shoulders when carrying heavy loads of game, gun, etc., a most efficient life preserver in case of an emergency and, last but not least, it is a cushion equally applicable to boat, camp, canoe, home, office, blind and shooting stand, that will at once recommend itself at first trial. The company will furnish upon request a price list fully descriptive of their product, and it should be in the hands of every Western sportsman. Send for a copy without delay.

# Keep up with the times!

Drink

# Evans' Ale

You'll know you have  
the best there is once  
you try it.

Any Dealer Anywhere  
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Established 1786  
Brewery and Bottling Works, Hudson, N.Y.

## A WORD TO THE WISE.

At the opening shoot of the Pomona (Cal.) Gun Club, February 22d, R. H. Bungay, a visitor from Ocean Park, averaged 91¼%.

D. W. King, also a visitor, broke 73 out of 80. A feature of the day's shoot was the ties for high average, Bungay, Lovelace and King making 91¼%.

All used U. M. C. ammunition. Out of the twenty-seven shooters contesting, seventeen used U. M. C. "Acme" and "Magic" shells.

Out of forty-two contestants in the first regular shoot of the Golden Gate Gun Club at Ingleside, March 5, no less than thirty-six used U. M. C. "Acme," and "Majestic" and "Magic" shells.

In the champion class winners were Webb, E. Kleversahl, Varien, Feudner, Reed, of which four used U. M. C. shells.

In the first class winners were Gamble, Golcher, Slade, Potter and F. Schultz, all using U. M. C. shells.

In the second class were H. Kleversahl, Shields, Laing, Harpham, all using U. M. C. shells.

In the third class were Dr. Sylvester, Messrs. Taylor, Bowen, and Harvey, two using U. M. C. shells.

In the various classes there were eighteen winners, and of these fifteen used U. M. C. shells. Further comment is unnecessary.

The great number of Remington guns used at this meeting was remarked on all sides.

There were forty-eight contestants who took part in the Golden Gate and Union Gun Club tournament held at Ingleside February 22d. Of this number forty used U. M. C. shells, again demonstrating the popularity, due to sterling qualities of these goods.

W. H. Varien of Monterey won the high average, making 93%, using U. M. C. shells.



**Dealers!**

THROW YOUR LINE among fishermen, and you'll get a STRIKE—with a rush for the goods—if it's the general line of **Pflueger's Fine Fishing Tackle,** made only by the

**ENTERPRISE MFG. CO.**

Twenty-five years of experience, combined with the largest manufacturing facilities in this country, enable us to produce a superior line of fishing tackle that fishermen insist on having.

**Hooks, Flies, Spinners, Trolls, Phantoms, Reels, Furnished Lines, Everything in Fishing Tackle,**

Packed for effective display.

**Best Selling Line You Can Carry.**

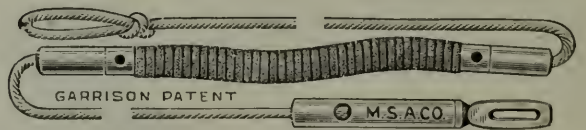
NOTICE.—Free to any dealer in sporting goods, sent express prepaid, 155-page illustrated Catalogue No. F23, Metal Fish Sign and Window Transparency in 8-color lithograph.

**The Enterprise Mfg. Co.,**  
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

**PFLUEGER'S PATENTED REVERSIBLE HINGE INSURES FREE SPINNING AND PREVENTS BENDING OR BREAKING**



**MARBLE'S....**  
**Field Cleaner**




Used and Endorsed by U. S. Gov't.

This cleaner has a cord at each end so that by hooking the loop over some projection, holding the weight in one hand and working the rifle forward and backward with the other, it is not necessary to drop the weight and pull the cleaner through the barrel every time in order to clean one bad spot.

Sold by dealers or direct, 75c. postpaid. Mention caliber. Marble's Extra Quality Specialties described in Cat. H.

**MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO.,**  
Gladstone, Mich.



**BOOK**  
on  
**DOG DISEASES**

AND HOW TO FEED.

Mailed Free to any address by the author.

H. CLAY GLOVER, D.V.S., 1278 Broadway, N.Y.

**DR. G. S. MOORE'S SCIENTIFIC**  
**HAIR RESTORER.**

A positive cure for all scalp diseases. Will positively make the hair grow. We challenge the world to equal this remedy.

Send for Free Catalogue.

332 O'Farrell St. - - San Francisco, Cal.

When Writing Advertisers Please Mention "WESTERN FIELD."

A PETERS' POINTER.

The tournament given by the Indoor Rifle League of Pittsburg, Pa., January 17-20, emphasized anew the improvement which has been made in recent years in the manufacture of small arm ammunition and the consequent improvement in scores made by rifle experts. In this improvement it is generally conceded that Peters .22 short cartridges, and thirty-seven of A few years ago a score of 2459 points out of a possible 2,500 off-hand at 75 feet would have been considered beyond the realms of possibility. Yet this is the score recently made by Mr. Louis P. Ittel, winner of the Indoor Rifle championship of the United States. Mr. Ittel has for years been shooting Peters cartridges, and his remarkable ability, given full scope by the use of perfect ammunition, has enabled him to attain his present high place among marksmen. His score in the 100-shot match was made with Peters .22 Short cartridges, and thirty-seven of the entire number of forty-three competitors used either the Peters .22 short, .22 long, rifle or the new .22 Stevens-Pope Armory. That Peters cartridges are responsible to a considerable degree for the high scores made is shown convincingly by the fact that the first fourteen prize winners and seventeen of the total of twenty prize winners at the Pittsburg tournament used goods of that make.



The new .22 Stevens-Pope Armory cartridge referred to above is made exclusively by the Peters Cartridge Company. It has been adopted by the New Jersey National Guard and is about to be favorably considered by the military establishments of a number of other States for use in indoor rifle practice. It possesses wonderful accuracy and uniformity and was designed formerly for use in Krag rifles with adapted barrels, although it gives excellent results in any arm taking the .22 long rifle cartridge.

\* \* \*

A SPLENDID DENTRIFICE.

Among all the toilet preparations that science has conferred on us, few have met at first introduction with the immediate and flattering success which has attended the first offering of "Borodont." the new tooth paste just introduced by the Troy Pharmacal Co. of San Francisco. This elegant dentrifice is made by reinforcing the Milk of Magnesia with Carbonate of Magnesia and a small amount of Precipitated Chalk, adding to them Menthol and aromatic antiseptic oils. The alkaline base neutralizes the acidity which often develops where carious conditions exist, the anaesthetic action of menthol and oil of cloves allays pain and their antiseptic action in conjunction with the neutralizing and cleansing action of magnesia destroys all foreign matter. The preparation we believe is scientifically correct, is put up in very chaste and attractive form and will meet with the approval of the most fastidious.

# STEVENS

The accuracy and reliability of "Stevens" Rifles and Shot-guns have won for them an enviable reputation the world over. Our 140-page **BOOK ON FIREARMS FREE** It contains not only a full description of "Stevens" Guns, but valuable information on hunting, the proper care of firearms, notes on sights and ammunition, etc. You should have it--send two 2-cent stamps to cover postage.

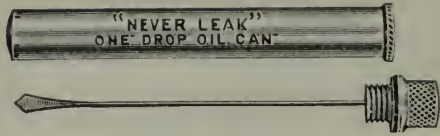
<b>OUR</b>	{" <b>"Crack Shot,"</b> . . . . .	\$4
<b>LEADERS:</b>	{" <b>"Stevens Little Krag,"</b> . . . . .	\$5
	{" <b>"Favorite No. 17,"</b> . . . . .	\$6

Write for our clever RIFLE PUZZLE--it's a winner. Can you do it? Sent free, postpaid.

---

## J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.,

31 Main St.,  
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.



**"Never Leak" One Drop Oil Can**

As its name indicates, gives one drop only, and just where wanted. Will not leak. No waste and no wiping off superfluous oil. Can be carried in pocket or case without soiling other articles. Just the thing for clock machinery, music boxes, phonographs, typewriters, sewing machines, fishing reels, guns, etc. The only proper method of oiling fine mechanism. *Like a fountain pen*; 3½ inches long by ⅜ inch diameter.

etc. The only proper method of oiling fine mechanism. Like a fountain pen; 3½ inches long by ⅜ inch diameter.

From your Dealer at 10c each; by mail 15c each.

**A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO., Mfrs., 14 Prospect St., NEWARK, N.J.**

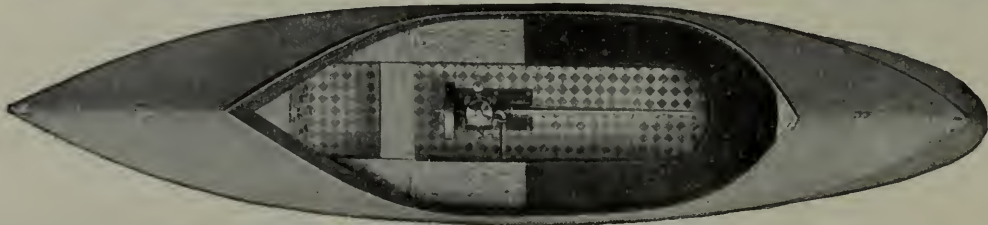
**Mullins' Stamped Steel Boats**

MOTOR BOATS

AUTO BOATS

ROW BOATS

HUNTING AND FISHING BOATS



18 FT TORPEDO STERN LAUNCH.

Made of rigid steel plates. No repairs. Always ready. Safe, staunch, speedy. Motor Boats, \$135.00 up. Row Boats, \$20.00 up. Correspondence solicited. Send for FREE copy of our 1905 illustrated CATALOGUE.

**THE W. H. MULLINS CO. (The Steel Boat Builders)**

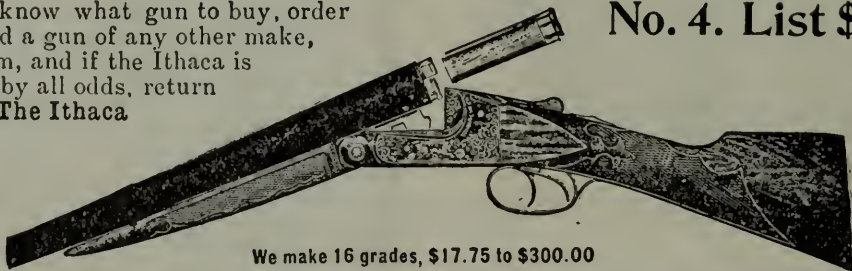
131 FRANKLIN ST., Salem, Ohio

Member National Association  
Engine and Boat Manufacturers

**ITHACA GUNS**

If you don't know what gun to buy, order an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. N. B.—The Ithaca Sticks.

No. 4. List \$100.00



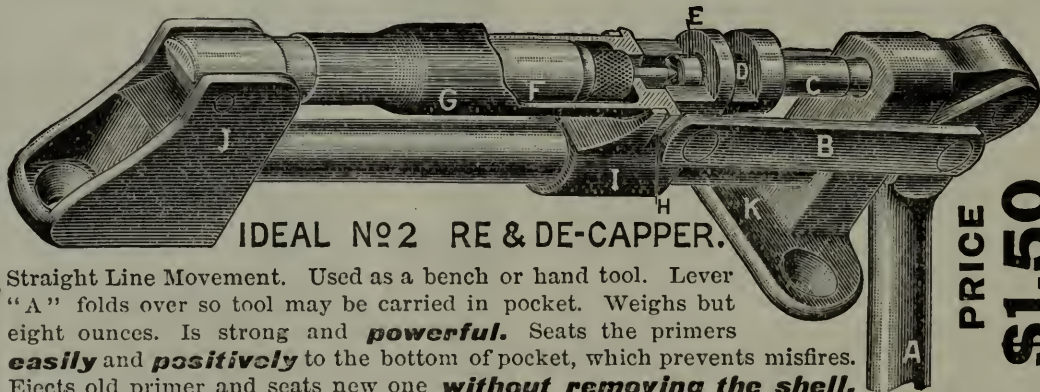
We make 16 grades, \$17.75 to \$300.00

SEND FOR **ART CATALOGUE**

**ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.**

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Send three stamps for latest catalogue.



**IDEAL No 2 RE & DE-CAPPER.**

Straight Line Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever "A" folds over so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but eight ounces. Is strong and **powerful**. Seats the primers **easily** and **positively** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. Ejects old primer and seats new one **without removing the shell**, which is handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly **twice the work** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield (headless), 32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

**PRICE \$1.50**

**THE IDEAL MFG. CO., 16 U. St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.**

The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast

When you write please mention "WESTERN FIELD."

# CHAS. H. KEWELL CO.

MUIRHEAD BUILDING

Junction Hayes, Larkin and Market Sts. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Proprietors and Manufacturers

KEWELL'S AMERICAN TROUT FLIES  
 KEWELL'S LA FORGE SPINNERS  
 KEWELL'S STEWART SPOON, Etc.

# STOCKDALE KENNELS



AT STUD:

**Cuba of Kenwood**  
 Glenbeigh Jr.—Stella

**Cuba Jr.**  
 Cuba of Kenwood—Florida

One of the highest class Field Trial winners in America. Seven wins in nine Trials before he was two years old.

POINTER PUPPIES AND WELL-BROKEN DOGS FOR SALE

**R. M. DODGE, Manager**

**BAKERSFIELD**  
 Kern Co., California

# SMITH GUNS

WIN FIRST  
 SECOND AND THIRD

In Grand American Handicap, Kansas City, April, 1902, in a field of 456 shooters  
 The Greatest shooting event of the WORLD.

SMITH GUNS are made for all kinds of Ammunition

**THE HUNTER ARMS CO., FULTON, N. Y.**

CATALOG ON APPLICATION

*When Writing Advertisers Please Mention "WESTERN FIELD."*

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GAVIN McNAB, Attorney

WILLIAM CORBIN, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

JAS. McCULLOUGH, Vice-Pres.

JOSEPH G. CRAWFORD, M. D.

# Continental Building & Loan Association of California

Established . . . 1889

*This Association pays 6 per cent. per annum on term deposits of \$100 or more. Interest begins the day of deposit and is payable semi-annually.*

*It also pays 5 per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. One dollar will open an account. Write for particulars.*

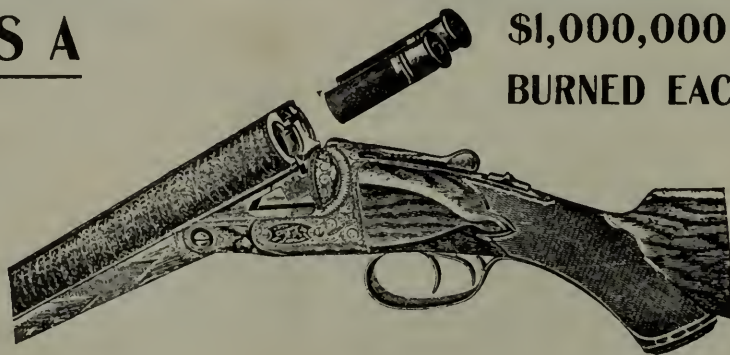
The Continental has over seventeen million dollars in subscribed capital.  
 Its paid in capital is over three million five hundred thousand dollars.  
 It has returned to its stockholders over two million five hundred thousand dollars in profits.  
 Its monthly income is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.  
 It's the largest Co-operative Bank in the United States.  
 It has helped over nineteen hundred of its members to build new homes.  
 It has helped over sixteen hundred members to acquire homes already built.  
 It has helped enough people to secure homes to make a city as large as Stockton.

**Office, 301 California St.**

**San Francisco, Cal.**

## YOU BURN TOO MUCH MONEY

THE GUN IS A  
BURNING  
QUESTION



**\$1,000,000 OR LESS  
BURNED EACH YEAR IN  
BUYING  
CHEAP  
GUNS**

**The Burning Question is QUALITY.**

The quality of the **PARKER GUN** is beyond question. In your choice it is the part of wisdom to see that you are buying a safe gun. Our opinions are worth **DOLLARS** to you. We are the oldest manufacturers in America and offer you our services **FREE**. If you expect to own a gun in 1905 write us to-day.

**PARKER BROS.**

**CHERRY STREET,  
MERIDEN, CONN.**



MAY, 1905

5100 - 700

# Western Field



Frank Tompkins



**Clabrough, Golcher & Co.**

FIRE ARMS  
AND AMMUNITION

**Fishing Tackle**

OUTING REQUISITES  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

**538**

MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Catalogue Free

MORE

**DUPONT SMOKELESS**

Was shot at the Grand American Handicap in 1904 than all other smokeless powders combined. Why?

MORE

**DUPONT SMOKELESS**

Is shot in America every year than all other smokeless powders combined. Why? Because it always gives satisfaction. Therefore the name and fame of

**DUPONT SMOKELESS**

IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE.





"HE FOLLOWED THE FLY OUT OF THE WATER."

Painted for "Western Field" by Nellie Burrell Scott.

[See "On The Big Sulphur," page 250.]

# WESTERN FIELD.

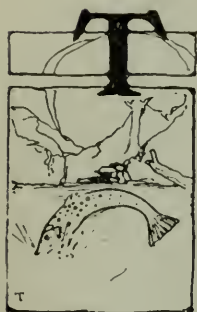
VOL. 6.

MAY, 1905.

NO. 4.

## ON THE BIG SULPHUR.

*By* MONTEZUMA.



ON THE average angler accustomed to fishing in the full waters of the Rocky Mountain section, where fish run big and the snow-fed trout streams never run dry, such creeks as the Big Sulphur would appeal but feebly, if at all.

Compared to the magnificent Platte, Gunnison, Dolores, Bear and White Rivers of Colorado, or the Laramie of Wyoming, for instance, Big Sulphur bears to them the same relation in size, season and productiveness as an alfileria stem does to a giant sequoia. Long before the summer fly fishing should logically be at its zenith Big Sulphur is only a memory—merely a chain of semi-stagnant pools linked together with sand bars and naked rock ledges along the greater portion of its course, being practically dry for two-thirds its length above its mouth. For that is a characteristic of all these ephemeral little coast streams which, lacking the snow supply, depend upon the inconstant rainfalls for their existence.

And yet they have a peculiar charm of their own, a daintiness and beauty in the proper season which reminds one of the little brooks of the far East. So strong is the resemblance, in fact, that on my first day in the Big Sulphur I waded as deep in reminiscences of my boyhood in the Alleghanies as I did in its purling waters. It required but a slight tax on the imagination to convert the umbrageous bays, madrones and manzanitas into the birches, maples and beeches of my calf love, and small wonder if my cast trailed neglected on the ripples as I dreamed of the Mehoopany, Loyal Sac and "Painter Den Run."

The split bamboo with its jeweled reel, tapered line and filmy leader with its cast of dainty flies, somehow resolved itself into a rough pussy willow pole, adorned with a scant six feet of green druggists' twine ending in a Limerick hook on which squirmed a lively worm. Across the flood of years came the breath of the arbutus tempering the spicy offense of the sheep laurel, and I looked hungrily around for a honeysuckle "apple" or a cluster of marsh mallows. Then all at once the vision departed and as I—somewhat sadly I confess, for the dream was passing sweet—retrieved my line, there came to me the closing words of a little song written by a friend who long ago whipped in his final passage the waters of the Styx:

Soul of my soul, let my dream not pass.  
For I'm wading again, in truth  
Knee-deep in the stream of Memory  
Which flows from the land of Youth.

The man who first said "No one can tell what a day may bring forth" must have been a trout fisher. It may have been the reaction of a year's steady grind at the desk; the rust on the mechanism of piscatorial instincts long suppressed and grown stiff and inutile by neglect; the disinclination to spoil one second of this glorious first day by close application—in short, it may have lain altogether in me, this fault which produced no fish in an hour's desultory whipping—and then again it may have been due to some idiosyncrasy of the lords of the manor, the haughty Sirs Rainbow, to whom I had not been properly introduced and with whom I was therefore not as yet upon terms of hand-shaking intimacy.

My companion, the Doctor—who knows the location, length, depth, breadth and possi-

bilities of every pool and ripple on the stream—was not much more favored. He caught only eight to my own meager two, yet was good enough to laugh easily at my languid joshing of him and his vaunted creek. "You'll get to love Big Sulphur before you're through with it, old man!" he said with quiet conviction, and the words were a prophecy. I recall now, with a tender respect, how this busy man who had only one day to spare—and who had unselfishly devoted even the greater part thereof to showing me the stream—was generous enough to forego his sport and idle away his precious time loafing with me under the trees. In my selfishness I did not realize what I was robbing him of, and he was too considerate to even intimate it. Verily is angling the gentle pursuit of gentlemen!

As my friend had a long drive before him out to the railroad, we left the stream at noon and returned to the Geysers Hotel where, comfortably ensconced on its shady veranda, we found to my delight that prince of good fellows, Frank M——, with his amiable wife. The promise of a good outing was now doubly assured, for Frank has a heart as big as his huge body, and a keener sportsman never lived; while his consort, who is fully *en rapport* with his outdoor inclinations, is even a better fellow than he, and so we foregathered quite amiably.

The Doctor having generously set me right in the matter of tackle and divided his store of suitable flies, leaders and other paraphernalia with me, I now felt confident that I could catch enough trout to at least make a pan smell. Besides, there was Mrs. Frank M—— to consider. To Frank's visible embarrassment she had plaintively confessed that she had, up to date, not had an opportunity to taste Big Sulphur trout. To add to his keen reproach there appeared just then a young lady in bloomers, who rather consciously set down on the porch an elegant creel filled with beauties caught right before the hotel. We all tried to look indifferent, but in the end succumbed. One thing was certain—there were trout in Big Sulphur, and Maskey and I solemnly shook hands with an interchanging glance of intelligence and went early to bed.

The next morning found us some mile or so up the creek, where we unhesitatingly invaded the quarters of genial old John Mueller,

who overwhelmed us with hospitality. You've got to know John and have visited his lodge to know what I mean. We separated here after an hour's enjoyable loaf, Maskey electing to fish down the stream, while I headed upward, agreeing to return to lunch with friend Mueller at sharp noon.

At the advice of our host I went up a half mile before wetting a line. Coming at last to an irresistible pool I tried a single brown hackle and took two ten-inch fish inside of a minute, noting with pleasure that the little fellows evinced a very gratifying avidity which their transplanted brethren in Colorado waters so deplorably lack. The rainbows in the latter section run far more to gluttony than they do to gameness, often reaching a weight in excess of ten pounds yet "striking" (!) like a catfish and fighting only about as half-heartedly as an old maid does against a kiss. It was a relief to find them better at home than abroad—but then a cock is naturally best on his own dunghill, and the final test of even a man's character is his home life.

In their actions these little fellows reminded me strongly of the Eastern *fontinalis*; though lacking the beauty and endurance of the red-spotted beauties they have a charming coloration of their own, and to my taste are far better in the pan. I confess to a prejudice in favor of the Colorado "cutthroats," who are everything that the heart of sportsman and epicure can desire, but I willingly accord a honorably close second place to the small rainbows of these coast streams. Of what the bigger specimens in the larger rivers may be I have no knowledge as yet, but if they fight as fiercely in proportion to their size as do the fingerlings in Big Sulphur, there's a heap of fun still coming to me.

It did not take long to learn that the trout were mostly in the ripples, and I profited accordingly. Employing the same methods that I used in Pennsylvania half a lifetime ago, only substituting artificial flies for the worms of my adolescence, I soon creeled twenty-one fish which weighed, dressed, an even seven pounds. I shall long remember the taking of my twentieth, which was hooked at the head of a deep pool just above Mueller's foot-log.

I had changed my cast to a three-ply combination of coachman, black gnat and grizzly

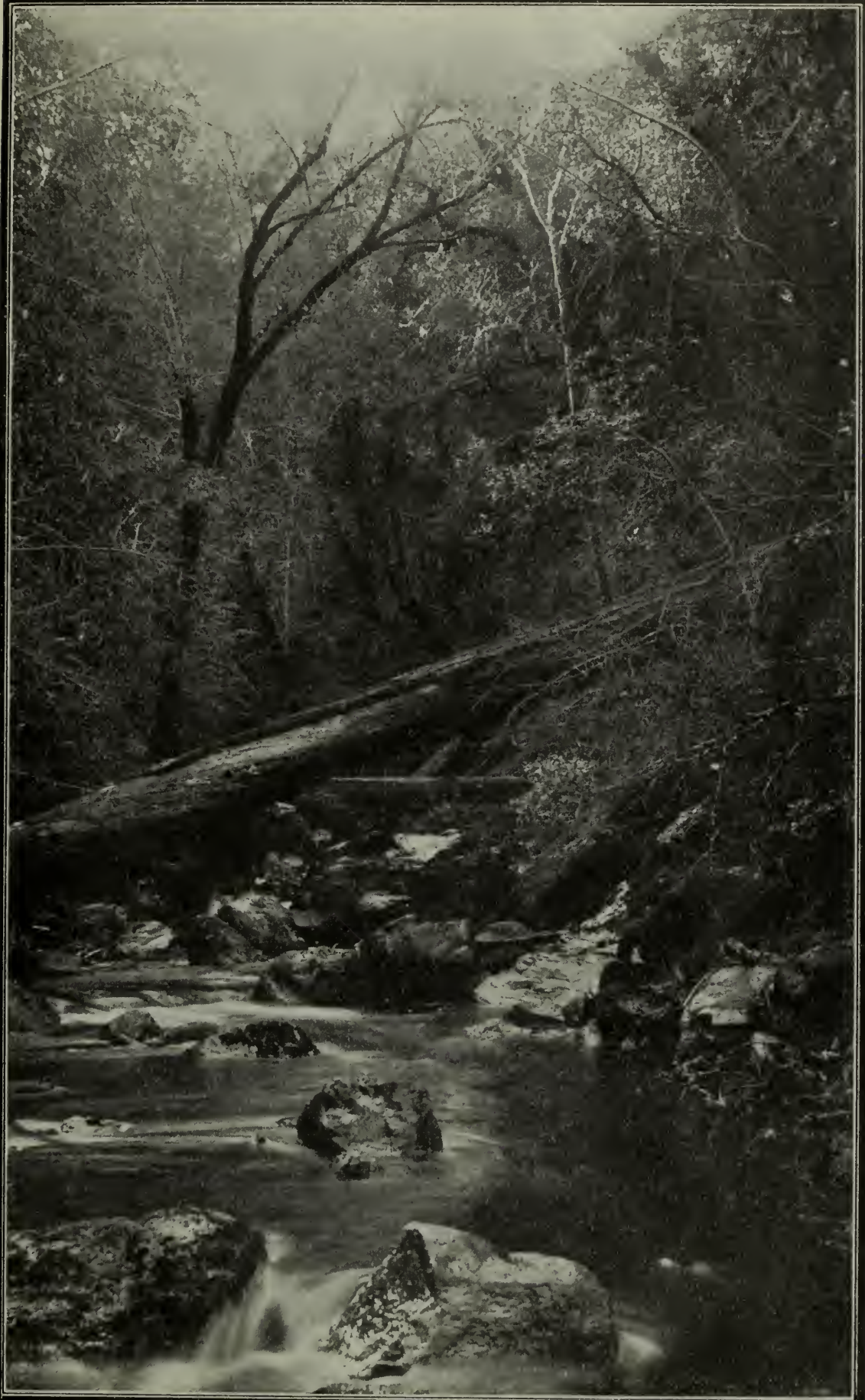


Photo by T. C. Van Ness, Jr.

ABOVE DIANA'S POOL.

king, and was trying my best to fish "fine and far off" as the sun was well up and the water comparatively open. I am no expert long-distance fly caster, and it is a good day with me when I can get out sixty feet with fair accuracy and the necessary delicacy. The pool in question lay some forty feet below me on the right bank of the creek, a long but somewhat narrow reach of black looking still water, shelving to its greatest depth under the overhanging bank. The sun's rays had not yet reached it and it looked a very likely spot indeed.

Keeping well behind the shelter of a friendly boulder I made a very satisfactory cast directly into the center of the pool, across which I drew the flies against a now perceptible stiffish current. Just as they left the water on the retrieve I saw a gleam of crimson just under the tail fly as a trout rose nearly to the surface. Three times this was repeated, but I got no strike, so I sat down, made a tobacco smoke and figured on it.

It was the gnat he was following, and I changed the cast again to a brown hackle with peacock herl, using but a single fly. I missed his strike at the first cast, the fish following the fly out of the water as I retrieved, and the second brought no response. Changing my position slightly I sent the hackle to the lower end of the pool, drew it in exactly where I wanted it along under the bank, and just at the tail of the entering riffle he struck with a thud that bent my tip in exhilarating fashion. It was good playing ground, so I took it easy and let him run quite a little way before checking. At the first resistance he circled like a flash, zig-zagged across the pool a half dozen times, and leaped a clear foot into the air. Three times did he break water in his gallant efforts, but he was only a thirteen-inch fish, the steel was well set, and eventually he came to creel, crowning as enjoyable a day's sport as I remember in a long experience.

It was just noon when I ambled into Mueller's—to find the recalcitrant Maskey snoring in a hammock. "The country was too rough to negotiate—and you never saw a more comfortable hammock!" he expostulated shamelessly to my flood of scathing reflections on his staying qualities. "And tomorrow I'll walk all the conceit out of you. Oh, shut up! If it wasn't a shame to waste

such precious stuff on an amphibious old webfoot, I'd tell you where Mueller keeps a bottle of old '81 on ice—" But just then I saw it in John's hand and he was snoring again when I smacked my lips.

The chief virtue of a creeklet like Big Sulphur is its diminutive size. It is so small that you can cuddle it up to your heart like you would a prattling babe, encompassing all its charms at a single embrace. It is not like a great big promiscuous rabble-soliciting river which you have to admire and respect—but never really love—in sections. In a big stream one's affections get diffused, and the one essential of concentration is lacking to your love. But the brooklet—the cooing, dimpling, lip-inviting and soul purifying brooklet is yours alone in its exclusiveness. Like your cherished wife, it may smile in conventional politeness upon many, but in neither case do you care. For you alone is the comfort and *tendresse* and secret delights of sole and intimate possession, and you laugh with a proud indulgence of other men's praise.

That is why the Doctor looks patronizingly upon me when I enthuse over Big Sulphur. I appreciate even while I resent his arrogance in the matter—for am I not also a man, a fisherman and a lover, and has she not babbled her secrets to me in confidence and in the privacy of her own boudoir!

Go to, oh man with the silvering locks. It is an open tourney, a fair field, and maybe I can love her as purely in my way as you can in yours. She has given me food and drink in her own house and called after me a merry invitation to return.

To the mere trout-hog Big Sulphur is chary in her largess. Being a baby herself, her offsprings are troutlets, not coarse voracious monsters in whom the sordid souls delight. It would worry you to get your "weight limit" in Big Sulphur in one day, and to wrest from her the legal "number" would be an unholy and difficult thing. The best things in life come in small packages and Big Sulphur will appeal more to the poet than to the pot-hunter. For which God be thanked! All too few are the spots where man can go in full assurance that he can greet Nature pure and undefiled, and even in this Sonoma paradise one can find the tin can trail of the bait fishing serpent. A murrain upon the souls who would seek to dese-



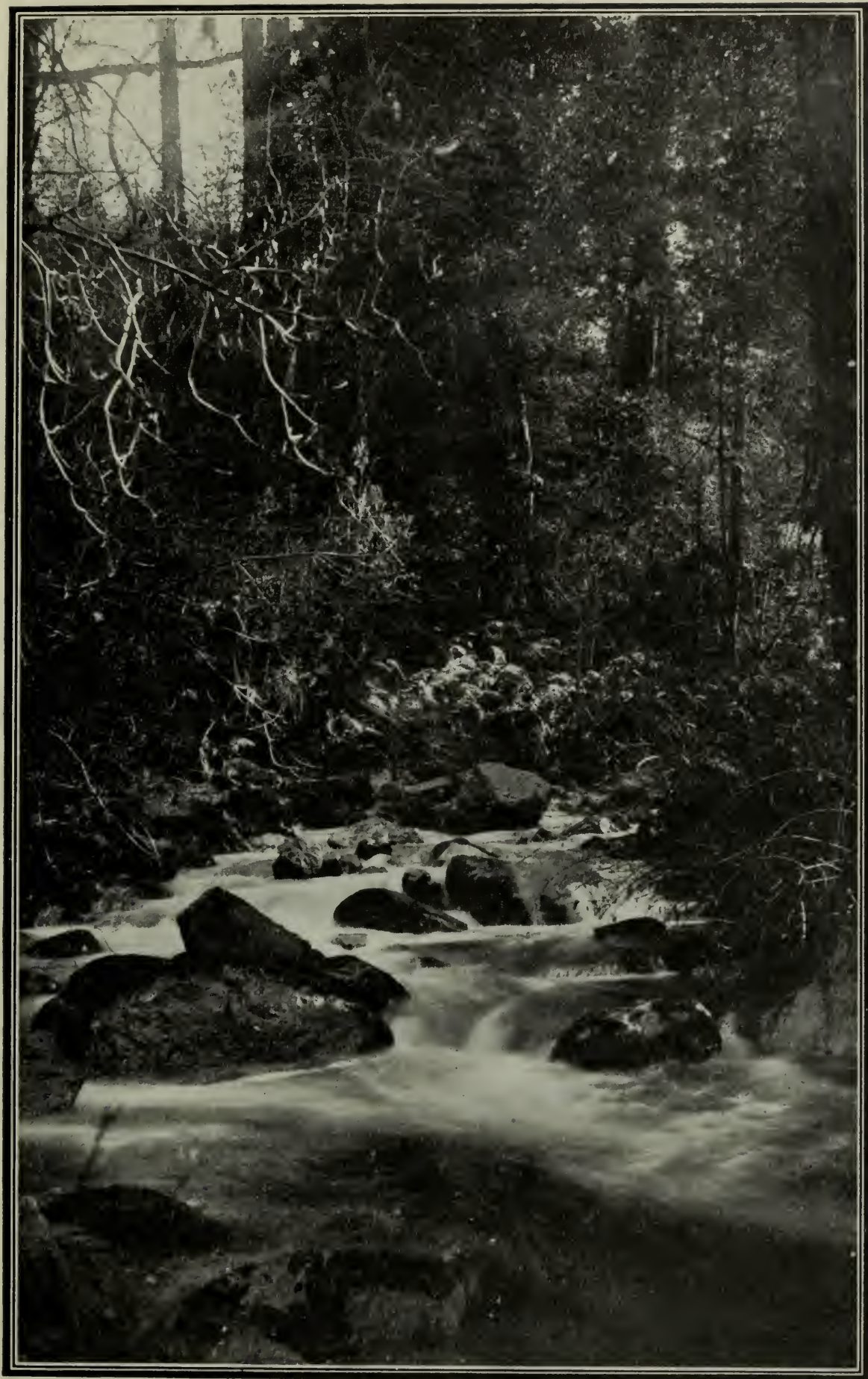


Photo by T. C. Van Ness, Jr.

AT THE HEAD OF THE GORGE.

crate and pollute such an innocent! She should know nothing coarser than the velvety touch of the daintily soft fly, cast by some gentle spirit in accord with her own harmonious temperament; she should never be offended with the lustful glare in the eyes of the vicious trout-hog whose soul is of the earth, earthy, even as is his cruelly impaled bait. She should, rather, know only the gleam of soft contentment in the eyes of

rapt adorers, who know her for what she is and love her in accordance to her unstained purity. So if you are after fish alone, Big Sulphur will disappoint you grievously; but go to her *con amore* as you go to your sweetheart's tryst, prepared and hoping for much while expecting little, and the preciousness of what will be given you will abide when trout are no more and Big Sulphur is ever and always but a memory.

## A PERFECT DAY.

THE rain is over, the hazy mist  
Vanishes by the warm sun kissed,  
And far and wide is blown the scent  
Of woodland odors, sweetly blent.

Shy wild flowers in sheltered nooks  
Hide on the banks of the leaping brooks,  
And 'ere and anon, through the clear, brown  
stream  
Silver and golden the lithe trout gleam.

The logs are covered with moss that clings  
And the woods are full of soft murmurings,  
Whilst deep in the shaded woodland bowers  
The gray grouse drums to the flying hours.

The laughing water hurries down  
To rest in the pools of shadowy brown,  
And, with their emerald plumage wet,  
The willows droop in the old Brunette.

I cast my line in the stream and feel  
The slim rod tremble from tip to reel,  
The thin line strain like a thing of life  
Through 'the eddy's whirl and the rapid's  
strife.

The gaunt trout rushes swift and sure  
Upon the tempting, baited lure,  
And in frantic leaps to break its hold  
He gleams in the sun like burnished gold.

He sulks 'neath the silent farther bank  
Where clusters the rushes, green and dank;  
And a kingfisher, perched on an old dead  
tree,  
Rasps out his death song lustily.

Now from the far horizon line  
The setting sun gilds hill and pine,  
And full and clear as the day grows late,  
A robin calls to his neat brown mate.

The song-bird's hymn to the evening soon  
Melts in the hush of the golden moon,  
And soft, through the changed and mellow  
light,  
Creep forth shy creatures that roam at night.

And through the cool and fragrant wood,  
Where Night and Silence softly brood,  
Slowly homeward I take my way,  
Satisfied with a perfect day.

—Harry Dominy.



# About

by



# Goats

Manzanita



HIDDEN away in the heart of the northern Rockies there lies a small lake which, even to this day, is practically as little known and frequented as it was in the long ago, when Tom and I built a snug cabin in the pines by its shore and

lived a number of pleasant and profitable winters there.

We were prospectors, passing the long summers in arduous search for rich placer, which we expected to eventually find somewhere along the eastern or western slope of the great mountains. In order to carry on this work, a certain amount of gold was required wherewith to purchase provisions, tools, clothing, etc., and to replace an occasional animal lost by a fall on the cliffs or stolen by Indians. As we never by any chance found enough placer gold for this purpose, we were obliged to earn it; and that we did by trapping during the winters in the vicinity of the little lake.

So, for five consecutive winters we were installed in warm cabins by the first of October, a goodly store of provisions on hand, our saddle and pack animals in the safe care of an Indian trader far out on the plains. There was an abundance of animal life about us—martin, fishes, wolverine, otter and mink fell victims to our traps and snares in no small numbers, and as for meat we had our choice of elk, deer, moose, big horn and bear. The lake and its outlet teemed with fish: three varieties of trout and a fine, fat, fair-sized white fish. Provided with this wealth of game and fish, supplemented with plenty of bacon and beans, coffee, sugar, rice, dried apples and tobacco, we had everything any reasonable frontiersman could desire.

The lakelet is about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. Its waters are so pure that one may clearly see the sand and gravel bottom sixty feet down, but out a little distance from the shores where there is great depth the water looks dark blue. On the north side of the lake stands a huge red slate and black lime mountain rising sheer from the water; at the upper end, for six or seven hundred feet, it breaks into a succession of ledges which continue clear to its sky-piercing, snow and ice-clad summit. At the lower end of the lake the mountain is more sloping and supports a more dense growth of pine than do the ledges. This, in winter the sunny and sheltered side of the mountain, was the home of a great many white goats—*Mazama montana*—which, by the way, naturalists say are not goats at all; they claim that they belong to the antelope family. Were it not for their slender, round, sharp, backward curving horns, I would say from their appearance that they are pigmy albino buffalo, for they have the long hair pantelettes reaching to the knees; the short, low-set neck; the long chin whiskers, the high shoulder and low squat hams of that now vanished denizen of the plains. And, except when climbing some difficult place, they are generally about as ungainly gaited as were the buffalo.

Tom and I passed many an idle hour watching the goats on that mountain through our telescopes—long, unwieldy things compared with the splendid field-glasses of to-day; yet they had no mean power, thirty-five diameters, if I remember aright. What impressed us as very remarkable in a ruminant was their habit of sitting down on their haunches as does a dog or cat. This posture is mostly affected by the old "billies," and it was not un-

common to see one thus sitting on the edge of a cliff for hours, staring down vacantly, motionlessly, into the valley. By their looks they seemed at such times to be in a mood of great dejection, as if the affairs of this world had ceased to have any attractions left for them. Once, when watching an old fellow thus sitting, a great mass of ice broke loose from the summit of the mountain, tumbled down over the ledges and shot by—a roaring, crashing, grinding stream—within fifty feet of him, but he never turned his head to look at it! Eagles catch many a new born kid of this family; so do cougars, coyotes and wolverines; but the avalanche is the goat's arch enemy.

Follow the trail of a wise old grizzly, fresh from his winter's den. Unlike his more youthful brethren and his cousin, the black bear, he does not at once hie to the low bare foothills in search of roots and early growing plants. Instead, you will find him prowling along the base of the mountains, where during winter many a snowslide has crashed down, carrying with it rocks, brush, trees, and often a goat or two. Even though buried twenty feet

and more below the surface, Old Ephriam always scents the goats and, tunneling down, quickly drags them out and regally feasts upon them. Again, the goat hunter frequently finds that several ribs of his quarry—yes, and sometimes even a leg—have once been broken, more than likely by a snow or rockslide. So absolutely sure-footed are these strange animals that it seems impossible they ever slip and fall, even in the extremely hazardous places they are wont to traverse.

Another thing we soon learned was that while two bands of "nannies" and kids will meet and keep on feeding, or lie down side by side without paying the slightest attention to one another, such an incident is an affair of ceremony in the case of two bands of billy goats. One day we were idly watching five billies that were located in a little basin part way up the mountain; they were lying down most of the time, but occasionally one would arise, stretch himself and stroll about, picking a bite here and there. Seeing an especially tempting bunch of

lichens hugh up on the wall rock, he would deliberately stand on his hind legs in his attempt to reach it. Once we saw a band of five ascend to another ledge by placing their forefeet upon it and drawing themselves up, just as a man would in a place of like character.

While watching these goats, four more billies came in sight wending their way in single file down into the basin. Hearing the rattling of the shale the five got up and faced the direction of the sound. Arriving at the brink of the basin, three of the descending four stopped and the other one con-



Photo from Painting by C. Rungius in "American Sportsmen's Library."

PART OF OUR FLOCK.

tinued on down; when within apparently fifty feet of the five he stopped, and one of the latter advanced slowly up to him. They seemed to rub noses and then both sprang into the air and bounded around and around with great rapidity, going through a regular sham battle of hooking and butting, but especially feinting the deadly upward thrust of the long, sharp horns. This lasted for perhaps half a minute, when the member of the basin group slowly went back whence he came, and one of his fellows took his place

and the same performance was gone through. Each one of the five did this stunt, and then the stranger came into the bottom of the basin, and one of the four took his place. One after another each one of the four had to go through the sham fight with each one of the five, all the time the others looking on with apparently keen interest. When it was all over they all lay down together as if they needed rest after their arduous exertions.

While in summer goats may frequently be seen feeding low down on the mountain sides, in winter they move higher and higher as the depth of snow increases, getting up finally where there are only occasionally a few dwarf pines and where the west wind has a chance to sweep the rocky ledges clear of snow. At this season of the year the needles of the pine seem to be their chief food, although rock lichens are always to be obtained on the wall rock where snow can not stick.

As I said, Tom and I never tired of watching the goats on the mountain towering above our little lake. We saw the kids at play, the billies dejectedly sitting and gazing at nothing, or going through their queer ceremony when band met band. Also we saw them during the mating season (which begins about the middle of December), and while that lasts there are some terrific fights between the old males, in which one of the combatants is not infrequently killed. There is little or no butting then as in the case of the bighorn, but instead persistent effort to rip up each other's abdomens. We never hunted these goats, but came to regard them as our property—our flock, in a way. It is most likely that none of them had ever seen a man, unless it were one of us fishing out on the ice-covered lake, and then, of course, they did not realize that the small, dark object was something to be feared more than all the beasts of prey together.

When we arrived at the little cabin for our third season's sojourn, it was a dark and rainy day and the mountain was hidden in mist. The next morning broke bright and clear, and as soon as we had started out our animals with the trader's man, who was to drive them to their winter quarters, we hurried to get our telescopes and inspect

our flock. Imagine our surprise and disappointment when we found, after thoroughly searching the whole mountainside, not one! Not a single one! All that day we could talk of nothing but their total absence, and vainly try to find a reason for it. I said that a party of mountain Indians, Stonies, Kootenais or Pen d'Orilles, must have been hunting there. Tom pointed out the fact that there were no Indian signs in the valley, and declared that the total absence of the animals was a certain sign of bad luck for us; that the devil himself had a hand in it. Tom was dreadfully superstitious! The way he cursed and slammed things around that day and the next was sure surprising. We must have scanned the mountain a dozen times that day with our glasses, and as many more times on the succeeding day, but not a goat did we see. On the following morning, however, we made a most remarkable discovery. We saw a small band of nannies, kids, yearlings and two-year-olds—eleven head in all—quietly feeding near the west end of the mountain, not far above the great wall. Suddenly, from a pine-clad ledge, a huge billy-goat, the largest of his kind I ever saw, lunged out upon them full tilt and drove them back off the mountain, and we saw them ascending the next one to it shortly afterward. In doing this the old fiend was by no means gentle; he butted the nannies several times; he tossed a kid high in the air; it fell among some broken boulders and we did not see it again.

"Well, I'll be ——!" Tom exclaimed.

"That billy has gone crazy," I said; "didn't know that any animals except dogs and wolves ever got that way."

Well, during the next three or four days we saw the old billy drive several bands of goats off the mountain, including a fine big ram. The latter was by far the best runner, and when he saw the mad billy coming for him, he fairly flew. Tom had been saying every evening that the next day he would go up and settle accounts with the old fellow, but we had much to do repairing and redaubing the cabin, and it was not until the morning of the sixth day that he started. I proposed to accompany him, but he said there was no need for me to do so; that I could sit out by the shore and watch him do

the business. I'm glad that I did remain at home, for I witnessed a spectacular sight that few men, I presume, have ever been privileged to see.

That morning the old billy was lying on the edge of a reef high up on the eastern end of the mountain, and Tom was a little over four hours climbing to a point above him from whence he could move down over a couple of ledges and get a good close shot. At the foot of each of these little reefs or cliffs there is always more or less talus, or shale, which Tom was obliged to cross, and carefully as he went, he set some of it rolling and clattering downward. The instant the goat heard it he sprang to his feet and lunged swiftly upward; with hair stiffly bristling forward like that of an angry dog, and with eyes balefully glaring, he charged the surprised hunter. In springing upon the narrow ledge, not twenty feet away, Tom got the first sight of him and he was taken unaware; he had not time to raise his rifle to the shoulder and sight it, but fired point blank from a hip position, the ball

striking and breaking the animal's right hind leg. Before he could fire again the goat wheeled and jumped back off the ledge, running westward under it out of his sight and turning a bend before he could get down to determine which way it went. But it left a trail of blood and he followed that.

For an animal that had never been hunted—and a crazy one at that—the old billy proved to be exceedingly wary; he would stop behind a dwarf fir, or on a rocky point, over which he showed only his eyes and horns, and watch his pursuer, always run-

ning on again in time to prevent Tom getting another shot. And thus the chase went on until finally the goat reached the edge of the great wall rising sheer from the upper end of the lake. Tom now appeared in plain sight of it, perhaps five hundred yards away, and steadily advanced, but the goat went no further. Tom concluded that it was too weak from loss of blood to go on, and he determined to take his time and get up within close range before firing the finishing

shot. The goat was very uneasy, alternately watching the approach of this strange enemy and turning to gaze out into the dizzy space beyond the towering cliff. As Tom advanced nearer and nearer the animal became more and more uneasy, now turning rapidly from hunter to lake and from lake to hunter. Suddenly, with all the momentum its one sound hind leg could impart, it sprang out over the cliff. I saw it turning over and over in its fearful fall from that tremendous height, and the sight was absolutely sickening. I saw it strike the surface of the lake, splashing a great shower of water



Photo from Painting by Carl Rungius in "American Sportmen's Library."  
"THE GOAT REACHED THE EDGE OF THE GREAT WALL."

high in the air, and an instant later the boom of the heavy body striking the water echoed from mountain to mountain across the valley like the discharge of a heavy cannon. Thus ended the career, by deliberate suicide, of an animal which was either crazy or a moral pervert.

I have seen men die in many ways, but never in all my experience have I seen anything so soul-sickening as the whizzing, wheeling flight of that strange goat through seven hundred feet of space to certain death.



# Big Bill, the Musky

by Joseph V. Quarles



DO you know Big Bill? Many of the muskellunge fishermen of the northern Wisconsin lakes knew him well. He was the subject of more campfire stories than any other fish that ever swam in the Turtle or Manitowish waters.

I first made his acquaintance several years ago. I was catching black bass on one of the upper Turtle Lakes one afternoon about sundown, and was having good sport when suddenly, without any apparent cause, the fish seemed to desert and I could not get a rise. This was surprising, but I had about made up my mind that the fishing for that day was ended and that I would return to camp, when I noticed a dark shadow moving slowly past my line. I strained my eyes to make out what it was; and, as it moved up into shallower water where the sun shone, the shadow shaped itself into a huge muskellunge. He continued his leisurely course until he reached a large log which lay on the bottom about three feet under water; then, stretching himself out above and parallel to the log, he stopped.

I was attracted by the great size of the fish and by something unusual about his head which I could not make out, so I paddled my canoe cautiously toward the shore until I was within a few yards of him. There he lay above the log perfectly motionless, with a wall-eyed pike, weighing at least two pounds, held crosswise in his mouth as a dog carries a bone. The pike's head protruded from one side of the massive jaw and his tail from the other. Life was not yet extinct, as the head and tail twitched and struggled convulsively. Soon, however,

the pike lay limp, but the big musky still remained motionless as if taking a siesta, his jaws as firmly set as those of a steeltrap.

I was anxious to see the end of this curious proceeding and it came before long. With a jerky motion, such as a bulldog makes when releasing his grip, the jaws loosened their hold, the pike was turned slowly around and then gradually disappeared head first down the capacious throat. Mr. Musky then seemed to stretch himself, closed his eyes, and without changing his position went to sleep. As darkness was near I reluctantly left my new acquaintance and returned to camp with the fixed determination of catching that musky.

I told my story to the other members of the party and we all decided to start a campaign at once against "Big Bill," as we dubbed him. Day after day we trolled and cast with spoons and baits of various kinds, but all to no purpose. Different members of the party saw him, and we found that he lived in a deep hole, between a bed of pickerel weeds and the shore, where he could lie in wait for and pounce upon any unfortunate member of the finny tribe that came that way. I did not get another good view of him for two weeks, and then I found him basking in the morning sunshine above the very log where I had first seen him. He was a beautiful fish of remarkable size, perfectly developed, with the most brilliant coloring I had ever seen, the bands of white on his side being so distinct that they could be seen as far as you could see the fish. "At last I have you" I thought, and cast a large spoon a few feet ahead of his nose. He waked up, turned his head slightly at the splash, and curiously watched the flashing of the spoon in the

water. Again I tried him, this time bringing the spoon closer to him. He turned his body half around and followed the shining toy for a foot or two and then stopped. I repeated the cast several times but the fish refused to move again or to pay any attention to the bait. Then I decided that this was not his day for "spoon vittles" and I exchanged the spoon for a live frog and began operations again. The frog had even less attraction for the fish than had the spoon, and when I cast it so close to his nose as to almost strike him he sulkily moved aside as if bored to death by the game. Then I tried pork rind and artificial lures of different kinds, but his royal highness refused to move a foot. I was gradually realizing that I would not be the hero of the camp that day and was straining my ingenuity for some new device to try on this *blasè* monster, when suddenly he came to life and started toward the boat. I sat and watched him with open-mouthed astonishment as he steadily and slowly advanced until he reached the tip of the oar which was in the water near the boat. There he stopped, nibbled the bright copper on the tip reflectively for a few moments, and then withdrew in a stately manner into the deep water. I sat stunned. Of all cool proceedings this was the coolest. With a sigh of regret I returned to camp and saw my friend no more that year.

Of course I talked a good deal about him during the winter to my fishermen friends, and as soon as the season opened in the spring several of these gentlemen went north to bring back Big Bill. One of them had a reputation as a successful tarpon fisherman, and there was no doubt in his mind of his ability to land the great fish if he could but get him hooked. He went armed with great confidence and a new steel pole, reel and line. For several days, without results, he circled the lake and dragged the bottom where his quarry lived.

Finally a perfect "musky" day came—rainy and misty—and the fisherman started early confident of success. As he passed Big Bill's abode, his pole was almost jerked from his hands and the reel fairly buzzed as the line ran out. "Stop him! stop him!" yelled the guide, and the fisherman thumbed the reel until his pole bent nearly double, but still the fish took line. On and on he went

in a straight course for deep water. The circumference of the spool of the reel was getting smaller and smaller, but nothing could be done as the pole would not stand another pound's pressure. With only a few turns of line remaining on the reel, and the fish still moving steadily away, the fisherman set his teeth, put on the drag and pressed his thumb firmly on the spool. He would stop that musky at any cost. The line tightened, the pole bent further and further and the fish seemed to stop. Had he been checked at last? The hesitation of the fish was only momentary. Then there was a rush that broke the pole in two places, smashed the reel, and the fisherman saw the end of his line disappearing toward mid-lake. Big Bill had won! My friend returned to the city with his broken apparatus, and told no more tarpon stories for several weeks.

The next to try conclusions with my acquaintance was a gentleman learned in the law and in the ways of fish. He had heard of the last escapade of the musky and determined that there should not be a repetition of it, so he prepared himself with a pole which would have done good service as a baseball bat, a heavy tarpon reel and a young clothesline. The first day of his arrival at the lake as his guide was rowing him past the now well-known bed of weeds, his hook apparently struck a snag. "Wait a minute!" he called to the guide; "I'm on a log." The guide looked and saw the line move slowly at right angles to the boat. "Hang on! you've got him!" he cried, and then began to row toward deep water with all his might. Surely enough the fish was coming, and now it was merely a case of rowing until the muskellunge was drowned so that he could be landed. But suddenly the strain on the line slackened and, as the fisherman reeled in the slack, there was a sharp jerk and then—nothing. The line came in limply and, when the spoon was lifted out of the water, two straightened hooks was the only evidence of its having been used. Big Bill had made a rush toward the boat, gained a little slack and then turned over so that when the slack was taken up the hooks were pulled out of his open mouth—an old muskellunge trick which he had undoubtedly used many times.

After this, many men made his acquaint-





"I SELECTED THE VITAL SPOT ON A LINE BETWEEN THE EYES."

tance with a series of broken tackles and strange stories as a result. His size grew with his reputation and he came known as a fresh water shark of prodigious size and strength, that could not be taken with rod and line.

This past summer I again called upon my friend with, however, slight hopes of making our acquaintance more intimate. My tackle was in good condition so that, if perchance Big Bill called upon me, I would be prepared to receive him.

One morning I was slowly trolling around his habitat, when the bow of the boat struck something that jarred and startled us. Instantly there was a tremendous splash and spray flew in all directions. We had run upon "His Highness" asleep on the surface of the water. "Well," I said to the guide, "that ends my chances of getting him today; you might as well row back." The guide had continued rowing and the words were hardly out of my mouth when I felt a most vicious jerk on my line. It ran out so fast that it burned the end of my thumb. "Hanged if you haven't got him!" exclaimed the guide, and I realized that Big

Bill was incensed at the way we had outraged his dignity and was determined to punish the intruder who had dared to disturb his slumbers.

Remembering the experience of my predecessors, I put on all the pressure that my line and pole would stand and made the fish work for every inch of line he took. Still he continued his course and my line became shorter and shorter. I braked harder than ever and made my pole spring like a bow at full tension. It was surely beginning to tell on the fish—he was not running so fast now; he was tiring a little.

There was a sudden splash and up out of the water, full length in the air, flashed the magnificent fish. With wide open jaws he shook his head savagely. The spoon rattled and clanged but the hooks held, and back into the water plunged the musky. I immediately began to reel in the slack which he had gained by this maneuver, but there seemed to be no end to it. I could not feel the fish. "Pull!" I cried to the guide; "pull hard! He's coming this way." I reeled as I never reeled before, but the fish swam parallel to the boat faster than I could reel and

the guide row. I knew by the loop my line made in the water that he was still hooked, so I kept on. Suddenly the musky changed his course and, charging off at right angles to the boat, soon tightened the line. Then he stopped running and balked—came to a dead stop and would not move. I tried to reel him in but could not make a single turn of the reel handle. His whole body was set against the water and I could not stir him. What to do I did not know. Finally, in order to strengthen the pole, I took hold of it near the middle with my left hand and then told the guide to row slowly. The strain on the tackle was terrific but it held, and gradually the fish began to move with the boat. He still sulked, holding back and jerking his head from one side to the other like a horse that objects to being led; but he was coming. Faster and faster we rowed without giving him an inch of slack, and the "water cure" was beginning to tell on his strength. The jerks became weaker and the fish was floating nearer the surface—a sure indication of fatigue. In a few minutes the great tail showed above the water, looking like the dorsal fin of a shark. It was tremendous and gave a good idea of the size and power of the huge fish.

The fight was about over, I thought. The guide stopped rowing and I reeled in. Slowly and surely he was coming; the line was getting so short that I could easily see where the fish was swimming just below the surface. Without the slightest warning the water broke above him. That sign was familiar and meant that he was going into the air again. That was the last thing I wanted, for by this time the hooks must have worked loose in the cartilage of the jaw, and once in the air with a loose line the fish could throw the hooks out of his mouth without difficulty. There was not an instant to be lost, and I jabbed the tip of my pole under water as far as I could reach. The plan worked and he could not leave the water. I commenced to reel again and soon could see a massive, wicked-looking head and open pair of jaws within a few feet of the boat. I stopped reeling and the guide began to row slowly. The end was near, the time to give the *coup de grace* was at hand. Taking the pole in my left hand, I reached for my revolver with my right and leaned out over the stern of the

boat. The fish saw the glint of the steel in the sunshine and ranged off sidewise. He was too far away to shoot, so I replaced the revolver and resumed work on the reel. My quarry had forged ahead of the stern of the boat and was parallel with me, just below the surface of the water, thus giving me a fine view of him. I had never seen such a large fish in fresh water. He seemed half as long as the boat and his back looked to be a foot across. Through the neck and shoulders he was unusually deep—even in proportion to his great size—and the development of the dorsal muscles gave his body a square appearance suggestive of unlimited power. The dark-green—almost black—color of his back shaded into a beautiful light-yellow green on the sides, which imperceptibly faded into snow-white on the belly. The transverse bands of his side were as bright and distinct as if they were painted. I fairly gloated over him as I noted each detail.

"You are mine!" I said to myself, and I planned the way I would bring him into camp and how I would have him mounted on an oak panel for my den. I could fairly feel myself swell with importance and vanity as I thought of the attention that panel would attract, and the complimentary remarks that would be made upon the skill necessary to land such a monster. Never had I seen such a beautiful fish. He was grand—a monarch of the waters. I could not suppress an involuntary feeling of admiration at the strength and grace he still exhibited. Although captive he was every inch a king and maintained his independence and courage to the last. There was no sign of surrender or yielding in him, although he was thoroughly exhausted. The same wild ferocity that had characterized his life was predominant in his every movement.

The steady rowing of the guide was telling on him, and he slowly fell back behind the boat. "I guess your running is about ended, old fellow," I remarked as I shortened the line a little more. Then I passed my pole to my left hand reached the tip of it as far forward as I could, so that the fish would be near me and yet there would be enough line out to give him sufficient leeway in case he should make a plunge when the ball struck him. I had seen muskies tear around after being barked by a bullet, and I knew

that Big Bill would churn the water up in fine style if he were not killed instantly. With revolver in my right hand and left thumb held tight on the reel I leaned cautiously over the stern of the boat. The great head was only a few feet from me, and those savage, wicked-looking eyes were fixed on me with the intense glare of an enraged bulldog. He did not offer to run, but watched my every movement. I reached my hand out toward him so that the ball would not be deflected by the water. He was a little too low in the water to fire at, as the ball might vary from its course and it would never do to shoot off the spoon or cut the line and lose this king of the waters after my years of effort. He was coming nearer the surface—it was almost time!

I selected the vital spot, on a line between the eyes, drew a bead on it and touched the trigger to fire when my finger was arrested by the sudden raising of the huge head, and out of the water shot the great body to almost its full length. I drew back my revolver, grasped my pole with both hands, but before I could fairly seize it the fish, with one mighty effort, summoning all the reserve strength for which muskellunge are famous, threw his whole body away from the boat, making a great circle in the air. The mist flew in a cloud from the line as it straightened with a jerk; there was a simultaneous

snap and splash and the great fish lay on the surface as if stunned. About a foot of line dangled limply from the tip of my pole. I sat dumbfounded—too overcome to move. Before I could recover from my astonishment his majesty revived, with one great sweep of his powerful tail righted himself, and with a slow and dignified motion glided off into deep water.

I sat motionless with the pole held tightly in both hands, straining my eyes on the spot where I had last seen the fish. "Had he actually gone?" Had I really lost him? Had I seen him at all? or, had I been dreaming? were the questions that surged through my mind. I could not realize the situation. The guide dropped the oars and we sat staring blankly at each other for several minutes. Then the guide remarked, simply: "I guess he's gone." I could say nothing; the disappointment was so sudden and so keen that I had no words to express my thoughts or feelings. I reeled in my line and laid my pole in the boat. We had met in fair combat and the fish had won. He had defeated me honestly and I was not ashamed to acknowledge it. In this battle to the death, in which each of us had taxed our powers to the limit, the honors were his. I could not begrudge him his victory, for he deserved the continuance of his freedom and independence which he had so fairly won.





## The Tavern

THERE'S a tavern just off of the highway,  
 Well known to convivial hearts,  
 Wending hither from hedge, lane and byway,  
 Thence zigzagging each to his parts.

Mine host, he's a jolly good fellow,  
 Keeping ever a wide open door;  
 His broad, beaming face, fringed with yellow,  
 Welcomes all in to sample his store.

His cellar a vale of Valence is,  
 His bar is a breath from Bordeaux;  
 He the best of good tipping dispenses,  
 As all who take pot-luck there know.

Here the merry young blades hold high revel,  
 And carousal keeps up its loud hum;  
 Here to doze in a drunken dishevel,  
 The drowsy old toppers all come.

I oft have strayed down from my castle,  
 Allured by the sounds of good cheer,  
 And viewed the gay crowd at their wassail  
 With envy, till twilight drew near.

For mine host, though he free with his grog  
 is,  
 And fully in touch with their fun,  
 Puts an end to their afternoon orgies  
 With the going down of the sun.

Don't tell if you catch me a-stumbling:  
 I'd not have the folks know I've been  
 Where the Bees sit a boozing and bumbling,  
 At the sign of the Sunflower Inn.

—Charles Elmer Jenney.

# Ballade of Wooded Ways



GIVE me the forest fragrance, and  
 The whisper of the mountain breeze;  
 Give me the friends who understand,  
 And sing the pleasures such as these—  
 The feathered songsters in the trees,  
 Who lyric all of golden days,  
 In budded dells, on grassy leas;  
 Give me, I cry, the wooded ways.

Give me, per choice, the forest land,  
 With all its sleepy harmonies;  
 The droning cadence of the band  
 Of honey-hunting bumble bees;  
 At dusk of night the vesper glees  
 Of frogs afar, and gibing jays  
 In quaint attempted symphonies;  
 Give me, I cry, the wooded ways.

Give me the cloying sweetness, fanned  
 By zephyrs that despoil and tease  
 The vernal buds; give me the hand  
 Of craftsmanship, that I, with ease,  
 May learn the subtle secrecies  
 Of forest-lore—aye, ev'ry phase!  
 I ask no gifts from over seas—  
 Give me, I cry, the wooded ways.



## L'ENVOI.

Pan! here, upon my bended knees,  
 I offer thee my fairest praise—  
 I fain would know thy sorceries;  
 Give me, I cry, the wooded ways.

—Stacy E. Baker.

# The ABORIGINES of BRITISH EAST AFRICA

By Elmer E. Davis

PART V.

THE MASAI.

(Continued from last number.)



WHILE warriors the Masai are very particular in regard to food and do not eat a mixed diet, for instance: if milk and butter are being used as food no meat is eaten; before it can be used the system must be purged of all traces of milk diet, then an exclusive meat and blood food must be used; when tired of this the purging is again resorted to in order to prepare the system for milk. According to their way of thinking a mixed diet causes confusion in the digestive organs which is very detrimental to their proper working; the diet is changed every two weeks or so, but always before going on a raid the meat diet is used and great quantities are consumed, for there is small chance of them eating very much while on the go.

It is not considered good form for any one to see the warriors eat, and should you happen upon them accidentally while eating they feel very much offended and stop operations until you are out of sight. Milk is seldom drank while sweet; it is allowed to get sour; I never tasted it but once, as it had a peculiar flavor which I have since learned was imparted to it from their manner of cleansing the receptacles by burning certain herbs in it. The butter I never tasted, as the methods of churning, although novel were not clean; it was done in the following manner: Taking a goat skin which had been sewed into the form of a bag, and having all the legs tied up, they poured the cream into the neck. After tying that also, this bag was

given to the children, who used it for a foot-ball, rolled it down hill, and in fact did anything to keep up a commotion until butter had gathered, this was ascertained by the sound of the cream as it splashed around in this novel churn. There is little need to tell a person this churn was seldom clean. Butter is eaten without salt and is highly prized by everybody; the little folks get their fingers rapped many times for intruding them into the mess while it is being prepared. As before stated, the warriors live in different villages from the married men. When at home they lead a very free life which has been commented upon by all writers who have come in contact with them.

The plain facts, apparent to casual observers are as follows: These young fellows during their warrior days must not marry but are allowed to choose one or two young girls with whom they lead a life of free love; now it so happens that most men who have written about this custom seldom go below the surface of the matter, but to make the morality of their own people shine out very brightly delight in exposing the so-called "immorality" of those who have not the power and gift of defending themselves at a distance.

I certainly am not going to say their mode of living is better than our own, but it has a less degraded appearance than most writers would have the public believe—in fact it is no more or less than a stronger form of the betrothal than we are accustomed to, for upon the expiration of the warrior's term of service he invariably marries the girl with

whom he has been living; there are some cases where they do not, but it is the exception.

I firmly believe that this one custom more than any other has been the means of making the Masai a strong tribe and developing a fearless and tenacious character. My reasons for so thinking are as follows: The young man upon entering the ranks of warriors must induce a girl to live with him; now these girls can not be bought, but must go of their own free will, and may come away again if they so desire. It is a serious thing for a warrior to have said of him that his "Dito" (companion) left him on account of his lack of bravery or cleverness in securing "property" (cattle); consequently the young warrior strains every nerve, and undergoes great hardships and trials of endurance in order to have his "Dito" admire and brag about him. If there were no incentive to do this there would be a tendency to shirk hardships and responsibility.

Who is it that will deny that the love of women and the desire to be thought well of by them has not been the source of ninety per cent. of all great deeds of bravery and sacrifice since the world began? Although history records as the chiefest incentive love of country and flag, I concede that these are only a step leading to the pinnacle of the true reason, to find which we must come back to some woman who caused the hero to go forth. In civilized countries it may be the sweetheart, wife or mother. In the case of the Masai it is his "Dito" so do not condemn the warrior too hastily but consider him, not as a civilized man but as a primitive fellow without the opportunity we have had to become great and intelligent. In past years some of their wisest men may have seen their tribe declining and threatened with an epidemic of cowardice, and taken this method of regenerating the ambition and power of their men through their pride; at any rate the Masai have developed a race of men far superior to any of their direct neighbors.

All women are well thought of by the Masai, and the life of a "Dito" is one of ease and pleasure, as they do little work beyond looking after a few calves and lambs around the village; a few old women do all the cooking and extra work.

While on a hunting trip one day I entered

one of these villages, and was immediately taken in charge by about twenty rollicking damsels who took me on a tour of inspection, exhibiting to me the calves and lambs belonging to their respective lords, and the way they argued and chattered over the power of those individuals was amazing. The utmost good nature prevailed and I don't believe I ever laughed any heartier in all my life than I did while being escorted by those people.

The villages are quite different from those of other tribes. First, a large corral is made of thorny sticks; part way around this enclosure, on the inside, frames for houses are made with sticks and grass; these houses are not round but about six feet wide by five high, with the corral wall as the back. When enough sticks and grass are woven together, mud and cow dung are plastered over the whole and left to dry. This long, low house is divided into compartments to suit the number of people in the village. The doors are always on the inside, facing the center of the corral, where all young stock, and in some cases a few old ones, is kept. These dwellings are without exception inhabited by a numerous and exceedingly active colony of fleas, which, however, seem unable to trouble the natives.

As a diversion from the regular pursuit of war, parties of Masai in former years were in the habit of going on buffalo hunts in order to secure the tough hide of these animals for shields; but now even this has been denied them, as "rinderpest" practically exterminated that animal from Central Africa, leaving only a few here and there. Aside from the buffalo, the lion and leopard are the only animals hunted by the Masai; these animals are a deadly enemy as they destroy cattle and sheep. Should a party of warriors locate a lion it falls to the lot of one of them to kill it; this honor is eagerly sought after by the daring fellows; they surround their prey and he who is to kill him breaks from the ranks and, advancing, tries to attract the attention of the beast which is bewildered by the noise and number of his enemies; sometimes he makes a break any old place and is speared by all those who get near enough, but should the one man be able to attract his attention there will be an exhibition of nerve seldom seen elsewhere. The man advances until



AN ESPOUSED "DITO."

the lion is about to spring, then jabbing the balance end of his spear into the ground with the point in a line where the beast will leap, the man leans over the spear in a crouching position so the lion will be sure to jump right on the point. When the lion is in the air and just about to seize his opponent the lively fellow quickly leans away from the spear leaving it to enter the lion's breast. They figure on it entering between the front legs and coming out half way down the back; they seldom miss, but to come successfully through it certainly requires nerve. The same man is not allowed to kill but one lion unless there is no one else around; however, it is not an unusual occurrence to hear of a man killing a lion while out alone.

Leopards are generally attacked by the entire party, as they are found in tall grass and brush where one man can not fight to advantage.

The weapons of a warrior consist of spear, sword and knobstick; they consider a bow and arrows beneath their dignity and good enough only for the boys of their tribe to use. For in-fighting they always push

matters to close quarters, where spears can come into play, and the greatest contempt is felt for people who hide and shoot arrows.

The Masai's spear is the best shaped weapon I ever saw used by native Africans. The blade is from two to three feet long, and about two inches wide the entire length except the two extremities; the point is finely shaped and sharpened; the opposite end flares about three-quarters of an inch on each side at its base above the socket. The balance end of the spear is also of iron, of about the same length as the blade, but this is a round bar about half an inch in diameter, pointed at one end and with a socket at the other. These two parts are joined together by a stick of wood about eight or ten inches long for a hand grip, the whole forms a spear from five and a half to seven feet long, weighing from four to ten pounds.

The sword, or *sime* as they call it, is the same style as those used by the Kikuyu, but longer and more delicately made. These swords are made from a bar of iron about twenty-six inches long; this is pounded out at the end in a spatulate shape having two sharp edges up about fifteen inches from the end, which is brought to a double edged point. The handle end is left round and wrapped with rawhide to insure a good grip.

These swords are carried in scabbards made in the following manner: Two flat pieces of wood are cut and hollowed out on one side to fit the blade; the opposite sides are then shaved until the wood is very thin; these pieces are lashed together with thin ligaments and rawhide sewed over the whole, making a rather neat appearing piece of work, which is generally stained a yellowish red color with the juice of some bark. A hole cut in the rawhide covering allows the belt to be passed through, so that it may be secured to the body of a warrior. A shield is also a part of the warrior's outfit when out looking for trouble, but is generally left home otherwise; the spear and sword, however, are the Masai's steady companions.

The etiquette and superstition connected with the spear is very extensive, and if you wish to frighten a warrior borrow his spear and turn its point to the ground—he will dance in horror, for the most frightful bad luck is sure to overtake him. Upon meeting a peaceable party they jab the butt end of



their spears into the ground, advance and spitting on their hand, shake yours; sometimes only the one in authority does this, but if only a few the whole party go through the ceremony.

Every village of warriors elects a head man whose duty it is to lead in the attack, and appoint captains for raiding parties. This chief, however, seldom has any voice in the tribal government, but is a fighting man only and subject to the advice of regular chiefs, unless it happens that he is by blood one of them serving his time.

Taking everything into consideration I believe the domestic life of the Masai goes on very smoothly, with very little friction, for the women worship their husbands, and they in turn respect the women, who are often listened to in a council if they have previously shown their ability to handle a subject with good sense and judgment. All restraint is thrown off by the married men and the haughty warrior becomes a shrewd gentleman of leisure who eats what he wants and don't care who sees him at it. His dress does not change any, but the red clay and oil are used very little or not at all; he shaves all the hair from his head and decks himself with a few more ornaments. Having nothing much to keep himself busy, he trades, gambles, tells lies of what heroic acts he formerly accomplished and puts in his time as pleasantly as possible, while the women do the work of dressing skins, cooking food or arranging the village.

The Masai women deserve a great deal of praise for the way they go about their work. From the time of marriage their lot is considerably harder than that of the men. From one continual round of pleasure and idleness as a "dito" they buckle right into harness and become industrious persons with few idle moments; the cows and calves must be looked after, the picaninnies cared for and a hundred and one different things turn up in the domestic life of a savage as well as that of other people. Through all of this she is a model of good behavior and meets every difficulty and does her best to overcome it. Certainly there are good and bad among them but the good-for-nothing Masai woman is soon ostracized and her life is not a pleasant one; even the children mock her—which is the most humiliating insult that can be heaped upon a Masai.

This having been the custom for a number of generations it is easy to see that few women are liable to divert from the path trod by their mothers.

While her children are growing up and until her first boy goes to be a warrior, the woman's life is undeniably hard but after that easier times are encountered, for she then goes to cook for the young warrior and his "dito," leaving all other children at home to shift for themselves or to be looked after in a dilatory manner by the father, who considers it very bad form to show affection for them. The natural result of this system soon shows in the children who become veritable little "imps"; they are adepts at stealing food—which is necessary, for if they were not the chances are they would not get any. They torment their elders by playing tricks on them for which they are heartily cuffed and kicked if caught. One I knew took a particular fancy for shooting blunt arrows at the rear of a sleeping man; the third shot was a hit and, with a howl the man seized that part which hurt and glared fiercely about him, but could see no enemy for the little fellow disappeared in the bush.



A MASAI MILKMAID.



A MASAI MATRON.

At about ten or twelve years of age the boys grow more sedate and are either hired out to herd cattle or put to herding those of their father. This responsibility sobers them considerably and they leave off stealing, as food in plenty can be secured, if not in the village, by tapping a vein of one of the cattle.

The herds of a married man's village are more of a mixture than those of a warrior, for here there are goats, sheep, donkeys and generally a few dogs. These latter do not amount to much except to give the alarm in case of hostile parties trying to surprise a village at night.

The sheep are the fat-tailed variety of Central Africa; the goats appear to be the same as the little scrub variety frequently found as pets in Europe and America. They are very lively and up to all sorts of mischief, sometimes climbing on top of the houses and breaking through the roof, or butting holes in the wall.

The little children have high times with these animals, which are very playful. The donkeys are smooth, mouse-colored little beasts with a black stripe about two inches wide over the shoulders; they are impudent

little brutes but, when broken, become good, serviceable animals. The Masai, however, never use them as beasts of burden but allow them to run about during the day and keep them inside the corral at night.

All cattle are carefully branded with some design. This may be a mutilation of some part of the body or a burn on the horn or skin. Often the ears are cut, or a little strip of skin is cut under neck or flank and left hanging where it can be seen at a distance.

Taking the number of people into consideration it is remarkable that so few cattle are eaten; but, curiously enough, quantities of blood takes the place of flesh as food; this blood the animal can furnish with very little discomfort. To secure it a string is tied firmly around the animal's neck and a vein tapped on the opposite side from the heart; as the blood flows it is caught in a gourd dipper, and when enough is secured the string is loosened and a plug of mud is plastered over the wound which heals very quickly. This, as can readily be seen, forms a never ending supply of nourishment. The blood is always drunk while hot and foaming.

In killing an animal for food the Masai never cut the skin, but the animal is smothered to death, which leaves all the blood in the veins. They tell me that the blood of certain individual animals has a better flavor than others, and one day while on the Njoro plains a steer was pointed out to me as one having delicious flavored blood, and he looked it, for if ever a steer's life had been drawn upon his had been; he could hardly wiggle and was poor and weak, while the other cattle appeared fat and sleek.

The Masai women shave their heads and also those of their children, but when a boy becomes a warrior his hair is allowed to grow; all hair is pulled from the bodies of both sex. In shaving the head some funny sights are seen, for the razor is generally a piece of glass bottle or tin can, with occasionally a knife bought from some trader. These tools are bound to cause some disturbance on the part of the person being operated on. The patient seldom howls, but the contortions of the body and face would cause a stone image to laugh, and this is especially so in regard to the children, for the older folks always keep the sharpest glass and tin for their own use. The young-

sters get the benefit of nicked pieces or dull tin, consequently the poor little rascals are badly cut and mutilated in some cases, and look as if their heads had been at war with a buzz-saw.

The dress of Masai women is the most modest to be found in Central Africa. It consists of a leather skirt fastened about the waist and, in addition to this, a cape thrown around the shoulders when it is cool or raining. For love of ornaments they easily outdo the women of neighboring tribes, and it is safe to say that a number of Masai women carry from eight to fifteen pounds of wire and beads attached to or wrapped about the body and limbs. These ornaments, however, are confined strictly to the married women, for a "dito" is not allowed to have them. This is another wise law of the Masai, for should they allow the warrior to give the "dito" ornaments she would become covetous and threaten to leave him if some other "dito" was better supplied than herself; the result would be that the warrior would yield and sell some trader a few of his cattle for wire and beads.

When a girl is about to be married, her parents furnish wire and beads according to their wealth. This wire, which is about one-eighth of an inch thick, is wrapped around the legs and arms and sometimes such quantities are used that it forms a pretty good suit of armor for the limbs. A person who has never seen a wealthy Masai matron can scarcely realize the appearance she presents; in some cases the wire has been wrapped on the legs so tightly that the muscles are unable to work as they should and the woman hops along in a clumsy manner.

The ears of all Masai women are treated to the same mutilation as that practiced by the Kikuyu, and great holes are formed in the bottom part, from which dangle several pounds of wire and beads; a string over the head helps to support this conglomeration of finery. Around the neck is hung a number of strings of beads of several different colors; to these is added a string attached to a little packet containing a charm bought from the medicine man and possessing many virtues.

A Masai village is dirty—worse than that it is filthy, for calves, sheep, goats and donkeys run all about it. These attract count-

less numbers of flies which I have seen by the dozens feeding upon the moisture around a baby's eyes, in a number of cases causing the child's eyes to become inflamed; this inflammation never seems to get better until the child attains the age of eight or ten years and sometimes causes the formation of cataracts. It looks pitiful to see a child running around with those insects clinging around its eyes, and it making very little effort to rid itself of the pest. The older people often use a brush of grass to drive the flies away, but I never saw a child do so.

Among the Masai the naming of a child and the name it will bear during life has a special significance attached to it which I never was able to understand; but different names are given at different periods of life.

When a person dies the Masai dispose of the corpse in the same manner as the Kikuyu, by dragging it outside of the village and allowing the hyenas to devour it. A number of these filthy beasts are always found around Masai villages and come night after night to look for the occasional body which is thrown to them. The chiefs alone are buried inside the village and in the course of time their successors dig up the skulls and retain them as emblems of authority. In some cases the family of a chief will throw together a pile of rocks in memory of the departed. I saw several of these piles and was told their meaning by a Swahili porter, and desiring to know more about them I tried to interrogate my Masai house boy. He denied any knowledge of them—"never had heard of them and didn't believe the Masai built them." I have learned since that they will never talk of anything connected with the dead if possible to avoid it. Should they do so it is in a round-about allegorical manner. The men never tattoo, but the women in some sections of the country scar their faces around the eyes. This has no particular significance, but they think it makes them better looking.

Since the English government stopped the Masai raids the strength and numbers of the pastoral branch has rapidly decreased. There are several reasons for this, but the principal one lies in the fact of a warrior being unable to secure enough property to buy a wife, and as the "ditos" are not allowed to bear children the race stands a good show of becoming extinct in a short

time, unless a change is made in their property laws which prohibit a man from marrying until he has stolen a herd of cattle. Another reason for their dwindling numbers is the fact that Hindu coolies, imported to work on the railroad, have brought consumption, contagious fevers and various other diseases with which the Masai are unable to combat on account of not knowing their character. As stated in the first part of my description of the Masai, smallpox has also destroyed thousands.

The tribe not being content with thus dying off, got mixed up in a bloody civil war where it was "dog eat dog." The agricultural division of the tribe are the few remaining people left of one side, and had the "rinderpest" not come along as it did and diverted the attention of the pastoral people it is doubtful if there would have been one left to tell the story of their side of the struggle.

The system of government among the Masai is not a harsh or unreasonable one according to the negro standards; each village has its chief and council, larger villages have in addition a "laibon" or medicine man who is also an influential chief. These laibons have the power to work charms, and do so in a very liberal manner.

Nearly all old married men have a right to sit in council, but a sharp few generally have everything their own way. The council's duty is to keep an eye on the warriors and see that all rules are lived up to. There is no supreme chief, but the oldest and wisest is given the preference when an emergency arises where but one man can be of use.

The medicine men really do very little in cases of sickness, but every old man and woman is more or less familiar with certain drugs and tinctures extracted from barks and herbs. I am told that warriors are taught the art of surgery in a crude form, but as no cripples are seen about I am inclined to believe the "art" consists of putting the wounded out of their misery by the shortest route.

Upon occasions of rejoicing the Masai dance to the beat of a drum, which is the only musical instrument they use except a trumpet made from the horns of kudu. I never saw one of their dances, but was told the steps consist of simply jumping into the air stiff-legged, with the arms held down

along the body in a stiff and ungraceful manner.

The religion of the Masai is quite well defined: They believe there is a great all-powerful spirit in the sky and another almost as great who dwells on Mount Kenia. They have numerous sacred spots and places at which they make offerings of grass. Grass is a sacred growth to them, for they say "Without grass we are nothing, it grows naturally from the ground and is food for most living creatures." So they think it the best article possible to offer the spirits. They believe to a certain extent in transmigration after death, but only in the case of chiefs and other influential men. Some writers say the Masai believe the spirit of the departed chief returns in the form of a snake; this may be true with some, but where I was they believe he may return in the form of almost any wild animal, and this is the reason they never hunt antelope, etc.

It seems almost a crime to try to write up this tribe in a magazine article. To do it properly would take a large volume and years of study. But before dropping the subject of Masai I will say a few words about the agricultural or "gwas ngishu" branch of the tribe.

These are the remnants of the weaker faction left after the civil war with their brothers; thousands upon thousands must have been slain before the remaining few found shelter south of Lake Baringo, where they have established a thriving settlement. Their customs differ greatly from those of the pastoral branch.

The men are hardly as finely built or quite so good looking, not having the flashing eyes or quivering nostrils of the stronger division. They live a common humdrum life, marry and raise families much the same as other negroes. But do not think these fellows are entirely cowed, for the young generation growing up have more of the snap and go of their ancestors, and Central Africa will hear from them yet. I have not the slightest doubt that when the pastoral branch shall have grown weak and tottering, the agricultural people will be steadily recovering and I will tell you why: It is against the rules for pastoral Masai to till the soil, and they think it the most degrading occupation a person could be engaged in. I doubt not that the tribe would allow them-

selves to be exterminated rather than make a living in that way. In the course of a very few years these large herds of cattle will be scattered and the land taken by the white; the Masai will go—where? They will no doubt scatter all over Africa and be lost sight of as a tribe. On the other hand, the agricultural Masai who have the land under cultivation will retain it, for the government will no doubt allow them and the Kikuyu some consideration in disposing of land rights.

seems to exert a strong influence on the habits and life of the natives; for instance, the Wakamba of the plains are less intelligent and bold than those of the Ulu Mountains; the Kikuyu though industrious are spiteful, and I am told that any person living there for a while gets energetic and cranky. I can easily believe it from personal observation; their country, although the soil is rich, seeming to be overrun with pests of different sort, among which are numerous insects and running vines, while dur-



ROAN ANTELOPE (*Hippotragus Equinus*) COMMON IN MASAILAND.

As before stated, the Masai never hunt the smaller antelope, consequently the plains where their cattle are pastured fairly teem with game of almost every variety known to Central Africa, and it was here that most of my hunting was done, both from choice and from the fact that I was located some months very handy to the Nekuro, Njori and Molo plains and forest. These plains are famous Masai pastures; cattle and sheep will be seen any day on them. In Africa, the same as in other countries, the character of the country inhabited by different tribes

ing the night there is a constant racket of nerve-destroying noises.

The Masai character is different, and so is the country; fine rich hills and bold characteristics of the land seems to exert an influence over the natives, and I believe anyone would be the better for living in close contact with such an awe inspiring and beautiful land, where the climate is all that could be desired. I hope the reader will not get a wrong idea of this portion of Africa, for although ideal in most respects it takes money to live, and there are very few opportunities

to make money there as yet, on account of lack of market. This country, you must remember, is entirely raw, and the life a person must live while there would be vastly different from that to which most Americans are accustomed. Stop and think for a moment what the conditions were in this country twenty-five years after Jamestown was settled, then say to yourself, "Maybe that country is like this was at that time." Certainly the comparison is crude, but it was not

many years ago that Central Africa was a blank on the map, with here or there an imaginary river or range of mountains.

Personally I am a strong believer in a bright future for Central Africa, and I prophesy that it will soon be heard from in the affairs of the world. I have little doubt that the land now held by the Masai will be the center of a great nation in years to come. At present everything is there but the people.



WATER BUCK OF MASAILAND.

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## WHEN DAY IS DONE.

**B**LUE are the waters as thrice-skimmed milk,  
 With sheen like changeable watered silk;  
 The slow waves dimple to twilight's kiss,  
 Then break on the shore in murmuring bliss.

Lose now the waters their skimmed-milk blue,  
 And take on a sullen, leaden hue;  
 Gone the sun to the West with the day,  
 And moonlight shimmers across the bay.

—*Katherine March Chase.*

# Poppy-Time

THE fields are golden now with poppy-  
coin

As if upon the land now resting stands  
A giant Midas—great of girth and loin,  
Who grasps the hills and valleys in his  
hands.

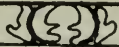
An Iris-mist is whirling 'round the hills,  
The birds are piping now a merry tune,  
That floats to join the music of the rills,  
And welcome give the soft approaching  
June.

The gold that field and hill so freely gives,  
The songs that issue from each feathered  
throat,  
Shall generous make the heart that free re-  
ceives,

And in that heart shall sing a golden note;  
When Nature blows her harp-breath thro'  
the trees

She plays the soul a thousand melodies.

—Sam Exton Foulds.





# Otter Aunting

by R. Clapham



LUCKY is the man who has followed and listened to the grand music of the otter hounds as they swing in full cry down steam through some lovely English valley. The combination of green woods and rushing waters, coupled

with the delightful summer weather during which the sport is in season, all help to make a most picturesque and never-to-be-forgotten scene.

Imagine a dark, deep-pooled and rocky stream, tributary to a well-known north country river, the banks on one side rising up to a considerable height, clad with a mass of tall trees and green ferns. The swift brown waters rushing and tumbling over the rocks, falling here and there into some long still reach where hardly a ripple breaks the surface. It is a fine summer's morning and the sun's rays are just beginning to make themselves felt. We walk down the valley to where the smaller "beck" joins the main river, to meet one of the north country packs of otter hounds, which every season regularly hunt these waters. We reach the junction just as the pack come up. Ten couple of mixed dogs, mostly the pure rough-coated otter hound, augmented by three couple of fox hounds and some terriers. The master, a well-known resident of the county, is in command, the morning sun glinting merrily on his scarlet coat and the gold-mounted otter's pad in his blue cap. Behind, scattered in groups, come the field, a few of them also wearing the hunt uniform of blue with its bright red collar and cuffs. There is in evidence a goodly number

of the fair sex, who in short skirts and jaunty panama hats look very smart and workmanlike.

As an otter has been seen and is known to be haunting this tributary of the larger river, the master proceeds at once to draw up stream, on the chance of striking his "drag" on the banks. After going about a mile up the water the hound Challenger who has swam out to a rock in mid stream, opens with his deep bell-like note. The rest of the pack fly to him, churning the water into foam as they dash in and swim eagerly over to the rock. Here they turn to the left and swimming steadily to the opposite bank, join all at once in full chorus as they strike the line on the soft ground near the water. Here can be plainly seen the otter's "spraint" or track where he landed when returning from his night's ramblings. They now own to it in full cry and the valley rings and echoes again to their deep musical notes as they dash ahead up stream, the terriers all eagerness and excitement following in their wake.

They take it at rather a smart pace for about half a mile, with a slight check where the "fish-poacher" had again entered the water, and in a few minutes every hound is baying around a large rock which juts out from the bank into a deep pool below. The "varmint" is evidently at home; but it is a big "holt" and he will take a good deal of trouble to dislodge. The only entrance that can be seen is right on the water line; so the master picks up Vengeance, one of the terriers, and holding him under his arm wades across, waist deep, to the rock. He pushes the dog, half under water, into the stronghold. The game little tyke knows his business and soon a muffled scratching



sounds from somewhere inside the bank, behind the rock. In the meantime some of the field are lined up across the shallows below the pool, and the upper reaches of the water, where there are some more long deep pools, are left unguarded; for if we can get our quarry up stream we are nearly sure of a good hunt.

All is quietness and expectation for some minutes; then the terrier suddenly makes his appearance at a hole above the rock which had passed unnoticed. The pack in the meantime are casting around the banks—all except old Kingwood who, as he crosses the rapids, suddenly makes a dash at something in the dark water which he holds for an instant, only to lose it again, as it falls clear and sinks quietly and swiftly into the current from which it is barely distinguishable. Our otter is on foot; it had slipped out quietly and entirely unobserved into the dark colored waters of the stream despite all our vigilance and had swum up the rapids until meeting with the hound.

As the old hound's voice proclaims that the game is on the move the rest of the pack open with a burst of music, and dashing into the water, hurry the otter straight down the pool. The cunning "varmint" tries to pass the hunters stationed in the shallows but his attempt is a failure, for their long poles splashing the water effectually turn him. Coming to the surface his head just appears; he takes one look and a breath of air and sinks again like a stone. The music ceases and the pack swim round to the rock, where they again mark him. The terrier dislodges him once more and he takes the water in full view of the assembled field, leaving a long trail of bubbles behind him as he dives for the middle of the pool.

The pack open again as the otter is "gazed" in making his way up the rapids; they dash in pursuit and drive him up the long reach ahead. Willing hands again man the lower end of this pool and the pack are still hard at their quarry. Here, again, a check occurs; they cast back and make it good under the bank, driving him out, and once more takes the water. He now "vents" oftener and his head appears again and again as he comes up for air. The pack catching a view swim fast in pursuit with an angry ring in their voices, each eager to pull him down.

The otter tries the lower shallow, but the poles are kept moving and he turns again up stream; his breath is getting short and he rises almost in the middle of the swimming pack, diving quickly only to reappear nearer the bank. Vengeance views him and springing in, seizes him and both disappear from view. In a few seconds the dog appears, half drowned, with the blood trickling down his cheek where the otter's sharp teeth had met; nothing daunted, however, he scrambles out and is still as keen as ever. One more attempt to make the shelter of the bank and the otter dives for nearly the last time. He can keep down no longer and reappears oftener and oftener, till at last the pack are almost on him and death is not far off. He dives—one short desperate dive—only to reappear with the fast closing-in pack around him, every hound straining for his blood. Now Sportsman seizes him, but can not hold; Challenger makes a rush and manages to hold him for a second, when Dauntless, Ravager and the rest of the pack close in and all there is in view is a seething mass of hounds. A shrill *woo-whoop!* and the master wades in, nearly shoulder deep, seizes the otter by the tail and makes for the bank, where willing hands pull him up, followed by a scrambling, surging mass of hounds clinging to the body of the otter. The quarry is thrown on the grass and the end soon comes; though not before several of the pack have been pretty severely mauled, for an otter can give a very nasty bite. The horn sounds a long drawn "*Kill!*" The pack are now called off and the mask, pads and "pole" are cut off and presented to those of the field whom the master wishes to honor with a memento of so good a hunt. The hide is taken off and the body thrown to the waiting pack. Home then is the order, as it is after two o'clock and the hounds are a long way from the kennels; so turning across country, we bid them adieu, hoping to have as good a run on the next hunting day.

Otter hunting is at the present day in England the only form of sport which is not dependent on the preservation of the game hunted. Unlike fox and hare hunting, the chase of the otter is purely that of a truly wild animal, who owes his existence in most cases to his own cunning and the fact that he uses the night-time for his

peregrination. There is a peculiar charm about the sport of his hunting; the green background of wood and meadow, the clear sunny weather, and above all the being able to keep up with the deep-toned hounds all the time give one a zest for it above all other sport.

Happy is the man who on a summer's morning takes his otter pole—which helps him in crossing deep, swift places—and fol-

lows in the wake of the otter pack, listening to the musical, deep hound voices echoing along the valley; and when after a thrilling chase the otter meets his death, game to the end, with many a shrill *woohoop!* then life seems still worth living and the sordid cares and anxieties of this work-a-day world are forgotten in the excitement of the chase.

## WHERE CUPID MENDS HIS ARROWS

SIT thou here and sun thee;  
Mend thy arrows by the river,  
Gold tipped from thy silver quiver.  
Here while birds sing round thee,  
Darkening shadows flit and shiver.

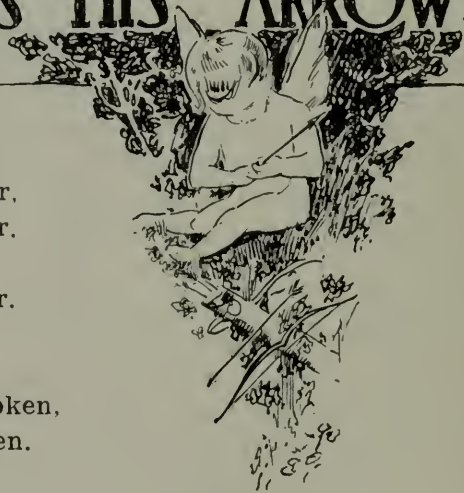
Soothe thy troubled spirits;  
By hard hearts thy darts were broken,  
Smiles denied thee, words unspoken.  
Touched by gentle zephyrs,  
Hearts of stone yield sweetest token.

Nature is thy help-meet;  
Here the air is soft and wooing,  
Winds are sighing, doves are cooing.  
Spring pours forth its fragrance,  
For the earth its love renewing.

Coyly laugh the waters,  
To the willows fond caressing  
All their joyous love confessing;  
While the low-hung branches  
On their waves are kisses pressing.

Weld them with the sunshine,  
Broken darts can soon be mended.  
Cupid's shafts must not be fended;  
Edge them with love's keenness,  
Wing them swift, thy work is ended.

—Sophia D. Lane.



# WITH *the* GEESE

BY 'Lycurgus'



HERE are times when one's thoughts revert to the broad open prairie, where in winter and early spring the cry of the wild goose reverberates across the emerald-tinted fields, and frost-laden breezes charged with an excess of oxygen instill new

life into the happy sportsman who throws care to the winds and seeks to lure the wily *ansers* to their doom through the medium of a pit and cunningly made decoys.

Each sport has a peculiar zest of its own, and so with goose shooting. The early fall ushered in upland shooting over the stanch points of your setter or pointer, and as you viewed the motionless pose of your faithful four-footed companions, and went in to flush the close-lying quail whose efforts to escape were rendered futile by your well-directed aim, you voted quail shooting the most delectable of sports.

And then when the chilly blasts of winter sent the wildfowl scurrying south, and long lines of swift-flighted denizens of marsh and stream were seen silhouetted against the glowing horizon, and the decoys nodded and danced on the rippled surface of a pond, while you in your blind gripped tightly the trusty gun and anxiously awaited their coming; when the raucous duck call, cleverly manipulated, enticed the wary mallard within the death circle, and in answer to your leaden messengers a streak of feathers floated in the air and the stricken bird threw back its head and dropped like a plummet to the surface of the pond, did you not consider duck shooting the acme of sport?

The hunting trips after larger game among the giant redwoods of our northern coast or among the chaparral covered hills to the south are fond memories, and so, too, the camp along Mendocino trout streams. Again the scene was shifted to some bit of bog land where *Scolopax wilsonii* broke into erratic flight with a tantalizing *scaipe-scaipe!* or perhaps to the sandy flats where shore birds wheeled in battalions and paid tribute for their gullibility in approaching faithless imitations of their kind. The thunderous whirr of the ruffed grouse as it rose from its hiding place among the firs and cedars may have set your blood a-tingling and called to mind the immortal lines of Channing—

Shot of the wood from thy ambush low,  
Bolt off the dry leaves flying,  
With a whirring spring like an Indian bow  
Thou speedest when the year is dying.  
And thy neat gray form darts whirling past.  
So silent all as thou speedest fast,  
Knocking a leaf from the copses red—  
Our native bird of the woodland bred.

Or was it when the wily ring-necked pheasant broke into cackling flight and wilted at the crack of the nitro that you felt that exuberant thrill, and vowed that by all odds the last-named was the most enjoyable of the whole coterie of field sports?

But when in obedience to just ordinances the sportsman is compelled to forego shooting on upland and marsh, there remains the wild goose, whose slaughter is as yet unrestricted by law, and in whose pursuit is called into play many of the finer qualities of sportsmanship. Rest assured that the gunner who depends upon his own resourcefulness and knowledge of the habits of game will earn every goose he bags, and when at the end of the day's shoot he can exhibit a dozen birds killed on the wing and fairly outwitted, he has far greater reason to feel proud of his prowess than he who, aided by the knowledge and skill of another, sits in a pit and slaughters the birds as they are tolled to him.



CAMP ON CACHE CREEK.

There is no State in the Union where members of the *anser* tribes are more abundant or conditions more favorable for keen sport than California. The broad valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin offer unlimited feeding grounds easily accessible to water, and were it not for the presence of its arch enemy the lot of a goose would be a happy one. Even as it is they are loth to leave this favored section even when subjected to ceaseless persecution. They are with us from November until late in March, and during these months can often be killed in large numbers.

Some years ago, in response to an invitation from George O— to have a goose shoot with him, I journeyed to his ranch in the vicinity of Vacaville from whence, after packing a camping outfit and bountiful supply of provisions, we drove twenty miles to our destination on Cache Creek, being accompanied on the trip by my friend's nearest neighbor, who also was given to field sports.

We arrived at Maine Prairie about 3 p. m., and securing the use of a large skiff, loaded our dunnage aboard and pulled down stream a mile or so to a campsite used on former occasions by the other members of the party.

It did not take us long to erect our 10x12 wall tent and arrange the camp in orderly fashion, and as there yet remained a half hour of daylight, George and I determined to try for a few shots at geese as they came in to water. We could see quite a number of flocks rising from points several miles inland, and it was not long before the vanguard, after circling several times about the fields, straightened out in steady flight and headed for the slough. We failed to intercept these, but hurrying to a spot where the slough made an abrupt turn to the east, and where the banks were free from willows and dense cover, took up positions behind some tufts of burned tules and awaited the coming of other flocks. It was not long before the welcome cry of a flock of Canadians informed us of the fact that aliens were in the land. Dropping down behind the rather insufficient cover we watched the long wavering line of heavy winged birds approach. Nearer and nearer they came, until they seemed not more than fifty yards distant, when George in his anxiety raised his head above the tules. Instantly the birds put about face with a celerity that was astonishing and our shot rattled harmlessly on their

dense plumage, for they were well out of range.

Twilight was now at hand, and we were about to return to camp when the cries from another flock arrested our attention. A few seconds later huge bodies loomed up before me in the last reflective rays of the sun. Slow as seemed their flight they were almost directly over me before I knew it, and half guessing at a bird's position I took a snap shot and heard the goose hurtle through the air and strike close beside me. A second later I heard the report of George's gun and saw lines of flame pierce the semi-darkness followed by a hollow *thud, thud*, as two geese struck the earth. During the next five minutes no opportunities to shoot were offered, so we started back to camp, guided by the twinkling of the campfire among the willows and the aromatic scent of boiling coffee which greeted our nostrils. After a hasty wash in the cold waters of the slough we attended the wants of the inner man, and what an appetizing meal it was! Generous portions of porterhouse steak broiled over the willow coals; potatoes roasted in the ashes of the fire; thick slices of fresh home-made bread spread with a liberal allowance of sweet butter; large slices of corpulent looking pies which pleased the eye and tickled the palate, and coffee enriched with thick cream; why even the epicurean individual who presides over the destinies of this journal would have laid back on the blankets and given vent to a satisfied grunt as he lovingly patted his food magazine.

An hour or so was spent in indolent ease, after which we placed our eatables out of reach of predatory razorbacks and arranged our bed by tying up the corners of a piece of tarpaulin and emptying into it the straw we had brought along for bedding purposes. Over the latter we spread our blankets and it was not long ere resonant vocal demonstrations were affrighting the air.

Some time during the night I heard a hog rooting around the outside of the tent, and crawled out to drive it away. Later I was awakened by the rustle of the willows and heard the wind soughing through the trees. Owls which inhabited the tule lands by thousands could be heard hooting on all sides, and the boat dancing about on the ripples caused by the increasing wind struck the waters with a resounding *chunk-chunk-*

*chunk*. Next, a gust of wind heavier than the others swept through the grove of willows and the side of the tent surged in while the guy ropes creaked with the sudden strain imposed upon them.

During the evening the stars had been only partially obscured, but now no twinkle could be seen and the scattering drops of rain which pattered on the roof of the tent portended a wet night. Fearing that we might be inundated I hastily slipped on my clothes and scratched out a trench around the tent, also driving the tent pins home. Meanwhile the wind was steadily increasing, but it did not reach its height until midnight, when it must have blown with a velocity of thirty-five or forty miles an hour. Luckily we were sheltered by the fringe of willows along the slough bank, which broke the force of the wind, otherwise our tent must have been carried away. As it was, it weathered the gale safely, and early in the morning the wind moderated and was followed by a steady downpour. Lulled to sleep by the soothing tattoo of the rain as it beat upon the tightened tent canvas, I at last fell asleep and knew no more until awakened by George, who was pulling on his clothes by the lantern's light. A glance at my watch told me that we were none too early if we wished to connect with the morning flight, so after considerable groaning and stretching I crawled out from under the warm blankets and hastily donned my shooting togs.

Frank, our farmer friend, needed considerable prodding before he would open his eyes, and then allowed that "he wasn't a-goin' to lose no sleep for all the geese this side of kingdom come." Leaving him wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, I joined George by the fireside and soon the aroma of coffee was in the air, while bacon and eggs sputtered away in the frying pan. Contrary to expectations the stars were now shining brightly, while a dark ribbon of clouds on the horizon revealed the last vestige of the storm. The wind which had veered to the northwest was light but cold as the breath from a glacier, and the ground was covered with a heavy coating of frost.

After eating a hasty breakfast we shouldered our decoys and accouterments and started off across the prairie to a field some two miles distant. We arrived at the local-

ity selected for the opening of the campaign just as the first reflective rays of the sun heralded the coming of another day. A glance over the field revealed a narrow strip of unplowed land in the center, which was as yet covered with a short growth of weeds, and we were soon at work, George with the spade and I with the decoys. These I set out between the pits and slightly to windward, leaving about half of them at such an angle as to present a full profile to birds coming in at a height of twenty-five or thirty yards, no matter from what direction the decoys were approached. Care was taken also to distribute the dirt from the pits in such a manner that it would not attract the attention of the keen-sighted birds, and a

blowing quite strong, would buffet them and carry them some yards out of their way, and involuntarily I would mutter a mild cuss word; but they always worked back to the course. A very natural call from George served to draw their attention to the decoys, and firm in the belief that here were friends who had thoroughly investigated the locality and found everything safe, they gradually lowered their flight until, hanging in the air right between our pits, they dangled their legs and prepared to alight at the edge of the decoys. Just at this instant some of them must have discovered discrepancies in the latter, for there was a hurried beating of wings. Too late! rising to my feet I held where the neck joined the body of a plump



MY FRIEND'S RANCHE.

few weeds were placed directly around the entrances.

All was now in readiness for the arrival of the geese, and it was with some misgivings that I noted an hour slip by without signs of a feather. There crowded upon me remembrances of other hunts when I had spent days in a fruitless endeavor to connect with a flight, and I was about ready to believe that we were on another "wild goose chase" when a warning whistle from George caused me to peer around. The sight I saw caused me to draw my head down to the level of the weeds, for less than half a mile distant a long undulating, clearly defined line of geese were winging their way toward us. Occasionally the wind, which was now

bird and at the crack of the gun it wilted. Quickly picking out another victim which was making efforts to reverse its position and escape with the wind, I pressed the trigger and down it came like a rag doll out of a third-story window. Meanwhile George was busy handing out prescriptions and two corpulent geese were cut down in their prime. Gathering up the slain which proved to be Hutchins, or "brant geese," as George termed them, we threw them in a furrow with their backs upward and covered them over with weeds, then into the pits we crawled in readiness for another shot. Nor did we have long to wait, for soon we spied three large geese flying close to the ground and heading directly for us. No mistaking

these fellows! A hoarse *ar-unk—ar-unk* from George was answered by one of the birds. A few seconds later they reached us, but as they did they suddenly swung off at a right angle. Being nearest to me I cut loose at a "tailer," hitting him hard with the first barrel and centering him with the second. This drove the birds almost directly across George's blind, and he dropped one within a few feet of the pit, the other escaping apparently unscathed, and setting his fastest pace for the other end of the field. Imagine our surprise when, in looking around after we had deposited the two dead birds in the furrow, the survivor was noted sailing down wind and calling his loudest. We had no time to run to the pits and dropped down where we were, but hardly with the expectation of getting a shot. His gooseship, however, had thrown caution to the winds and was on a tour of investigation which was cut short by a load of fours from George.

The next flock proved a little warier than the others, and in spite of seemingly perfect calling refused to come in to the decoys. Twice they circled around the field, increasing their height as they did so. Then when we least expected their return they came in, quartering slightly against the wind, and with a roar of wings and a peculiar see-saw motion dropped like bullets from a height of seventy-five yards and attempted to light within twenty-five yards of the pits. In answer to our fire three birds struck the ground, while a fourth, hard hit, tried to keep up with the balance of the flock. Gradually it slackened its pace, however, and just as it reached the boundary of the field it collapsed.

A short wait was now in order, as several flocks passed by out of range and refused to be tolled. Then a flock of Hutchins geese, flying down wind in a long straggling line, passed within sixty-five yards of my pit and drew my fire. My first shot failed to connect, but at the second a bird from the center of the line dropped, although if the truth be told I aimed at a bird ten feet further ahead.

Flocks of geese continued to come in at irregular intervals and from a number of these we took toll. Four birds passed between us and we got them all, while from a large flock of "honkers" we failed to ex-



OUR SECOND DAY'S BAG.

tract a feather, although they were within easy range. With varying luck we shot until ten o'clock, when the flight ceased entirely. Counting up our birds we found that we had twenty-two geese, nine of which were Canadas. These made an uncomfortable load, even when dressed, and the addition of decoys and guns made it all we could stagger under.

Arriving at camp we found Frank at work in the culinary department, and after a plunge in the slough which caused us to gasp for breath but refreshed us amazingly, we sat down to an edifying meal. A rest was then in order until evening, when we took stands a short distance up stream and waited for the flight. Frank and George each killed a pair of Hutchins geese, and the former also killed three teal out of a flock which whipped past him as he was returning to camp. My only opportunity was at a lone goose which flew high overhead and which dropped to my second barrel. Unfortunately it fell in the high tules which

lined the other side of the slough and I was unable to retrieve it.

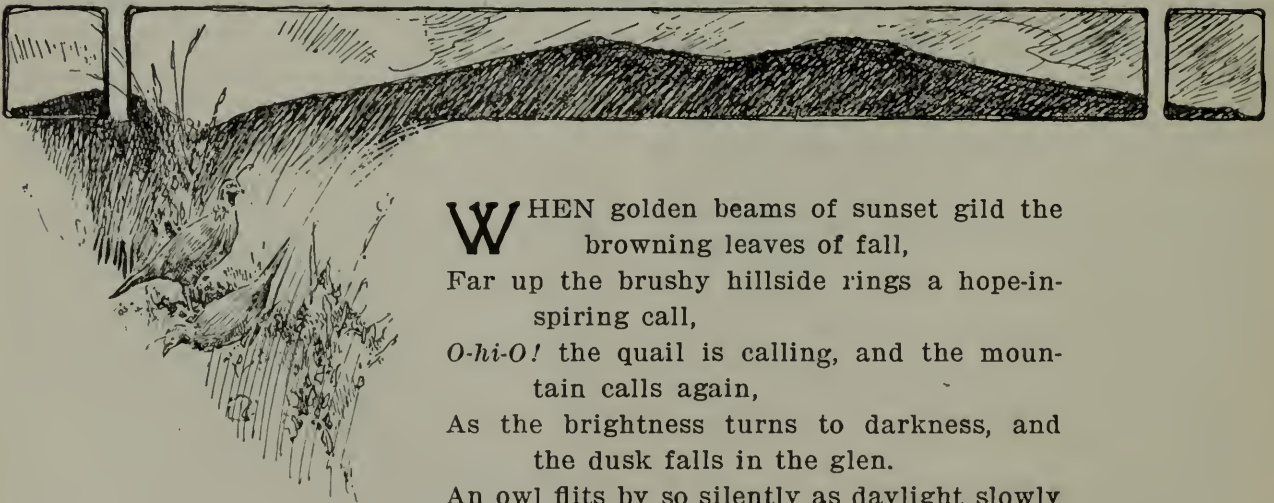
The following morning the three of us started out for new grounds long before daylight, but after a long tedious walk found ourselves in a locality that had been shot over, as was evidenced by empty shells around several pits that we noted. Realizing that we would get no shooting in the immediate vicinity we moved to adjoining sections, but luck was against us and we did not get a goose. In the afternoon we moved to fresh grounds and again met with failure, returning to camp tired and disgusted and without a feather to show for the day's work. However, an appetizing supper put us in good humor, and we retired with the conviction that the morrow would bring us better luck.

Promptly at 4 A. M. George and I started out for the finishing hunt, Frank having remained behind to break camp, with the understanding that he was to meet us with the team some miles along the road toward Vacaville. The morning was bitterly cold and the north wind swept in icy blasts across the prairie so that we were glad to crouch in the pits to avoid its sharpness.

Soon after daylight the geese commenced moving, and long waving lines could be seen making their way toward the fields. Although the flight was general, and scattered over a considerable area, we managed to draw in a goodly number of the birds, and an hour's shoot netted us a dozen, which with one exception were Hutchins or brant geese. Then by way of diversion we secured a shot at a flock of white geese and bagged a pair of the "skeletons." This evidently changed our luck, for we failed to get another shot.

Shortly after ten Frank put in an appearance with the team, and loading our game aboard we continued on our way. I left my friends at Elmira. And thus concluded a very enjoyable shoot with the promise, however, to engage in another the following season. Circumstances over which we had no control prevented us from enjoying another outing in that locality, but George and I have since then passed more than one night under the same tent roof when on trips after the wily *ansers*, none of which, however, were more enjoyable than the one chronicled above.

## EVENING



WHEN golden beams of sunset gild the  
browning leaves of fall,  
Far up the brushy hillside rings a hope-in-  
spiring call,  
*O-hi-O!* the quail is calling, and the moun-  
tain calls again,  
As the brightness turns to darkness, and  
the dusk falls in the glen.  
An owl flits by so silently as daylight slowly  
fails;  
The quail calls once, and once again, and  
evening's hush prevails.

—Tom Veitch.

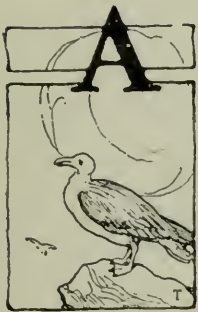




# Naughtiness in Feathers

BY ALBERTA FIELD

Is it a gem, half bird, or is it a bird, half gem?  
—Edgar Faucett.



AS THE case now stands," says Bradford Torrey, "I believe him a depraved wretch." Now this scathing assertion is launched at a no less important small majesty in feathers than the male ruby-throated humming bird, whose ap-

parent negligence and indifference to domestic and parental duties has aroused the ire of this most careful and conscientious of bird lovers, though he afterward qualifies this damaging statement by adding at the end of the chapter that "it is not plain to me whether we are to call him the worst or the best of husbands."

It has come to the notice of many bird students that Sir Ruby-Throat is noticeable for his absence during the incubating period, and also upon the arrival of the small bee-like babies that call him parent, to whom meals in abundance and quick succession are a matter of vital necessity. Occasionally some observer will note seeing the male ruby-throat about during this busy season, but it seems to be the general opinion that he is a lax fellow so far as parental responsibilities are concerned; but as we are not at all conversant with humming bird economics as it relates to their domestic concerns, it is not well to pass too severe criticism, particularly as his crime is non-proved. So far as my own observation goes, I must admit that I have never seen any but the female bird about the nest from egg to ending.

The little mother, however, fully compensates for any remissness on the part of her liege lord, for she is a most active and attentive care-taker, and watches over her wee

twins with all the maternal ardor imaginable. But her fashion of catering to their wants in the matter of food supply is anything but attractive, and renders void much of the romantic nonsense that has been written regarding the humming bird's ethereal diet of honey and dew, for as a matter of fact the baby birds develop into "winged gems" upon the substantial diet of crushed bugs and salival secretion which is thoroughly mixed up in the provident mother's throat or crop, and which she administers by a pumping process which forces the mass into the eager mouths of her nestlings in an anything but appetizing fashion, or as one writer says: "A frightful looking act, followed by a series of murderous gesticulations which fairly make an observer's blood run cold." So much for the romance and realism.

And what a nervous little mother she is, too! Watch her some time, if by good fortune you are given the opportunity as she broods her young, and you will see how she fusses and fidgets during the process, keeping up a constant movement as though she were trying to develop her infants' muscles by a system of massage. The white border of her tail bobs about like a bit of ribbon, though this showing of the white feather is by no means indicative of cowardice, for she is brave beyond the accepted limitations of her small form, and will dart and hover defiantly in dangerous proximity to one's eyes if he come too near to her dearly loved nestlings.

It may not be out of place to recall the legend of the Aztecs which tells us that humming bird's were once the souls of heroes, who having died in defense of the gods were

conducted into the kingdom of the sun, and by command of that deity wore a dress worthy of such sacrifice. A more Oriental fable of their origin is to the effect that they were life-embodied love words, uttered by a persistent ray of a tropical sun all gleaming with the emerald radiance of a new-born world, which wooed and won the flaming blood-red spirit of some rare Indian ruby which burned "beneath the pillars of Chilmimar." And really what gem can out-dazzle the red gleam at the bird's throat or the emerald iridescence of his sleek head and breast? Is it his single ruby that induces him to such lengths of selfishness, or at least to a laxity in domestic duties? Does his joy and pride in the possession of his blood-red gem—which no female is allowed to wear—debar or incapacitate him from the labors of the parental state? If so he is by no means the first creature who has been blinded to his or her responsibilities by the evil gleam of a rich jewel.

These small birds carry their love for Oriental coloring to the very flowers they select to serve as food supplies. The gorgeous-throated trumpet creeper, the crimson honeysuckle, dangling orange jewel weed and luxuriant Turk's cap lily bell all velvet and gold, are evidence of their fondness of broad color effects. Even fear of the human kind is secondary to their love of glowing tints, for coming across the low lands laden with nodding orange lilies, I am often "held up" by one or more of these wee fellows who will hover fearlessly beneath the honey and insect laden cups, drinking deep of their contents, all in face of my close proximity, though I have come to believe that these

birds know in me a creature "perfectly harmless" and who frequently secures a "corner" on the lily market, of whose abundant stores they are welcome to partake without let or hindrance.

But if you have eyes sharp enough to discover it, the little mother is able to create almost as beautiful, and a much more useful gem, than the one worn outside the heart of her selfish lord and master. It is not so conspicuous in color, for that were unwise according to bird judgment, but for artistic arrangement and harmony of shading, nothing equals the small nest which is about the size of a half of an egg shell, which it resembles in form when glued fast to some convenient branch not too far from the ground. Various lichens and bits of bark and moss are securely woven into the outer surface, rendering it protective as well as artistic in coloration, while the inside is carefully lined with cat-tail fluff, caterpillar silk, or, according to one observer, the silvery down of the velvet mullein. Herein is laid two small white eggs like pearls, that in about ten days become helpless little atoms blind and naked, but nevertheless feather jewels in embryo.

"The woods hold not another such a gem" says John Burroughs. But if you ever chance to come across such a rare find, do not, I beg of you, take it—save with a camera—until the tiny inmates have deserted it and flown with their mother-guide to the sun-haunted regions of the south country, which seems a more congenial habitat for these tropical tinted birds than the short-seasoned gray-skied sections which they usually select for a nesting ground.

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## IN AN OLD SCHOOL ROOM.

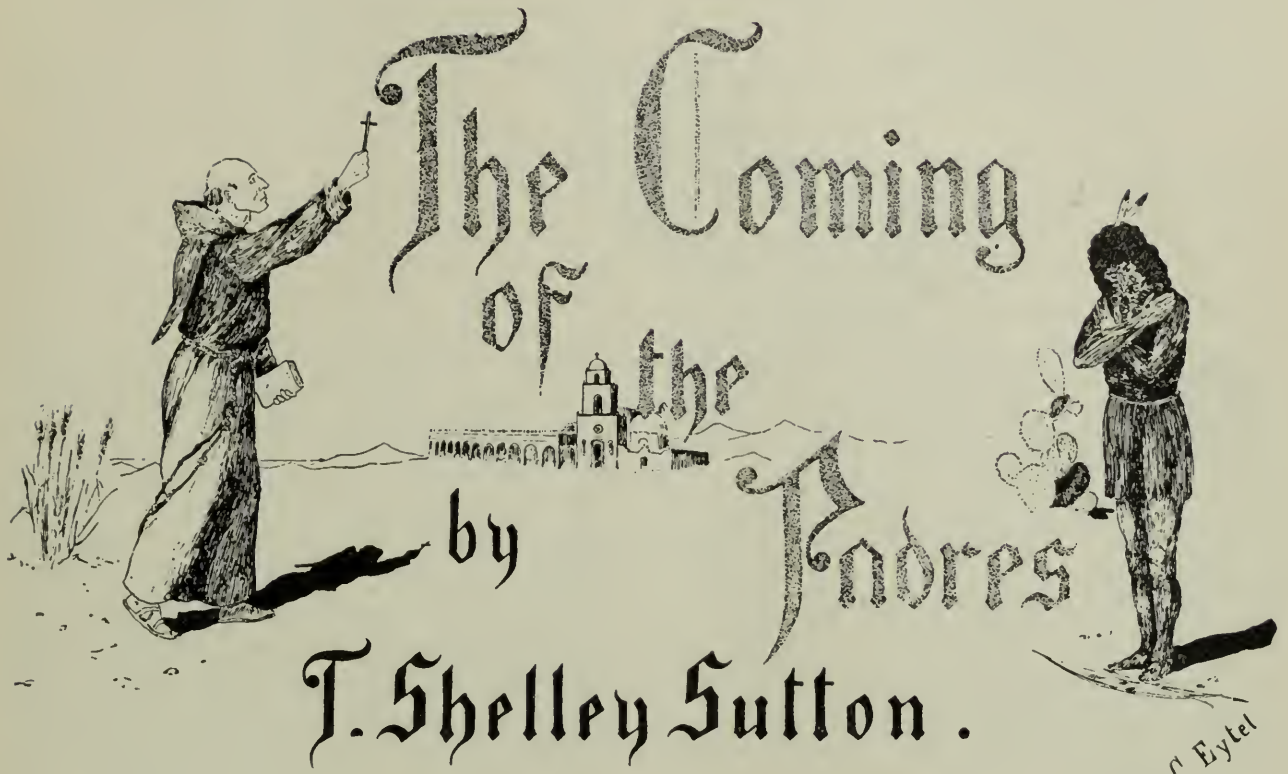
THE desks are placed the same old way  
The cloaks and hats beside the door;  
The children laugh while at their play  
As gayly as they did before.

From yonder window still are seen  
The trees outlined against the sky;  
Beyond the road the wheat is green,  
And now a farmer's team goes by.

And lo! the heart is strangely stirred  
With hints of unforgotten pain;  
How long since that old song was heard—  
Who conjured back those curls again?

The maps and charts upon the wall  
Are still in their accustomed place;  
The room has scarcely changed at all,  
But there's not one familiar face!

—Roscoe Brumbaugh.



**H**OW firm was the faith and how noble  
 the will  
 Which planted its Emblem on the valley  
 and hill!  
 Which dared 'mid the wilds of the savage  
 to tread  
 Where never the path of a Christian had  
 led;  
 Which carried the Cross of the Crucified  
 Christ  
 Where wealth had not tempted, or lucre en-  
 ticed.

Though bleak was the mountain, they  
 climbed to its crown;  
 Though arid the desert, they laughed at its  
 frown;  
 The cañon, the river, the wild and the waste  
 Hid never a fate that they would not have  
 faced;  
 No foe upon earth could have baffled that  
 band  
 Which came without weapon, in peace to  
 command.

The savage, untutored, defiant and brave,  
 Stood bowed in their presence—a soldier  
 or slave

To bear or defend, as the padres might ask,  
 The Cross of the Saviour, nor deemed it a  
 task.

Though blind to their God, and a savage by  
 birth,  
 He saw in that Emblem the glory of earth!

With the Book that they brought and the  
 Cross that they bore

These missions were reared by the padres  
 of yore;

Like a rosary stretched over mountain and  
 plain

Each mission a bead in the venerable chain;  
 And though weak are their walls from the  
 burthen of time

Their glory is strong and their beauty sub-  
 lime.

—T. Shelley Sutton.

# THE PATENT OF NOBILITY

BY GERTRUDE

B. MILLARD



WHY DON'T you have that wretched cur shot, Fred? He goes limping around, half blind, always in the way. I should think you would be ashamed to have people coming to the house connect him with the establishment. Nobody but you could ever have martyred mother into allowing such a freak on her favorite veranda; Nan has a fit every time she sets eyes on him!"

The doctor's hand dropped to the scarred dog's head, and his grave gaze traveled over the speaker to his pretty sister-in-law, who had the grace to color and look the other way. "Isn't suited to the esthetic eye, is he, Nan?" he quizzed. "The first time I saw him I was going to kick him out of the barn lot; but he would not let me go near enough. He attached himself to old Prince, willy-nilly, trailed at his heels when he moved, and curled down by his nose when he ate; but it was a month before he would let a human being come within twenty feet of him—not even a bone would tempt him. I chased him out of the lot a dozen times, I used to get so angry at his hangdog ways; but he always came back, and by-and-by I began to tolerate him. There was a gypsy camp down the road a mile that spring, and we always thought he ran away from them."

The visiting brother grunted. "And now he has a cushion, and the run of the house! Fred, you are soft." The dog licked the doctor's fingers, and he got up laughing. "You know that rug in front of the fire-place in my den, Bob? That is Sport's Patent of Nobility."

Mrs. Nan's arched eyebrows went up and a shadow of curiosity touched her husband's

boredom. "The fur?" he queried. "I never noticed what it was. Must be a goat if that brute is responsible for it."

"Shades of Nimrod! You do not deserve a story, either of you," rated the doctor severely, "but seeing you're company—Why, Sport and I were the envy of the town sporting fraternity all last season!—Come on, old boy! Let's make their High and Mightinesses go into the Den and take a real look at the fruit of our prowess; and after a while maybe pretty Nanny will forgive you for being a blot on the landscape."

"After all, bachelor brothers are not so bad." Nan confided aloud to the snarling head before the big andirons, as she settled herself again. "I wonder if it was at the medical school he learned sugar-coating his pills so nicely." Robert threw himself on the leather lounge, while Doctor Fred sat down on the floor to stir the fire, and nonchalantly remained there, one hand straying as usual to his canine friend, on guard before his one-time enemy, and the other emphasizing his periods with the poker.

"Mother says sitting on the floor is a pernicious and undignified habit for a man and a medico," he said, "but to me, lying low beside the blaze savors of piney woods and the dear life in the open. Once a year I have to get back to it, or they would be sending me to Agnews." The poker made a vicious jab at the forward log, throwing a shower of sparks up the sooty chimney mouth.

"Looks good, doesn't it? And feels good, too, if it is sixty in the sunshine, and we don't have any 'real winter' in California. Didn't feel like February out there on the veranda, did it? I wish you would come back here next summer and go into the hills with me. July's about the only time I can leave de-

cently; half my patients are out of town themselves then. Ted Jeffries went fishing with me last season (you remember Ted); but he did not happen to be in luck the day Dog and I tackled this fellow," jabbing at the head, "a bird of a fish he was!

"We had loafed along up Stevens Creek for three or four days, and were thinking about the Big Basin; but rather than tap the sawmill country all down the San Lorenzo we veered off at the summit and went over to the Los Gatos-Boulder road, Bear Creek way, a longer round; so just at dusk one night we camped in an elbow of the trail where there was barely room enough to set tent, stove and wagon off the right of way. Wild country that, although the road has seen casual use perhaps a lifetime. The mountain wall rose steep behind us, fringed with tapering redwoods and too sheer for eye measurement, and dropped away in front with scarcely less dizzy suddenness to a valley whose floor was filled with rank on rank of the same gallant sequoia soldiers, grim opponents of the hoe and plow. Already once they had fought and won the battle with humanity, for on a bench below us rotted the sagging roof of an abandoned mill, and after some scrambling I located cut banks that enabled me to trace the winding way by which the teamsters had hauled their loads out to the main road.

Their water supply, without which neither man nor mill may work, had been from the same source which had given us pause in our travels: A foamy, ferny little fall came tumbling out of upper space a couple of rods below our campsite, supplied a hollowed log for passing beast, dived under the road by a cunning man-made conduit, leaped and gurgled past the silent saw house, and slid away into the deeps beneath. It tempted me, calling, beckoning; but the woods were darkening fast, and a hail from Ted above said supper, so mentally registering a vow to follow it down with a fishpole in the morning I came back to bacon and fried potatoes. That is fare I should never recommend off the trail, Bob, but in the open even you could digest like an ostrich.

"Well, we had not more than got settled with dog Sport between us, waiting his turn, and Prince and Maud munching audibly out of the wagon box a few feet away, when we heard wheels. Secure in the belief

that no other travelers than our happy-go-lucky outfit would allow themselves to be caught so late on that tremendous grade, we had left our chattels strewn all over the road; so up we had to jump to clear the way, and the new-comers stopped to talk while we hustled.

These were not denizens of the forest it seemed, but trippers like ourselves in a humbler way. The man was going over to Boulder Creek to work his team, he said, and had expected to make the bottom of the grade before night; but the pull up from Alma on the other side had been so much stiffer than he was led to expect that they had been looking for a camping place the last five miles down. A passing woodchopper had told them the only water to be had was at the old sawmill.

"What was to be done? Making camp after dark is nasty business anywhere, and the woman had a little baby in her arms; besides a child of two or three in the bottom of the wagon. But she flushed dark, and refused to hear to taking our tent for the night with such painful embarrassment that the thought of the mill itself popped into my head. Five minutes' ax work in the thicket at the mouth of the blind trail opened a decent passage for man and beast; a little see-sawing and cajoling dove-tailed the strangers' wagon in behind ours, when the horses had all been led into the brush; and while the glimmering landscape was still faintly visible to the sight we succeeded in getting them all covered and comfy for the night.

"Good old Ted got more bacon on the fire, the young woman fetched various goodies from her own stores, we all had supper together as merry as you please, and the baby never even opened its head. You would think it madness to start out with a baby on a trip like that, wouldn't you, Sister Nan? And so would any other woman of our class. But little folk take surprising kindly to life in the open, if they have sensible mothers and do not get wet. There again is one of the beauties of summer outings in this part of California: no rain worth the name.

"'But to get back to my mutttons': By eight o'clock the combination camp was all abed. I waked once in the night to the tune of a great stamping from the horses, but it



"SPORT."

ceased almost immediately, so I turned over and dropped off again. Before dawn Sport startled me up by rushing down the road barking mightily, and mindful of possible trout for breakfast I took a wincing, delicious wash in the ice-cold horse trough and slipped away into the unknown.

"The dog couldn't seem to make up his mind at first whether to go with me or stay with Prince. He acted excited and uneasy, although even the birds in the forest were not yet stirring. But Prince was tied, and the love of adventure evidently conquered, for I soon heard him tumbling after me, scampering, sliding—heels over head part of the time I judged by the racket. He had developed into quite a respectable canine by then; daily bread and the bathing habit contracted under the tutelage of our man Mike had filled him out and given his brown coat a good gloss; and having a place of his own in the world had taught him to put up his tail properly—although to this day he will bound back, watchful and suspicious, if even his friends speak up sharply in his presence. Best of all, he had somehow, though mongrel and utterly untrained, fallen heir to a good quality of dog sense. He knew that if I sat down by a quiet pool, rod in hand, I did not want to fool with him, and that when I stood fishing on the stones in the middle of a rushing water I did not want him splashing all around me, so I had grown well content to his company on my expeditions.

"I can not say how far down it was to the bottom of that valley—it seemed like a mile perpendicular before I got to the sawmill going back—but at the bottom our saucy little companion creek, whose leaping thread we had been following over root, through brake and down scaur, took a long final plunge into a big deep pool and lost itself. One glance at that hole darkling under the early sky told that it was an ideal fisherman's rest, and jointing my rod I went straight to work. A fellow loses all account of time at a job like that; the gamey beauties bit fast enough, but some were big and hard to land, and by the time I had enough for all of us the sun warned me that it was nigh the hour to have them in the pan, so with a regretful glance up and down the inviting banks of the larger stream I whistled for Sport and began the upward climb. The poor pup made hard work of it—no scampering and sliding now. More than once I had to stop and wait for him to find a way around some stiffer bit, and how he had strength and grit for what came next only the Providence that watches over small children knows.

"Our friend the teamster wanted to make Boulder by noon, so he was up betimes feeding his horses, although the day came much later to them in the shadow of the mountain wall than to me in the valley. I being gone a-fishing, Ted, when he crawled out, did the like for our own nags. He noticed then that they were slow to take their oats, and Prince was wide of nostril and rolling eyed; but Prince was always a fidgetty brute so he paid no particular attention to him and made a fire as his part of the breakfast business, and began rolling up bedding, etc., ready for the start. The young woman from the mill brought up her basket and offered to cook for the crowd, and the man was helping Ted strike tent, because his babies were still asleep below and he did not want to turn them out till the last minute, when there arose a most terrible clatter. Both teams at once began to snort and stamp and plunge like mad things, and dropping the canvas in a mess the men went over the bank, followed fast by the mother as one of her children screamed.

"But Sport was first! He went by my long strides like a small brown streak. The

great cat, sneaking off unseen with a most precious plunder, stood for an instant confounded by the sudden din, and our good little beast had him by the heels. Of course he dropped his burden then, and somehow the mother had it in her arms out of that dreadful melee of scuffling paws, wailing but unhurt save one trifling scratch on its fat hand. I never considered myself much of a shot, Bob, but this was life and death, like a serious case in the operating room. The gun was in the wagon, fifty feet above, but I had an old 'bulldog' pistol in my pocket, and getting between the fascinated spectators and that snarling, hurtling heap of hair and fur, I fired—once.

"That is the story. It only goes to show that a cur dog, like some insignificant-seeming men, can rise to the occasion. It all happened in less time than it takes to tell it, and when that writhing yellow carcass fell limp I went to Sport. He was lying almost as motionless as his conquered foe, and it was hard to tell whether he would live or die. One eye was gone, one leg crunched, and his body torn in a dozen places.

"When I got him splinted and bandaged, Ted and I put up the tent again, and we staid right there in that corner until he was fit for travel in the wagon bed; but the rest

of the party got out as soon as they could put their duds together—they had had enough! We looked them up in busy Boulder Creek some days later, and found the baby crowing and happy, the hero of the hour. Somebody pointed us out as sharers of his honors, and our rig held a regular reception in front of the post office, rough men and eager-eyed women crowding each other for a glimpse of bandaged pup and panther skin.

"These creatures had grown rare, we were told, even in the virgin woods beyond the lumbering section, and it was years since one had been sighted so far along the divide. A grizzled old hunter suggested that the animal might have been injured in some way, making hunting difficult and so accounting for its famished boldness. When I thought back I knew it must have been hanging around our camp half that night, held back by the dog's alertness. Well, lad! Shall I have the brute shot?"

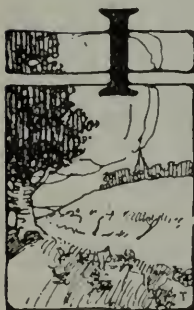
"That's right! Kick a fellow when he's down," growled his brother from the lounge. But Mrs. Nan leaned over and laid her white fingers on the ugly brown head at her knee. "Handsome is that handsome does!" she said softly, and the cur understood and licked her hand.





# FOR THE SPORTSMEN of TO-MORROW

BY AN OLD FLINT



IT IS better for a boy hunter to make his first few trips afield in company of someone older or more experienced than himself. Better still if the companion happens to be a father, uncle, brother or other relative with authority, ability and

willingness to bring into play, if necessary, the old pedagogic methods of inculcating wisdom. Anybody is privileged to argue forcibly with the grown man who squints down the barrel of a loaded gun or playfully points its muzzle at a human target, but a minor may not have sense knocked into him save by a favored few. More than once, when stranger youths have shared my hunting ground, the fatherly instinct has cavorted in my bosom and only a fear of the law held it in check.

In the forty-odd years that I have hunted, only two accidents due to carelessness with firearms have occurred directly under my eye, and in both of these I was the victim; but I honestly believe that I have averted dozens of catastrophes by forcing advice upon gunners, young and old, who were willing to do things right but didn't know how. In the two instances referred to, where I managed to stop shot that was intended for smaller game, the shooters were too far away to be considered dangerous—until it was too late. Just reckless shooting, nothing more. A bird flushed, a gun popped—and then followed the energetic remarks and humble apologies.

In the same forty-odd years I have known of numberless accidents which might have been prevented by a few words of caution

to the victim *at the right time*. A lecture on the evils of intemperance does the most good before a taste for liquor has been acquired, and in the same way the tendency to other harmful habits is easiest sidetracked at the start, or just before. After a fellow gets in the way of leaving the loads in his gun when he climbs a fence, or of shooting first and thinking afterward, you might as well let him go his own gait until something happens to set his brain to working.

\* \* \*

Here are a few rules worth memorizing:

Never take a loaded gun in the house or camp.

Never carry a loaded gun in a boat or any road vehicle, unless you are momentarily expecting to see game, in which case it is allowable.

If you are alone, and can, place the gun in a secure position with the muzzle from you;

Or, if you have a companion to attend to the rowing or driving, so your entire time and attention may be given the work in hand.

Always remove the loads before climbing a fence or crawling through a hedge.

Never lean over the muzzle of a gun, or look into it, or point it at any living creature that you would rather not kill.

This applies to all guns, loaded or empty. The greater number of fatal accidents may be traced to "the gun that wasn't loaded."

Repress the natural desire to "monkey" with every gun you see. Few men can claim intimate knowledge of all the many actions, single-shot, repeating, hammer, hammerless, side-snap, top-snap, guard-lever, thumb-lever, reciprocating fore-end, tip-up, falling breech-block, bolt-closure, etc., etc., to say nothing of the automatic later day productions. It is all well enough to say "pretty gun, that; how does she work?" but keep your hands off and let the other fellow do the demonstrating.

When hunting don't nurse the delusion



that the entire outdoor world has no occupants save yourself and the "critters" you are expecting to slaughter. Be sure what you are shooting at before pulling trigger. Also take note of what lies beyond the game. Remember that the smallest rifle cartridge of the present day will bury its bullet out of sight in a pine board at 200 yards, and that modern shot-guns will sprinkle No. 8 shot all around a target at half that distance.

Keep the muzzle of your gun off the ground, and thus avoid bursting the barrels. When the charge is traversing the bore with a few tons' pressure behind it, a very slight obstruction will certainly cause mischief.

\* \* \*

Doubtless some of you have heard or read all this before, but you will be none the worse for going over the ground again. I once knew a man who had hunted for the market a good fifteen years, but he was still simple enough to stick the little finger of his left hand in the muzzle of a cocked shotgun when his right forefinger was on the trigger. I guess no one had ever told him that such a proceeding was dangerous; but to repeat the experiment he will have to use some other finger and it is likely that he won't take the trouble. The dangers we know of are usually avoided, and the safest pilots are those who spend the most time studying their charts. The boy who has been taught to think can safely be trusted abroad with a gun, but not until his thoughts have been given direction.

\* \* \*

While I am on the subject of "first lessons," it might be well to hint at courtesies which field etiquette demands shall be paid to a hunting companion. In the first place he has a perfect right to feel assured of his personal safety, and it is your duty to secure him in so feeling. If compelled to keep an eye continually on the muzzle of your gun he is handicapped in looking for game and will likely choose another partner for his next hunt. Don't risk shots over his head or past his ears if you happen to be a few yards in the rear when a bird flushes. The chance is his own, by rights, and you are supposed to wait a reasonable time to see whether he improves it. If the bird is a straightaway, just keep on waiting; but if

it quarters off either way there will be opportunity for a safe shot before it gets out of range. Gunners hunting in company usually walk abreast, each taking the shots which offer on their respective sides, and generally trying to wipe each other's eye on the straightaways. If your friend can't down a bird with both barrels it is permissible to sling a few shot in that direction yourself, always providing there is latitude to do so with safety. If there is but one dog, and that one your companion's property, don't assume his direction or control. If you want to boss a dog, get one of your own—and, when you get him, insist upon your property rights. Further on, in its proper place, I will further discuss this subject of field etiquette, but lessons for the primary class must not be too long.

\* \* \*

In choosing a day for hunting, bitter cold, scorching heat and high winds are weather conditions always prohibitive of sport. Any sort of weather that would naturally keep a sensible man indoors will keep game from stirring abroad. It is a reasonably well established fact that the gift of reasoning faculties to human kind has given them but small advantage over the lower animals in the respect of knowing when and where to hustle for food, or how best to assure comfort and safety. It sometimes has seemed to me that ninety-nine per cent. of Nature's simpletons may be found among the so-called "lords of creation"—at any rate I have seen men, as well as boys, tramping all day long through freshly fallen snow, freezing their ears and toes, when even the hawks and wolves were cuddled close in the warmest shelter they could find, waiting patiently on empty stomachs for more propitious hunting weather. One of the best game finders and killers that I ever knew confided to me the rule he invariably successfully followed, and I give it here with the hope that it will prove as helpful to my readers as it has in the past to myself:

"No matter what you're huntin'—whuther deer or snipe—imagine yourself jest that same critter an' act accordin'. Ef it's chewin' time, go whar a deer or a snipe would nachully look fer grub; ef it's time fer layin' up on a full stumick, hunt the sort of ground a deer or a snipe would nachully go tew."

# WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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## FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the people of California we demand at the hands of our legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

## OUR FRONTISPIECE.

THE beautiful trout picture which we present as a frontispiece this month will, we are reasonably assured, be pleurably received by the many thousands of our friends who have been generously cordial in their expression of appreciation of our former efforts in this line.

It is a faithful reproduction in the original colors of a painting in oils executed expressly for "Western Field" by one of the West's most famous artists, Mrs. Nellie Burrell Scott, whose pictures of California fish and fruit have made her celebrated throughout America. This talented lady is not merely a studio painter; she is an ardent sportswoman who makes her studies in the field from specimens caught by herself in person, and who improves her grand opportunities with a marvelously happy skill and feeling. The fidelity of her work and her exquisite coloring are very acceptably rendered in our picture, which we anticipate

will be framed by "Western Field" readers from Maine to Mexico, from Alaska to India; in fact, so great do we anticipate the demand to be that we are having a limited number of first proof impressions made upon extra fine plate paper with wide margin, without any text lettering, which we will supply to our friends as long as they last at the nominal charge of twenty-five cents each—less than their actual cost.

We are glad to announce that Mrs. Scott has graciously expressed her intention to favor us in the near future with other illustrations, a promise that will be hailed with pleasure by all our friends.

## THEY NEED REVISION.

OUR readers will notice the absence from our pages this month of the diagrams of State laws, and table of County Ordinances governing game, which we have hitherto kept standing as a regular feature of this magazine. In explanation thereof we beg to say that there were many important changes made in our State laws at the last session of the legislature, and as the County Ordinances will be necessarily also revised in consequence, we will be unable to present an authentic resume of them for some little time. We hope, however to be able to incorporate them in our next or the succeeding issue, after which they will again become a permanent fixture for the reference of our readers.

## THE INTRODUCTION OF NEW SPECIES.

WE NOTE with much interest that the enterprising members of the Victoria (B. C.) Fish and Game Club have recently received from Ottawa, Can., an importation of a quarter million eggs of the Atlantic salmon, the shipment being accompanied by a competent member of the Dominion Department of Fisheries, who will superintend their planting in British Columbian waters.

It is to be devoutly hoped that the venture will prove successful. The Atlantic salmon (*S. salar*) stands pre-eminent as a game and food fish, rising royally to the artificial fly, and under favorable conditions reproducing its kind in almost incredible numbers. In addition to this they do not die after spawning, as it is said the Pacific species invari-

ably does, but return to the sea from whence they again, after a certain period, return to again perform the reproductive process. *Salmo salar* has been known to attain the enormous weight of 83 pounds, and the fierceness of his fighting, when hooked, has become proverbial. Should his introduction in Pacific waters prove successful, it will open to Western anglers a sport unequaled, and will, besides, make a very valuable addition to our supply of fine food fishes. Our own State Fish Commissioners could do much worse than supplement the efforts of our northern brethren by importing a few million eggs for Californian waters, and we earnestly hope that the suggestion will not be lost upon them.

Another valuable food fish that would grandly repay the trouble of introduction in our waters is the haddock (*M. aglefinus*), a species that has few equals among the larger varieties in flavor and general usefulness. It produces remarkably, an average sized fish of ten pounds producing about 2,000,000 eggs annually. The haddock reaches a weight of twenty pounds, and is destined to become one of America's most valuable species. It should do especially well in Pacific waters.

While on this subject of introducing new species we can not refrain from expressing our regret that the appropriation made by the State to our Board of Fish Commissioners was not large enough to justify an extended experiment along these introductory lines. Wild turkeys would do remarkably well in Northern California; the English partridges would thrive and multiply all over our State without question; and the lordly capercaillie, the king of the grouse family, would find himself at home in our spruce, fir and redwood forests. Woodcock are also an attractive proposition, and doubtless would do well here.

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### THE MONTH OF DELIGHTS.

**A**LTHOUGH the trout season opened legally on April 1, and the streams in this vicinity have been industriously whipped for the past thirty days by a horde of eager enthusiasts, the merry month of May is the true season of anglers' delight, here as everywhere else in the world, and its

pleasures to folks piscatorial passeth all bounds.

For from now on fly-fishing daily grows better with the bettering conditions of water and weather, and fly-fishing is the acme of angling sport. We concede a certain undeniable pleasure in playing a big trout "snagged" with plebeian worm or hopper baited hook; the accessories of landscape, attendant concomitants and environments are indubitably the same; but there is something clean, artistic, high grade and classy about a deftly cast fly that dwarfs and abashes all other methods of taking trout. Show us the man who disdains any other lure than the artificial fly and we will show you a genuine, thoroughbred sportsman; for while bait fishing—by experts—always assures a catch in good waters, fly-fishing has always a measure of uncertainty in its make up, the inconstant troutlets being full of whims and vagaries in their behavior before the tinselled lure. For bait fishing you feed the trout, appealing to his vulgar stomach; in fly-fishing you fool your fish, appealing only to his artistic senses, his combative faculties, his curiosity—for we are of the possibly small class who think no trout strikes at a fly in clear water under the sole impression that it is good to eat.

Be that as it may, and fish in whatsoever fashion you choose, May is the month that will most gladden your heart as you fossick about in the waters for the speckled goods that the gods will give you if you ask wisely and use proper application. There is now no torment of insect pests, no sweltering in summer furnaces; the air is balmy, refreshing and salubrious; there is a smell of greening and freshness everywhere, the mating birds are twittering their love songs, the flowerets and blossoms are peeping smilingly at you about every corner, and the flush waters are babbling a full welcome. There is a virginal purity about all things, for May is the maiden of your dreaming, who has yet a month of youth and gaiety before she burns with the passion of June or matronizes into the plump ripe russet of August. It is the month of promise, the season of success, and what old angler's heart but grows young again under her gentle influence!

So get your tackle together—and the Lord be with you! Life is at best only a brief thing and it is not always May.



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Conducted by A. T. NOE, M. D.



LONG the promised line of specialization in physical education, I most earnestly desire to aid the true self knowledge we all need, and thereby acquire better understanding for myself; for in the letters I receive, whether antagonistic to my views or of commendation, I find much that helps me to broader knowledge of my fellow-man.

This month I will devote to the lungs and their common disease, tuberculosis, commonly called consumption. The blood, of course, plays a most important part in the health of the lungs, and if the circulation is carefully watched there should be no serious difficulty in the way of developing strong breathing apparatus. Stagnation and inactivity are deadly conditions when the lungs are considered, and it is vitally important that they should be counteracted by activity and exercise. To have healthy lungs you must use every part of them, and keep the blood moving through every nook and corner until each cell is fed, cleansed and strengthened. When there is good circulation, and if the blood is clean, there is no chance for bacilli to locate and they are forced to vacate.

It is the hollow narrow chest that harbors the germ of consumption and it is usually accompanied by a ravenous appetite. I have seen this kind of appetite in men who will eat a meal that would demoralize a pig and then cough and cough, all the while wondering where they get their constant colds.

A stomach that is overworked can not make good blood, and poor blood can not keep the lungs healthy. That is the whole thing in a nut-shell. It may seem strange to assert that the stomach is responsible

for much lung trouble, but it is an absolute fact and a few moments given to thought on this subject will soon convince the most skeptical. The lungs are spongy cellular tissues, of great contractive and expansive power. They act involuntarily; that is, a man can not breathe or not as he chooses—he must breathe to live. The exact function of these cells is to furnish oxygen to the body. The blood is the means of communicating the air to the body and must be able to perform this function without obstruction. The air stream must flow pure and free, else there is a congestion and this means a stopping place for disease to breed in.

Pressure in any spot will cause stagnation, so when bones are pressed against the delicate tissues there is a compression of air cells until they are like a dry sponge and become useless. Here is where the danger lies; these inactive spots are the camping ground of tubercular bacillus and they very quickly take advantage of such comfortable quarters. The surest way to keep them out is to afford them no resting place. Use your lungs vigorously; pump them full of good clean blood and force pure fresh air through them by a deep full breath every time you breathe, and you will soon find your strength greater than that of the terrible microbe which threatens your life.

It may seem hard to say that in my experience I have traced almost every case of consumption to carelessness. It is my firm conviction that heredity is less to blame than willful neglect, for if inheritance were an absolute law no one would be able to escape. According to my belief we only inherit the tendency, and it remains with us to develop or destroy the disease. If the inheritance of such diseases as cancer, consumption, etcetera, were to hold control of us, then every child of a cancer subject

would succumb to that horrible death; but this is not so and we see about us many examples of this every day. I treat pulmonary disease in subjects whose family shows no trace of lung disease whatever, and I have several friends at a ripe old age whose family records are filled with dismal deaths from lung trouble. So I again say that it is carelessness that is to blame and not ancestry.

Every cold is dangerous, every cough to be feared, and every sore throat a menace to life. These things are neglected for days and we do not appear to notice the condition that they bespeak. Here is where the criminal carelessness comes in. We should avoid colds like virulent poison and, when we do fall into one, use every means in our power to overcome it. For such a state of affairs means certain death, and when too late we often realize the foolish neglect that has allowed repeated warnings to pass unheeded. A cold is a warning to us that the blood, stomach, skin and lungs are in need of attention, and the sooner we take measures to get them back to a normal condition the better for us. In the first place one should fast, so that the bowels may get a chance to free the body of poison; drink at least two quarts of water in twenty-four hours, this is a diuretic and forces the kidneys to cleanse out; also if the skin is not too inactive it will free the body through that means.

Deep breathing should be a habit, for if you are not apt to breathe deeply you will not be able to throw off a cold readily. The full expansion of every cell in the lungs gives them the proper exercise for their health and is absolutely necessary to keep them strong and active enough to resist disease. Deep breathing to one who is not accustomed to it will cause coughing, dizziness and even faintness. If you find this the case you can make up your mind that your lungs are in bad shape, and the quicker you get to work to remedy such conditions the better chance for a long life for you.

When I see a patient with hopeless eyes and hacking cough, I feel that courage and will power must win, yet the patient must act for himself and no exterior force can help him half so much as his own determination to be well, and a dogged persistence in carrying out the laws of nature. A

change of dress, habits and diet are all beneficial, and environment means much to health; when sickness is the result of abuse of these things a radical change is often necessary.

I have received so many questions with regard to climate, and as to whether dry or salt air is better for weak lungs, that I think it well to say a few words on this subject. The physician who is at loss for better means often advises change of climate to effect what drugs have failed to accomplish. This is a mistake. If the patient takes into his new surroundings all his old disease habits, he will not only not be helped but often times such a change is fatal. I have been in every sort of climate, from Halifax, New Brunswick to New Orleans, from New York to San Francisco, from Boston to Chicago, and I have found healthy people in every place. I have also found sick ones. Now if climate were all there is to health then every body would be sick in certain places, while in some other localities there would be no sickness at all. This is not so and it proves that health is a matter of personality, not climate.

Where there is much cold, and people dress extra warmly, live in heated houses, eating heavy food, with little or no exercise, there I find great mortality from consumption. It is senseless to blame climate for this state of affairs, for those who live in a very cold country and do not abuse themselves are often the most hardy and long lived people to be found. People who live in stuffy rooms, who sleep with windows tightly closed with foul air abundant, are always taking cold, and their thick sluggish blood but feeds the fire of lung disease. Even in our own glorious climate we find consumption; of course many cases in this State are people who come here for health only to find that climate alone is powerless to cure. Here in California there is a better chance to live near to nature, for we do not have extremes of cold and heat, and if people do not have plenty of fresh pure air it is because they do not want it. In San Francisco we can be out of doors all seasons of the year, and there is no necessity to bundle up with excess clothing. These conditions are most favorable to the cure of lung troubles, and I

have had much success with such cases since locating in San Francisco. Yet you will find people who think that any coast climate is fatal to lung disease.

So I again say that although climate is without doubt a large factor in gaining health, it is not all one needs by any means; and if you have weak lungs you can strengthen them wherever you are. Of course one needs the courage of one's convictions in order to overcome prejudice and old fashion customs; but then if we allow old habits to rule our living, we must be satisfied with the result—our present condition. On the other hand if we desire new health, strength and beauty, we must employ every effort toward that end. This means new ideas, new therapeutics, new activities that beget better habits and teach us to profit by the progression of science.

In almost every case of lung disease I find more or less fever. This is nature's way of showing distress and should be heeded most carefully. No stimulating food should be taken, for such victuals but feed the fire and are highly dangerous to a feverish body. No liquors of any kind, or any condiments are to be indulged in if you desire to overcome fever. Little if any meat should be eaten, while plenty of raw vegetables, such as lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, etcetera, are the very best foods for making new cells, and should form a part of every meal. A very safe rule is to never eat unless you are really hungry; then always leave the table feeling that you could eat more. Never eat to repletion, for if the stomach is overloaded and the lungs weak you are sure to take more cold, and this is to avoided at all costs.

A few words about taking cold: People are afraid of cold air, afraid of a draught, afraid of wet weather. Now all these things are powerless to affect one if we are in the proper physical condition. If our skins are moist and inactive there is danger; if our blood does not circulate as it should and a packed alimentary canal can not free itself, then look out for chills; but that is the fault of the man, not the wind. For instance, in a fierce wind storm a house blows down, while the one next to it does not even shake. Now if that house were well built and in proper condition the wind would not have had any more effect on it than on its

neighbor. So with a human body; if it is in normal health, with good bounding blood, there is no force in winds, draughts or rain to hurt.

Every case of pulmonary disease is the result of long-continued neglect, and while an attack of lung fever, pneumonia or phthisic may seem sudden, there have been long lines of indiscretion back of the collapse, such as colds, cold feet and hands, overeating, chills, constipation and many other wrong physical conditions. All these things corrected when first exhibited will save much pain and suffering in future days. It is these little things that show us we are in need of physical attention, and as there are so many means of gaining health it seems a pity to neglect them.

The use of drugs, such as morphine, cocaine, mercury, arsenic, or any mineral poison, only prolong the agony in lung disease. Any foreign substance in the blood is sure to irritate the lungs, and irritation will surely break down the cells, and once a cell is entirely destroyed it is a hard matter to rebuild it. So it is wise to prevent the loss of cells, and by careful exercise develop strength and vitality in these sensitive tissues.

Lungs are for use, and every part of them should be used; and as deep breathing is the only way to use every section, I can not reiterate too often the great necessity of this habit. The following mechanical exercises are good to develop lung space and broaden the chest. In the first place, always stand with the chest well up; this gives the lungs free play and plenty of room to expand.

(1) Stand with chest raised, then try to puff out the whole body by a deep full breath and hold as long as you possibly can; repeat five times.

(2) Expel all the breath from the lungs; then by purely muscular exercise thrust out the sides as far as possible, then contract them in as far as you can. Repeat ten times. This exercise may make the muscles sore for a few days, but repetition will soon remedy that and you will be surprised at the increased lung power they will give.

(3) Draw deep breath, hold while counting aloud as many numbers as you possibly can. You should increase the numbers at least one a day until one hundred can be counted with ease.

(4) Practice laughing aloud, with chest well up and arms extended at shoulder level. These exercises taken daily will be of vast benefit to those with a tendency to weak lungs, and will help and strengthen those who have by carelessness allowed disease to fasten upon them. Always remember that consumption can not live in uncongenial soil, and can not propagate where there is no food on which to subsist. Cultivate strong lungs, keep them well supplied day and night with pure fresh air (especially at night). Do not dress heavily, but toughen your skin until it takes good care of you; don't eat too much, avoid stimulants and

rich greasy food, and you can not help but get well, whether you are in Arizona or San Francisco. It is a most encouraging fact that our health is a matter of our own making, and that even if we do sometimes forget, there is always the hope of making strong efforts to overcome our past carelessness. To those who feel the clutch of tubercular disease I say COURAGE! Go to work, and as your body is yours obtain the mastery, and when once it is in control never allow it to slip from your grasp, but hold it to obey the laws of nature and she will repay such obedience with health.

## A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

PEEL, OREGON, Feb. 28, 1905.

MR. EDITOR: I read my father's "Western Field," and think it fine. I like hunting and fishing stories, and wish my school-books had such stories in them. I am thirteen, and I live twenty-five miles east of Roseburg, on the East Fork of the North Umqua. There are lots of salmon and trout in this river, and lots of deer here, too. Then there are some bears with plenty of cougar, wild cats, 'coons, squirrels, pheasants and quail.

A great many hunters and fishermen come here. There are eight men from Chicago, Ill., spending the winter here; they were never in such a country before, and had never killed any big game, so they had to buy a beef from one of our neighbors for fresh meat; if they knew how to hunt and kill deer they would have had camp meat in plenty. But they are all right with shotguns, and knocked ducks until the ducks went away. I have a 22-Stevens Favorite, and it's all right, too.

I will tell you about our game pie we had last fall—I killed the stuffing for it. There were three pheasants, five quail and two gray squirrels in that pie, and Grandpa and Grandma said it was the best game pie they ever ate. But I forgot, we had the tenderloin of a deer in it, too, but I didn't kill the deer. But I killed a goose a few days before, which was nearly as good as killing a deer, only of course it wasn't near as heavy.

I have to hunt the cows of an evening, and Pa makes me take my gun and dog. That just suits me. I wouldn't care if I did see a wild cat, for I am looking for them. A cougar has killed some of our pigs, also a calf for one of our close neighbors, but I am not looking for cougars. Pa asked me what I would do if I ran on a cougar right suddenly. Well, I got to studying about it, and as it takes a lot of study before you answer some questions, I have not answered him yet.

I don't kill any game now as it is out of sea-

son, but I see lots of it. Last fall during running season the deer were everywhere, it seemed. I saw lots more than I usually see, but they were either running, or too far away for a .22. But I got one good shot last fall. My dog is a shepherd, but will run anything; he won't run a deer very far though. He got after a little one, one day last October, and the deer ran within twenty yards of me through the thick brush. I shot at him, too, but I didn't get him. I hit a little tree that was right where the deer was when I shot. Pa says lots of people hit trees right where the deer ought to be. So I may not miss him next fall if I get another chance at him.

A wild cat killed one of my pet sheep about a week ago. I went out scouting around the top of a bluff of rocks, looking to see whatever I could see, and soon I saw something pretty big move on a limb of a tall fir tree about forty yards from me. It crawled a little piece and then stopped, and I was sure it was my wild cat, as the dog was tracking around not far away. Well, I took good aim at his shoulders and out he came; but it proved to be a big 'coon weighing thirteen pounds. His back was broken, but he was a big mouthful for a dog just the same, and the dog had to spit him out several times. But pretty soon the dog thought he would try barking at the 'coon for a change, and the 'coon wanted to climb the tree for a change; but his back being out of working order, he could only go a little piece and I got a shot at his head, which was more than he could stand.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you will print this letter. I intend to kill that wild cat that got my pet sheep, and if I do I will write you a good letter about it.

THEO. BOND.

P. S. I don't charge anything for this story, but if I kill that wild cat and it's a big one, and the dog and I have a big row, I think it ought to be worth 4 bits.

T. B.



# NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington and British Columbia. Conducted by F. M. Kelly.

[To-day the immense territory comprising British Columbia and Alaska is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The mountains and valleys abound with big game, while the rivers and lakes teem with trout and salmon. The

writer has hunted and angled much in this district, and information given can be relied upon. Any request, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will receive an early reply. Address, F. M. Kelly, Victoria, B. C.]



THESE are the really, truly dog days of the Pacific Coast, when any dog of good behavior and breeding may have one, providing its master or mistress takes advantage of whatever winning points it may possess and enters the pet for the bench-shows held during April and May. It is now the big yearly flood in the affairs of dog, and as such is attended with much pomp and circum-

Some dogs can reckon on a day or two for a period of years, they are so well brought up; but to the great majority the coming of a day is shrouded with the uncertainty. What well-defined lines of caste have been established for the dog that would have a day in all of democratic America. There's a chance for the cynic! Do we not ridicule the stratas of society in older countries, where certain of the human kind, by reason of their birth, are held to be superior to others born on what is assumed to be a lower level of life? Yet we have the dogs of the red, white and blue ribbon order, also the dogs of the blue, the red and the yellow degrees. Who will say that all men are not equal, that one man is superior in birth to another? A few possibly. Yet how many will say that all dogs are born equal? A less number. Man, the "paragon of animals," is born of a common kind; while the dog (perchance a close second in some instances) is granted superiority over others of its species by reason of its breeding.

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Urging a united fancy, so as to better promote kennel interests in Seattle, Mr. John Ripplinger, representing the Seattle Kennel Club, wrote to Dr. C. W. Sharples, Seattle Dog Fancier's Association, proposing to unite the interests of the Seattle Kennel Club and the Seattle Dog Fanciers' Association by consolidating the two factions. His proposal was that the Fanciers' Association, in exchange for the transfer of the Kennel Club's personal property, admit to membership without payment of any initiation fee twenty members of the Kennel Club. This offer was rejected on the grounds that the constitution of the latter club forbade such an arrangement. It is now said that in consequence of this refusal the Kennel Club will hold a show of their own in the near future.

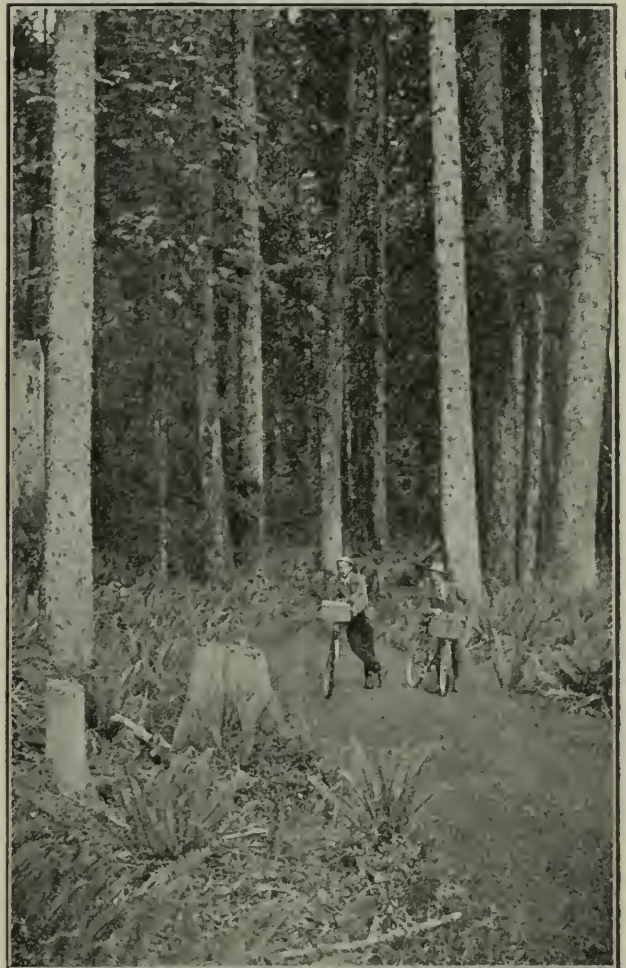
\* \* \*

Owing to the agitation of the canners, fishermen and others interested, the bill to do away with the closed season for salmon in Puget Sound waters, and which had been filed by the Senate committee of the House, was reconsidered. It went to the legislature, where it was defeated. A bill for a weekly close season was

then introduced and became law. A vexed question was thus temporarily settled. In British Columbia and Washington the majority of people approve of things as they now will be. Now that the Washington legislature did not pass the laws proposed by the packers, the Canadian order-in-council providing for close seasons in 1906 and 1908, has been revoked.

\* \* \*

Following the excitement of the close season proposals, there comes word of impending trouble at the mouth of the Columbia. It is said a syndicate of capitalists are trying to corner the salmon industry, at present divided among the people of Ilwaco and Chinook on the Washington side. Representatives of the syndicate have been quietly spying out the district for some time past, and have given direct evidence of their intention. Two schemes are proposed.



TELLS ITS OWN STORY.

One is to extend the fishing grounds for pound nets on the north and west sides of Sand Island. For a number of years the channel there has been gradually filling up, and through that passage the only salmon that enter Baker's Bay run. They would extend the grounds at the mouth of this channel, establishing traps which would cut off the hundreds of traps farther up the bay, causing a great loss to the people who are interested in them, and who have been established there for many years. By common consent certain lines have been recognized in the past, lines which were established by the government. The syndicate desires to have those lines changed, claiming the channel is no longer suitable for navigation, which is correct, and that the fishing grounds should be utilized and that it is ready to make use of them. It has made application to the War Department to extend the grounds, and has driven stakes in the belief that the request will be granted. Should that happen, every salmon entering that passage from the ocean will be caught in the traps of the syndicate, and the pioneers of the industry forced out of the business. The other scheme is to get control of Sand Island, which has hitherto been used by the fishermen as a camping place during the run of fish, and for landing their gill nets with catches. By mutual consent, they had divided the island, each recognizing the other's rights, and there were few disputes. They pay a license to the State of Washington for the privilege of fishing, and

have erected numerous buildings on the island to aid them in carrying on their work. A short time ago the island was advertised for lease by the government. Being a military reservation and unused, the Secretary of War is empowered to ask for bids and it will go to the highest bidder, which it is now believed will be the syndicate. Putting two and two together, the fishermen at present see dark days ahead, for if the syndicate gets control of the island as well as of the channel, their bread and butter will have to be sought elsewhere. In the meantime strong representations have been forwarded to the proper authorities at the national capital. Each Congressman from Washington will receive three sets of strongly worded petitions—one from the fishermen, one from the business men, and one from the people of the peninsula in general.

\* \* \*

The path of the legislator is not always one of peace. Sometimes we may envy him the apparent serenity of his way, but when it comes to the question of amendments to game acts it is different. While more momentous questions, in his belief, pass through his "think tank" without disturbing the serenity of his brow, those dealing with game and fish cause it to wrinkle in no uncertain manner. Do what he believes to be best, on the advice of those who should know, what abuse is his portion! Every individual seems to want laws enacted for his own especial benefit. Both in Washington and British Columbia the amendments to the game laws have been strongly condemned. Undoubtedly there are faults in the game laws of this province and that State; but how those faults are to be remedied without intelligent cooperation from all sportsmen is problematical. We should not believe that game laws must not be enacted in the interest of a privileged few. Things now appear to be shaping that way in British Columbia. A clause in the game act makes it illegal to hunt on enclosed lands without permission, a fine of \$50 to be imposed. Enclosed lands may mean wild lands. What harm can the sportsman do on such? Not any. Those who agitated for that clause are of the privileged classes. Then there is the suggestion to stop Sunday outings. Who are responsible for it? Those who have the leisure to hunt and fish on any other day of the week, and are selfish enough to desire all the enjoyments of life for themselves.

From all parts of Washington the new game regulations are severely criticized. Though those "kickers" make a lot of noise they probably constitute a very small minority of hunters and fishermen.

\* \* \*

Though Seattle lost the big gun tournament of the Pacific Coast, which this year goes to San Francisco, the Gun Club of that city proposes to hold a tournament in honor of the crack marksmen who participate in the California shoot on their way home. There will be no Pacific Northwest tournament this year, the Interstate Association having so decided. It is thought that a more notable gathering of trapmen, however, will take its place this season; and the other gun clubs of the Northwest should get in line and help Seattle make the meet the success it should be.

The Washington State shoot will be held at Wenatchee in May, and the annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest will be held at Portland in June, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club. The best shots



IN THE NORTH WOODS.



Photo by Fleming.

SHAWNEGAN LAKE.

of Washington, British Columbia, Oregon, California, Idaho, Utah and Montana will compete.

\* \* \*

On March 19th the first shoot of the Seattle Gun Club for the season of 1905 took place on the Ballard grounds. The contests were for three gold medals, which are awarded every season. The weather was all that could be desired, and there was a good turnout. Each man had twenty-five pigeons to break. The winners in the different classes follow: A—McLaughlin, 23; B—Hardy, 19; C—Loud, 19.

\* \* \*

The members of the Mount Pleasant (Vancouver) Gun Club have elected their officials for the ensuing season: Honorary president, H. W. Maynard; honorary vice-president, W. J. Owens; president, T. A. Tidy; vice-president, W. Donahoe; secretary-treasurer, C. Homewood; captain, C. Green; executive committee, J. Johnson, J. D. Ross, Al Bussell, W. R. Owens, and W. Main.

\* \* \*

The King County, Wash., game commissioners have ordered, through Game Warden Rief, some 250 bob white quail from Wichita, Kan. These birds will be placed on ranches in various parts of the county. As the State law now permits an open season of three months in the year, special arrangements for their protection have been made with the ranchers, who have signified their willingness to co-operate with the commissioners. The county will bear the expense of putting up trespass signs, and anyone caught molesting the birds at any time will be prosecuted. It is thought the birds will do well under such circumstances, as they do not favor the wildness of the country, choosing rather to remain near human habitations.

\* \* \*

A quarter of a million Atlantic salmon eggs recently reached Victoria from Ottawa. They were secured by the Victoria Fish and Game Club, and accompanied to the coast by a member of the Dominion Department of Fisheries, who will superintend the placing of them in the Cowichan River and other Vancouver Island resorts. The Atlantic salmon is a very sporty fish,

rising to the fly in splendid style, and will enhance the reputation of the island as an angler's paradise.

\* \* \*

The secretary of the Victoria Fish and Game Club is nothing if not energetic, and if he had the means at his disposal I believe Mr. Musgrave would be continuously importing eggs and birds to the island. Shortly after the arrival of the Atlantic salmon eggs a number of partridge and capercaillie eggs were received. The partridge is a popular bird with sportsmen of the East, and the capercaillie is well known to Scotchmen, being a native of the north of Scotland, and of Norway and Sweden. It is somewhat similar to the blue grouse that we know so well, only a much larger bird. The eggs will be placed under blue grouse and hatched in as wild a manner as possible.

\* \* \*

One of the most unsatisfactory sections of the act governing the angling of British Columbia is that which has to do with the open and close seasons. The Dominion government regulate the fisheries, and section 9, paragraph D, of the Dominion Fisheries Act provides that "in all other parts of Canada (other than Ontario, Quebec and Prince Edward Island) no person shall fish for trout between the first day of October and the first day of January." According to that, it is lawful for anyone to fish for trout in British Columbia waters from January 1 to October 1. Section 5 of the amendment to the game act of British Columbia, and which was passed last session in the local legislature, named March 25 as the date on which trout fishing opens. Many fishermen went out before that date this year, but the provincial police, acting under orders from the Attorney-General's department, made no arrests. Some good chances to test the law were thus lost. A number of fishermen desired to do that, but did not succeed, the provincial government practically acknowledging that their law was no good. It is much to be regretted that some arrangement can not be made whereby the province of British Columbia would be in a position to administer the fisheries of her inland waters.

Tennis affairs are shaping toward another successful season in the Northwest, the various clubs of the North Pacific Association being strongly augmented by new players since the tournaments of last year were played. Victoria has lost two of her best players, R. B. Powell and Miss Goward, both having left the city. The club has plenty of good material left, however, and if its representatives lose at any of the tournaments it will not be because of poor playing. The big gathering of the wielders of the racquet will be held in Portland during the Lewis and Clark Exposition, when the championship of the Multnomah Club will be contested for. A big entry list is reckoned on, as the fair will undoubtedly attract, among others, a number of tennis enthusiasts.

\* \* \*

Champions of the motor are rapidly increasing in this part of the country. With such unexcelled opportunities for touring, it is not to be wondered at. Seattle and Victoria have clubs, the former now a year old, while the latter was but recently organized. There are at present some fifty privately owned automobiles in Seattle, and some twenty-five in Victoria. 'Ere the present season is over, these figures will undoubtedly have materially increased.

\* \* \*

On March 12 members of the Waverly Golf Club of Portland overwhelmingly defeated the

Seattle golfers, who were visitors to the "Web-foot" city. The Waverlys won seventeen out of eighteen matches played, tying the other. All through it was straight match play, eighteen Portlanders against a like number of Seattleites. The chief interest centered in the playing of Maclay (Portland) and Newton (Seattle). It was even and exciting from the beginning, and resulted in a tie. The matches commenced in the morning and were continued throughout the afternoon.

Victoria golfers visited Seattle early in March, but were not successful in their efforts to defeat the crack players of that city.

\* \* \*

Another yachting season is now well to the fore, the majority of Northwest flyers being in commission.

At the annual meeting of the Seattle Yacht Club the following officers were elected: Commodore and chairman, C. D. Stimson; vice-commodore, H. C. Henry; secretary and treasurer, R. R. Spencer; fleet captain, F. J. Foster; directors, F. T. Fisher, A. W. Engle, F. S. Stimson and Maurice McMicken. The annual cruise was set for May 27 and 28, and the ladies' cruise from July 1 to July 4. Commodore Stimson, Fleet Captain Foster and Director Fisher were named as a committee to seek a site for a new clubhouse, the financial condition of the club now being such that a handsome home can be paid for.



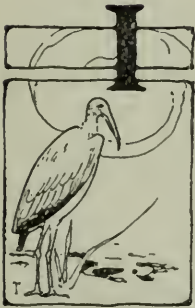
A NORTHWEST VISTA.



"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
 Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."  
 —BYRON.

## HOW TO DISTINGUISH THE TRAINED DOG AND HOW TO KEEP HIM TRAINED.

By C. H. BABCOCK.



**I**F ALL sportsmen were able to distinguish between the fully trained and the partially trained dog, their purchases would give them more uniform and lasting satisfaction, but scarcely one in ten if asked to give the test of the fully trained dog could do so with any degree of accuracy. In fact, of the general run of sportsmen, it might almost be said that only those who are regular attendants of field trials have any idea of how a perfectly trained dog should act, and even those usually overlook some of the most important requirements.

This being the case, it is really no wonder that so many half-trained dogs are imposed upon the uninformed sportsmen, and it also accounts for the fact that these same sportsmen consider that they are being robbed if, when buying a dog, they are charged the cost of the time that it took to train him. They wonder why it is that though the dog seemed to work fairly well when he was first bought, he has gone completely wild with a few week's use, and come to the conclusion that dogs are a lot of trouble anyway, and that to keep one in good working order one must needs have committed to memory the whole of a three-hundred page treatise on dog training—history, theories, flowery language and all—when perhaps the trouble may lie in the

dog's never having been properly trained in the first place.

To be sure, a properly trained dog may go a little wrong at times, but it is impossible for him to go so far wrong that a little properly applied correction will not put him in correct trim again. The fault lies not so much in the sportsman's handling as in his judgment in the first place when, before buying, he pronounced the dog trained.

Ask him what a trained dog should do and he will say: "He should point his birds, fetch them when killed and be obedient," the latter expression probably meaning that the dog should forfeit all right to a will of his own. He must not leave his owner's heel unless permission is graciously granted; he should fetch his master's glove when thrown, stopping several times at the word of command; he should stay in one spot when ordered, for a day if necessary, in order to show one's friends that he is "trained."

Now, the less will the dog possess, the better servant he is, but like the perfectly obedient servant he has probably lost all self-reliance when cast on his own resources in the field; or else, finding himself out of sight, proceeds to take a little recreation with results highly pleasing to himself but disastrous to the day's sport. He can be right up to the letter of his master's description of a trained dog and yet fail in nearly all points of importance.

It is not at all of rare occurrence that a puppy will point with some degree of regu-

larity on his first trip afield, and may even retrieve the first dead bird he sees, but he is, notwithstanding, yet very far from being the trained dog. Those are perfectly natural qualities and, being like the spendthrift's money, "come easy, go easy;" the chances are fair that eventually he will be harder to train than his less precocious brother who, never showing any tendency to train himself, was given a proper start and correctly educated from the beginning, with the result that when his education was complete, having learned it step by step in perfectly graduated lessons, he had a thorough understanding of every necessary detail, knew what to do in every emergency, and consequently had perfect confidence that so long as he did his best, he was in absolute safety from punishment and free to go ahead with the one idea in his head—to find birds. And find them he does, while his less educated brother, having made a flush or two and not knowing how to excuse himself, receives a whipping and finally, deciding that the main part of hunting lies in his ability to keep from getting punished, bird-finding becomes of secondary importance to him; he does not put the vim into his hunting as he is not sure that he knows just exactly what to do with his game when he has found it; he has been corrected for mistakes that he did not know he had committed until finally he has lost faith in both his master and himself—and when a dog has reached this stage he is simply useless as a hunting companion.

If your shooting is principally on California quail you are probably content to have your dog break shot with rapidity and precision. Many hunters of these game little beauties would not own a dog that would do otherwise; as they explain that these birds carry so much shot and run so fast when winged, if the dog does not break shot instantly the bird is lost. I will not argue the fallacy of this idea at present, except to say that the dog that does it is just so much the less trained and consequently is not so much to be depended upon.

Now, I will try to show you why so many dogs fail to "make good" after their trial trip. In the first place, a partially trained dog can work satisfactorily only when all conditions are favorable, so that the trainer who wishes to sell you such an animal will

choose a day in which to exhibit him; a day when the scent is good, weather cool, ground moist, a gentle breeze blowing, and he will take you to his favorite cover, which is dense enough so the birds lie well. Under these conditions the dog's work appears well-nigh perfect. He is, perhaps, naturally a good dog or at least points well when the scent strikes him favorably, and may make point after point. When a bird is killed it is retrieved in the shortest possible time, and as this fills all your requirements, naturally you consider that you have discovered your ideal dog, and paying the price for him, take him to your city home and chain him up to the kennel to be given a hunt at your earliest convenience. This will probably be in about a week's time, and in the meantime, the dog having lost his regular work and exercise has not improved in steadiness in the least. Perhaps, also, the ground has become dry, the scent is not good, and cover being poor the birds do not lie well. If conditions such as these prevail, and your dog is not perfectly and systematically trained, it is nearly a certainty that you will be disappointed in him.

The birds are slightly scattered and feeding. The scent being poor, the dog gets no opportunity to display his natural pointing instinct, and a few of the nearest ones flush. Even then he could save the balance of the bevy if he would stop, but that he will not do, for steadiness to wing is not a natural quality in any dog, and beside he may hear the crack of the gun at any instant and the bird may fall—and is it not his duty to retrieve as quickly as possible? On he goes, directly through the bevy; they take wing in the wrong direction and are lost in heavy cover. No one has had any fun except the dog, but in him all the natural wildness has been brought to the surface and he continues in a still more reckless manner.

Should you punish him the chances are good that he will resent it from a stranger and sulk, going away and leaving you to continue the hunt alone and probably wondering why it is that the dog has changed so in the short time he has been in your possession. Now what should have been your real test before you accepted the dog? You should have insisted, not so much on seeing the dog point as *on seeing him flush!* Show me how a dog handles his flushes and I will readily tell

you if he can handle his points properly, and also if he is trained to stay trained.

A few seasons ago a prominent Los Angeles sportsman was having a pointer trained by one of our well-known handlers, and at the request of the latter called on him to see if she was in proper shape to be accepted. It so happened that the first bird was flushed, the dog dropping instantly.

"That's bad," said the sportsman.

"Very well done, I thought" said the trainer.

"Don't see how you make that out" replied the other.

"Well," said the trainer "I'd much rather see a well-handled flush than a well-handled point, so far as training is concerned."

"I don't quite follow your logic" returned the sportsman.

"Well," replied the trainer "an inexperienced dog may point, but the work you have just seen could not be instilled into your dog without a thorough course of training."

"That is true," admitted the sportsman, and so it proved, the dog following this flush with point after point, and to this day, her perfect work is a source of great pleasure to her owner.

It is quite noticeable that natural qualities such as pointing, retrieving and hunting, become stronger with experience, even though the dog be carelessly handled, so that one may accept a dog that is a trifle imperfect in these respects, with the assurance that he will improve. On the other hand, the purely educational qualities such as steadiness to wing and shot; backing,

in most dogs; heeling, dropping and obedience in general, become less precise under careless or ignorant handling, and consequently a dog can scarcely be too well trained in these respects when he comes from the trainer's hands. This is also the key to keeping your dog in perfect trim; see that he remains perfect in the educational qualities and you may rest assured that the quality of his point work will not deteriorate.

This can be done only by careful watchfulness of his work—and perhaps sometimes at the expense of your shooting—but in the long run it pays back with interest all shots that were lost through paying attention to the dog, beside giving you a companion of whose precise work you may well feel proud.

Point work is really the most important feature of his duty; so are the living-rooms of a house of the most use and importance, yet they can not stand without a foundation. Neither can the useful features of the dog's work be maintained without some attention being paid to the other details, and this fact accounts for the failure of sportsmen to keep their dogs up to the standard, because they work directly upon the point-work instead of upon the foundation.

It is very seldom, indeed, that a dog which stops to wing with any degree of regularity and promptness will intentionally flush birds. It carries with it, when properly taught, its own penalty, the dog much preferring standing stanchly with the thrilling scent entering his dilated nostrils, to standing in a like position without this added attraction.

ROSY G—.  
(Glenby Stock.



Jas. Guthrie,  
Owner,  
San Luis Obispo,  
Cal.

# ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 25 cents per line for first issue, and 20 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

**WANTED**—A thoroughly broken 'coon and cat hound. Must be warranted not to run deer. Address James Brady, 625 Union Street, S. F.

\* \* \*

**WANTED**—Sportsmen to send for our illustrated catalogue of mounted Bobwhite Grouse, ducks, pheasants, etc.; beautiful for your den. Want to correspond with those having live game for sale. Adams & Son, 317 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

\* \* \*



The Anglers' Annual, 1905; 100 pgs.; illst'd; edited by Chas. Bradford; 25c postpd. Western Field, 4 Sutter st., S. F. Calif.

\* \* \*

**WANTED**—Western taxidermists to write for my price list of glass eyes. We save you time and money. A. E. Colburn Co., 1204 South Main st., Los Angeles, Cal.

\* \* \*

EVERY year we sell Derbies that win. Our blood won twelve out of thirteen places in recent trial. A few fine derby prospects for sale. Buy the best. California Kennels, Ridgewood, Mendocino Co., Cal.

\* \* \*

A PRACTICAL JEWELER and chemist desires to form a partnership in Southern California, placing experience against capital. Direct, P. Allix, Peabody, Kansas.

\* \* \*

**FOR SALE**—A thoroughbred, white, black and tan English setter brood bitch, three years old. G. E. Williams, 621 Railroad avenue, Alameda, Cal.

\* \* \*

**FOR SALE CHEAP**—Strictly high-class, thoroughbred English and Llewellyn setter pups; also thoroughbred English pointers, retrievers and spaniels, purest of blood. Prices from \$7.00 upward. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Ia.

\* \* \*

**FOR SALE**—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, \$25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422, Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon.

## \$1200 a Year for Life

Secured by small monthly payments. Equally good opportunity for the investment of any amount of cash. Easily within reach of the average wage earner or salaried employee.

Photographic Souvenir free. Write for particulars.

**INVESTOR W.F., 518 Parrott Building  
San Francisco, Cal.**



# TRADE TOPICS

## A PERFECT TENT.

In order to breathe the out-door air day and night, under the best possible conditions, a perfectly sanitary tent must be used. One of the best constructions of this kind offered to an appreciative public is the celebrated "Tucker" tents, handled on this Coast by A. C. Rulofson & Co., Crossley Building, this city, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in this issue.

Its special features consist of a double ventilated roof and fly, an arrangement for the admission of pure air through the walls of the tent, six inches above the floor, thus keeping the surface of the floor free from all draught, and having the front wall of tent made so as to be used as an awning for protection from the sun, or to be removed entirely so as to sun out the tent.

By means of this series of ventilation, the tent is hygienically constructed, for no draughts are encountered and the problem is solved removing at once through the roof and fly ventilator the vitiated air as it comes from the occupant, while the pure air constantly enters at the bottom of the tent.

This is the coolest and most comfortable tent made, and is equally adapted for use by sick people as well as those in perfect health; thus it is, par excellence, the tent for use at seaside resorts, chautauquas, summer homes in the mountains, and for all out-door life.

\* \* \*

## DEPENDABLE GUNS.

We are in receipt of a letter from the Ithaca Gun Company which says:

"We build everything from a featherweight 6½-lb. 26" or 28" gun, up to a 32" 10½-lb. duck, fox or deer gun.

"We carry in stock a large assortment of guns in all grades, with standard length stocks, 14", standard drops 2½" to 3¼".

After July 1, 1905, we can furnish 20-gauge 26" and 28" 5½-lb. to 6¼-lb. guns in our No. 1 and better grades hammerless guns.

"Please remember that we are the largest exclusive manufacturers of high-grade double guns in the world; that every gun we ship has attached to it a guarantee never to shoot loose with nitro or black powders, and we also agree to replace free of charge any broken or defective parts reported within one year.

"We guarantee to furnish a better gun for the money than any other maker, and allow one day's trial to convince the purchaser that this is true.

"For twenty-two years Ithaca guns have had a reputation of being the hardest and closest shooting guns on the market, the same man is still boring them. He was the first man to perfect the taper choke, and is to-day the oldest and most experienced borer in America."

A word to the wise is sufficient. When about to purchase a new gun, better have a look at the "Ithacas." You will find them dependable in every respect and big value for your money.



## JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE FOR MEN

WE ARE SHOWING JEWELRY PECULIARLY ADAPTED  
TO THE USE OF MEN: SIMPLE, HEAVY, SERVICEABLE  
AND  
SILVERWARE APPROPRIATE FOR BACHELOR APART-  
MENTS: LIQUOR CABINETS, SMOKERS' SETS, TOILET  
WARE, SHAVING SETS.

# BOHM-BRISTOL CO.

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

104-110 GEARY STREET

### "THE QUICK AND THE DEAD."

"The never-take-a-holiday morbid look upon the lover of sport and good nature as a frivolous creature who lives long but neglects the true duties of life. But how few of us but know that these hypocrites are the real duty neglecters? We are here to enjoy the world, not suffer it. Why live a little while in misery in preference to a long life of merry-making? In what sense are the scowls and growls of these good-cheer and true-health abolitionists of service. Who is benefited by their every minute and the every minute of the poor wretches in their clutches being devoted to drudgery and health destroying? And the jovial man of kind heart—the gentle sportsman—who raises up the very victims of these sour-mouths and restores broken-hearted men and their shattered homes—he is but a frivolous thing! If so, frivolousness is godliness, and let us all hope our children may be thus afflicted."—Chas. Bradford, in *The Wildfowlers*.

\* \* \*

### GAME PROTECTION THEIR OBJECT.

Messrs. Kimball-Upson Co., of Sacramento, have been promoting a "blue jay annihilation contest," the object of which is to protect the quail and other game bird eggs from the deprecations of this feathered pest by destroying the jay marauders who work such havoc with the nesting birds. In order to stimulate and interest local sportsmen in the work, the Kimball-Upson Co. are offering a long list of awards for the largest number of scalps taken, the prizes ranging from a fine hammerless double gun to articles of merchandise worth \$5 or \$6. Full information can be had from a circular which will be sent by the Kimball-Upson Co. to anyone writing them for same; they may also be had at most local dealers throughout the State.

\* \* \*

### A GOOD BAIT.

The Joliet Spinner Bait, manufactured by G. Bruton & Co., Joliet, Ill., whose advertisement

appears elsewhere in this issue, is constructed of aluminum, and its introduction will be an event worthy of note in the methods of angling. This bait revolves in the water, and when in action is a perfect and exact imitation of a minnow.

For bass and other game fish "it beats them all" and has a decided advantage over live frogs or minnows, as it has a better movement, therefore more attractive. All the fishermen who have used this bait pronounce it an unrivaled success and it gives every evidence of being a big success.

Many prefer them without the side hooks and they are not used, but can be attached if desired.

Pacific Coast sportsmen should give this lure a fair and intelligent trial. If it is half as good as reported, we can not afford to be without one in our kits.

\* \* \*

### A NEW LEFEVER.

Uncle Dan Lefever of the D. M. Lefever Sons & Co., Defiance, O., writes us that on account of the many demands they are having for a medium priced gun, they have added to their list the No. 0 Excelsior grade, listed at a very low price, considering quality. This is a new Lefever double-trigger gun, made exactly as the higher grades, except without the automatic ejector, but with plain finish, no engraving, nicely checkered, with half, full, or straight grip; Damascus or special Imperial steel barrels, and is guaranteed equal to any gun on earth for shooting and lasting qualities, made in 12, 16, and 20 gauge. The 20 and 16 gauge field guns are made as light as 5½ lbs.; 12 gauge, 6 lbs.; also trap and long killing guns weighing from 7 to 8½ lbs., and length up to 32 inches.

All Lefever guns are double bolted, have through taper compensated top bolt, and Lefever ball and socket hinge joint, claimed to be the only positively compensated action on the market.

## CULBERTSON KENNELS.

C. P. Hubbard, Atlantic, Iowa, is the owner of the "Culbertson Kennels," the prefix "Culbertson" being registered with the American Kennel Club. This means that any dogs registered with this prefix are those of his breeding or those at some time owned by him. Mr. Hubbard is also an associate member of the American Kennel Club.

He is well known as a breeder of Airedale terriers and Irish setters and as a writer in sportsmen's magazines under the nom de plume of "Hub." It has never been his policy to make the breeding and selling of dogs a business, but simply to make the kennels self-supporting, and with this object in view occasionally sells a few dogs and offers the service of his stud all at as reasonable a price as is consistent with the object in view. His Airedales get plenty of work on big game in the Rocky Mountains each summer and the setters are hunted all the season on quail and chicken in Nebraska.

## A WINCHESTER SCORE.

Spokane, Wash., March 6, 1905.  
"Western Field."

Gentlemen: At the Lincoln County (Wash.) shoot, to which the Spokane Rod and Gun belongs by courtesy of that county's clubs, and which was held at Odessa, March 5, some mighty good shooting was done. Claud Ellis, of Harrington, carried off the diamond medal, signifying championship of that county, but not until he had shot off an exciting tie with F. Logsdon, of Odessa. The Spokane boys could not contest for this medal. If they could, Pete Holohan, "the boy wonder," of Wallace, Idaho, who belongs to and shoots with the Spokane club, would have been an easy winner. He made day's average of 98%. Just poking them in the middle and making dust of them. Holohan uses a Winchester pump gun of most deceptical appearance but which he handles with the precision and grace of an expert. He shoots DuPont Smokeless. U. M. C. Magic shells, loaded by Ware Bess of Spokane.

# C. H. REHNSTROM,

## TAILOR and IMPORTER

DRESS SUITS A SPECIALTY.

61 - 62 CHRONICLE BUILDING.



After June 15, will move to permanent quarters in the  
MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## DOLLMANN'S CAFE.

J. L. Grosdidier, formerly of Red Bluff, Cal., has lately purchased an interest in Dollman's Cafe, 328 Pine street, San Francisco.

Mr. Grosdidier is a great hunter, and his hobby is quail and dove hunting, but a trip to the mountains after larger game is not overlooked. He has had wide experience in hunting all kinds of game in different countries. He spent one year in the wilds of Africa along the Zambesi River, and traveled from the German possessions on the west coast of Zanzibar on the east coast, and can tell many thrilling and interesting stories. He also hunted in Alaska along the Kotzebur Sound, in the Cassa De Paggo's Mountains and other game regions. His next trip is planned to be along the Colorado River in Lower California.

We wish the new firm of Dollmann & Grosdidier a pleasant and prosperous future.

Everybody enjoyed the day's outing. In the shoot-off between Ellis and Logsdon, the Harrington and Odessa boys wagered their last cent on the result, Sam McDonald, of Harrington, even putting up his gun, coat, pants and shoes; but as the Harrington boy won, Sam did not have to go home in a box car.

The next Lincoln County shoot will be held at Harrington, the first Sunday in April.

TOM WARE.

\* \* \*

## THE PORTLAND TOURNAMENT.

The Twenty-first Annual Tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest will be held in Portland, Ore., June 22, 23 and 24, under the auspices of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club. The prizes will be medals and trophies to the value of over \$2,000, and the club will also add to purses from \$1,000 to \$2,000 in cash.

The Association consists of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, British Columbia, Montana, Utah and California, and will be open to trap shooters residing in this territory. In view of the fact that all transportation companies will make round trip reduced rates to the Lewis and Clark Fair, which will be held in this city this summer, it is expected that the tournament will be the largest ever held in the West.

Programs will be printed and ready for distribution about the 20th of May, and the secretary will be pleased to mail a copy to any one desiring them. Address for a copy, A. J. Winters, Secretary S. A. N. W.

\* \* \*

#### A PRIZE FROM THE SEA.

Thrown overboard from the steamship Sonoma in the north Pacific Ocean two years ago this month, a bottle containing a message has been picked up and a piece of manuscript has found its way back to this city from the Fiji Islands to claim a prize that was offered in the bottle.

W. Sherer, Jr., the Australasian representative of the Winchester Arms Company, on passage from San Francisco to Sydney, N. S. W., on March 24, 1903, wrote the message, placed it into a bottle, corked it up and threw it overboard. It was as follows:

"If the finder of this bottle returns the letter which is enclosed to the writer, I shall make him a gift of a Winchester rifle model of 1902."

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company has therefore shipped a rifle and many cartridges to Wallis Island, a small seaport town in northeastern Australia, for Capt. T. A. Stockwell, the skipper of a little trading schooner, as his reward for picking up a green bottle that he espied while on passage off the Australasian coast.

The bottle was probably tossed back and forth by the currents for a year and a half before it was picked up by the skipper of the Laurel, who promptly made plans to reap the reward.

\* \* \*

#### TRY THIS EXPERIMENT.

Every razor, no matter how sharp or how dull, has a saw edge. If you could magnify the blade a thousand times the edge would look like a saw. The invisible particles of steel arrange themselves like saw teeth; and the sharper the razor the more in alignment are these teeth; the duller the razor the more they are like the teeth of a cross-cut saw—that's when the razor pulls.

Rub a few drops of "3 in One" into your razor strop until the leather becomes soft and pliable.

Draw the blade of the razor between the thumb and first finger moistened with "3 in One."

Then strop razor as usual.

\* \* \*

#### HAVE REPUDIATED JOBBERS.

The Hendee Mfg. Co., of Springfield, Mass., write us as follows:

"We wish as a favor to us, and also to our agents and riders of the "Indian" on the Pacific Coast, that you would insert in your reading columns an article to the effect that hereafter we shall deal direct from this office with the agents on the Pacific Coast, and not do our business through a jobber as we have heretofore. We know also that it will be of interest to your readers to know that we have perfected arrangements with Mr. C. C. Hopkins, Larkin and McAllister streets, San Francisco, Cal., to carry a large stock of Indian Motorcycle parts constantly on hand. From this stock the agents and riders of the "Indian" on the Pacific Coast can be supplied. This will be a great convenience as it will enable them to receive parts promptly and without the delay incident to an eastern shipment. Transportation charges will also be much less.

"Mr. Hopkins will also be in a position to do all kinds of repair work on Indian Motorcycles, and solicits this trade on the Pacific Coast."



# Hunter Whiskey

was conspicuously honored at  
the St. Louis Exposition by the  
award of the

## GRAND PRIZE

which was the highest award  
(this being higher than the Gold  
Medal Prize), because of its  
superior quality, purity, flavor  
as compared with all other  
brands exhibited.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

## A FAMOUS PRODUCT.

In 1893 Mr. Elwood Haynes built his first gasoline motor car, which is still in perfect running order and requires only gasoline and oil to make it just as efficient as in its palmiest days. This is the oldest gasoline motor car in America and the authorities of the National Museum at Washington have approached the Haynes Apperson Co. in the effort to secure it for exhibition in the National Museum. Although this pioneer looks very queer compared with the magnificent modern touring cars which Mr. Haynes is building this year, its ability to still render efficient service after all these years is very satisfactory evidence of the results that may be obtained from their more modern manufactures.

Mr. Haynes has always been recognized as an "originator" in automobile construction. He is the "father" of many of the most reliable devices in use on automobiles to-day, and has introduced in his 1905 cars a new construction

car is the well-known double opposed type which was invented by Mr. Haynes. They have introduced roller bearings in this engine, it being the only roller-bearing gasoline motor in the world. It develops about twenty horsepower.

The second model has the same engine as above described, but located in front, underneath a bonnet. This car is instantly convertible from a four-passenger touring car (see illustration above) to a well-balanced, handsome, two-passenger runabout.

The third model is a magnificent four-cylinder touring car. The engine is rated 35-40 horsepower, but actually develops over 45 H. P. under the brake.

This pioneer concern builds the entire car in their own factory; they are thus able to produce a car that is not only more harmonious in design, but in which each part bears its proper relation to the whole, and will of course more successfully withstand the severe strains to which a car is subject in road service.



in driving mechanism that is attracting much attention and favorable comment. This device consists of a sprocket wheel in which the teeth are turned sidewise on the rim of the wheel, instead of projecting outwardly as in chain-driven construction. One of the rear wheels of the car is keyed to a sleeve, at the reverse end of which, together with one-half of the differential the sprocket is securely bolted. A solid one-piece nickel-steel axle passes entirely through this sleeve, bearing the other member of the differential, and the other rear car wheel is keyed to its reverse end, thus giving a one-piece axle. The sprocket is actuated by a hardened steel pinion at the end of the driving shaft which continues directly from the engine to the rear axle. In this pinion, rollers are employed instead of teeth, two of the rollers being constantly in full mesh with a like number of teeth in the sprocket. By this means, all side thrust is eliminated, all noise prevented and friction greatly reduced. The sprocket teeth being much thicker than beveled gears can be cut, four times the strength of a beveled gear drive is obtained. A detailed illustration of this mechanism, with full explanation, is shown in their catalog, which will be sent upon request from their factory at Kokomo, Ind.

They continue their three-speed transmission with the single lever control, which has been adapted to the shaft driving mechanism. On high speed all gears stand idle, the car being driven by the main shaft direct from the engine.

This year's product consists of three models, one car being of the Stanhope type, with a folding front seat which will accommodate two extra passengers when desired. The engine in this

## PETERS' NEW OFFICES.

Five years ago the Peters Cartridge Company found it necessary to remove its offices from the corner of Third and Main streets in Cincinnati, to the Pickering Building, facing Government Square, where they leased the entire third floor, believing that this amount of space would answer the requirements of its business for an indefinite time. Its business has, however, grown so rapidly and has reached such proportions that even these new quarters were found within a comparatively few years to be inadequate. It was therefore found necessary to take a lease for a long term of years on a part of the seventeenth floor of the First National Bank Building, affording over 50 per cent. more floor space than the offices in the Pickering Building.

The First National Bank Building is the newest, and probably the best of the modern office buildings which have recently been erected in Cincinnati, and is typical of the rapid yet conservative progress of the city. The first floor of the building is, of course, devoted to the banking business. Recently the Ohio Valley National Bank and the National Lafayette Bank have been merged into the First National Bank, making it the largest bank in the city, and one of the largest in the State. The building is nineteen stories high, and was designed by Burnham & Co., of Chicago. It is of the most approved style of steel and concrete construction, finished throughout in Vermont marble and fumed quartered oak. The offices of the Peters Cartridge Company are finished in quartered oak and mahogany and are provided with every convenience for the quick transaction of business.

10 cts.

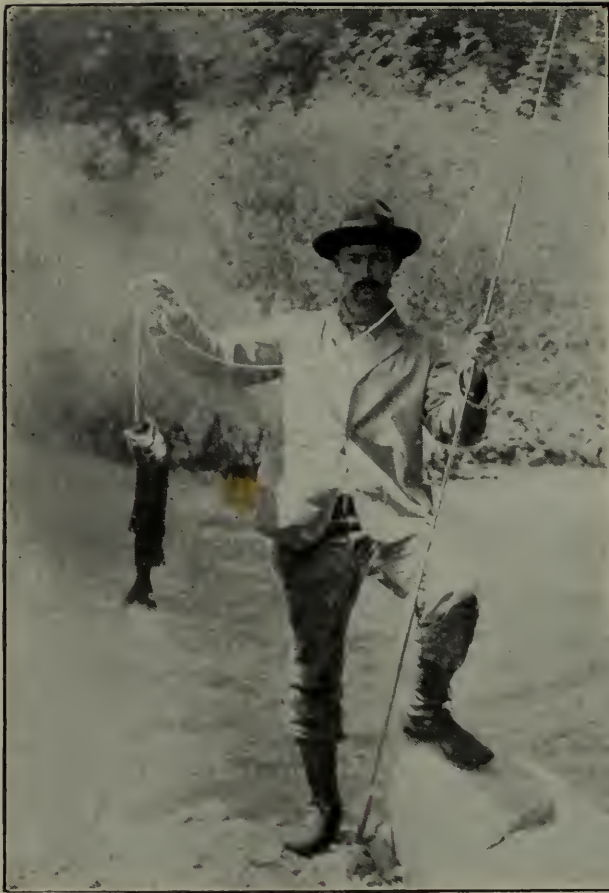
JUNE, 1905

\$1.00 a Year

# WESTERN FIELD



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The CONSOLATION HANDICAP

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A SURPRISE PARTY.



# WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 6.

JUNE, 1905.

NO. 5.



HERMAN WENDLEBORG HANSEN.  
A SKETCH.

SOME six years ago the writer, while riding the cow ranges of Northern Colorado chanced to find, nailed up against the wall of a sequestered "dugout," a small colored print bearing the title "The Pony Express," and signed "H. W. Hansen." It was a particularly spirited bit of work, whose fidelity to detail and yet broad freedom of execution and masterly composition challenged my instant admiration. "The feller who drawed that savvey's his business!" said my companion, a veteran cowboy and frontiersman, whose judgment on anything equine was worth while, and I heartily acquiesced in his opinion. "That Injun's got somethin' comin' to him, and he's goin' to git it ponco pronto," he added, with his eyes riveted on the grimy picture, "he's a-buttin' in to the wrong meetin' an' God

ain't goin' to be none too plenty good to him. Jest wait till that mail carrier clears that heavy sage and gits his hoss steadied down to a decent shootin' gait."

"Why, he rides like he was scared," I put in insinuatingly, only wishing that the artist were present to enjoy what really was his due—the unbiased opinion of a man whose business it was to know horses and Indians from A to Izzard.

"Scared nawthin'," he drawled, contemptuously, hitching his scabbard around and letting his hand drop sympathetically upon the butt of his beloved Colts, "cain't ye see that he's got his hoss well in hand, savin' him for the pinch, and coaxing that fool Injun into a broadside shot! Don't you worry none, son, about that geezer. Bet ye a month's pay that he gets meat in twenty



CALLING HIS BLUFF.

more jumps." Which abundantly and forcibly illustrates the living, breathing realism of Herman Wendleborg Hansen's work—the intense feeling with which the man invests his every effort. It was the first specimen of his work that I had encountered, and instinctively I recognized the budding genius that was to develop later into the master of living horse painters.

For that he concededly is; nor does his genius end with the depiction of horses. A long acquaintance with Western life has given him a familiarity with all the strenuous outdoor types, and his cowboys, game and other animals are worthy of his horses; and no man has ever portrayed Western "cow" landscape with Hansen's feeling and strength.

His realism is not merely a matter of painful fidelity to detail and photographic accuracy of drawing; it is an exceedingly artistic combination of all the good elements of picture making—well-balanced composition, harmonious coloring, wonderful atmosphere and perspective, and a most satisfying honesty of technique. Hansen employs no tricks

in his art. He paints things as he sees them and there is neither harshness nor anachronism in his work. His tones are as true and tender as the song of a trout brook despite the fact that he deals only in strenuous rhythm. His pictures are man's pictures, full of the virility, life and snap of the unbridled West, and he couldn't paint a wishy-washy placque for milady's boudoir if he tried. His is the dealing with things heroic—the painting of that which makes a man clench his hands and draw his breath sharply through set teeth. And yet, strange as it may seem, a great part of his patrons are of the gentler sex, many of his best productions being in the possession of eminent Western ladies, all of them connoisseurs of art—and evidently good judges of men and things manly.

His work has a great historical value that should not be overlooked. He is painting the genuine cowboy and cowhorse as they really were—I say "were" advisedly, for the types are fast disappearing from our ken, and a few more years will accomplish their final passing. From the few examples of his



A RISKY "CATCH."



WAITING FOR THE RUSH.

work herewith reproduced in half-tone scarcely an idea may be gathered of the wondrous coloring and atmospheric effects in the originals. Even the marvelous detail is nearly wholly lost, detail that will almost bear microscopic examination at short range and yet which blends harmoniously into broad sketchy effects at the proper viewing distance. The final test of his work is that it looks well in all lights, the *vis viva* breathing out alike from glare or gloom. Another point of value to collectors is that his pigments are permanent and age will bring no deterioration in their beauty.

In my opinion now is the time to secure examples of his work. For the man is presently at his best, and though a voluminous producer, there is a limit even to the capacity of genius. Paintings such as these have a marvelous faculty of increasing an hundredfold in value when there are no more to be obtained, and inspiration is generally a thing of spasmodicity instead of perpetuity. I would not care to prophesy that Hansen's work may deteriorate, but one thing is certain; he can do no better work than he is presently doing.

Autobiographically there is little to be said of him. Born at Ditmarsdeen, Germany, in 1856, he was always a lover of animals and began his artistic career in early life. As he grew to manhood's estate he adopted art as a profession, studying under the tutelage of the best Continental masters. In 1876 he went to London, coming from thence the next year to America, working successively in New York, Chicago and San Francisco. Like all other geniuses he has had to descend to commercial work at times to keep the pot boiling, but presently can hardly execute the commissions with which he is favored.

He is a conscientious and assiduous worker, his only relaxations being his annual trips into the cow countries and Indian reservations of the Middle and Far West in search of material and the acquirement of correct local color. Personally he is a gentleman of great affability and polish, a keen observer and generous critic, indulgent to all honest effort but caustic in his abhorrence of anything "stagey" or affected—in short, a warm-hearted, hard-fisted, strenuous fellow whom it does one good to meet and who grows on acquaintance.



BREAKING AN OUTLAW.



1118 POSTOFFICE.

# OAK OPENINGS

By T. S. VAN DYKE.



HERE timber changes to prairie it is often in long gradations of scattering trees and rolling green-sward, forming a landscape wholly unique and quite unknown to the majority of those who love the land beyond the pavement. Wisconsin has the fairest types of this, most of which have gone the way of all the white man touches, though enough, scarred and tattered though they be, have survived the axe and plow to show what the world has lost.

Often the change begins a mile or more within the woods. The oak begins to increase in quantity but the maple, basswood and tulip tree begin to fail along the uplands like the birch, walnut and butternut along the creeks, and as the pine, cedar and spruce failed some distance farther in. As the oaks displace other trees they dwindle into high brush, with here and there a larger tree spreading a wider top from a lower shaft than the oaks we left in the wood. And this brush gradually falls away until you can see over it, when it often gives way to hazel, either one thinning out as the broad sweep of the distant prairie begins to show. Grass soon begins to tangle your feet over which golden moccasin flowers nod, while mints of purple and red shed a fragrance even stronger than that of the basil and thyme in the shades we have left, and the prairie rolls more plainly in long waves of sunny green, bright as gold compared with the cold hues within the forest.

The scattering oaks that rose above the brush now begin to lean more and more, while their heads spread farther as they nod over the smiling slopes. Here they are open with long lanes of green grass winding among their dark trunks; there they are in

parks, with little gardens of wild pea and fern in their encircling green. Here on a rising swell of many acres they look like some ancient apple orchard, and there they wreath some broad knoll with a dark band that heightens the light of its grassy top. And often a grassy bluff, bright with ferns and flowers, bounds hundreds of feet above the prairie with the same oaks fringing its top, standing guard over its projecting crags and deepening the shade of the white birch and maple in the ravines that seam its swelling sides.



GREY SQUIRRELS.

Black squirrels and grey ones made here their homes, in numbers that would be quite surprising to those who know them only in these latter days of civilization, when they live mainly in the heavier woods and could

hardly exist in such light and open cover as that of the oak openings. Yet forty years ago there was scarcely a tree without one of their nests, hardly a day when the sharp "squit-squit-squit" could not be heard in any direction, while down almost any avenue of green the bushy tail might be seen whisking over the grass, and on cold winter days might be seen outstretched on some big limb where its owner was taking his noonday bath.



"GREAT BRACKEN FERNS CARPETING THE SLOPE."



"THE BUSHY TAIL MIGHT BE SEEN WHISKING."

Many a line of flickering white showed where the hare was dodging away among the tall spires of the snap dragon or sun-flowers, and in the heavier brush along the edge of the forest the great Northern hare plied his big bushy foot or from his white coat, almost invisible against the snow, showed but his eye of sparkling jet.

There were many modifications of these groups of oaks so that it was sometimes hard to say whether they were openings or not. Here is a bench or table of land along the edge of some river valley. In the bottom, sycamore and cottonwood struggled with the elm and soft maple for the mastery. Then comes a strip of meadow brightly green with waving blue joint and gay with the

pink of the calapogon; then a sudden rise of some thirty feet, with great bracken ferns carpeting the slope, and then a level plateau where the leaning oaks again shade acres of prairie grass. This again may be flanked by thickets of viburnum and hawthorn mingled with crab-apple and wild-plum, whose fruits of crimson and gold shed rich fragrance on the autumn air. And from these again rose bluffs in long slopes of green where the white birch flew its bright banners from its snowy staff, with the oak and the maple following it to fringe the skyline. Neither prairie nor timber, these lands had many features of each and, open enough to drive through with a wagon yet shady enough for comfort on the hottest day.



"FROM THESE AGAIN ROSE BLUFFS."



they were once the most charming of all the out of doors of the old Northwest.

In these old oaks the robin sang his first song of Spring and the sweet, purling note of the bluebird followed the fading of the snow. Here the oriole hung his woven nest and the highholder drilled his home in the old dead limb, while the song of the lark, the melody of the long-billed thrush and the merry tale of the wren followed fast upon the opening of the wind flower and the liverwort on the sunny side of the fallen log. Here the dove cleft the air with whistling wing as he darted in bluish lines amid the greening tops of the oaks, while the plaintive cooing of his mate answered to the silvery whistle of the upland plover as he winnowed the sunshine above. A wondrous place it was to see at his best that bird whose disappearance has been such a marvel—the passenger pigeon. In the great woods or broad river bottom he made his nest, dozens in a tree, and made the zenith echo to his roaring wings and hid the sky with great dark sheets. But few ever molested him there, for if any one ever shot into a pigeon roost he probably asked forgiveness of Heaven and failed to get it. But when the young were full-grown and strong of wing, the oak openings were full of them in pairs and small bunches, with plenty of single ones tangling the net work of dark lines they wove across the blue. Up out of the horizon they came at a pace that only the blue-winged teal of the Mississippi Valley can equal, now on a curve, then on a tangent to that curve, deluding you as to the next twist, now aimed at your head, then aspiring to the stars, but ever a change and a delight.

It is a common impression that prairie is about level. But most of it is rolling and the best of it quite so. The most charming of all is that in which the land rolls in long waves as high as fifty feet. Then we have all the grandeur of the sea with no lessening of immensity's power, but when we find this undulation between hills several hundred feet higher, all robed in grass, ferns and trees, while the prairie itself is more than half shaded by grand old oaks, it makes the loveliest combination of timber and open that earth can show. Nor was this changed by the first step of civilization. The waving grain and golden stubble at first merely added to the effect of the whole. It was only



"THE OLD DOG \* \* \* WITH NOSE UPTURNED."

the later steps, cutting down the trees, burning away the shrubbery, plowing the last vestige of the prairie far up the grassy bluffs, the fatal touch of the white man on all that is fair in nature, that swept the lingering fairness from the land.

Though but a memory it seems but yesterday that the old dog was racing up and down these checkered shades with nose upraised to the breeze that came in from the more open land, for the pinnated grouse loved these cool parks better than the clean prairie. In the grass and ferns that robed the ground, all angled with a thousand flowers, there was little danger of a well trained dog flushing the game, and we used to follow him with the wagon until he settled down to that rig-



"IN THE GRASS AND FERNS THAT ROBED THE GROUND."

idity that always empties it of the last gun. On account of the timber the flight of the birds was often not so long as where they have the swell of the prairie to tempt them to clear a ridge before alighting, and they wound through the trees where necessary with much the skill of the woodcock in the swamp, though with straighter and slower flight. Nor was their charm much less in the later autumn days when they gathered in great bands that rose far out of reach of the gun and skimmed the tops of the trees, now with whiffing beat that made their round bodies turn half over on their axis, then with stiff set pinion sailing with arrowy speed far down the distant slope of the prairie.

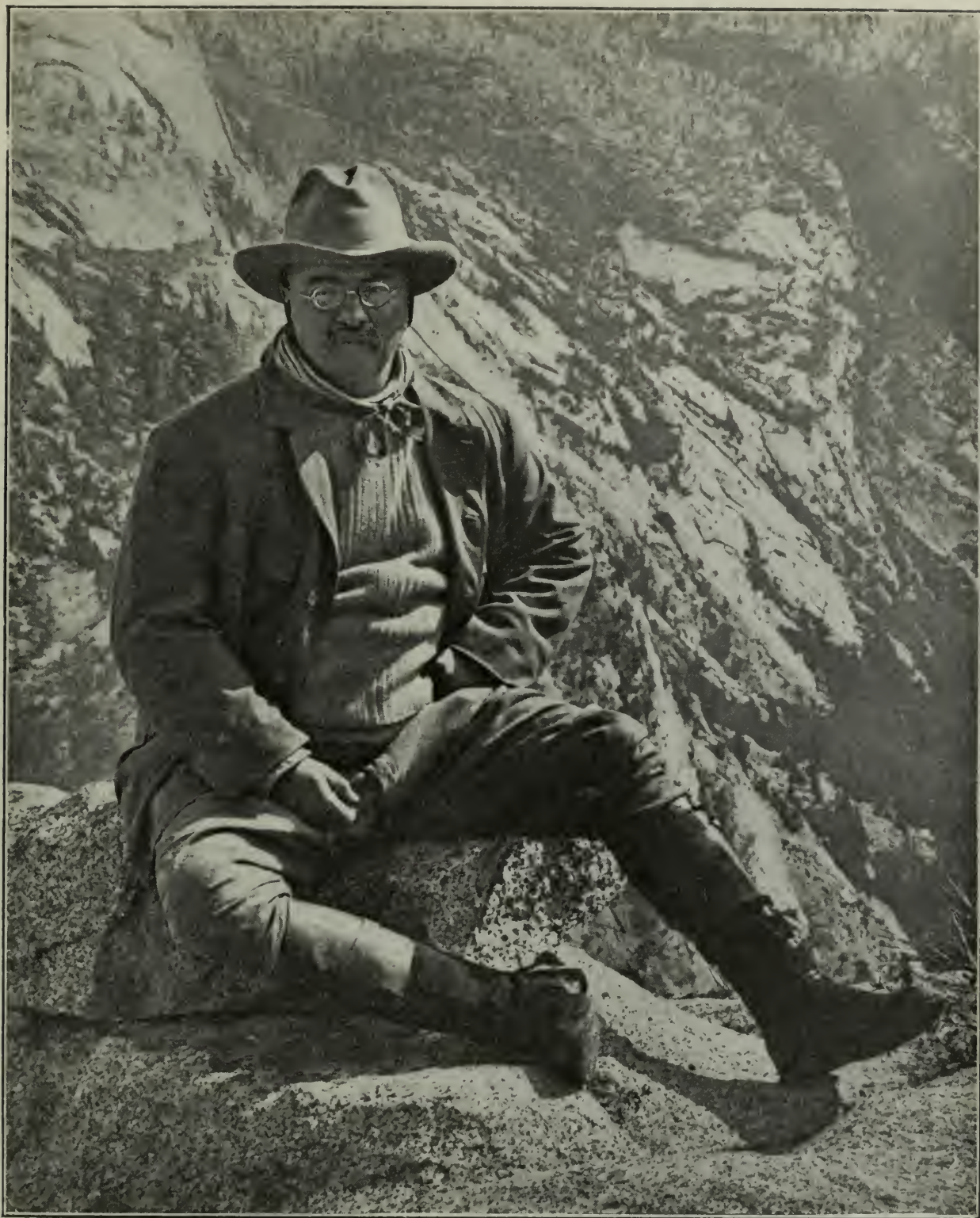
When I first roamed these shades in the sixties the sharp-tail was the more common grouse of the prairie grass. The pinnated came in later or rather increased in numbers with the coming of the stubble. The sharp-tail was a finer bird, and grand was the show made by a full grown flock with their snowy underwear, as they burst from the tangled green and with roaring wing wound around the trunks of the trees or whizzed down the green avenues that opened on every hand. Few birds make a better display of grace and power than this grouse when, in full feather, he rises above the sky line with resounding wing to ride down the other incline with the ease of the sailing eagle. And how mysterious they were when on the shortest stubble; birds as large as the common hen could lie so closely hidden in front of the dog that stood almost over them fixed in glassy stare below but saw no more than his master, who, with better eyes and higher point of view to look down from, could still see nothing!

How many nowadays would expect to find the ruffed grouse out on the prairie? Yet it was once a common thing for them to run from the timber into the oak openings, breed in the thickets of thorn apple and viburnum and even feed on the same stubble with the other grouse. And where the park of oaks was a bench of land along the base of the bluffs, or along the bottom lands of some stream, this fine bird was quite certain to be mingled with the grouse of the prairie. And in the soft days of early autumn, before the young had broken away from their mother's care, the whole covey was sometimes out feed-

ing at the same table with the two prairie grouse, so that until the bird rose it was often impossible to say on what the dog was pointing. And when the birds scattered, after rising, they often scattered over the same prairie grass with the others instead of flying to heavier cover of the brush.

And now suppose that to this combination dear little Bob White should add his lovely presence. Here he lived and loved, and where a severe winter had not made him too scarce from the sweeping boughs of these old oaks his mellow summer call resounded. In autumn his plaintive assembling call rang from the hazel fringe, or the thicket of plum and thorn apple along the little creek where many a trout flashed in the crystal water, and where the ruffed grouse still beat his mysterious drum on the fallen leaves as deeply as it throbbed in spring. And none the less welcome was the sight when his buzzing wing broke from the cover in front of the rigid dog. For there are those who do not judge game by its size, and to me Bob White was always about as dear as the largest of game. Think of all three grouse mingled on the same ground with Bob White—and any one of them liable to rise at the first step ahead of the dog. Where else can earth show the like?

And before the plow rent the lovely carpet of the prairie and the axe turned the grand old oaks into fire-wood, the deer used to love these openings almost as much as the depths of the forest. Sometimes he lay in the long prairie grass that grew along the swale, or on the point of some table that jutted into the valley of some stream, or in the denser brush of the little ravines that lay between the points. And amid the snows of winter he remained here, lying like a round black spot on some sunny point with only head and ears above the level of the snow, or standing on some southern slope till late in the morning to warm his sides. And on the tree above him the grouse sat quiet in the noonday sun while the squirrel went to sleep on the big bough below, the cross-bill plied his scissors on the acorns that still clung to the trees, and the carmine of the cardinal grosbeak shone from the leafless crab-apple in the vale and the jay tuned his jingling pipe as gayly as in the big woods that rose in a cloud of grey beyond.



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## THEODORE ROOSEVELT SPORTSMAN

*NO sluggish blood is in thy veins  
Thy heart is young, thy step is free,  
Thy joy is in the boundless plains,  
And stretch of mountain scenery.*

*Thou knowest that intense delight  
When antlered stag bounds o'er the track,  
The glance along the steady sight,  
The aim, the pause, the rifle's crack.*

*When worn with great affairs of state,  
Long-closeted and weary-eyed,  
Though petty politicians pra'e,  
Go thou unto the mountain side.*

*Sleep'neath the Heaven's encircling dome,  
'Tis thus the sportsman loves thee best;  
There where the hunter makes his home,  
Thou art always a welcome guest.*

*Thomas Maitland Marshall.*

## GOD'S EDIFICE.

**G**OD is the Architect of Nature's edifice,  
Its spires are tipped with flaming stars, its verbrant bell  
Echoes the spheres, each niche the cavernous precipice,  
The dawn, saffron and vert, its stained oriel.

—*Thomas Maitland Marshall.*

### ON THE OLD COLUMBIA RIVER—

(At Astoria.)

Here a-coming, there a-going,  
Never ceasing, ever flowing—  
Surging, sighing, singing, splashing.  
Light with laughter—dreaming, dashing—  
Like the restless soul of human,  
Like the changing heart of woman.  
Yet thy verve is evanescent,  
Now thy spirit seems quiescent,  
Though the throb of hope remaining.  
Gives no sign that life is waning.

Proud and peaceful, pulsing river'  
How thy being seems to quiver  
As with passions recondite  
'Neath thy bosom's limpid light—  
Passions that thou fain wouldst master.  
Surging onward fast and faster—  
Secrets that thy soul wouldst smuggle  
Past the wild and seaward struggle—  
Pulse profound and thoughts poetic.  
Surge sublime and sigh prophetic'

How thy diaphanic spirit  
Seems to seek yet seems to fear it  
As the opalescent ocean  
With an infinite emotion  
Lifts its bosom to the greeting—  
Heaves its billows to the meeting—  
Bids thee sleep the sleep supernal  
In the depth of seas eternal—  
Bids thee come and bids thee slumber  
Where no cares shall e'er encumber

In the nitency of night,  
When the moon is at its height,  
I have seen thy bosom glisten—  
I have looked and dared to listen—  
While the starlight mirrored there,  
Half dispelled my heart's despair,  
And thy spirit seemed to tell me  
Of the fate which since befell me.  
Though my heart reflects the glory  
Of the stars' eternal story.

And the atramentous night  
Holds no horror, pain or blight,  
Though, like thee, my soul is drifting  
Tow'rd the veil that knows no lifting  
So the stream goes on forever—  
We but ripples on the river;  
Tow'rd the boundless sea we roll,  
Life by life and soul by soul—  
We the portion, God the whole.

—*T. Shelly Sutton.*



# The SADDLE MARKED BEAR



BY J. S. HICKS



UPPER was over and the gathering shadows ushered in the blissful hour between day and dark which that Nomad of the mountains, the prospector, gives to contentment, goodfellowship and tobacco. But neither of us seemed in a conversationalist mood; Bill sat by the fire lost in smoke and thought, and I lay back against a pile of saddles and abandoned myself to enjoyment of the evening and the magnificent view before me.

Truly it was a scene to impose silence on the most garrulous. Away in the west loomed the Cascades, a grim, jagged wall, extending all along the horizon, here coldly blue, again of pearly whiteness, while a few peaks far to the south still showed an edging of golden sunlight. Nearer at hand they melted into a maze of green forest-clad hills, with open ranges of bunch-grass and scattered pine now growing indistinct in the shadow. "Hills," said I; mountains they are—but great round-shouldered, amiable looking fellows, a marked contrast to the wild snow-capped range so clearly cut against the western sky. Over all fell the mysterious silence of solitude and approaching night—broken only by the tramp of the horses on picket, and the sounds common to the western wilderness.

At intervals a chorus of hair-raising howls and yells arose from a thicket of young cottonwoods, where a band of coyotes were reconnoitering our camp; and from the little lake below us the weird long-drawn cry of the loon.

"Hear the devils," said Bill, rousing himself at last as a fresh burst of coyote music came from the thicket. "You'd think there was fifty of 'em and I'll bet there isn't five;

I wish they'd come out from behind that bunch of popple, I'd give them something to howl about."

"Rather dark to do any shooting now," I remarked.

"Not with the Lyman; I've killed bear in worse light than this. I say, M'sieu," he continued after a pause of a few moments, "did I ever tell you of the saddle-marked silvertip old Pete Oulette and I killed on Onion River in '98?"

"Saddle-marked grandmother," I snorted. "What have you been smoking, Bill?"

"Honor bright, Pard; this is no josh. Of course it wasn't a right saddle mark but it sure looked like one."

"What were you doing on Onion river," I inquired, as I took a more comfortable position and prepared myself for a story.

"Well!" said Bill, after a preliminary punch or two at the fire, "that's quite a story itself. I don't know as I ever mentioned it to you, but Pete and I trapped in there one season. Not as partners, you know, for Pete's a queer cuss and would rather be alone. Sour dough, beans and solitude will loco most any man in time, but Pete's all right in other ways, so he and I used to meet about once a month, or such a matter, at an old camp down in the forks of the Onion, to swap lies, compare experiences and generally keep cases on each other.

"It was along about the end of May, I think, that I decided to find Pete and pull out for civilization. I had done fairly well, had nine bear and some beaver, besides the most of my winter's clean-up, and anyway I was dead weary of the trapping job. Somehow I had a hunch that I'd find Pete at the forks, and sure enough when I hove in sight of camp, a shower of sparks was shootin' out of the smoke hole, and the whoop of joy

and gladness I turned loose, brought Pete's grizzly topknot 'round the corner, just as you've seen an old whistler sneak up for an observation after turning in an alarm.

"Well, we were glad to see each other, for we hadn't met for more than a month. Pete wasn't long getting a pot of tea to boil, and after we had loaded up on bannock and a dope that he called 'Booyaw' (that's French for 'Mulligan,' I reckon), he started in a-telling his troubles with the saddle-marked bear. Twasn't the first I'd heard of that bear, for Pete had been spinning yarns about him all winter, but I allowed that, like more of his stories, this was mostly founded on fiction, for Pete's sure one of the most graceful singlehanded liars west of the divide! Now, however, I decided there must be something in it, for the longer he talked the more excited he got.

"However, to make a long story short, the old man had spotted the particular feeding ground of this bear with the brand of servitude on his back, and immediately laid out to catch him, but after walking through two or three of Pete's pens and deadfalls as if they were built of tepee poles, the cuss got foxy and wouldn't look at a bait. Then Pete took to watching the slides, and one evening got a couple of shots at him, but only managed to burn him up a bit—which didn't surprise me. Pete's old .45 hadn't been cleaned for two years, so he said, and looking through the bore was like looking down a gopher hole. I think Mr. Bear put the can on the old man that night, though he wouldn't own up. But that wasn't all; the next night Pete hears a scuffling outside the cabin. 'Porkie' says he and allows he'll go out and murder it, but being half asleep rolls over and forgets about it till morning. Then the first thing he sees when he opens the door is a big bear track in the sand, and blood marks right on the door step. That settled it! Pete flew down the creek and was hiking out to find me when I met him. 'By Gar!' says he, 'I don' fool wit dat fella no more! Some tam' I pass on de trail, den der come de big rush and de cheese is hof wit ole Pete.'

"Well, we talked the matter over that night and agreed it would never do to leave his nibs promenading around the country in that condition, for a bear when he's mean is the meanest thing on earth, and besides we were both dead anxious to get him, so next morning we struck out for Pete's camp.

"Going up Pete showed me where the bear usually fed on two slides that came in from opposite sides of the creek, one just below the other; sometimes he used one, sometimes the other, but Pete said he favored the lower one mostly.

"That night I saw the track and the blood on the step, so 'twas no pipe dream the old boy was giving me. I didn't wonder that he was buffaloed—doggoned if it didn't make my hair raise just to think of a man going up against a proposition like that in the dark, armed only with a pick handle. Well, we haunted those slides morning and evening for four days but didn't see a hair; then I got disgusted and was going to quit, but Pete begged me to stay a day or two longer, so next morning we were out again in the little daylight. Watching a slide is a mighty chilly proposition before sunrise but I had the lower slide and the sunny side of the creek that morning. By and by Old Sol came up, and I lay in the grass soaking up heat, and chuckling to think of the frosty time Pete would have across the creek for the next two hours. The heat must have made me drowsy, for I fell asleep and suddenly woke to find the sun well up in the sky, and a big black bear sitting on end not fifty feet away.

"A silvertip would have been my meat, sure! for 'Old Eph,' as they call him in the sporting papers, is too dignified to run on sight, if he isn't looking for scrap—which he usually isn't. He'll play he isn't afraid, and saunter off, stopping to pick a bite here and there, the laziest looking beggar you ever saw. Pretends he doesn't see you, and was just going that way anyhow. But in my judgment there is nothing will annihilate space as sudden and immediate as a black bear when he gets sight or scent of a man, and at the first move I made to reach the rifle this fellow hit the American timber, and he hit it a-running; one jump and he was gone as though the Lord had taken him.

"Was I hot? well I guess, yes! but I soon forgot it, for just then something caught my eye on the other slide, and the black was no longer even a memory. It was the Saddle-marked Bear! There could be no mistake about him; he was on a little hogsback in the slide, three or four hundred yards from me, and busy as a man killing snakes, in digging roots for breakfast. Lord! but he was a pretty beast. Almost black, with a shimmer

of silver along his back that looked like frost, and right across behind the shoulders a saddle of pure white that narrowed to a strip down the sides, for all the world like a white cinch.

"The sun was just touching him, and as I rolled this way and that I could see the light running in ripples along his fur, like a breeze on a field of wheat. I forgot Pete, my gun, and everything else, and just lay there staring at him. Then all at once I saw him give a lurch and go rolling down the hill, limp as a rag. 'Well done, Pete!' I yelled, 'you've got him, old boy.' But I hollered too soon, for just then he came to his feet with a roar like a bull and charged an old root that had come down in the slide. He biffed it once, and I saw the dust and splinters fly, then Pete's old cannon boomed again and the bear whirled and flew down the hill with his hair turned all the wrong way. I took one shot at him and missed; then let out across the slide, just touching the ground on the high places. Twice I heard Pete shoot, and just as I reached the timber there came another angry roar from the bear. 'Good Lord,' I thought, 'if Pete hasn't got a tree that fellow has made a ghost of him, sure!' but presently as I was tearing through brush and over windfalls, I heard Pete yell, and you can bet that it took a load off my mind.

"I took it easy after that and reached the open just in time to see Pete's artillery go sailing off into the bushes. The bear was waltzing 'round a big spruce, foaming mad, tearing chunks out of it as big as wash basins and stopping every revolution to take

a round out of the remains of Pete's coat. About twenty feet up the tree was old Pete, the most forlorn-looking object you ever saw. So help me there wasn't clothes enough on him to wad a shotgun! The old man was sure in an almighty hurry when he went up that tree, for he left fragments of his raiment fluttering on every limb. Doggoned if I didn't think I'd have a fit! There he sat straddle of a bough, with his old shanks wound in a death grip round the tree; shaking his fist and a-cussing me and the bear in English, French and Chinook. I didn't savvy the French, but if he handled it as fluently as he did the English and Chinook he was sure doing justice to the language.

"However, I didn't have long to enjoy the situation, for of a sudden the raging devil at the foot of the tree quit his tearing and smashing, and came up on end with his nose in the air. I knew what his next move would be, and as I wasn't just spilin' for a mix-up with that critter I plugged him through the neck and the show was over. He hit the ground with a wallop like a load of wood and rolled over paws up.

"Pete slid down the tree and got his gun, then he came back and sized up the bear for a minute without saying a word; first he'd look at the bear, then at the gun, finally he walked over to the tree, and the next thing I knew the air was full of splinters from that old weapon. He pounded the tree till there was nothing left but a badly bent barrel, then he hove that into the brush. 'Bill,' says he, 'I make fun o' dat gun o' yours, call him de popgun, but By Gar! I buys me a popgun when I get to town, sure!'



# A Trip to the Matoes Country

By GEO. D. HIBBARD.



**I**N 1903 a party of two, feeling the need of rest and recreation, concluded to make a trip to the Matoes River, a famous fishing stream in the Cascade Mountains. So after providing ourselves with a good team, covered wagon, and all other conveniences for personal comfort and enjoyment, we started from a stirring village, nestling among the foot hills not far distant from the capitol city of Oregon.

It was a beautiful June morning, the balmy air laden with the perfume of many varieties of wild flowers. Birds sang on every bush and tree, as we drove southward through the fertile valley of the Willamette, with its waving fields of grain showing almost an emerald green in the rays of the morning sun. The piping of the quail greeted our ears on every hand, and frequently the bright plumage of the China Pheasant could be seen in the nearby fields, or flushing from the road in front of us, giving us many opportunities for a double; but the Oregon game laws said "close season!" so we could only watch them as they flew leisurely out of sight.

We drove slowly along the road with its ever changing scenery, sometimes following the banks of a beautiful stream shaded by overhanging branches of many shades of changing green, and at ideal spots we could occasionally see a fisherman diligently whipping the stream. Thus we passed a more than pleasant day, and camped early under wide spreading maples on the banks of Nye Creek.

Enjoying a good night's rest we were up early on the following morning, and after a hearty breakfast drove along through many fine farms, enjoying the cool morning air, making our next stop at Sodaville, a small village situated in the foothills near the



NYE CREEK.

edge of the valley, and taking its name from a fine mineral spring which has been a noted pleasure resort for many years. After another day's drive over hills and valleys we stopped for the night at "Cascadia" on the South Fork of the Santian River, where many pleasure seekers gather during the summer for hunting and fishing, camping in a beautiful grove of giant firs near numerous mineral springs which furnish an abundance of clear sparkling water, at a temperature of forty-seven degrees.

The following morning we started up the river along a fairly good road leading us farther into the mountains, through vast tracts of timber, their tall trunks towering above us, with a beautiful carpet of mosses and ferns beneath their shade, while here and there could be seen patches of many colored wild flowers, reaching down to the bank of the stream. Rather early in the afternoon we reached the "Mountain House," situated on the south bank of the river, where many beautiful fishing pools tempt the angler to try his skill as it is well stocked with mountain trout. Here we concluded to remain until the following morning.

At 5:30 we left camp behind. After a pleasant drive of a mile we reached the foot



of "Seven Mile Hill," one much dreaded by the traveling public; we toiled slowly up, up, reaching the summit after four hours of steady climbing, and started on a down grade through a belt of timber where forest fires are unknown. Fir, spruce, hemlock, larch, white pine and cedar, a veritable lumberman's paradise. Here and there were deep drifts of winter's snow almost untouched by the warm rays of the summer's sun, making the air cold and chill. Rain soon began to fall, and ere long it became a general down-pour lasting until our arrival at Fish Lake, a point nine miles from the summit, where we were forced to take advantage of a commodious camp shed, sharing it with some other travelers arriving about the same time from the opposite direction. We spent the balance of the afternoon in pleasant converse with our neighbors, heedless of the pelt of the rain upon the roof.

Fish Lake at this season of the year is a beautiful sheet of water one and a half miles in length, an average of one-quarter of a mile in width, and surrounded by a fringe of forest, green to the water's edge, with plenty of snow to be seen on the mountain sides above. Later in the season this lake be-

comes dry, with the exception of a channel and one or two pools, the balance being carpeted with waving grass. At the south end of the lake there is a large stream running out, about thirty feet in width and two feet in depth, running swiftly along through open timber for two miles, where it enters Clear Lake, which is a little larger stream than the former one. The water in this lake seems almost transparent, small objects may be seen on the bottom at great depths; many varieties of mosses are so plainly visible that they seem almost within one's grasp, but on lowering a line from the boat, we find it descending sixty or seventy feet before it rests on the bottom. Many places along the eastern shore seem to have no bottom, and the water in places has a beautiful shade of blue.

On the east side of the lake there is an indescribable mass of porous lava rocks varying from a few inches to thirty feet in height, extending into the lake which, beyond doubt, in the long distant past was a deep cañon with a forest of tall trees flourishing in its bed. The molten lava flowing in from the eastern side filled the cañon at the south end, forming a lake, submerging



Photo by  
F. C. GIVENS

CLEAR LAKE.



Photo by  
F. C. GIVENS

"THE VIEW FROM THIS POINT IS INDEED A GRAND ONE."

the trees where they can yet be seen, with their tall trunks plainly visible in the transparent water, time having denuded them of their foliage, and covered them with delicate mosses.

In rowing over the lake you suddenly discover a tall trunk apparently rising out of the clear water in front of the boat and collision seems inevitable. Too late to back the boat, you hold your breath, but fail to receive the expected shock, and further investigation proves that the extreme top of the tree is far beneath you.

Out of the lava rocks on the east side a stream of almost ice cold water about thirty feet in width and two in depth, comes rushing into the lake. Following up the stream for a distance of one hundred feet we find its source in a circular pool, forty feet in diameter and fifteen deep in depth in the center. Every object on the bottom can be seen very distinctly from the wall of lava which surrounds it, and the waving mosses growing on the submerged rocks appear like liquid silver in the sunshine. The outlet of Clear Lake is at the south end, and forms what is known as the McKenzie fork of the Willamette.

The following morning after our arrival, the rain having ceased, we concluded to try Clear Lake for some fish, so after a two-mile

walk through the woods where every leaf and flower showed their brightest colors in the morning's sun, and still sparkled with rain drops from the previous night's shower, we reached the lake, hastily prepared our tackle and off we went, skimming over the clear waters to a raft provided by the management for the accommodations of anglers.

The first half hour the sport was rather tame, but soon our luck changed and we were kept very busy. We lost quite a number of good fish, but in a short time had secured fifteen pounds of fine lake trout, the meat being red in color and of excellent flavor.

About two miles to the north lies what is known as Lava Lake, and in the winter it is from ten to fifteen feet in depth, and covers about two hundred acres. The forest trees form a beautiful border around it, except at the north and south ends where walls of lava, seemingly stopped in its mad rush while in a molten state, form a barrier about thirty feet in height. Lava Lake has no outlet except through the lava in the bottom near the north end, where the water can be seen disappearing into a subterranean bore. By the end of June it has all disappeared except in some small channels, from which many brook trout are taken each year, and the bed of the lake is covered with luxuriant

wild grass, from which is cut a considerable quantity of hay.

After two days of exploration around the lakes we resumed our journey; the road for the first two miles runs through the lava beds to the foot of Sand Mountain, which is three and a half miles of hard climbing, the sand rolling from the wheels as we climb slowly up the long slope. At last we reached the top, and found ourselves at the real summit of the Cascades dividing the Willamette Valley from Eastern Oregon. The view from this point is a grand one indeed.

We now started on a down grade; banks of snow were lying along the way in sheltered places, and but a few feet from them would appear in profusion the bloom of the wild strawberry. After a few miles we entered a belt of open pine timber through which we drove to the banks of the Matoles, thirty miles from Fish Lake.

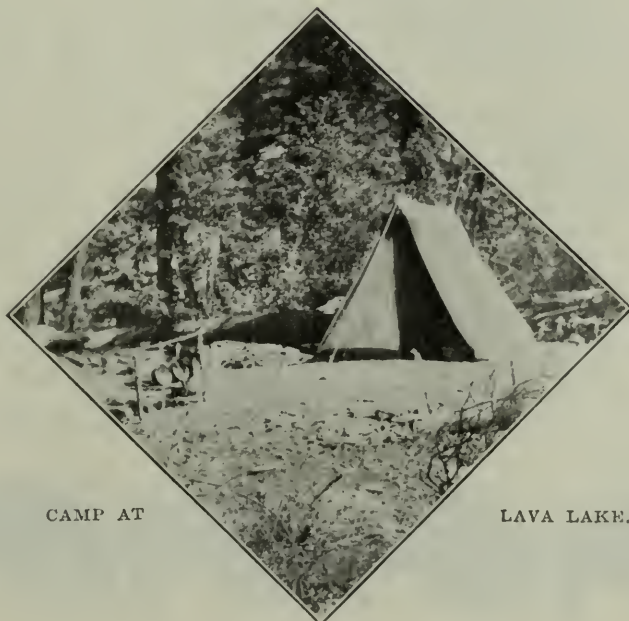
We made our camp at the edge of a meadow through which the river runs, and on the banks of a stream one hundred feet in width which takes its rise from some springs not over one hundred and fifty yards distant. One spring near our camp comes boiling out from under the overhanging bushes with a roaring sound, furnishing great volumes of water almost ice cold.

The Matoles proper rises from under the north side of Black Butte and is formed by three large springs a few rods distance from each other, which soon join, making a veritable river but a short distance below, and

which flows through almost impenetrable cañons in places, and again through beautiful meadows of wild grass, emptying finally in the Deschutes River to the north. Here we remained several days, supplying our table with the choicest of fish during our stay. From Cañon Creek, which enters the Matoles a little to the north of our camp, we enticed many a rainbow trout which may also be taken from the springs in which the river takes its rise.

A few miles to the southwest lie Suttle and Blue Lakes. Here we made up a party with other pleasure seekers and made a trip to these lakes to try our luck. The road lay through the sweet smelling pines and mountain balm, while on every hand could be seen the pink and white lilies nodding on their tall graceful stems. Suttle Lake is about one and a half miles in length and a half mile in width, surrounded by a dense growth of timber. Blue Lake lies a half mile to the west, and is almost circular in form and one-quarter of a mile in diameter. It is of great depth, many travelers pronouncing it the crater of an extinct volcano. These two lakes are connected by a pretty stream in which we caught many trout, also making a fine catch in the lakes.

Thus we passed the days until reminded that we must turn our faces homeward, and breaking camp with regret we left with a firm resolution that, God willing, we would again visit this most beautiful of all Oregon's natural attractions.



CAMP AT

LAVA LAKE.



## THE LOST TRIBES

(Suggested upon seeing the buffalos in the Yellowstone National Park.)

ONE by one the tribes have vanished,  
 Year by year they still decrease,  
 From the plain and valley banished,  
 Still they seek the last surcease.

Huddled now in scanty numbers,  
 Mute they view the hunter's hound,  
 Ferine fear each step encumbers,  
 Thralldom mocks them all around.

Man has chilled the fire of freedom,  
 Soulless slaughter left but dread;  
 Spirits haunted, once undaunted,  
 Seem but shadows of the dead.

Such are left to tell the story,  
 Such are left to shame the past,  
 Remnants of a tribe whose glory  
 Fauna's kingdom ne'er surpassed.

Thoughtless? Yes, we killed unthinking—  
 Left them lying where they fell,  
 But the world to-day is winking  
 At each tale the forests tell—

At each tale of cruel slaughter,  
 At each tale of gory greed;  
 Elk and bison tread their prison—  
 Man is monarch—yes, indeed.

But a future age shall judge us  
 As to-day we judge the past:  
 "Deal thou kindly"—deal not blindly—  
 Shall the needless slaughter last?

—T. Shelley Sutton.



# The Tale of a Cat

By JOHN B. HAAS.



**D**URING a long life in the mountains of California it was my luck to be a part owner of a band of sheep. I soon got tired of the job of herding them, and when one day an old Englishman—Andrews, by name—offered to do the herding for a very reasonable remuneration, I appointed him at once. He—or rather they, for he was accompanied by his two sons—came to the sheep camp late one evening and asked to stay all night. I was glad enough to have company, and made them welcome.

Feed had become very scarce on the range and I knew that I would soon have to move further down the valley. The weather had become threatening, and before morning a storm, half snow and half rain, was upon us. That sickened me of the sheep loneliness. In twenty-four hours I had lost one-half of the sheep and nothing remained but to pull out from there at once. Loading our traps upon a one-horse wagon we struck out for the foothills and by night reached our destination—near the Cosumnes River. I had known the place some years before and knew that there was some chance of mining there, so the boys agreed to come along and try their luck at mining with me.

We found the place all right and in the same condition it was when I had last seen it—an ideal sheep ranch. Wild? There wasn't a living soul within miles. No one to trouble us, which was quite a good thing, for a band of sheep is nowhere welcome in California, north or south. The feed was fine. The next day was spent in building a cabin. Luckily, we had brought a few bunches of shakes with us, sufficient for a roof.

We had cut down a large pine tree some three feet in diameter, having it fall so that the butt log fell up-hill, and by squaring the other cuts around and digging to level the

side hill, got the cabin up all right. Another day saw a corral built to keep the sheep in at night. Rocks and mud from a nearby creek furnished the material for a chimney, and a bright fire in the fireplace made the "dugout" cheery enough.

As I said before it was a wild country, but at that season of the year—winter—extremely beautiful. Nut pines, Douglas pines and live oaks were grouped in abundance, interspersed with little openings, and the valleys were covered with bright young grass and clover. I had two good collie dogs to assist me in guarding the sheep—and they needed guarding in that place, as we were soon to find out. The coyotes, with their infernal *yep! yep!* were howling every night, but they never dared come near the sheep corral.

We had great sport in hunting raccoons on moonlight nights, for the woods were full of them and their tracks were plentiful in the soft mud at the creek. Our dogs would track them and run them up a tree, whence a well-aimed shot would quickly bring them down. Yet not every night's hunting was successful. Once in awhile our dogs would get on the track of some odoriferous polecat or skunk and, of course, they killed it. Then it was "all day" or rather all night with the hunting.

We were sitting one of those nights by the fire, smoking our pipes and listening to old Andrews telling of his never-ending yarns about the "Hold Hengland," when Charles raised his hand and said:

"Hush! What's that?"

A cry sounded through the still night, for all the world like the outcry of a child in distress. At the same instant the dogs set up a fearful howl and, by the time we opened the door and rushed out, the dogs were gone and all was quiet. It was cold for there had been a flurry of snow. We found the sheep all huddled up in a corner back of the cabin, apparently very much frightened. It was quite a while before the dogs returned.

We had had a very hard day's work and felt too tired to go out that night. Old Andrews, as superstitious a fellow as ever lived, was entertaining us with an infernal ghost story in which the cry of a lost soul played the major part, prophesying all sorts of ill-fortune, when his son, Charles, the smartest of the lot, told him to go to bed and sleep off his fears, which advice the old man grumblingly followed. Everything remaining quiet, we soon rolled in our blankets.

In the morning while I was just preparing breakfast, Charles called me out and showed me tracks of our last night's visitor. "Looks like a mountain lion" I remarked, judging by the size of the tracks. The weather remaining fine, we concluded to hunt it up that night. We quit work somewhat earlier than usual and, leaving the old man in camp, followed the tracks until we came to a grove of whiteoak trees near the river.

"If the dogs will only just let the skunks alone," Tom began, when—"There! The dogs have treed something!" Charles cried, excitedly. "Hear them call!"

We hurried on through the grove. It was now quite dark, and in the rush I fell over a log and barked my shins, and Charles went head over heels, catching his toe in a root. But that didn't hinder us from getting there and finding the dogs jumping and barking around the trunk of a huge oak.

"I see him! I see him!" Tom called out.

We all looked up and, sure enough, there was a dark clump up high on a branch, snarling and spitting, with two fiery spots, his eyes, shining in the dark. But before I could get to draw a bead, our game had disappeared behind a large branch of the tree. Well, we hept stumbling around that tree with the wildly excited dogs running between our legs and barking and yelping, but couldn't get a sight of Pussy. It was then Tom said: "If I could only get up in that tree I would soon fetch him."

He tried jumping to catch hold of a limb to draw himself up. It was no use, so as it was more than I cared to do, and as Tom

was so eager to climb, I took a stand with my back to the tree, told him to step on my joined hands and onto my shoulders. He did so and, reaching a lower limb, drew himself up.

The gun, an old style muzzle loader, loaded with buckshot, was handed up to him. The dogs, seeing something was doing, were quiet now and looking up as well as we. I grabbed the axe which we had brought along and stepped away from the tree, awaiting what was coming. I didn't have to wait long. Tom fired—and it came.

The first thing that came down was the gun; it was safe, anyhow. The next thing that came down, with a thud, was Tom with the cat clinging to him. It didn't cling long. Before Tom could gather himself up or get loose from his adversary, the dogs piled in with a howl, and for a while there was the prettiest kind of a mix-up and a free fight for all. Charles kept dancing around yelling at me: "Hit him! hit him!" Hit nothing. The whole mess wouldn't keep still long enough to get a whack at the cat, but at last Tom rolled to one side and I got a chance, and a blow on the head of the big brute ended the row. But such a sight as Tom offered! He was covered with blood and mud from head to foot, so we led him down to the creek and washed him. Luckily, his eyes were all right but you could see the marks of the cat's claws on both cheeks where he had landed when the shot struck him.

Next day Tom couldn't see out of his eyes, his cheeks were so puffed up, but he soon got over it. We skinned the cat and threw the carcass out. It stayed there all winter for the coyotes wouldn't touch it. But that wound up our night hunting, for Tom swore he wouldn't hunt any more cats.

As he carries the sign manual of his adversary on his face to this day, I don't wonder at his resolution, but the scrap was great fun while it lasted—to us and the dogs.





# In the SWELLING STREAM

BY DENNISON H. CLIFT



**I**N THE spring of 1897 my health gave out while attending college in Southern California, and I was advised by the doctors to give up all university work for the year and seek an outdoor life for a time. It was feared that otherwise I would early develop into a consumptive. Perhaps it is needless to say that after such a diagnosis I discontinued my studies at once. Then it was that I looked about for a position where I could lead a healthy existence in the open, and have an opportunity to build up physically for the fall semester.

The first place that suggested itself was the home of the logging camps in the northern part of the State; and then more definitely I decided to try and get a position with the Westside Lumber Company on the banks of the Pitt River, in the mountains above Red Bluff. I wrote to a former college mate who was then secretary to the superintendent, and received word by return mail to come on at once to Fall River, a small settlement six miles below the lumber camp, where he and a party of loggers were then on a three weeks' trapping expedition. As I learned later, a run of salmon had gone far up the Pitt and the lumbermen were enjoying a vacation, fishing and hunting.

The great grizzly bears of the Sierras have a passionate fondness for fish, especially salmon, and will travel many miles to reach a river where they are to be had. And so, when the late run of these fish extended far up the river during that season, there was frequently seen huge black bears along the banks of the river. They were known to enter the stream at a shallow point and sweep the salmon out upon the bank with their big, shaggy paws.

My college mate and the lumbermen had

taken advantage of this fact, and had set huge steel traps at regular distances along the banks of the river where the bears had been seen the most. These steel bear traps, or "gins" as they are called, were attached by chains to great logs directly on the river bank, within reach of the tide, and were baited anew each day with freshly caught salmon.

But up to the time I received my friend's letter no bears had been caught. I was eager to participate in the trapping before the men returned to camp, and so lost no time in packing a set of outing clothes, and setting out for the camp near Fall River. I went by rail to the point where the Pitt joins the Sacramento, and after traveling all night I left the little station and went to a nearby farmhouse to breakfast and inquire into the nature of the country. There I learned that the Westside Lumber Company's camp was about forty miles up the river. Fall River, lying this side of it, could be reached by stage. As the camp I was bound for was along the river, and the town somewhat back in the country, I decided that I would row up the stream, from Five Points, a landing where I could procure a boat three miles this side of the camp.

The stage ride was long and tiresome, and the roads thick with mud, for it had rained hard for the past week, and the night before a heavy downpour had caused the mountain streams to overflow their banks; and as a result the Pitt was rapidly rising. I was glad when five o' clock found me in a small canoe, pulling up stream. My luggage was carefully packed in the stern, and with each stroke of the paddle the boat shot ahead against the current. As far as I could see I was alone on the river, and fear that night might overtake me before I reached my destination, put life into my arms and quickened the stroke. The massive black walls

of trees on either side gave way to open clearings here and there, but no sign of life could be detected along either bank of the wide stream.

After rowing for two hours I judged I must be within a half mile of my friend's camp, and taking a pair of field glasses from my pocket I scanned the bank ahead, but could distinguish no sign of life; not even the glimmer of a camp fire. Night was fast coming on and I began to feel alarmed for fear that I should not find the camp that night. As the river was still rising rapidly, and the swelling current becoming harder to pull against, I decided to abandon the canoe and take the trail along the course of the river. By covering the luggage with the boat I could return and get it safely in the morning. A swift stroke of the paddle sent the canoe toward the right bank, and pulling on a long pair of boots I took from one bundle, I stepped into the water above my knees and with a sudden effort shoved the boat half way up on the shore. Hardly had I taken a step forward after it, when there was a splash in the water at my feet, and two powerful bands closed around my right foot with a terrible snap. A sharp pain shot through me, and I cried aloud in sudden agony. I fairly doubled up with the anguish caused by the pressure of the stout bands, and reaching instinctively toward my leg realized that a sharp pair of steel jaws had suddenly closed about me, half way above the ankle, holding me captive in a fast, relentless grip. Then like a flash it dawned upon me that I had sprung a bear trap!

As a comprehension of my position came over me a dread horror took possession of my heart, and between the pain and the fear I cried aloud in terror. I reached into the water below my knee and felt the steel jaws that held my leg like a vise. I tried with all my strength to pry them apart, but in vain. I was held a prisoner in that chill water by a terrible grip that was cutting through the stout boots and threatening to cut to the bone. I dared not move about or pull away, for each movement caused the bands to cut deeper and only intensified my agony. Where the chain attached to the gin was fastened I was unable to ascertain, for I could not move about and by that time it was too dark to see.

The thought of a night in that position

struck terror to my soul, allowing me to forget my suffering for a moment. Then a second thought, more dread than the first, came to me. The river was fast rising! What if it should rise above my head? The heavy rains of the past ten days had swollen the mountain streams, and the storm of the preceding day had added to the volume of water. The thought weakened me for a moment, but the pain and chill of the water called me to a sudden alertness again.

I knew that I must be within a quarter of a mile of the camp, for the traps only covered that distance. In the silence of the great, still forest I thought a call for help should carry that distance. Accordingly I took a deep breath and shouted for help at the top of my voice until I was almost hoarse, the dark woods echoing with the cry each time.

Then I waited anxiously—ten, fifteen, twenty minutes; but there was no response, no answering cry. Meanwhile the river was rising with startling swiftness; already it had reached a point level with my waist. I was drenched through and through from bending in the water trying to open the cruel jaws. I stood there shivering in the cold stream, my teeth chattering violently with the cold and fear.

The sharp edges of the trap seemed slowly to be piercing through the flesh; each moment the torture became more intense. And I stood there in water now above my waist, wringing my hands in throes of pain, the river gradually but surely increasing in volume and swiftness. I clutched at a clump of roots that grew out from the wall of the bank in order to sustain my balance. Each time I swayed back with the onrush of the current, the distress of my leg increased until I was compelled to remain as well poised as possible.

I shouted and cried aloud again, but only a prolonged echo answered me. Slowly the water rose above my waist, inch by inch, chilling me to the marrow and rapidly approaching my arm pits. My limbs were becoming numb and the tensivity of the pain in my leg seemed to abate somewhat. It was already dark and I could see nothing but the white foam of the water where it dashed itself against the bank.

I stepped toward the shore, acting upon sudden impulse, but drew back in throes





THE PITT RIVER.

of pain. The trap was fixed fast and could not be moved. The huge steel clasps about my leg remained fast and could not be opened. I was a fast prisoner.

Around me I could distinguish nothing and hear nothing except the low, steady roar of the river and the souging of the giant pines far above me. And in their rustling and swaying I seemed to distinguish a melancholy note that was pitched for the song of death—a requiem for me, far below, captive in a bear trap, waiting until the rushing waters should rise above my head and drown my feeble cries in its roar.

I clung desperately to the roots on the bank and strove again to move the trap higher upon the bank, but the gin was fastened somewhere where it held fast. Each time I recoiled from the effort, weaker from the chill and anguish.

I could not bend down now for the water would cover my head—it had risen so rapidly during the last half hour. The black, angry river had crept up to my shoulders! I yelled again, but my voice had lost its power and my debilitating strength left me choking and gasping after every attempt.

If only my college mate had heard me. A slow but terrible death was staring me in the face! If the men could only hear my dying cries!

My body moved limply backward and forward with the steam. I held my head high. The water splashed in my face and almost blinded me. My head was swimming; my last bit of strength being sapped from me as I fell backward. The current beat mercilessly against my throat. The back of my head touched the stern of the canoe which had risen with the tide. I leaned my head against it.

At that moment I started and shook aside the drowsiness coming over me. Far ahead on the water I saw the gleam of a light. It flickered and wavered for a moment and then disappeared from view. A quickening sensation came over me and new life leaped into my veins. In a moment it reappeared, nearer than before. I gazed at it, my eyes bulging from my head in hope that it was coming for me. A peculiar sensation crept surreptitiously over me but I tried to shake it off. A vision of the college buildings and old familiar faces passed swiftly in review before my gaze. But in the midst of the pictures called up by fancy, gleamed that bright light on the river.

A quick surge and the water of the river gushed down my mouth, almost choking me. I threw my head back and with one final effort shouted as loud as I could. Then I closed my eyes.

It seemed ages, but a moment afterward a canoe swept up to me and a lantern was pressed close to my face. With an effort I looked up and recognized the white, staring features of my college mate. Then I heard a great splash in the water near me and felt a strong arm thrust about my shoulders. A great roaring as of the river came into my ears, and falling back I closed my eyes once more—in darkness.

The next morning when I opened my eyes I found myself inside a tent, my friend bending over me. When I was strong enough to speak I told him in a few words what had befallen me; how I had been caught in the trap with the water rising about me. Then I learned that some of the men had heard my shouts distinctly and had searched for over an hour in vain on the water and in the woods. When I was finally found and the danger of my position realized, a great

log above me to which was attached the other end of the chain, was rolled into the water and I was lifted, trap and all, into the canoe. Then by the strength of three men the jaws of the trap were opened and my leg released. The sharp edges of the gin had cut deeply into the sides of my leg and I had been weakened chiefly by the loss of blood. Had the steel bands struck the bone, in closing, they would have broken it.

A severe illness set in and I was kept in bed at the lumber camp for six weeks. When I recovered I spent a very profitable autumn at the Westside's camp among the loggers, and returned to college in January, wonderfully strengthened and built up. But my adventure as a captive in the cruel jaws of that bear trap, with the swelling waters of the dark-flowing Pitt creeping slowly over me, I shall never forget.



## MY BETSY BROWN.

**W**HEN life's not worth the living and things are all awry,  
When a fella' feels like giving this world a "glad goodbye,"  
When painful prayers, unanswered, somewhere in ether float,  
I drag thee from the cellar once again, my hunting coat.

An artist's taste would scarcely call thee beautiful, I ween,  
And wifey dear would turn her head—cry, frantic'ly, "Unclean!"  
Yet on thy swarth complexion and thy baggy form I dote;  
I would not change thy shape nor style, my dear old hunting coat.

Thy color minds me of the mud we find on tule' lake;  
Thy breath scents of the bottle which we carry for the snake,  
Or of a rare Havana (a thing for me quite rare,  
But "carried for the other boys" to wifey dear I swear).

To save thee from the laundry, oft' I've risked domestic peace  
To preserve thy "ripening color" which another termed as "grease";  
But fear thee not, I'll save thee from "F'el's-Naptha" and her kind,  
Tho' I wreck domestic bliss (a while) and murder peace of mind.

Thou hast been my bath-room carpet, my kerchief and my tow'l,  
My pillow, blanket, table-cloth, yet never raised a howl.  
Though oft at night together on the cold earth we recline  
Thy chilly feet ne'er rested in the middle of my spine.

Ah! Betsy Brown, I love thee as no other mortal can,  
Tho' thou'rt a blood-stained hunting coat, and I a cruel man.  
But the rollin' years are nearin' to a solemncholy date,  
When thou and I, dear Betsy, must forever separate.

And when the ducks flap tinsel wing above the River Styx,  
And every thing seems favorable for a bag of forty-six—  
Then I know that I shall miss thee, when in Father Charon's boat,  
I touch the phosphorescent shore, my dear old hunting coat.

—John T. Grant.

# Mount Lassen

By GEO. D. BAIRD.



IF ONE should ask an Eastern man, one who had never been so fortunate as to visit the Pacific Coast, concerning the scenery of California, he would very likely be told that Yosemite Valley and Mount Shasta comprised about all there is worth seeing. That I may not appear to do an injustice to those in the East, permit me to say that the only difference in the measure of ignorance between said Easterner and myself is that before coming to California I had not even heard of Shasta. Yosemite, of all the riches of California scenery, was the only item on my mental slate. This article is written not so much to correct such lack of knowledge, but to unfold to our friends a region of which, perhaps, they have never heard, or at least have heard very little about.

Fancying the Sierra Nevada Mountains, which run along the eastern boundary of the State, a skeleton, Shasta would very fitly represent the skull, and Mount Lassen the shoulder blade. Be it remembered that California in size is second only to Texas, being nearly as large as France.

Roughly speaking, the Sierras can be divided for convenience into the following sub-ranges, though the boundaries are admittedly indefinite. Beginning from the south they are: (1) King's River and Kern Cañons; (2) Yosemite and Tuolumne Cañons; (3) Mount Tallac and Lake Tahoe; (4) Mount Lassen, and (5) Mount Shasta. These comprise districts as large as some of the New England States. The region of which I write is about the most clearly defined of any, the sub-range being partitioned by broad valleys from the mass of the vast parent system.

On reflection I find it essential that I should state how the mountain may be reached. One may go to Chico and, taking the stage, reach Prattville. The journey may be shortened by jumping off at nearer towns and taking horse or wagon to Warner's or Morgan's Cañons. Such arrangements will have to be made on the ground. If one wishes to enter from the west he must take stage at Red Bluff and go to Manton, or at Cottonwood and go to Plateau. The advantage of the former is the opportunity to see the wonderful plant of the Northern Counties Electric Company, which supplies light and power to the Sacramento Valley. The advantage of the Plateau route is that one can reach his destination a few hours earlier than by the other stage.

The next step will be entirely governed by circumstances. Does the visitor wish to tramp and carry his entire pack, as we did, or does he wish to tramp and have an animal carry the freight; does he wish to ride and have a pack animal besides; and does he wish a guide in addition? These are questions which only the traveler himself can answer, and frequently leaves them to be answered on the ground. For my part, I believe the most enjoyable method is to tramp and have a pack animal.

If we presume that the visitor has arrived at Manton or Plateau and decided by what means he will reach the mountain, the next step is very simple, for the road is plain. This takes one through Deer Flat to Manzanita Lake, the latter being a little off the main road. This double lake (for there is one a little higher than its companion) is a wonderfully beautiful sheet of water, the lower one not quite half a mile long—the upper being somewhat smaller. From the western bank can be obtained a view of Mount Lassen, which is probably unsur-



A BIT OF PERSPECTIVE.

passed on the continent. In the foreground the water, in the middle the forest, and in the background the majestic, snow-capped, helmet-like peak, 10,500 feet high, and rising 5,000 feet above the lake.

The banks of this lake must be the favorite resort of deer, as will appear later, and the waters abound in fish. It was our misfortune that limited time forced us to leave this charming spot the morning after our arrival, which was a hardship indeed. For the city-sick, brain-weary man or woman I recommend Manzanita Lake as a healing balm for depression, nervousness and telephone dread.

Returning to the road, which tradition tells us was the trail over which Fremont entered California, we had occasion to enter the forest, when suddenly two does passed us, first at a trot and then on a four-hoofed jump. There was every evidence of abundance of game in the whole region. The road leads around the northern spur of the range, or Fortress Buttes, a ragged lot of pinnacles that rise abruptly many thousand feet above the surrounding country. There is no danger of losing the way here. The road is well defined and virtually clings to the base of this ridge. Having swung around this horseshoe bend the road parallels the east line of Mount Lassen.

If the grand peak was imposing viewed from the western slope, it is so to the highest degree from the vast ravine on the east side. The altitude from this point is about 6,000 feet, and the summit towers 4,500 feet above the valley. From this locality the scene is wonderfully bold and striking. Not only does the monstrous snowcap hang above you but all around are peaks, ridges and spurs

shimmering with snow or sprinkled with the fleece of winter. Here a grand bluff, 500 feet, and almost perpendicular; there a massive shoulder of the main cone, rearing itself perhaps 9,000 feet and packed with snow; to the east a great hill that looked for all the world like the roof of a house, about a thousand feet above the valley and well sprinkled with white. Altogether the panorama from Hat Creek is awe inspiring and majestic. Never mind other localities—they have their



FORTRESS BUTTES.

beauties and their peculiarities of landscape; but Mount Lassen should be placed in a class by itself—it has an individuality of its own.

Yet I have only begun. The road ends at Hat Creek, and here the sportsman finds his Garden of Eden. And the Adam of this Eveless Eden is a cattle ranger, whose welcome will be sincere if not boisterous. His log cabin stands on the edge of a long and beautiful meadow, from the eastern border of which astonishing views of the range may be obtained. Far up on the mountain side, from beneath a tiny glacier, Hat Creek has its rise, and as it ambles and tumbles down and along it passes through vistas of singular beauty. Only the eye of a true sportsman can see beauties that would escape the eye of another, for in those deep pools, among those massive boulders, and through those gleaming rapids the trout lurk, dart and flash.

The creek winds through the meadow just mentioned. Here the ford is passed and another stage of the journey can be taken up. The trail leads due south, and traverses an exceedingly wild country. Streams are numerous and lagoons many. The forest is luxuriant and water abundant. Many cattle

are seen about here, but they become scarce for awhile as we reach an imaginary spot where the roads part. As a matter of fact there are no roads and the trail is not very distinct, but different routes can be taken here.

Go straight ahead and you will wind up at Sifford's Springs, due south. Turn to the right and go due west and you may either go direct to the peak of the mountain or to the summit of the snow ridge. Either one of these journeys will tax the hunter's strength to the limit, not alone on account of the altitude to be undertaken but the frightful obstacles to be overcome. Immense fallen trees, acres of chaparral, fields of snow—these must be overcome in their own way.

Turn to the left toward the east and you will enter a wild, uninhabited territory, a spot where man is seldom seen and where game simply awaits an enterprising hunter. It is a region of mountains and valleys, the former not very high and the latter not very



MOUNT LASSEN FROM THE EAST.

deep, somewhat like the Catskills or the Alleghanys. Of course in this region a thousand feet is nothing.

If the egotism may be pardoned I will now proceed to describe the route over which I passed myself. My course took me down the cañon for awhile, then I struck across the ridge to the left and on the summit a pretty doe ambled slowly past, and I have spent much time in purgatory since then for not having my kodak and being wide awake at the same time. Then I passed a chain of lakes, and beyond these Cinder Cone arose, snuggling up to a higher mountain, but win-

ning more distinction because it is literally a cone 500 feet above the plain, built of cinders, and nothing else. South of this is Juniper Lake, a placid sheet of water hidden in the heart of the mountains, surrounded by peaks ranging from one thousand feet to Mount Harkness, 3,000 feet above its surface. Small lakes are very numerous among the hills hereabouts, and the view from the various prominences is too beautiful for vulgar speech to profane.

Returning to the main trail, beautiful waterfalls are passed, and old Harkness looms above the ridges, carrying his majestic crest 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. We have passed remarkable scenes and others await us. Warner's Cañon is not a ravine or a valley, but a magnificent gorge gouged in the breast of the mountain by glacier or rent by earthquake. It averages 2,000 feet deep and may at some parts exceed those figures by double. Here is one of the finest camping grounds in the country—a dashing creek flowing through a lovely meadow, and in the vicinity may be found a small edition of Yellowstone Park. Geysers, hot springs, mud pools, boiling lakes and splendid precipices are scattered about with confusing liberality.

Follow up this creek and cañon and you will find yourself in one of the wildest regions that a hunter's heart could wish. There may be wilder spots among the glacier's of Ranier or the gorges of the Selkirks, but contentment is a virtue and the traveler will be perfectly satisfied with the wildness of this place. Unless the proper



BRUSH SLEEPING HUT.

trail is taken on return to Hat Creek one will crunch over snow fields and flounder in dense underbrush.

To the west of Warner's Cañon is Morgan's Cañon. I did not reach the place, but from its reputation should say that it is well worth a visit of some days. As a matter of fact a month could be allotted to a visit to the Lassen sub-range, and still leave unvisited much that is interesting. From Morgan's or Warner's Cañons the return can be made by way of Prattville and Chico, or Chico direct, as stated at the beginning. However, one can return as he came if he desires.

After these remarkable scenes have been viewed, after a few bucks have been brought down, and after a few skeins of trout have been caught, then comes the crowning treat—the rocky, snowclad peak itself. The effort is always made from the south side and is not an appalling climb by any means, for I have seen a photograph of the topmost point with women seated thereon—and fancy what they see!

To the east the grand valley at their feet,

and beyond an immense territory of hills and valleys as already described. To the northeast another vast region of dark blue waves that break on the shore of the horizon—Nevada and Oregon. To the southeast Harkness and a confusion of great mountains and deep cañons. To the west—what a prospect! In the foreground Manzanita Lake, dreaming among the trees 5,000 feet below, and dense forests clothing the range and foothills like the fur on a grizzly bear. Beyond, a rolling country of forest and stream. Then, twenty-five miles away the Sacramento Valley, and in the background, dim in the far away, the Coast Range, 8,000 feet above the sea.

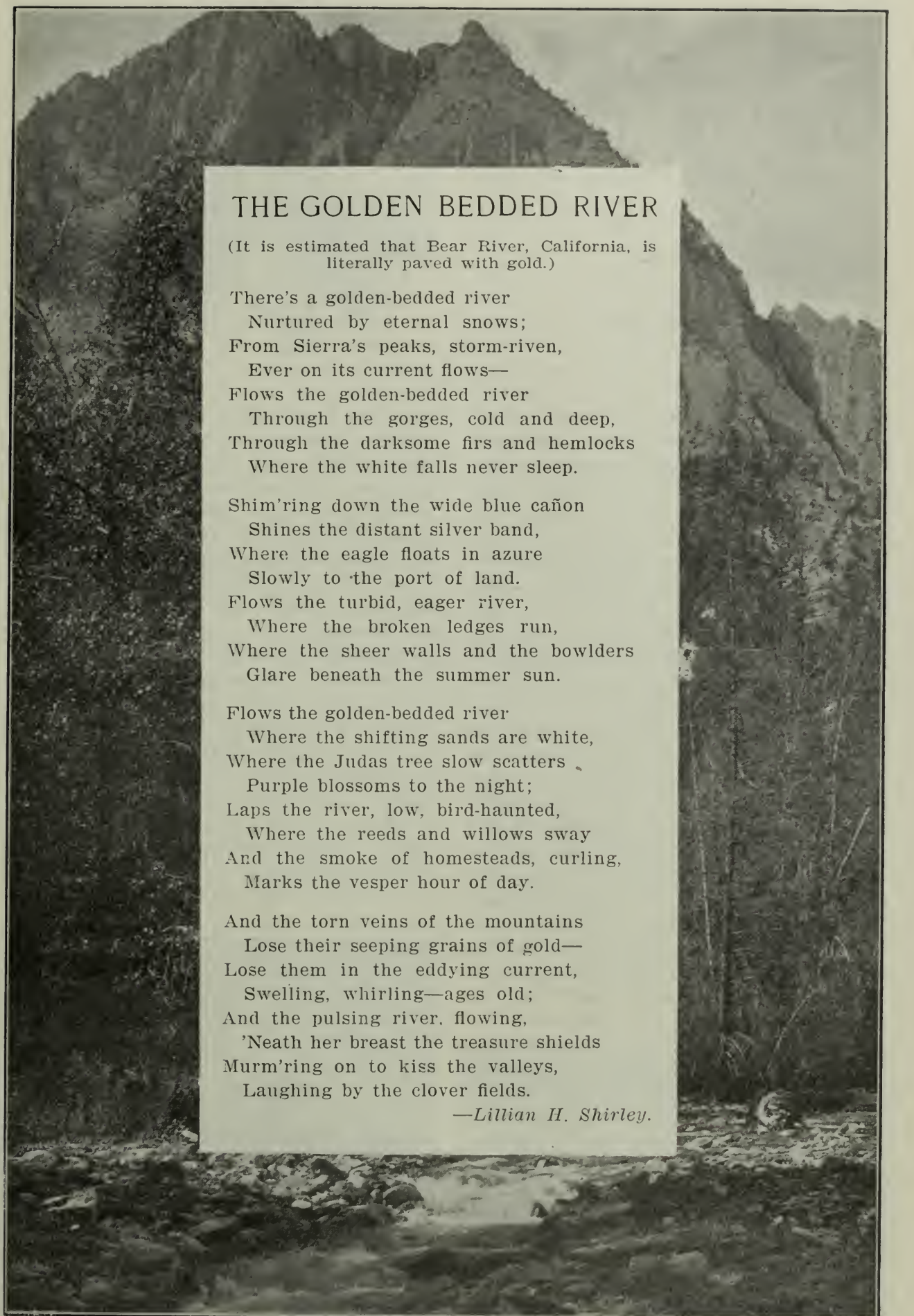
But the crowning glory is in the northwest. Beyond Magee's Peak, 9,000 feet, beyond the sea of purple hills and valleys, billows on billows rolling, beyond the huge mountains of the north rises the monster peak of Mount Shasta like a great frosted cake, towering 5,000 feet above its tallest attendant, dominating the entire landscape, and lifting its cream-white cone 14,400 feet above the level of the sea.

"DREAMING AMONG THE TREES,  
5,000 FEET BELOW."



MANZANITA LAKE.

Photo by  
F. C. GIVENS



## THE GOLDEN BEDDED RIVER

(It is estimated that Bear River, California, is literally paved with gold.)

There's a golden-bedded river  
Nurtured by eternal snows;  
From Sierra's peaks, storm-riven,  
Ever on its current flows—  
Flows the golden-bedded river  
Through the gorges, cold and deep,  
Through the darksome firs and hemlocks  
Where the white falls never sleep.

Shim'ring down the wide blue cañon  
Shines the distant silver band,  
Where the eagle floats in azure  
Slowly to the port of land.  
Flows the turbid, eager river,  
Where the broken ledges run,  
Where the sheer walls and the boulders  
Glare beneath the summer sun.

Flows the golden-bedded river  
Where the shifting sands are white,  
Where the Judas tree slow scatters  
Purple blossoms to the night;  
Laps the river, low, bird-haunted,  
Where the reeds and willows sway  
And the smoke of homesteads, curling,  
Marks the vesper hour of day.

And the torn veins of the mountains  
Lose their seeping grains of gold—  
Lose them in the eddy current,  
Swelling, whirling—ages old;  
And the pulsing river, flowing,  
'Neath her breast the treasure shields  
Murm'ring on to kiss the valleys,  
Laughing by the clover fields.

—Lillian H. Shirley.

# The ABORIGINES of BRITISH EAST AFRICA

By Elmer E. Davis

PART VI

THE ANDOROBO.



THE preceding article dealt with the Masai, the strongest tribe of negroes inhabiting British East Africa. From them we will descend to the Andorobo or the weakest people of this section. This sudden change is not made as a contrast, but rather in order to give the reader a better opportunity to study the inhabitants of the country, as they are encountered on a journey from the coast up in to the interior. The Andorobo in a certain sense should be identified with the Masai; not on account of a very close blood relationship, but rather owing to the fact that a great number of Andorobo dwell within the forests of Masailand, and have a great many interests in common with those people—or rather the Masai take a great deal of interest in them, not because there is any particular love felt on either side but on account of the use they make of them: In other words they are the “cat’s paw” which the cunning Masai uses on many occasions to do his dirty work.

In consideration of this they are allowed to dwell within the boundaries of Masailand without being disturbed very much by the owners. While other tribes, which are not sharp enough to use them as the Masai do, constantly torment them until now, outside of Masailand, an Andorobo village is very hard to find, as they are only in the most secluded and inaccessible forests and jungles.

Although they are more easily found in certain other portions of East Africa, the reader must not infer that they do not inhabit considerable territory; on the con-

trary they are distributed over a much larger territory than any other African tribe. Some writers claim, and with good reason, that they are a continuation of the South African Bushmen, for their language, I am told, is quite similar in many respects; certainly no one has discovered any pronounced resemblance of words, it is rather the expression and accent which causes a person to recall the Bushmen.

Personally my belief is that the tribe—if it ever was a tribe—has entirely lost its former characteristics and I even doubt that it ever was a tribe; it seems to me to be a collection of people made up of the outcasts and remnants of various tribes conglomerated. The very name “Andorobo”—if I have secured the proper interpretation—means a people composed of mixed blood. That this is right in its entirety remains yet to be learned, but it is safe to say that the



ANDOROBO. SLAVES OF THE MASAI.





THEIR OFFICIAL UNDERTAKER.

blood of the Andorobo is always more or less mixed with that of the tribe in whose territory they happen to dwell; this of course brings with it some of the lesser characteristics of the parent, consequently should a person be able to travel from Lake Rudolph to the Zambesi, and visit the Andorobo—or forest tribe—frequently en route, a constant fusion would be noticed among them. The change would be so gradual that, unless a very close observer, one would not notice the change until it was so complete as to form a strong contrast to the habits and appearance of the people formerly encountered. In this way I have not the least doubt that the Andorobo may be traced over all East and South Africa.

That the quality of people in this class should improve in various districts is very doubtful, for the outcasts or “under-dogs” of all countries are much the same. If they were not the least intelligent and aggressive they would not be in that position.

The reader may say: “Surely there are a few smart people among this class.” Yes, there are a few, but a smart Andorobo seldom stays with his people. After seeing what poor material he has to work with, he generally deserts former associates and by the exercise of pluck and brains becomes a member of some other tribe. Most people, however, look upon these deserters as interlopers, with much the same feeling an American would entertain for a Chinaman if he was so presumptuous as to run for office in America.

Although often resembling the tribe in whose territory they live as far as facial appearance goes, they are seldom of as large a build; this may be accounted for by the fact of Pigmy blood being mixed in them, but I am more inclined to believe it is caused by the almost constant starving process they

are compelled to undergo. For if what they say is true—and I have every reason to believe it is—their meals are anything but regular. Their life is one long fierce struggle for something with which to satisfy the cravings of the stomach.

Naturally a person would think that in a country so stocked with game as Africa no one should go hungry, but the old English receipt for cooking a hare—first catch the hare—also holds good in Africa; the game there must also be caught before eating. When we learn that these people are not allowed to cultivate land or possess domestic animals other than dogs, it is not so surprising to hear that they are frequently hungry. Why don't they trap game? A natural question to ask and an easy one to answer; they do trap it, but how many of those who read this, understand anything about trapping? I will venture to say that without firearms not one in a dozen of our expert white trappers could catch enough game to furnish themselves with food in Africa. Natural conditions are adverse: first there is no snow, next should you secure an antelope in a trap, some carnivorous animal would be there and make a meal of it before you arrived, and should a rhinoceros or elephant be secured in a pitfall you could live only a couple of days on fresh meat before it would spoil. Small portions could be dried but not much.

When a person's mind is constantly occupied with the acquisition of food supply there is very little room for any other thought, so it is not to be wondered at that the Andorobo are not a progressive and pushing tribe in the domestic affairs of Africa. On the contrary, they are a very shy and retiring class of people, who are happy if allowed to live and die in peaceful possession



PALLAH BUCK, COMMON IN ANDOROBO COUNTRY.



AN ANDOROBO BELLE.

of their little villages. These villages are a few huts of the most primitive architecture; small sticks are stuck into the ground and bent together at the top, afterward being thatched with leaves and grass. These huts are seldom more than six feet in diameter by five feet high; at a hundred yards distance they resemble small hay-cocks more than the dwellings of men; each of these huts, however, shelters from two to ten people, and could furnish a good example of sleeping seven in a bed and one in the middle.

When speaking of the appearance of a village at a hundred yards resembling hay-cocks, it is only to give the reader an idea of its primitive character, for in reality nearly all villages are so situated that it would be almost impossible to see them until close enough to reach forth and touch the huts. Occasionally villages are in more open forest, but only in a practically uninhabited portion of the country where all fear of intrusion is lulled by the knowledge of long distances between neighbors. These villages seldom consist of more than a dozen huts, and often three or four house the entire population. The worldly goods of these people are not

many, and what little they do possess besides weapons is generally buried in or near the huts; for should any member of the organized tribes happen along and see any commercial article in the possession of the Andorobo he don't forget it, and if not held in check by the older men might happen back that way in a few days with a party of his people and appropriate said article to his own use, unless the Andorobo had in the meantime removed the village to parts unknown.

It is from these people that eighty per cent. of all ivory obtained in Central Africa is originally secured—but not by the coast traders, for it is seldom that a white or Arab trader can find them. This is where the cunning of the Masai comes into play. All changes of location by the Andorobo are reported as soon as discovered by Masai warriors; in this way the Masai are kept posted regarding the place to go when afflicted with a desire to possess ivory. It would seem easy for the warriors to make a raid and steal the ivory instead of trading for it, but experience has taught them different; for should they raid a village nothing of value would be found, not even the inhabitants, for at the first alarming sign from a body of men they disappear like ghosts, leaving nothing but bare huts. Occasionally a band of young and inexperienced warriors pounce upon a village, but these acts call forth a severe reprimand from their elders.

I am told the Masai traders must exercise considerable diplomacy in dealing with these shy fellows, and during the transactions ivory seldom appears in view. Most business must be done in a roundabout way. When asked if he has any ivory, the Andorobo



A TYPICAL RIVER SCENE.

invariably answers no; but should he have a pair of tusks, the trader will know it soon by the Andorobo asking how much cloth or wire the trader would give for a pair of tusks so long—making a rough sketch in the earth representing the size of the tusks. It is understood then that the man has ivory hid away some place, and mister trader goes about driving a bargain. After the price is agreed on the goods are turned over by the trader with the understanding that he is to find the stipulated amount of ivory at a certain place within an hour or two. Of course

and a good share of the honey secured by the Andorobo eventually reaches the landlords.

From all this the reader will no doubt conceive the impression that the Andorobo are a fear-ridden, bony lot of creatures, grown cross-eyed from watching their back tracks; such is not the truth. Certainly their starved condition is not conducive to corpulency, but their ribs are not unduly prominent. The Masailand Andorobo as a rule has a pleasant shy expression which seems out of place on a negro; aside from that they seem to have



WILDERBEEST OR GNU, A FAVORITE GAME ANIMAL WITH THE ANDOROBO.

it would never do for the Andorobo to deceive the Masai in regard to the size and weight of the tusks, for the latter would then complain to his associates and a boycott would be declared on all Andorobo in the district. However, trouble seldom occurs between them, as the Masai are aware the Andorobo are a "good thing" and willing to do all the hard work for little profit.

In addition to securing ivory these primitive fellows are adepts at shooting monkeys and other small animals; bees are also raised and cared for in order to get honey. In Masailand the skins of most all of the animals

the same general appearance of the Masai, although a trifle smaller in stature. They, however, lack the graceful carriage and bold characteristics of those people.

Their ornaments and dress are usually patterned after the style of the tribe in whose vicinity they dwell. This can be said also of their weapons, all but the spear which is seldom used by them, they preferring a bow as it is easier handled in the forest where they live. All Andorobo men are persistent hunters from necessity, and no game is too large or too small for them to assail. Should a herd of elephants be discovered, they are im-

mediately on the trail. Long years of experience has taught them that half a loaf is better than no loaf at all, so instead of trying to get two or three of these huge beasts, one is singled out to receive their undivided attention.

The main object is to try and separate the object of their united efforts from the herd; they charge, retreat, surround and in every possible manner try to bewilder the poor beast, during all this time arrows being constantly shot at the tortured animal. The elephant, which has probably been rushing around trying to catch one of these nimble tormentors, takes to his heels, leaving the yelling mob behind; this, however, does not trouble the Andorobo very much, for they know if a number of arrows are sticking in the beast it is only a question of a few days or hours when the poisoned heads will bring the victim to earth. They take up the trail and never leave it day or night, for the closer they follow the less the birds and hyenas will get.

At intervals of three or four hours scouts are sent to high points, if any are handy, to look around the country and see if carrion birds are collecting prominently in any certain portion of the sky; should such be the case it is a sure indication that some beast is either dead or dying directly underneath, and by watching the birds it is easy to tell which is the case. If the birds are seen the pursuers know the chase is nearing its end, and hurry forward lest some party of Masai warriors, seeing the birds, arrive on the ground first, in which case the Andorobo are second best and must wait until these high and mighty robbers have cut out the ivory and satisfied their hunger with the choice portions of flesh.

Upon arriving at the side of a dead elephant the Andorobo immediately dispatch runners to their village, and in less time than you would imagine the entire population, huts and all, have been transferred to the side of the carcass of the defunct animal. While the meat lasts there is great rejoicing and merriment. After three or four days the flesh has acquired a "delicious" (!) flavor, and by the end of a week any one traveling across the wind, miles leeward, would be treated to a whiff of perfume wafted on the breeze from the Andorobo camp. About this time our friends have cleaned the bones of

their victim and are begrudging the worms the small portions stolen by them.

Most people will be surprised that the meat could be fit for food after being shot full of poisoned arrows, but it seems to have no ill effect upon those people; the only precaution they take is to cut away a small portion of flesh immediately around the wounds.

The reader must not think the Andorobo secure an elephant every time they go after one. Elephants are well known to be among the most cunning beasts in Africa, and it is seldom that a hunting party—clever as they are—can get within shooting distance of them; even then they often get away unless the hunters can surround one and get it confused.

The Andorobo seldom hunt lions, as they never are found in the forest; occasionally one will be encountered in the brush along the edge of a plain where, if seen by the Andorobo, a lively time is in store for mister lion. To a person unacquainted with the skill and accuracy with which a bow can be used, the following will look rather exaggerated.

The skill with which these wiry fellows handle the bow is marvelous; up to fifty yards a child of fourteen or fifteen years old could hit a coin the size of a five-cent piece, two times out of three. Over fifty yards, the wind and weight of arrow influences the flight too much to be accurate. The bows used by the Andorobo are not so heavy as those generally used by other tribes, but their strength is wonderful.

Outside of the bare facts that they live in a very primitive manner, I am unable to give a very good account of their domestic life. Although seldom in one place very long they never forget the location of paths to and from various points, and should they return to the original site of the village after many years, and find all paths overgrown with jungle, their memory serves them so well that every twist and turn could be accurately followed. Their sense of location seems to be highly developed, for through a dense jungle, where the sun is never seen, they thread their way in and out or over and under the brush, but always progressing in the desired direction; as for getting lost, I don't believe such a thing possible for an Andorobo. Should one be blindfolded and led to a strange forest I have not the slight-

est doubt that his unerring instinct would lead him home with very little trouble.

Their government is of the crudest sort—in fact there is very little of it. There are no chiefs or royal family; the inhabitants of each village make their own laws such as they are. As a matter of fact, there is always one person in each village who seems to have the most to say, and such a one is left in command to a great extent until some progressive young fellow pushes himself forward and takes his place; this change is seldom accompanied by trouble, for every one seems to take it as a matter of course and the displaced one troubles his head very little over his lost power.

If several families desire to remove from the village, they pick up their possessions and depart into the forest to start a village of their own. This habit seems to be chronic with the Andorobo, as little villages are the rule; it may be caused by the scarcity of game when the inhabitants are too numerous.

The bees kept by the Andorobo are much the same as those of other countries, but the hives in which they are housed are original with African natives. While proceeding through a forest the traveler observes what appear to be small logs, three or four feet long, by ten or twelve inches in diameter, hanging in the tops of trees. When first I saw these little logs I was very curious and questioned the porters regarding them; they informed me these were bee-hives made by the Andorobo. These logs are hollow with one opening in the side. How the natives get the honey out and not destroy the hive and bees, or without being badly stung, is a puzzle to me. When hung up these hives have the opening in the bottom, which allows no rain to enter.

Although a timid unaggressive people, the Andorobo sometimes indulge in a bit of humor if possible to do it safely. An adventure with a humorous side to it happened to a Hindoo telegraph operator at a little station called "Summit" at the top of Molo hills. One night a band of ten or twenty Andorobo came up to the operator's shack—a frame of wood covered with corrugated iron, the whole being about twelve by fourteen feet in size. Hindus are, as a rule, cowardly, which fact must have been known by the natives, who proceeded—as the westerners say—to "shoot up the town."

They hooted, yelled and pounded on the sides of the house with clubs; alternating the racket with invitations to the poor Hindu to come out and be killed; which invitation, it is needless to say, that individual refused to accept, but at the first alarm endeavored to call up every one on the line by telegraph, which was futile, as everybody but himself was asleep, no trains being run during the night at that time. At intervals of an hour or so during the night the natives returned and raised a row, and by morning, when a train arrived, the Hindu was crazy with fear. If the Andorobo did not consider this a joke I do not see what their object was, for had they really desired the life of the miserable Hindu, all they had to do was to pull a sheet of iron from the frame and walk in. Shortly after this occurrence I visited the place and found all corrugated walls battered in many places, and a number of holes bore evidence that several of the party had spears, which they were not afraid of spoiling by jabbing them through the metal.

All Andorobo have a great deal of curiosity, and when any unusual work was being done on the railroad they would loiter and hide as close as possible in order to observe operations; many times the workman would see dusky forms flit from tree to tree to secure a better point for observation, but I know of no case where they were enticed to come boldly out and take a look while the workmen were around. The tracks in the dirt, however, bore witness that they had not neglected to see all that could be seen during the night.

I venture to say some wonderful stories were told in their little villages about the terrible machines we used and the bridges we built. When a person stops to think of what an inconceivable business that must have been to those primitive people, it is no wonder they thought white men could do anything they desired by simply wishing it done. The Masai also told them strange stories about the whites, and implanted a fear of white men among the simple people which made it almost impossible for one of us to get near them; and it was utterly out of the question for me to get any information regarding them, only through the medium of our porters. In view of this the reader will see it is very hard to learn their habits and modes of life with any certainty.

# OLD FRIENDS

By STILLHUNTER.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from his vintage rolling Time hath pressed,  
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest.



H HUMBLE Tentmaker of Naishapur, how well you knew the human heart! How well you judged those memories that come to every one of us whose life has not been bound round by shallows and emptiness! How far into the dim dark ways that lie beyond your reasoning reached!

And yet, the best in life you missed, because you knew not the World of the Outdoors. Solomon in all the wisdom of his Proverbs left unsaid the greatest of them all: "He that bindeth himself in a city is a fool; go to the hills, thou weakling, and become a man." Rolling sheets of poppy's gold, level green of meadow sward, rippling song of book and deeper call of river—these have I known and these must I have with me always; not all the roar of throbbing presses telling to the world their tales of war and sorrow and sadness, not all the clicking tongues of steel and type can drown in my ears the song of the wild—the song that has no words and yet that reaches home to every heart.

Dimly and afar off, way down the aisles of the silent years, I remember two mighty oaks that towered above my old Wisconsin home. All bound round with hills they were, out of sight and mind of man, save we three that dwelt beneath. Across the narrow space between them a bar had been laid and from this hung the old swing. I have no idea when that swing was put up; it must have been there always, so old it seemed, so secure, so like my mother's arms, when, wearied with play, I dropped into it and set it

gently moving. Behind, from between the crevices of two great boulders, the chipmunks came out and watched me at my swinging; overhead, the red fox-squirrels scolded, dropping down on my bared head the husks of their feast. Nothing they envied me, and I them nothing, save that sometimes I longed to lift myself far among the treetops, longed to play with them as they played with each other. Oh, dear, dead days, come back to me again! make me a boy again, not just for to-night, but for all eternity. I seek no other heaven than this; no otherwheres could I be so happy, so free from all that blights and withers. Not one of us can ever be a boy but once—not one of us can ever know the secrets of hillside and field and trembling forest as we knew them then. If we did we would not be men; we could not keep up the grind for gold, for the call of the wild is buried somewhere in every man's soul, and it is he himself that drowns out its voice.

Sometimes I wonder whatever became of those old twin oaks. Did they go the way of all lumber—into the teeth of the whirling, flashing saws in the great mill down beside the river? Ah, that river! How sweetly soft and low the brooks sang to it as they poured their tiny flood to swell its course. And how it took up their refrain, only multiplying it a million times, until it became one vast anthem telling of the peace and plenty it was bringing to the lands along its flag-strewn shores. Then it, too, fell in with a greater stream—the Father of Waters—and was merged with it, losing its identity in the great muddy tide, lost in the beating surges of the Gulf a couple of thousand miles away.

Back of the old home, out of sight of the oaks that guarded me through boyhood, a little brook drew itself lazily through the



"THE DEEPER SONG OF THE ROLLING RIVER."

meadow, coming from a bubbling spring, so pure, so cold that the cattle could not drink from the fountain-head even at mid-day, but went down a few rods to a place where the chill of the water was a bit broken. Further down, almost a mile from the spring, the brook deepened, whirling in little eddies through the exposed roots of many an aged tree, forming here and there wide pools in which hordes of fish found a refuge from the hungry bass and pickerel of the river below. And here was given me my first lesson in fishing.

Ah! Who is there that has lived the life of the brookside who does not remember the first time he ever dipped hook into the clear tide of some brook or river or even lake. The pole my father cut for us that afternoon was patterned to his hand rather than mine. It was at least eight feet long, a slender willow, and I who was barely ten years old could no more guide its wabbling tip than I could have guided the pair of

coal-black colts that watched us with wide-open eyes from their grazing ground a hundred feet back of us. Between trying to manage the pole and watching these colts out of one fearsome eye, I was in a bad way most of the time, but here my wise old daddy came to my rescue again. How I did grip that pole with both hands while he guided the tip out over the deepest pools and around the most likely looking holes. How anxiously I felt the nibbles of those minnows and how I wanted to "lift him out" every time there came an extra strong tug at the line is an old story to all of you—and, I expect, so is the feeling that came over me when the silver-sided fellow lay gasping on the grass. My first fish! Far-called through fern-grown passes I have wet my hook in many a pool where flame-throated tiger lilies lean above the milky spray; around my fine white line the surges of ten thousand times ten thousand years have beaten on the old Pacific's shores, but no glory of rainbow-girdled

trout, no amber transparency of mighty yellowtail e'er gave me the pleasure that chub, or dace, or young pickerel, or whatever he was, did that afternoon. My first squirrel was yet to come, my first deer a long way in the hazy distance, yet down to the boundaries of time, aye and beyond, if a Beyond there be, will I remember him; for surely in that great new world of which they tell us, Memory must pick up the thread of life where we so weakly laid it down—and without the hope of Memory, old faithful friend, all high Nirvana could not draw me from my narrow bed.

It was around the granary of this old Wisconsin home that the quail gathered; not these vainglorious, boastful fellows you call quail out here in the Land of Eternal Afternoon, but the bell-throated bobwhites, somber in their winter dress, but none the less hungry, none the less willing to risk their little brown-coated lives for the few grains that fell through the cracks of the granary wall.

From the back door my mother used to feed them, for which my father laughed at her—and then went straight to the granary and gave them a measure of wheat. Kill them? We would as soon have thought of killing a robin—and, next to the man who hounds deer, the man who will kill a robin is the most despicable brute that wanders unshackled over the face of God Almighty's pretty world. And the quail knew we stood between them and the guns of roving slaughterers of the winter time. Many and many a time have I sat on the granary steps, muffled in all the warm clothes a watchful mother could pile on me, watching a flock of the birds as they scratched in a thicket of hazelnut brush a bit back of the door. All at once, with one loud and startled chirp of alarm, they would hurl themselves over the snow or through the air, as they found easiest, in headlong haste to reach the shelter of that granary. Behind them, dimly, I would see a fox or a weasel stealing away,



AT EVENTIDE.



foiled in his attempt on their lives. Then I thought the killers of the four-feet the most awful creatures in the world and, if by any reasonable effort I could have wiped them from the face of the earth, I would have done so; now I know that theirs is a place in the System and that they but follow the demands life puts upon them when they kill. Which is vastly more than I can say of nine out of ten of my human neighbors.

\* \* \* \* \*

A moment's halt—a momentary taste  
Of being from the well amid the waste—  
And Lo! the phantom caravan has reached  
The nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!

Then there came a time when we, too, bade good-by to the old home, as so many have done in that far eastern land, and sought the hills and vales of the west coast. All that we have hoped for we have found; but, sometimes, the heart of me turns a bit longingly to the suns and snows of the old world, to some of the boyhood friends who have not striven to reach this end of the world, lads now bearded men with other cares than the frisking squirrels and nesting jays of leafy June. But as for me—not all the world can lay on the weight of years and care and trouble heavy enough so that the breath of the fields and the hills and the green things growing will not shake it off. If in the breath of the pines there is healing, beneath the shadow of the oaks there is rest, and in the hearty laugh of the ground-squirrel of these western mesas there is mirth and good-fellowship unbounded.

And when I came West think you I gave up my kinship with the outdoors? Not by many and many a mile of mountainside that I set my feet to tramp; not by many a mile of sunburned mesa whereon my dogs, long and lean and lank, but full of the fire of life, led me a merry chase. And here I made a discovery—I found how much better the West is than the East. I found that here the outdoors could be my home for ten months in the year and oftentimes for eleven or twelve. The world is just as beautiful, just as interesting under the breath of the drouth as it is in the season of heaviest rainfall—if you know how to find out its beauty spots—and here I made new friends in the wildwood—friends that I never intend to give up so long as I can tramp the hills.

There is the old cabin bound round about



"AN OLD CABIN, BOUND ROUND WITH ROLLING HILLS."

with rolling hills and now the habitation of the squirrels and the chipmunks and the sharp-tongued jays. Did you ever notice how homelike and cheerful even an empty cabin looks as it looms up alongside the trail at the end of a hard hike? And when the open firelight drives out the shadows and plays across the threshold, how the bright-eyed denizens of the night come, bashfully and half-afraid, to peep across your doorsill? They do not fear you, but they are so curious to get better acquainted. There are the rats and mice—and their name in the Southern California hills is legion—to them I never begrudge a meal, from the gray-headed old pack rats down to the long-legged jumpers of the lower flats. Such a cabin as this is always open, always ready to welcome the wanderer, must contain an interesting record of those that have passed through it. How like some of the momentary stopping places of life it is, and how we grow to love its moss-grown silences if we live long in its neighborhood, so that when we come to go it is like leaving some lifelong acquaintance whom we never expect to see again.

Think, in this battered Caravanserai  
Whose portals are alternate Night and Day.  
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp,  
Abode his destined Hour and went his way.

And so there is a genuine regret in your heart when you take up your wanderings next day that you must leave so soon the sheltering lintel of the abandoned home. There is something so cheery about the firelight that you have made from nothing and which, at will, you cast into utter blackness again, that you are loath to drop that last bucket of water upon the hissing ashes; and you wish, half-heartedly, mayhap, that you could keep the fire forever burning in the

old stone embrasure so that every traveler who came by should find awaiting him the camp of all camps when he came to you. But you know that somewhere, beside another fire, one waits for you—possibly one who is not a vagabond of the hills, one who cares more for the "fifty years of Europe" than for the breath of the God of the Wild, blown though it may be over a thousand leagues of meadow and valley, heavy with the scent of new-blown blossoms.

Ah, the hills are good and theirs are the paths of peace, but sometimes it is good just to be at home—the home that is always home for one other. Two people can make a home all that it should be, but no two ever tramped the wild that saw the things of the outdoors in the same light. You can never be so well acquainted with your nearest and dearest friend as you can with some hoary-headed old pine, for the pine has nothing to hide from you, nothing laid away within his great, dim heart that you may not know—if you will but be patient; will but wait until, in her own good time, the All-Mother sees fit to enlighten you. No one ever hurried Nature; no one ever learned anything about her or her garden or her children in a moment or in a month or in a year; but, hidden away in the old heart and head of her, there is more than all the books that have ever been written since time began can teach.

But my friends of the outdoors are not all among the pines. There are the oaks—great, close-leaved fellows ready either to protect from the sun or shelter from the rain as occasion may require. No California downpour was ever so heavy or so insistent that it could penetrate the charmed circle of dry earth that the canopy of an oak keeps about its feet. And how the little birds love an oak! The humming-birds and goldfinches and warblers and even the tiny, gray bush-tits make in it their cradles, saved from wandering hawks by the thick screen of the leaves, and from prowling snakes and rats by the slender branches whose waving in every breeze deters the stoutest-hearted of these egg-eaters from despoiling the home. The sycamore is the home of the hawks and the orioles and the king-birds—big, lusty fellows well able to care for themselves; but the weaker of the tribes of the air turn to the oak for shelter and home and protection



"THE SLOW-MOVING RIVER."

from enemies of whatever sort. The bees like the rough bole as well, for in it the battle with time and the elements sometimes wears great holes, wherein the gatherers of sweets can store their surplus safe from all disturbing hands save those of man, and he must destroy the tree 'ere he can take the comb he seeks.

I know, too, of a cañon, girt close in the hem of the hills, wherein every year a carpet of thick ferns buries beneath its roots a mantle of dead leaves that the cottonwoods and the oaks and willows have cast down at their feet. Such ferns as grow in this little gorge can be found nowhere else—waving, wind-tossed tentacles of brake and maiden-hair and all the others of them that grow in the Southwest, beckoning with skeleton fingers to you to stray yet a little further up into the hills, stretching a low, green couch whereon the wanderer may lay himself and watch with lazy eyes the lessening spirals of some hunting hawk's towering flight. Dreamily the clouds wander by, dreamily the hours slip down the rays of the afternoon sun, all at once the long fingers of the shadow giant, reaching in from the east, strive to pull down the curtains of the night above you; and then you take yourself slowly homeward, toward the light half-hid in the vines of the cottage; around you the drowsy drone of the frogs and the night insects drifts upward; dim in the distance a whip-poor-will calls, one after one the stars rush out upon the calm bosom of the depths of sky. You are at your doorstep, someone answers your knock, you step inside. Upon the black wall of the night the door closes and one more day has been rolled forever into the scroll of Eternity.

# ADDITIONAL NOTES ON ROD TROLLING ON LAKE TAHOE.

By ARCHIBALD J. TREAT.



WHEN, the morning after his arrival, my friend Mr. Hulse announced that he was ready for trolling on the lake, I asked to see his outfit. He had a collection of small spinners, a split bamboo casting rod, 150 feet of oiled silk line, a small multiplying reel, a miscellaneous lot of spinners, and an unlimited amount of confidence and enthusiasm—the latter because he was by nature a Waltonian, the former because, having told a salesman in a sporting goods house to outfit him for trolling on Lake Tahoe, without limit as to price, he presumed that his rig was complete in every detail. He asked me what I thought of it. I answered that the leaders would do if he was very careful in handling big fish and “rock cod,” but that nothing else in his kit was up to the requirements of the sport in view. He seemed astonished, and so was I—both from the same standpoint—that one who should know just what was required for a given sport apparently knew so little.

These are the considerations that lead me to again write of a locality that I have known since boyhood, and of a sport worthy of the true fisherman. Some of my angler friends have laughed at my fondness for Tahoe, to which I can only answer, allege and affirm this in self-defense: that the man who starts out with a new book well filled with flies selected by a salesman and not by himself, with a basket virgin of the smell of fish, and with a rod on which the varnish is yet untouched by the boisterous smack of rock or tree—ever given the venturesome angler as he explores the pools and ripples of our mountain streams—is no more a full-fledged fisherman than is the man who has not, as a lad, strung the wriggling worm

upon the cruel barb, known to the facetious as the “barnyard hackle.” Such men lack that apprenticeship which is essential to a fisherman’s greatness.

My earliest recollection of fishing was on Lake Tahoe, watching an excited Italian, in the days before the big trolling spoon and copper wire, playing an eleven-pound trout on a small hook attached by a slender snell to the regular trolling hook used in those days. I can see him yet as he played that fish with all the art of one who had grown skillful while seeking his bread and butter, and in pessimistic moments the glee upon his swarthy face as he at last conquered his prey, comes back to me like a streak of sunlight on a cloudy day. That was the first big fish I had ever seen. Then came days of bent pins and willow poles, and smaller, oh! much smaller, fish.

So I have passed, I claim, from the bent pin stage up to the point where I can appreciate sixty feet of line swishing through the air, the leader fly touching the water in advance of its fellow, then the second and last the third, all as daintily as birds alighting—appreciate it to the full because I cannot do it myself. Let no one say that I prefer trolling, even on beautiful and ever-changing Tahoe, to dropping a fly on a stream in the shadow of a moss-grown boulder, for that would be like comparing a grey day sketch in black and white to a sunny landscape by Rosseau. But a sketch in black and white may be full of charm, and canvases by Rosseaus being scarce, he would be foolish who refused a good product of the etcher’s needle.

With this defense of myself and of my first Waltonian sweetheart, I come back to my subject of trolling with the rod. I know what to say about a man who will sell a single-handed or casting rod—one with a

reel at the extreme end—as suitable for trolling for big fish, but shall not do so. Knowledge of postal regulations and the blue pencil of the editor, alone restrain me. It is possible to handle a fish with the reel so placed, but if it weighs over four pounds the task becomes irksome long before the fish is brought to net, let alone the difficulty of holding the rod while awaiting a strike. Furthermore, all casting rods are too light for Lake Tahoe. With 200 feet of line out, and a Wilson bass spoon, the continuous strain is too great for anything under ten ounces. It is unlike catching a large fish on a fly in a stream where the strike is always at the control of the wrist, and where the angler is always ready for it. In trolling, the fish seems to have the knack of taking the spoon at the moment when your thoughts are upon some distant mountain, or you are watching the changing cloud formations over them. Then, too, you must allow for the speed of the boat. If you do not you have put too severe a test upon either your tip, the leader, or the jaw of the fish.

This brings me to the character of the rod itself. Some prefer a short salmon rod, but its stiffness takes away half the pleasure of landing a fish. For two seasons I successfully used a rod belonging to Mr. Alverson of Brockway, and found it exactly suited to my work. This incorrigible joker had led me to believe that it was first cousin to a Leonard, which he had bought for his own use. I was much surprised to have him confess that it only cost four dollars. I had supposed it to be worth fully thrice that sum. It was a black bass rod and weighed about fourteen ounces. To it I had attached a reel containing 300 feet of bass line, a nine-foot leader and a Wilson bass spoon.

In the summer of 1903 the fish seemed to fancy a No. 4 Star spinner and the same size Wilson, giving preference to the former. But last year I was equipped with Al. Wilson's small bass spoon, and I can not too strongly recommend his ingenious lure. I do not remember losing a strike. In 1903, from the odds and ends of my fishing kit I had fitted up a spoon from the shank of an Emerick, the hooks of a Wilson and the blade of a Star spinner. With all the pride of one who has become an inventor by necessity, I trailed it expectantly but without

success. Last year in the hands of Mr. Hulse it was more alluring that the Star or Wilson, though not as good a killer as the bass spoon referred to.

While speaking of inventions I must not overlook my companion's proof of his Yankee blood. He fashioned a stock from a piece of sugar pine, lashed it to the handle of his rod, and thus possessed himself of somewhere near the proper equipment. His rod was a trifle light for the work, being about 7 ounces, but fortunately or otherwise he got nothing over four pounds to test it. His daughter landed a royal silver trout at Sand Harbor, weighing 6½ pounds, with a short, heavy salmon rod, and lost another which acted like a 10-pound fish. Inexperience and excitement joined hands in preventing her getting the record catch of the season. It was her first experience with so big a fish, and in describing it, she said: "I knew I should not have done so, but when he took out my line with a rush, I just couldn't get my thumb off that reel, and he broke away." I exultantly pulled from the tank of my boat a fish scaling about six and one-half pounds. Not to be outdone she surprised me by lifting up one so near its equal that there was no visual choice between them. There was, of course, much discussion which was the larger. When we measured them hers excelled mine by the safe margin of a quarter of an inch.

As there are many fishermen like the writer who take their families to Tahoe for a vacation because of its health-giving qualities and attractiveness as a summer resort, and who fish as a pastime, it may be useful to append a list and the cost of an outfit best suited for trolling.

1 Split bamboo bait rod, from 14 to 16 ozs. weight, 9 to 10 feet long. . . .	\$4 00
1 Multiplying reel to hold 300 ft. line. . .	2 00
300 feet Sea Island cotton (bass size) . .	1 00
2 Al. Wilson bass spoons, 4B at 50c ea. . .	1 00
2 6-foot salmon leaders at 50c ea. . . . .	1 00
Assortment of Rangely sinkers. . . . .	25
	<hr/>
	\$9 25

Such an outfit can be used for striped bass fishing or for fishing on the Eel River and other streams where the fish are too large for the ordinary casting rod. I have lately seen a split bamboo rod with a steel core, weighing but 14 ounces, which would hold

a 30-pound salmon and yet not be too heavy for a 2-pound fish. It made my mouth water, I confess, and yet I doubt if it would give me any more pleasure, aside from the delights of ownership, than the impostor Alverson had loaned me. There is pleasure in owning the best, but that does not mean that a philosopher can not get amusement from things which cost but little.

The fishing is said by tourists to be bad on Lake Tahoe when they can't bring in a boat load in four hours. In "Western Field" for June, 1904, I attempted to contrast deep trolling and surface trolling. Last season

No official rules have yet appeared from which to answer the question: When is the best time to fish. Miners have an old saying: "Gold is where you find it." So it is with our finny friends. They seem to come and go and bite and fast without rule or reason. One day just after a sharp shower of rain I thought I would try my luck. I pushed off my boat from the wharf, doing my own rowing and holding my knee against the rod to brace it and block the reel. I had not proceeded twice the length of my line when I was rewarded by a sharp strike and soon landed a 2½-pound fish. In an hour I



Photo by  
A. J. TREAT

LAKE TAHOE.

my stay at Brockway was during the last week of July and the first week of August, when the fishing was said to be poor at the various places on the lake, and yet my catch with the rod was better than the average catch with the deep trolls and sufficient in number to satisfy any one but a fish hog. My last year's observations came to this: That when the fish are biting plentifully, deep trolling will produce the greater catch, and that when the fish are biting but poorly for deep trolling, surface trolling in the shallower waters is about as efficient—always providing that one knows where to go and how to fish.

caught four, and this about 4 P. M., an hour at which I had not heretofore been successful. I ascribe this as the reason for my good luck: the rains wash into the lake from the shore, and also by means of small streams, quantities of the food upon which the fish feed. Whenever, therefore, it rains, following their instinct the fish seek the edges of the lake in search of food.

Sometimes it is of benefit to us to have the corners of our conceit rounded with the rasp of defeat. In telling fish stories it is to be expected that the other fellow will follow with one exceeding our own. We doubt him in the same proportion that he doubted us.



MASTER LOUIS SLOSS WITH HIS TWELVE-POUNDER.

It is a fortunate man that can prove his case. In discussing trolling on Lake Tahoe, and telling Mr. Leon Sloss about a 9½-pound fish that I caught at Brockway in the summer of 1903, he jovially remarked:

"That was a good-sized fish, but my boy, Louis, caught a 12-pounder last summer." Then he added, noticing an admixture of doubt and humility in my expression, "We had them photographed." I at once de-

manded the evidence and here present it.

Mr. Sloss, his boy and a boatman were trolling at the southern end of the lake between Dr. Brigham's and Tallac, with two rods out. Dame Fortune, wishing to try the metal of the lad, sent him a sturdy old royal silver trout that bent double his steel Bristol rod the first strike. Realizing from the pull the unusual size of the fish, the father tried to take the rod, but the son would have none of it, and fought his prize like a veteran. For fifty-five minutes he endured the strain before the victory was won. During the last, almost exhausted, and with his little fingers cramped so that he could hardly handle his reel, he showed signs of wishing that a smaller fish had come his way, but the sug-

gestion of his father that he be a sportsman nerved him to the final effort. A gentle sliding forward of his Speckled Highness as he came to the top of the water, an eager boatman, a scoop of the big net, and Master Louis Sloss was King Fisherman for the season of 1904. As such, Sire, we salute you. You have had one of the best lessons in life. Fortune favored you and you showed yourself worthy of her smiles. You conquered your opponent in fair play, your skill and patience against his strength. Had he escaped you, you would have doffed your hat to him and tried again. Had you given up, or failed in any of the requisites of the true angler, you would not have been worthy of the good man whose name you bear.

## WAITING

ALL day long are the sad winds sighing  
Over the salt sea marshes wide;  
All day long are the curlews flying  
And plaintively calling the restless tide.

Out on the shimmering far horizon,  
Here and there the fleck of a sail,  
But never a glimpse of the one I long for  
With the sun on her deck and the foam at her rail.

O my love, in a far land dreaming,  
Over the marshes, over the tide  
Hasten the day of your returning,  
For my heart is as bleak as the marshes wide.

Strange grey thoughts that hover and follow—  
Thoughts of a life without love and you  
Darken the world and seem to swallow  
The light of life, and the sound wails through,

The mournful sound of the curlews calling—  
Calling—calling; the ebbing tide:  
Whilst the sun dips under the hill, and falling  
Darkness covers the marshes wide.

—Harry Dominy.



# WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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## FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the people of California we demand at the hands of our legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

## A WORD TO COUNTY SUPERVISORS.

DESPITE the fact that there were many important and material changes made in the State game laws at the last session of the Legislature, changes which render invalid and inoperative the local ordinances in almost every county of the State, we have as yet not been officially informed as to any action taken by the county authorities with a view to amending their ordinances to conform with the new law.

In order to avoid unnecessary and disastrous complications in the enforcement of the law it is imperative that the various boards of Supervisors act at once in this matter; and when they do get down to work we respectfully suggest that they rescind all the old ordinances and enact no new ones, simply recommending that the provisions of the general State law without any modifications, obtain in their respective

counties. One law for one and the same people is mighty good legislation. The local tinkering with the State law has been productive of more confusion, more complications, fuss and trouble than all the deliberate violations of the law put together has produced. The present State law is as good, equable and just in any one county as it is in another, and the less local monkeying with it the better for all concerned.

At any rate it is due to the people of this State to know, immediately and without delay, just where they stand in the matter of local restrictions and differentiations from the general State law, and we hope to be able to tabulate such information in our next issue.

## THEY KNEW A GOOD THING.

DESPITE the fact that we just doubled the originally contemplated special first proof imprint issue of our last month's colored trout picture on heavy paper for framing purposes, the demand was so unexpectedly great and instantaneous that the whole edition was exhausted within two days after the magazine appeared on the news stands, and the demand still continues. As the plates have now been worked through a very heavy edition, they are no longer in condition to produce the best results, and we regretfully announce that, in consequence, we will not be able to supply any more of these special imprints. We are glad to assure our friends that in the near future we will offer another subject of great artistic beauty and shall make adequate preparations to meet a large demand for it.

## LET YOUR LIGHTS SHINE.

SCATTERED throughout the length and breadth of this great Pacific Coast country are hundreds of wide-experienced sportsmen, whose plain personal relation of their own experiences would make reading of an incalculably interesting nature. As many of these gentlemen are deterred from publishing these relations by an unfounded apprehension that "they can not write acceptably for publication"—an excuse often advanced in reply to our solicitation—we beg to impress upon our friends the fact that gram-



mar and rhetorical construction are far from being essential requisites to a good story. And if they were, it is an editor's business to supply and rectify all such deficiencies in this line, should any materialize.

Take heart, brother mossbacks, and give us of the plenitude of your wisdom. You had chances that are denied the new generations and it is grand larceny upon the youngsters to deny them in your selfishness. And there are lots of the old-timers who will chuckle, with eyes alit with the fires of memory, over the haps and mishaps which were possibly duplicated in their experience. So open your hearts and take up your pens. Never mind about the pretty words. You will be talking to hunters, not critical school-marms. Let your lights shine. We need the genial reflections.

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### EDGAR F. PRESTON.

IN THE untimely demise of Edgar F. Preston the entire commonwealth suffered a great loss. Endeared to all because of his kindness of heart, his high attainments and his bluff, honest manliness, his passing came as a shock to all California with whose progress and advancement he was so prominently identified. Scholar, soldier, sportsman, gentleman of the good old school, his history is without reproach and his memory without a stain. Honest in his convictions, aggressive in his duty, clean in his life and ever loyal to his friends, Edgar F. Preston was a good type of the real American man, and "Western Field" experienced a great personal loss when he was gathered to his fathers.

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### SPARE THE FINGERLINGS.

OPTIMISM is a good thing in its way and we always, on principle, try to take the most hopeful and indulgent view of all things. But if there is anything that can be adduced to throw a roseate glow on the actions of certain so-called "sportsmen" anglers who infest the pitiably overworked streamlets within an hundred miles of this city, we would welcome it with eager acclaim.

Over on the Paper Mill Creek we recently saw full-grown men proudly—God save the mark!—exhibiting scores of troutlets, the

greatest of which did not exceed four to five inches in length, the average running much lower. And the worst of it was that these *incroyables* actually gloated over their shame!

We concede that there are usually about two fish rods to every half-rod of stream; that the fish are logically few in consequence because of the great continuous drain upon a limited supply; that, in the words of one of these exponents of gentlemanly sports, "they don't get a chance to grow and one must take what he can get." But conceding all this, wherein can a real gentleman sportsman find excuse for his butchery of these innocents? Does the deer hunter kill spotted fawns because big bucks are scarce? Does the decent duck hunter murder defenseless flappers because there isn't enough flight to secure a full limit bag of adults? Does the clean-thinking quail hunter slaughter fledglings just out of the shell? Does the genuine, manly sportsman, under any circumstances and at any time, descend to the infamous degradation of butchering the weak, immature younglings of any game animal and then brazenly attempt to dignify his uncleanness by calling it "sport?"

But that is not all. Not content with being shameless and prodigal enough to catch and keep three-inch fingerlings, these properly termed "sports"—ugh!—are not above the employment of any and all vile means to that despicable end. Were these little fishlets taken honestly by fly fishing and then restored unharmed to the stream, we might strain a point in these anglers' favor; but when they, instead, stoop to the gutting of the stream by using worms, salmon eggs and other bait to catch trout which in age, size and flavor are doubly discounted even by the most embryo "bob veal," the mind shrinks from the proper classification of such nastiness. To such people the term "stream etiquette" is meaningless. They usually have not even the vaguest conception of the courtesy which is due every other brother angler. Not being able to catch decent sized fish, or enough fingerlings to satisfy their greed, they take a vicious delight seemingly in marring, if not utterly destroying, the comfort and pleasure of everyone else on the stream. Coarse ribaldry assumes with them the quality of wit, and on the day in question we saw it employed

even in the presence of lady anglers, a few of whom, relying upon the manliness of the average sportsman, had unsophisticatedly sought a day's enjoyment afield.

Of course there is no way to avert these things. The blackguard has a certain legal right to pollute the common atmosphere at any time by at least his presence, and decent folk have no other recourse except the argument of a good big club. And yet the yellow journals shriek at the "oppression of the common people by the aristocratic game laws."

Coming back to the question of fingerlings

we cheerfully concede the sport afforded to the little folks by the catching of these small fry. Far from us be the desire or intention of denying children the pleasure so afforded. On the contrary there are few sights so pleasurable to us as that of a little shaver with his twig full of span-long trout, ambling excitedly homeward with his glory of first fruits actually haloing his head. But when a full-grown man emulates his infantile folly, knowing the indefensibility of it all the time, the sight grows pitiful.

Spare the fingerlings! They will grow to be joy-giving fish.



OPEN AND CLOSED SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1905-1906.													
WHITE--Open Season.						BLACK--Close Season.							
BAG LIMIT		January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
<i>Quail, Doves, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover, Rail.</i>													
<i>Ducks.</i>													
<i>Deer male.</i>													
<i>Trout. 50 fish not exceeding 25 lbs total weight in one day.</i>													
<b>DEER.</b>													
<b>DOVES.</b>													
<b>MOUNTAIN QUAIL, GROUSE, SAGE HEN.</b>													
<b>VALLEY QUAIL, DUCKS, IBIS, CURLEW, PLOVER, RAIL.</b>													
<b>SNIPE.</b>													
<b>TROUT.</b>													
<b>STEELHEAD TROUT</b> } Above tide-water closed November 1st to April 1st.													
<b>SALMON</b> (Above tide-water close season extends to Nov. 15th),													
<b>LOBSTER or CRAWFISH</b> (Not less than 0 1/2 in. long),													
<b>BLACK BASS.</b>													
<b>CRAB</b> (No Crab taken less than 6 in. across the back),													

N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law). Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years Imprisonment.  
 Fine for violation Game Laws, \$25 to \$500, and imprisonment.  
 Fine for violation Fish Laws, \$20 to \$500, and Imprisonment.  
 Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, \$250, and Imprisonment.  
 Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, \$50.



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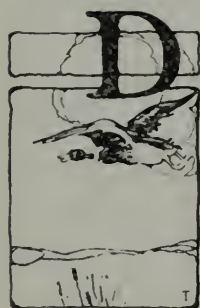


## CROWNED HEADS OF FEATHERDOM

By ALBERTA FIELD.

(Illustrations by Robt. J. Sim.)

It is the fashion for scientists to pretend to ignore the value of the imagination and to loudly bawl for facts; but all the knowing ones wink under their bonnets and furtively indulge in sublime guessing.—Maurice Thompson.



DOES a crest indicate a higher degree of intelligence in the creature possessing it? Perhaps not, but my own imagination has invested those favored individuals with an unusual amount of ingenious action, to say the least, and this passes fairly for intelligence at the present day.

Now the kingly emblem in question, when worn upon the heads of the favored few among our own order, fails to denote any very great evidence of superior mentality—or so affirms the pessimist—but then this human symbol, made at the goldsmith's, is an institution of a time-serving, hero-worshipping multitude; and so is no evidence, in the Darwinian sense, of the survival of the fittest. On the other hand we may assume that the distinguishing feather crown on the bird "grewed" like Topsy, hence may be a recording triumph of natural selection.

It does not answer, however, at the present day, to make any suggestive assertions, particularly along natural history lines, unless one has a string of unimpeachable evidence at one's heels; and so, for the first shining representative of royalty, as indicated by the adoption of a crest, I will introduce the familiar blue-jay, as jolly an all-the-year good fellow as one is likely to run across. Of course he has been a good deal "talked about"—people in high places always are. And he has been dubbed "as mischievous as a small boy, and destructive as a monkey," but now and then comes along a close observer like Oliver Davie who tells us that it

is unjust prejudice and not evil characteristics that has done much to brand as a profligate a bird whose forethought, intelligence and sensibility is strangely akin to reason. Someone else asserts that he is one more illustration of "beauty covering a multitude of sins," but this is only another instance of knowing a pat phrase and using it.

Now the bird stomach man at Washington, at a sacrifice of several hundred sweet lives more precious than gold, has come to the conclusion that there is much more good than evil in these handsome fellows, and that their habit of robbing birds' nests is much less common than has been supposed, and the Bird Stomach Man is quite liable to know what he is talking about. I once watched a pair of jays attacking the cocoons of the tussock moth attached to a convenient fence, and in an hour or two, so effectively did they work, not a single larva was left to tell the tale. John Burroughs assumes that what one jay will do all jays will do, and if this is a fact their abnormal appetite for tussock larvæ must prove of untold value to the fruitgrowers. Occasionally one of these saucy birds may nip off a few of your choicest cherries and laugh at you for not "looking pleasant" over it, and you may be ready to declare him "a stranger to modesty and forbearance," but is he your only acquaintance for whom you entertain the same opinion?

Have you never observed what a strong sense of humor the jays possess? You may often see a flock of them sitting in a treetop listening to one of their party who is evidently telling an amusing tale. As a certain



"EYED ME LONG AND INQUISITIVELY"  
(BLUE JAY).

point is reached you will hear interpolated comments and criticisms, but when the climax arrives they will fairly tumble off their feet with uproarious laughter.

Now when the question of nesting and family cares occupy their attention, no slyer or more crafty birds are to be found. Not a sound on your life, and they slip about like steely-blue shadows. A time for silence and a time for speech is an axiom they thoroughly appreciate at this eventful season, though naturally a noisy lot of chaps when there is nothing of importance on hand. No one is more ready to attract public attention than they as the season advances, both by their rowdyish "jay, jay" and their autumnal cry of "mer lurp" in a soft minor which resounds through the gold-hung trees like a plaintive requiem to the departing year.

Sometimes one seems to feel the personality of this bird—a subtle presentiment that the creature understands and is not unwilling to communicate. This thought was

first suggested to me by a jay who eyed me long and inquisitively one winter afternoon. He showed none of the usual "bumptiousness" of his kind, only a long, silent gaze indicative of comprehending intelligence. And these same fellows—how they do love to tease. Out of sheer mischief they imitate the call of hawks and shrikes simply for the pleasure of frightening the life out of a bevy of little birds, but they are not so brave but what they will "turn tail" is set upon by these same small songsters.

Now what a marked contrast in characteristics does the cedar waxwing present. Gentle, modest, soft-voiced and "lady-like" in every move and action; every thing that the jay isn't the cedar bird is. They even wear their dainty crests with something of an apologetic air as though timid about assuming so flippant a head gear. The bit of a black patch above the eyes makes them look as though wearing these crests over a velvet skull-cap like cold-headed old gentlemen. It is this handsome top-knot, however, that



WEARS A STRENUOUS EXPRESSION  
(CARDINAL).



"THE LADY-LIKE CEDAR BIRD"  
(CEDAR WAXWING).



"ENGAGING, CHATTY AND CHEERFUL"  
(TUFTED TITMICE).

gives the bird the name of "Recollet" in Upper Canada, the early French settlers thinking it resembled the hood of a religious order of that name. Their most assertive marking is the bit of orange and vermilion "wax" that tips their primaries. Otherwise they are clothed in soft, silken gray befitting their gentle breeding. And what a silent lot! A whole flock will sit sociably in a tall willow and never utter a sound until they take flight, then they comment upon your presence in soft, sybilant whispers which seems more of an inhaled than an exhaled sound. These pretty creatures are fitting illustrations of an old-world gentility and apathy. The characteristic American hurry-up fussiness is quite foreign to their ideas of a genteel existence. Even their nesting season is postponed until July when the hurly-burly of plebian courtship and marriage is almost at an end. Though a bit dilatory, they do not shirk their parental responsibilities and their nests are marvels of careful construction. An unique specimen which I once secured after the fledglings had departed, was a neatly formed basket made

from the wool of a black sheep carefully interwoven with fine grasses. This material is seldom found in any quantities, and I have often wondered if the demure architects did not follow the one sheep about and snatch the wool from his unwilling back! It seems incredible that it could have been secured legitimately. One would fancy that the baby birds, deep down in this wool pocket, would certainly have smothered with the thermometer way up in the nineties, but as there was no indication of such a tragedy, doubtless the small fledglings were none too warm and I am quite willing to admit that probably the mother bird best knew the needs of her small family.

Out of all keeping with their general characteristics, these birds have an abnormal appetite. Messrs. Langille and Jones, two authorities not to be despised, assert that occasionally they die of sheer gluttony. But what berry-loving fellows they are! Juniper, mistletoe, mulberry, mountain-ash and hosts of the less conspicuous varieties find their way down their greedy little throats, and the Western waxwing is said to be inordinately

fond of the fiery fruit of the pepper tree. Perhaps the various scarlet-coated seeds that they consume go to manufacture the flaming jewels on their wings, though Dawson facetiously suggests that they are provided with sealing-wax tips because they "can" so many cherries. But here again the Bird Stomach Man comes to the rescue with evidence that only a small per cent. of cultivated fruits are found in stomachs examined, but instead, untold quantities of canker worms that infest apple trees.

Nuttall vouches for the fact that wax-wings are the most excessively polite birds on the list, and says that he has seen them passing a worm from one to another down a whole row of beaks and back again before it was finally eaten. Unlike many birds—and some others—these wedded pairs show considerable affection for each other after the courting and nesting season is ended, and they also combine the characteristics—silence and sociability—not usually congenial. Taken as a whole, they are shining illustrations of content and well-being whom one may meet at all times of the year; and one is happier for their being, even though they silently steal away an occasional cherry. If fruit growers will take the trouble to plant a few Parkman crab apples near their choice trees, for winter birds, and various wild cherries for summer visitors, they will have no occasion to condemn the feathered folk, but rather encourage and bless them.

Now for another all-round, jolly fellow to be seen both winter and summer, commend me to the sturdy cardinal of James Lane Allen notoriety. If he has a temper as fiery as his feathers, what of it? It is just as well that not all birds are possessed of the wax-wing's meekness of disposition. Jealous, belligerent, and with a chip on his shoulder for all offenders, the cardinal is the life of the woods. Just let a hated rival appear if you want something unique in bird profanity and manipulated crests. I once chanced to come upon "two men and a maid" during the courting season. The little thorn bush which was the scene of the encounter was fairly reeking—not with blood, but crimson feather color, as the combatants dashed about and did battle with beak and wing for the fair one's favor. No telling how or when the affray would have ended had not the "dark-eyed lady" spied me peeping. With a few emphatic chips and twits of

warning and command she hustled the angry lovers out of sight, and I went my way apostrophizing sharp-eyed females in general. Dawson, of "Birds of Ohio" fame, insists that the cardinal got his red beak from devouring so many of the ruby-coated wa-hoo berries. It is certainly a fact that he is so greedy of this sweet fruit that his black bib is sometimes fairly mussed with its blood-like juice. Perhaps some of the more acrid berries are responsible for the clearness of his sweet whistle which rings out in the frosty air with true American enthusiasm and energy, and loudly he declaims his kingly right to life, love and liberty. But withall, as much as one admires him for his beautiful plumage, would he not have been a happier bird had he been born "plain"? There would then have been less tax upon his handsome skin. He is a brave and courageous fellow; but, sitting on a naked twig, as conspicuous as a tropical flower, he wears a strenuous expression, captivately human, that leads one to fancy that he is fully aware of his responsibility in the matter of being obliged to dodge woman's vanity and the man behind the gun.

Now the happy little titmice, though they wear the insignia of royalty, exhibit very little of the autocratic spirit consistent with such dignity of position. They are an engaging, chatty, cheerful lot, a bit given to inquisitiveness and not averse to a scrap upon occasion. I sometimes fancy that they are the confidants of the secrets of the bird world so interested do they seem in the affairs of their neighbors, evidently always ready to listen to any tale of woe that may be poured into their pretty little ears.

Some one has accused the titmice of loving to kick up a shindy among their associates, but they strike me as being birds quite amicably disposed toward all creation. Like most bird residents and people, too, for that matter, these little fellows are more gregarious in the autumn, and are often seen consorting comfortably or fussily with chickadees, downies, goldfinches and various sparrows with whom they seem to love to hold converse in the universal language of the bird-folk. Following the teachings of our present administrator, they advocate the raising of large families, for you usually find six or seven babies in their cradles deep down in a snug hole in an old tree, of which they raise two broods in a year.



# THE SCIENCE OF SILVICULTURE.

*Brief Sketches of Forestry and the Foresters*

By CLYDE SCOTT CHASE.

PART I.

## THE FOREST TREES.



**I**N PRESENTING these brief studies in the great question of forestry and its relation to our country's future welfare and development, the writer aims not so much to set forth speculative or theoretical phases of this vast subject as some of the simple and well-tested truths known to all students of forestry and contained in various reports of our United States Forester and the Bureau of Agriculture.

The forest is the most important, the most highly organized and the most influential portion of the vegetable world. In olden times the imagination of men peopled the woods with gruesome giants, spirits and hobgoblins, but the day of such folly has long since gone by. No one can have an intimate knowledge of the virgin forest without feeling the life-giving and uplifting influences of one of the kindest and wisest provisions of Nature. No other natural agent in the world has been of such inestimable value to mankind down through the history of the ages. Also none has been so recklessly used and so little understood.

A forest is something more than a collection of trees. It has a population of animals and plants peculiar to itself, its soil is largely of its own making by the natural process of growth and decay, and its climate is usually as much its own as its soil and living inhabitants. To the forest has all the past generations of man looked for fuel—one of the first necessities of life—and for

lumber from which cities, bridges, railroads, dwellings and all the achievements of modern civilization have distinguished our present age from the dark days of primitive savagery. Without the forests of the world its present material progress would have been long delayed, if not wholly impossible.

To properly understand the great question of forestry it is perhaps best to begin at the bottom of the matter and rise, by gradual steps, to heights from which we may view clearly and comprehensively the grandest and most important subject which could engage the attention of all earnest minds of the present generation.

Thus we will first note something of the units of which the forest is collectively composed.

The trees are woody plants, principally with a single stem, and consisting of roots, trunk and crown. The first extend into the earth, holding the tree in place, and also take up from the soil nourishment in the form of water and certain mineral elements which it holds in solution. The trunk supports the crown and is the means by which the nourishment from the soil is conveyed upward from the roots. The crown is the most important part of the tree, for here the processes of reproduction and of digestion take place, having a more direct relation to its life and growth. For this reason the crown of a tree is the chief feature of importance to the forester.

As they stand together in the forest, the crowns of the trees form a vast canopy which plays an important part in Nature's





A BIT OF CALIFORNIA'S PINE FOREST (YOSEMITE).

work, and which will be duly illustrated in the course of our studies.

The materials from which a tree feeds are derived from the soil and from the air. The roots are supplied with minute hairs which draw moisture from the surrounding earth, and this moisture goes straight to the leaves where the process of assimilation goes on, only, however, in the presence of light and warmth and the action of a certain product of Nature's chemistry called chlorophyll. The latter is the substance from which the leaves and young bark get their green color.

The wood or framework of a tree is composed chiefly of carbon and the elements of the air. A small percentage of earthy substance, however, is combined with the others, and thus it is that when wood is consumed by fire all the materials which it has taken from the air return to the original element while those which have come from the soil remain in the form of ashes.

All plants, like all animals, breathe. The process of breathing among tree life goes on both day and night, but is less active than the process of food assimilation which takes place only in the presence and under the direct influence of light. More carbonic acid

gas is taken into the tree than is given out, and the surplus remains to be used in the process of growth.

The addition of new material thus described is the foundation of tree growth. Except in the buds, leaves and twigs less than a year old, this new substance is deposited in a thin coat over the entire tree between the wood and the bark. The new twigs attain length by a peculiar process of reaching, but only during the first year. These new twigs are the annual increase of the tree's height. After the first year their length is fixed, another production of young twigs reaches out from the buds, and henceforth the older ones grow in thickness only.

The new materials deposited each year beneath the bark are called the annual rings. Whenever the growth of a tree is interrupted and begins over again the same season, a false ring is formed, but does not usually extend entirely around the tree, and is so much thinner than the other rings that it may be readily detected. This effect may be produced by a severe drought, a late frost, or by having the foliage destroyed by caterpillars.

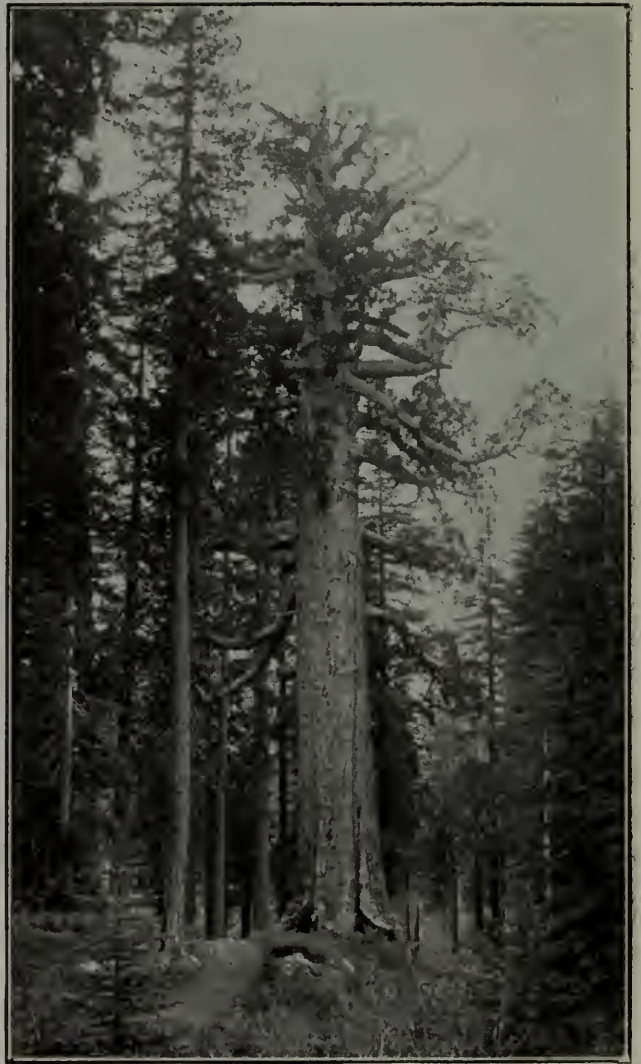
The annual wood layer, once it is formed,

does not increase or change its position during the healthy life of the tree. It is covered in the process of time by other layers, but a nail driven into a tree any given distance from the ground will still be at the same height after a hundred years of growth. The wood of most trees, like the oak and the pine, becomes darker after remaining in the tree for a few years. The opening of its cells become pressed together so that the sap can no longer flow through them, and so from living sapwood in which growth is going on it becomes lifeless, or heartwood. Thenceforth it is simply a strong framework to support the tree in its ever increasing size and weight.

The foregoing accounts for the fact that some hollow trees may still flourish and bear fruit apparently as vigorously as others of perfectly sound bodies.

All trees, however, do not have heartwood. In many that do the difference in color between it and the sapwood is so slight as to be quite difficult to distinguish. Water from the roots rises only through the pores of the sapwood, and it is an easy matter to kill trees having heartwood by cutting a girde through the outer layers of living structure. But in those which have no heartwood the tubes of the inner layers still convey water to the crown and such trees live on for several years after being girdled.

A remarkable natural process is this rising of water from the earth to the tops of tall trees. When we consider that some of them, like the red fir trees of Washington and Oregon and the Sequoias of California, are over three hundred feet in height, the fact takes on features entirely beyond our comprehension. Many different theories have been ad-



"SOME HOLLOW TREES MAY STILL FLOURISH."

vanced in explanation but all are more or less unsatisfactory and, it must be admitted (and this is the language of our deep-minded and painstaking United States Forester, Gifford Pinchot), that we do not yet know how the trees supply their lofty crowns with the water which keeps them alive.





PERHAPS no one part of the human body is more abused than the stomach, and I am certain its value is less appreciated than any other; for its capabilities are so easily misused that healthy stomachs are the exception instead of the rule. There

are so many classes of abuse, and just as many kinds of diseases, that it is rather difficult to cover the whole ground in a limited space. However, I will try to reach the most common complaints, and the exercises given will conform to the greatest number of needs.

The stomach is a large, muscular, sack-like organ, filled with glands that both excrete and secrete fluids that prepare food for assimilation. These digestive liquids are absolutely necessary to healthy nourishment. They equalize, adjust, separate and unite in a most wonderful chemical process, and their harmonious action offers one of the most interesting studies of the body.

In the stomach and surrounding tissues are many nerves that carry to and from messages and impressions from the brain, and the sympathetic nerves are especially numerous in this region. This is proved by the many cases of indigestion of purely nervous type. People who are under great nervous strains, or who are experiencing grief or anger, had better not eat, at least of solid food, until their minds are more peaceful; for the nerves, communicating the agitated mental condition to the stomach, paralyze the action of that organ, the secretions become poisonous and do not digest the food placed in the stomach. Any intense emotion affects digestion, and dyspepsia is often the result of a purely mental commotion. Anger or ill-temper especially affect digestion, and that is why to laugh and be merry at meal time is

the best means of obtaining and preserving good stomachs. Biliousness is most often the result of nervous reactions; the bilious subject with his disordered stomach and sour face is but the reflection of a perturbed mental state, whose misery indicates his wrong doing.

Worry and fear sour a man's stomach till his whole body is a living expression of his constant ill-feeling. His stomach ferments in much the same way his mind works, and he is irritable, quick-tempered and hard to please. This sort of patient will find no cure in drugs or patent medicines; he only needs self-control, and to teach his body harmony by being harmonious.

'Tis not what we eat but what we digest that nourishes us. The chemistry of the stomach is so delicate that it is a wonder that we all get off as well as we do. When we stop to think of the awful mixtures we expect the stomach to use in order to make good blood, it is not strange that disease of the digestive apparatus is the most frequent with which a physician has to deal. Every one is familiar with the fact that our appetite is not to be trusted. We have so long allowed this treacherous taste for good things to betray us into many indiscretions that it is a hard matter to rise above culinary temptation. You hear people say, "I know it don't agree with me, but I would rather be dead than not eat what I want," and kindred remarks. Now this is the class of person who ultimately suffers untold miseries of indigestion. People who do not recognize that the food we eat is to repair tissue, and not to tickle the palate alone, are apt to develop a stomach which neither secretes, digests nor assimilates; but what they do grow is sickness and probable excess adipose tissue. An enormous abdomen is a sure sign of disease, yet people think increased weight is always a sign of health,

when the contrary is generally true. The stomach that makes excess fat can not be normal, and the possessor of such an abdomen will find the following exercises helping his stomach to better activity and smaller proportions: (1) Stand with feet wide apart, arms extended rigid at shoulder level; bend body as far to right then to left as possible, keeping arms in position; then bend backward and forward in the same manner. Repeat five times. (2) Fold arms across chest, then with feet slightly apart turn trunk of body as far to the right and then to the left as you can. Do not turn feet from first position. This exercise is most excellent for strengthening the back. (3) Tense the muscles of the arms, clench fists, stand with weight of body on left foot back; now slowly push arms down as you slowly bend body, as if thrusting a great weight toward the floor with chest and fists. Return to position without relaxing, then sit down and thoroughly relax. Repeat three times. (4) Lay down on the floor, flat on back. Raise body to sitting posture without taking heels off the floor. Repeat five times. (5) To touch floor with fingers without bending the knees is an excellent exercise for reducing extra large abdomens.

The foregoing exercises are excellent blood pumps and the quicker the blood circulates through a part the greater the oxidation of fatty tissue. The pumping up and down of the stomach which I have mentioned so often is the most beneficial exercise that I know of, and is helpful in all classes of stomach trouble.

To the thin, nervous subject, whose sour stomach and temper are a trial, the first thing is to stop all food for twenty-four hours. This gives the bowels a chance to carry off all congestion of undigested matter, and the glands of the stomach to adjust themselves again to normal conditions. Then drink at least two quarts of water (hot or cold) during the fast; this again increases the cleansing facilities and aids the stomach in its efforts to regain its balance. The first breakfast should be very light indeed; one piece of whole-wheat toast and some cooked fruit, such as prunes or apples. The next meal should not be taken until eight hours later, and should consist of raw vegetables, such as lettuce, green onions, etc., with a little tender meat or beef tea. whole-

wheat bread and butter. Fresh fruit may be eaten if it agrees, but where there is much acidity the fruit is apt to aggravate sourness in the stomach.

All carbohydrates, such as sugar, starch, etc., are more apt to ferment in an acid stomach, therefore potatoes, rich puddings and confections should be strictly avoided. All fat meat, such as pork, ham, fat mutton and things fried in lard should be let alone as rank poison. An acid stomach simply can not use such material, and it only lies and ferments till it decays, and the poor stomach is strained to rid itself of its painful burden.

The exercises given here should be taken slowly and very carefully. Work along until you feel that you are getting stronger and better, and that your efforts do not tire and exhaust you. Deep breathing is a fine exercise for the stomach, especially abdominal breathing. (1) Place hands on hips and throw head and chest well up; now squat to sitting posture and bend torso forward till chest is on level with knees. Return to first position with a spring. Try this once a day for a week, then repeat three times a day just before meals and on going to bed. (2) Extend right arm at shoulder level. Hold body perfectly erect and poised on balls of feet, then slowly swing arm around rapidly backward and forward in a large circle about twenty times. Repeat with left arm; then with both arms together. This movement pumps the lungs and stomach full of fresh blood and is a great aid to digestion. (3) Slowly and steadily stretch every part of the body till arms are extended, legs tense, and muscles of back and stomach are drawn out to the fullest extent. Do not jerk or move quickly, but simply stretch and stretch till every muscle feels the pull, then relax. Repeat five times night and morning. (4) Place hands on ribs, fingers nearly touching. Now press hands inward while you try to thrust the stomach muscles out. Repeat five times.

To the dyspeptic, whether nervous, chronic or acute, the best advice is to find out what agrees with you and let all other food severely alone. This may mean a good deal of self denial, but if you wish to get well you must not eat that which you know irritates your grinding machine. Having reduced your diet to a positive knowledge of

what is best for you, practice the foregoing exercises and take all the outdoor air you can get. Most dyspeptics eat too much. A simple meal of one or two substances should be the rule, yet we find lean and hungry looking people who eat large amounts of food—bad mixtures at that—and then groan in misery for hours afterward. Eat less and do more. Give the stomach a chance to use up what you put into it, and be sure that the food is of some value to you when you eat it. In the case of nervous dyspepsia, the patient is apt to be over active and use up too much energy for the amount they generate. They are usually great brain workers, and add worry and strain to their already overtaxed mentality. Such people should rest as much as possible, and take a few moments' relaxation before each meal. Vegetables such as carrots, beets, parsnips, corn, white turnips and raw cabbage are apt to agree most satisfactorily, while lettuce, celery and (if they agree) green onions, are sure to prove healthful.

It is impossible to direct, only in a general way, for there are so many kinds of stomachs, and while dyspepsia is a common disease the kind of organ that is affected modifies everything in diagnosis or advising treatment. A flabby stomach needs toning up and takes vigor and strength to restore its normal state. A distended, hard or enlarged stomach requires relaxing to reduce its tone and shape.

If you know your own condition, you can help yourself in many ways without the use of drugs. Of course an old chronic case is a hard matter to relieve, still the mind is a most potent factor and can influence the body to obey even when habit seems to be impregnable. "The body is not an end in itself, but must be trained to be the able and obedient servant of the mind; then it becomes a thing of power and dignity." If we sit down and fold our hands, and *will* our body to be healthy there is no result; but if we get right after our pet habits, and sternly refuse to allow our physical man to run things to suit his appetites, there is no doubt that the mental man can train the body to respond to his demands and yield him the mastery. I know that when a man is suffering with pain and distress in his stomach or in fact anywhere it seems almost brutal to tell him that it his own fault; but

nevertheless this is the exact truth in the matter, and he is body ruled instead of mind ruled. Surely he can subject his body by the intelligent use of will power, and when he finds himself sliding into sickness, pull upon the check rein with a short turn, thus changing the conditions that are making him ill. This is the only way we can expect to be well, and as health is the key to all other joys and happiness, the man who is too weak to assert his own mastery deserves the ill health that is the result of his neglect. Henry W. Beecher said, "A perfect body makes a chariot in which the soul heroic may be proud to ride," and this very pride should make us willing to make effort to have our body as fine, strong and healthy as possible.

Everything we do to increase our strength, everything that adds to our power of endurance, that tones our nerves and makes our body elastic and beautiful, should be eagerly sought by all but especially by those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted by disease. There can not be set laws for all to go by, nor can one reach each and every phase of even one disease; still there are general rules by which we can manage to evolve personal laws. By applying experiments we can reach the knowledge each one needs for his own individual welfare.

With regard to the care of the stomach, the simpler the methods the nearer to nature and natural foods, the surer we are of keeping well. Each body requires so much fat or organic matter, so much mineral or inorganic matter, so much carbohydrates, proteids and hydrogen. To know the exact amount of each one that is required is still a problem for scientists to solve. We do not know very much about physiological chemistry as yet, and authorities that have given out the records of their experiments differ so widely that after all I think diet is pretty much a matter of temperament.

A fat man requires less carbohydrates, such as sugar, starch, cereals of all kinds, white flour, dried fruits or preserves. His diet should consist of nitrogenous foods, such as lean meat, albuminous food such as eggs and the non-starchy vegetables—lettuce, cabbage, celery, tomatoes, spinach and many others. These are not fat producers, and as far as food effects one's weight are efficient to prevent excessive fat deposits. Little or

no liquid should be taken at meal time; but hot water, taken in the morning and the last thing before retiring, keeps the stomach clean and active. Where there is a tendency to biliousness add a little lemon juice to the hot water and you will find the liver, pancreas and stomach more active and in better shape to take care of food.

The thin man requires more carbohydrates and fats, such as nuts, oils, fat meats, milk, butter, cream and cheese. All vegetables that contain sugar or starch, such as peas, beans, sweet potatoes, beets, etc. But as all these sorts of food are rich and slow of digestion, the person with a weak stomach is apt to come to grief if he indulge too freely in them. Great care must be taken to only use what agrees; the system must demand such nourishment, and it should only be given the amount needed, because an overplus is sure to make trouble and all sorts of disease results.

Most thin people make the great mistake of thinking that the more they eat the better off they are. This is all wrong, in fact the contrary is true. I have reduced the food supply to less than half and had thin patients gain flesh steadily. I have tried this experiment so often with success that it is no longer an experiment. I know that an over large supply of food is to blame for many cases of leanness. Stuffing is bad for any one, but I think it is most so for the thin subject.

Of course the amount of food required depends upon occupation, age and condition of health. A hard-working outdoor laborer can consume large quantities of pork and beans, cabbage and meat, and much else beside, while if the sedentary bookkeeper, merchant, banker or clerk should indulge in half the amount of such food he would be laid up for repairs in no time. A growing child, romping about all day, uses up a large amount of energy, and the average child can digest things and in amounts that is almost amazing. Such habits formed in childhood can not be kept up in the less active period of maturity; as the body attains its full growth there is less demand for building material and therefore the supply should be smaller. When old age is reached there is even less need for food, and if long years are desired we must conform to this law of nature. We seldom see a very fat person live

to ripe old age, and when they do live over fifty years they are usually miserable with rheumatism or otherwise diseased.

In the average case of stomach trouble I find much nerve waste, the result of long tension especially of the great mass back of the stomach known as the solar plexus. This bunch of sympathetic nerves is a most wonderful supply center of vitality, and it is often the pressure of overtaxation of this plexus that causes pain, inflammation and indigestion in the stomach. This great ganglia practically controls digestion and any derangement is bound to make trouble. Gentle massage is very beneficial, and the swaying backward and forward of the body will often stimulate and restore vigor when there has been too great a strain. Repeated alternate applications of heat and cold will also relieve much irritation, and if followed by a few moments of thorough relaxation lying down, is sure to give good results. Vibration is most excellent when applied by the hands of an expert, or with a machine directed by a skilled operator. Electrical vibration given through a high friction current under the watchful eye of a competent physician, is a most valuable curative agent. Now, while this sort of treatment is fine it is not within the reach of all, but simple methods may be employed at home. Such helps as diet, bathing, relaxation, exercises and massage, are within everyone's power to have, and no need to succumb to nervous stomach troubles if a little caution, exertion and self-denial are practiced.

To have a good physician is to be fortunate, but to not need his services is to be more than fortunate. As I have often said in these pages, one's health is pretty much at one's own disposal, and this is more true of the stomach than any other part of the body. Stomach disease is invariably the result of indiscretion, and the overtaxing of this organ. Now it is a matter of choice whether we are discreet or not, and it is entirely at our command if we eat much or little, whether we control our appetite or allow it to rule us. This is cold comfort to the poor victim of dyspepsia, who hates to recognize his own culpability in the matter. But whether we like it or not we can not dodge the responsibility, and we are self-confessed weaklings every time we get sick.

It has already been shown how quantity.

quality and fitness of what we eat effects the vitality and health of the body, and we can not expect to be healthy if we neglect to make sure that these necessities are at a proper standard. It may be necessary to seek advice as to the best food for us to take under certain conditions. The physician, scientists and teacher should be able to aid in such cases, by showing what elements are contained in certain foods and the function and operation of such elements. But when the exact information on this subject is obtained the matter of its application is purely individual, and no one else can keep us well if we ourselves fail to follow the rules that mean health to us.

Any causes operating to deteriorate the health diminish one's power and strength, and if long repeated is absolutely sure to result in chronic disease, in other words, wrong habits make disease habits. It is a curious and very interesting fact that chronics are always the last to see that their habit of years is to blame and generally refuse to change their ways, because they expect a doctor to obliterate, with a few pills and powders, the effects of the abuse of years.

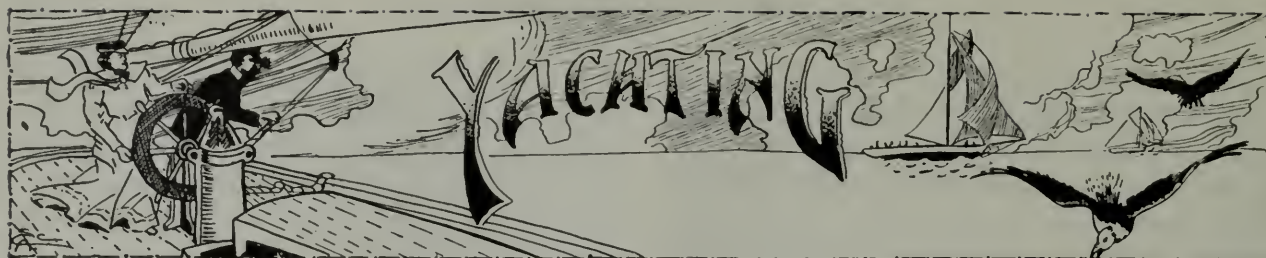
Habits are not so easily overcome, and there is no relief in drugs for their action is only temporary—they do not remove causes. Disease that is the result of long continued infraction of health laws must be cured by retracing the road you have come, and by rebuilding, piece by piece, your broken places. If your stomach is diseased, you must repair its wasted and degenerated tissues with new pure blood. You must not overtax it with things it can not digest, nor more than it can handle. Nature must have time in which to do her repair work, and there is no time if you keep crowding on fuel. You must be sure that what you eat contains the necessary elements with which to make good blood, and that this material is itself pure. To eat a thing just because it tickles your palate and tastes good, while it really has no food value, is to willfully court disease, and is foolish to say the least.

The stomach will respond to a little care with wonderful alacrity, and no matter how bad the condition you can not fail to be relieved if you try, and I am not afraid to promise a permanent cure to those who will persist and follow the advice I have just given.



Logan Photo

A STOCKTON DUCK DUO—"DOC" SIX AND "BILL" YOUNG.



## THE YACHTING SEASON OF 1905

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



THE yachting season has been started well and seems likely to prove a highly interesting one. The two leading clubs on the Bay of San Francisco, the San Francisco and Corinthian, have full lists of members and a large number of pleasure craft. The senior club has more members and a larger fleet of yachts and power-boats than it has ever had during its history.

The opposition (which was so unpleasantly conspicuous a feature of last season) of a certain faction of members of the San Francisco Yacht Club to Commodore W. G. Morrow, has disappeared and the club has become much more harmonious and united than it was. The behavior of the members referred to was censured severely at the annual meeting of the club early in February, when the "regular ticket," headed by the name of W. G. Morrow for Commodore, was elected unanimously. The other officers of the club are J. M. Punnett, owner of the sloop Curlew (formerly Dr. T. L. Hill's Cygnus), Vice-Commodore; T. F. Kennedy, Port Captain; W. W. Wilde, corresponding secretary; W. M. Roberts, treasurer; A. G. A. Mueller, financial secretary; W. W. Farrar, measurer.

The San Francisco Yacht Club opened the season on April 22, with a reception and dance in the afternoon and a jinks for the yachtsmen at night. Not quite all the boats were in commission on opening day, the rain in the early part of April having caused some delay; but before the middle of May the whole fleet was ready. The roll of yachts includes six schooners, seven yawls, nineteen sloops, three steam craft, fifteen gasoline launches and one naphtha launch. The San Francisco club has lost, by sale or charter, none of its boats, but on the contrary, has gained the sloops Nautilus (formerly Espy), White Heather (formerly Sans Souci), Amigo, Merope and Phoenicia, all of which sailed under Corinthian colors in 1904. Dr. T. L. Hill has given up his gasoline whizz-wagon and has again become the owner of the good sloop Queen, which was enrolled in the fleet of the South Bay Yacht Club last year.

The schedule of the San Francisco Yacht Club provides for the regular annual regatta, a power-boat regatta, two races from Vallejo to Sausalito, cruises to Paradise Cove, Petaluma, Drawbridge, Suisun Bay, McNear's Landing, Napa City and outside the Heads. There are also dances, members' nights, days of aquatic sports, clambakes and the usual week up the Sacramento River.

On April 21 the San Francisco Yacht Club sent in a challenge for the Perpetual Challenge Cup to the holders, the Corinthian Yacht Club, naming Commodore W. G. Morrow's fin-keel sloop

Challenger as the challenging craft. The challenge was promptly accepted by the Corinthians, who will defend the trophy with the centerboard sloop Corinthian. At the date of writing (May 6) the date, course and other details of the race have not been arranged. All these matters and the entire conduct of the race are in the hands of the regatta committees of the challenging and defending clubs, each committee consisting of three. As the contest, according to the requirement of the Deed of Gift of the Cup, must be held not later than sixty days, nor earlier than thirty days, after the date of the challenge, the race will come somewhere between May 20 and June 20. The race in 1904 was won by the Corinthian by the narrow margin of 41 seconds. But on that occasion the Corinthian, (the racing length of which had been stated as 30 feet in the challenge) had to yield a time allowance of 2.04 to the Challenger, so that, had the contest been on even terms, she would have had a margin of 2.45. This year the actual racing length of the Corinthian, which is less than 30 feet, will be reckoned, and it is believed that she will not have to make any allowance to the Challenger. The Corinthian will be prepared for the race by a committee consisting of ex-Commodores J. W. Pew, A. J. Young and H. D. Hawks, and will be sailed by Frank Stone, whose crew will consist of the same men as in 1904, viz.: Commodore T. Jennings, Vice-Commodore J. C. Brickell, F. E. Schober, Jack Short, N. A. McLean and Douglas Erskine. The Challenger will be sailed by her owner, W. G. Morrow.

The Corinthians believe that the Corinthian is an equally good boat in all sorts of weather, but the San Francisco men think that the Challenger is the faster craft in heavy weather and that the moderate wind of last year's race, which was sailed on July 9, was not favorable to their staunch sloop. For this reason the San Francisco Club, by sending in its challenge in April, insured the race taking place not later than June, when they expect the wind to be at its strongest.

The Corinthian Yacht Club at its annual election on January 25 re-elected almost all the officers of 1904. "Tom" Jennings is Commodore; J. C. Brickell, Vice-Commodore; John H. Keefe, Port Captain, and E. J. Bowes, secretary; the other directors being W. A. Stringer, John E. McFarlane and "Jack" O'Brien. The regatta committee consists of T. J. Kavanagh (chairman), Douglas Erskine and Stewart Middlemas. The fleet is a little smaller this season than in 1904, but still comprises more than fifty boats, most of which are sloops. The schedule provides cruises to Vallejo, Army Point, Suisun, through Montezuma Slough, to Pablo Point, Corinthian Cove, Paradise Cove, Petaluma Drawbridge and out beyond Points Bonito and Lobos, as well as an entertainment to the members of the Family Club, the annual Decoration Day Regatta and a





CHALLENGER.



CORINTHIAN.

handicap race for the Elks' Cup. A visit to the quarters of the South Bay Yacht Club at Alviso was paid in 1904 and was so much enjoyed that it was proposed to make another cruise to the southern waters of the bay this year, but the tides on the only available holidays are so unsuitable that it was decided reluctantly to give up the trip.

The well known sloop *Truant*, owned by ex-Commodore J. W. Pew, has been so enlarged and remodeled by Charles Chapman of Benicia, from the designs of Burgess and Packard, that she is hardly recognizable. She has greater length, more freeboard and a higher and roomier cabin than before. Her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 42 feet 6 inches; length on the water line, 27 feet; extreme beam, 11 feet 5 inches; draft, 3 feet; and headroom in the cabin, 5 feet 9 inches. Originally the *Truant* was a cat-boat, then a sloop, and is now a yawl. Her former dimensions were 27 feet over all and 24 feet 6 inches on the water line, with a beam of 11 feet 5 inches and a draft of 2 feet 6 inches.

Frank C. Raymond of the Corinthian Yacht Club, formerly owner of the sloop *Comet*, has a new sloop, built for him by S. O. Pasquucci, the North Beach boat builder. She is named *Kathleen* and is 38 feet over all. While out for her maiden sail on April 30 (the day of the opening cruise of the Corinthian Yacht Club), she encountered a heavy sea and strong wind between Blossom Rock and Alcatraz Island. Her weather shrouds parted and the mast, unable to stand the strain, snapped in two a few feet above the deck and was carried overboard. No one was injured. A red-stack tug coming upon the scene towed the yacht away to a safe mooring.

S. B. Stevenson, owner of the fin-keel sloop *Neva*, has plans for a sloop 50 feet over all and 25 feet on the water line. She is to be fitted with a fin-keel and is intended to make a stir in the 30-foot class.

The Oakland Canoe Club held its opening reception and dance on Saturday, May 6, and several of its members took part in the Encinal Yacht Club regatta on May 20. The Canoe Club has lately received an accession of members from the Columbia Rowing Club and looks forward to an active and pleasant season. The development of Session's Basin has not interfered with the canoeists' quarters, but they may expect to have to look for another location in two or three years. The officers for this season are: Charles Stewart, Commodore; F. B. Bain, Vice-

Commodore; Frank Paul, secretary-treasurer; S. A. Hackett and R. B. Bain, Jr., committee on membership.

The officers of the California Yacht Club for 1905 are: Robert Vincent, Commodore; George S. Williams, Vice-Commodore; F. V. Du Brutz, secretary; F. B. Bartels, treasurer; J. T. Carrier, port captain; George M. Shaw, A. G. Bixbee, L. T. Ward and Julian Altendorf, directors; J. J. Sherry, measurer; A. M. Clay, G. L. Wakeman and W. B. Beazley, members of the regatta committee. The club has been notified that the ground on which its house stands is required by the railroad company, whose property it is. It has, however, a foundation and platform adjacent to the Emeryville pier, and will build quarters there. The opening jinks was 'dispensed with, and the first cruise taken on Sunday, May 14. The schedule for the season comprises a subscription handicap race on Decoration Day, the annual regatta for class flags and race for the Owners' Cup on June 11; the race for the Wallace trophy on July 9; a handicap race for 20-footers on September 10; and the handicap race for the Vincent Cup on September 24. There are also cruises to Sheep Island, Vallejo, etc., and two clambakes.

Early in April the yacht, *Perhaps*, designed and built by J. J. Sherry, was launched at the foot of Jefferson Street, Oakland. She is 48 feet long, with a length on the water line of 27 feet, and big overhangs fore and aft. She is flat-floored and has a 6-foot fin-keel, aft of which is a rudder of peculiar design. The main boom is of great length and the new craft will carry an immense spread of canvas. If the hopes of her designer and builders are fulfilled the *Perhaps* will go about as if hung on a pivot, will beat like a witch and run like a scared deer.

The Encinal Yacht Club held its annual election on March 11, the following officers being chosen: President, Louis Weinmann; Vice-President, Henry Landsberger; Secretary, Henry Shed; Treasurer, F. C. Youngberg; Commodore, A. Dalton Harrison; Vice-Commodore, Jules Landsberger; Directors, Louis Weinmann, Henry Landsberger, W. B. Kollmyer, F. C. Youngberg, Edgar Painter, Halleck Wright and Charles L. Davis.

The officers of the South Bay Yacht Club for the present season are the following: Dr. H. A. Spencer, Commodore; S. E. Smith, Vice-Commodore; Niles E. Wretman, Secretary; B. I. Schwartz, Treasurer; Curtis M. Barker, Port

Captain; J. O. McKee, Measurer. The Directors are H. A. Spencer, A. T. Bassett, Paul Garborino, E. Knickerbocker and C. M. Barker. The entrance fee has been raised from five dollars to ten dollars and the monthly subscription from half a dollar to one dollar. The club has more than 110 members on its roll and there are several candidates for admission. The clubhouse and the ground on which it stands are owned by a corporation entitled the "South Bay Yacht Club Association," the directors of which are:

S. E. Smith, President; Elisha L. Corbin, Vice-President; B. J. Schwartz, Treasurer; Louis Sonnicksen and Dr. A. A. Wright, directors-at-large. The United States government is dredging the slough from Alviso to Beacon 13, and these operations have diminished for a time the area of open water used as an anchorage by the South Bay Yacht Club. It is expected that this work will be completed about the middle of June.



## AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE PACIFIC COAST GOLF ASSOCIATION.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



THE fifth annual competition for the amateur championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association took place on the links of the San Rafael Golf Club on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 26 to 29, inclusive. Entries were received from the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, San Rafael Golf Club, the Claremont Country Club, the

Linda Vista Golf Club of San Jose, and the Los Angeles Country Club. Hugo R. Johnstone of the Los Angeles Country Club did not turn up, so that J. J. Mellus was the only representative of any Southern Californian club. When the championship contest is held in the North, it is natural to expect that the Northern players will outnumber the Southern, and when the competition takes place on southern links, it is reasonable that there should be more southern than northern competitors, but the southerners certainly failed to display a proper amount of interest in the tournament, which being an event of the Pacific Coast Association, belongs as much to the South as to the North. Indeed, had not Mr. Mellus gallantly stepped into the breach, and announced his intention of entering the qualifying round regardless of the score he might return, Southern California would not have had a single representative in the competition.

The entries were as follows:

San Rafael Golf Club:—R. J. Davis, A. S. Lilley, Carlton Curtis, R. B. Hellman, George W. Hellmann, W. J. Casey, George Heazelton, J. J. Crooks and A. Guthrie Harvey.

San Francisco Golf and Country Club:—C. E. Maud, H. C. Golcher, John Lawson, F. H. Beaver and R. Gilman Brown.

Claremont Country Club:—F. S. Stratton, Frank Kales, Dr. W. M. Carpenter and E. R. Folger.

Linda Vista Golf Club of San Jose:—H. Spens Black.

Los Angeles Country Club:—Hugo R. Johnstone and J. J. Mellus.



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SAN RAFAEL GOLF CLUB COURSE IN HAPPY VALLEY.

The above list of entries includes the names of C. E. Maud, winner of the championship in 1903, and H. C. Golcher, runner-up in the same year; of John Lawson, runner-up in 1901 and 1902; and of several of the strongest Oakland players. It is to be regretted that Ernest R. Folger, winner of the championship in 1901, and W. P. Johnson did not take part in the competition of 1905.

The qualifying round over thirty-six holes, medal play, took place on Wednesday, April 26, eighteen holes being played in the morning and eighteen in the afternoon. C. E. Maud won first place and the silver medal of the Pacific Coast Golf Association for the lowest score in the qualifying round, his cards showing 40, 41 in the morning and 39, 46 in the afternoon. His first afternoon round in 39 was the best score for nine holes, and his morning score of 81, the best for eighteen holes made during the day. John Lawson was second with 174, A. G. Harvey third with 175 and Frank Kales fourth with 177. How accurately these scores represented the relative strength of the players is shown by the fact that the four above-named reached the semi-final round, the contest in the final round being between Lawson and Harvey, who made the second and third best qualifying scores.

The fair green and the putting-greens were in

excellent condition, but balls falling into the thick, high grass outside of the course were heavily punished. The weather throughout the inset was beautiful, being warm, with a light breeze, which on Saturday strengthened and was somewhat cool. The scores in the qualifying round and the pairing of the players are shown in the table:

QUALIFYING ROUND FOR THE PACIFIC COAST GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, 1905.

Competitors.

	1st Rd.	2d Rd.	3d Rd.	4th Rd.	To-tal.	Pl.
F. H. Beaver.....	47	45	50	47	189	7
G. W. Hellmann..	59	48	51	59	217	..
J. J. Crooks.....	50	49	43	51	193	11
J. J. Mellus.....	55	50	50	50	205	15
H. C. Golcher....	43	43	49	47	182	5
H. S. Black.....	45	46	45	47	183	6
Geo. Heazelton...	52	52	52	54	210	..
R. B. Hellmann...	58	56	*	..	..	..
John Lawson.....	43	44	40	47	174	2
A. S. Lilley.....	56	48	45	48	197	14
A. G. Harvey.....	50	42	40	43	147	3
W. J. Casey.....	48	54	52	53	205	16
F. S. Stratton....	47	49	50	46	192	9
R. J. Davis.....	46	48	50	49	193	12
H. R. Johnstone..	*	..	..	..	..	..
Dr. W. Carpenter.	48	40	58	50	196	13
C. E. Maud.....	40	41	39	46	166	1
Frank Kales.....	45	45	47	40	177	4
Carlton Curtis....	50	46	44	50	190	8
R. G. Brown.....	51	46	48	47	192	10

The first match play round, over eighteen holes, took place on Thursday morning. The results in all the matches but one were in accordance with the form shown in the qualifying rounds, but the defeat of H. C. Golcher by Dr. W. M. Carpenter was unexpected and the extremely close shave that John Lawson had in his match with R. G. Brown was unlooked for. The results were as follows:

C. E. Maud beat F. S. Stratton 6 up 5 to play; Dr. W. M. Carpenter beat H. C. Golcher 3 up 2 to play; F. H. Beaver and J. J. Mellus being absent, their match was forfeited; A. G. Harvey beat J. J. Crooks 6 up 4 to play; John Lawson beat R. Gilman Brown 1 up; H. S. Black beat A. S. Lilley 8 up 6 to play; Carlton Curtis won by default from W. J. Casey and Frank Kales beat R. J. Davis 4 up 3 to play. The closest and most exciting match was that between John Lawson and R. G. Brown, the Scotchman snatching the victory from the jaws of defeat. At the fourteenth hole, with four holes to go, R. G. Brown was 3 up. The fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth holes were won by Lawson, who took the sixteenth and seventeenth in two strokes apiece, making the match all square, with one hole to go. The eighteenth hole was taken by Lawson by one stroke and a well-fought match was won and lost.

On the afternoon of the same day the second match play round, over eighteen holes, took place. The players who had made the lowest scores in the qualifying rounds came to the front in this round, C. E. Maud beating Dr. W. M. Carpenter 3 up 2 to play; A. G. Harvey, having no opponent, won by default; John Lawson beat H. S. Black 2 up 1 to play, and Frank Kales defeated Carlton Curtis 4 up 3 to play. The match between Black and Lawson was a good one, both playing a strong game. Lawson's medal score for one of the rounds was 39.

On Friday morning the semi-final round was played, A. G. Harvey beating C. E. Maud 3 up 1 to play, and John Lawson winning 4 up 2 to play from Frank Kales. In the afternoon the com-



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R. J. DAVIS (SAN RAFAEL CLUB) PUTTING.

petitors rested, the final round over thirty-six holes being reserved for the following day.

On Saturday, April 29, John Lawson and A. G. Harvey played the final round. Harvey was in excellent form and was putting remarkably well, while Lawson was somewhat fatigued with the steady play of the three preceding days of the contest. Lawson took the first hole, the second was halved, and Harvey captured the third and fourth, being 1 up at that early stage of the match. At the end of the first nine holes Harvey was 2 up and finished the first eighteen holes 2 up. On the third nine holes Harvey increased his lead to 3 up, and at the thirty-second holes was doing 4. Harvey captured the thirty-third hole, and with it the match, the 1905 championship and gold medal of the Pacific Coast Golf Association. A remarkable feature of the match was the fact that no fewer than twenty-eight of the thirty-three holes played were won by one or other of the contestants, only five holes being halved. A. G. Harvey played steadily and consistently throughout the tournament and thoroughly deserved his victory.

John Lawson, as runner-up, received the silver medal of the Association. Frank Kales and C. E. Maud, the losers in the semi-annual round, won the bronze medals of the Association. John Lawson has had bad luck in the competitions for the championship of the P. C. G. A., for he has been in the final round three times, in 1901, 1902 and 1905, and each time has been the loser.



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SAN RAFAEL GOLF CLUB HOUSE, HAPPY VALLERY.

The champions have been E. R. Folger, in 1901; Walter Fairbanks, in 1902; C. E. Maud, in 1903, and A. B. Swift, in 1904. In 1903 H. C. Golcher as the runner-up, and in 1904 Walter Fairbanks were beaten in the final round. The competitions are held on northern and southern links alternately, and in the two years in which the contest has taken place on the course of the Los Angeles Country Club a member of a Southern Californian club has proved a winner, Fairbanks having entered from the Los Angeles Country Club and Swift from the Santa Barbara Country Club. The next competition for the championship will be held in the South.

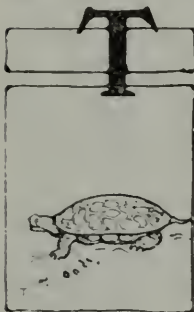
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GOLF WEEK AT DEL MONTE.

The management of the Hotel Del Monte has decided to hold a golf week on the Del Monte links, from September 4th to 9th, inclusive. The principal events will be match play competitions for the Del Monte Cup for men, and for the Del Monte Cup for women. For these events there will be qualifying rounds. There will be consolation events for such of the men and women competitors as do not reach the later rounds of the match play contests. It is probable that there will also be Mixed Foursomes for prizes offered by the Pacific Improvement Company.

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LEWIS AND CLARK GOLF TOURNAMENT.

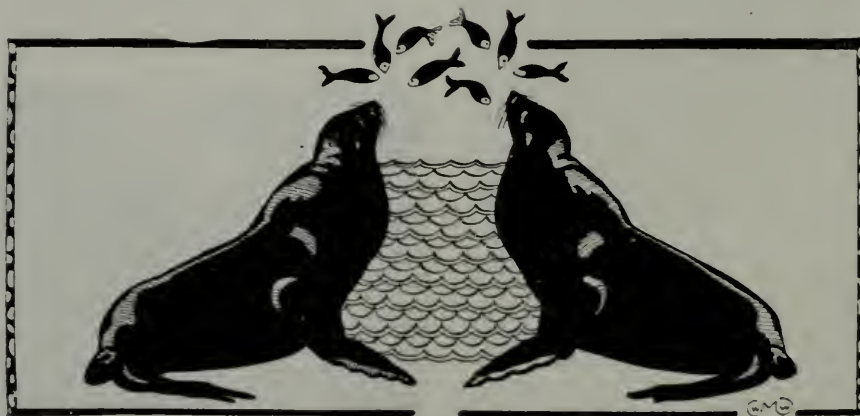


THE clubs making up the Pacific Northwest Golf Association have decided to forego their regular annual championship tournament, which was to have been held at Seattle this year, and in its stead to hold a Lewis and Clark tournament, open to all amateurs, on the links of the Waverly Golf Club of Portland, Oregon. As the third week in June is as late as the course is likely to remain

in the best condition, the tournament will begin on the 19th and end on the 24th of that month. The principal events will be competitions for men and women for the championship of the Pacific Coast. For the Men's Championship there will be a qualifying round over thirty-six holes, medal play, the competitors who hand in the thirty-two lowest scores qualifying and going on to the match play. The first, second and third match rounds will be over eighteen holes, the semi-final and final rounds being over thirty-six holes. The entries, which must be accompanied by a fee of five dollars, close on June 14. This fee entitles the contestant to compete in the consolation events and also in the driving, approaching and putting competitions.

The competition for the Women's Championship will be over eighteen holes for the qualifying round and also for the subsequent match play rounds. In order to provide an interesting week of golf for all lovers of the game, three consolation events will be arranged for the men and two for the women who fail to reach the later rounds of the championship events. There will also be competitions in Driving, Approaching and Putting and open handicaps for players of either sex.

The managers intend to make the Lewis and Clark Golf Tournament the principal event of its kind that has ever been held on the Pacific Coast and hope to attract a large number of the leading golfers living to the west of the Mississippi River. The course is an eighteen-hole one, more than six thousand yards long and in suitable condition for a championship competition. The railroads offer a special rate of a single fare plus one dollar for the round trip to and from Portland during the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition. T. A. Linthicum, secretary of the Waverly Golf Club, if notified a week in advance, will arrange for suitable hotel accommodations for the week of the tournament.

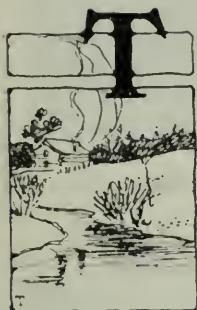




## THE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL SEASON

1904-1905

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



THE Association Football season, which opened on Sunday, October 31, and closed on Sunday, April 23, was the most successful ever seen in California. The officers of the California Association Football Union are the following: Taliesin Evans, President; J. A. Barlow, James P. Booth and Frank Jones, Vice-Presidents; Henry Roberts, Secretary; L. R. Gilchrist, Treasurer; J. D.

Robertson, Chairman of the executive committee and delegate to the Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union.

Taliesin Evans is also the president of the California Association Football League. At the beginning of the season Harry J. Irwin was elected secretary of the League, but later, finding that he had not time to perform its duties, he gave up the office, Henry Roberts doing the work of the League as well as of the Union. Arthur Robinson is treasurer of the League. The official referees are Arthur Robinson, J. Casson, A. W. Wilding, J. Cameron, Henry Roberts, J. D. Robertson, Norman Logan, Harry J. Irwin, C. W. Irish, James Frew, Hugh Williamson and A. D. Couper.

At the beginning of the season the League comprised the following seven clubs: The Independent of San Francisco, (colors, white with green sash); the Vampire of Alameda, (colors, white with black vampire); the Eagle of Alameda, (colors, maroon and blue); the Pickwick of San Francisco, (colors, red and white); the Hornet of Oakland, (colors, orange and black); the Albion Rover of Oakland, (colors, maroon); the Occidental of San Francisco, (colors, royal blue). The Union included the above-named clubs with the East Oakland Pirates, the Los Angeles, Santa Cruz, Sacramento, Seaman's Institute and Honolulu Association football clubs. Slight changes took place during the season in the membership of the clubs, some members retiring and others being taken in, but at the end of December, 1904, the Oakland Hornet Club had 34 names on its roll, the Albion Rover Club had 22, the Independent Club 21, the Pickwick Club 21, the Eagle Club 20, the Vampire Club 20, the Occidental Club 19. In point of numbers the Oakland Hornets had a great advantage over the other clubs. On its roll were some of the strongest players of Association football in the State, such as "Percy" Chambers, the Disher Brothers, James Duncan, L. R. Gilchrist, J. C. McKenzie, J. Smith, "Bobby" Taylor and C. C. Y. Williamson. Toward the close of the season the Hornet team was strengthened still further by the addition of H. Elliott and H. G. Macartney. During the early part of the season the

Hornets displayed a great lack of esprit de corps, turning up on the field shorthanded and with weak teams. After losing several matches, they pulled themselves together, finishing third in the table of League results, and being runners-up for the Union Cup.

The Independents put a somewhat weak team, including some new men, into the field for the opening match, and were beaten easily by the Occidentals on the Ninth and Bryant Street ground on October 30, 1904. After this experience, the Independent captain reconstructed the eleven, selecting more of the players of the previous season, and from that time on the Independents never lost or even drew a match. They came out victorious in every encounter. At the end of the season they had won the 1904-1905 championship of the California Association Football League and the Union Cup. And they deserved their victories well; for they played a clean game, remarkably free from foul tactics of any sort. They came on the field with full teams on every occasion and gave the referees less trouble than any club in the league. It was universally admitted that their forwards were the quickest, cleverest and most aggressive in the League, the combination work of the Fay Brothers, Higin and Jones being excellent. In the last few matches Dwyer took the place of Jones and proved of great service. Ballmain and Duncanson in the half-back line and Antrolus as goalkeeper, proved very useful to the team. Some critics, while admitting that their forwards were likely to score goals against any team, expressed the opinion that, their back line not being very strong, they might be outscored. No team, however, proved able to get away with the "Indies."

The Occidental team included some strong players, among whom may be mentioned Ruston, goalkeeper; Tierney, back; Anderson in the center forward. The eleven won the first three matches that it played, beating the Independents, the Albion Rovers and the Pickwicks on three successive Sundays. Their success, however, seemed to prove their ruin. They conceived the idea that no team could stand against them and began to talk of themselves as the "championship Association football team of the Pacific Coast." Their matches against the Hornets on November 20, and against the Vampires on November 27, were postponed, and on December 4 the Oakland Hornets beat them 2 goals to 1 at Idora Park. On December 18 the Eagles, a team of Alameda boys, played a tie (two goals to two) with them. On January 8 the Vampires beat them 4 to 2. Their match on January 15 against the Pickwicks was postponed, and on January 22 they forestalled certain defeat by forfeiting their game against the Independents. Soon afterward they withdrew from the League.



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"OAKLAND HORNETS"—RUNNERS UP C. A. F. U. CUP.

though they promised to come out strong in the Union Cup ties and issued a challenge to play the winners of the League championship. All matches played by them were off the League schedule, which was re-arranged to fit the changed circumstances. Each of the six teams remaining in the League played ten matches instead of twelve, so that the highest number of points obtainable was 20 instead of 24.

For several weeks the Albion Rovers of Oakland stood at the head of the table of League results, but this was partly due to the fact that during the early part of the season they played more matches than some of the other elevens. The Rover team included Bayne, John, Shand and Bradley, though before the end of the season John, the captain, left for Portland to take up a position there. The team played a good, keen game, and worked well together. It earned second place in the table of League results, having one point more than the Oakland Hornets to

its credit. John was a serious loss to the Rovers, for he was a good captain and a safe tricker on the full-back line. Had the Hornets settled down to play the game from the opening of the season, it is likely that they would have taken second place from the Rovers, as it was, the honor went to the right club.

The Vampires formed, as in previous years, a strong, united club, always eager to play the game, on Sundays, holidays or any other day. Their strength lay in their full-back line (Petersen and Walber), and their weakness in their forward division. Though they scored only 9 goals during the season, or one-fourth of the number made by the Rovers and less than one-fifth of the number to the credit of the Independents, only fifteen goals were scored against them, while thirteen were made against the Hornets (the team above the Vampires) and 52 against the Pickwicks (the team below the Vampires in the table of results). It has several



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THE PICKWICK ELEVEN.



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THE VAMPIRE TEAM.

times been said that a team combining the Vampire backs with the Independent forward line would be remarkably strong. The Vampire half-back line consisted of Harwood, (captain), Turner and Glarner. Of these, Glarner is the fastest, Turner the strongest and Harwood the hardest worker. Though the Vampires finished fourth on the list, they got as much fun out of the game as any team.

The Pickwicks had a close contest with the Eagles for bottom place in the table, but, thanks to their drawn match with the Vampires on January 29, they scored one point more during the season than the Eagles. In the ties for the Union Cup the Pickwicks played a drawn game with the Oakland Hornets, but, on playing off the tie, were beaten. The Pickwicks, in spite of constant defeat, stick bravely to the game and toward the end of the season had grown considerably stronger than they were at first.

The Eagle Club consists of members of the Hospital Corps of Alameda, every player, with one or two exceptions, being a Native Son of California. The eleven was coached by A. J. Churchill, who in the season 1903-1904 played in the forward line of the Albion Rovers. They showed much willingness to learn and considerable aptitude for the game.

The matches for the league championship were played at Freeman's Park (Golden Gate), Idora Park (Oakland) and cricket-ground at Alameda, Freeman's Park being the home ground of the Rover and Independent clubs, Idora Park of the Oakland Hornets and Pickwicks, and the cricket ground of the Vampires and the Eagles. The standing of the clubs at the close of the season, when every team had played out the full number of ten matches, is shown in the table; each victory counting two points, and each drawn match one point:



Inkersley Photo

OFFICIAL REFEREES.

## California Association Football League Championship, 1904-1905.

Independent . . . . .	10	10	0	0	50	8	20
Albion Rover . . . . .	10	7	3	0	36	11	14
Hornet . . . . .	10	6	3	1	30	13	13
Oakland . . . . .	10	6	3	1	30	13	13
Vampire . . . . .	10	3	5	2	9	15	8
Pickwick . . . . .	10	1	8	1	7	52	3
Eagle . . . . .	10	1	9	0	9	42	2

Active Association football clubs exist at Santa Cruz and Sacramento, though distance prevents their teams from taking part in a League schedule. Most of the San Francisco teams paid visits to Santa Cruz and Sacramento, and enjoyed some interesting games against the elevens of those cities. H. R. Elliott and H. G. Macartney of Sacramento, played in the Cup ties for Oakland Hornets, rendering them most valuable assistance, Elliott in the full-back line and Macartney on the left wing.

For the Union Cup the seven entries were drawn in the first round as follows:

Albion Rovers versus Eagles.

Independents versus Santa Cruz.

Oakland Hornets versus Pickwicks.

Vampires, a bye.

In the first Cup tie, played on March 5, the Pickwicks and Oakland Hornets drew, each scoring one goal. As a Cup match must be won and lost, this game was re-played on March 19 at Freeman's Park, the Hornets beating the Pickwicks overwhelmingly. The Albion Rovers beat the Eagles; the Independents won from the Santa Cruz team at Santa Cruz, and the Vampires reached the semi-final round without a struggle. In the semi-final round the Independents beat the Rovers, and the Hornets (after playing a drawn game with the Vampires) beat them in the re-play. The final match between the Independents and the Hornets attracted a large crowd of spectators to the Presidio Athletic Ground, and was contested evenly. The score was for some time 1 goal all; then 2-1; then 2 goals all. The match seemed likely to be drawn, but near the end of the second half the Independents scored another goal and won 3-2.

The Independents thus carried off the honors of the season, winning the 1904-1905 champion-

ship of the League with a clean score, and capturing the Union Cup, the Albion Rovers being the runners-up for the League championship and the Oakland Hornets for the Union Cup. Much of their success is due to W. E. Owens, who, though he did not play more than once or twice, kept the team together and saw that it was always on hand to meet its engagements. He discouraged rough play, encountering in this respect no difficulty such as those that beset Edgar Pomeroy, the good angel of the Oakland Hornets. The captain of the Hornets, though a strong forward, was frequently charged with rough play, being suspended for a month in the early part of the season. In the final match between the Hornets and Independents, some of the former team showed an inclination to adopt foul tactics but were repressed severely by Arthur Robinson, who acted as referee to the general satisfaction of players and spectators.

Next season will open on November 1 of the present year and will close on March 31, 1906. It is almost certain that all the clubs that took part in the matches during the past season will be in existence and that the Sacramento club will enter for the League Championship and the Union Cup. There is a possibility of clubs being organized at Palo Alto, Santa Rosa and elsewhere.

Up to the present time, although President Wheeler of the University of California and President Jordan of Stanford University have expressed their admiration of Association football and their desire to see it introduced at Berkeley and Palo Alto as an alternative to the intercollegiate game, it has not been found possible to wean the undergraduates and preparatory schoolboys from the national form of football. Association football, however, is played at some schools in the Eastern States, and its admirers live in a constant hope of being able to establish it among the boys and young men of California. But, in spite of all that we hear boastfully said of Western independence and originality, Californians are mighty slow to adopt a good thing that does not come stamped with the trademark of the East. The best chance that Association football has in this country is in the Eastern States; whence it may slowly drift out to the Golden State.





# NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington and British Columbia. Conducted by F. M. Kelly.

[To-day the immense territory comprising British Columbia and Alaska is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The mountains and valleys abound with big game, while the rivers and lakes teem with trout and salmon. The

writer has hunted and angled much in this district, and information given can be relied upon. Any request, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will receive an early reply. Address, F. M. Kelly, Victoria, B. C.]



THE last annual meeting of the Victoria Fish and Game Club held during April, much business of interest to Vancouver Island sportsmen was transacted. This club is a most energetic one and has done a whole lot of good along the line of fish and game preservation. All must agree on that point, though there are a number of outsiders who find fault with the methods of the club.

It is up to them to quit their kicking and get in line with those who are doing their best to foster wild sport on Vancouver Island. Since enrolled as members they can state their grievances and their ideas. If found to be worth while such ideas would then be considered and debated upon. Only in this way can good measures be obtained. United effort alone can procure the enlightened legislation sought by broad-minded sportsmen. Put away the spirit of selfishness and advocate with the majority of hunters and fishermen for all that will result in securing the greatest amount of good for the greater number of people.

For the ensuing year the following officers were elected: President, Richard Hall; vice-president, W. Bickford; secretary, J. Musgrave; treasurer, A. E. Wylde; executive committee, Major McFarlane, Colonel A. W. Jones, George Weiler, G. T. Fox and E. Musgrave.

Mr. Bickford reported that the young trout placed in Langford Lake last season were doing well. The chairman stated that he had spoken to R. P. Butchart, of the cement works, regarding a dam built by the company and which obstructed the fish from reaching Prospect Lake by way of Tod Creek. Replying, Mr. Butchart promised to construct a fish ladder. It was also suggested that fishermen should be asked to discontinue fishing in Millstream; and before the meeting adjourned Secretary Musgrave was instructed to make arrangements with one or two men to act as game wardens for the next month to prevent the shooting of young grouse.

\* \* \*

Northwest shots have been making ready for the big tournament of the Lewis and Clark Exposition. Every town of sporting note in these parts will be represented at what promises to be the greatest gathering of trap men the Pacific Coast has ever known.

\* \* \*

Bellingham gun enthusiasts plan a big trap-shooting tournament for July, when some close scores may be expected from a large entry.

\* \* \*

At their last meeting members of the Seattle Tennis Club made some radical changes in the



NIGHT (STRAITS OF FUCA).

rules governing their club. The changes will tend to place executive affairs under conservative management and keep the active work, which is by no means light, more evenly distributed. In the past the president and the treasurer, Messrs. Pelly and Folsom, have had the bulk of the duties to perform. They managed the finances and tournaments for four years, and managed them most ably. At their request the changes were made. They asked for the appointment of committees to manage different affairs, and the committees were named. The grounds committee, which has absolute control of the courts and the expenditures pertaining thereto consists of the secretary or his assistant, as chairman, F. C. Newton and T. F. Ruhm. The tournament committee, which will make all arrangements for the club's contests, such as the making of dates, and the negotiations with outside players who may desire to compete in the tournaments. At this writing the dates of the annual tournament are not known, but they will undoubtedly be early in August, about the usual time.

\* \* \*



A FAMOUS SALMON TROLLING PLACE (BRITISH COLUMBIA)



AFTERGLOW (PLUMPER'S PASS).

During April the Victoria Golf Club held its eleventh annual spring meet. It continued for three days. The Oak Bay links were in splendid condition, and as the weather was all that could be desired, large numbers watched the play. F. C. Newton of Seattle won in the men's open single competition, which means that he is now champion of the Northwest. This event was the feature of the tournament. L. O. Garnett won the men's opening handicap, the score, after deducting his handicap of thirteen, being 76. In the ladies' open handicap Miss Longley's score was 106. As her handicap was 16, her total was 90. Miss Eva Loewen was first in the

A Class ladies' handicap (fourteen holes) her total being 72. She received a handicap of 12. In B Class, Miss Cobbett won with 64, her handicap being 36. In the men's foursomes, A. W. Jones and Captain Hunt tied J. R. Rithet and C. W. Rhodes. Mrs. and Miss Langley won in the ladies' foursomes, their total being 76. The gentlemen's putting competition was won by C. J. Prior, and the ladies' putting competition by Miss Mara. For the best scratch score, H. Combe was awarded a special prize, a special award going also to L. O. Garnett for the best net score, and another to J. Ambery, who made the best nine holes net.





"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
 Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."  
 —BYRON.

## THE BENEFITS OF FIELD TRIALS.

By C. H. BABCOCK.



NO ONE not posted in the matter, it would seem that the season's field trials were in the dim future; but the beginning of preparations is much nearer than one would suppose and very soon now the field-trial handler begins his season's work for there is but a short time in which he is not actively training. Along in the middle of the month he will hie away to the prairies of Nebraska, Dakota or Manitoba, imbued with all the spirit of enthusiasm and hope of his craft, and begin trying out the youngsters that he hopes will bring him fame and fortune.

Some one will discover the future great one, the one that will displace the champion or consistent winner of to-day, and each wishes it will be himself. At any rate, the trial season is far enough in the distance so that he feels certain that something will turn up to place him in the lead, and he goes at the work with a care-free manner that will at least prepare him physically for the nerving work of later months and give him the cool and calculating mind that is so necessary to the proper training of his charges and their successful handling in the trials; for be it known that many a race is lost by a handler losing his head at a critical moment and neglecting to watch, not only his own dog but the other dogs and handlers, the judge, guide and even the spectators, for from some one of these is he liable to get a cue that will lead him to success.

This being the proper season for a start,

I shall try to explain some of the benefits of field trials in order to induce some of the many sportsmen who are unacquainted with this greatest and cleanest of all sports, to join the ranks, procure a future winner and pass one of the pleasantest autumns it has ever been their lot to enjoy.

In the first place, the field-trial meet in itself is a feature worth going miles and to any amount of sacrifice to witness.

The jolly care-forgetting crowd of sportsmen are hale fellows well-met, each ready to shake the hand of the lucky owner of a winner, all willing and anxious to see the best dog placed to the front—for it is one of the ethics of this sport that no money shall be wagered on the result, thus keeping it free from the influences of the betting ring as almost no other sport is kept, and insuring its continuance for the sport's sake alone.

Notwithstanding the many articles on the sport that have been published by the universally read "Western Field," I am still often asked by sportsmen if outsiders are welcome at the trials. Why, bless your souls, yes; for field trials have a mission to accomplish, and if you are just a "good fellow"—even if you haven't a cent in the world, and never saw a bird-dog work, or even a bevy of quails, or never fired a gun—you will be made to feel at home at the trial ground. The intricacies of the game will be explained to you by some friendly spectator, and other attentions paid to you till you are sure to avow that you never met so much goodfellowship before in your life outside of a prayer meeting.

And why is all this?



"KEEPSAKE," W. W. VAN ARSDALE, OWNER.  
"ONE OF THE SWEETEST ON EARTH."



"MONTEREY," J. M. DONBEY, OWNER.  
FIELD TRIAL AND BENCH WINNER.

Well, in the first place it is often remarked that to get out under the blue skies amid the woods and fields and streams of nature, with dog and gun, will show a man's real character more surely and truly than it can be seen under any other circumstances.

The average man in the city, under unnatural surroundings and beset by the cares and worries of business, where it is either a case of drive or be driven, does not show the high-mindedness of his own true self as he is able to do when in direct communion with nature and freed for the time from all care and trouble. It is only under these latter conditions of unrestraint that his spirit shines forth as God intended that it should, and lo! the self-contained business man, struggling for the maintenance of himself and family, is transformed in a day into a generous-minded man at peace with himself and all the world. It is such as this that are made welcome at field trials—men that can see, no less than in themselves, the immortal soul shining out of the eyes of dumb animals which are ever ready and willing, if we will but teach them how, to serve us and minister to our wants and pleasures in a capacity for which lordly man is entirely unsuited and helpless.

On the other hand, the man of the city who is hemmed in by conventionalities and mere forms of politeness behind which he hides his wickedness, finds no such refuge in the simpler life of the country, and standing forth exposed to view soon exhibits the true meanness of his nature and, discovering that men with such natures as his are unwelcome at field trials where nothing but generosity and fairness are tolerated, sooner or later withdraws to other lines of

sport where natures such as his may find kindred spirits.

This in a measure accounts for the type of men of which field-trial clubs are composed—men who are members for no selfish reasons except that as they give pleasure to others it makes it possible for them to more thoroughly enjoy themselves.

I have already hinted at one of the uses of trials: to induce the man of the city to sojourn in the country and oblige him to exercise in the open air which he would not do without some incentive.

At the invitation of a friend he attends a trial, watches the intelligent work of brace after brace of dogs, and the skillful work of the handlers—men who scorn to take an undue advantage of an opponent. Everything about him has an air of fair play, and the enthusiasm exhibited by the followers for every fine piece of work, and the keen perception with which they rightly interpret it, soon convinces him that this is no ordinary form of sport.

At lunch time the inner man is well provided for, nor are accommodations for his team neglected; and the sociabilities and pleasantries of the hour make it an event to look forward to. The evenings passed at the hotel are also an attraction; and here, with plenty of leisure time, he will hear discussed the finer points of the game.

In all, he has thoroughly enjoyed a week in sport which he had not supposed he could so quickly understand or become interested in, and looks forward with anticipation to next year's meet which finds him on hand with the added attraction of a future winner of his own in the hands of a competent handler. He has seen the very highest type

of dogs and handling and, in this manner, becomes more quickly and correctly informed on the subject of sports afield than he would in years of lone hunting, a few trials attended being a liberal education in this line, and the lack of shooting, as practiced nowadays, giving him a start in the right direction of the highest form of sportsmanship.

The next season, his derby now being a seasoned shooting companion, presents an inducement for him to go a-field in search of game and incidentally of pleasure and health. After each trip of this kind, enforcing, as it does, exercise which in no other way could he be induced to take, he returns to his duties refreshed in mind and body and feeling a force, energy and youthful sprightliness to which he had been a stranger for years; and who knows but what this added vitality may tide him over what would otherwise have proved a fatal illness, thus adding years to his life and usefulness?

To accomplish the greatest amount of good for the greatest number is the object for which our game birds should be used; and the question arises, how can this be done?

Obviously, not by each man striving for "the limit." Did all sportsmen do this and meet with success in the undertaking, the game supply would be exhausted in a season.

Neither is the object accomplished by a closed season of a term of years, as this works a hardship on the sportsman of to-day in favor of the younger generation.

The man whose years are beginning to rest heavily upon his shoulders and who realizes that his activity is on the wane, can scarcely see the justice of such a course.

Our game laws are generally wise and,

when well enforced, are a strong factor in the preservation of game; but the country is large and the wardens few and some of the wise regulations are impossible of enforcement unless the hunter sees fit to abide by them.

Then, too, the inventions and facilities of to-day make it possible for the slaughter of game to far exceed the supply. The railroads which now intersect nearly all game centers, the automobile, offering swift and handy transportation to and from the hunting grounds; improved firearms, increase of the number of sportsmen, and decrease in the hunting area, all make it more difficult each year for the supply to keep pace with the demand. Formerly all the most successful shots and hunters were residents of the country districts. The city sportsman was dubbed a "tenderfoot," for the most of his time was spent in the city limits, his opportunities for the use of the gun were limited and his skill correspondingly poor.

Now, however, all this is changed. The sportsman in the city has more time at his command each day than does his brother sportsman of the country, and the use of the traps with their flying targets, and the rifle ranges make his skill with firearms second to none. Transportation conveniences also favor him, and with his high-power auto he takes dog and gun, travels miles into the country, takes an hour's shoot and is back at his desk in time for the opening of business. All these conveniences are conducive of skill, and on the shooting trip nowadays the countryman looks with wonder and respect upon the skillful manipulation of the gun by the city sportsman.

All this is as it should be, giving, as it



does, out of door life with its corresponding health and strength to those whose exacting and confining duties require it; but it also makes a severe drain upon the game supply of the country.

How, then, can this be averted and still give each man liberty to enjoy himself?

This is where the mission of field trials comes in. Educate the sportsman! Teach him that the delights of the day afield are not altogether in the killing of game. Take him to the field trials where he will spend a full week afield with the high-class pointers and setters, perhaps the most enjoyable week of his life, and probably see not a single bird killed but every moment being filled with the keenest of sport. You can scarcely imagine this, but come down to the Pacific Coast trials at Bakersfield, in January, and let us illustrate it to you.

Of course, this total lack of killing is an extreme case and is merely cited as an example of what may be done in the line of enjoyment and still be saving of the game; but the truth is that the man who goes afield with gun alone not only misses half of his sport, but also destroys double the amount of game to keep up his excitement and interest. The man who has for an object but to kill, gets only a small portion of the enjoyment of hunting, just as does the angler who pulls in his fish hand over hand instead of landing him with light rod and tackle. That is the old-fashioned way of hunting and is becoming obsolete among the better class of sportsmen; in fact, the signs all point to a time in the near future when it will be just as unsportsmanlike to kill a bird not pointed by a dog as it now is to shoot them from trees or on the ground. In fact many sportsmen, even at the present time, will refuse to shoot any bird that his dog has not pointed. In this manner he gets the full benefit of the sport without an excess of killing.

It is usually considered that a man takes his dog afield so that he may get more birds. This is not necessarily the case, but that he may derive more pleasure. I had rather witness the sight of the intelligent bird-dog ranging, quartering and finally locating his bevy than to kill a dozen birds unaided.

I prefer to go afield without the gun rather than without my well-trained setter,

and consider that in this way do I get a fuller measure of pleasure.

Ask the man without a dog who has had a not very successful shoot what kind of a time he has had, and the answer will be of this nature: "Poor, terribly poor; all I killed was a dozen after tramping all day. Birds getting scarce nowadays—too many shooters. Why, we used to get fifty birds in a day and not work half so hard."

"Yes, you old hypocrite," thinks I, "but the latter part of your remark explains the real reason why."

Then you meet your friend coming up the street, gun in hand and with a handsome pointer on the lead, and the conversation will be perhaps as follows:

"What luck, old man?"

"Oh! I had a great day. Dog's coming ahead finely. Killed half a dozen over points to-day—and say! you just ought to see him road up to a bevy! head up and stanch as a rock, and the way he covers the ground! You don't have to hunt up the birds for him to point." And with an affectionate pat upon the dog's head away he goes, happy. This man is on the right track to get out of quail hunting all the pleasure that it affords and still leave enough birds for the future.

One should also be careful in his selection of a dog, for the slow-moving, pottering "meat dog," while sometimes very effective in filling the game pockets, is not so conducive of sport as his more high-class mate.

There seems to be a prevailing impression among many sportsmen that it is harder work to hunt a high-class dog, as they say, "I do not want to tramp half a mile to a dog's point; I prefer a dog that ranges closer." Nothing could be more erroneous than this idea.

The wide-ranging dog, no less than the low-class one, is supposed to find the nearest bevy, and if in a few casts he goes out and locates the game for you, and all you have to do is walk over to him and find the birds there, I should like to ask if this is not easier than to have to hunt over all that stretch of country yourself with a dog that will not range out of gunshot?

It is, most decidedly; and consequently the field-trial winner, when converted into a shooting dog by a little extra work, makes the most enjoyable companion and one is

not obliged to be killing game every moment of his time afield in order to enjoy one's self.

There is room for more patrons and handlers at field trials, even the handlers welcoming keener competition. A good, likely candidate can be purchased (untrained) at a

nominal figure, and you will have made a start in the right direction.

The judges are thoroughly honest, and render the decisions according to their convictions, and a man does not necessarily require to have become a veteran in the sport in order to land a winner.

## TENTH ANNUAL BENCH SHOW VICTORIA KENNEL CLUB.



SOMEWHERE in the neighborhood of 2 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, April 19, Mr. E. N. Barker of New York whom the Victoria Kennel Club had engaged to judge the different canines benched for its fourth annual show, began his duties. It was late Thursday afternoon before the last award had been made and the last dog returned to its bench, there to undergo

the inspection of the crowds of dog lovers that would visit the Hall of Varied Barks. There were 250 dogs entered, all of good quality. What a sight for an old man of the Igor-otes. How his mouth would water over the thoughts which tenderlap-dog would suggest; and how he would have to be watched, if by chance he happened to enter such a place of good breeding, lest his appetite should get the best of him, and incidentally of the best and most tasty four-foot in the show. While not caring for dog after the manner of the Philippine human, the North American, however, likes to feast his eyes with gazing on fine-looking specimens of his very best animal friend. Those of us who took advantage of the opportunity offered in the days of the Victoria kennel show, April 19, 20 and 21, could hardly have had the sense of sight more satisfactorily appeased, for the fare provided by Secretary McConnell was worthy if not excellent.

In point of numbers, Cocker spaniels, I believe, had the place of honor. It took Mr. Barker the greater part of Thursday morning to complete the judging of as fine a lot of spaniels as the most ardent admirer of this class of dog would wish to look upon. The Portland Cocker kennels took the majority of prizes in blacks and parti-colors, while in colors other than these Victoria fanciers had things much their own way. In open and winners' dogs, (black) Duke Royal, owned by R. G. Gamewell, Bellingham, defeated the best exhibit of the Portland Cocker Kennels, Mepals Saxon. In colors other than black, Mrs. Creighton's dogs took the largest number of ribbons, while dogs belonging to Mr. Garesche and Miss Earle showed up well. Portland Kid, Portland Cocker Kennels, was the best parti-colored dog in the show, while Betheta, belonging to Mrs. C. W. Shayles, Seattle, was the best of opposite sex. In this class, Mrs. Shayles exhibits divided honors with those of the Portland Cocker Kennels.

The principal interest in the show, however, centered in the judging of the English setters. Old rivals were entered, and some newcomers to

Pacific Coast dogdom were looking for places. These old rivals and newcomers are owned by T. P. McConnell and C. W. Minor, Victoria, and John Ripinger, Seattle. Among them the names of Mallwyd Bob, Roy's Last Montez, Fanilla, Pera and Bracken S. Teck were the most prominent. Mallwyd Bob a late importation of Mr. McConnell's, was picked by many as an easy winner, and it was somewhat of a surprise to those who so picked when Mr. Barker placed Roy's Last Montez in first place, giving Mallwyd Bob second and Ch. Bracken O'Teck third, this last a disappointment to Seattle fanciers. Roy's Last Montez was later defeated by Fanilla, belonging to T. P. McConnell, and which was placed as the best setter in the show. In novice dogs, Rockline Young Roy, belonging to Miss Daire, Victoria, took first. This dog was also the best in the field trial class. The best puppy in the show was Island Maid, owned by R. M. Palmer, Seattle.

After the judging of the above class, Mr. Barker gave to those who were interested enough to ask, his reasons for so placing Roy's Last Montez over such a winner of English ribbons as Mallwyd Bob. He said in part: "Mallwyd Bob is a splendid type, but he was shown in poor condition. His muscles were soft, and, though looking splendid, he was not in shape for a huntsman. Had the dog been exercised and kept in training, it might have been different. On the other hand, Roy's Last Montez has firm, splendid muscles, its body is well proportioned, with the head of the typical English setter. Much depends upon the condition of the dog. Fanilla is the best setter in the show. I consider her a perfect model, though slightly undersized. We can't very well get perfection, but she's very near the mark. It's hard to find anything the matter with her body, or head. Take them all in all, the setters I have judged here will compare favorably with the best of their kind anywhere.

The Gordon setters were good to look at, but there were few entries. In dogs, puppy class, Real Don, T. C. Smith, took first; Roy, J. A. Hickey, was first in voice. His dog, had he only been in proper shape, would undoubtedly have swept the show, but took third to Reo, Rex, F. Higgins, and Don, W. Winshy, in open and locals. S. W. Bodley's Heather Beauty took first in puppy bitches, while L. Camsusa's Belle got first in open and winners' bitches.

Irish setters were not strongly represented. George Jay's Rodney took first in puppy dogs; S. F. Cob's, Bany, first in novice, and J. Mullsoher's Jeapot firsts in open and winners' dogs.

In novice bitches, George Jay's Princess Loma took first; Dr. Garasche's Victoria Belle, first in limit bitches; and in open and winners' bitches, E. E. Caine's Daerig Magic got firsts. His last bitch was also the best of its sex on the benches.

There were a number of good dogs in the terrier breeds—bull, fox, Irish and Scotch. Taking them in the above order, the names of some of the principal winners follow: Open and winners' dogs, Edgecote Peer, E. E. Watkins, Portland; open and winners' bitches, and best bull terrier in show, Willamette Sunbeam, E. E. Watkins. C. K. Hartley's fox-terrier Wandee Duke, won first in novice dogs, while his Norfolk Huntsman took firsts in limit and open, his Norfolk Smart Set was placed first in novice and limit bitches, and his Wandee Violet first in open and winners' bitches. This last was the best terrier of any class in the show. In wire-haired, J. E. Ackerman's Humberstone Mearus received firsts in open and winners' dogs, his Humberstone Warry getting first in open bitches. J. E. Morgan's Inspiration took first in winners' bitches. In Scotch terriers, Mrs. Bradley Dyne's string captured everything in sight. Coming to the Irish terriers, Bolton's Wood Despot, belonging to W. Olland, Tacoma, took firsts in open and winners'

dogs. In novice, open and winners' bitches, Mrs. Bradley Dyne's Saanich Doreen took firsts. This dog was also placed as the best Irish terrier in the show.

In the bulldog classes, H. M. Pabst, San Francisco, got everything in sight with his exhibit, excepting the puppy class. His gentleman's pointer, Mason's King, won over Woolton Bang, the celebrated Portland dog.

To many, the placing of the collies was somewhat of a surprise. Victoria fanciers were certain that J. McIntosh's Prince, a fine looking dog, would be the best in his class. He was placed third; and Winnitka Ballyanet Eclipse Laird, owned by Dr. Kloeber, Green River Hot Springs, proved the wonder in this breed. When placed, R. G. Gamwell and J. Prince protested the decision of Mr. Barker. After the judging of the breed was completed, the bench show committee had the dogs brought out, the result being that the award of the judge was sustained. In novice limit, open and winners' bitches, T. S. Griffith's Rippowam's Recompense took all firsts.

The big breeds, such as St. Bernards, mastiffs and hounds were poorly represented, as were also retrievers, field spaniels, dachshunds, pomeranians, etc.

## SECOND ANNUAL SHOW VANCOUVER KENNEL CLUB.



ON THE morning of April 13, Secretary Dyke, of the Vancouver Kennel Club, was a busy man. This should not necessarily imply that he is not usually doing something, but that particular morning marked the opening of the second annual bench show of his club. You will understand what that means. When the representative of Western Field sauntered

into the hall where the dogs were to be judged and benched, the secretary was the center of a throng of fanciers, all impatient to have their entries checked and allotted positions. To be successful is to be busy, and the bustle of that morning promised a most successful show. It was. All parts of the Coast were represented there. Ribbons of silk, mugs of silver and other blood-proving prizes were to be given to the aristocrats of the canine world. All the preparations and excitement meant little to the doggies, however, though they evidently seemed bent on celebrating the yearly meeting in Vancouver with as huge a noise as they could possibly make.

On the whole the decisions of Major Taylor, who judged the show, were accepted with good grace, even by those who might be expected to feel a little chagrined over the placing of their pets by that gentleman. Conflicting as the show did with the dates of the Seattle Kennel Club, through no fault of Secretary Dyke or his assistants, the entry was not so large as it would otherwise have been, though nearly double that of 1904. What the show lacked in quantity, however, it made up in quality. Mr. Taylor stated that the exhibits compared favorably with the best of the East, which, coming from so eminent an authority, is certainly flattering

to the West. Some fanciers of this part of the country have not yet learned that dogs can be raised on the Pacific Coast just as good as they can be beyond the Mississippi. Time will convince them differently; for again and yet again of late years the dog lovers who visit the annual shows of the Pacific Coast kennel clubs have seen home-bred dogs placed over the imported article. Why not? The folk who own kennels in the West should not consider themselves inferior to those of the East when it comes to the handling and breeding of ribbon getters. When our modest fanciers realize this our dogs, owing to Western conditions, should prove more valuable than the Eastern and the English product.

Now for a brief mention of some of the winners: Sir Hector took first in a field of eight English setter puppies. A very promising pup is Sir Hector, and more will be heard of him later. The novice winner was Rockline Young Rey, a dog with a career before him. Roy's Last Montez won in the limit class, being defeated by Mallwyd Bob in the open. These two dogs gave the judge more attention than any other dogs in the show. They differ in many respects, one representing the fine points of English breeding, the other what one might term as distinctly Western and American. While Mallwyd Bob got the decision, Major Taylor expressed the belief that his award might be reversed by any other judge at any time. A splendid winner in the puppy bitch class was Island Maid, fit for any company. She was not pressed for first place by her competitors. Rockline Ladybird took first in novice bitches, being shown in splendid condition. Mollie C. won in the limit class, the second to Rockline Ladybird in the novice, which also secured winners' honors. Fanilla was first in the open class. The Irish setters were a poor lot, with the exception of two. These are Jeanot C. and Queen. Both these setters might win in any company. They



are truly splendid, color being unrivaled, and forms superb. The Gordons were a well-balanced lot, and a credit to their owners. Water spaniels made a good showing, and were largely represented. In dogs, Burrard Pat had things all his own way. He is certainly a good one. In bitches, Bernard Kitty C. and Bernard Kitty Malone got firsts and seconds respectively in all classes. Liver-and-white was the predominant coat color of field spaniels, which were not of the foremost quality. Box was really the best in dogs, while Nell, the winner of the opposite sex, was too fat and not conditioned. The cockers were ably represented, this breed being a most popular one all along the Pacific Coast. Three of the best dogs of this tribe were disqualified, being over-weight. They were Wm. McKinley, King Pluto and Deer Park Duke. Judge was the puppy and novice winner. Mepals Sazon was made chief of the blacks again, a position which he invariably attains. Duchess de Mauban won in puppy, novice and winners' classes. Sadie O'Grady was first in limit and open classes. In reds, Red Varnish was easily the best. In parti-colors Ch. Portland Dick added some more wins to his already large list, while Betheta cleaned up things in the opposite class. The collies made a good showing. Each year brings out a larger number of entries in this breed. Jan Ridd got everything from puppy to winners' class, as well as some specials. Glen Tana Monk got firsts in the open and limit classes. Two good winners in the opposite sex were Brandam Sultana and Rippowam's Rainbow, though they were pressed closely by Rippowam's Recompense and Kildare Sunshine. Bull terriers were not conspicuous either in number or excellence. A pair of Dachshunds looked lonely. The bitch was a good one, a long way ahead of her mate. Airedales are not much in favor hereabouts, and the entries were not of a high order. Among the fox terriers were a number of good ones, particularly among the wire-haired section of the family. In the smooth

coats Sunshine All White was top-notch in dogs, while Essie Trixie took honors in opposites. Sunshine Brissles was first in wire-haired dogs, and in bitches Sunshine Elf was awarded like honors. Irish terriers were not well represented, the average being but fair. Scotch terriers were also only in the fair class, the best specimen being a bitch, Saanich Shortcake. A good Dandie Dinmont dog was Pepper, and a fine bitch in the same breed was Skookum Kelpie. There was a rather good spitz named Roy. His Highness took highest honors in St. Bernards. A good greyhound was shown in Laura. Remius was first in great danes. Among the pointers were some good ones. Point was the novice winner, taking second to Prince in limit. Woolton Bang was placed in the lead in open and winners' classes. With the judging of the field-trial class Major Taylor's labors were concluded. He decided that Rockline Young Roy was the best in this class.

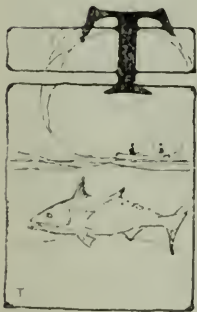
All in all the show was a most meritorious one. Mr. Dyke and his associates deserve more credit than is likely to be given them for the able manner in which they conducted the second annual bench show of the Vancouver kennel club.

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#### A LOSS TO COAST POINTER INTERESTS.

Mr. Victor A. Caglieri has the sympathy of every fancier on the Coast in his misfortune at losing Burbank, one of the most promising pointers in this section, and it is a pity that he was cut off before coming to his prime. Burbank was by the renowned "Dr. Daniels" out of "Nellie Bang," and was therefore bred in the purple. In his death the pointer interests of the Coast suffered a great loss, as he displayed very good quality and would doubtlessly have proved a prepotent sire. In his short field trial experience he won twice, taking second in the Nebraska trials at O'Neil in 1904 and second in Members' Stake, Pacific Coast Field Trials, 1905.

## THE SAN FRANCISCO KENNEL CLUB SHOW.



THE ninth annual dog show of the San Francisco Kennel Club opened to the public at Mechanics' Pavilion on Wednesday, May 10th. While there were 567 entries, the number of dogs actually benched was but 394. Spratts' Patent did the benching in the usual form. The attendance was generally good throughout the show, and it is hoped that the club will have a balance on the right side of

the ledger. The trophies offered were numerous and do credit to the club. Mr. Carlton made an excellent secretary and kept things moving in good shape. He patiently listened to such complaints as always come up, and did his best to ease the troubled minds of those who registered them.

Thomas Ashton, of Leeds, England, judged all classes. In the ring he was quite rapid, in fact too much so in many cases for careful decisions, using the eye only where the hand alone can determine the true anatomy of the dog under judgment. Faulty anatomy is all very well in a bulldog, a Boston terrier or a daschshund, but

bow-legs, upright shoulders, flat ribs, straight stifles and hocks and throats like a Durham bull are abominations in those breeds that are bred for use in the field. These faults, which can not be too strongly condemned, were often either overlooked or too freely forgiven, especially in the sporting divisions. The effect of this lack of care was shown in the several reversals he made in judging the specials.

The St. Bernards were not up to former years in either numbers or quality. Marcus Nelson was easily the best of the roughs, though in type he does not compare with the smooth coat Gen. B. Too much breeding to broken-down sires has given the Coast a setback in this fine breed. In the bitches the quality was considerably better. Golden Fairy was quite a good bitch, beating Lady Melba, an old-time winner, but now too old to compete with the younger ones.

Mastiffs, once a strong class at our shows, were conspicuous by their entire absence.

Great Danes were good in number and more than good in quality. Prince F., the winner, is a fine specimen, clean in head and legs, with excellent carriage. And this was generally true with the great majority of those shown. In

bitches we did not like the decision placing Isabellita over that very fine bitch, Tempest.

In deer hounds there was but one, a fairly good specimen. For as great a greyhound town as this, the classes in this breed were very small. The general type, however, was more than good.

Foxhounds had six in the classes, all of the American type, and nothing remarkable either.

Pointers made a good showing, both in numbers and in quality. Very few of the pointer men could approve the judge's awards in this breed. In limit and open dogs, the placing of Mason's King over Combination Boy and Cuba Jr., is a decision that no sportsman can uphold. Mason's King is an extremely heavy dog, badly loaded in the shoulders, and carrying an immense amount of lumber, whereas Combination Boy is a clean-cut dog with a much better head, better in chest, better in shoulders and better in legs and feet; and this in a lesser degree is true of his kennel mate Cuba Jr. Narragansett properly won first in the light weights, but he should not have been placed over the Stockdale entry in the winners class. He has a very good head—may be a shade better than Combination Boy—but he does not equal him in back and loin; he is no better in chest, not quite so good in set of shoulders, is badly beaten in stifle and hocks, while he stands on his pasterns like a terrier, a most decided fault with a field dog. Some spring in the pasterns is just as desirable as in the stifles and hocks. In bitches another Eastern entry was the winner. In this case, while we preferred the Los Angeles bitch Faith, there was not a great difference in the two, and either way was possibly good enough, for they were two very fine ones.

The English setters were very well represented in numbers, and some of them showed fairly good in quality, though far behind what has been seen in the city in past years. There were no dogs of such true type as old Pilot, Cash, Merry Monarch or Count Harald, and no bitches to compare with Flake L., Florine, Countess Noble or Queen of Counts. Among the dogs there were two sent out from the East that have won their champion spurs in some unaccountable way. Mallwyd Sirdar carries as much beef in proportion to his size as a Percheron stallion. He has a massive head with a muzzle like a mastiff, lacks seriously in English setter expression, is extremely throaty and badly bowed in his front legs. He does not approach the true type of the English setter nor the modern innovation of the so-called field-trial form. The other, Rumney Racket, is of far better type in most respects. This is especially true in head and legs, though he is far from the best in chest and ribs. He would not have been a bad selection for first in the winners, though Sir Mark is as good if not a better dog. The two Eastern bitches are far and away better than the dogs and were rightly placed to the front.

In the Irish setters there was a good deal of quality, for there were such cracks as Mike Swiveler, Lady Josie, Biddy Elcho, and the Eastern bitch, Isolde. But while they stand in merit in the order in which they are named, the Eastern brand on the collar of Isolde, like all the rest, carried her to the front. Swiveler is a grand dog, and though Mortimer set him back on the plea that he was going back, he is a better dog than ever to-day—quite possibly the best in America.

Gordons were a small class of about the usual quality of the Gordons of the present day.

The field-trial class had but two, one pointer and one setter, Cuba Jr. and Maggie F.

There were two Chesapeakes of fair quality.

A pretty fair lot of Irish water spaniels faced the judge, three or four of which were considerable more than good. The Gossoon especially, is a fine type of the breed.

After a lone Clumber and four overgrown cockers, called by courtesy "field spaniels," the judge began the handling of the banner class of the show. The cockers were a fine entry, full of quality, and their judging created a keen interest among the spectators. While Mr. Ashton is accused of mixing this breed pretty badly up North, he must be given credit for handling them quite well here, certainly far better than he did the setters and pointers. He made one or two reversals in the special awards, but the club had a mixup in these that was sufficient to rattle any man. The Portland Kennels did a lot of winning with some fine little dogs, but a local puppy, Sir David, carried off the honors in the specials. In "the other colors" an Eastern dog won again.

The collies had a fair entry list, which was nowhere near in quality what has been shown here in other years. There were a few pretty good puppies and two or three fairly good bitches, but in the dogs such quality as was seen in Ravenswood, Ormskirk Emerald Jr. and several others that might be mentioned, was conspicuously absent.

Bull dogs made a very good showing, with the bitches leading the dogs in quality.

The Bull terriers were a good entry and a good lot, fully up to, if not superior, to any former show.

Boston terriers also came well to the front, showing an increased interest in this peculiar breed of home companions.

There was a good showing of Dachshundes, all of the smaller kind and a few of very fine type.

Two Airedales were all that were shown in the breed; they were quite good.

Fox terriers made a fine showing, both in numbers and quality. In fact there was more real high quality in this breed than in any other of the show. The principle competition was between the Wandee Kennels of this city and the Sabine Kennels of Texas. Both Kennels put to the front a number of fine specimens, but as in all former cases the Eastern dogs got away with the plums. In the wire-hair division the character of the dogs was also fine; many good ones being brought before the judge; but again the Eastern entries, both in dogs and bitches, were first in the winners' classes, a fatality that held fast to the tri-colored ribbons in every class. The rest of the show comprised the less important breeds, and as there was generally only one or two in a class, there was no competition.

The following were the awards:

St. Bernards, R. C. Puppies, Dogs—first, Linda Vista Kennels' Prince Lion; second, Linda Vista Kennels' Linda Vista Eboracum; third, Linda Vista Kennels' Rex; H. C., B. M. Foss' Don.

R. C. Novice, Dogs—first, Mrs. Leo T. Hankins' King B.; second, Louis Hinz' Duke; third, W. G. Seppich's Victor Em; H. C., Frank Kraner's Prince.

R. C., Limit, Dogs—first, A. A. Speshneff's Marcus Nelson; second, Mrs. J. F. Mahoney's Alta Chevalier.

R. C., Open, Dogs—first, A. A. Speshneff's Marcus Nelson; second, William Wallace's Le King; third, Mrs. Leo T. Hankins' King B.

R. C. Winners, Dogs—first, A. A. Speshneff's Marcus Nelson; reserve, William Wallace's Le King.

R. C. Puppies, Bitches—first, H. L. Lauterwasser's Lady.

R. C. Novice, Bitches—first, M. Coleman's Cuba.

R. C. Limit, Bitches—first, A. L. Hamilton's Golden Fairy; second, Oakland Kennels' Lady Melba.

R. C. Open, Bitches—first, A. L. Hamilton's Golden Fairy; second, Oakland Kennels' Lady Melba.

Winners, Rough Coated, Bitches—first, A. L. Hamilton's Golden Fairy; reserve, Oakland Kennels' Lady Melba.

Open, Smooth Coated, Dogs and Bitches—first, E. D. Conolley's Champion General B.

Winners, Smooth Coated, Dogs and Bitches—first, E. D. Conolley's Champion General B.

Great Danes, Puppies, Dogs—first, Frank Schmitz' Prince F; second, John Love Cunningham's Enrique.

Novice, Dogs—first, Frank Schmitz' Nig; second, Mrs. A. Silverberg's Nero; third, Hermann Oelrichs' Rex; reserve, Harry T. Moore's Rex; V. H. C., E. Arps' Duke; H. C., John Love Cunningham's Enrique; H. C., A. N. Schweitzer's Captain; H. C., Phi Gamma Delta House Thor.

Limit, Dogs—first, John Love Cunningham's Ruy Blas; second, Mrs. A. Silverberg's Nero; third, Hermann Oelrich's Rex.

Open, Dogs—first, John Love Cunningham's Ruy Blas; second, Mrs. A. Silverberg's Nero; third, Hermann Oelrich's Rex.

Winners, Dogs—first, John Love Cunningham's Ruy Blas; reserve, Frank Schmitz' Prince.

Puppies, Bitches—first, John Love Cunningham's Isabellita; second, H. Koerner's Flora II.

Novice, Bitches—first, John Love Cunningham's Isabellita; second, Hugo Boehm's Berel.

Limit, Bitches—first, Frank Schmitz' Tempest; second, John Love Cunningham's Cunningham's Carlotta; third, Charles R. Detrick's Little Nell.

Open, Bitches—first, John Love Cunningham's Cunningham's Carlotta; second, Charles R. Detrick's Little Nell.

Winners, Bitches—first, John Love Cunningham's Isabellita; reserve, Frank Schmitz's Tempest.

Deerhounds, Open, Dogs and Bitches—first, Country Club's Laddie.

Greyhounds, Novice, Dogs and Bitches—first, T. J. Cronin's Hudson; second, H. Marseilles' Diane.

Open, Dogs—first, Dr. Fred B. Clark's Mr. Zignego.

Open, Bitches—first, A. C. Bradbury's Haughty Helen.

Winners, Dogs and Bitches—first, A. C. Bradbury's Haughty Helen; reserve, T. J. Cronin's Hudson.

American Fox Hounds, Novice Dogs and Bitches—first, Country Club's Mendocino.

Puppy, Dogs and Bitches—first, James Rolph, Jr., Cap; second, J. Rolph, Jr., Trix.

Open, Dogs—first, Country Club's Champion Crowder.

Open, Bitches—first, Country Club's Rose.

Winners—first, Country Club's Champion Crowder; reserve T. Gale Perkins' Queen.

Pointers, Puppies, Dogs—first, George S. Tuttle's Pinto; second, John Allen's Patsy.

Novice, Dogs—first, Stockdale Kennels' Combination Boy; second, Stockdale Kennels' Oyama; third, Allan McDougall's Tiek; reserve, F. T. Keane's Dick N; H. C., Geo. S. Tuttle's Pinto.

Limit, Dogs—first, H. M. Pabst Mason's King; second, Stockdale Kennels' Combination Boy; third, Stockdale Kennels' Cuba Jr.

Open, Dogs—first, W. H. Hanley's Narragansett; second, Stockdale Kennels' Oyama; third, W. J. Morris' Dictator.

Open, Dogs—first, H. M. Pabst Mason's King; second, Stockdale Kennels' Combination Boy; third, Stockdale Kennels' Cuba Jr.

Winners, Dogs—first W. H. Hanley's Narragansett; reserve, H. M. Pabst Mason's King.

Puppies, Bitches—first, William J. Morris' Rosebud; second, S. C. Gum's Bee.

Novice, Bitches—first, Stockdale Kennels' Stella; second, C. L. Griffith's Topsy II; third, Mrs. A. F. Colvin's Sally Ewing; reserve, S. C. Gum's Bee.

Limit, Bitches—first, W. H. Henley's Landsdowne Bit of Courage.

Open, Bitches—first, Henry F. Wicker's Ella E.

Open, Bitches—first, W. H. Hanley's Landsdowne Bit of Courage; second, W. J. Morris' Faith.

Winners, Bitches—first, W. H. Hanley's Landsdowne Bit of Courage; reserve, W. J. Morris' Faith.

English Setters, Puppies, Dogs—first, Thomas J. Blight's Rowdy Rod; second, Theo. D. Moiles' Cato's Cator; third, W. H. Brown's Joe Cummings 112; C., E. J. Townsend's Boots.

Novice, Dogs—first, George D. Boyd's Sir Mark; second, C. L. Griffith's Buck; third, A. F. Thompson's Captain Jack; reserve, H. Eisner's Jack.

Limit, Dogs—first, Paul C. Pulse's Mark; second, C. D. Carman's Wad; third, A. B. Truman's Wig Wag; reserve, George G. Pyrtz' Cato's Mark; V. H. C., W. H. Lemmer's Hardy.

Open, Dogs—first, George O. Thomas Jr.'s Champion Mallwyd Sirdar; second, George C. Thomas Jr.'s Champion Rumney Racket; third, C. D. Carman's Wad; reserve, William Larsen's Mark; V. H. C., W. H. Lemmer's Hardy; V. H. C., Jno. M. Golobek's Cato's Judge.

Winners, Dogs—first, Champion Mallwyd Sirdar; reserve, Champion Rumney Racket.

Puppies, Bitches—first, Thomas J. Blight's Lady Kate; second, C. C. Lee's Laurine Nell; third, Linda Vista Kennels' Cecille; reserve, E. A. Strauss' Luella; V. H. C., H. H. Brown's Dot Cummings II.

Novice, Bitches—first, Gus Baraco's Queen; second, Allan McDougall's Isabelle; third, G. L. Griffith's Feathers; reserve, S. A. Cummings' Lady Grace; V. H. C., Miss Louise Burfiend's Flora B.

Limit, Bitches—first, Mrs. H. Eisner's Fanchon; second, John M. Golobek's Merry June.

Open, Bitches—first, George C. Thomas, Jr.'s Champion Madcap; second, George C. Thomas, Jr.'s Champion Mallwyd; third, C. C. Lee's Champion Laura L; reserve, Mrs. H. Eisner's Fanchon.

Winners, Bitches—first, Champion Madcap; reserve, Champion Mallwyd.

Irish Setters, Puppies, Dogs and Bitches—first, Jack Calvert's Lady Dell.

Novice, Dogs—first, Mrs. F. T. Keane's Mike; second, H. Eisner's Pat.

Open, Dogs—first, A. B. Truman's Champion Mike Swiviler; second, F. S. Johnson's Toronto Pet.

Winners, Dogs—first, A. B. Truman's Champion Mike Swiviler; reserve, F. S. Johnson's Toronto Pet.

Novice, Bitches—first, J. F. Kelley's Lady Rowena.

Limit, Bitches—first, Dr. H. C. Daly's Isolde; second, A. B. Truman's Biddy Eleño T; third, J. F. Kelley's Lady Rowena.

Open, Bitches—first, Dr. H. C. Daly's Isolde; second, George J. Rocach's Queen Bess II;

third, Howard Black's Champion Lady Josie II. Winners, Bitches—first, Dr. H. C. Daly's Isolde; reserve, A. B. Truman's Biddy Elcho T.

Gordon Setters, Puppies, Dogs and Bitches—first, Dr. J. J. Redmond's Don.

Novice, Dogs and Bitches—first, George E. Middlemas' Belle; second, A. L. Holings' Flora B; third, Frank H. Burke's Bud II; reserve, Henry W. Hudson's Topsy.

Limit, Dogs and Bitches—first, A. Stuart's Doc; second, E. Cuonin's Juno; third, Frank H. Burke's Bud II.

Open, Dogs—first, Dr. Fred B. Clarke's Deacon Turner; second, Frank H. Burke's Bud II.

Winners, Dogs and Bitches—first, Doc; reserve, Deacon Turner.

Field Trial, Dogs—first, Stockdale Kennels' Cuba Jr.

Field Trial, Bitches—first, P. D. Linville's Maggie F.

Best in Field Trial class, Stockdale Kennels' Cuba Jr.

Chesapeake Bay dogs, open, Dogs and Bitches—first, Henry Gerber's Teale; second, Henry Gerber's Sprig.

Irish Water Spaniels, Puppies, Dogs and Bitches—first, John I. Sparrow's Bob; second, James E. Spink's White Nose McCarty.

Novice, Dogs—first, Achille Roos' Dan.

Open, Dogs—first, August Christensen's The Gossoon; second, William F. Watson's Champion Dennis C; third, William Bay's Mike B.

Winners, Dogs—first, August Christensen's The Gossoon; reserve, William F. Watson's Champion Dennis C.

Novice, Bitches—first, J. Rogers' Coot; second, William F. Watson's Kitty Kelly.

Limit, Bitches—first, J. Rogers' Coot.

Open, Bitches—first, J. Rogers' Coot; second, William Bay's Rowdy Girl; third, James E. Spink's Florodora;

Winners, Bitches—first, J. Rogers' Coot; reserve, William Bay's Rowdy Girl.

Clumber Spaniels, Open, Dogs and Bitches—first, G. D. Boyd's Beechgrove Dick.

Field Spaniels, Novice, Dogs and Bitches—first, Mrs. Jack W. Matthew's Rastus.

Limit, Dogs and Bitches—first, L. Curran Clark's Pompey; second, J. R. Stuart's Judge Casey.

Open, Dogs and Bitches—first, L. Curran Clark's Pompey.

Winners, Dogs and Bitches—first, Pompey; reserve, Judge Casey.

Cocker Spaniels, Puppies, Dogs, any color—first, David P. Creswell's Sir David; second, C. Martin's Judge; third, Mrs. Geo. Shane's Omo Boy; reserve, W. Blackwell's Portland Noble; H. C., James Harvey Jones' Jewel.

Novice, Dogs, black—first, David P. Creswell's Sir David; second, Mrs. Chas. Herman's Dixie; third, Mrs. J. Robertson's Sunset Rock; V. H. C., Brown and Gilbert's Chesty Lad; reserve, Miss Smedberg's Guy Silk; H. C., Mrs. Otto Von Golden's Captain.

Limit, Dogs, black—first, David P. Creswell's Sir David; second, Miss I. N. Merrion's Nig; third, N. Macfee's King Dodo; reserve, Pine Hill Kennels' Rowdy Woodcock.

Open, Dogs, black—first, Portland Cocker Kennels' Mepals Saxon; second, Mrs. Chas. Herman's Major Domo; third, N. Macfee's King Dodo; reserve, James Harvey Jones' Black Silk.

Winners, Dogs, black—first, Mepals Saxon; reserve, Sir David.

Novice, Dogs, other than black—first, Portland Cocker Kennels' Portland Kid; second,

David P. Creswell's Watchman; third, Mrs. Edw. J. McCutcheon's Thornhill Spot; reserve, Pine Hill Kennels' Daney Deeber; H. C., Henry C. Peck's Brownie; H. C., Mrs. O. H. Hickie's Rollick; H. C., W. Blackwell's Brother Goldie.

Limit, Dogs, other than black—first, Mrs. Edw. J. McCutcheon's Thornhill Spot; second, Pine Hill Kennels' Uncas; third, A. Wolfon's Gipsy Chief; reserve, E. Jamart's Roy.

Open, Dogs, any solid color except black.

Open, Dogs, parti-colored—first, George S. Thomas' Endcliffe Flash; second, Mrs. Edward J. McCutcheon's Thornhill Spot; third, W. Blackwell's Portland Noble.

Winners, Dogs, other than black—first, Endcliffe Flash; reserve, Portland Kid.

Puppies, Bitches, any color—first, Mrs. N. P. King's Bella; second, Miss N. P. King's Mimba; reserve, Geo. S. Nieborger's Floss; H. C., Mrs. Chas. Herman's Florodora; H. C., Mrs. Peter L. Moir's Maid Marion; H. C., A. Wolfen's Francesca.

Novice, Bitches, black—first, A. L. Creswell's Plumeria Sally; second, W. S. Burnett's Lagunitas; third, Mrs. Chas. Herman's Lady Silk; reserve, Mrs. J. Robertson's Lito; V. H. C., Mrs. Jack W. Matthew's Beauty C; H. C., R. Perry's Dot Dimple; H. C., J. Duffey's Mollie.

Limit, Bitches, black—first, A. L. Creswell's Plumeria Sally; second, James Harvey Jones' Miss Frivolity; third, Mrs. J. Robertson's Lito; reserve, H. E. Hatta's Bonnie Black Bess; V. H. C., Brown & Gilbert's Wiggles B.

Open, Bitches, black—first, W. S. Burnett's Lagunitas Nell; second, James Harvey Jones' Miss Frivolity; third, H. E. Hatta's Bonnie Black Bess.

Winners, Bitches, black—first, Plumeria Sally; reserve, Lagunitas Nell.

Novice, Bitches, other than black—first, Brown & Gilbert's Sonoma Girl; second, A. Wolfen's Romana; third, Mrs. J. W. Pringle's VI; reserve, Pine Hill Kennels' Buff Beauty; V. H. C., James Harvey Jones' Plumeria Sapho; H. C., Frank T. Green's Lady Dorothy.

Limit, Bitches, other than black—first, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Halliday's Landsdowne Ada; second, James Harvey Jones' Little Maid.

Open, Bitches, any solid color except black—first, Mr. and Mrs. William Halliday's Landsdowne Ada; second, W. Wallace's Plumeria Flo.

Winners, Bitches, other than black—first, Landsdowne Ada; reserve, Sonoma Girl.

Collies, Puppies, Dogs—first, O. J. Albee's Ellwyn Chriss; second, Hugh McCracken's Presidio Monarch; third, Robert Williams' Chief; reserve, John N. Adams' Lad of Frisco; H. C., Robert C. Hartmann's Moreton Eclipse; C., Walter W. Stetheimer's Tallac Kiltie.

Novice, Dogs—first, Mrs. Charles Lyndon's Sir Wallace; second, Dr. W. P. Burnham's Brandane Wishaw; third, William Ellery's Prince; reserve, Miss Maud Pabst's Russia; V. H. C., Miss G. Guitard's Brookmere Charlie; H. C., Miss T. Dutreaux's Rob Roy D; C., William H. Parson's Ormskirk Prince.

Limit, Dogs—first, Mrs. Charles Lyndon's Sir Wallace; second, Dr. W. P. Burnham's Brandane Wishaw; third, O. J. Albee's Cheviot Construction; reserve, Tokoyano Kennels' Prince; V. H. C., Miss Maud Pabst's Russa; H. C., Miss Jennie Hartmann's Sunshine Aladdin; H. C., Mrs. L. R. Seeley's Old Hall Sandy; H. C., Tokoyano Kennels' Mylord of Argentean; H. C., Virgil F. Shaw's Maplemont Shower of Gold.

Open, Dogs—first, Richard Mohr's Franciscan King.

Open, Dogs, any color—first, Mrs. Charles

Lyndon's Sir Wallace; second, William Ellery's Southport Philosopher; third, Dr. W. P. Burnham's Brandane Wishaw; reserve, Tokoyano Kennels' Prince; V. H. C., Tokoyano Kennels' Mylord of Argentean; H. C., Virgil F. Shaw's Maplemont Shower of Gold; H. C., Mrs. L. W. Seeley's Old Hall Sandy.

Winners, Dogs—first, Sir Wallace; reserve, Southport Philosopher.

Puppies, Bitches—first, Albee & Stewart's Ravenswood Pearl; second, Richard Julian's Old Hall Flora; third, Albee & Stewart's Mischievous.

Novice, Bitches—first, George R. Alber's Vern Tottie; second, Dr. W. P. Burnham's Brandane Pepsin; third, William Ellery's Southport Sphinx; reserve, Robert C. Hartmann's Sunshine Sweet Sue; V. H. C., M. F., Blanchard's St. Claire Jane; H. C., P. A. McDonald's Sybil; H. C., O. J. Albee's Astrologer Live Oak; H. C., Helen B. Dickens' Verona Judy; C., Robert C. Hartmann's Sunshine Elise Rightaway.

Limit, Bitches—first, George R. Alber's Vern Tottie; second, William Ellery's Gladys May; third, William Ellery's Southport Sphinx; reserve, O. J. Albee's Astrologer Grace; V. H. C., Robert C. Hartmann's Sunshine Elise Rightaway.

Open, Bitches, American bred—first, William Ellery's Gladys May; second, Hans A. Mager's Eppie Adair; third, Robert C. Hartmann's Sunshine Sweet Sue.

Open, Bitches, other than sable or sable and white—first, Robert C. Hartmann's Sunshine Elise Rightaway.

Open, Bitches, any color—first, George R. Alber's Vern Tottie; second, Dr. W. P. Burnham's Brandane Pepsin; third, William Ellery's Gladys May; reserve, William Ellery's Southport Sphinx.

Winners, Bitches—first, Vern Tottie; second, Brandane Pepsin.

Dalmatians, Puppies, Dogs and Bitches—first, Philip C. Meyer Jr.'s Glenwood Adonis; second, William Arlington's Rojestvensky.

Limit, Dogs and Bitches—first, Lyman C. Lacy's Togo.

Winners, Dogs and Bitches—first, Glenwood Adonis; reserve, Togo.

Poodles, Curly, Open, Dogs and Bitches—first, Mrs. Eugene Murphy's Topsy.

Bulldogs, Puppies, Dogs—first, Greenbaum & Adams' Ives Toreador; second, M. Levy's Eminent.

Novice, Dogs—first, Philip C. Meyer's (Glenwood Kennels) Endcliffe Baron; second, H. H. Brown's Yeovil Thornfield; third, Mrs. M. Wiener's Carbine.

Limit, Dogs—first, Philip C. Meyer's Endcliffe Baron; second, H. H. Brown's Yeovil Thornfield; third, H. M. Papst's King Commando.

Open, Dogs, American bred—first, H. H. Brown's Yeovil Thornfield.

Open, Dogs—first, Philip C. Meyer's Endcliffe Baron; second, Mrs. Charles K. Harley's Champion Ivel Damon; third, H. H. Brown's Yeovil Thornfield; reserve, H. M. Papst's King Commando.

Winners, Dogs—first, Endcliffe Baron; reserve, Champion Ivel Damon.

Puppies, Bitches—first, Mrs. Charles K. Harley's Lady Damon; second, Greenbaum & Adams' (Elesgy Kennels) Ivel's Lady Bridget.

Novice, Bitches—first, George Snowden Andrews' Defender; second, Mrs. Charles K. Harley's Lady Damon; third, H. H. Brown's Eva; reserve, H. H. Brown's Queen II.

Limit, Bitches—first, H. M. Papst's True Blue; second, George Snowden Andrews' Defender;

third, H. H. Brown's Eva; reserve, H. H. Brown's Queen II.

Open, Bitches, American bred—first, H. M. Papst's True Blue; second, George Snowden Andrews' Defender; third, H. H. Brown's Eva; reserve, H. H. Brown's Queen II.

Open, Bitches—first, H. M. Papst's True Blue; second, George Snowden Andrews' Defender; third, James Ewins' Wedding Bells; reserve, H. H. Brown's Eva; H. C., M. Wiener's Champion Cauford Rush; H. C., H. H. Brown's Queen II.

Winners, Bitches—first, True Blue; reserve, Defender.

Bull Terriers, Puppies, Dogs—first, Ed. J. Attridge's Edgecote Baron; second, Roland Harrison's Rex; third, Dr. J. A. Welsh's Edgecote Al; reserve, Mrs. Lyle M. Fletcher's Jasper; V. H. C., H. Steinbach's Advance; V. H. C., Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ward's Edgecote Duke; H. C., Everett Ames' Terry McGovern; C., Mrs. Chas. T. Dudley's Silkwood Chief.

Novice, Dogs—first, John I. Sparrow's (Silkwood Kennels) Croyden Czar; second, Tom W. Kirby's Kirby's Aggressor; third, Mrs. Lyle M. Fletcher's Jasper; reserve, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ward's Edgecote Duke; V. H. C., F. C. Sykes' Hawthorne Frisco; H. C., Max Mehler's Duke; H. C., Everett Ames' Terry McGovern; C., John Conrad's Alameda Dick.

Limit, Dogs, under thirty pounds—first, Max Mehler's Duke.

Limit, Dogs, thirty pounds and over—first, Ed. J. Attridge's Edgecote Joe; second, Tom W. Kirby's Aggressor; third, W. J. Tierman's Dick Curtain.

Open, Dogs, thirty pounds and over—first, Frank E. Watkin's Champion Edgecote; second, Tom W. Kirby's Kirby's Aggressor.

Winners, Dogs—first, Champion Edgecote; reserve, Edgecote Baron.

Puppies, Bitches—first, Mrs. Charles Reid Thorburn's Meg Merrilies; second, George Flexner's Queen Bess; third, Dr. W. H. Watkins' Edgecote Dena.

Novice, Bitches—first, Mrs. Chas. Reid Thorburn's Meg Merrilies II; second, J. Wilson Shields M. D., Lady Bird; third, Ed. J. Attridge's Edgecote Baroness; reserve, William Kaler's Venoma Belle; V. H. C., Thomas Howard's High Lights; H. C., G. M. Hardy's Nancy Highlight.

Limit, Bitches, thirty pounds and over—first, Mrs. Charles Reid Thorburn's Meg Merrilies II; second, Mrs. F. W. Kelly's Edgecote Queen Bess; third, Edwin Duryea, Jr.'s Silkwood Betty; reserve, J. Wilson Shields' Lady Bird; V. H. C., George Flexner's Queen Bess.

Open, Bitches, thirty pounds and over—first, John I. Sparrow's (Silkwood Kennels) Champion Edgewood Jean II; second, J. Wilson Shields' M. D., Lady Bird.

Winners, Bitches—first, Meg Merrilies; reserve, Champion Edgewood Jean II.

Boston Terriers, Puppies, Dogs—first, Philip C. Meyer's (Glenwood Kennels) Endcliffe Nobby; second, Philip C. Meyer's (Glenwood Kennels) Glenwood Crusader; third, Mrs. Fletcher G. Sanborn's Sandy.

Novice, Dogs—first, Philip C. Meyer's (Glenwood Kennels) Endcliffe Nobby; second, Philip C. Meyer's (Glenwood Kennels) Glenwood Patten; third, G. B. Laughlin's Happy Hooligan; H. C., Oscar J. Kron's Rodney Stone; H. C., R. H. Fenner's Buster B. M.

French Bulldogs, Open, Dogs—first, Sterling Postley's Vivice; second, J. J. Driscoll's Sport.

Open, Bitches—first, Clifford G. Cook's Margot de Pantine; second, Louis Guglielmoni's Boulette; third, Mrs. J. J. Driscoll's Topsy.

Boston Terriers, Limit, Dogs—first, Philip C. Meyer's Endcliffe Nobby; second, Mrs. Geo. L. King's Oaksides My Lady's Boy; third, Arthur T. Clarke's Quaife's Banker; reserve, Philip C. Meyer's (Glenwood Kennels) Glenwood Manly; H. C., R. H. Fenner's Buster.

Open, Dogs—first, Philip C. Meyer's Endcliffe Nobby; second, Mrs. Geo. L. King's Oaksides My Lady's Boy; third, G. S. Haliwell's Champion Bayside Chauncey; reserve, Arthur T. Clarke's Quaife's Banker.

Winners, Dogs—first, Endcliffe Nobby; reserve, Oaksides My Lady's Boy.

Novice, Bitches—first, Philip C. Meyer's (Glenwood Kennels) Glenwood Nancy; second, F. A. Marriott's Cricket.

Limit, Bitches—first, Philip C. Meyer's (Glenwood Kennels) Endcliffe Toby; second, Philip C. Meyer's (Glenwood Kennels) Glenwood Fiancee; third, Mrs. H. H. Carlton's Oaksides Princess of Avondale.

Open, Bitches—first, Philip C. Meyer's Endcliffe Toby; second, Dwight Moore's Moorhay's Elise.

Winners, Bitches—first, Endcliffe Toby; reserve, Glenwood Nancy.

Dachshundes, Puppies, Dogs and Bitches—first, Jacob Mahr's Waldie; second, Mrs. Sidney St. L. Cavill's Alexander P; third, W. M. Edgell's Svaartlaad.

Open, Dogs—first, Geo. M. Bernhard's Venlo Immer; second, Jacob Noll's Fritz; third, A. Kriep's Jack; reserve, William Doerr's Waldman.

Limit, Dogs—first, A. Kriep's Jack; second, Mrs. A. Ackerman's Mamie.

Open, Dogs—first, Geo. M. Bernhard's Venlo Immer; second, Mrs. F. A. Brookbank's Doc.

Winners, Dogs—first, Venlo Immer; reserve, Jack.

Open, Bitches—first, Joe Bergman, Queen Victoria.

Winners, Bitches—first, Queen Victoria.

Airedale Terriers, Limit, Dogs and Bitches—first, Briardale Kennels' Lady Alice.

Open, Dogs and Bitches—first, Austin B. Byles' Legrams Tommy.

Winners, Dogs and Bitches—first, Lady Alice; reserve, Legrams Tommy.

Fox Terriers, Smooth, Puppies, Dogs—first, Chas. K. Harley's Wandee Victor; second, N. H. Hickman's Irascible; third, Herbert O. Rogers' Humberstone Eager.

Smooth, Novice, Dogs—first, Chas. K. Harley's Wandee Resist; second, Sig. Friedlander's Raffles; third, W. J. Foster's Forest King.

Smooth, Limit, Dogs—first, Charles K. Harley's Norfolk Huntsman; second, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Chuck;

Smooth, Open, Dogs, American bred—first, Chas. K. Harley's Wandee Knight; second, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Chuck.

Smooth, Open, Dogs—first, Sabine Kennels' Champion Sabine Ruler; second, Chas. K. Harley's Wandee Knight.

Smooth, Winners, Dogs—first, Champion Sabine Ruler; reserve, Wandee Resist.

Smooth, Puppies, Bitches—first, Charles K. Harley's Wandee Verilla; second, N. H. Hickman's Irritation; third, W. J. Foster's Forest Queen.

Smooth, Novice, Bitches—first, Chas. K. Harley's Wandee Music; second, Chas. K. Harley's Wandee Lady.

Smooth, Limit, Bitches—first, Sabine Kennels' Sabine Reverie; second, Chas. K. Harley's Wandee Sprite; third, W. W. Moore's Vina Belle.

Smooth, Open, Bitches, American bred—first, Chas. K. Harley's Wandee Verilla; second, W. W. Moore's Vina Belle.

Smooth, Open, Bitches—first, Sabine Kennels' Champion Sabine Victory; second, Chas. K. Harley's Wandee Violet.

Smooth, Winners, Bitches—first, Champion Sabine Victory; reserve, Wandee Verilla.

Wire, Puppies, Dogs—first, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Commander.

Wire, Novice, Dogs—first, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Private; second, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Commander; third, Charles Raoul Duval's Jack III; reserve, W. H. Richardson's Rowden.

Wire, Limit, Dogs—first, Walter J. Stettheimer's Tallac Private; second, L. Kelly, Humberstone Zeno.

Wire, Open, Dogs, American bred—first, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Private.

Wire, Open, Dogs—first, George S. Thomas' Champion Selwonk Topper; second, Humberstone Kennels' Humberstone Mearns.

Wire, Winners, Dogs—first, Champion Selwonk Topper; reserve, Tallac Private.

Wire, Novice, Bitches—first, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Oanna.

Wire, Limit, Bitches—first, Humberstone Kennels' Humberstone Worry; second, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Oanna.

Wire, Open, Bitches, American bred—first, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Oanna; second, Humberstone Kennels' Humberstone Briar; third, H. R. Brown's Humberstone Barkby Bess.

Wire, Open, Bitches—first, George S. Thomas' Endcliffe Precise; second, Humberstone Kennels' Humberstone Worry.

Wire, Winners, Bitches—first, Endcliffe Precise; reserve, Humberstone Worry.

Irish Terriers, Novice, Dogs—first, Philip C. Meyer's (Glenwood Kennels) Glenwood Mixer.

Limit, Dogs—first, John J. Douglas' His Lordship; second, Belfast Kennels' Borthwich Star; third, Daniel J. O'Neil's Alta Mixer.

Open, Dogs—first, Monson Morris' Courtlandt Pat; second, William Ollard's Boy; third, S. P. Martin's Edgecomb Ben.

Winners, Dogs—first, Courtlandt Pat; reserve, Boy.

Novice, Bitches—first, S. P. Martin's Edgecomb Madge; second, W. H. Carmichael's Tyrone Lass.

Limit, Bitches—first, Belfast Kennels' Belfast Peggy.

Open, Bitches—first, Belfast Kennels' Belfast Peggy; second, Francois Josef Torchiana's Carleton Lonnie.

Winners, Bitches—first, Edgecomb Madge, reserve, Belfast Peggy.

Welsh Terriers, Puppies, Dogs and Bitches—first, Philip C. Meyer's Glenwood Gladys.

Novice, Dogs and Bitches—first, Philip C. Meyer's Glenwood Gladys.

Limit, Dog and Bitches—first, Philip C. Meyer's (Glenwood Kennels) Selwonk Vagrant.

Open, Dogs and Bitches—first, Philip C. Meyer's Selwonk Vagrant.

Winners, Dogs and Bitches—first, Selwonk Vagrant; reserve, Glenwood Gladys.

Skye Terriers Novice, Dogs and Bitches—first, Philip C. Meyer's (Glenwood Kennels) Glenwood Waddles.

Limit, Dogs and Bitches—first, Philip C. Meyer's Glenwood Waddles.

Open, Dogs and Bitches—first, Philip C. Meyer's Glenwood Waddles.

Winners, Dogs and Bitches—first, Philip C. Meyer's (Glenwood Kennels) Glenwood Waddles.

Yorkshire Terriers, Open, Dogs and Bitches—first, John J. McCarthy's Dot; second, John J. McCarthy's Dick.

Pomeranians, Open, Dogs—first, Jenette Bernstein's Beauty.

Open, Bitches—first, Mrs. George Steadman Thomas' Champion Endcliffe Fascination.

English Toy Spaniels, Novice, Dogs and Bitches—first, Mrs. Colonel Draper's Laddie.

Limit, Dogs and Bitches—first, Humberstone Kennels' Humberstone Trilby.

Winners, Dogs and Bitches—first, Humberstone Trilby; reserve, Laddie.

Japanese Spaniels, Limit, Dogs and Bitches—first, Miss Mae R. Perkins' Fujiyama.

Winners, Dogs and Bitches—first, Fujiyama.

Italian Greyhounds, Novice, Dogs and Bitches—first, S. A. Cumming's Dandy.

Limit, Dogs and Bitches—first, S. A. Cummings' Dude.

Open, Dogs and Bitches—first, S. A. Cummings' Baby; second, S. A. Cummings' Champion Duke; third, S. J. Levy's Dixie.

Winners, Dogs and Bitches—first, Baby; reserve, Dandy.

Maltese Terriers, Open, Dogs and Bitches—first, Mrs. L. La Place's Muggie.

Miscellaneous, Open, Dogs and Bitches (under 12 pounds)—first, Louise R. Halling's Chiquita; second, Mrs. Gilmore Lance's Choloa; third, N. J. Stewart's Atom of Charlecombe; reserve, Mrs. C. M. Sloan's Sapho.

Open, Dogs and Bitches (12 pounds and not exceeding 24 pounds)—first, Dr. Elizabeth W. Thomson's Dannie.

Open, Dogs and Bitches (over 24 pounds)—first, R. Weisshaar's Joe; second, F. Schon's Harry.

#### SPECIALS.

Best Cocker Spaniel bred on the Pacific Coast—David P. Cresswell's Sir David.

Best Cocker Dog—George S. Thomas' Endcliffe Flash.

Best Bitch in Show—A. L. Cresswell's Plumeria Sally.

Best in Novice Class—David P. Cresswell's Sir David.

Best Parti-Colored—George S. Thomas' Endcliffe Flash.

Best Puppy Sired by Redlight—Miss N. P. King's Bimba.

Best Puppy in the Show—Sir David

Best Puppy Opposite Sex—Plumeria Sally.

Best in Novice Class—Sir David.

Best Opposite Sex, Novice Class—Plumeria Sally.

Best in Limit Class—Sir David.

Best Opposite Sex in Limit Class—Plumeria Sally.

Best in Open Class—Endcliffe Flash.

Best Opposite Sex in Open Class—Plumeria Sally.

Best Kennel of Four—Mrs. Charles Herman's.

Best Brace—James Harvey Jones.

Best Dog, judged by two of his get—Mrs. Charles Herman's Dixie.

Best Brood Bitch, judged by two of her throw—R. Perry's Dotty Dimple.

Best Winner of Reserve—Sir David.

Best Reserve Winner opposite sex—Plumeria Sally.

Best California-Bred Cocker—Sir David.

Best-Bred on Pacific Coast—Sir David.

Best Puppy, opposite color—W. Blackwell's Portland Noble.

Best Owned by a Lady—Mrs. Charles Herman's Major Domo.

Best-Bred in Novice Class—A. Wolfen's Ramona.

Best in Limit Class (to be won twice by the same owner)—Sir David.

Best Red Puppy—J. H. Jones' Jewel.

Lady Making Largest Entry—Miss Thompson.

Lady Making Second Largest Entry—Mrs. Charles Herman.

Best Bitch Puppy—Miss N. P. King's Bimba.

Best Two Dogs—David P. Cresswell's Sir David and Watchman.

Best Two Bitches—Mrs. Charles Herman's Floradora and Lady Silk.

Best Novice, black dog—Sir David.

Best Novice, other than black—Brown & Gilbert's Sonora Girl.

Best Bitch, open class—W. S. Burnett's Lagunitas Nell.

Best Dog, open class—Mrs. Charles Herman's Major Domo.

St. Bernards—Best dog, Marcus Nelson; best bitch, Golden Fairy; most typical head, Le King.

Great Danes—Best dog, Blue Beard; best bitch, Isabellita; best puppy bred on Pacific Coast, Isabellita.

Greyhounds—Best greyhound, Haughty Helen.

American Foxhounds—Best, either sex, Chowder.

Pointers—Best dog, Mark's Rush; best bitch, Landsdowne Bit of Courage; best American-bred owned on Pacific Coast, Faith.

English Setters—Best dog, Mallwyd Sirdar; best bitch, Madcap.

Irish Setters—Best dog, Champion Mike Swiveler; best bitch, Isolde.

Gordon Setters—Best, either sex, Doc.

Field-Trial Class, Pointers and Setters—Best pointer or setter, Cuba Jr.

Collies—Best dog, Sir Wallace; best bitch, Vern Tottie; best California-bred dog, Southport Sphinx; best California-bred bitch, Ravenswood Pearl; best tri-colored dog or bitch, Franciscan King; best brace, dog and bitch, Southport Philosopher and Gladys May; best kennel, William Ellery's.

Bulldogs—Best dog, Endcliffe Baron; best bitch, True Blue.

Bull Terriers—Breeder of the best bull terrier puppy, won by J. I. Sparrow, breeder of Meg Merrilies II; best dog, Edgecote Peer; best bitch, Meg Merrilies II.

Boston Terriers—Best, Endcliffe Toby; best, opposite sex, Endcliffe Nobby.

Fox Terriers—Best dog, rough or smooth, Sabine Ruler; best bitch, rough or smooth, Endcliffe Precise; best American-bred smooth dog, Sabine Reynard; best American-bred wire-haired dog, Tallac Private; best American-bred wire-haired bitch, Humberstone Barkby Bess.

Irish Terriers—Best, Courtlandt Pat; best Pacific-Coast-bred, Boy.

Best dog, any breed, owned by a lady—Mrs. George S. Thomas' Endcliffe Fascination.

Best Kennel of St. Bernards—Linda Vista.



# ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 25 cents per line for first issue, and 20 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

WANTED—Lady wants fine black saddle horse; fast single footer not over six years old. Address "Western Field," 4 Sutter street, San Francisco.

\* \* \*

WANTED—Sportsmen to send for our illustrated catalogue of mounted Bobwhite Grouse, ducks, pheasants, etc; beautiful for your den. Want to correspond with those having live game for sale. Adams & Son, 317 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

\* \* \*



The Anglers' Annual, 1905; 100 pgs.; illst'd; edited by Chas. Bradford; 25c postpd. Western Field, 4 Sutter st., S. F. Calif.

\* \* \*

WANTED—Western taxidermists to write for my price list of glass eyes. We save you time and money. A. E. Colburn Co., 1204 South Main st., Los Angeles, Cal.

\* \* \*

SPORTSMEN—I make a specialty of treeing bear for you to kill. Best of deer hunting and trout fishing. Write early for next season. Will insure bear and bucks and a good hunting trip. A. R. Gates, Hay Fork, Trinity Co., Cal.

\* \* \*

FOR SALE—Some very fine Angora Kittens, sired by Cherub, holder of "Western Field" Cup for best cat on Pacific Coast. A. J. Oliver, 66 Stanyan St., San Francisco.

\* \* \*

WANTED—Beagle Puppies. J. H. Martin, Oro, Ariz.

\* \* \*

FOR SALE—A thoroughbred, white, black and tan English setter brood bitch, three years old. G. E. Williams, 621 Railroad avenue, Alameda, Cal.

\* \* \*

FOR SALE CHEAP—Strictly high-class, thoroughbred English and Llewellyn setter pups; also thoroughbred English pointers, retrievers and spaniels, purest of blood. Prices from \$7.00 upward. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Ia.

\* \* \*

FOR SALE—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, \$25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422, Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon.

\* \* \*

EVERY year we sell Derbies that win. Our blood won twelve out of thirteen places in recent trial. A few fine derby prospects for sale. Buy the best. California Kennels, Ridgewood, Mendocino Co., Cal.



## TRADE TOPICS

### THE NEW MARBLE CATALOGUE.

The new catalogue of the Marble Safety Axe Co., Gladstone, Mich., will be ready for distribution about June 1. It will contain fifty-six pages with a handsome cover design and will describe several new Marble tricks among which are Marble's detachable axe edge protector, detachable knife edge protector and several styles of guaranteed pocket knives.

Several pages will be devoted to Marble's new automatic flexible joint rear sights, claimed by the makers to be the greatest advancement in sight-making for twenty-five years.

The company also announces that hereafter they will handle all makes of American rifles for the convenience of their patrons.

## Especially Attractive to Sportsmen.

There is an IDEAL in life insurance. The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company of California alone can offer it to you.

Combine accident and health insurance with your life policy and you are protected against every possibility. You have a weekly indemnity and in the event of total disability your policy becomes a claim as if you were dead—no more premiums.

Let us send you specimen policies.

WALTER HOFF SEELY,  
Manager San Francisco Branch,  
Pacific Mutual Life Insurance  
Company of California.  
103 Crocker Building.



## DIAMONDS

UNMOUNTED, OR SET IN THE  
MOST MODERN DESIGNS.

WE ARE SHOWING A COMPLETE  
ASSORTMENT OF THE CHOICEST  
GOODS AT THE FAIREST PRICES.

# BOHM-BRISTOL CO.

JEWELERS, SILVERSMITHS,  
DIAMOND MERCHANTS.

104-110 GEARY STREET

### INDIVIDUALITY IN JEWELRY.

The day of individuality is upon us. Modern civilization has done much to destroy the personality of the individual, and force the mass of humanity to assume the same outward characteristics. But there is a growing tendency toward the expression of personal taste, and a broader independence in matters of art. In architecture and the furnishings of the modern home the greatest latitude is apparent. Conventional forms have given place to unique and artistic conceptions. In no field of art is this tendency more marked than in the productions of the modern jeweler. Exclusive designs, hand-wrought, and expressive of the personality of the wearer, are growing in popularity. One of the houses most successful in meeting this demand is the Bohm-Bristol Co., of 104 to 110 Geary street. They are admirably equipped for the production of the most exquisitely wrought jewelry, and their stock includes many pieces of rare merit. Special designs, which will not be duplicated, give an added charm to many of their creations. To those who demand exclusive designs a unique opportunity is hereby afforded—one that will be promptly taken advantage of by the fastidious patrons who will appreciate this skillful catering to refined tastes.

\* \* \*

### FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

Every section of the country contributes testimony to the excellence of Peters shells. On March 12, Mr. J. E. Vaughn, on the grounds of the Los Angeles (Cal.) Gun Club, broke 25 straight in the medal shoot, and made a run of 49 straight. Again on March 19 he scored 94 out of 100 at Pasadena, Cal. Peters shells shoot just as well in California as they do in other States.

Mr. Emery H. Storr, representing the Peters Cartridge Company, is beginning the trap shooting season in remarkably good form. He shot with the local gun club at Fremont, N. C., March 17, and at Reidsville, N. C., April 1, breaking 96% at each place. He says his Ideal loads are

even better this year than they were last, if that be possible.

Trap shooting in Pennsylvania has opened up in full blast, and the tournaments in that State follow each other thick and fast. Neaf Apgar, representing the Peters Cartridge Company, has attended many of them, shooting in old time form. On April 14, at Reading, he broke 96%. Mr. Apgar has also attended a number of tournaments in New Jersey, having scored 93% at Sewell, and 92% at Camden. At the latter point Mr. Charles E. Hink, of Philadelphia, was high amateur, shooting Peters shells.

Mr. Cal. T. Callison, one of the best rifle and shotgun experts in the Far West, is now traveling in the interest of The Peters Cartridge Co., selling goods as well as shooting, occasionally. On April 18, at Idaho Falls, Idaho, he broke 181 out of 185 targets, an average of about 98%. Mr. Callison thinks there is nothing like Peters Premier shells.

At the tournament given April 10 and 11 in New Orleans under the auspices of the Gulf Coast League, Mr. Guy McMurdo won high amateur average, and Mr. Campbell Shaw third amateur average, both using Peters shells. Messrs. Kauffmann and Chaudet won the Peters trophy, also using Peters shells.

Mr. W. B. Krieg, shooting at the Willow Rifle and Revolver Club, Chicago, on April 18, made the highest score ever made in Chicago with a revolver. The standard American target was used and the score was 99 points out of a possible 100 at twenty yards. Mr. Krieg used Peters .38 S. & W. cartridges loaded with semi-smokeless powder.

\* \* \*

### SOME U. M. C. CREDITS.

The Union Gun Club held its second regular meeting for the season at Ingleside on Sunday, April 16, 1905. The meeting was marked by a large attendance, forty-three shooters being present, proving the popularity and permanent interest in blue rock shooting.

The club contains a most enthusiastic membership, marked by genuine goodfellowship and

is one of the strongest of the Pacific Coast organizations.

Of the forty-three contestants, thirty-four were users of U. M. C. "Magic," "Majestic," "Acme" and "Monarch" shells, again demonstrating the confidence and security which shooters feel when using this accurate and reliable ammunition. This feeling of confidence and security exists widely, and has other than a local character.

The following shooters were winners of prizes in various classes, using U. M. C. ammunition:

Champion class—Messrs. Holling, Forster and Fred Feudner.

First class—Messrs. Slade, Daniels, Swales and Fish.

Second class—Messrs. Oscar Fisher and Joe Pisani.

Third class—Messrs. Patrick and Finnie.

Straight runs of 25 were made by A. J. Webb and C. D. Goepel, a guest. Mr. Goepel is a sportsman from the North, now located here, and will undoubtedly prove to be a candidate

more certain, accuracy and reliability more apparent.

The Union Gun Club held its initial live bird shoot at Ingleside, Sunday, April 30, 1905. Being open to all it proved to be an event of unusual interest and it is many years since in attendance, scores and general results its success has been equaled. Sportsmen from various interior towns were present, and the records show that the shooting averaged high throughout the day.

The first event was a six-bird race, high guns to win. The contestants making clean kills were Messrs. Creyk, McCutcheon, Potter, Feudner, Troy and Nauman, all using U. M. C. shells.

The second event was also for six birds and was shot under the Rose system. The successful competitors were Gill, Feudner, Potter, Creyk, Haight, Duzan, Frankel, Nauman, Sylvester and Iverson. Of these ten, nine were users of U. M. C. ammunition.

The final event was for twelve birds. The winners were Gill, Haight, Pitres, Barstow, Grimm, Feudner and Nauman. Of these seven

# C. H. REHNSTROM,

## TAILOR and IMPORTER

### DRESS SUITS A SPECIALTY.

### 61 - 62 CHRONICLE BUILDING.



After June 15, will move to permanent quarters in the

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

for high honors in meeting the crack Eastern shots who will compete in the coming tournament to be held in San Francisco in September.

Mr. Emil Holling (Remington shotgun and U. M. C. shells) was high average at this meeting.

On Sunday, April 23, at Ingleside, occurred a unique and interesting shoot given under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club which, while having practically ceased to exist as an organization, yet drew together many of its old time members.

There were thirty-three shooters present, of whom twenty-five were users of U. M. C. shells. This showing is only proof of the fact that the present popularity of the U. M. C. products is not of recent date but is built on a foundation of reliability and accuracy maintained over a long period of years.

In these days of keen competition it is a matter of congratulation to see that the U. M. C. brand still stands for all it has represented in the past and has kept steadily up-to-date in every minute detail which could make certainty

killing twelve straight, six were users of U. M. C. goods.

The entire list of contestants numbered thirty-one, and of these twenty-eight used U. M. C. ammunition.

Sunday, April 23d, marked the closing of the most successful meeting ever held by the Los Angeles Gun Club, from the standpoint of the largest attendance ever recorded in Southern California, royal treatment extended to visiting shooters, every detail handled in a business-like manner, together with a most enjoyable banquet which will long live in the memories of the visiting and local sportsmen. We predict for all future meetings of the Los Angeles Gun Club, because of such fair and impartial methods governing the entire management of this meeting, an increased number of contestants.

There were sixty-four contestants and of this number forty-five used U. M. C. shells.

Emil Holling, of San Francisco, used a Remington shotgun and was high average for profes-

sional shooters for the two days, his average being 91½%.

Louis Breer, of Los Angeles, broke 80 straight, using U. M. C. "Magic" shells.

Guy Lovelace was winner of the Tufts-Lyon medal, using U. M. C. "Magic" shells.

Other tournament winners shooting brilliantly were D. Daniels, Charles Julian and R. Bungay, all using U. M. C. ammunition.

\* \* \*

PHENOMENAL SCORES.

The Indoor Shooting Tournament, one of the notable and successful features of the recent exhibition of the Pacific Coast Forest, Fish and Game Association, was marked by remarkable scores and records made by expert pistol shots from various parts of the Coast. All the winners, with one exception, used U. M. C. ammunition exclusively, gaining eighteen of the nineteen prizes.

The following scores will be of keen interest to all lovers of pistol shooting:

Five-shot string, at 20 yards, indoor range, possible 500. In one of these strings Mr. G. M. Barley made a possible 50, duplicating the world's record:

Scores below, possible 500:

First prize won by J. E. Gorman, score 479; second prize, G. M. Barley, 477; third prize, A. J. Brannagan, 473; fourth prize, Captain Ord, 464; fifth prize, G. E. Frahm, 464; sixth prize, A. A. Pape, 457; seventh prize, F. V. Kington, 455; eighth prize, W. R. Proll, 454; ninth prize, W. F. Blasse, 446; tenth prize, W. C. Pritchard, 444; eleventh prize, H. A. Harris, 442; twelfth prize, C. M. Daiss, 442; thirteenth prize, Dr. D. Smith, 436; fourteenth, H. E. Witt, 421; fifteenth, J. Kullman, 419; sixteenth prize, J. M. Mann, 418; eighteenth prize, F. Mante, 391; nineteenth prize, J. A. McDonald, 384.

\* \* \*

IDEAL 30/40 SHELL CHAMFERING REAMER.



Many military shooters overlook the necessity of chamfering the inner sharp edge of the muzzle of the 30/40 Krag shell when reloading with cast alloyed bullets. It is very essential that this should be done to prevent the sharp edge of the muzzle of the shell from cutting or scraping the softer bullet when being inserted.

The ammunition manufacturers performed this operation on all shells before the metallic covered bullets were used and they continue to do so in all cases where the hard metal covered bullets are to be used. They have, however, dropped the operation as a saving to themselves in shells where the metal covered bullets are used.

These shells, however, should be chamfer reamed when they are to be reloaded with cast bullets. The cut here illustrates a handy implement for doing that work. The reamer is made of tool steel, hardened, tempered and ground to the proper shape. The shells require to be reamed but once. That once, however, should be done to insure the best work.

The Ideal Company sent a sample of this implement to the U. S. Marine Corps who, after testing it, thoroughly placed a large order for them.

\* \* \*

ANOTHER RUNAWAY RACE.

The second annual tournament of the Rocklin Gun Club, which was held at Rocklin, California, on Sunday last, the 23d inst., proved to be one of the largest shooting tournaments ever held in Northern California. The "scatter gun" artists of Sacramento chartered a special train to take them to the shoot and return them home after the day's sport was over. The entire district of

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Northern California was well represented at this tournament—shooters from Auburn, Gridley, Colusa, Williams, Lincoln, Marysville, Woodland, Wheatland, Davisville, Oroville, Roseville, Sacramento and other places being in attendance. Shooters of Winchester products carried off the honors of the tournament. Of the eighty-six (86) contestants that faced the traps at this tournament, seventy-four (74) shot Winchester shells as follows: Fifty-two (52) used the "Leader" and twenty-two (22) the "Repeater" shells. Thirty-eight (38) shot Winchester "pump" guns. The Kimball-Upson Co. trophy was captured by F. J. Ruhstaller on the splendid score of 20 straight with a Winchester "pump" gun and Winchester "Leader" shells. The Gibson cup, ten pairs of doubles, was won by J. W. Humble with the score of 18 out of the possible 20 with a Smith gun and Winchester "Leader" shells. The Five-Man Team trophy was captured by the Oroville team composed of Messrs. Godfrey, Derby, Snyder, Hanson and Johnson on the score of 67 out of the possible 75. Every man in this team, without a single exception, shot the Winchester make of shells and, in connection, two used the Winchester "pump" guns. The only three straight scores made in the regular program events of the day were made by shooters who shot Winchester shells, and two by shooters who used Winchester "pump" guns. F. J. Ruhstaller, 20 straight, "pump" and "Leaders"; W. H. Seaver, 20 straight, "pump" and "Leaders," and D. L. Gray, 20 straight, Smith and "Repeaters." The high average of the tournament was made by J. W. Godfrey with a Smith gun and Winchester "Repeater" shells, 106 out of the possible 120. After the close of the regular program events the Rocklin Gun Club Championship medal was shot for by members of the Rocklin Gun Club, and F. La Fond, with the score of 18 out of the possible 20, proved to be the winner. Mr. La Fond used a Smith gun and Winchester "Repeater" shells.

\* \* \*

#### WINCHESTER ON TOP.

The indoor rifle and pistol tournament that was held at the Mechanics Pavilion under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Forest, Fish and Game Association, from April 1 to 15, was productive of some of the most brilliant indoor shooting ever recorded on this Coast. Mr. George Tammeyer, shooting a Winchester single shot rifle and Winchester make .22 long rifle ammunition, carried off the premier honors of the tournament, having made twenty-five possibles, or 2,500 out of the possible 2,500 during the tournament. Of the sixty-eight possibles made during the shoot, forty-nine were made with Winchester make of ammunition, and forty-eight with Winchester single shot rifles. The following named gentlemen had the honor of making perfect scores, 100 out of the possible 100, with Winchester make of ammunition: George Tammeyer, D. W. King, Jr.; Martin Blasse, W. F. Blasse, A. H. Pape, O. A. Bremer, A. Studer, E. Hammond, Chris. Meyer and W. G. Hoffman.

The above is the most persuasive proof that Winchester ammunition shoots where you aim.

\* \* \*

#### CAUTION TO PURCHASERS OF RIFLES.

At request of the Savage Arms Co. we print the following caution to purchasers of the famous "Savages," and in this connection urge prospective buyers to look carefully for the serial numbers, otherwise they may be defrauded.

"We find a few Savage rifles are being offered by certain catalogue houses who are not customers of ours, at prices which, at a glance, seem cheaper than our regular schedule, but investigation shows that the rifles which they are delivering have been altered since leaving the factory, including changing or obliterating the serial numbers, which are stamped on every genuine Savage rifle.

"As it is impossible for us to ascertain to what extent these rifles have been used or altered and probably injured, we take this opportunity of advising the public that we assume no responsibility whatsoever for any rifles on which the serial number has been obliterated or changed in any way. For your own protection refuse to accept rifles tendered you as above described.

"Your dealer can give you lowest prices on genuine Savage rifles which carry with them an honest guarantee. If your dealer won't accommodate you, write us direct.—Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y., U. S. A."

The Winchester Arms Company likewise send us the following for publication, indicating that some unscrupulous dealers are engaged in a most reprehensible practice. Any one thinking of buying one of these celebrated weapons should do both himself and the makers the justice of assuring himself without peradventure of a doubt that he is getting a genuine article and full value for his money:

"We find Winchester Repeating rifles and shotguns are being offered by certain of the trade, not customers of ours, at cut prices, and that such guns have been altered since leaving the factory, including the changing and obliteration of the factory serial numbers.

"Not knowing to what further extent these arms have been tampered with, we take this opportunity of advising the public in general that we assume no responsibility whatever connected with any such arms, and caution all buyers to see that the numbers have not been changed or obliterated.

"All genuine Winchester repeating rifles and shotguns are numbered, and all Winchester single shot rifles are numbered, except the Models 1900, 1902, 1904 and Thumb Trigger Model.—Winchester Repeating Arms Co."

G. W. COLE & CO. ENJOINS INFRINGERS.  
The following letter addressed to the G. W. Cole Company, manufacturers of the world-famed "3 in 1," is self-explanatory. The last paragraph is of particular interest to the trade, who should use a wise discretion in the matter:  
New York, April 21, 1905.

G. W. Cole Company, 141 Broadway, New York City.

Gentlemen: We beg to inform you that the United States Circuit Court has granted an injunction in your suit against Cole's Many Use Oil Company, G. W. Cole and John H. Graham & Co., restraining the said defendants and each of them from continuing the infringement of your trademark "Three in One," and the unfair competition in trade of which the court finds them guilty in the sale of the Cole's Many Use Oil.

This injunction, among other things, prohibits the use of the name "Cole's" on the package in which this oil has been put up and sold, and the reference on the end of the package to "3 in 1" and "G. W. Cole Co.," and also enjoins the use of the display boxes, circulars and other indicia by which the defendants have attempted to unfairly trade on your reputation.

A suggestion to the trade that the seller of the infringing goods is liable to equally with the manufacturer will, we apprehend, be sufficient to stamp out the infringement, and we hold ourselves in readiness under your instructions to proceed against all who do not voluntarily respect your rights.

Very truly yours,  
STEUART & STEUART.

\* \* \*

#### SOME NEW BOOKS.

A spring book from the press of "Forest and Stream" is "Hunting Without a Gun," by Rowland E. Robinson, famous as the author of the New England dialect stories, "Uncle Lisha's Shop," "Sam Lovel's Camp," and others of that charming series.

"Hunting Without a Gun" tells of the pleasures of the nature-lover who seeks out the wild creatures without intending to harm them.

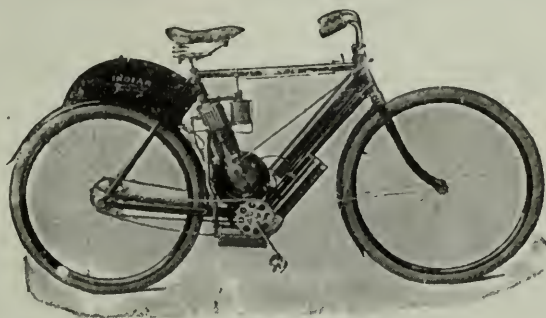
\* \* \*

"Camp Fires in the Wilderness," by E. W. Burt, is another volume soon to appear from the "Forest and Stream" press. It is a delightful little book, written with charming simplicity by one who is an ardent lover of the deep forests of the North, and who has a wide experience in journeying through them. It is full of instruction for the novice, and of charm for the old camper, who sees pictured in it in fresh and delightful style the scenes with which he is so familiar as beheld by other eyes. Its illustrations show many interesting scenes of camp life and of travel in the forests. There is a large public waiting for just such a book.

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Made similar to regular "Junior," but fancier.

If your dealer won't accommodate you, we will. Either rifle delivered, charges prepaid, upon receipt of price. Try your dealer first, but send to day for catalogue.

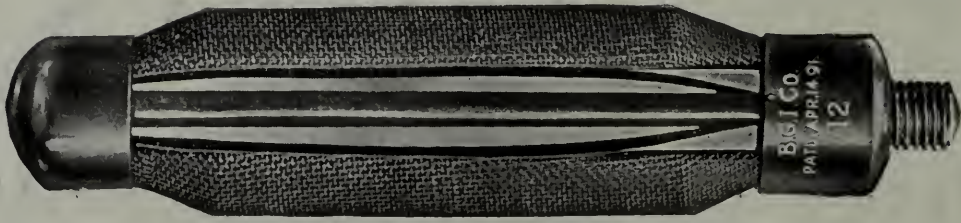


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To assist the novice to overcome the difficulties which he must inevitably meet, Mr. F. K. Grain, the superintendent and mechanical expert of a considerable gas engine concern in Connecticut, has written a little book, "Gas Engines and Launches," soon to be published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. The author's wide experience has taught him just what to look for, and what to do when the unexpected occurs in running a gas engine, and he has explained in plain and simple language—and has often illustrated by diagrams—the course to be pursued under any given set of conditions. Any one who desires to run his own power boat will find in this little book a most useful manual for the pocket.

\* \* \*

A systematic handbook for the modern athlete, written entirely from the point of view of actual experience, by men who need no introduction to the sporting world, is "Practical Track Athletics," by John Graham and Ellery H. Clark. Mr. Clark's prestige is of a very special kind, due to his having won back the all-around championship after a lapse of six years; and in "General, Practical Track and Field Athletics" lays stress upon the moral and physical advantages to be derived from regular and moderate exercise as opposed to merely professional athleticism.

A particular feature of the book is the illustrations. The authors have made complete collections of the best work of leading photographers and have had access also to the largest newspaper collections, representing altogether the best work yet done in the field of instantaneous photography. From these have been selected upward of fifty photographs to be made into half-tones, showing all the famous athletes of the day in the actual performance of their particular events. Fox Duffield & Co., N. Y.

\* \* \*

Among recent notable additions to the "Sportsman's Library," edited by Caspar Whitney and published by the Macmillan Co., New York, are three volumes dealing with things equine that will of a certainty interest horsemen. They are "Riding and Driving," by E. S. Anderson and Price Collier; "The American Thoroughbred," by Charles E. Trevanthon, and "The Trotting and the Pacing Horse in America," by Hamilton Busbey. Each of these volumes is a treat in its own way. They are written by concededly eminent authorities and are illustrated very acceptably. We predict a large demand for them from horse-lovers all over the world.

\* \* \*

#### DOINGS DOWN IN TEXAS.

At the Texas State Shoot, held at Waco, April 20, Mr. E. J. Nalle of Austin, Texas, shooting the Parker gun, won the silver loving cup, making the highest aggregate score in all the live bird events. There were three ties and Mr. Nalle shot them all out. Mr. Nalle is a staunch advocate of the old reliable Parker.

At this same shoot Mr. M. E. Atchison, one of the Parker gun's best friends in the State of Texas, and a corking good shot, scored 44 out of 50 in a gale of wind. There were three tied in this individual cup race, and in the shoot-off Mr. Atchison scored 22 out of the first 25 and, the second time, a straight run of 25. This was a wonderful performance in such a heavy wind, and speaks very creditably of the old reliable Parker.

\* \* \*

#### NON-REPEATING RAUID-FIRE SHOTGUNS.

THE predilection of English and Continental sportsmen for double-barrel arms, both rifles and shotguns, has all along been a hindrance to the more general adoption of American repeaters in countries beyond the seas. The desirability of rapid firing is acknowledged there as here, and doubtless speed of fire is more of a necessity in their preserve shooting than in our open country work, particularly at driven game, where the birds are incoming in flocks, and each shot may be fired at easy range. With us, ordinarily, when a covey is flushed, two shots is about the limit, unless we are inclined to take chances at extreme distances; consequently a double-barrel serves our purpose well enough, save in exceptional cases. Yet, for the sake of this occasional chance, many sportsmen lean decidedly in the direction of repeating arms, and have found no reason to condemn the preference as unwise. It is beyond dispute, however, that two shots may be fired from a double-barrel more quickly than from any non-automatic repeater, and certainly with less effort and fewer motions on the part of the shooter; and upon this fact is hinged the choice, wise or otherwise, of our European cousins. Four shots are assured by having a gun-bearer conveniently at elbow, and others are at command as fast as he can reload the guns. Hence the English habit of ordering guns in pairs, duplicates in weight, balance and charge pattern.

But even the convenience of the arrangement above outlined has not hindered a persistent effort to perfect arms, not repeating, giving command of more than two shots without recharging. Nothing of a similar type has been produced by American inventors—the Baker, Hollenbeck, and other three-barrel guns belonging to a wholly different class designed to give the user the convenience of rifle and shot barrels in combination. But shotguns with three or more barrels have long been known abroad, and of late years gun makers have given much thought and labor to their production. The

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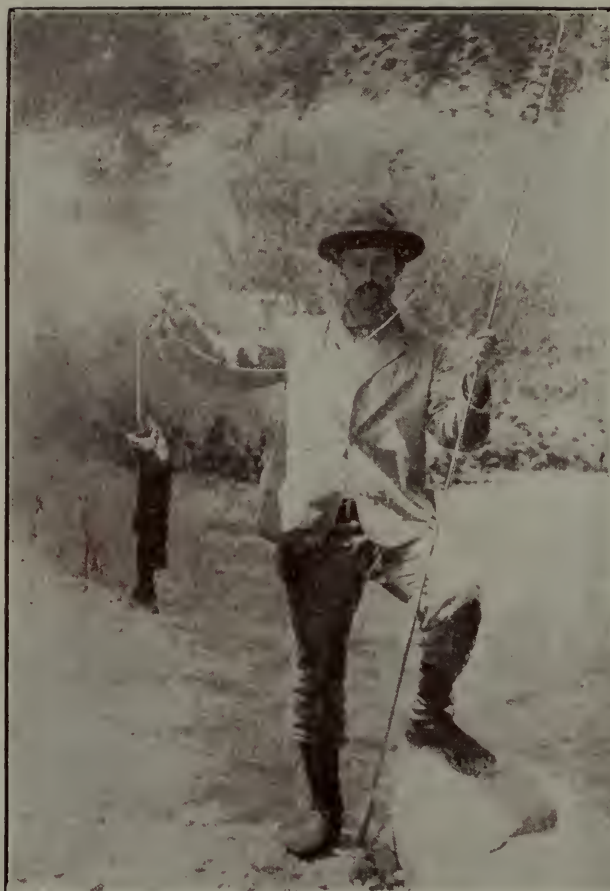
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The Herron Hill Handicap and Individual State Champions at Pigeons were also won by

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Photo copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood.

GOOD BEAR—BUT NOT A GRIZZLY.

# WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 6.

JULY, 1905.

NO. 6.

## THE BEAR OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By W. SCOTT CONWAY.

*Past and Present.*



THE writer, having resided in Northern California for more than fifty years, and made a special study of the animal, thinks he knows the bear, not only as he was forty years ago but as he is found to-day.

Horace Greeley once wrote: "What I know about farming."

The article was published in the New York "Tribune," and brought forth from the farming sections through the land a shower of criticism; but if the "Western Field" will allow me space to print what I think I know about Bruin, it is likely to stir up a hornets' nest.

I know but two distinct kinds of bear, the grizzly and the common. The former was once very plentiful in California but now there is not a live grizzly in the State. I beg pardon, Mr. Commissioners of Golden Gate Park, but I can not except Old Monarch. He is no more a grizzly than I am a Jap. If he were a grizzly he would be grizzly in color and not brown; if he were a grizzly his foot would measure at least eighteen inches in length and about five inches across the ball, and would be almost like that of a human being in shape. A grizzly of Monarch's age, and fed as Monarch has been for years, would be a poor specimen if he did not weigh a ton. And if Monarch were turned loose in the woods until he got thin in flesh I would wager my existence that my dogs could put him up a tree—but a grizzly can not climb.

Monarch is a very fine specimen of California brown bear, but as for his mate, and the "silver tip" (so called) at the Chutes, there are plenty as good in these woods; but

they won't fight unless you get them cornered, and a wood-rat will fight under such conditions.

The last grizzly the writer ever saw was brought into this State from Oregon by Professor Roop, the "Webfoot Showman," in 1866, and was on exhibition in San Francisco at Woodward's Gardens. Some of the readers of "Western Field" will no doubt remember the bear. At that time he was about three years old and weighed about fifteen hundred pounds. He had been in captivity from a small cub and yet he had to be kept tethered by a strong chain. When he had an audience he walked back and forth in his strong cage the length of his chain and kept up a continuous deep vicious growl; if any one got too close he would slap the heavy bars in a manner that would remind one that he was truly a Monarch. That bear was a grizzly—grizzly in color, grizzly in shape and grizzly by nature.

In the early sixties I read an article from the pen of a noted English hunter who had hunted around the world and wound up with a grizzly hunt in California. He said: "The California grizzly bear is the most ferocious animal on earth; there is no other animal but what will slink away from the approach of man under some conditions, but the American grizzly bear is ready for a fight at all times and under any circumstances." And he was right. A grizzly was never known to retreat; he took the offensive whenever an opportunity was presented, and that is why he is an unknown quantity in our State to-day. The pioneer of muzzle-loader days had to kill the grizzly or climb a tree; if the man succeeded in getting his gun up the



Photo by Wiedner.

MONARCH.

tree with him the bear was an easy victim, if not, he had to stay on his perch until bruin tired of fighting the tree and departed.

The western stock grower was the arch enemy of the grizzly; the bear was particularly fond of fresh beef, and when he located on a cattle ranch the proprietor would find himself minus a steer or a cow almost every morning until bruin was disposed of. The bears of to-day do not trouble the cattle ranchers; they sometimes raid the sheep corrals or the pig pens, but never the cow pastures.

The thing the Wintoon Indian most feared was the *Wemah* (grizzly). When a hungry grizzly came into an Indian village he was master of ceremonies, and created a greater panic, if possible, than Oyama's men on a night attack. It was a very rare occurrence for the Indians to kill a grizzly; when they did, runners were dispatched and a great crowd gathered to take part in a *bohama wemah chuna* (big grizzly dance). The Indians used for food the flesh of all animals and fish except the grizzly and sturgeon. When it came to food-stuff the superstition of the Indian caused him to draw the line on these two monsters.

I once asked a boy what breed his dog was, "Oh, he ain't no breed at all; he's just dog!"

was the lad's reply, and were I asked what kinds of bear we have in California to-day my answer would be "just bear." The old-time bear slayer would tell of the "silver-tip," "bald-faced," "hunch-back," "gray-back" and "long-nosed cinnamon," but it is all bosh. All these variations are found in the common black and brown bear which are identical, one and the same family. A brown bear may have two black cubs, or one black and one brown one, or one a lighter brown than the other or of a cinnamon color. One brown bear may have more silver hairs on his nose than another, or an old black bear may have almost a white face. These variations occur just the same as a black cow may have a red, brown or a bald-faced calf.

The old bear slayer will tell you that the bald-faced is much larger than the black or brown bear but this is easily accounted for. The bear is of slow growth, and, like a beef steer, he grows almost indefinitely, and as he acquires age he has more white or silver hairs on his nose or face. Or the size may be accounted for by telling the true story of the Minersville bear slayer. Minersville (a mining camp in Trinity County), had a bear slayer who had told of his fights and adventures with bruin until he had been dubbed "The Missouri Bear Slayer." Tom Cummings, a cattle grower, came into town one day in early fall and reported that a certain oak brush field on the side of a mountain up Steward's Fork was infested with bear, so a hunt was organized with the Minersville Slayer as captain. There were eight in the party and they packed their camping outfit on four cayuses and went to the brush field; they camped on a meadow near by and after supper sat around the campfire and listened until bed time to the thrilling stories emanating from the prolific brain of the slayer.

Next morning the captain placed his men at intervals of about two hundred yards and ordered each man to go carefully through the brush field, and to keep as nearly the same level as possible. His tactics were good, and his men were in favor of promoting him to the rank of general. When all had been properly assigned, the captain took up the centre line so as to be as nearly in touch with either flank as possible, and the order to advance was given.

In about an hour the left centre came in touch with the enemy's outpost and two



RUSTLING A DINNER.

shots were fired; a little later there was a sharp skirmish on the extreme left flank. It was evident that the enemy was withdrawing, as the bear does in the present far Eastern war. There was nothing more doing until the man on the right and above the captain climbed out on a protruding cliff to get a view of the situation.

He was agreeably surprised to see a bear about two hundred yards below, eating his acorn breakfast, and just back about sixty yards was the captain, apparently creeping up to give bruin a surprise. The man on the rock sat down as he supposed to witness

the bear-slaying act done in the most scientific manner; he thought his captain was creeping on the bear to shoot him in the eye, or perhaps he intended to slaughter the bear with his hunting knife, but the man on the rock was sadly disappointed.

When the captain emerged from behind a



"PLENTY AS GOOD LEFT IN OUR WOODS."

bunch of brush in plain view of bruin and only some two rods away from him, the Slayer halted and the bear sat upright to see what was doing. The Slayer commenced to back, and when he got out of sight of the bear he turned and ran as fast as possible through the thick brush; the bear, of course, broke brush in the opposite direction.

The man on the rock was disgusted and slowly turned his steps toward camp. When he arrived there he found the captain busily engaged preparing lunch. His pants were ripped, his shirt torn, and there was a lot of scratches on his face and hands; the captain was also in a mood extremely non-communicative.

The remainder of the party came in in squads of one and two. When the last man had reported they gave an account of their individual experiences. One man had seen a bear and fired two shots without effect; another had scared up a bear but did not see

him; a third had seen two bear but they were out of range; another man had wounded a bear but could not trail him through the brush; two other men had seen nothing. All but the captain and the temporary cliff dweller had now reported. Looking at the captain, all—save one—thought from his appearance that he had had a hand to hand contest with a real grizzly, but he was surly and none dared approach him.

At last the man who had sat on the rock said, "Joe, why didn't you shoot that bear you came on to under that cliff?" The captain looked up quickly and saw by the grin on the speaker's face that he had been caught. He straightened up and said, "What! shoot that bar? Not for Joe! Why, that are bar was twelve feet high!" It is a very common thing for the size of a bear to be over estimated in a like manner.

Why any one should have the least fear of any bear that can be found in the wilds of

California is more than I can understand. The great trouble is to see one or get a favorable shot, as the animal is very alert and its sense of seeing, hearing and smelling is very acute. The only way to hunt bear is with dogs—not yelping hounds but good lively dogs that will get there in a hurry, nip his heels, and put him up a tree. There is nothing like a bear hunt with good dogs.

The writer has long been in favor of protecting our bear by law, to prohibit the useless slaughter of this most "sporty" of all our game animals during the summer months when the carcass is absolutely worthless. The time to kill bear is in late fall or winter before he holes up, or in the spring when he first comes out. Then his hide and meat are at their best. He lies in his bed and sucks his paw all winter and comes out in the spring without losing a pound of weight.

His meat is then fat and juicy and his hide is prime; but in three weeks' time he will be too thin to make a good shadow.

His first diet is young grass and wild clover, then he turns over rocks and logs in quest of insects; he tears up ant nests and eats the eggs; he robs the yellow jackets and hornets of their young—in short anything eatable "goes" with him, until wild fruit, berries and acorns ripen, then he waxes fat. The time for going into winter quarters depends on the season. He stays out as long as the weather will permit, and this rule holds good for coming out in the spring also. Bears are slow breeders; they do not have cubs until they are three or four years old, and never have cubs two years in succession. The cubs are born in February and are very small, being only as large as ordinary puppies.



## IN THE HILLS.

I AIN'T got no automobil, an' they ain't no street cars here,  
 An' the nearest railroad station in miles is eighteen clear;  
 But the crick sings by the doorway, an' the mountains glow beyond,  
 An' the whole thing makes a picter uv which I've grown mos' fond.  
 So I hardly miss the city with its furbelows and frills  
 For I'm livin' calm and peaceful-like out here among the hills.

I don't need no theayter full er lights, an' opry gay,  
 Fur the seenery here is gorgous an' the birds sing ev'ry day.  
 They can rave erbout their painters, an' maybe they are quite smart,  
 But I guess these trees an' mountains 'bout the finest kind uv art.  
 An' erbout one thing I'm certain: there's a peace that somehow fills  
 A feller livin' peaceful-like out here among the hills.

I've hearn erbout "society" an' all its pedigrees,  
 But somehow I like the friendship uv the birds an' uv the trees,  
 An' the brook a singin' sweetly, an' the hillsides all aglow,  
 Kinder make a feller stan' an' look an' choke up, don't you know!  
 Oh! you bet it beats the city with its furbelows an' frills—  
 Just a livin' calm and peaceful-like out here among the hills.

—Harry T. Fee.



### MT. RAINIER.

**M**AJESTIC in thy grandeur, proud Rainier,  
 Thou standest like a haughty jewelled queen:  
 Thy sceptre sparkling with its uncut gems,  
     And jewels glittering on thy brow serene.  
 A sea of sapphires ripples at thy feet,  
     While sunbeams on its placid bosom play.  
 But when the teasing wind sweeps o'er its breast—  
     What message do these wild waves bring thee, pray?  
 In vain the Ice King doth approach thy throne  
     And snow-clad knights come wooing thee—Rainier  
 How oft' I've seen their diamonds on thy breast,  
     And watched them twine their pearls amidst thy hair;  
 But when the Sun-God kisses thy sweet brow,  
     The gifts these suitors brought thou flingest down,  
 And ever after wearest thou his gift,  
     A gorgeous opal in thy glittering crown.  
 How many songs are locked within thy breast,  
     That sighing pines and winds have borne to thee?  
 What scores of melodies thine ears have heard  
     Played on the harp-strings of the murmuring sea.  
 But never from thy throne dost thou descend,  
     To kiss the waves that long have laved thy feet,  
 Yet thou dost smile when dawn caresses thee.  
     And with what joy the Sun-God thou dost greet!  
 Yet, proud Rainier—a very queen thou seemest,  
     Fashioned by Him who fashioned earth and sea, and sky—  
 Ah! Too, Thy silent might doth teach me, dear,  
     How great art thou—how infinitesimal—I!

—Agnes Lockhart Hughes.



## WHITE AND PINK.

By F. M. KELLY.



HIGH up on the broken ridges beyond the Arctic vale, where the hardy northern pine and the juniper lift their stunted growths to all the winds of the four points, little blotches of snow had begun to appear; and through the hours of the shortening days these touches of winter were reminders to the strong-boned men who toiled in the gravel of the gulches from which the glaciers had passed centuries since. To those hardy winnowers of the sands, the scattered patches of powdery white told, in the eloquent manner of nature, of the scouts which had passed in the night, of the forerunners of the hosts which would surely sweep over the land. Close behind the scouts next came light, mobile cloud battalions, the mounted infantry of the air, which marched and counter-marched; and each succeeding morning showed more ground marked as winter's own. From the summit of the hills, the advance of the White Lord moved steadily down toward the level of our valley, and hard on the rear of the quickly-moving formations appeared the heavy masses of the resistless host. A halt was then made, so that the artillery could be brought up and put in order for action. The time for the final assault drew near. The great dark masses took their positions; and when all was ready, a solid front was presented to the half-beaten northern world. Under cover of an early darkness, the forward movement commenced in earnest; and one well remembered morning, when we turned out and threw open our cabin door, the old grey world had vanished with its hurriedly retreating rear somewhere beyond the distant valleys to the southward, and a white, spotless one had brought under its sovereign power the allegiance of the gold-sprinkled vale.

All through that day's short light we watched the occupation of the conquered land. From above, in numbers unaccount-

able, the silent, soft-footed legions swept resistless down. Only when glutted with victory, sometime during the long night, did the Snow Lord gather his captains in council. They decided to resume the march. Hardly had they passed beyond the wall of hills on their southerly way when the Snow Lord's ally, one General Jack Frost, moved, with drums beating, into the positions vacated. A boaster is he, one who can be heard from afar off. Days previously we learned of his coming, because of his arrogant bluster miles away; and during the early morning of his arrival we heard naught but deep challenges from his harsh throat as he strode up and down outside our axe-hewn home. Several times did he essay to enter; for several times had the hinges on window and door creaked; but his efforts were futile, and he kept to his bragging.

How this same General Frost protested against our walking forth that day! All in vain, though. Our larder was empty; and he who would eat of flesh where the Aurora calls to the pines and the snow in a voice we understand not, can never afford to be deterred from the hunt. It was my first experience of winter north of sixty-four degrees. To harass our search, our adversary sent troops of little sharpshooters against us. Out of sight they remained, yet we heard them moving over snapping twigs in the silence of the dwarfed groves; and felt, like the burning lashes of tiny whips, their pellets strike our cheeks as we tramped along over the frozen snow in our search for ptarmigan. Not very hard to find before the Snow Lord comes, the discovery of ptarmigan after he makes the world white requires close scrutiny. White as the very ground-cover then, there is no contrast, and a knowledge of the wild is essential to secure a good bag. That knowledge attained, the rest is easy, as the bird is most stupid; and one with no better gun than a stout stick can get quite a number in a few hours. They afford no sport, and when shot at will not fly far. Alarmed several times, they will



"I STUMBLED ON THE BUNCH."

not fly at all, merely rising in the air a few feet, alighting again in almost exactly the same place. With the first appearance of winter upon the hills, the plumage begins to change, the colors of autumn gradually fading into the snow color of the long night.

Unused to hunting for white game where all was white, I did not do very well on that first day out. Horton, whose lot I shared, and who was hunting some hundred yards from me, had much the better of it. Frequently I heard his gun roar, and I knew that each shot meant one or more birds. He was an old-timer behind the Arctic circle. I got two, the second one being somewhat in the nature of a surprise. Without achieving any success, my eyes had been fixed to the snow until they ached. Undoubtedly I passed a number of the birds I sought. It was not strange, and at the time I did not wonder. I fancy I rather stumbled on the bunch which gave me two, one for each barrel of my gun. I chanced to see the movement of a bird on the snow, and pulled the trigger. As the report rang out there was a whirr of

many wings, and I was so surprised that I only managed to get another from the band; and that was a long shot. Had I followed the scattered covey up I might have obtained a few more, but when I stooped to pick up the dead birds I found they had changed color, and were pink, a soft coral pink, the delicate pink which so enhances the beauty of my lady's shell-like ears.

Charmed with the novelty of such an unexpected change, I stood fascinated and could do naught but wonder why it should be so. General Frost was forgotten, and I was pondering the matter deeply when Horton joined me for the walk back. The cause he could not explain. Why should the plumage of the ptarmigan change from white to pink in the brief space of an instant? Since then others have asked me to explain. They knew as much about the matter before they asked as I know now. Is it the means whereby a beneficent Creator assures the finding of the ptarmigan's stricken body to the hungered adventurer of the north? Without it, he would be sorely tried for food. For such a remarkable occurrence there must be some potent reason.

Apart from all else, is it not a fitting finale to the life of a bird, this subtle change of plumage? And it appeals to that which is best in man. Though stupid in life, the death of this bird of the snow time engenders much that is sentimental in the mind of the north-land hunter. More than one strong mortal of rough exterior have I heard voicing thoughts of beauty as the dead ptarmigan was picked from the snow and its pink plumage smoothed gently with heavy fingers.



## BERKELEY HILLS.

**A** METHYST, gold and green;  
Shadows that lie between;  
Curves that scallop the blue;  
Hollows that streams run through;  
Dots of clustering trees  
Swaying to passing breeze;  
Veils of hovering mist;  
Heights that the sun has kissed;  
These are the hills we love,  
Lifting our thoughts above.  
—*Mary Vaughan.*

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## AT NATURE'S SHRINE.

**T**HE moon shines through the pillared eucalyptus trees,  
The breeze, rose-scented, sweeps the corridors of night.  
The far Sierras gleam like pale divinities,  
The west, cloud-robed, like solemn visaged eremite,  
And I, a watcher of the night's solemnities,  
Worship at Nature's shrine like rapturous neophyte.  
—*Thomas Maitland Marshall.*

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## THE MOUNTAINS.

**I** WANT to be out in the mountains,  
Where freedom is not a name,  
Where the soul is glad of its birthright  
Nor walks with the halt nor the lame.  
For Peace is upon the summits,  
And Liberty's in the vales,  
And the heart of the sad can only be glad  
In the shadow-haunted dales,  
With the birds thrilling out in gladness,  
And the flowers like thoughts of God,  
With the blue above, the green beneath,  
And the blossomed sprinkled sod.  
—*Dalington E. Edwards.*

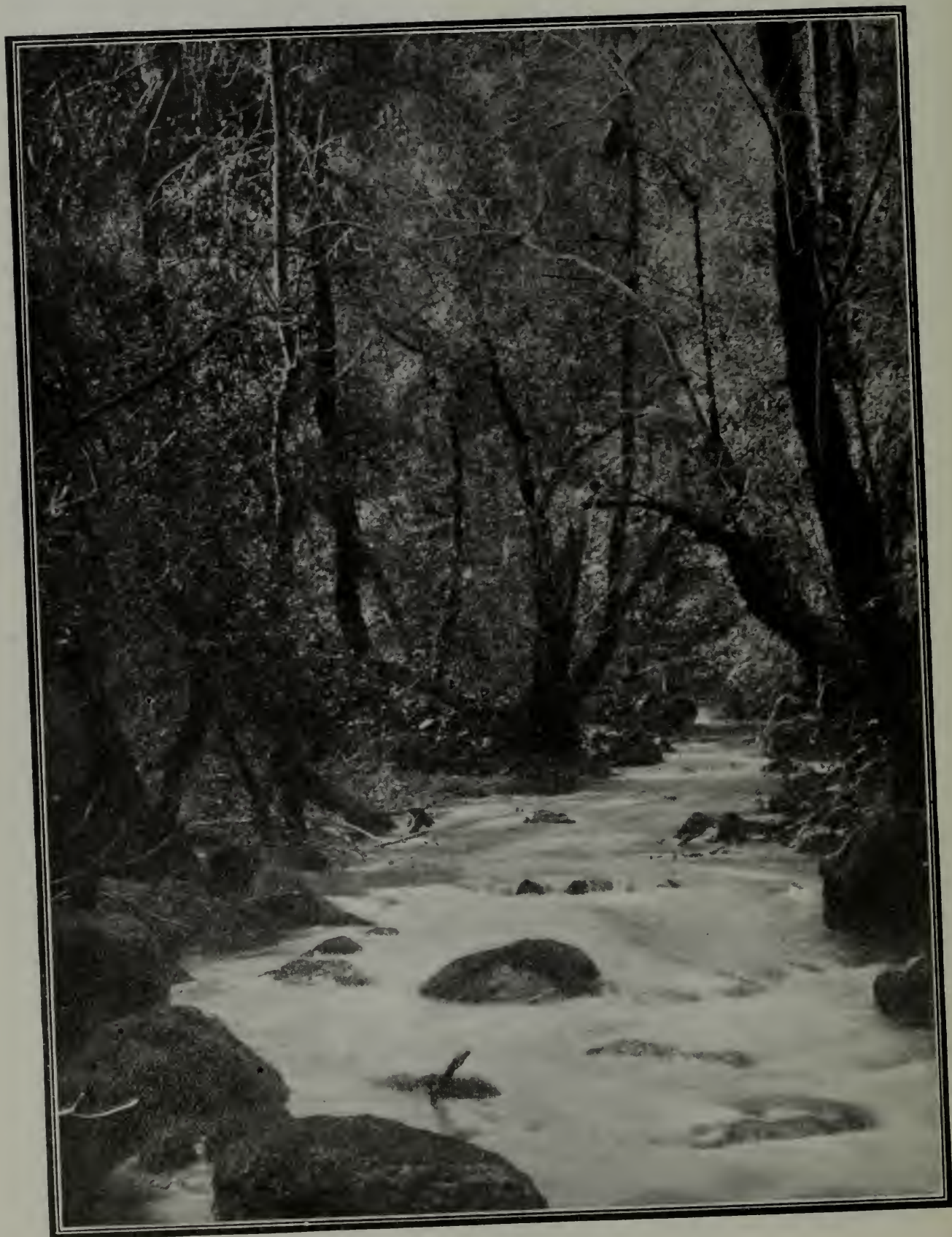


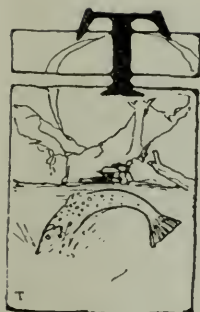
Photo by T. C. Van Ness, Jr.

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.



## CHICKEN SHOOTING IN MANITOBA.

By C. H. BABCOCK.



TO THE lover of the bird dog and gun who wishes a change from the hunting of California quail, something entirely different and amid different scenes and surroundings, no more likely suggestions can be made than a trip to the Manitoba prairies after "prairie chickens" (pinnated grouse). A long journey to be sure, but amid the most pleasant surroundings and a trip filled from start to finish with a series of pleasant surprises.

Leaving behind our own lordly Mount Shasta with its grandest of scenery, we pass along beside the mighty, rushing Columbia, its views so picturesque that we are held spellbound as scene after scene is flashed upon our vision. The grand rush of its waters, seething and foaming about the pillars rising straight up from its depths, the heavy timbered heights, the quaint, slow-turning solemn wheels, the neat villages along its banks, all combine to form a picture that paints itself indelibly on one's memory.

Passing over the mountains we cross the plains of Montana, then reach the fertile rolling prairies of the Dakotas. North we go, passing the boundary line that separates us from the king's dominions, and now we find ourselves in a land so wide, so vast, so unendingly level that we can readily imagine ourselves upon a billowless ocean, for we

are now on the vast Manitoba prairies, the land of but one dimension—breadth. A land of gorgeous sunsets, and a climate that in September is equalled by few, surpassed by none—no, not even that of our own glorious State at its best. Even before we have become settled in our quarters we can feel fresh blood bounding in our veins and an anxiety to be stirring that bodes no good to the members of the feathered tribe.

Our dogs, likewise, seem to catch the infection, and move about in more rangy circles, as though realizing the vastness of the country and showing their determination to be equal to it. Did I imagine it, or was I fortunate in striking a favored location? It surely seemed to me that even the people were in a class by themselves, and that way up here by the Red River of the North was a people whose sole impulses were those of generosity and natural sportsmanship, whole-souled men and women whose hearty laugh had the true ring of sincerity, self-forgetful and always ready to accommodate the stranger. Here truly was a setback to one who had always supposed that his was the only country under the sun. Not simple folk, they, but having opinions of their own which they are always willing to support in so substantial a manner as to leave no room for doubt as to their sincerity. Especially is this so along sporting lines, for a more thorough sport-loving community never existed, and their athletes, horses and dogs are fully up to the standard.



"THE PILLARS RISING STRAIGHT UP FROM ITS DEPTHS."

This is the country where even your most ardent advocate of the slow-going, close-ranging dog will have to admit his error, and nothing but fast, wide rangers are of any use, and not only must they go fast and wide, but they must also have muscles of steel to endure the heavy going through the grass of the prairies.

Sunrise of a cool, crisp September morning finds us ready for our initial hunt. The dogs are comfortably resting in the crate placed in the rear of the spring wagon, the latter drawn by a pair of good stout horses, with a boy taken along to do the driving, when we shall be ready for the shooting. Only a short drive to the stubble, and we are ready to cast off.

The birds are feeding on the scattered wheat at this time of day. The dogs are headed on their proper course and we resume our seats and drive leisurely along, for this is ideal sport, in which all the work is done by the dogs and horses. The former need no urging, but are away with a bound and soon appear as white spots a half-mile distant, but still visible, for the ground is perfectly level, cover only to their sides, and not a bush in sight.

"What a country to shoot in," the Californian thinks, "level as the valley of the San Joaquin, and no brush. Seems like one ought to get seventy-five per cent. of his shots here," he says, thinking of the chaparral at home where he takes out fifty shells and brings home fifteen birds. Yes, my friend, they will prove easy marks to you compared to the shooting to which you have been accustomed. Not so swift on the rise, and not much for carrying shot. You will have to be a little lenient with them, and besides it takes but a few to fill the game pockets.

But look! Away over yonder by the edge of the grass Old Sen slackens his pace and, raising his nose to the breeze, carefully roads up to his game. Now he is backed by Blythe—and what a picture they make! Take your time and drive over slowly. No hurry needed at this game, for chicken dogs are trained to remain stanch after they have once established their point. Just a moment to get a picture for the "Western Field" and we order in to flush.

"Go in, Sen!" and the wise old fellow carefully roads up the wind, then hesitates and lowers his head.

No birds! but the solution is easy. It's a wise old cock and he'll not run up wind, not he. Now the dogs are on the scent, trailing down the wind, back the way they came. Keep close to them, for the bird will flush now that his game is discovered. There he goes, looking to a quail-shooter too big to miss, and at the crack of the gun he is ours.

Getting in the rig again we drive on, hoping next time to find a covey, which after



SCENE EN ROUTE ON THE COLUMBIA.

a short flight will scatter and lie well to the dogs, when it is no difficult feat to bag sufficient for present needs and some for the farmers over whose lands we hunt.

In many respects prairie chickens in Manitoba are ideal hunting. In no other kind of hunting is one's dog so continually in sight, no matter how wide-ranging he may be; and it is impossible for him to flush without your knowledge, as the birds always show plainly against the sky. This tends to keep the dog always perfectly honest in his work, and once stanch he must always so remain, it being impossible for him to get out of sight and run riot for his own amusement.

Then, too, the ease with which one may drive to the game, and the certainty with which one may count on a fair bag, are attractions of no small moment to many who have tramped our hills and brush to return home tired and empty-handed.

Should you, however, come to the conclusion that they are too easy a mark, just try a side-shot at one after he has attained full headway, and the chances are fair that, as you watch his fast retreating form, you will be heard to mutter, "I never would have thought it of him."



"OUR OWN GLORIOUS MT. SHASTA."

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## LEGACIES.

THE azure overhanging sky is mine;  
 The soft, elusive odor of the pine;  
 The robin's morning song, sounding so sweet;  
 The wild flowers that caress my lingering feet.

I own the silver moonbeams on the lake;  
 The summer song the wind-wooded pine trees make;  
 The cricket's lay, from sun-dried meadow grass;  
 The cool night breezes that by mountains pass.

To me belongs the babbling of the brook,  
 The mossy stone within the shady nook.  
 In Nature's store these things belong to all—  
 To prince and beggar—men both great and small.

—Tom Veitch.



# WOLF RIVER CAMP TALES

BY T.M. MARSHALL



FIFTEEN years ago the Wolf River country in Northern Wisconsin was a hunter's paradise. Deer, bear, wildcat, wolf, fox and innumerable smaller game roved its virgin pine forests in undisturbed freedom. An occasional hunter made his way

there from Milwaukee or Chicago, but their infrequent visits did little to thin out the game.

The country was first opened to civilization by the Wolf River Lumber Company. A camp was established and soon the forests were ringing with the sound of axe and saw. The men were kept busy in the woods during the winter months, and in the spring followed the drive down the river and found employment in the mills at New London and Manawa. It was my good fortune to be acquainted with the camp manager, Al Gates, a short-legged, thick-bodied Welchman, familiarly known as "Little Breeches." At his invitation I visited the Wolf River camp.

A log building, sixty by thirty feet, served as dining room and sleeping quarters for the men. One end was devoted to bunks, and the other to the long table where fifty hungry men sat down three times a day to partake of salt pork, potatoes and coffee. The diet was varied by venison and bear meat that was brought in from time to time by hunters and trappers. Half way down the room was a great fireplace. Above it was the head of a black bear and on either side fine pairs of antlers.

As we sat down to the first meal after my arrival, my ear was greeted by a motley chorus of German, Norwegian and broken English. Al sat at the head of the table and I at his right hand. As he looked down the long row of stolid faces he noticed that two chairs were vacant.

"Where are Hans and Ole?" he inquired of the nearest wood-cutter.

"They bin far ut mit a duf dimber," he answered and immediately lapsed into silence, absorbed in his perusal of salt pork.

Supper was eaten in silence save for the sounds of mastication and the audible drinking of coffee. No sooner were we finished than pipes came out, and the odor of cheap tobacco soon permeated every nook and cranny of the lodge. The men gathered about the fireplace. Some played checkers. The greatest interest, however, centered at a table, where four men were absorbed in a two-bit game of seven-up.

Comparative silence reigned when the door burst open and two men, evidently woodsmen, rushed into the room. Their breath came in great gulps and their honest Norwegian faces were as red as tomatoes. The perspiration dropped from their noses in large drops. All was excitement in a moment. Al was naturally the spokesman.

"What's the matter, boys?" he inquired, a slight tone of uneasiness in his voice.

"We seen a bear," they answered. A smile passed over the faces of the listeners.

"Were you scared?" continued Al.

"Naw, we bin not scared," answered Ole, a reply which provoked a titter of merriment.

"Did you run?" continued Al, evidently bent on making the most of their fright.

"Naw, we did not run, but we walk fast," said Hans, sheepishly.

Further inquiry was impossible, for a roar of laughter shook the beams overhead until they rang again. The incident set the hum of conversation going, and bear stories began to circulate. Each had his particular experience to tell and from the number of



bears that were guaranteed to have been slaughtered, it was a wonder that Bruin still roved his native wild.

While these tales were being circulated a heavy knock was heard at the door and a moment after a tall man entered. He was of middle age, a grizzled beard covered his chin and piercing eyes gleamed from under the visor of his mink cap. His figure appeared unusually large in a loose brown woolen jacket. Deer-skin trousers, heavy boots and leather leggings completed the apparel. In his right hand he carried a long-barreled rifle.

"Hello, Dave," said Al, familiarly. "Brought some fresh meat?"

"Killed a deer up the creek this afternoon," answered the hunter. "Brought it over on the sled."

A murmur of satisfaction ran around the group, for fresh meat was in sight, a pleasant change after a week's diet of salt pork. Dave nodded pleasantly to the men as he placed his gun by the fireplace. He shook the particles of snow from his jacket as he drew off his heavy deerskin mittens. Al pushed a chair before the fire and Dave sat down to warm his hands.

"Had supper?" asked Al.

"No. Thought I'd chuck and bunk here to-night," said Dave.

At the broad hint the cook began to busy himself.

"Got some salt pork?" Dave asked. "Am dead sick of wild meat."

The cook nodded and Dave lapsed into silence. He took out his pipe and smoked until his supper was ready and then sat down to partake of the meal. After eating ravenously he looked around with a smile of satisfaction and resumed his seat by the fire. The men drew closer, for they had learned by past experiences that Dave was usually loaded with a story.

"Did I ever tell ye about that city swell what come up here fishin' and huntin'?" he began. "It was two summers ago and I had my camp over on the Little Wolf. It wasn't the season fer big game, and I was loafin'. One day a feller come walkin' up to the camp. He had a breech-loadin' gun and a three-piece trout pole and all kinds of fixin's what retail sports most always has.

"Be this Dave McEntyre?" sez he. I 'lowed how 'twas.

"Is theh any game round heah?" he sez like as if he was English and had hot plum puddin' in his mouth.

"I sized him up and sez I to myself, you're a Rube and I'll have some fun with you.

"Naw, there ain't much game," sez I. 'I can't hardly get 'nough to eat, let alone fill up lean guys from Chicogy.' He kinder winced, cuz he didn't weigh more'n the law allowed.

"I seen a little the other day," sez I, 'but I didn't have my gun with me, so I'm nigh starvin'.

"Where was it?" says he, kinder int'rested like.

"If you'll wait a bit I'll tell ye," I sez. 'It was up by Injun Nose Bend. I was lookin' up an old bear trap and I was walkin' 'long kinder keerless like hummin' a tune, when I stubbed my infarnal toe. The brush was pretty thick and I sprawled right out on somethin' that looked like an old log. But darn my skin if it didn't wiggle, and 'fore I knowed it I was on the back of the biggest buck I ever seen and we was goin' through the woods like a runaway steam engine. That deer was so skeered he never seen whar he was goin' and he run plum into a big holler pine stump. He hit it so hard it fell over and I went off over his tail all in a heap. Consarn me if I wasn't skeered most outer my boots when I pulled myself together, fer I was lookin' right into the mug of a big black bear what had been snoozin' in the holler of that pine stump.

"Not havin' a gun, I run like a white-head, and the bear probably sniffin' me and thinkin' I was runnin' honey, took arter me.' The dude looked kinder incredulous like when I spoke of the honey, but I didn't seem to notice. I run to beat aces full for a considerable piece, knowin' there was some runnin' water and that bears didn't like to get their feet wet, bein' leary of newmoney. I got to the stream and throwin' off my coat I jumped in and swum across.

"When I got over on the far side I looked back, and there was that bear tryin' on my coat. I didn't keer much for that, for otherwise he might a bin tryin' my sirloins without dressin'. I begun to get my wind and then I noticed there was somethin' slimy down my pant leg. I looked to see what was botherin' me, and consarn me if my pants wasn't clean full of speckled trout."

## THE DEACON ON FISH PROTECTION.

By MONTEZUMA.

IN LUCK?" Well, not much if ye reckon by count  
O' the trout that I've got on my string,  
For there ain't sech an overly startlin' amount  
O' fish *in* this crick from its mouth to its fount,  
Not nearly as many's last spring.

Which ain't to be wondered at—seein' that trout  
Air like everything else. I predick  
That nuthin's agoin' to flourish without  
It gits a fair showin'; an' that's just about  
What the fish *didn't* git in this crick.

For, what with low water an' saw-mills an' sech  
A pizen'n' them every way  
They hain't half a show; then, our patience to stretch,  
Comes those "joint powder" skunks—if I only could ketch  
One! Why, that dog would shore have his day!

For—tho' I *be* old and not overly spry  
An' a deacon in church, too, besides—  
It wouldn't be healthy for sech hounds should I  
Just happen along with "Ole Betsy"—for why?  
Well, they'd shore spring a leak in their hides.

Why, I ra'r like a roped broncho when I jest think  
O' the shame on it—thar! I'll jest stop  
Afore my fool tongue takes another bad crink.  
What's that! "Will I shake han's an' jine in a drink?"  
Well—if you insist—jest a drop.

That's different stuff from the pizen you're sho'  
To git at the taverns 'round here.  
Now, when I was a boy, sixty summers ago—  
"How old be I now, you would like for to know?"  
Well, I'm clost onto seventy year.

"An' I still like to fish?" Well, I reckon! It 'pears  
That the feelin' grows stronger each spring.  
Every winter I fret 'til the snow disappears,  
An' I've grown summat deaf thro' a-strainin' my ears  
Listenin' out for the blue-birds to sing.

An' *then* when the wind's in the east an' the mist  
In the mornin' hangs over the stream,  
A curious feelin' comes over me—jist  
Like the hankerin' of an old maid to be kissed,  
Or a—I can't jist say what I mean!

But, sunhow, I can't keep my mind on my chores,  
 More'n half'm I'm shore to forget.  
 I'm as restless's a teeter-bird when I'm in-doors,  
 A-sneakin' about and a-pacin' the floors  
 Like a hen that is wantin' to set.

It's not that I'm tryin' to shirk from my share  
 Of the work—for I'm not reckoned lazy—  
 But thar's suthin' keeps buzzin' about in the air  
 That whispers "*the trout are a-jumpin' down there,*"  
 An' the song o' the stream sets me crazy!

At nights, when I orter be sleepin', I lay  
 A tossin' about on the pillows;  
 An' my mind doesn't dwell half as much on my hay  
 As it do on the pole which I saw t'other day  
 Growin' down in the pastur'-lot willows.

I complain that I'm back'ard a gettin' in crops  
 Tho' up tol'able airly an' late.  
 Says my wife "What d'ye 'spect from a feller who stops  
 His team in mid-furrow, an' goes ketchin' 'hops'  
 An' other like varmin' for bait.

Y'd better go fishin' an' have the thing done  
 With, an' quit lookin' peak'd and forlorn."  
 Says I: "Nancy, if ever beneath the broad sun  
 Was a woman who'd feelin's an' sense, *you're that one!*  
 I'll start 'fore you're up in the morn."

An' that's why I'm here this fair mornin' in June,  
 'Stead o' weedin' my onions—Look out!  
 I've got him—no, plague on't! I yanked him too soon—  
 He won't rise again, it is too clost to noon.  
 B'gosh! but he was a nice trout.

Well, I'm glad he's got off—now I'm certain that there  
 Will be one, at least, left here for seed.  
 Besides, I've a mess an' it shorely is fair  
 To leave a few fish for your neighbors to share  
 When you have got all that you need.

That's so! an' now sit you down here if ye will  
 'Til I fix up these chaps for the pan.  
 Well, thankee! I don't care if—hold on! Don't spill  
 So much of that stuff in the cup—a fair gill  
 Is a big enough drink for one man.

An' listen! By gum! that's our ole dinner bell  
 An' ye're hungry's a wood-chop, no doubt?  
 An' say! is my eyes red? Or does my breath smell?  
 For if Nance (who's teetotal) detects it, why—well,  
 I mout ketch suthin else besides trout!

# The ABORIGINES of BRITISH EAST AFRICA

By Elmer E. Davis

Part VII.

## THE NANDI AND KAVORONDO.

*Conclusion.*



AS WE leave Masailand, a gradual ascent brings us to the top of the Mau escarpment which forms the great divide of that portion of Africa; the ascent has been made almost entirely through dense forest and jungle, although here and there will be seen beautiful grassy valleys and narrow stretches of open ground. A strange feature of these open places and valleys is the fact that it seems as if some one had been there when the country was laid out and said to the jungle, "Thus far and no farther must you come!" for as a rule the jungle ends abruptly, and in many places were a person standing in the jungle ten feet from an opening, they would never suspect the character of the country so near at hand.

We usually associate the meeting of jungle and plain with numerous bushes and ragged growth, but not so here; right up to the very edge of the jungle is a thick carpet of soft grass. Certainly these edges are not straight, but run in a zig-zag manner, and I have often followed a smooth grassy clearing a mile or more as it twisted around in the forest; portions of it would be three or four hundred feet wide, and again it would narrow down to a mere path, eventually ending against an impenetrable wall of jungle or in a beautiful pasture containing many acres.

As we go up this ascent, many interesting views of the Molo and Njoro plains will be

seen, and the geography of quite a stretch of country may be studied if the day is clear. To a lover of nature no more pleasing sight could be found; lofty mountains may be more awe-inspiring, and gigantic trees may speak of age, but this country seems to soothe a person as no other scenery could. In looking at lofty mountains or scenes of that character a person instinctively feels that nature worked hard to produce them, but here it seems nature rested and, while lazily partaking of repose, incidentally knocked together these forest-clad hills and mimosa-dotted plains, in order to see how much beauty could be thrown together with the least effort.

From Njoro, where the ascent commences, we have about forty miles to go before reaching the summit. Mount Loudiani, the highest point, is 10,000 feet above sea-level. Sloping away on both sides are miles of virgin forest. As the descent begins, the character of the country changes very little until the foothills along the Nandi plateau have been reached; here the forest has given way to grass, and only occasional clumps of low trees will be seen, although farther north on the plateau proper heavy forest continues almost to the shores of Lake Victoria.

From Lumbwa station in the foothills, twenty miles to Fort Ternan, the ground is rolling, and huge round grassy hills are seen on every hand; from the fort on to Lake Victoria the country is quite level. This forms the great Nandi plain, and was no doubt formerly a part of the lake bed.

We are now in the land of the Nandi people; they and their numerous subsidiary tribes control a vast territory, reaching away to the north as far as Mount Elgon. The tribe is more or less mongrel and of mixed stock.

They are hardly as good looking as the neighboring members of other tribes. A few will be found with features resembling the Arab or Egyptian to some extent, but the "Bantu" features are most frequently seen; their color is chocolate brown, although various shades from black to light brown may be seen in almost any Nandi village.

In speaking of the Nandi we may include the Lumbwa tribe also, for although different in some ways, I am told the language is quite similar, and they are no doubt simply a part of the Nandi tribe separated from the main body by some tribal dispute in former years.

The Uganda railroad is practically on the division line between the Lumbwa and Nandi territories, and as the natives intermingle considerably it is very hard for an inexperienced person to tell, by appearances, whether a party is Lumbwa or Nandi. Physically there is no difference between the two, and only by a slight difference in the decoration of shields may they be told apart, unless the observer be accustomed to their language. The men are not so well built as the Masai, and vary considerably in height; this causes me to think that numerous tribes have been absorbed by the Nandi in former years and, by intermarrying, the stature of these people has lost its original characteristics. I doubt if the change has been for the better, for although some magnificently built men may be seen, it is rather the exception.

As with most African natives clothing is a superfluous article, especially with the younger people; the older folks wear fur capes, or soft leather mantles, during cold or rainy weather, and married women wear a much abbreviated leather skirt. The Nandi women, as a rule, are very ugly, and in any case the most kindly disposed observer would hardly accuse one of being handsome.

From the age of twenty-five or thirty on, the women decline very fast and assume a shrunken appearance which reminds one of parchment. There is some excuse for this, however, as they usually work very hard.

In pursuance of the usual custom of all savages, the women do the most of all agri-

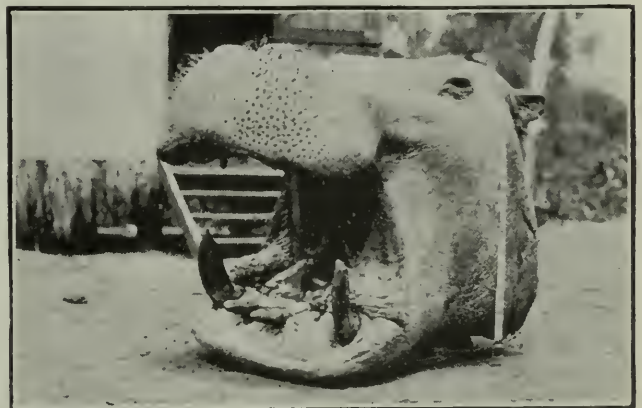


"FEATURES RESEMBLING THE ARAB."

cultural work, and as the Nandi depend a great deal on the products of Mother Earth, there is plenty of work for the women.

As a fighter the Nandi warrior holds his own pretty well, and is held in great respect by neighboring tribes.

Although great raiders they are hardly so daring or tenacious as the more clever Masai. It not being required that they live on plunder, the surrounding tribes do not feel the weight of their power as often as would be supposed, and really about the only warriors which go on a raid are young fellows who need a spear or arrow stuck into their anatomy in order to make them wise—but some never learn enough to make them stop fighting. I one time encountered a party in which there was one fellow who was a magnificent and terrible appearing warrior; that part of his body which he was unable to cover with his shield seemed to be a network of scars. I looked him over and remarked that he must be a great fighter. When the words were interpreted to him he straightened up, threw back his shoulders, and with much dignity said: "Yes, I am no



HIPPOTAMUS HEAD FROM THE LAKE VICTORIA REGION.



"I AM NO WOMAN!"

woman." It gave me the creeps to look at him, for I could almost imagine what some of those wounds must have looked like when newly made.

When traveling the warriors go very swiftly; their gait is hardly a walk or a trot, but rather a combination of the two, and they say long distances are traveled in a day.

It seems there are times when the Nandi are very quiet and peaceable, they will, however, go on a rampage some times, and any thing seems to make them cross. They have a sort of standing army but the discipline and life is not so strict as that of the Masai, and the young bloods, not having the inducements to war on the neighbors which those people have, seem very much inclined to be a trifle lazy.

Although not much of lovers of hard manual labor, the Nandi men after leaving the hot-headed period of youth settle down to one of several industries which contribute considerable to their wealth. They make rude furnaces of clay and smelt iron from the ore, using charcoal for fuel; this iron, after being smelted several times and becoming malleable, forms an article of barter which brings members of all surrounding tribes to trade with the Nandi. The quality of this iron is really very good and answers very well for spear or arrowheads. These

people, although they smelt considerable iron, work very little of it into utensils or weapons for themselves, often buying the finished product from other tribes.

In leather goods, however, they are good workmen and make many sword scabbards similar to those described in a former article. These are very neatly made and much sought after by all tribes. All leather or fur mantles are also well put together, the leather being worked until soft and pliable as cloth. The method used by the Nandi to make leather soft may seem novel to most people. After first scraping all flesh and fat from it, the skin is dried; then, starting on one side, the workman doubles the skin back half an inch and bites it; in this manner he goes all along the doubled part; then, doubling it back another half inch, he resumes the biting process; with great care and patience the entire hide is gone over many times, the workman doubling it first one way and then another until the required condition is reached; then with a liberal coating of oil and grease the leather will never get hard. Many of the fur and leather garments are neatly ornamented with beads or cowries, and are valued very highly.

The Nandi do no tattooing, the only disfiguration being in the ears and mouth; the ears have great holes made in the same manner as previously described—by punching larger sticks in them every few months. The mouth usually has the two lower incisors removed for some reason.

All Nandi people wear the hair quite short but never shave the head; sometimes the men wear a neat little leather cap—or, rather, it would be neat if clean for it is usually decorated with beads sewed in neat patterns. Although the diet is principally cereal foods, the Nandi are very partial to fresh warm blood which is extracted from the living cattle; blood is also used mixed with flour and made into a sort of gruel.

Besides the industries carried on by the men, the women make considerable pottery, shaping it with their hands and using sticks to finish the surface; this pottery is burnt in a rude kiln and decorated with designs of figures or herring-bone patterns. The women are exceedingly industrious and, besides their work, raise large flocks of chickens, but I never heard of them using either chickens or eggs as food; they are not averse



KAVORONDA CHIEF AND WIFE.

to trading them, however, and our larder, while in that territory, was always plentifully supplied with both fowl and eggs.

The Nandi seem to be familiar with several of the unnecessary necessities of the more civilized races, for tobacco and snuff are common articles and used by all; but what the men admire above all things is strong whiskey. One old darkey was a regular visitor at our camp, and as he had a reputation of being a famous hunter, and really had scars to prove his narrow escapes, we were in the habit of allowing him to sit and tell stories of various incidents of his life. He constantly demanded whiskey, which we would not give to him, and he finally refused to talk. So, one day, one of the boys mentioned the subject to an English engineer who knew the darkey; he laughed heartily and advised, as a substitute for whiskey, the use of Tobasco sauce. Accordingly when old "Munayambo" came again and made his customary demand, a cup of Tobasco sauce was offered; he drank it with great gusto and, gasping for breath, rolled his eyes. The tears started, but the drink was really better to him than whiskey, for he judged the hotter the better, and was well pleased and soon demanded more.

These people, although as a rule not caring much for the chase, do occasionally organize hunts in which the inhabitants of several villages take part. They have some valley or V-shaped corral into which they endeavor to drive a band of antelope; if they succeed, probably half the animals are killed while endeavoring to make their escape. It appears that formerly these hunts or drives were a more frequent occurrence than of late years, and I was told by the natives that ten or twelve years ago game was getting scarce, but of late years it is more plentiful. Even now the amount of game found here is not to be compared in numbers with that found in Masailand, and what there is of it is hard to get, as most of the year-long grass forms a natural barrier which a hunter must overcome only by great perseverance and fatigue. This grass covers both hill and valley, and is in some places so astonishingly long and thick that a man can hardly force his way through it. But the real difficulty comes when it has started to die; the weight of seed breaks and bends the stalk to the ground and forms a mat of tangled

impediment which causes a pedestrian to recite all the old-fashioned cuss words and invent a promiscuous assortment of new ones especially for the occasion. After this crop of grass has reached maturity and the seed is ripe, it begins to dry; naturally, the least moisture is on the top of the hills, and here the grass dies first; this drying is watched closely by the natives, and when a patch is found dry enough to burn, fire is immediately applied to it. In this way, by burning portions as fast as it dries, a general conflagration is prevented. Another object in burning the grass as soon as possible is to allow fresh grass to get a start, for no sooner is the old crop burned than a velvety carpet of new growth springs up which affords excellent pasture for stock. It is along these places that game will also be found, and during my stay in that portion of Africa it was with a feeling of relief that I watched the fires started on the hill tops and, while out looking for a buck, I think my grunts of satisfaction were very audible when entering one of these clear spots after a long hard climb.

This country is watered by a number of small streams in the immediate vicinity of the railroad, and I will leave the Nandi alone long enough to tell a comical incident which happened to me along the bank of one:

My gun bearer and I were returning from a hunt along a path on the water's edge, when I espied a small crocodile about three feet long splashing around in the water which was only several inches deep. I determined to capture him alive and ran toward him; divining my intentions, my scaly friend made haste to a hole under a tree where I arrived in time to grab his tail with both hands before it disappeared; bracing my feet I tried with all my strength to pull him out, and for fully a minute this tug of war continued. He yielded gradually and I felt sure of him, but just as I was gathering all my force to give him a final yank, his tail pulled out of my hands with a snap and I suffered a loss of dignity by rolling over in the mud, while my gun bearer laughed uproariously.

The domestic life of the Nandi is usually happy, especially for the men, who take things very leisurely around home. Men and women eat separately, the women eating what their lords choose to leave for them.





A KAVORONDA BELLE IN FULL COSTUME.

The children are, as a rule, very skinny and frail appearing; that is, their body presents that appearance, excepting one part of it, *viz.*, the abdomen; this is abnormally enlarged, and a child presents much the same appearance as a dipper gourd would if lead pencils were stuck into the bottom of the bulbous portion to represent legs.

I believe one of the funniest sights I ever saw was one of these little fellows. They are usually entirely nude, but this fellow had secured an old undershirt somehow and, being unacquainted with the nature of the garment, made a comical mistake in putting it on. A person can hardly imagine the appearance he presented. Our train stopped at a siding near a village and, as is the custom, all the small children came running down to "have a look." In the crowd was this fellow with the undershirt, and a king never was prouder of state robes than was this kid. Instead of putting it over his head as anyone else would, he had reversed the operation and put it on like a pair of trousers, forcing his feet and legs into the arms of the shirt; both hands were occupied in holding the shirt tail up around his chest.

The villages of the Nandi are slightly better planned and built than those of other tribes encountered so far on our journey from the coast. Most huts are of a larger size and the construction is quite substantial considering the materials used. One odd thing about these huts is the emblems stuck around on the top of them; these emblems are of various sorts and often an old tin can or worn-out shoe will be seen since the advent of the railroad. Formerly the skull of some animal or odd-shaped piece of wood was used.

As the huts are from sixteen to twenty feet in diameter, a person would suppose the natives live much more comfortable than the "Andorobo" and others with smaller dwellings, but such is not the case, as a large portion of the hut is given over to the use of goats and sheep; this portion is fenced off from the other, but it is impossible to fence off the racket and odor.

Although the domestic beasts are allowed to sleep in this dwelling, the children are not, but are exiled at night to a much smaller hut close by, built especially for their accommodation.

The Nandi have numerous caves and sheltered places in the hills where cattle and other property may be hidden during war. Some of these strongholds are said to be impregnable to native attacks. After a raid, all plunder secured by a party of Nandi warriors is first looked over by the chiefs and medicine men, who select a certain portion, after which the remainder is turned over to the successful party. The scene resulting would remind one of what takes place when a handful of coppers is thrown into the midst of a group of ragged urchins—it is "every man for himself," and the broken heads resulting would keep a doctor busy for some time.

These people are governed by a number of chiefs, each more or less powerful according to the number of people and villages under his control. All medicine men and petty chiefs are appointed by the higher chiefs and are under their control.

Of all the land claimed by the Nandi only a small portion is cultivated; yams are the principal crop, but some grain is raised.

Although the Nandi claim territory extending to Lake Victoria, of late years the "Kavoronda" have steadily pushed their way along the lake shore until now they predominate at certain points. From all accounts they are a very interesting people, but it was not my good fortune to come in contact with them very much, and not being very sure of such information as was available regarding them, I must leave it for some other writer to enlighten us.

We have now traveled from the Indian Ocean to Lake Victoria and visited all the important native tribes en route. These articles, although not entering into details or history to any extent, have, I hope, given the reader an idea of that portion of Africa, and some information regarding its inhabitants which will prove both instructive and interesting.

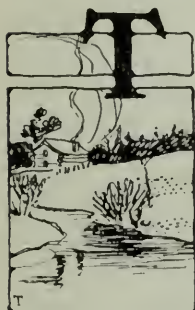
FINIS.



# AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE

BY

*A. St. J. Oliver*



**T**HE following adventure was related to me by a well-known lawyer, and serves to illustrate the necessity of being prepared for emergencies when away from home. I will tell the story as nearly as possible in his own words.

\* \* \* \*

In the spring of '98 I was ordered by my physician to drop business for awhile and take a complete rest, so, having received an invitation to spend a few weeks with a cousin in the wilds of Eastern Washington I determined to accept and try what frontier life would do to restore nerves and rebuild a constitution somewhat run down by business worries and sedentary life.

Being directed to leave the Northern Pacific at a section house some miles beyond the town of Glade, I would be met by my cousin and escorted to his squatter cabin, where he was holding down some land about five miles from the railroad. This land was then considered of no value and entirely in the wilderness; but as events have since proved, with the rush of settlers to that section of fertile Washington, values have boomed and my cousin has realized handsomely on his venture, and is well repaid for his admirable foresight and the hermit life he led for several years.

Franklin County in those days was almost uninhabited, some 250 people being scattered over its 150 square miles, most of whom were in the town of Pasco, while Walla

Walla, just across the Snake River, was a flourishing community of nearly ten thousand inhabitants.

My railroad trip was uneventful and I got off at the appointed place, a mere shed, at about 5 p. m., and found that my cousin had either made a mistake as to train time, or had met with some accident since I last heard from him. As his cabin was only about five miles distant and the direction was pointed out by a track walker who happened to be at the section house, I decided to tramp and take Jeff by surprise.

The dusk was beginning to gather as I started, carrying a small grip—I left a larger valise at the section house till we could return for it next morning. By the time I had got about half way it had grown so dark that I could barely distinguish the poorly-marked wagon road which Jeff had constructed to his shack; the sky was overcast with inky clouds and there was an oppressive feeling in the atmosphere as if a thunderstorm were approaching. I was groping my way carefully forward, when suddenly to my great relief I saw a tiny point of light far away in the direction I was bound for. It could only come from the cabin, and I quickened my footsteps but soon found that to follow the light I would have to leave the trail and cut across country. This necessitated more careful walking and slower progress, as there was considerable brush and the land was broken and uneven in places, so much so that I soon wished I had kept to the wagonroad and not attempted

a short-cut; however, it was now too late for aught but wishes, and I struggled on, guided by the faint star-like light which seemed to keep ever far away.

There was no moon and not a star in sight; the night had become pitch dark, and I several times stumbled and fell over or through brush and snags, suffering many bruises and scratches.

I must have approached to within a mile of the cabin when to my horror and consternation the light suddenly went out, and I was left without a beacon alone on the prairie. I stood perfectly still for a few minutes hoping that it would reappear, but it did not, and I decided to press forward and trust to my bump of locality to make the remainder of the trip.

The night was becoming cold and to add to my discomfort a chill wind sprang up. After proceeding for about half an hour I decided I must be getting near the cabin, and shouted a number of times, but receiving no answer I continued walking for, as I calculated, another half mile, shouting at intervals. As this failed of result, I knew that I must have wandered to one side or the other, and I started off at right angles and walked half a mile in each direction, every little while raising a yell which should have been heard a good half mile.

I was now becoming very tired, and the excitement attendant on the discovery that I had lost my way and might have to spend the night wandering on the open prairie did not tend to elevate my spirits. I sat down to rest and think over the best course to pursue; I had not been resting many minutes when I became conscious of a booming sound like distant surf on a beach, which presently resolved itself into more distinct and connected sound, which I recognized as the thunder of hoof-beats, and, by the rapidly increasing volume of sound I realized to my alarm that the band of whatever it might be was coming in my direction. I soon heard occasional neighs and whinnings, and rightly concluded that it was a herd of wild horses or "cayuses" as they are called there, which threatened to overwhelm me. I rose in terror, the inky blackness of the night seemed to render escape impossible, when, in my extremity, I suddenly remembered a sort of rocky mound I had recently stumbled into and then walked around, less than a hundred yards back. If I could reach that I might

escape by lying close up behind it and trust to the band dividing when they came to it, or leaping over it and me.

The band numbering, it seemed to me, several hundred, must have been within a quarter of a mile by now, and as the sound extended a long distance to each side I calculated I must be about the center of the line and with no hope of outflanking them; so I turned and ran as fast as I could back along my track toward the mound that afforded my only hope of safety. How I reached it is a marvel; twice I stumbled and fell and again plunged on. I had to make one hundred yards to the horses' quarter of a mile, and I won. I was lucky to find the mound, but find it I did, and fell headlong over it, the shock nearly depriving me of what little sense I had left.

The leaders of the band had already passed me as I reached my Mecca. I crawled behind it and crouched, waiting for the main body to storm my fort. It was no joke to me at the time; the mound was only about three feet high and I sat with my head bowed in order to keep it below the top. In a moment more the roar of hoof-beats, snorts, and whinnings was all about me and I became conscious that an animal had come upon my track and taken the leap. I felt the wind of him as he passed over me, and his hoofs just touched the top of the mound, knocking a lot of earth and loose stones on top of me. Then came another sound, a sharp sickening crack and an almost human groan; I received a shock which sent me sprawling, and as I pulled myself together I realized what had happened. A cayuse, following closely the track of the one which leaped over me, had not been able to see the obstruction in time to jump, struck the mound like a cannon ball and rolled over it and myself, breaking its neck—and to judge from the horrible sounds, every other bone in its body. Anyway it lay still enough, almost on top of me, its hind parts hanging over the top of the mound and the fore quarters by my side. The rest of the band as they came to the place swerved aside, and in a few moments all had passed and left me with a sore shoulder and the dead horse as mute evidence of my narrow escape. I now resolved to build a fire and try to pass the remainder of the night in some degree of comfort, but the passing of the horses seemed to be the signal for all the animated nature of the



"I RECEIVED A SHOCK WHICH SENT ME SPRAWLING."

Northern prairie to spring into activity. I heard coyotes chasing rabbits through the brush, sage hens would rise with a whirr, and a thousand noises of the night, howls and barks and hoots assailed my ears. Fortunately there was plenty of dry brush near at hand and I built a good fire, which I thought would keep coyotes or other unwelcome visitors at a respectful distance. I was sitting with my back to the fire when presently I saw two points of greenish light about thirty feet away, this was soon joined by another pair, and I realized to my horror that either coyotes or wolves were watching me; terror made me bold, and when a third pair of eyes joined the other two, I rose and pulling a burning stick from the fire hurled it at the skulking brutes; at the same time letting out a yell that might have been heard from the tomb. To my astonishment I heard an

answering halloo, and the barking of several dogs was indeed sweet music to my ears; soon the gleam of a lantern appeared and my cousin accompanied by a varied assortment of the canine family soon joined me.

It seemed that he had lost track of the calendar and thought that the next day was the one on which I was to arrive; the stampede of the horses had awakened him, and as they had passed close by his corral he got up to see if his horses were all right; seeing my light, he called his dogs and came over to investigate. I was so shaken and exhausted that I could hardly speak till I had swallowed a good toddy, and I soon crawled between blankets and forgot my woes in sound sleep. I found by tracking myself next day that I actually made a complete circle of the cabin at a distance of about half a mile.



## INDEPENDENCE DAY.

AGAIN comes Independence Day,  
 With boom of gun and cannon's roar,  
 And crackers strewn along the way,  
 As on the "4th" we knew of yore.

The bunting, too, on Burton's store—  
 Again comes Independence Day!—  
 Alack, has all been used before,  
 And now is faded, old and gray.

What pranks the "nigger chasers" play—  
 Who cries the "4th" is but a bore?  
 Again comes Independence Day,  
 Give me its joys—I want no more.

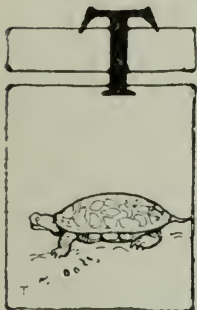
Volcanic rockets rise and soar  
 Aloft; and Roman-candles spray  
 Their golden sparks before our door.  
 Again comes Independence day.

—Stacey E. Baker.

# The Wanderers



BY  
HARRY H.  
DUNN



**T**HE lava butte stood alone in a wide stretch of sand and clay and gravel. To the west, dim on the rim of the horizon an uneven blue shadow showed where the Sierras raised their wall, keeping forever from the desert the rain-laden winds continually drifting in from the miles of peaceful ocean lapping the coast. East and north and south the gray plain rolled away until it merged with a sky but a degree less gray. Far back, so far that their height was lost in the blur that distance made, another line of peaks hemmed in the basin from such wandering breaths as might have brought their quota of moisture from the Father of Waters. Indeed, the desert seemed alone, abandoned to its dreary desolation, given over to sand and cacti, and, by night, the cold white stars.

No foothills led up to the sharp browns and blacks of the lava hill—burned out cone of a long dead crater that it was—and no fringe of pine or even mesquite relieved its jagged sides or fringed its base. Beneath the sun and the sandstorms the flat-leaved plants that called the sands their home lay close to the earth, seeking its support and the tiny meed of moisture they might draw from it, while the great barrels of the larger cacti were shriveled, the slimy ooze of their soft pulp well nigh gone.

One time, in a more favored summer, there had sprung from the riven side of the butte a trickling fissure spring, small but steady in its flow and the sole support of the few whose wings and feet had not 'ere this carried them from the heat-harried land. Now, however, even this had given up its last drop,

and the basin wherein the tiny stream was wont to fall gave back a vapor of heat to the round sun overhead.

Beside it, her nose to the ground and her brown tail fallen over the white patch that marked her rump, stood a solitary antelope. Food had been scarce for many days, yet she had lived comparatively well so long as the spring still furnished her with water—vastly more essential than food on the desert. To her the closest-growing grass of the prairie was easy to glean; her flexible lips, made both for grazing and browsing, enabled her to pick up a living where even the mountain sheep would have starved. And she knew the country round about the old butte as no one of the rest of its four-footed indwellers did. Man she had seen but once, and then dimly and afar off, so that she had reason to fear only those enemies of her own sort—the long, lank cats that had their den on the far side of the tumbled pile of lava, and always hunted together; the swift gray wolves of the plain beneath; and, last but not least, the rounded crawling terror, yellow as the sands on which he lay. From the first of these her sure, swift feet had saved her on many a gray evening, and to escape the wolves, she merely ran until out of their sight and then took a few great leaps up onto the lava slag, where they lost all scent and she wandered on unharmed. But from the snake there was but one escape—constant watchfulness. She could and did warn her mate of the coming of other foes, but this one, so swift, so silent and so deadly, must be seen and killed or seen and avoided.

Of late, however, the rabbits and rats of the far side of the butte had been so plentiful that the lions had not hunted much on her side, while thirst had about driven the

little wild dogs out of this part of the desert. So she had lived quite happily, and knowing this bit of the world so well was willing to chance her life through the season of drouth. The cañon wherein lay the spring was the coolest spot of all the barren hill, and here she came when the heat of the open plain was too much for her, and here, ever before, she had found water a-plenty. Moreover, what was infinitely worse, she knew of no other waterhole in all that part of the desert, and the lands to the south and east, whence one time in the long ago she had come with many others of her kind, had been forgotten these many years, so there was no hope from that source.

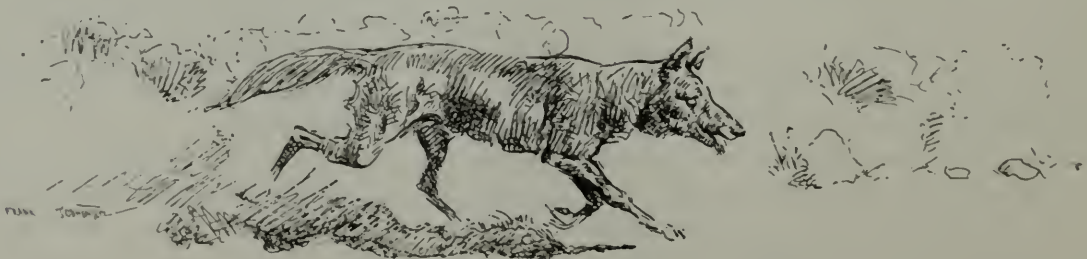
Presently, from a bend in the cañon wall, came a weak bleat, followed by another, even less strong, to which she gave instant heed, slipping silently yet quickly from the spring down the flat bed of the dry stream and into the tiny amphitheater cut into the tumbled lava pile. There lay the cause of all her hurrying, and the reason that she had for so long remained beside the diminishing spring. Scarce three days old he was, of the size of a young goat kid, but more steady on his legs, quite able to stand alone though not as yet strong enough to run far nor fast—the prime requisite for a long life as an antelope. He was not marked like his mother, merely mottled all over, so that, no matter what he stood beside or lay down upon no eye was sharp enough to see him at a little distance. Indeed this was his only protection; he could neither run nor fight, therefore he must lie still when the sudden stiffening of his mother's body, the swift uplifting of her white tail, warned him that danger was upon them. From birth he had known these things, known them as well as all young creatures of the wild know whence comes the milk that satisfies their hunger, yet only once in all his four days of life had he seen the danger signal raised, and that was when his other parent hastening down the treach-

erous lava of the butte side had startled a boulder. Not seeing her mate, she that lay with her kid sprang to her feet, ears erect and her tail vibrant with the flashing sign of white. Instinctively he had crept closer to the nearest boulder, flattening himself against its gray and brown side until he looked like nothing so much as a bit of worn-out scoria, cast in the dim past from the mouth of the cone towering above. And when the fright was over how the two had rubbed him with their velvet noses, blowing their warm breath on his coat and licking his flanks until every hair lay smoothly along his ribs.

Now, however, his trouble was of another sort—he was hungry, and what was infinitely worse in this land of drouth and death, his mother had no milk for him. Almost as weak as he, she had, day by day, since the green carpet turned to brown, given of her very life to maintain his, with no hope of renewal for herself. And now her last refuge, the spring, was gone. Indeed the heart of her was faint, and all her dumb intelligence could tell her nothing to do that would help them in this, their dire extremity. For herself—she could have reached the cool blue line of the mountains easily, but the kid could not have traveled half that far, so little was the strength of these, his first few days. To her and to him alike was denied that solace of human hearts—hope. They could only wait, powerless to do aught save that which the bending skies permitted them. So they waited, the kid with his sleek muzzle stretched along the ground, she standing beside him, weak, hungry and longing for the waters of the spring that had so long been hers, yet not for one moment giving thought to any but to him that was hers to guard.

\* \* \* \* \*

Swinging along over the floor of the desert, watching narrowly the world to left and right, came the leader of a small band of







prairie wolves. They, too, were hungry, but they knew where food lay for them; they knew of the grounds the antelope frequented, and here they came, slowly, noiselessly, bent on the lives of the swift-limbed pair. Their gait was a slow trot, ready at any moment to break into that long rolling gallop 'neath which the rods became miles unceasingly. They did not enter any of the cañons that let into the great butte—the air was heavy with the portent of harm; dull, sultry heat lay close to the breast of the world, and across the northern sky-line, low-hanging and black, lay banked the clouds. How much of these things the wolves saw I know not, but they knew, with that peculiar intuition born of years of life in this barren world, that it would not be well for them to be caught in any small box-cañon of the hills when a storm broke. On the flat they could at least have a fair show of getting away, in the confines of the gorge they must die like rats in a trap; and, because they who are cowards in life are usually cowards in death, the little wolves were loth to trust themselves in any danger.

And then, drifting down the rising draft of scorching air that seemed to draw out of the very chimney of the old crater, came the faint bleat of the young antelope. The leader of the pack whirled in his tracks until he stood with his nose directly up wind to the sound, his head raised high, his every faculty alive to the tidings the wind might bring him. Half a hundred yards behind the rest of the pack, a bare half-dozen in all, threw themselves on their haunches and did that first thing of all the wild hunters when an idle moment comes—rested. Their leader was to them the embodiment of all that was necessary for a hunter of their tribe to know—had he not been he could never have led

them as he did—and they were content to await his word. Suddenly, with a low whine that was half a hunting call, so uttered that it might not arouse the animals they sought, he started off at a rapid lope, straight into the mouth of the cañon. For a moment the pack halted, their plummy tails a-drag, for they liked little the heavy air and the fringe of cloud that by this time had become a curtain, blotting out the world to the north definitely and completely. But finally, because he was their leader, they drew together and set themselves against the upgrade of the creek-bed. And, as the scent of the kid came stronger and stronger to them and they grew to know that sure and bountiful food was ahead of them, they let go long whines of desire, which suddently broke into howls of certainty.

Above in the cañon, lying on the little shelf of rock beside her kid, the mother heard, heard, and felt deep down in her heart that the end had come. Poorly prepared was she for the fighting of these wild hunters, and yet the thing called fear was new to her when the life of the tiny one was in danger. Slowly she rose, stretching her sore limbs to their full length, regretting, perhaps, more than anything else, the fact that she was both hungry and thirsty. Then she moved over to the narrow trail that led up from the bed of the dry creek to her refuge on the ledge. Here, but one or at most two of the pack could come up at a time, and here with hoofs and head she might be able to keep them down until her mate came. Sharp horns were his, and, guarding his own on the narrow strip of rock would make the coming of the wolves of small terror to him. As for the kid, he curled himself up in the very smallest of heaps in the crevice between two great, brown lava boulders, there to lie until



"ONE BY ONE THE PACK SPRANG FOR THE NARROW TRAIL."

such time as his mother was ready to feed him. From the ledge to the bottom of the cañon was many times the height of the tallest of the wild dogs, but up this one trail they might come, slowly, but easily, and once on the ledge she well knew that her life and the life of her kid would go speedily.

Then the hunters came, slowly, watching on all sides for their quarry, yet passing it completely because it was above their range of vision. On up the cañon they rolled, red tongues lolling from redder mouths, an occasional bay pealing from the throat of one more excited than the rest. Here, too, fortune stepped in and saved, for the time at least, the lives of the hunted. Had she and her kid been able to run as she and her mate would have done, both would have slipped from their places on the rock and tried to escape by flight, after the wolves had passed. As it was they could not, and so, when the pack found out its mistake and came back, pausing where the scent lay heaviest, just below the ledge, they found her still waiting there. Indeed, had she left, death more terrible than any the little wolves could inflict must have come upon her and hers.

One by one, eagerly as vultures to their banquet on the dead, the hunting pack sprang for the narrow trail, sprang with wide open jaws and set teeth, to be met with lowered head and short sharp horns that struck vicious blows. One only could come at her, and one was not enough to overcome the strength and bravery of mother love. So they gathered about the base of the rock, there to await the time when hunger and thirst and heat should drive those above down to the red mouths below. Then if ever dumb heart prayed for help she that kept restless vigil above prayed for her mate. And he—he was miles away, fleeing before danger more terrible than the wolves, a danger that was to lift the prisoners on the rock to safety by the same power that made him to flee for his life.

\* \* \* \* \*

Across the northern heavens, what had

been a wall of black cloud had become a huge pouch, its smaller end buried in the depths of the azure sky, the larger a trail along the earth. Faster and faster it came and the noise of its coming became a roar. Directly down upon the dead furnace of the lonely butte it bore its way, and from its path in headlong flight ran the foxes, flew the birds, all but these buried in the heart of the cañon—walled in by the rock they could not hear. Heart beats became moments and the moments wore on into hours. Farther and farther up the sloping trail the wolves ventured, but each time, with a last burst of strength she drove them back. And then, because it seemed that she could do no more, she lay down across the narrow path. But this time the wolf pack was silent, gone the howls of conquest and the cries of the blood-scent. Down the gorge drew the cool sweet breath of the rain wind—and ahead of it, running as they never ran before, sped the wolf pack.

Almost above the sharp peak of the butte trailed the end of the black cloud. For a moment silence lay on the land, then as if some Titan had rent asunder the hem of his great robe, a quivering, crackling sound seemed to fill the whole air, only to be swallowed up in the mighty rush and roar of myriad waters. In the space of a breath the cañon was a boiling, hissing, tossing sea, raging almost to the top of the ledge whereon the antelope lay. Far down the gorge, quite in its mouth and with the view of safety set in their eyes the demon of the waters laid hold upon the wolf pack, tossing them, dragging them, beating their lives out upon the gorge's rim.

And in the space of another breath the great cloud had melted away, the storm was gone. Next morning the little spring dripped its tiny stream into the basin beneath, and out upon the flat the tips of the green world were already raising themselves above the sand. On and on the three antelope fed, over a world reborn for them.



## SURCEASE.

**B**ACK to the heart of Nature, back to the realm of life,  
Where the wild ferns grow and the pure winds blow  
And the soul can forget its strife;  
Back to the heart of Nature, back to the wooded hills,  
Where the limbs grow strong and the wood-bird's song  
With many a sweetness thrills.

Back from the din and traffic, back from the surging crowd,  
Where the life grows cold in the quest for gold  
And the head and the heart are bowed;  
Back to the heart of Nature, far from the paths of greed,  
Where the bursting brain of its pulsing pain  
Though but for an hour is freed.

*T. Shelley Sutton*

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## FANCIES.

**S**AFELY seated 'neath a tree  
Listening to a buzzing bee,  
Beside me lies an uncut book,  
(Companion for a shady nook).  
June is telling her poetry  
In a drowsy tone—so sweet to me—  
What need I now of pen or book  
When God dwells in the shady nook—  
And a little buzzing bee?

The sun is drifting o'er the tree—  
Smiles his sunbeams down on me;  
The tree, the sun, the bending grass  
Seem pure as a shriven maid at mass,  
And a blue-bell nods his head to me.  
The bee drones low a litany,  
The fox-glove seems a bonnie lass  
Who slightly bends her head at mass—  
And maybe prays for me.

The sun is down—still 'neath the tree,  
I dream of youth and poetry,  
Of rhyme not found in printed book,  
Of music from a boyhood brook,  
While a dove moans plaintively;  
The night wind's incense blesses me  
As I step away from the shady nook,  
And absent minded leave my book  
Of uncut poetry!

—*Sam Ertton Foulds.*

## WHEN THE SIGN WAS RIGHT.

By S. D. BARNES.



“ONE of my hindfeet is itchin’ to-night,” remarked Charlie with the perfect gravity of one announcing a most serious fact.

“Going to rain?” I queried, carelessly cognizant of my companion’s peculiarities of expression and abiding

faith in “signs.”

“That’s when my rheumatiz hurts me, or a screech owl hollers afore night, or thar’s a ring around the moon. I’m going to dew some tall runnin’ afore long—that’s what *this* means. I’ve had the like three times afore.”

A stranger would have cut in here with leading questions. Three months earlier in the game such an indiscretion might have been mine; but I had learned better. If you want to study human traits and characteristics, persuade your subject to go with you on a hunting trip to the mountains.

Charlie coaxed the last bit of smoke from his cracked and charred pipe bowl, refilled it from the pouch I threw him, and with bare fingers whisked a live coal atop. Then he took pity on my known, though carefully repressed curiosity.

“Fust time was when I tried to bust a faro bank over at Butte. Never did have sech a case of hoof-itch! Seemed like my boots was chuck full of nettles—from the fust minnit I set in the game. I jest couldn’t keep my mind on anything else; so I spread my chips permiskus like, an’ ev’ry one of my bets brung in revenoo. It was like gittin’ money from home! I was stompin’ my nigh hoof and wiggling’ it ’round in my boot, drappin’ a stack on this card an’ that, jest as it happened, an’ mighty night ev’ry turn things would come my way. Purty soon I got so blamed fur gone with my wigglin’ an’ stompin’ that it was tew much trouble to pull down a winnin’; so I’d hunch the pile over on another card an’ let her stand. Every other game in the house had stopped, an’ the crowd all aroun’ our table was four deep. I didn’t even ketch on what

the attraction was, but kept bettin’ an’ winnin’ and stompin’ an’ cussing tew myself. Bimeby a big bullwhacker gethered me by the shoulder and yelled to keep off his toes. ‘Certain,’ sez I, an’ side-stepped some. This time I knowed when it happened, bein’ as it was a big foot an’ I hit it center. The feller raised a squall an’ I jumped back, salivatin’ a toenail for some chap that stood ahind me. ‘Count my chips,’ I yelled to the dealer, fer I knowed it was comin’. He happened to be an honest sharp—leastwise the round-up next mornin’ showed he hadn’t stole more’n half.”

“But where does the runnin’ come in?” I queried, after a proper interval of silence.

“‘Twa’n’t comin’ in—it was goin’ out,” he replied. “Ev’ry time I moved that nigh hoof somebody yelled. I jest couldn’t miss ’em. ‘Ain’t heeled,’ I yelled back at ’em, as a sort of excuse for movin’ so lively when the mob turned belligerent like. ‘You’re a liar!’ somebody hollered; ‘you done had it on the littlest toe I’ve got.’

“‘Nother time,” went on Charlie, after a dreamy pause, “the scratches come on me severe as I was ridin’ out to the Widder Perkinses ranch, up on Snake River. She was sure the most marrified woman I ever knowed—allus after some feller, and ev’rybody dodging of her because she was so blamed fat an’ ugly an’ high tempered. I wasn’t aimin’ to visit *her*—not much! Dick Blodgett, an old chum of mine, was herd boss for her, an’ I had a bundle of letters for him out’n the post-office. Well, when that itch caught me so bad, I lit off my hoss, shed my boot an’ sock, an’ drug my foot aroun’ over the gravel; but it did no sorter good. An’ me still not thinkin’ it a sign of nuthin’! ‘Bout three hundred yards out from the ranch I turned my hoss out on the grass, shouldered my saddle an’ blanket, an’ headed for the gate. Nobody was in sight, but as I hit the porch I heered Dick talkin’. ‘Charlie Simms is plum locoed after ye, Mis Perkins,’ says he. ‘He’s that bashful he’d die before he’d say a word—an’ I reckon if he’d an idee that you knowed, Charlie’d run

his hoss to death gittin' out'n the kentry.' I tumbled right then that Dick had seed me comin' an' was fixin' up for some fun. Of course I lit back to'ard my hoss, some fast. 'Thar he is, right now!' I heered Dick chirp, an' then I struck a trot, with the widder out in the yard hollerin' for me to stop. Reckon I had a safe lead, if my hoss hadn't acted up foolish; but he made out like he didn't know me, an' lit a shuck on his own account. Purty soon I looked back, an' here come the widder on Dick's big roan, wavin' a white han'kerchief an' yellin' 'Oh, Charlie!' Talk about runnin'! Say, it was a mile to the bluff on the road back to town, an' when I hit the brush I had a hunderd yards clear lead—plenty to put me out'n sight for keeps."

"And the third time?" I queried.

"That was when I was over in Mexico with some minin' fellers. One mornin,' a couple of hours before day, I waked up with the full symptoms. I knowed there was trouble comin', but talk sense intew them chaps I jest couldn't. They allowed the Injuns was peaceable an' that thar wa'n't no sign of a cyclone nor nuthin,' an' so they went back to sleep. Me? I drifted, you bet! Way up on the slope of a ridge, a mile from camp, I located myself on a big boulder with open seein' all aroun' me, cocked my old Winchester an' waited for things to happen. Lord, how that hoof did itch! I was plum afeered to git out of my leather, knowin' that any minnit might start me up hill or down; so I jest grinned an' suffered. Bimeby a big light shot up back to'ard camp, an' I knowed right then the tent was afire an' all my extra duds and small change was probably gittin' mighty warm. Thar ain't no racin' stop-watch on earth that could have caught my time over that mile—I fairly flew! When I swung aroun' into the blind cañon where we was camped, thar stood the tent, same as usual, an' one of the boys was gittin' breakfast. He had aimed to light the fire with coal-oil, an' somehow sloshed out 'bout a half-gallon on the kin'lins—an' the blaze from that was what I seed."

"It appears to me," said I, "that the sign wouldn't have counted for much that time if you had not been so easily rattled. Foot getting easier now?"

"Like forty milyun little niggers ticklin' it with knittin' needles. Thar's runnin' got to be did—or I'll be a cacklin' idiot before mornin'. What do you reckon is comin'?"

"Nothing. We are on level ground with no timber around us to bother if the wind rises. A snowslide from the mountain couldn't reach us, and a dozen cloud bursts would never bring the creek up this high. It is too late in the fall for rattlesnakes, and we both have reason to know that there isn't a bear or mountain lion in ten miles. Our dogs—"

"Oh, look at old Jack!" yelled Charlie at that instant. "Blamed if he hain't gone mad!—an' he's comin' this way! Whar's my gun?"

The oldest and biggest of our four hounds had suddenly bolted out of the darkness, where, a short time before, I had heard them all growling and chewing over the ribs of a deer killed that evening. He was heading right for Charlie with mouth half open, the saliva dripping from his jowls, eyes glaring wildly in the firelight, and his whole appearance savoring of either discomfort or anger. Charlie snatched up his repeater and essayed to fire, but the chamber was empty. Clickety-click! Snap! We had emptied and cleaned our rifles earlier in the evening, and he remembered it now. "Runnin' time!" he yelled. "What did I tell you?"

I couldn't answer for laughing. He was off without a backward glance; and poor old Jack was down beside the fire, scratching at his muzzle with both paws and whining piteously. His tail wiggled with grateful fervor as I rolled him over on his back and explored that cavernous mouth with cautious finger. It wasn't such a very big bone, but back near the angle of the jaws a very short prop will serve the purpose. I didn't blame the old fellow for coming to his friends for help in such an exigency. If my own jaws ever go back on me about feeding time, I will probably know better how he felt, but as it is I can guess.

Charlie was asleep in his usual place when I awoke next morning, but I never knew when he came sneaking back to camp—nor have I ever explained to him the reason of Jack's remarkable conduct. I am waiting until the sign is right again.



SOME  
YOUNG  
OF OUR



COMMON  
BIRDS  
FORESTS.



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# SPORT IN NEW ZEALAND.

## A DAY WITH THE WILD PIGEONS.

By R. CLAPHAM.



THE north island of New Zealand is the abiding place of countless thousands of wild pigeons. They resemble in coloring and general appearance the common blue rock, but in size they are much its superior.

When at certain seasons of the year they are fat and in good condition they make a first-rate addition to the larder, second to none of the pigeon tribe. When the berries of the tawa and white pine trees are ripe, the bush becomes literally alive with the birds, the dropping of the large black berries and the flap, flapping of wings testifying to their presence everywhere. They afford excellent sport to the gunner; as it requires a hard hitting weapon and straight powder to stop them. Swift of flight when fairly on the wing, they will carry away an astounding quantity of lead without flinching. The Maoris and their method of slaughtering them wholesale in the trees is certainly not the most sportsmanlike way.

To the lover of wing shooting many a good day's sport can be obtained among the clumps of large pine trees scattered here and there throughout the clearings and along the bush trails and roads, where most white settlers kill large quantities, though of the shots obtainable are on the wing, and the shooter has ample time to stop his bird before it is lost to view in the denser growth of the unbroken bush.

As auxiliaries to this kind of sport, a horse and a dog that will retrieve are of great help. Many of the ponies obtained up country are gun-wise, and will stand fire like their brothers of the Western plains. A spaniel or a good retriever are the most useful kind of dogs to use, though many of the collies and cattle dogs become in time quite proficient at the game. A short account of

a day's sport of this kind may be of some interest to lovers of the gun.

During some years' sojourn among the wildest and most unfrequented district of the North Island, I had many successful days among the pigeons. Deciding one evening that I would have a hunt in the bush on the following day, I made preparations overnight. The old twelve-bore was extracted from its case, oiled up and thoroughly cleaned; and the cartridge belt and pockets of an old shooting coat filled with red E. C. No. 3 shells; then to bed, to dream of endless lines of pigeons and flapping wings.

After an early breakfast next morning, I buckled on the belt, swung the gun under my arm and walked out behind the house to unchain the old cattle dog, Tip, my companion of many a good day's sport, whether after pigeon, cattle or wild pig. A whistle from the front of the house warned me that my friend, who lived on an adjoining section, was ready to accompany me; so lighting our pipes we started for the river through the large house paddock adjoining.

Arriving at the banks we embarked for the farther shore in a home-made wooden cage, running across from bank to bank on strong wires, and put in motion by hauling the cage along with a rope fixed to a tree on the farther side. Safely over we disembarked at the narrow trail ahead of us, leading deeper into the bush, which finally brought us out to a small lagoon. Being early as yet, the pigeons were only just beginning to move about, though later in the day they could be found in all directions preening and sunning themselves on the limbs of the taller trees.

In the center of the lagoon lay a small island, and my friend agreed to paddle over to this in the punt moored to the bank. As the tall pines growing on it are a favorite resort of the birds we are after, I remained on the



shore to take the chance of any birds coming in my direction.

I could hear the *coo-coo-coo* from somewhere over the water; when a sharp crack from the island warned me that something was doing, I turned to see a pigeon whirl out from the trees and fall with a splash into the still water of the little lake. The old dog, who up to now had laid quiet at my feet, gave one bound into the water and soon pigeon No. 1 was brought triumphantly to land. Another report rang out, and I heard the dull thump as a bird struck the ground in his fall; at the same time two more birds flew out, straight in my direction; the first, an easy shot, dropped in the lake, but the second carried on, hard hit, into the bush behind me, to be retrieved by the dog after some little trouble.

The boat now appeared round the end of the island, and my friend picked up his bird floating in the water and then pulled for the shore. Four birds to start with, which was not a bad beginning, so we turned off into the bush again, each taking a different route and agreeing to meet further down the river about midday.

The sun was by this time well up, and the birds were all astir and feeding in earnest, the constant *coo-cooing* and flapping of wings showing their whereabouts in the trees. Every now and then a chance could be got at them on the wing, affording far more satisfaction than killing them out of the trees, though the shots for the most part were of the quick snap order of things. Some eight birds were thus accounted for, and a dozen others were pulled down from the tops of some of the higher trees to be added to the bag.

Wandering slowly along I reached a small clear space on the edge of the river, with a tall dead tree overhanging it. As the sun was warm and the bag was beginning to weigh a trifle heavy, I sat down on a log and lighted my pipe for a few minutes' rest. Sitting there watching the smoke curling up in the still, warm air, I noticed something shining white as the sun struck it, away up on one of the topmost limbs of the dead tree; there, hunched up enjoying the warmth, was a fine old bird, his plumage shining bright in the sun's rays. It was a long shot, but the temptation was too much; the gun came up and at the report the old fellow whirled off

the branch amid a cloud of feathers, fell, then recovered and flew straight at me; the second barrel spoke and a thump in the undergrowth behind me testified to straight powder.

Picking him up I trudged along, adding ones and twos to the already well-filled bag. The rendezvous, an old log across the river, was reached, and I found my friend already reposing alongside it. By his side was a pile of dead birds totalling in all 21, and two of the Ka-Ka parrots, which are also a most welcome addition. I empty my pockets and the old game bag to a count of 27, so we felt satisfied with our morning's tramp.

Loading up the bags again, we gingerly stepped across the log, slippery with wet moss and spray from the river, and scrambled up the opposite bank to the road beyond in the clearance. As it was now about lunch time, we tramped the two miles up the road to my friend's shanty, hung up the birds and partook of a hearty lunch, not the worst part of which was a cold pigeon pie. Lunch over, pipes were lit, and as my friend had to do some work around his place, I decided to put in the rest of the day alone.

Crossing over to my own place, I ran up the old bay pony, saddled him and jumped up, not forgetting to tie a bag across the pommel. Whistling to the dog I cantered through the gate and turned down the same road that we came up. Following this for about three miles I came to the end of the settlers' clearances, and arrived at a large wooden bridge over the river. Over the bridge and through a small hand gate and I was on the narrow trail through the dense bush, where it winds its way up hill and down dale to finally terminate fifty miles further north at the coast.

It was a pretty ride; the lovely tree-ferns and tropical looking foliage were beautiful in the afternoon sun as the old horse jogged slowly along. The road winds and twists around, up and down, every now and then following the top of some deep ravine, on whose damp and rocky slopes grow the tree-ferns and other thick undergrowth. As I rounded the first bend in the road a loud flap from the gully on my right announced the first bird; as he cleared the tops of the low scrub trees I let go, right over the ears of the old horse, who stopped dead when the gun was raised. A few gray feathers floated on the air, and a crash in the undergrowth

announced the success of the first shot. The old dog gave a whine of delight and dived down the steep side of the ravine to reappear in a few moments with the bird in his mouth. We jogged along again at the same sedate pace, getting occasional shots as we went, till I was about three miles in from the river falls. The bag now totaled some nine birds, and I determined to turn back in the direction of home again.

Dropping the reins I let the old nag walk at his ease, every now and then stopping to listen and look around. Suddenly a loud, hoarse *ka-ka-ka-ka* greeted my ears; a-float-ing down the ravine came a Ka-Ka parrot. He alighted in a tree close by, and though a long shot I raised the gun and blazed away. The pine needles flew from one of the topmost limbs, and a brown mass flopped down from branch to branch, clutching with its long claws and beak at the branches in its descent. The dog made ready for his usual trip but I called him in, threw the reins over the horse's head and proceeded to scramble down to where the parrot was crawling around with a broken wing. Avoiding his curved beak and sharp-pointed claws, I picked him gently up, and again he made the air re-sound with his raucous voice. In a minute or so an answering voice was heard and above my head I saw two more of the birds alight in the same tree I was standing under.

Laying the wounded bird on the stem of a young sapling to which he clung contentedly. I grabbed the gun and dropped one of them in the tree, scoring on the other as he slowly flapped away. Gathering up the slain and putting the wounded one out of his misery, I struggled back up the wet and slippery slope to the road, where the old horse was waiting exactly where I had left him.

By using one of these birds as decoys, when wounded, though perhaps rather a cruel method, is one of the best ways to procure others of the same species. They are quite a table delicacy, and at times, especially when the trees are full of berries and insect life, become so fat and heavy that they are totally unable to fly, contenting them-

selves with crawling around and up the trees with the help of their beak and claws.

The bag now totalled nine pigeons and three Ka-Kas; it was beginning to grow dusk, so I climbed into the saddle and cantered back down the trail toward the bridge again. Gaining the center of the bridge I stopped to look up the long stretch of smooth water above, hoping to see signs of duck. Among the low rocks in the middle of the stream something moved in and out, and at last in the fading light I saw five of them—gray ducks, too.

Over the bridge and up the road the horse walked quietly along, and when I was nearly opposite the place where they should have been I dismounted and crept quietly down through the scrub as near to the river's edge as I dared. I hit the place exactly—there they were, evidently on the alert, for my movements in the approach had evidently put them on their guard. I sighted for the two in the lead and pulled the trigger; the water rose in a flurry of spray and two of them were on their backs. As the remainder rose I luckily dropped the last one with the second barrel. The dog retrieved the first two, and I got the third as it was carried into a back water under the bank.

Out to the road again, I deposited the birds in the bag. It was a good trail home, so I stopped and lighted the old briar pipe, got into the saddle and jogged toward the house and supper. It was by now all but dark, and the weird cries of the small owls, commonly called "More-Porks," sounded most eerie on the silent night, the fire-flies glistened here and there along the banks of the road, and the hum and buzz of a beetle sounded loud as he whirled past.

Many such days have I enjoyed; often made more interesting by various additions to the bag, from the Virginian quail to the lordly English pheasant. To an admirer of large bags and big battues such a day would have no attractions, but to the true sportsman and lover of nature it is far ahead of more wholesale forms of slaughter.





## THE SCIENCE OF SILVICULTURE.

*Brief Sketches of Forestry and the Foresters.*

By CLYDE SCOTT CHASE.

### PART II.

#### THE CHARACTER OF TREES.



THE nature, or silvicultural character of a tree, is shown in the qualities upon which the whole species, as well as the individual tree, depends in its own peculiar struggle for existence. The size and rate of growth, its abundance or scarcity, the trees which it will grow with peacefully,

and those which it kills or is killed by, the places where it will live and the regions in which it will flourish best, are decided by the silvicultural character, or inborn qualities, of each particular kind of tree.

Different races of mankind have their own special requirements for the maintenance of their existence, and so it is with different species of trees. Some people, like the South Sea Islanders, require a warm climate for their best health and comfort, and would soon succumb to disease and death in any other. Some races, like the Eskimos, can live only in the cold regions of the Frigid Zones. And the needs of different trees are even more varied and distinct than those of the different races of man.

Certain species of trees (for example the spruces, willows and birches of Northern Canada) occupy the very boundary of tree growth within the Arctic Circle. On the other hand, certain species grow only in tropical lands and are unable to resist the slightest frost or cold.

And so the relation of heat and cold to plant life has much to do with the distribution of trees over the earth's surface. Often this fact is observed even within very short distances. In our own country are a number of well illustrated examples. The mesquite does not grow in Washington, nor the red fir in Mexico. Likewise the live oak does not grow in Maine, nor the canoe birch in Florida.

We frequently notice that the opposite sides of a hill are clothed with a different species of forest. This circumstance is in most cases due to the fact that one of the species requires the coolness and moisture of a northern slope, while the other has the inborn qualities to resist the fierce midday heat of summer and the early and late frosts of other seasons of the year. A fact also in this connection may be noted in passing, to wit, that the frosts of late spring and early fall are much more apt to kill the blossoms, twigs and young trees on an eastern slope where the sun strikes early in the day than those of northern and western slopes where rapid thawing, which does more harm than freezing, is not so likely to occur, and where the annual growth begins later in the spring.

Heat and moisture act in unison upon plant life, and their exact effects are sometimes manifested in such a way as to present a considerable problem to the student of silviculture. But it is quite apparent that



moisture has almost as great and direct an influence on the distribution of trees over the earth as heat itself.

Within any given region of forest growth this peculiarity of trees is quite conspicuous. The smaller the space the more noticeable the effect, because the contrast is more striking. In many instances the distribution is entirely controlled by the demand for water. The opposite sides of a range of mountains may be covered with a distinctly different growth of trees. On the eastern slope of the Cascades, for example, are seen the stunted bull-pine groves at more or less irregular intervals, because the rainfall in this region is uncertain and frequently very slight, while upon the western slope, where the rains are copious and abundant, stands the heaviest and most valuable body of dense and towering forest of merchantable trees upon the American continent, composed chiefly of northern cedar, red fir and western spruce. And even more striking is the contrast of the two slopes of the Sierra Nevadas of Southern Oregon and California. The eastern side, dry and sun-baked, is almost devoid of tree life, while the moist plateau regions of the western slope contain the most beautiful of all forests, the aged sequoia groves.

The difference between the trees of a swamp and those of a dry elevation close by is readily noticeable. And sometimes a ridge or mound not more than a foot above the level of a wet, marshy spot, will be covered with trees entirely different from those about it.

It is by these lessons of nature that we understand the needs and qualities of trees. Thus we know that the bald cypress and the river birch grow only in land extremely moist, and that the piñon or nut pine will live only on the driest soil. Also that others, like the red fir and the red cedar, adapt themselves to almost any degree of moisture, being found on very wet and very dry soils alike.

It is also apparent that the chemical nature of the soil has less to do with the growth of different trees than its mechanical nature. Whether it is hard or loose in composition, fine or coarse in grain, deep or shallow, have a direct connection between, and influence upon, heat and moisture and the life-seeking qualities of the roots in the soil.

Thus it will be seen that the relation of trees to heat and moisture is the most directly responsible factor in their distribution upon the various divisions of the earth's surface—its continents and islands, its high regions and mountain ranges, its lesser rises, its depressions, and in fact every section where trees grow.

But while heat and moisture largely decide the question as to where the different kinds can grow and attain the highest perfection of life and bodily construction, their

influence has comparatively little to do with the struggles of different species and of individual trees against each other for possession of their rightful ground. This struggle is a constant and determined one, and has an important bearing upon the ultimate development of a forest. It depends more upon the tree's inborn qualities, or silvicultural character, which we have briefly touched upon in this study, than upon the influence of outward agencies.



### THREE GLIMPSES.

#### EVENING.

THE SUN was sinking westward and filtering the woods in a haze of autumn glory. Listlessly I sat down on a fallen tree-trunk and fell to dreaming. The silence deepened and widened, and yet, over and through it came murmurs of life in tree and stream, and now and then a bird call fluted through the changing shadows. Dusk gathered, and a large owl, on wings noiseless as approaching death, flew swiftly past and was lost. My eyes were rested by the gloom, and even darker yet grew the forest, ere a young moon loomed in the west, seemingly bent on following her lord, the sun, over the rim of the world.

#### NIGHT.

All sound is hushed, save soft sighs in the breeze  
That hide and stir amid the shimmering leaves.  
The air is chill, the moon on high,  
Rides silver through a mass of fleecy cloud  
That can not quite her ghostly light enshroud;  
And ever and anon a bat doth fly  
Beneath yon bridge, and glide above the stream,  
Betwixt the starlit sky and stars that gleam  
Deep 'neath the placid water's darkling sheen.

#### MORNING.

A faint and rosy lighting on the eastern sky-line gleams,  
A white and fleecy vapor lingers o'er the quiet streams.  
The world awakes and listens and the cedars breathe and stir  
In the breeze that heralds sunrise and wakes nature's dulcimer,  
And with sweet throated lilt of bird o'er woodland, hill and plain  
The rising sun in glory comes to warm the world again.

—Harry Dominy.



## RAINBOW CHASING.

By ONE WHO GOES.



IT HAS been said, long ago, by one of Earth's wisest men, that there is a time for all things, and the world has unhesitatingly endorsed his wisdom, making and taking time these enlightened days for many things that entered not into the sage's original calculation. It is true that most of the average modern man's time is taken up in the pursuit of the elusive dollar, and he generally, it must be sadly confessed, gets more or less away from his better ideals in the sordid scurry; but, praise be! even he—if he be built right and has the one redeeming trait—gets foolishly wise betimes and at the opportune moment goes rainbow chasing instead.

Not the glittering aurora borealis chimeric thing that we associated, in our butter-milk days, with pots of lifeless gold; but the leaping, flashing, animated jewel of quick iridescence which flames up to your delight from the depths of some sequestered mountain pool in passionate acceptance of your kissing fly's challenge.

When the song of summer sifts through some treacherous crevice in your business armor, and insidiously penetrates the horny callous of your heart, there comes a desire to do something that your tyrant, Routine, would instantly classify as foolish. You want to cast aside both the allurements of opportunity and the onus of responsibility, and for a time try to get once more a little closer to the great tender heart from which you have so long been estranged—the heart of Nature, which beats in beatitude for every one of her children if they will only hear. In short, you want to break away from the madding muckpool of business and go a-fishing in clear waters.

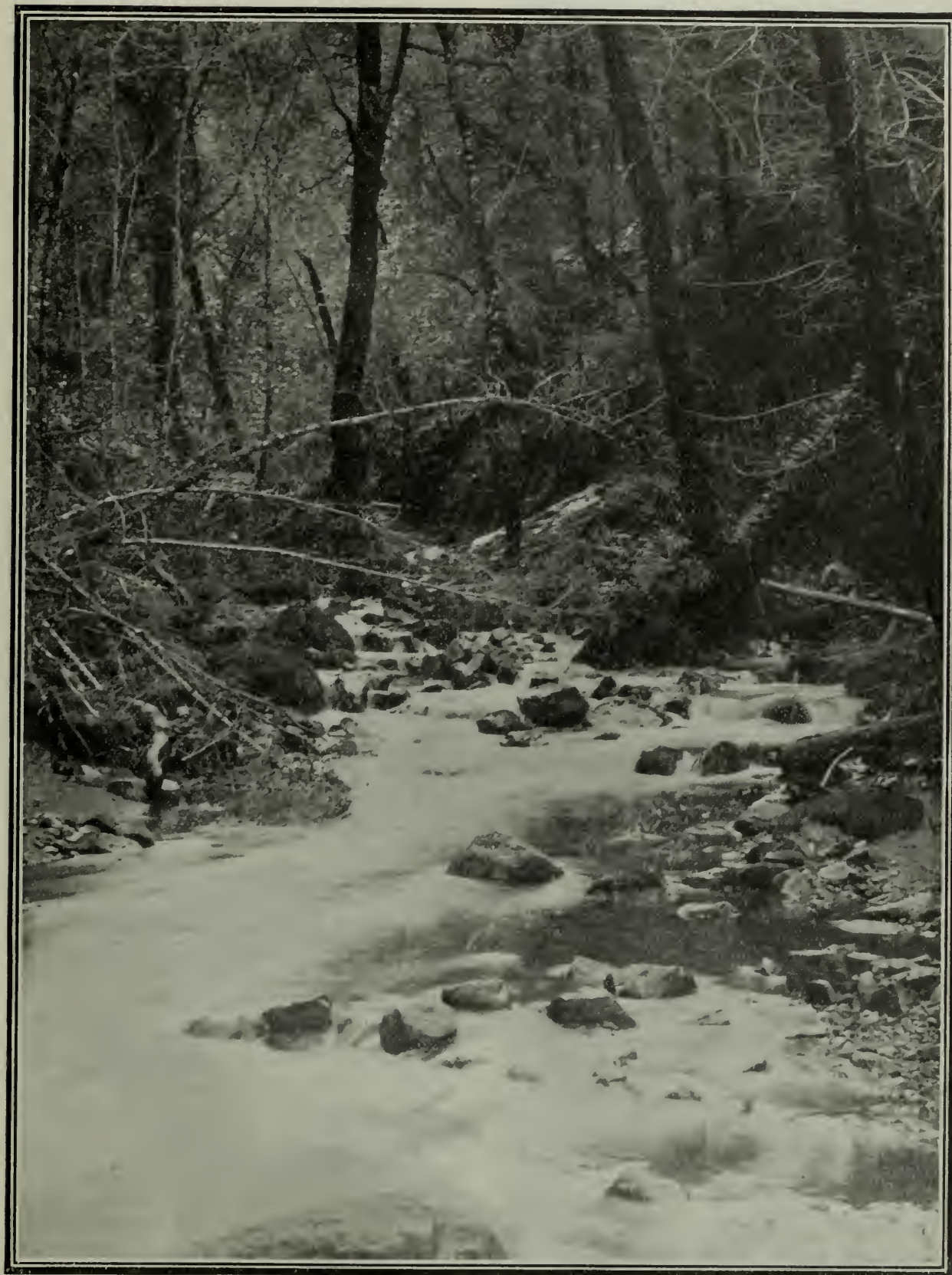
That is, you do if you are a normal man. Of course, to those who have not left one single small unsoldered spot in the casement of their souls through which the mystic call can enter, the song does not appeal. But, thank God! such men are few. We may be cursed

with money blindness, but the majority of us are not wholly deaf, and when the Mother calls we long to creep once more into her inviting arms and for a brief season forget our cares and woes in her tender embrace.

So here in California we mostly go rainbow chasing, and are benefited thereby. Not that *Salmo irideus* is our sole resource, but mainly because he is found aplenty in the most enticing environments and has a *quantum* of his own that the rest of the trout family lack. The silver and other Lake Tahoe species grow bigger, but they disdain the fly and you've got to broil on open sun-scorched waters to catch them by trolling. The "Dolly Vardens," while as coquettish and hard to please as the famous smith's daughter, herself, lack the rainbow's fire and *verve* in their resistance, and the Eastern brook seems to have left his gaminess at home in Atlantic waters; the steel-head is addicted to spoon feed, and the namaycush never was accused of any game tendencies. So to the rainbow of promise we mostly look for our sport, and to his credit be it said we are never disappointed.

Catch him where and when you will—and his haunts are everywhere in California where the water is pure, fresh, swift and cool—Sir Irideus is a gentleman. A connoisseur is he in landscape effects, and any half-dozen random taken pictures of his homes will be a collection that would put Corot's and Rosseau's aggregated efforts to shame. For California is God's country, and the discriminative rainbow flames only in its most sacred crypts—the nooks of His most tender adornment, whose treasure beauties would be as impossible as it is sacrilegious to depict. Whether it be in shallow, brawling brook, serious deep-flowing river, placid lake or mountain torrent, there will you find Beauty enshrined where the rainbow does his devotions at eventide, while the heavens blush at his ardor.

Break away from your office thralldom and let us visit him in company. This is his busy day and place of business. The Truckee roars with enjoyment as it tickles his fat



T. C. Van Ness, Jr., Photo.

THE SONG OF SUMMER.



sides where he hangs motionless in the fury of the cataract, waiting for the goods that the gods are sure to send him—a luckless grasshopper, belike, which struggles unavailingly to that foam-wreathed eddy which I have just overcast in my eagerness. Did you see that?

A three-pounder, at least, by the size of that cavernous mouth, and I hold my breath as your coachman skims above him a minute later. *Zig-g-g!* and the bamboo arches like a cyclone-struck grass-stem and the reel shrieks protestingly above the din of the torrent. Out of the current onto the more easily negotiable shore now, for there are scarce a dozen winds of line left on the spindle and he is still going down stream at an uncheckable pace. You will needs be as nimble as a goat, for the rocks are foam-greased



and slippery, and it is a good ten rods before he sulks in a deep pool below. You reel as you go, and in time are standing above him where he surges and strains at your slender tackle. Then you give him the butt, sharply striking the rod at the same time with your knuckles.

Ah-h! A full foot it was out of the water, and he cleverly turned toward the slackened line; but the tip is instantly lowered, and his trick fails. A mad rush through the water, with the line hissing in his wake, and again he breaks; the sun's rays, catching him full, convert the flying spume into a sheet of molten gold bespangled with gems—red rubies, purple amethysts, green emeralds, blue sapphires, yellow topazes and glittering white diamonds showered together in barbaric splendor, while through their transparent sheen gleams a beauty more rare still,



the exquisite coloring, perfect lines and living transcendence of a fighting trout! The mind of man can conceive nothing more beautiful than a three-pound rainbow—especially when he is on the end of your leader and the chances are against you.

But you are an old, well-seasoned rodster, and in time he yields to the inevitable. Then comes a season of gloating, and sincere congratulations, for am I not an angler, myself, and so endowed with the power to rejoice with instead of envying you.

\* \* \*

Or belike we are threading our way, in the grey of the dawn, through manzanite and baybushes to the edge of some little Sonoma or Mendocino creeklet. A bevy of quail flits athwart our path and we stop to shake hands in mutual congratulation, for we are devotees of the gun, as well, and the sight is rich



with promise. A tree squirrel chatters saucily and a blue rabbit slinks indolently into the fern. There is a quaint brown earth scent in your nostrils, for there has been a heavy dew over night and the warm ground is freshly distilling that woody fragrance. Anon we hear the purling of the half-hidden water over which a dainty mist is gracefully wreathing.

Your well-soaked leader with its cast of midges falls on the black water as fretlessly as slumber falls on the eyes of a tired babe, but the ruffle shoals too scantily and there is no response. Again your filmy lure caresses the cheek of a lower pool, and your reward is quick. No three-pounder this, of coarse flesh and lusty proportions, but a dainty gem of some eight inches, so bejeweled that you gasp to behold. A baby, indeed, but a fighter to the manor born and a morsel of wondrous



trying to regain the birthright which we have so prodigally wasted. For no rational man fishes primarily and solely for fish—perish the base thought! We go astream in response to a mysterious influence which may not be denied—the insistent call of Nature to return to barbarism and joys whose sweetness not all the gall and vinegar of civilization can wholly embitter. We go unknowingly back to first conditions; to times and things when every man was a power to himself—an integral part of the great system instead of being, as now, merely a cipher in the result which stands for that sum of social absorbent called civilization. We go to match our deftness of hand and personal skill against the most refined cunning and wariness existent in natural things. It is a personal contest purely, because no man



succulency to the palate, as your ravished senses attest a little later on. Mentally you compare him to the Truckee giant—and that gross gladiator loses by the comparison. For he is like some burly prize-fighter in whose vanquishment you were inexorably fierce and eager and relentless; but this troutlet you liken to your own warrior baby boy at home, whose first combat with an oversized playmate you yesterday watched with mixed apprehension and exultant pride, out of your study window. And you pat him with a reminiscent tenderness just as you patted the head of your vanquished getling, proud even in his defeat because he put up a game fight and stayed as long as he could.

Why do I mix fighting and fish together? Because, my friend, they are of a nature and involve the same conditions. For when we fish we are but fighting for our heritage,



can help you to catch trout. The fight and its result are yours individually and alone, and the reward, however feeble, is exceeding sweet.

And then to think of all the pleasures which attend a wise and consistent communion with our dear old mother Nature! The fresh undimmed luster of the dew pearl on the grateful grass; the sweet caress on tired cheek and lips—that mayhap know no other kiss of affection—of the balm-laden breeze; the smiling, whole-hearted salutation of nodding flower and bending bush; the cheery song of the birds; the soothing drone of bees, the crooned lullaby of the stream and the murmuring of the trees—do you get anything like this in the foul slums of the city?

Let us be thankful, then, for the folly which makes us wise enough to chase the elusive rainbows! In that pursuit we shall find at the end a recompense more precious than ever sordid mints turned out. We may be poorer in this world's worldly effects and our pockets may be emptier than when we set out. But down in the strongholds of the heart will be stored the increment of the golden sunlight which we won, the treasure of a renewed faith in God and His works, the gems of resignation, patience, hope and charity and sympathy for our less fortunate brethren, to whom an unkind fate has denied the beatitude of rainbow chasing with its reward of restored health and revived reverence.



# WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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## FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the people of California we demand at the hands of our legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

## THIS MEANS BUSINESS.

THE congratulations of every sportsman on this Coast are due to the San Francisco Kennel Club for its recently taken action in regard to the apprehension and conviction of those vilest of creatures, the dog poisoners, and their just a shade less vile cogenors, the dog thieves. Vice President John E. de Ruyter announces that the San Francisco Kennel Club offers a standing reward of \$100 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of anyone found guilty of poisoning a dog in violation of Section 596 of the Penal Code of this State, and an additional standing reward of \$50 for the conviction, under Sections 484-491 inclusive, of anyone stealing a dog.

This action is as commendable as it is timely. The State has recently been in-

flicted to an unusual degree by dog thieves and poisoners, and it is to be hoped that the incentive above named will lead to the effective suppression of these crimes. The San Francisco Kennel Club's example is one which should receive the endorsement and co-operation of every kennel club in America, and we doubt not but what it will be followed in all sections. While there is some logical method in the dog thieves' vocation—from his own standpoint, at least—there is nothing that can be urged in extenuation of the poisoner's depravity, and lynching is too good for the brutes who deliberately inflict such untold suffering on one of God's noblest creations.

## VACATION TIME.

WE ARE sorry that in the coming days the exodus of the city dwellers to the country will not be more general and longer maintained. Could there be an universal hegira to the Land of Promise that lies just beyond the smoke-blurred horizon of the towns, the benefits to civilization and society could not be computed. For in the untrammelled wilds, or the peace and sequesterment of the clean, healthy countryside, men throw off the constraint and artificiality that masks their better natures and so get a little closer to the natural—and therefore godly conditions for which they were created.

It is an unwise man who burns his candle at both ends—a fool is he who draws upon the cask of his vitality both at spigot and bunghole. Even as man needs sleep and rest so also does he need recreation. Enjoyment is as much a human duty as is honesty and industry, and no strength, either physical, mental or moral is strong enough to stand an incessant sapping.

And then, again, even as a good man is merciful to his beasts, so is the wise man solicitous of his servants' happiness. Don't grudge the overworked clerk his fair season of recuperation—he will work the better for it when he gets back into harness.

Life is not all a toil and worry, and it is so pitiably short! Let us live a little on the way and get something besides clothes and board out of this mundane existence. In short, let us be wise and go a-fishing.

**BY THEIR WORKS SHALL WE KNOW THEM.**

**E**LSEWHERE in these columns we give a report of the work done by the State Fish Commission and its official employees in behalf of the game and the enforcement of the laws pertaining thereto. This report

is at once satisfying and encouraging, and if an equal assiduity be maintained throughout the year, even the most illogical fault-finder will have no hook to hang a complaint on. The Commission is doing good work. Let us help and encourage instead of criticize it.



<b>OPEN AND CLOSED SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1905-1906.</b>													
<b>WHITE--Open Season.</b>					<b>BLACK--Close Season.</b>								
<b>BAG LIMIT</b>		January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
Quail, Doves, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover, Rail.	25 in one day.												
Ducks.	50 in one day.												
Deer (males)	2 in one season												
Trout, .50 fish (not exceeding 25 lbs. total weight) in one day.													
<b>DEER,</b>											Oct 15		
<b>DOVES,</b>			Feb 15										
<b>MOUNTAIN QUAIL, GROUSE, SAGE HEN,</b>			Feb 15										
<b>VALLEY QUAIL, DUCKS, IBIS, CURLEW, PLOVER, RAIL,</b>			Feb 15								Oct 15		
<b>SNIPE,</b>											Oct 15		
<b>TROUT,</b>													
<b>STEELHEAD TROUT</b>	} Above tide-water closed November 1st to April 1st.									Sep 10	Oct 15		
<b>SALMON</b> (Above tide-water close season extends to Nov. 15th),										Sep 10	Oct 15		
<b>LOBSTER or CRAWFISH</b> (Not less than 9/4 in. long).										Sep 15			
<b>BLACK BASS,</b>													
<b>CRAB</b> (No Crab taken less than 6 in. across the back),													

N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law). Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years Imprisonment.  
 Fine for violation Game Laws, \$25 to \$500, and imprisonment.  
 Fine for violation Fish Laws, \$20 to \$500, and Imprisonment.  
 Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, \$250, and Imprisonment.  
 Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, \$50.



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 West Berkeley—Chas. Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.  
 Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.  
 Vallejo—J. V. O'Hara, Sec., Vallejo, Cal.  
 San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.  
 California Audubon Society—J. Scott Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.  
 California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

## GOOD WORK WELL DONE.



VERY few people realize the vast amount of work and expense which devolves upon the State Fish Commission in the discharge of its duties. When we take into consideration the great amount of territory to be covered—much of it practically inaccessible to all but the game violators and the hardy and experienced woodsmen, who, as deputy wardens, incur vast hardships and assume grave

risks in ferreting them out—when to this is added the factors of totally inadequate appropriations of State money, and the entailed lack of enough men to patrol the State thoroughly, the peculiar reluctance among ranchmen and others to give evidence and the loose and slipshod indifference of magistrates in the conviction of offenders, even when arrested red-handed, it is a wonder that the laws are enforced even in part.

From time to time the question is propounded to this office, "What is the State Fish Commission doing toward the enforcement of the laws and the protection of our game?" As a sufficient answer we append hereto a transcript from the Commission's office—records showing what has been accomplished in only the short time elapsing between the days of April 5 and June 10, this year. Heretofore the Commissioners have, for rather sentimental reasons, demurred to our request to be permitted to publish the particulars of such arrests, taking the kindly but certainly mistaken position that it was not generous to so perpetuate the record of men's criminal folly, assuming that each offender's first offense would be his last. "Western Field" has always thought differently; this is an age of enlightenment, and violations of law these days, are things of deliberate intent if not pure maliciousness. We insist that a tabulated statement of these arrests, with full accompanying data, would, if kept standing in these columns, have a most wholesome deterrent effect upon prospective violators, and certainly would operate against a repetition on the parts of those convicted. We propose, therefore, with the assistance of the commission's officers, to publish and keep standing a continued resume of all arrests made during the ensuing year; this should be a matter of public record and converseance, and we propose to make it such.

Results of arrests made by officers of the Fish Commission between April 5 and June 10, showing the names of the offenders, the charge, where arrest was made, by whom, and the result:

C. R. Squires, excess bag limit on trout, Floriston, W. R. Welch; fined \$20.00.

Wm. Sutherland, killing doe, Calpella, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, fined \$50.00.

P. R. Kestner, sturgeon in possession, Red Bluff, W. R. Welch, fined \$30.00.

N. M. Kettles, sturgeon in possession, Corning, W. R. Welch and T. W. Birmingham, fined \$20.00.

A. Enea, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross, fined \$25.00.

L. Kopta, sturgeon in possession, Corning, T. W. Birmingham and Constable Gumble, fined \$20.00.

Jack Smith, killing deer close season, Westport, C. E. Gordon and W. T. Ornbaum, fined \$25.00.

A. Camelio, sturgeon in possession, Antioch, Antioch constable, fined \$20.00.

Andrew Hansel, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes, case pending.

John Watson, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes, case pending.

Z. Milani, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross, fined \$20.00.

Frank Moranda, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis, fined \$250.00.

Frank Swain, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis, fined \$250.00.

A. Trapini, sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, N. R. Welch, M. L. Cross, Ernest Schaeffer, jury trial June 26.

California Central Gas and Electric Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls, case pending.

Levin Tanning Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, J. C. Ingalls, case pending.

G. Gianevo, killing meadow lark, McCloud, Mart Dennis, fined \$25.00.

John Day, deer meat in possession close season, Calpella, J. C. Ingalls, fined \$25.00.

W. T. Soule, live quail in possession without permit, San Pedro, E. R. Hall, case dismissed.

Capital Refining Co., allowing residuary products of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch, case dismissed.

Pacific Smelting and Refining Co., allowing residuary product of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch, case dismissed.

Wm. T. Jones, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McGlinchy, fined \$25.00.

John W. Hampton, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McGlinchy, fined \$25.00.

Pol. S. White, using explosives in Kings River, Sanger, R. E. L. Cobb, case pending.

M. Hamal, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta, fined \$20.00.

C. Gominaga, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta, fined \$20.00.

A. Swan, deer hide in possession, evidence of sex removed, Ukiah, A. W. Ralph, discharged.

P. Lecata, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined \$20.00.

Wong Him, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined \$20.00.

Ah Hung, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined \$20.00.

Ah Choy, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined \$20.00.

Edgar Smith, deer meat in possession close season, Ukiah, A. F. Lea, fined \$25.00.

John Anderson, black bass, close season, Calpella, A. W. Ralph, fined \$25.00.

Amos Gianque, deer hides, evidence of sex removed, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls, fined \$25.00.

Harry Jones, quail in possession close season, San Diego, Webb Toms, fined \$25.00.

E. Cervelli, quail in possession close season, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes, fined \$25.00.

E. Cervelli, quail in possession close season, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes, case pending.

G. W. Calder, deer hides, evidence of sex removed, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls, case pending.  
"Jane Doe," selling deer hides, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls, case pending.

Antone Marovich, using set net, Haywards, Deputy Gooch, case pending.

Joe Korlich, using set net, Haywards, Deputy Gooch, case pending.

Caraman, shipping underweight striped bass, Pinole, Lehmkuhl, case pending.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession close season, Laytonville, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray, fined \$25.00.

Sam Perano, quail in possession close season, San Jose, Deputy Sheriff Arnold, fined \$25.00.

Ah Hoy, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Ah Sun, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis, case pending.

He Le, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Ah Muck, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Ung Ginn, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Longmire, selling deer hides, Willows, J. F. Slye, case pending.

John Blosser, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith, fined \$25.00.

P. D. Taylor, killing tree squirrel, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith, fined \$25.00.

Con Ming, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Ling Tie, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Muck Lum, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Sing Wong, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Ah You, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis, case pending.

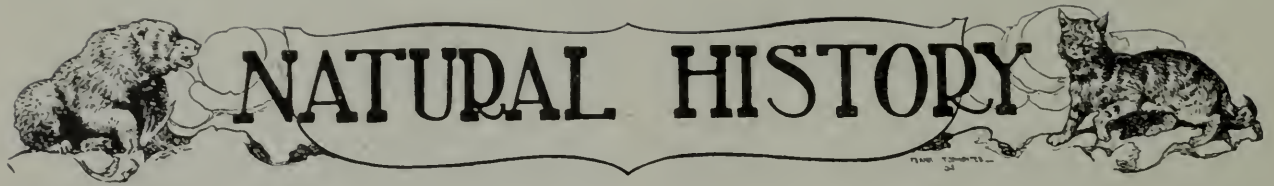
Calif. Pine Box and Lumber Co., allowing saw-dust to escape into stream, Yreka, A. E. Doney, case pending.

Henry Day, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph, case pending.

Alfred Day, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph, case pending.

E. W. Owens, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph, case pending.





# NATURAL HISTORY

## A DESIRABLE NEW GAME BIRD.

Through the courtesy of Mr. A. W. Bash, former Collector of Customs for the Puget Sound District and now resident agent at Shanghai, China, for the China Investment and Construction Co., and promoter of railways for the Chinese government, we are enabled to present the

often in the hills where the brush is thick, but always in the neighborhood of rice and grain fields.

"The plumage of the cock is brighter than that of the hen, and he also has small spurs. He makes a shrill call, something like 'wheet,



"DAH CHEE."  
THE CHINESE "BAMBOO CHICKEN."

accompanying picture of a very interesting Chinese game bird, the "Dah Chee," or Bamboo Chicken, a member of the partridge family, which would repay introduction here, owing to its many game and delicious edible qualities. Of these birds Mr. Bash says:

"They are much prized here and often bring as much as two dollars a brace in the market, for special feasts or dinners. They always bring more in the market than Chinese pheasants do. Their habits are very similar to those of the California quail; but they are not quite so hardy a bird, and are easier to shoot. They lie close for the dog, either in tall grass or low brush, and do not fly very far. They inhabit the central and southern sections of China, and are found in or near bamboo groves and thickets.

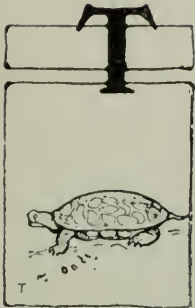
wheet, wheet.' While in the brush their alarm is similar to that of the California quail. The female's plumage is almost the same as shown on this cock, and the hens are easily recognized by having no spurs. These birds are probably about the size of the California mountain quail."

Owing to a lamentable misunderstanding connected with their shipment, a fine consignment of these birds, sent by Mr. Bash to this office, were not delivered. Mr. Bash has, however, generously consented to duplicate the shipment, and they will be turned over to the proper authorities for planting and propagation. We understand that a lot sent to Seattle, Wash., were received in good order, and our friends in the Northwest have our sincere hopes that they will successfully thrive in their new home.



# THE LIFE HISTORY OF SOME WELL-KNOWN CREATURES.

By LAWRENCE IRWELL.



THE average man of business is very apt to look upon the study of nature as trivial because it is of no use to him in a mercantile way. The assertion that it is of little financial value is frequently made against it, but on equal grounds it might be made against history, literature and many other studies. To those who take so narrow a view of education, I would say that to the great part of the population which is engaged in agriculture—an industry upon which much of our prosperity depends—a knowledge of natural science is of the first importance, while to everyone it will afford both health and pleasure as a recreation from the worry of every-day life. In the United States, the mind of the busy man finds no relief in idleness, and we often see men who, indifferent to the teachings of Nature and the works of art, accumulate immense fortunes only to find that they are physical wrecks and are mentally incapable of deriving pleasure from anything but the accumulation of dollars—slaves, in fact, to a life-long habit. Many women, also, drift into an existence of luxury and find relief only in continual artificial excitement which ends only too often in mental and physical misery. There is no more certain cure for *ennui* than the study of nature. There is an inexpressible charm about everything that lives in the forests and the fields, provided one has learned to unlock certain secrets which are quite easy to grasp. I refer, of course, to the life history of such animals as are known by name and by sight to almost everybody. Nevertheless, sportsmen—men who are devoted to the rod and the gun but who know very little of the habits of some common creatures—are occasionally in evidence.

## THE EARTHWORM.

This animal belongs to the *Vermes*, of which it is typical. Anyone who has had occasion to catch worms for baiting purposes

or for some pet bird will know that the earthworm is by no means as sluggish and weak as it is often supposed to be, for it can retreat within its burrow like a flash and can secure such a firm hold therein as to almost defy extraction intact. If one places a worm on the hand, its movements will cause a slight tingling roughness. Upon examination of the body with a lens, the discovery will be made that each of the numerous rings or joints into which it is divided is furnished with four pairs of minute hooks or points which take the place of legs, and by means of which its movements are aided and it is enabled to hold to its burrow as already mentioned. Although the earthworm is hermaphrodite, yet the junction of two individuals is necessary to liberate and fructify the ova. At certain seasons a few of the rings, generally near the front portion of the body, swell so as to resemble a healing wound. Two individuals join at these swollen parts, a glutinous secretion aiding the conjunction. The young worm is much like its parent at birth in some species, while in others it is enveloped in a cyst-like covering, which subsequently bursts. The worm, although living in the earth, is really semi-aquatic. It can live a long time in water, but soon dies if exposed to very dry air. It delights most in damp earth and takes advantage of wet weather to travel at night on the surface of the ground. The earthworm hibernates at the bottom of its burrow, which may extend from three to six feet in a light soil. During very dry weather it remains coiled up in a state of torpor.

The worm is not destitute of intelligence; but it is as an agent in indirectly promoting man's welfare that this humble creature performs a part of very great importance. Worms are the original tillers of the soil, and the present mold-builders of the world. Darwin proved that "the farmer is only imitating in a clumsy manner, without being able to bury the pebbles or sift the fine from the coarse soil, the work which nature is daily performing by the agency of earthworms." By their castings they have been

known to raise a field a dozen inches in seventy-five years, burying, of course, stones of small size. Worm-castings over a given area have been collected for a whole season and they have been found to measure a quart to the square foot, or enough to raise the surface of the land about half an inch. An acre of land may contain as many as fifty thousand worms weighing almost six tons. As agents in aiding denudation, earthworms are very powerful.

#### THE FROG.

The common frog, which is found both here and in Europe, passes the winter buried in the mud of stagnant waters, in a torpid condition. It may be frozen and will still live, if allowed to thaw naturally without sudden heat. Hatching from dark globular eggs enclosed in a transparent, gelatinous fluid which agglutinates them and enables them to float in masses on the water, the young tadpole settles under the leaf of some aquatic plant, where it feeds by suction. It is in every respect well adapted for aquatic life. The legs are first seen as mere buds, the front pair hidden under a membrane. As they develop, the gills are absorbed, the mouth loses its suctorial character; the eyes, instead of being concealed, become exposed, and the fore-limbs are uncovered. The tail is next gradually absorbed, and the animal is now truly amphibious, for the lungs, which have replaced the gills, enable it to live out of water. From a vegetarian it has become carnivorous and now comes on land in search of worms and insects, and in such numbers in damp weather as to give rise to a belief, still popularly adhered to in some country places, that "it has rained frogs." At the approach of winter these remarkable animals plunge into the mud, and in the following spring they go through a curious performance. They cast off their old frozen skin in a way that is worthy of a detailed description. Let us imagine that we are on the edge of some swamp and are watching a big frog who is about to undress himself. Like the rest of his brethren he has had such a long sleep that on awakening he feels dull and stiff, and is not anxious to appear in society till he has discarded his old, worn-out garments and put on new ones, never hesitating about the fashion, but following the pattern of his ancestors for many gen-

erations. He begins by pressing his elbows hard against his sides and rubbing downward. He does this till the skin on his back bursts, and he then works it into folds on his sides and hips. Now, grasping one hind leg with both his hands, he pulls off one of his pantaloons and the other is removed a few moments later. He now takes the cast-off cuticle before him between his legs, into his mouth, and swallows it. Even while it is descending he is tearing off the skin underneath him and bringing it to his fore-legs or arms and, grasping one of these with the other, by considerable pulling he strips them just as we should strip off a shirt and by a single motion of the head he draws the skin from the neck and swallows the whole—probably with a croak, for he may realize that such a dainty morsel as his own external covering is not obtainable more than once a year.

Most frogs and toads go through the tadpole development in the water, but in some terrestrial species where marshes are scarce or absent, the development takes place either before birth or in a sack on the back of the parent. The tadpole stage may be indefinitely prolonged by feeding the little animals very scantily, and the percentage of female frogs may be increased to about 80 per cent. of all tadpoles by feeding them upon meat exclusively—and an abundance of it.

An amphibious animal—the triton—akin to the frog, whose normal course is to begin life in the water, breathing by gills, concludes it with gills altered into lungs. But if these creatures are kept in a tank full of water they never lose their gills. They continue through life in the lower stage of development and actually breed in the larva stage, producing, of course, gilled tritons. The axolotl, a gilled Mexican salamander, has its normal course to live, die and propagate its species in water, breathing by gills; but when an axolotl strays from the water and takes to living on dry land, the gills become modified into lungs and the animal gains a higher position in the vertebrate world.

#### THE OYSTER.

The oyster is a much esteemed article of diet and is known to almost everybody in the United States. Yet how many persons, while enjoying their oysters, ever pause to

consider anything beyond the flavor? How many dream that the lifeless and almost shapeless thing so grateful to their palate was at one time a free and active creature, swimming with fair speed? How many realize that the oyster, as a piece of machinery, is as complicated as a watch? The oyster is older than man. Stability of life conditions produces permanency of type, and as the conditions under which the oyster lives must have prevailed at a very early period of the earth's history, we find that the fossil shells of its ancestors are scattered throughout the world wherever ancient oceans had their shores. While terrestrial animals have undergone all kinds of changes, such as the development of the horse from a little five-toed ancestor no bigger than a fox, the oyster has retained its original form.

However much the oysters of to-day may differ in size, appearance and flavor, the North American representatives all belong to one species. Those of Europe are a different species, and are hermaphrodite; that is, they combine both sexes in one individual. The young are believed to be hatched and then protected inside the mantle cavity of the parent. The American oyster has the sexes separate, and the young are hatched in free water, and have to take their chance without parental care or protection. What we call the "fat" of an oyster is the reproductive part. The milky fluid from it in a pregnant female, when spread out in a thin film, will show innumerable white ovarian specks, even without the aid of a microscope, while that from a well-developed male is more homogeneous and more adhesive. This fluid is expelled in the water at the breeding season, and the egg, once adrift, must meet a male cell, or perish. The average number of ova produced by a single female is about ten millions, and a large sized one may produce double that number. It is therefore, quite easy to imagine at what a great rate oysters would multiply if they did not, in the egg state, form the chief food of many creatures, and if they had few enemies instead of hundreds. Probably not more than one in several millions reaches maturity.

The young oyster is a soft, irregularly shaped object, with numerous feelers or cilia, by rotating which it swims around quite rapidly. These baby oysters, called "spats" or "spawn," swim around till they come in contact with some submarine body on which

they settle. They are then known to fishermen as "blisters," and they will adhere to any hard, clean object, but not to mud or dirt. No sooner is the young oyster fixed than it begins to elaborate its shell, which is composed chiefly of carbonate of lime. The food of the oyster consists of various minute creatures which abound everywhere in the ocean or in the mud at the bottom of it. One would not suppose that such a lymphatic mass as the young oyster would be endowed with extreme nervous sensibility. Yet it will close its shell at the slightest vibration, and dies from a sudden jar. A loud clap of thunder will unquestionably kill it and at times many juvenile oysters are killed by thunder storms. These bivalves have been known to live to be thirty years old.

Prolificacy among the lower animals has been carefully studied by Darwin who has shown that even the slow-breeding elephant, if left unchecked, would soon populate the earth to the exclusion of most other animals. But all creatures have enemies of some kind—checks upon their undue multiplication. The oyster has many foes. In the free swimming stage the young are devoured by all sorts of animals, and even after they have become fixed they are preyed upon by parasites, some of which bore holes through the shell. Certain sea-worms, as well as a boring sponge, perforate the oyster's covering by means of a tongue ribbon, which is supplied with flinty teeth. The large spiral mollusks, known as "wrinkles," prey upon the oyster and often crush its shell by sheer muscular power of the large "foot" by which they grasp it. One enemy of the oyster requires more than a passing notice, partly on account of its almost universal occurrence along the seashore, partly on account of its great destructiveness. I refer to the

#### STAR-FISH.

This animal has five fingers, each having in a groove beneath a number of fleshy, disc-tipped tubes, which perform the function of feet. Its mouth is a mere circular opening in the center. The common star-fish of the Atlantic Coast is most destructive to oysters, and it may be taken as a type of the radiate animals. The sexes are separate and the ova are fertilized in the water just as are those of the oyster. The analogy goes further, for the young star-fish bears no resemblance to its parent, and swims about by

means of rotating cilia. At first it is a mere spherical mass, and then becomes bilateral. As it grows older a series of arms develop, but the long fingers of the adult are not completed until two years have passed, the form meanwhile remaining conical.

The star-fish swallows small young oysters, including whatever shell there may be, and after the soft parts have been absorbed the shell is cast out of the stomach by eversion; but older and larger oysters are not so easily managed. To deal with one the star-fish grasps it in his five arms and then little by little breaks off the margin of the shell by the muscles at the entrance of his stomach and, when a sufficient opening has been effected, the distensible mouth is intruded until the soft oyster is seized and consumed.

According to Agassiz, about fourteen years are required for the full growth of a star-fish, and its ability to reproduce lost portions of its body is truly remarkable. Certain species, the brittle-stars, have, in fact, a distinct faculty for dismemberment which is quite uncommon, for they break their limbs to pieces when irritated. The fingers, when broken, simply grow again; but the stomach, if severed or divided, is not renewed. Insensibility to mutilation, however, is not peculiar to the star-fish. The sea-anemones in moving from one part of a rock to another sometimes leave fragments of themselves behind, and these fragments soon become smooth and spherical and are transformed into perfect, though minute, anemones.

#### THE CRAB.

Next to the oyster in popularity as food comes either the lobster or the crab. The latter creature undergoes such marked changes that it has been known by different names at different periods of its growth. The common shore crab passes through two quite distinct stages, which are most difficult to describe. The newly-hatched crab, in what is called the Zoa form, is a long-bodied, long-spined creature which does not recall the familiar crab, but it is well adapted to swimming freely in the water. Its general outline suggests a miniature hog with a very long snout and a still longer tail. After the lapse of a few months, the form changes materially, the mouth parts, which in the Zoa condition were swimming legs, are now fitted for preparing the food, and we have what is

known as the *Megalops* condition which suggests the general appearance of the lobster, although the mature crab is gradually developed as age increases. The complete life history of the crab can not be given without the use of technical terms. A detailed account of it will be found in any of the larger works on natural history, and it will repay careful study.

#### THE COMMON HOUSE-FLY.

The most persistent companion of man is, perhaps, the house-fly. It has followed him everywhere in his own conveyances and is found wherever civilized man has established himself. As soon as the weather becomes warm the fly begins to show its familiar form in our houses and to inspire the careful housekeeper with feelings anything but agreeable. Where has it come from? How has it passed the winter? Such questions are still asked, although elementary science is taught in the schools. Not all who have watched the fly poisoning or darting noiselessly and gracefully in mid-air, or deftly making its toilet, have realized that at one time it was a crawling maggot as unlike its perfect self as two living things can be. The eggs of the common house-fly are about four-hundredths of an inch long, one-fourth as wide, dull white in color and are pitted with elongate, hexagonal depressions—mere whitish specks to the unaided eye. They are laid in little agglutinated piles in warm manure or in decomposing vegetation, especially that around stables and barns. Between eighty and a hundred are laid at a time, and probably at three or four different intervals by the same fly. Within twenty-four hours in hot weather they hatch into footless maggots which, after rioting in filth till their skins seem ready to burst, become full-fed in less than a week and, descending into the earth or sheltering under some old board, contract into brown shining objects rounded at both ends and technically known as puparia. Within the darkness of this hardened skin, profound changes rapidly take place and the insect passes through the pupa to the perfect state and, finally, in about five days, the anterior end of the puparium is pushed off and the fly quickly crawls out. At first its parts are pale and soft, and its wings are crumpled and useless, but these soon expand and, suddenly, without practice or teaching, the insect makes its way through the air to

attack some food. The length of time required from hatching to maturity varies with the season and temperature, but will not exceed ten days in midsummer, while the insect's life usually lasts about three weeks at the same time of the year. As cold weather approaches, propagation ceases and the older flies perish. A few of the more vigorous females, however, retreat to some nook where, in a state of torpor, they survive till the ensuing season. This insect may also hibernate in the pupa state in the ground. In rooms kept continuously warm, or in more southern latitudes, the fly remains active all winter. The eyes and mouth of the fly are so complicated, and present such curious details that the reader is referred to works on entomology. Any description of these organs given in a limited space would be misleading, and a popular magazine is not a suitable place for technical data.

There is a somewhat general belief that the smaller flies often noticed in houses are young flies. This is an error. With the fly family, as with all other insects, real growth takes place only in the larva state. All increase in size ends with the issuing from the pupa and the expansion of the wings. Individuals differ in size at maturity just as they do in all other animals. Other species of Diptera are often found in company with the house-fly, but they are all full grown.

Flies are believed by many persons to walk on the ceiling, and in other ways defy the laws of gravitation, by suction. This is an error. The foot of all flies ends in a pair of strong hooks and a pair of pads or cushions. These were, at one time, supposed to act as sucking disks by creating a vacuum. In reality, however, these pads are beset with innumerable small hairs, which are kept moist by an exuding fluid. The smoother the surface, the greater is the adhesion of the digituli. This will be easily understood by any one who experiments by drawing a moistened finger over a glass window, or any other polished surface. The adhesion is very marked, while on an uneven surface like cloth or a rough paper, there will be none. On such surfaces, the hooks with which the feet of the fly are provided, by catching in the most minute irregularity, take the place of the pads in assisting the fly's locomotion.

#### THE MOSQUITO.

Almost everybody knows that the mosquito was not born a winged fly, and if one examines a tub of rainwater that has stood uncovered and unmolested for a week or more during any of the summer months, one may watch its various transformations. The female may be seen supporting herself on the water with her four front legs and crossing the hinder pair like the letter X. In this support made by the legs she is depositing her eggs, which are very minute, but are perceptible to the naked eye. By the aid of a lense one can see that they are glued together so as to form a little boat, which floats around on the water till the young hatch. These "wrigglers" which jerk away whenever they are touched are the insects when first hatched, although nobody could tell by appearances that they were in any way related to the mosquito family. They live for a certain period in water, or in a swamp, and can not fly till they have discarded their skin a few times, and have gone through the pupa stage of existence, in which they usually float with the water, where it is sufficiently abundant. They show signs of life, however, occasionally by movements of their tails, after the manner of a shrimp or lobster. At the end of three or four days, they stretch out on the surface like a boat, the skin bursts, and the mosquito gradually works itself out of the shell which supports it during the critical operation. For a few moments, the insect rests its long legs on the surface, till the wings have expanded and become dry, and then flies away, a totally different form of life to what it was a few hours before, and no longer able to live in the water. It is simply marvelous that such profound changes should take place in such a short time. The birds have to learn to use their wings by practice and by slow degrees, but the mosquito is able to use the newly acquired organs of flight to perfection from the beginning. In this transformation from an aquatic to an aerial life, the mosquito has first breathed from a long tube near the hinder portion of its body; afterward through two tubular horns near the head, and, finally, through a series of spiracles along the whole body. The mosquito when flying is said to vibrate its wings some three thousand times a minute, a rapidity of motion which is more than extraordinary.

There are many species of the mosquito family, all differing somewhat in habit and season of appearance, and perhaps in mode of development, which has only been carefully studied within the past few years.

Both the fly and the mosquito are great scavengers in the larva stage, the one purifying the air which we breathe, the other the water which we drink. They perform, in this way, an indirect service to man which few of us appreciate, because in the fully developed, or *Imago* stage they are not only valueless to us, but are actually injurious, chiefly because their so-called bite often inoculates the person bitten with malaria. It seems certain that this is the way in which the disease named is usually acquired.

In the insect world, the stinging is always done by the female. In lieu of the piercer of the female mosquito, the male is decorated with a plume, and he has such a decided love of home that he seldom leaves the swamp in which he was hatched. He does not live on animal food, and he does not join his mate in her song.

In conclusion, I would say that the extermination of the mosquito is a subject worthy of the most serious consideration, because the harm which it accomplishes is far in excess of any benefit which we derive from its actions during infancy. The greatest hatchery of this little pest is the swamp, and the artificial drying-up of any such place is always a step in the right direction.



Conducted by A. T. NOE, M. D.



**H**AHNEMAN says "The physician's high and only mission is to restore the sick to health, to cure as it is termed. The highest ideal of cure is rapid, gentle, and permanent restoration of the health, or the removal and annihilation of the disease in its whole extent, in the shortest, most reliable, and most harmless way, on easily comprehensible principles." Now we can take note that he plainly says "physician" not "doctor." Some regard the appellations of physician and doctor as exactly the same, as in fact a distinction without a difference. To me there is so great a difference that I (claiming to be a physician) wish to express my reasons for such claims.

To be a physician, and more than all a homœopathic physician, is to reach the highest and best labor that man is capable of fulfilling. To cure disease, to relieve pain,

to teach our fellow-man the care and use of that wonderful machine, the body, and above all else help him to properly appreciate the possibilities of a healthy physical system, all this approaches the divine and raises a man to the heights of human achievement. Such work finds true expression in the earnest physician, and so grand a duty must needs beget a broad, fine and thoroughly developed mind to execute it.

To feel that a few casual questions, a mere moment's attention aided by the use of a drug more or less powerful, is all there is to be done to heal, is to fall short and be satisfied with the husks of success, and lacks the satisfaction of thorough work and sure results. If materia medica is all there is to know, then doctors are all sufficient and we have no need of physicians; for if drugs alone are all potent to cure, then the dope peddler is as fully capable to heal as is the deepest student of health principles and of all physical demands or ailments. The doc-

tor is one who merely deals with present conditions—things easily seen—and being satisfied that drugs are all powerful to cure, he does not care to study new or advanced methods of relieving his suffering patient, but clings to his old theories, adding prescription to prescription, and finally buys a floral piece marked *Requiescat in Pace*.

This class of medical man tries to patch the broken places with foreign matter, and the ragged result is soon apparent, even to the faithful patient. Hahneman teaches us "to treat judiciously and rationally, and be a true practitioner of the healing art \* \* \* to be likewise a preserver of health, to know the things that derange health and cause disease, and how to remove them." Now this bespeaks a very broad-mindedness, and does not conserve us to any limitations in the healing art. The good physician, like a fine engineer, knows the perfect operation of every part of his machine, and finding certain inharmonies or symptoms surely knows where the difficulties are caused. Then, after learning the whole history and knowing so well what each condition means, he directs his energies to use the very best means to correct the improper action. He may know that a similimum is required, or it may be only diet, exercise or rest; it may only require a few words of courage and self-confidence, but he does not feel that he is obliged to give a drug for each, every and all complaints.

A true physician does not speculate—he knows! Therefore he is qualified to teach, to regulate and develop the health of mankind. We trust our lives to the one to whom we look for this knowledge, and he is a criminal who, posing as a director of life, neglects any means of getting or giving this knowledge. He must be able to meet every demand upon his profession, and broad enough to at least thoroughly test every means of health that comes within his reach. If we are to treat any and every sort of pain and disease, we must necessarily have at our command every and all sorts of means to that end. Now this is exactly what a doctor does not do. His knowledge is so limited that new cults fill him with horror, and he rejects them with fear born of ignorance. This is the class of men that thought the great Hahneman crazy, and many to-day regard him as a fool, yet thousands live

through the law of his wonderful health system.

The homœopathic physician should be a healer in its broadest sense. That is to say, his knowledge should know no limitations, and his experience be his most valued adjunct. He should not feel obliged to give a potency, just because he learned to do so in his college days, but to be able to know every phase of nature's methods, to understand her signals of distress, and to apply every means of relief, whether he has the approval of his faculty or not. When a man has tried a thing and found it valuable in certain cases that is his gain, and he is more than foolish to reject it just because he was not taught to do so in school.

For myself, I have found in over twenty years of experience that no one cult is absolutely perfect, and while homœopathy is by far the most complete and successful method of medication, there are many other health means which are not taught in homœopathic clinics and colleges. Many of these are most worthy of consideration, and while not included in our courses are often the means of our most satisfactory cures.

Among these adjuncts are many mechanical means of assisting the indicated remedy. For instance, I often find that the application of static electricity will stir up the dormant life forces, and cause almost magical results when used in connection with the indicated remedy. I have a case at present; I gave Apis M. for a deep-seated trouble of a psoric nature, and while there was some relief it was very slow indeed. After applying high friction current it was marvelous to see the rapid action of the similimum. One might think that it was the electricity that made the cure, but electricity had been given for some time alone without the slightest relief, but the two given together effected a perfect cure.

I sometimes use osteopathy, not as a "cure-all," but as an often needed mechanical stimulus to torpid organs and nerve centers and the relief of great nerve tension. I regard osteopathy as a mechanical science, and a valuable one. I studied its application with its founder and know it to be marvelously successful in adjusting the mechanism of the body, rousing dormant nerve forces, and awakening the whole nature to respond to the remedy, thus aiding nature in her work

of healing. Osteopathy is less understood, and more commonly abused by those who pose as its exponents, than any other health help that I know of, and while they assume to apply its methods they really have a very poor way of showing its efficacy. But because charlatans abuse a theory or practice, or simply because it has been misunderstood, is no reason why we should reject it. Our Great Master would have never been able to establish his wonderful school of medicine if all had condemned his work as unworthy of trial and application.

In my judgment there is no more potent health factor than proper physical training or "culture," as it is commonly called. This kind of work reaches the vital forces of man, and helps to develop his body to be as it should, the masterpiece of Nature, well made and thoroughly controlled. A man who is able to use his body, and directs that use with intelligence according to Nature's laws, is the man that is healthy; and he needs not fear but that his life will be long and happy, for health is happiness and you can not be happy without it. Proper physical training includes a course in dietetics,

and we must all acknowledge that the food question is the key to health.

To use all these various means of health, whether they are mechanical, dynamic or vital, is to be a broad physician; but the man who drops into humdrum ruts, jogging along in the same old way, is only a "doctor" and loses the glorious satisfaction of the victor. The upliftment of progress is lost in the phlegmatic round of habit.

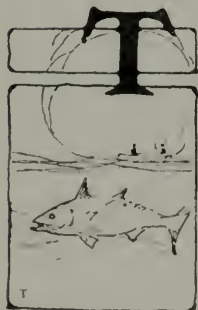
What we all need is receptivity, and then recognizing that it is the result that we are working for, not the reputation of any remedy, we can substantiate our claims as physicians in the broadest sense. We need to fight the degeneracy of habit and seek all the illumination on our development that will serve to enlarge our knowledge and thus give us greater power for good.

To uplift the race, to heal its pain, and to teach it the law of its being is surely a most holy work, and though *similia similibus curantor* is the key to most of this great profession, we must look for the good in all systems and use it to the further glory of homeopathy.



## ANNUAL DECORATION DAY REGATTA OF THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB.

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



THE annual regatta (the twentieth) of the Corinthian Yacht Club was held on Decoration Day, and proved quite interesting in spite of the fewness of the boats that took part. Only ten boats, in all, went round the course, and one of these—Westerfeld and Morrow's sloop *Aeolus*, was the only representative of the 30-footers appeared at the starting-line, and J. W. Pew's remodeled *Truant*, now rigged as a yawl, was the only competitor in the special class. She raced in the 36-foot class, receiving 7 per cent. allowance for her

rig. In the 25-foot class the three contestants were the sloops *Neva*, *Discovery* and *Ruby*, which crossed the starting-line off Powell street wharf in the order named within one minute after the starting signal. *Discovery* crossed the finishing line first, *Ruby* second, and *Neva* third; but *Ruby*, receiving a time allowance of 5:04 from *Discovery*, won first flag, and *Discovery* took second award. The start was across an imaginary line drawn from the pilot-house of the regatta committee's steamer, lying at the end of Powell street wharf, to a stake-boat anchored 500 feet to the north. Thence the course was to and round Presidio shoal buoy, leaving it on the port hand; thence to and round Goat Island Shoal buoy, leaving it on the port hand; thence northwesterly  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles to and





Inkersley Photo.

AEOLUS.



Inkersley Photo.

NIXIE.

round a stakeboat anchored at the intersection of continued imaginary lines drawn from Sausalito Point through Point Blunt and from the westerly point of Goat Island through Goat Island Shoal buoy, leaving the stakeboat on the port hand; thence to the starting line, finishing between the stakeboat and the committee steamer, leaving the stakeboat on the port hand.

In the 30-foot class the sloop Aeolus was the only boat that came up to the starting line. She had just returned from a holiday trip to Army Point, through Montezuma Slough, to Antioch, and had dropped anchor in Paradise Cove on the night of the 29th. Her owners and crew, wishing to view the regatta, sailed over to the city front and, finding a good breeze and smooth water, decided to go round the course, though the yacht was towing a small boat. The dwindling of the 30-foot class which, in former years was the strongest and furnished the most interesting racing at the Corinthian regatta, is quite remarkable. J. W. Pew's Truant, formerly the principal rival of Aeolus, has been lengthened and rebuilt; F. Stone's Presto has undergone the same process, while the sloop Amigo is now sailing with the fleet of the San Francisco Yacht Club. The sloop Comet (formerly Will o' the Wisp) is too slow for racing, and the sloop Catherine (once a representative of the San Francisco Yacht Club in the race for the Perpetual Challenge Cup) recently changed hands. Thus the 30-foot class has melted away, leaving only Aeolus and Mignon.

The 36-foot class comprises nine boats, one of which is Frank C. Raymond's new sloop Kathleen which made her maiden cruise on the opening day of the Corinthian season. As neither Frank Stone's Presto nor W. Hogg's Meteor took part in the race, Harpoon and Edna were the only serious contestants. Edna's old rival, Emma, not appearing at the start. Edna was scratch boat, Harpoon receiving 1:06, Kathleen 1:59, and the yawl Truant 4:15. Truant crossed the line first, Edna one second later, Harpoon next, and Kathleen last. Though Harpoon started 52 seconds later than Edna, she finished 3:23 sooner, which, with her time allowance, made her a winner by 5:21, corrected time, over Edna. Truant was third, and Kathleen last.

In Class 1 Commodore T. Jennings' Speedwell and Fulton Berry's sloop Nixie were the two contestants, Clara, Mischief and Aloha not appearing at the starting line. The Corinthian flagship was sailed by "Eddie" Howard, and Nixie by her owner. Speedwell received an allowance of 2:03. The boats got away to a good start, Speedwell crossing the line 19 seconds after the signal and Nixie 27 seconds after her rival. In the first beat out to Presidio Shoal buoy, Nixie overhauled her rival, rounding the mark ahead of her. On the run to Goat Island buoy, Howard took the Speedwell close in to the Presidio shore to get out of the full force of the ebb tide. Several of the spectators on the committee steamer thought that there was a lack of smartness in setting the spinnaker, but this was done as soon as its use became advantageous. After rounding the leeward stakeboat the race seemed likely to fall to Nixie, but on the second beat to the windward mark, Howard got the better of his antagonist. Nixie crossed the finishing line off Powell street wharf first, but her lead was not sufficient to offset Speedwell's time allowance. Nixie started 27 seconds later than Speedwell, and finished 1 minute 3 seconds sooner, making a lead of 1:30; but Speedwell's time allowance of 2:03 brought her in a winner by the narrow but sufficient margin of 33 seconds.

The 30-footers, 36-footers and the boats of Class 1 sailed over the same course as the smaller boats, but made a second beat out and run home. The race was sailed on an ebb tide, in a steady but not very stiff breeze. The regatta was under the management of the regatta committee, consisting of T. J. Kavanagh, Douglas Erskine and Walter Crowell, vice Stewart Middlemas who was sailing on the sloop Genesta. Frank Stone's Presto served as the leeward stakeboat. The regatta was without any mishap except that the spinnaker boom on Frank Raymond's sloop Kathleen snapped, making her time over the course longer than it would have been otherwise. The results in the various classes were strictly in accordance with the known form of the boats, Ruby, Discovery and Neva finishing in exactly the same order as in the Inter-club Yacht Association's regatta

on Admission Day of last year. In class 1 the victory was one of the skipper rather than of the boat. The details of the race are shown in the table:

TWENTIETH ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB, MAY 30, 1905.

YACHT.	Racing Length in Feet	Time Allowance M.S.	Start Time H.M.S.	Finishing Time H.M.S.	Elapsed Time H.M.S.	Corrected Time H.M.S.	Position
Twenty-five-foot Class. Start at 12:05 P. M.							
Neva .....	21.93	1:32	12:05:22	1:55:12	1:49:50	1:48:18	3
Discovery .....	23.04	.....	12:05:48	1:51:50	1:46:02	1:46:02	2
Ruby .....	20.08	5:04	12:05:53	1:52:30	1:46:37	1:41:33	1
Thirty-foot Class. Start at 12:15 P. M.							
Aeolus .....	27.65	.....	12:17:27	2:53:50	2:36:23	2:36:23	
Thirty-six-foot Class. Start at 12:25 P. M.							
Truant .....	.....	4:15	12:25:22	2:54:27	2:29:05	2:24:50	3
Edna .....	33.84	.....	12:25:23	2:45:10	2:19:47	2:19:47	2
Harpoon .....	32.90	1:06	12:26:15	2:41:47	2:15:32	2:14:26	1
Kathleen .....	.....	1:59	12:27:19	2:58:57	2:31:38	2:29:39	4
Class I. Start at 12:35 P. M.							
Speedwell .....	36.22	2:03	12:35:19	2:48:57	2:13:38	2:11:35	1
Nixie .....	38.60	.....	12:35:46	2:47:54	2:12:08	2:12:08	2

Whenever a public holiday falls near a Sunday, the owners of yachts that have no chance of winning in their class are tempted to make a two or three days' cruise instead of going to the trouble and expense of fitting their boats out for a race. The yachts of the Corinthian fleet have been taking part in races for so many seasons that their relative merits are thoroughly known, and nothing but a miracle or a misadventure would bring about a result different from the anticipated one. When a new boat appears in any class there is a little flurry until her speed is ascertained; but, when she, too, becomes a known quantity, the excitement and interest subside. In order to induce more owners to race their yachts in the annual class flag regatta, it has been suggested that the event should be made a handicap, in which the boats would receive allowances, not according to the table, but in accordance with their performances. The Corinthian Club already has a handicap regatta which is now an annual event attracting nearly the whole fleet. Though there is no doubt that handicaps based on the results in previous races would prove popular and would make the number of participants in the Decoration Day regatta much greater than it has been in recent years, it seems reasonable to hold one event each year wherein the absolute and not the relative merits of the boats are tested. In a handicap event there is always a possibility of treating a fast boat so hardly that her chance of winning is reduced to nothing. The principle of correct handicapping being to put all contestants on an equal footing.



Jukersley Photo.  
COMMODORE JENNINGS AND "EDDIE" HOWARD.

the man who builds a fast boat on modern lines and brings her to the starting line in the best possible trim has no advantage over his rivals. Having gone to much greater trouble and expense in getting light sails and practicing a crew in the use of them, he has a right to expect to beat an old-fashioned, slow craft that has been sailing the bay for twenty years and has become out-of-date. Every dog is entitled to his day. The owner of the speedy yacht should have his at the annual regatta.

## YACHTING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By HERBERT E. CARSE.

The yachting season in San Pedro waters opened with considerable vim and go. There are several reasons for this, one being that less winter sailing has been done, another that a serious disruption in the South Coast Yacht Club had been smoothed over by reorganization. The first scheme of organization divided the club members into two classes, regular and associate members. The regular members owned one or more shares of stock in the club corporation were the boat owners and entitled to vote at club meetings. The associates had all privi-

leges except participation in club management. Some disgruntled members laid claims that certain officers had received proxies through their position as officers and thereby held themselves in office; this was far-fetched, as well as the other really trivial complaints which the agitators brought up. As a matter of fact the trouble arose through some personal matters more than anything else and should not have been nursed into a serious matter at all. Small things of this kind grow, and although but few members resigned or endeavored to start an op-

position club, the difficulty showed up defects in the organization, and Commodore Sinclair of the *Lurline*, engineered the change in arrangements which cleared the troubles. Now each member has a vote and the club's affairs are handled along the same lines as the California and Jonathan Clubs of Los Angeles.

No new racers have been brought out this season. The *Mischief*, 30-foot class, lowered her ballast by adding about 1,000 pounds of lead on her fin, replacing inside ballast and also added to her sail area. The racing rules were changed from the *Seawanhaka Corinthian*, used on San Francisco Bay, by using the actual sail area instead of the method of computation for area by the old rule. This is sensible, as it goes to the heart of the matter and prevents injustice that may result by the old method in the rule.

The first race was a modification of the stereotyped yacht race.

A course of ten miles was laid off, five miles to leeward and return, the starting point being about two miles outside of Point Firmin. This race was for a cup offered by Joseph Pugh on a handicap arbitrarily made on previous showing of the boats. The *Mischief* won, closely followed by *Venus* and *Minerva*, showing that the handicaps were very fair.

The second race was one of the regular club series of three for the Commodore's prize for best record on points. Three classes: 30-foot, 25-foot, and 21-foot, lined up, the smaller boats getting away first.

Last year, *Venus* (ex-Commodore Herbert Pease) took minimum measurement and sailed in the 30-foot class. This year she stayed in the 25-foot class and had matters her own way by a mile or two. The main interest was in the 30-footers, *Marie* and *Mischief*. In the first race *Marie* was not ready. Last year *Marie* was champion, but the change in *Mischief* improved her. The course was twelve miles triangular. *Marie* (Captain Wedgwood) won by a narrow margin; it was the closest run we probably have ever seen here, as the boats were almost within collision distance of each other at each stake. The *Portola* won from *Myth* in the 21-foot class.

The star event so far was the club cruise to the Isthmus and Avalon, Catalina Island. Eleven boats and forty-three members participated. A cook and ample provisions were taken, and through courtesy of the Banning Company a building was used for kitchen and dining room, and while at the isthmus the yachtsmen ate on shore and were relieved of all housekeeping on board. Swimming, fishing and mountain climbing occupied the day and both nights of the stay, and a big bon-fire lit up a scene of great hilarity. The boats participating in this cruise were: *Lurline*, Commodore Sinclair; *Nellie*, Capt. Small; *Minerva*, owned by Clement Hebe-ler; *Marie*, the champion; *Venus*, Herbert Pease; *Diana*, Garland Bros.; *Shadow*, Mr. Bosbyshell; *Myth*, sailed by Eddie Ross and Billy Woodley; *Katrina*, Carlyle Thorp; Capt. Goodenough's new double-ender, and the *Muriel*, Victor Stewart.

On June 16 the ocean race starts around Santa Barbara Island and return, for Clement Hebe-ler's cup. There is a growing tendency among the sailors for something besides the short races inshore, and this is a good course for the best of them—over one hundred miles, and the first half of this to windward. It will take something like forty-eight hours to make the run under favorable conditions.

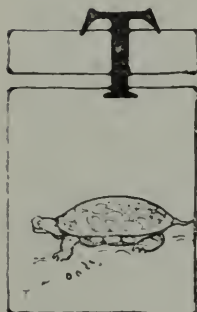
The season's program is full of cup events, and every indication points to an unusually interesting season.





## THE INTER-CLUB TOURNAMENT OF 1905.

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



THE loss of the Adams Point links at Oakland and the poor condition of the Presidio course during part of 1903 and the whole of last year, caused the temporary abandonment of the inter-club matches between teams representing the Oakland Golf Club and the San Francisco Golf Club. The opening of the Claremont Country Club early in December, 1904, provided the golfers of

Alameda County with a new course, and the Presidio links having in the meantime recovered somewhat from the damage wrought by the cavalry drills held there by an over-enthusiastic officer, steps were at once taken for the resumption of the annual inter-club tournament. The contest was arranged on the same plan as in previous seasons. A trophy was purchased at the joint expense of the club, to become the property of the club whose team should prove victorious in the encounter. The tournament consists of two home-and-home matches of thirty-six holes each, eighteen being played on one of the courses and eighteen on the other. Each thirty-six-hole match constitutes a unit, the scores of the two halves being reckoned together. If the same team wins both matches, the cup goes to the club it represents. If one team should win one of the matches and the other team should gain the advantage in the other, each would have one contest to its credit, and a tie would result. The tie would be settled by a match on neutral links. Former inter-club matches have been between teams of eight men, but in order to give a larger number of men the honor of representing their club, the teams were increased to twelve.

The first half of the first match was played on Saturday, February 11, on the Presidio links, the method of scoring being by points and not, as in former matches, by holes. In order to diminish the advantage that a player beating his opponent badly would gain, it was agreed that the hole deciding the match should be counted as one point, each succeeding hole to the good adding half a point, so that a player winning 3 up would score 2 points, one winning 5 up would score 3 points, and so on. Four of the twelve matches were halved, John Lawson being "all square" with E. R. Folger, C. E. Maud with F. Kales, B. D. Adamson with J. A. Folger, and Dr. J. R. Clark with R. M. Fitzgerald. Only two of the San Francisco team—G. E. Starr and A. S. Lilley—beat their opponents, the remaining six matches being won by



Inkersley Photo.

B. D. ADAMSON, DRIVING.

the representatives of the Claremont club. The San Francisco men scored  $4\frac{1}{2}$  points, and the Claremont men  $11\frac{1}{2}$ , giving Claremont an advantage of 7 points on the first eighteen holes. The details are shown below:

First Half of First Match, on Presidio Course					
Claremont Country Club		Pts.	S. F. Golf and Country Club	Pts.	
E. R. Folger	.....	0	John Lawson	.....	0
Frank Kales	.....	0	C. E. Maud	.....	0
W. P. Johnson	....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	H. C. Golcher	.....	0
J. A. Folger	.....	0	B. D. Adamson	.....	0
R. M. Fitzgerald	...	0	Dr. J. R. Clark	.....	0
W. M. Carpenter	...	$1\frac{1}{2}$	H. A. Blackman	...	0
J. H. Ames	.....	0	G. E. Starr	.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Carlton Curtis	.....	$3\frac{1}{2}$	J. S. Oyster	.....	0
J. O. Cadman	.....	1	T. G. McConkey	...	0
G. E. De Golia	.....	0	A. S. Lilley	.....	3
A. Higgins	.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Charles Page	.....	0
F. S. Stratton	.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Perry Eyre	.....	0
		$11\frac{1}{2}$			$4\frac{1}{2}$
		$4\frac{1}{2}$			
		7			

The second half of the first match was played on the Claremont Course in Rockridge Park on Saturday, February 25. The San Francisco visitors, having been beaten on their own links, hardly expected to defeat the Claremont team on its own course, which, though well-turfed and in excellent condition, is narrow and some-

what difficult for a stranger. Only one man (Capt. J. S. Oyster) of the San Francisco team won his match, while eleven of the Claremont twelve scored from one to five points against their opponents. The teams were not quite the same as on the 11th, the Rev. E. E. Baker taking the place of R. M. Fitzgerald on the Claremont twelve, and F. H. Beaver and R. G. Brown filling the gaps created by the absence of C. E. Maud and Perry Eyre. The Claremont team scored 30½ points, against which the San Francisco team had only 1½ points, leaving 29 points for Claremont on the afternoon's play. Claremont already had seven points in hand, and thus won the first match by the handsome and decisive margin of 36 points, giving an average of 3 points (on five holes) to each member of the team. The details are shown in the table:

Second Half of First Match.			
Claremont		San Francisco	
Pts.		Pts.	
E. R. Folger.....	1½	Johnson Lawson ...	0
Frank Kales .....	1	B. D. Adamson.....	0
W. P. Johnson.....	3½	H. C. Golcher .....	0
J. A. Folger.....	1	Dr. J. R. Clark .....	0
G. E. De Golia.....	2½	H. A. Blackman....	0
Carlton Curtis .....	5	A. S. Lilley .....	0
F. S. Stratton.....	2½	G. E. Starr.....	0
J. O. Cadman.....	0	Capt. J. S. Oyster..	1½
W. M. Carpenter... 3		Dr. McConkey .....	0
J. H. Ames.....	3	Charles Page .....	0
A. Higgins .....	3½	F. H. Beaver .....	0
Rev. E. E. Baker.. 4		R. G. Brown .....	0
	30½		1½
Less .....	1½		
	29		
Plus .....	7		
	36		

The second 36-hole home-and-home match of the tournament was played late in April and early in May, the first half at Claremont and the second half at the Presidio. In the first half three of the San Francisco men won their matches and one halved his, the other eight losing to their opponents. The Bentley brothers and S. L. Abbot, Jr., took the places of Charles Page, G. E. Starr and Captain J. S. Oyster in the San Francisco team, but the Claremont team was made up of the same men (with the exception of J. A. Folger) as took part in the first match, though their positions were somewhat changed. The details are shown below:

First Half of Second Match.			
San Francisco		Claremont	
Pts.		Pts.	
John Lawson .....	1	E. R. Folger.....	0
H. C. Golcher .....	0	Frank Kales .....	1½
B. D. Adamson .....	0	W. P. Johnson .....	2
S. L. Abbot, Jr....	0	F. S. Stratton.....	1½
R. G. Brown .....	2	Carlton Curtis.....	0
Dr. J. R. Clark.....	0	R. M. Fitzgerald....	1
C. H. Bentley.....	2	Dr. Carpenter .....	0
Dr. T. G. McConkey	0	G. E. De Golia.....	2
H. A. Blackman... *		J. O. Cadman..... *	
A. S. Lilley .....	0	J. H. Ames .....	4
R. I. Bentley.....	0	Rev. E. E. Baker..	5
F. H. Beaver.....	0	A. H. Higgins.....	2
	5		19
			5
			14

The prospect at this stage looked highly favorable to Claremont, as its team had won the first match and had a good lead in the second contest. On May 6, however, the San Francisco men, playing on their own course on the Presidio Reservation, not only wiped off the Claremont lead of 14 points, but won the match by 7½ points. Only three of the visiting Claremont men scored against their opponents, viz.: W. P. Johnson, the Rev. Dr. Baker and A. H. Higgins. The nine San Francisco men who won their matches scored 27

points for their team, from which only 5½ points had to be deducted, leaving a net gain of 21½ in favor of San Francisco. Taking away the 14 points made by Claremont in the first half of the match, the San Francisco team won the second home-and-home match by 7½ points. The details are given herewith:

Second Half of Second Match.			
San Francisco		Claremont	
Pts.		Pts.	
John Lawson .....	1	E. R. Folger.....	0
H. C. Golcher .....	0	W. P. Johnson .....	2½
B. D. Adamson.....	2½	Frank Kales .....	0
S. L. Abbot, Jr....	3½	Dr. Carpenter .....	0
Dr. J. R. Clark....	4½	F. S. Stratton .....	0
R. G. Brown.....	5½	Carlton Curtis.....	0
H. A. Blackman....	1	J. O. Cadman .....	0
Dr. T.G. McConkey.	5	J. H. Ames .....	0
C. H. Bentley .....	0	Rev. E. E. Baker ..	2
Capt. J. S. Oyster..	1	G. E. De Golia.....	0
A. S. Lilley .....	0	A. H. Higgins.....	1
G. E. Starr.....	3	R. M. Fitzgerald....	0
	27		5½
	5½		
	21½		

Claremont having won the first 36-hole match in February, and San Francisco having proved victorious in the second contest, a tie resulted. This was decided on the links of the San Rafael Golf Club on Saturday, May 20, over 36 holes, 18 being played in the morning and 18 in the afternoon. On the morning's play the San Francisco team secured an advantage of 13 holes (27 against 14), and appeared to have the match well in hand, but in the afternoon their lead melted away, Claremont finishing 2½ points to the good. Six of the San Francisco men won their matches and five of the Claremont twelve beat their opponents, the twelfth match being forfeited by San Francisco through the unavoidable absence of H. A. Blackman who was paired against Carlton Curtis. The details follow:

Deciding Match on San Rafael Links.			
San Francisco		Claremont	
Pts.		Pts.	
John Lawson .....	3½	Frank Kales .....	0
B. D. Adamson.....	0	E. R. Folger .....	5
H. C. Golcher .....	3½	W. P. Johnson .....	0
S. L. Abbot, Jr....	1½	J. A. Folger .....	0
R. G. Brown.....	0	R. M. Fitzgerald... 3	
Dr. J. R. Clark....	4	Dr. W. M. Carpenter	0
H. A. Blackman... ab.		Carlton Curtis .....	1½
Dr. T.G. McConkey..	1	J. O. Cadman.....	0
A. S. Lilley.....	0	J. J. Crooks.....	2½
Capt. J. S. Oyster..	2	G. E. De Golia.....	0
F. H. Beaver.....	0	F. S. Stratton.....	4
C. H. Bentley.....	0	A. H. Higgins .....	2
	15½		18
			15½
			2½

Throughout the tournament Dr. J. R. Clark was captain of the San Francisco team, and W. P. Johnson of the Claremont team. The tie having been decided in favor of the Claremont players, the inter-club trophy, commemorative of the tournament of 1905, became the property of the Claremont Country Club. This is the third occasion on which there has been a tie, the two previous ties having been decided on the course of the Burlingame Country Club. In all three instances the Oakland golfers have won the deciding contest.

Since the tournament was concluded, some ingenious person, fond of playing with figures, has made out a table showing the number of points scored by each man who took part in the contest. Twenty-four matches were played in each of the two 36-hole home-and-home contests, and twelve matches in the deciding contest on the San Rafael links. Of these sixty matches Claremont won thirty-four. San Francisco won twenty-one and five were halved. Rev. Dr. E. E. Baker of Claremont, who played



Lakersley Photo.

SPECTATORS AT INTER-CLUB MATCH.



Lakersley Photo.

DRS. A. M. CARPENTER AND T. G. M'CONKEY.

on three of the five days, scored the greatest number of points for his side, 4, 5, and 2; total, 11. F. S. Stratton scored 10½ points, and Carlton Curtis and A. H. Higgins 10 points each. Dr. J. R. Clark made most points (8½) for the San Francisco team, R. Gilman Brown being next with 7½. Every representative of the Claremont club scored something for his team, but 5 of the San Francisco players added nothing to the score. The Claremont teams were chosen wholly from fourteen players, while the San Francisco club was represented, on one day or another, by seventeen golfers. The details are shown in the table:

CLAREMONT COUNTRY CLUB.

Players	1st Half	2d Half	1st Half	2d Half	Decid. Match
E. R. Folger.....	0	1½	0	0	5
F. Kales .....	0	1	1½	0	0
W. P. Johnson...	1½	3½	2	2½	0
J. A. Folger .....	0	1	*	*	0
R. M. Fitzgerald.	0	*	1	0	3
W. M. Carpenter.	1½	3	0	0	0
J. H. Ames .....	0	3	4	0	*
C. Curtis .....	3½	5	0	0	0
J. O. Cadman....	1	0	0	0	0

G. E. DeGolia...	0	2½	2	0	0
A. H. Higgins...	1½	3½	2	1	2
F. S. Stratton...	2½	2½	1½	0	4
Dr. E. E. Baker..*	*	4	5	2	*
J. J. Crooks.....*	*	*	*	*	2½

SAN FRAN. GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB.

Players	1st Half	2d Half	1st Half	2d Half	Decid. Match
John Lawson....	0	0	1	1	3½
C. E. Maud.....	0	*	*	*	*
H. C. Golcher...	0	0	0	0	3½
B. D. Adamson...	0	0	0	2½	0
Dr. J. R. Clark..	0	0	0	4½	4
H. A. Blackman.	0	0	0	1	*
G. E. Starr.....	1½	0	*	3	*
Capt. J. S. Oyster.	0	1½	*	1	2
Dr. T. McConkey.	0	0	0	5	1
A. S. Lilley.....	3	0	0	0	0
C. Page .....	0	0	*	*	*
Perry Eyre .....	0	*	*	*	*
F. H. Beaver....*	*	0	0	*	0
R. G. Brown ....*	*	0	2	5½	0
S. L. Abbot, Jr..*	*	*	0	3½	1½
C. H. Bentley...*	*	*	2	0	0
R. I. Bentley....*	*	*	0	*	*

\* Did not play.



# NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington and British Columbia. Conducted by F. M. Kelly.

[To-day the immense territory comprising British Columbia and Alaska is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The mountains and valleys abound with big game, while the rivers and lakes teem with trout and salmon. The

writer has hunted and angled much in this district, and information given can be relied upon. Any request, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will receive an early reply. Address, F. M. Kelly, Victoria, B. C.]



HE big gathering of Northwest Pacific yachtsmen at Vancouver this year promises to be the most successful in the history of the Northwest International Yacht Racing Association. At no time in the past were there so many boats in commission, and at no previous period were there so many clubs in the Association. Recently, Nanaimo, B. C., was admitted to its privileges, making the seventh. From time to time other cities will undoubtedly desire yachting honors, and the strength of the Association will continue to increase.

At Vancouver the boys will surely have the time of their lives, for Secretary Spencer of the Vancouver club and the Association, does not stint things when it comes to a question of entertainment. He has a strong club at his back, the commodore of which, W. E. Graveley, known as the "Daddy of Northwest Yachtsmen," is as good a being as a trim boat and a spanking breeze can produce. That is sufficient description, which couldn't be bettered if I wrote a page of matter, and yachting enthusiasts will understand. The unofficial members of the club will also see to it that visiting yachtsmen will not find the time between races hanging heavy on their hands. 'Two days' racing, with a cruise between, is the program.

Not content with participating in the international races at Vancouver, the yachtsmen of Bellingham have planned an international meet to take place on Bellingham Bay immediately after the conclusion of the races in Canadian waters. This meet will not be international in name, merely in character. The contests will be none the less exciting for all that, and a goodly number of the boats racing at Vancouver will undoubtedly take advantage of the chance to acquire some bits of silverware. This will be the first regatta held in Bellingham Bay in a number of years. It will be a good thing for yachting, as it will increase interest. Friendly gatherings of this sort are responsible for the construction of more boats and for the making of more yachtsmen. We can not have too many of either, as the sport is the very best a mortal can indulge in. Go ahead, Bellingham, and may the meet be as successful as the boys now hope it will be.

\* \* \*

Owing to the great demand for water frontage on Burrard Inlet, the Vancouver Yacht Club was forced to seek other moorings for clubhouse and boats. The club, through the kindness of the Park Commissioners, have secured a site fronting on Coal Harbor, where there is good anchorage and where the mosquito fleet will be well sheltered from the winds and waves



THE WITCH'S HEAD ON B. C. COAST.

which are sometimes known to frolic between the First and Second Narrows.

\* \* \*

Lovers of the automobile in Seattle had planned a meet for Decoration Day. Through no fault of theirs, however, it did not come off. At the time, sanction could not be obtained from the National Association, owing to the fact that the year's rules were in the press, and that nothing could be done in the way of a meet until said rules were distributed. At the present writing a copy has not been received by the Seattle club. In a letter to Secretary Seymour, the secretary of the National Board stated that an effort was being made to organize a transcontinental circuit, and that he would be glad if the Seattle club would arrange its dates so as to be in accord with the program outlined. This should be a good thing, as the best of motoring folks would then take in the Seattle meet. The Seattle automobilists are in favor of the plan, and no further arrangements will be made by the club until advices are received from the National Association.

\* \* \*

The number of motor enthusiasts is constantly increasing in and around Victoria. The majority of the drivers are careful and considerate of foot passengers; but there are a few who take unwarranted liberties with the nerves of people who still believe in the mode of locomotion introduced by one Adam. Even on a clear, broad road, reckless driving is not essential to enjoyment; but on a crowded street it is a men-



Fleming Photo.

A VICTORIA, B. C., TROUT STREAM.

ace to life and limb. It is all very nice and exhilarating to have a certain amount of horsepower under one's control, but the more it is controlled when a street corner is to be turned sharply, the better. With forty-horse power driving it, a ton of car whirling by within an inch of your person before the blast of the horn has had time to warn you, is not a good thing for nerves; and it is too bad that certain unthinking individuals are privileged to use such a power in such a careless manner.

\* \* \*

For having in his possession for commercial purposes young salmon under three pounds in weight, the Victoria Fish and Game Club recently had a local fish-dealer before the court. Mr. Galbraith, Dominion Fisheries' Inspector, prosecuted, and the fish-monger was convicted and fined. The Dominion law regulating fisheries states that salmon under this weight must not be taken in any manner. Our sportsmen will have to watch themselves while the law stands as it is at present, for they are liable to a like fine if caught. A number of grilse are taken with hook and line hereabouts, and since the club had the above case in court the inspector is said to be on the alert for any and all who may violate the law. It is another argument in favor of the Province of British Columbia being permitted to regulate rod and line fishing in inland waters. It is absurd to contend that the salmon taken in this manner will materially affect the future quantity of fish to any great extent, and it is time that such a clause should be removed from the statute, as it is not in the best interest of sport—rather the reverse.

\* \* \*

Bob White quail are not to be for Washington sportsmen, who are somewhat disappointed over the result of an effort made to import a number

from Kansas. While in transit from Wichita, and before they got beyond the boundaries of their native State, the birds were seized by the authorities. Evidently they are somewhat stringent in Kansas, and do not believe in breeding game for the purpose of propagating other States.

\* \* \*

Late in May a special car of the bureau of fisheries brought a consignment of young trout to the Coast. They came from the Federal hatchery at Manchester, Iowa, and belong to the brook and rainbow varieties. They will be distributed in Washington and Oregon.

\* \* \*

A deer on the streets of a growing city is not a very common sight, even in a region where they may be fairly plentiful; and yet several citizens of Rossland, B. C., the largest city of the Kootenais, saw one immediately in front of the postoffice there on an evening of late April.

\* \* \*

In spite of the several petitions of fishermen and others interested in the fishing rights for a long period existing on Sand Island, near the mouth of the Columbia, and to which reference was made in the May issue, the War Department recently opened bids for grants advertised.

\* \* \*

The British Columbia Field Trials will this year be held at Ladner on the days of September 21, 22 and 23. Entries for the Derby will close on September 1, and for the All Age Stake on September 15. There will also be a new class, which will be known as the British Columbia Field Trial's Championship. Major Taylor will be requested to officiate, and fanciers are hoping that he will accept.



Fleming Photo.

ON THE COWICHAN RIVER.



Another immense forest reserve is to be created in the State of Washington. It will be known as the Yakima reserves, and will include all the timbered area between the Mount Rainier and the Washington forest reserves, making a continuous reservation across the State from north to south. The Yakima reserve will have an area of 2,600 miles.

\* \* \*

The ladies' championship of the Seattle Golf Club for 1905-6 was recently won by Miss Ethel Garrett. In the finals she defeated Mrs. Henry Carstens, the score being 6 up and 4 to play. With the championship goes the Nannette Paschal trophy.

\* \* \*

The ninth annual gathering of the Washington State Sportsmen's Association at Wenatchee, May 18, 19, and 20, was largely attended, more than two hundred members being present. Two days were given over to shooting off the various events, and the third day to the annual business meeting. The officers of the Association are: President, A. F. Anderson; vice president, C. E. Buttes; acting secretary, Percy Scheble.

\* \* \*

Some fifty members of the Southwestern Washington Gun Club Association met at Centralia early in May, coming from Hoquaim, South Tacoma, Montesano, Aberdeen, Cosmopolis, Olympia, Chehalis, Gate City and other



THE DAWENDEENA. O. MOSELEY, OWNER.

The Victoria Gun Club held their semi-annual shoot at Langford Plains on April 29th. Quite a large number of gunmen were present, and the scores were fairly good. The principal event was the contest for the Gun Club Trophy (30 birds, known traps and unknown angles). H. N. Short will hold it for a year, winning with a score of 26.

## MR. MUSPANE PROTESTS.

VICTORIA, B. C. May 10, 1905.

Editor "Western Field."

Dear Sir: In the "Northwest Department" of the May number of the "Western Field," your correspondent takes upon himself to state that those who agitated for the amendments to the British Columbia Game Laws imposing a fine for shooting on enclosed lands of \$50.00, and also tried to stop Sunday shooting, were those "who have the leisure to hunt and fish on any other day of the week, and are selfish enough to desire all the enjoyments of life for themselves." This is directly contrary to fact. The \$50 fine was urged by the members of the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club with the desire of protecting farmers from having their lands overrun by so-called sportsmen who pepper their live-stock with shot, and when expostulated with often use abusive language to the owner. The agitation for stopping Sunday shooting was headed by the "Sunday Observance" people, and was strongly opposed by the Fish and Game Club. Many farmers were also in favor of stopping Sunday shooting for the above reasons.

The game clubs of the province were responsible for the different amendments which now include the prohibition of the sale of practically all game shot on Vancouver Island, with the exception of wild fowl, and the prevention of keeping game in cold storage at any time. The Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club is almost altogether composed of men who can only get away from work on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. The number of members who have the time to shoot or fish during the week might be counted on the fingers of one hand. The club has been in existence for two years and, during that time, has, with the small means at its disposal, done good work in importing game into the province and protecting the game it has the good fortune to be supplied with by nature. I wish, Mr. Editor, to emphasize the fact that it was not the so-called "leisured class," but the game clubs of the province, composed of men by no means well blessed with this world's goods, who are responsible for the legislation of last session affecting the game laws of this province.

Yours faithfully,

J. MUSPANE,

Hon. Sec. Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club.





## THE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENT.



THE second annual tournament of the Pacific Coast Trap Shooters' Association was held at Ingleside, May 28-29-30. The first day had 111 shooting participants, the second day 77, and the third 89, nearly all of whom shot through the program each day.

In all regular events the Sergeant system was used, and sliding distance handicaps from fourteen to twenty yards were imposed on the men. The weather conditions were bad on opening day, but first-rate on second day, while the closing day was windy and chilly. Nevertheless, there was but one event—the first on the closing day—in which a straight run was not made by somebody. This odd event was the second of the closing day, 19 out of twenty being high score.

Edgar L. Foster's management of the shoot won everybody's commendation; and the tournament committee, composed of Messrs. T. L. Lewis, D. Daniels and H. T. Hoyt, covered themselves with glory. H. P. Jacobsen and George W. Lewis, in charge of the office, left nothing to be desired. Dr. W. I. George, president of the association, honored the tournament by his constant presence, and deserves the congratulations he received on the success of the shoot. Visitors from all over the State were plentiful and some of them betrayed an aptitude at clay smashing that caused no little consternation among the ranks of local mug chasers.

The average of scores throughout was excellent. Thomas L. Lewis fired the opening, and Otto Feudner the closing shots of the tournament. The percentage of promising new beginners was larger than usual and many of them look like "comers."

Vallejo shooters were prominent and did some excellent work, as they all proved good all around shots. The third annual shoot of the association will be held at Vallejo next May, and it is safe to predict that a considerable percentage of the money will remain there after the smoke clears away.

W. J. Golcher won two cups, the Du Pont trophy and another. J. W. Bradrick won both the Bekeart challenge cup and the Mullerite trophy. R. C. Reed made a game win in the L. C. Smith event. M. O. Feudner won the Dr. George cup in the last race of the meeting.

On Tuesday evening the association held a meeting and elected the following officers: Dr. C. E. Turner of Vallejo, president; D. Daniels, vice president; George W. Lewis, secretary; Edgar L. Forster, manager. After the meeting

Dr. George presided at a smoker, during which the prizes were presented to the winners.

### THE SCORES.

Sunday, May 28, 1905—

In six regular events the following names and scores were made at the distances given (sliding handicap system), three events at each distance:

#### 6 EVENTS, 20 BIRDS EACH.

	Yds.	Broke	Yds.	Broke	Tot.
Lewis, T. L.....	16	31	14	44	76
Franzen, G.....	16	48	16	46	94
Ickes, E. C.....	16	52	18	45	97
Gamble, E. ....	16	53	18	49	102
Knick, J. F.....	16	42	14	53	95
Iverson, M. J.....	16	56	20	48	104
Bradrick, J. W.....	16	53	18	57	110
Schultz, F. J.....	16	55	20	48	103
Schultz, Ed.....	16	56	20	50	106
Klevesahl, E.....	16	46	14	55	101
Carr, C.....	16	52	18	46	98
Hawxhurst, L.....	16	54	20	57	111
Potter J.....	16	39	14	41	81
Pitres, Dr.....	16	46	14	54	100
Sears, W. P.....	16	51	18	54	104
Sylvester, C.....	16	56	20	50	106
Moore, F.....	16	55	20	48	103
Hansen, W.....	16	48	16	50	98
Kincannon, L. C.....	16	48	16	50	98
Lowry, W.....	16	51	18	45	96
Feudner, M. O.....	16	56	20	48	104
Nauman, C. C.....	16	52	18	53	105
Webb, A. J.....	16	53	18	52	105
Reed, R. C.....	16	49	16	52	101
Holling, E.....	16	54	20	50	104
McCutchan, J. B....	16	54	20	43	97
Young, W. H.....	16	46	14	..	...
Janssen, W.....	16	44	14	49	93
Feudner, F.....	16	48	16	49	97
Hoffman, W.....	16	51	18	49	100
Varien, W. H.....	16	51	18	47	98
"Wilson" .....	16	51	18	52	103
Golcher, W. J.....	16	56	20	52	108
Derby, Dr. A. T.....	16	52	18	43	95
Gibson, G. W.....	16	46	14	51	97
McElwaine, J.....	16	51	18	49	100
Clark, J.....	16	35	14	..	...
Hoyt, H. T.....	16	50	16	45	95
Adams, E. D.....	16	50	16	42	92
Daniels, D.....	16	50	16	51	101
Walker, L.....	16	52	18	49	101
Seaver, W. H.....	16	57	20	49	106
Newbert, F. M.....	16	57	20	51	108
King, Jr., D. W.....	16	54	20	52	106
Bekeart, P. B.....	16	45	14	47	92
Hesse, F. W.....	16	44	14	49	93
Hoey, H. P.....	16	49	16	50	99
Harpham, L.....	16	50	16	55	105
Giblin, J. A.....	16	54	20	47	101

	Yds.	Broke	Yds.	Broke	Tot.
Bungay, R. H.....	16	55	20	55	110
Hagerman, E. D.....	16	54	20	47	101
"Slade" .....	16	47	14	53	100
Cuneo, W.....	16	42	14	..	...
Cadwallader, N. H..	16	49	16	47	96
Price, W.....	16	48	16	46	94
Donohoe, E.....	16	54	20	45	99
Haight, C. A.....	16	50	16	51	101
Sylvester, G.....	16	47	14	55	102
Wattles, W. S.....	16	42	14	43	85
Work, T. A.....	16	45	14	42	87
Justins, H.....	16	47	14	48	95
Magistrini, P.....	16	38	14	46	84
O'Hara, J. V.....	16	44	14	53	97
Ashlin, C. A.....	16	39	14	43	82
Haas, R.....	16	41	14	52	93
Harvey, C.....	16	49	16	51	100
Goepel, C.....	16	48	16	53	101
Stone, F.....	16	42	14	45	87
Stone, G.....	16	42	14	49	91
Hauer, J. B.....	16	44	14	46	90
Adams, J. H.....	16	..	16	39	...
Sandidge, G.....	16	..	16	..	...
Lynch, J. T.....	16	..	16	..	...
Pisani, J.....	16	45	14	48	93
Frankel, C.....	16	38	14	41	79
Holdsclaw, S.....	16	44	14	48	92
Hirschle, D. S.....	16	43	14	33	76
Elias, J. W.....	16	34	14	41	75
Clark, M. A.....	16	47	14	48	95
Chappell, W.....	16	50	16	48	98
Drake, C.....	16	55	20	49	104
Rodgers, A.....	16	27	13	..	...
Beveridge, W.....	16	50	16	41	91
Laing, C. D.....	16	36	14	47	83
Hodapp, F. H.....	16	51	18	45	96
Grimm, H.....	16	34	14	..	...
Burton, A.....	16	38	14	33	71
Gill, C.....	16	47	14	45	92
Shields, A. M.....	16	47	13	48	95
Fish, S. C.....	16	47	14	..	...
Bruns, J.....	16	47	14	47	94
Bodkin, Dr.....	16	30	14	..	...
Murdock, W. R.....	16	48	16	47	95
Masterson, J.....	16	39	14	28	67
Cate, C.....	16	46	14	52	98
Forster, E. L.....	16	50	16	..	...
Jacobsen, H. P.....	16	26	14	27	53
Burfeind, D.....	16	41	14	41	82
Brown, C. A.....	16	39	14	46	85
Burnett, J. H.....	16	37	14	48	85
Martin, J.....	16	..	..	..	...
Johnson, W. E.....	16	..	..	..	...
Drake, E. E.....	16	..	..	..	...
Patrick, B.....	16	..	14	38	...
Barber, G.....	16	..	14	39	...
Brown, T. M.....	16	..	..	..	...
Lynch, W.....	16	..	..	..	...
Hammond, E.....	16	..	16	35	...
Taylor, J. M.....	16	..	16	32	...
Klevesahl, H.....	16	..	16	51	...

L. C. Smith trophy event, 20 singles, use of both barrels. 10 pairs, entrance \$1.50. Rose system, moneys 7-5-2, less price of birds:

	20 S'gles	D'bles 10 pairs	Tot.
Feudner, M. O.....	18	13	31
Nauman .....	20	14	34
Webb .....	20	17	37
Holling .....	20	14	34
Schultz, E.....	19	11	30
Hawxhurst .....	19	13	32
Hansen .....	19	10	29
Derby .....	18	17	35
Gibson .....	19	14	33
Daniels .....	20	12	32
Seaver .....	16	15	21
Newbert .....	17	15	22
Bungay .....	16	15	31

	20 S'gles	D'bles 10 pairs	Tot.
Hagerman .....	16	9	25
Reed .....	20	18	38
Donohoe .....	14	12	26
Drake .....	15	12	27
Lewis .....	18	12	30
Haight .....	18	15	33
Justins .....	19	12	31
Holdsclaw .....	19	12	31
Sears .....	19	12	31
Iverson .....	19	9	28
Walker .....	18	13	31
Bradrick .....	19	16	35
Hirschle .....	11	w.	11
Chappell .....	19	10	29

Consolation event (for shooters under 80% average in six regular events), 20 targets, \$1 entrance, \$20 added, 5 moneys, 15 yards, purse \$30.20:

Justins 18, Clark 17, Knick 17, Wattles 17, Cadwallader 16, Brown 15, Ashlin 15, Haas 15, Holdsclaw 14, Burfiend 13, Lewis 12, Stone 13, Elias 12, Laing 11, Price 11, Frankel 11, Hirschle 10.

Team event, Union Gun Club Trophy, entrance \$1 per man, 20 singles, high teams, trophy and 40% entrance, 30, 20 and 10%, \$18 pool:

Union Gun Club Team No. 1—Holling 18, Reed 19, Bradrick 19, Iverson 18, Hawxhurst 19. Total 93.

Golden Gate Gun Club Team No. 1—M. O. Feudner 18, Nauman 19, Webb 20, Varien 15, E. Schultze 19. Total 91.

Union Gun Club Team No. 2—F. Feudner 16, McCutchan 18, Sears 18, King 18, Daniels 19. Total 89.

Golden Gate Gun Club Team No. 2—Haight 15, Wattles 18, E. Klevesahl 20, Gibson 18, Newbert 18. Total 89.

Vallejo Gun Club Team—Clark 18, Chappell 16, C. Drake 17, O'Hara 14, Brown 18. Total 83.

Hercules Gun Club Team—C. Sylvester 19, Moore 16, Lowry 16, Hansen 15, Kincannon 17. Total 83.

MONDAY, MAY 29, 1905.

6 Events, 20 Birds Each

	Yds.	Broke	Yds.	Broke	Tot.
Klevesahl, E.....	20	47	14	52	99
Barker, Dr. A. M.....	16	57	20	48	105
Bekeart .....	14	48	16	50	98
McCutchan .....	14	55	20	47	102
Moore .....	16	43	14	38	81
Hoyt .....	14	42	14	52	94
Carter, F. L.....	16	50	16	47	97
Schultz, F. J.....	10	53	18	53	106
Holling .....	16	54	20	55	109
King Jr., D. W.....	14	38	14	54	92
Reis .....	16	..	..	..	...
Ashlin .....	14	37	14	..	...
Schultz, E.....	16	47	14	53	100
Murdock .....	16	55	20	35	90
Hansen .....	16	51	18	52	103
Walker .....	16	47	14	48	95
Seaver .....	16	55	21	53	108
Newbert .....	18	54	20	49	103
O'Hara .....	18	35	14	49	84
Stone, F.....	14	49	16	48	97
Hesse .....	16	41	14	40	81
Gill .....	14	54	20	41	95
Birmingham, Jr., J..	16	41	14	..	...
Forster, E. L.....	16	55	20	..	...
Clark .....	16	52	18	44	96
Chappell .....	16	49	16	50	99
Work .....	16	..	..	..	...
Drake, C.....	16	53	18	..	...
Hirschle .....	14	48	16	42	90
Ickes .....	14	50	16	45	95
Haesche .....	16	..	..	..	...

	Yds.	Broke	Yds.	Broke	Tot.		Yds.	Broke	Yds.	Broke	Tot.
Giblin	14	53	18	45	98	Webb	20	49	16	60	109
Bowen	16	..	..	..	..	Daniels	18	45	14	52	97
Barney, Dr.	16	..	..	..	..	Janssen	14	52	18	48	100
Leavell	..	32	..	..	..	Feudner, M. O.	18	56	20	49	105
Burton	..	..	..	..	..	Pitres, Dr.	20	46	14	47	93
Wattles	..	..	..	..	..	Golcher	16	48	16	53	101
Shields	..	..	..	..	..	Wilson	18	47	14	43	90
Lidston	..	..	..	..	..	Schultz, F. J.	18	47	14	43	90
Hauer	..	..	..	..	..	McElwaine	18	40	14	50	90
Iverson	16	51	18	50	101	Patrick	14	40	14	..	..
Hawxhurst	29	45	14	56	101	Carr	14	47	14	..	..
Varien	16	54	20	..	..	Adams, E.	14	52	18	50	102
McElwaine	16	39	14	51	90	Schultz, E.	20	48	16	50	98
Hoffman	16	35	20	42	97	Price	14	52	18	..	..
Golcher	18	50	16	48	98	Derby	14	53	18	47	100
Sylvester, C.	16	56	20	46	102	Feudner, F.	20	50	16	56	106
Lewis	14	35	14	38	73	Hoyt	18	47	14	51	98
Webb	18	54	20	54	108	Ashlin	14	46	14	38	84
Janssen	16	51	18	44	95	Haas	18	44	14	49	93
Nauman	18	54	20	50	104	Nauman	16	53	18	49	102
Reed	18	50	16	52	102	Kerrison	16	47	14	53	100
Holdsclaw	16	53	18	53	106	Iverson	20	50	16	50	100
Feudner, O.	16	51	18	52	103	Holdsclaw	18	48	16	46	94
Cadwallader	14	49	16	51	100	Stone, G.	14	51	18	..	..
Haight	18	47	14	52	99	Masterson	14	39	14	41	80
Justins	16	50	16	47	97	Sears	16	51	18	..	..
Gibson	13	46	14	54	100	Hoffman	14	55	20	44	99
Adams	14	48	16	43	91	Morss	16	43	14	40	83
Hagerman	16	49	16	53	102	Reed	18	53	18	51	104
Bruns	16	41	14	49	90	Justins	14	47	16	43	90
Carr	14	49	16	46	95	Donohoe	14	50	16	47	97
Sears	18	51	18	49	100	King	20	50	16	48	98
Stone, G.	16	53	18	45	98	Shields	16	48	16	51	99
Bungay	20	43	14	57	100	Harpham	20	51	18	50	101
Young	14	48	16	..	..	Jacobsen	16	35	14	..	..
Bradrick	20	52	18	57	109	Goepel	18	49	16	51	100
Jacobsen	14	37	14	32	69	Haight	18	51	18	47	98
Hoey	16	40	14	45	85	Morin, M.	16	46	14	51	97
Price	14	52	18	46	98	Moore	14	42	14	47	89
Derby	14	58	20	45	103	Carter	14	42	14	47	89
Goepel	18	47	14	51	98	Hansen	18	43	14	47	90
Mitchell	16	41	14	54	95	Hesse	14	46	14	45	91
Feudner, F.	16	46	14	54	100	Burton	14	32	14	38	70
Harvey	..	..	..	..	..	Potter	14	46	14	..	..
Lynch	..	..	..	..	..	Drake, C.	16	51	18	49	100
Sylvester, G.	..	..	..	..	..	Chappell	16	47	14	56	103

(No. 7. Merchandise event, 16 yards, did not count on average or totals.)

Team shoot, San Francisco Trap Shooting Association trophy, 20 singles and \$1 entrance per man. Winner, trophy and 40%, 30, 20 and 10% high teams. Side pool \$10. \$1 entrance. 20s Hawxhurst and Feudner; 19's Bradrick, Holling and Schultz, 16 yards:

Union Gun Club Team No. 1—Bradrick 19, Iverson 16, Holling 18, Reed 19, Hawxhurst 20. Total 92.

Golden Gate Gun Club Team No. 1—M. O. Feudner 20, Nauman 17, Webb 17, Newbert 18, E. Schultz 19. Total 91.

California Wing Club Team—Barker 17, Derby 17, E. Klevesahl 19, Bekeart 16, Haight 18. Total 87.

Union Gun Club Team No. 2—McCutchan 20, King 15, F. Feudner 16, Shields 17, Forster 15. Total 83.

Vallejo Gun Club Team—Clark 15, Chappell 14, Drake 10, O'Hara 13, Hirschle 15. Total 67.

TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1905.

6 Events, 20 Birds Each.

	Yds.	Broke	Yds.	Broke	Tot.		Yds.	Broke	Yds.	Broke	Tot.
"Slade"	18	45	14	41	86	Berryman	16	..	..	..	..
Bungay	20	44	14	56	100	Barber	14	..	14	..	..
Hagerman	18	51	18	39	90	Wattles	16	..	16	48	..
Holling	20	53	18	55	108	Deckow	16	..	..	..	..
Hawxhurst	20	52	18	50	106	Elias	14	..	14	..	..
Gibson	20	39	14	49	88	Burnett	16	..	..	..	..
Bradrick	20	49	16	57	106	Magistrini	14	..	14	..	..
						"Maude"	16	..	16	..	..

	Yds.	Broke	Yds.	Broke	Tot.
Whitney, R.....	16	..	16	..	...
Lynch .....	16	..	..	..	...
Bowen, E. J.....	16	..	..	..	...

(Event 7, Consolation race, 16 yards, did not count on average or totals.)

Team Shoot, Vallejo Gun Club Trophy, 20 singles and \$1 entrance per man. High teams. Winner trophy and 40%; 30, 20 and 10%. Side pool, \$1 entrance, high guns, four moneys, 16 yards.

Golden Gate Gun Club Team No. 2—E. Schultz 20, Wilson 20, Newbert 19. Total 59.

Union Gun Club Team No. 1—Holling 17, Hawxhurst 17, Bradrick 20. Total 54.

Golden Gate Gun Club Team No. 1—M. O. Feudner 20, Nauman 15, Webb 19. Total 54.

Los Angeles Gun Club Team—Hagerman 14, Bungay 18, Justins 19. Total 51.

Union Gun Club Team No. 2—F. Feudner 16, Iverson 18, Reed 17. Total 51.

Vallejo Gun Club Team No. 1—Clark 17, Chappell 17, Drake 17. Total 51.

Vallejo Gun Club Team No. 2—O'Hara 17, Hirschle 14, Magistrini 11. Total 42.

Union Gun Club Team No. 3—Haight 14, Donohoe 12, Daniels 13. Total 39.

Vallejo Gun Club Team No. 3—Elias 7, Burnett 16, Lewis 10. Total 33.

Side pool 20 breaks, E. Schultz, "Wilson" and Bradrick. Webb and Newbert 19.

California championship challenge cup, presented by Phil. B. Bekeart. Winner to have name inscribed on cup and hold same against any challenger, and take all entrance money. Five dollars each donated by Mr. Bekeart to second and third high guns; 100 targets, 16 yards. Won by J. W. Bradrick, purse \$68, less price of targets:

	Yds.	Broke	Yds.	Broke	Tot.
Bungay .....	22	19	23	23	87
Hagerman .....	19	16	19	19	73
Justins .....	18	18	20	22	78
"Wilson" .....	23	23	23	24	92
Gibson .....	16	12	20	22	70
Iverson .....	23	22	21	23	89
Bradrick .....	22	23	25	24	94

	Yds.	Broke	Yds.	Broke	Tot.
Holling .....	19	22	24	24	89
Reed .....	23	16	22	20	81
Hawxhurst .....	21	19	20	22	82
Newbert .....	18	22	23	22	85
Nauman .....	23	20	20	23	86
Webb .....	21	23	22	24	90
Feudner .....	23	21	22	24	91
Schultz, E.....	22	23	24	24	93

In counting averages the six regular 20-target events each for three days counted, 120 targets per day, a total of 360. J. W. Bradrick won the high average prize for the tournament. Hawxhurst with 111 won high average the first day. Bradrick and Holling, 109 each, tied for second day high average, and Webb, 109, won third day high average.

The following shooters made the eleven high averages for the shoot: Bradrick 110, 109, 106—325; Webb 105, 108, 109—322; Holling 104, 109, 108—321; Hawxhurst 111, 101, 106—318; Seaver 106, 108, 103—317; M. O. Feudner 104, 103, 105—312; Newbert 108, 103, 101—312; Bungay 110, 100, 100—310; Reed 101, 102, 104—307; Iverson 104, 101, 100—305; E. Schultz 106, 100, 98—304.

The sliding distance handicap was arranged as follows: The first three events on Sunday were at 16 yards, the next three races at different handicaps according to the averages shot. The first three races of the second day were based on the averages made in the previous afternoon's three races. The last three events were handicapped from results made on sixty targets in the morning. Tuesday's first sixty targets were handicapped on the results of the previous afternoon, and the final three regular events received a handicap from the morning shoot at sixty targets. The handicap averages are noted above. In the tabulation of scores the results and handicaps, for both sections of sixty targets, are given above with the totals for shooters who shot through all the regular events. The distance handicap has been very unfavorably received by the shooters, and may not be employed hereafter. It gave much dissatisfaction and was difficult to figure out.





"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend.  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."  
—BYRON.

## WHEN TO BEGIN TRAINING.

By H. C. BABCOCK.



**O**FTEN one hears the inquiry, "At what age is it best to begin the training of a puppy for field work?" The answer depends largely upon circumstances, namely: whether you are to train him yourself or intend sending him to a professional trainer. the price you are willing to pay the latter, and if you are intending to do the work yourself the amount of patience, forbearance and natural qualifications of which you are possessed; also the amount of time at your disposal. If you have plenty of the latter and also possessed of a fair share of the other virtues, supplemented with fair judgment you can scarcely begin too early.

However, when the puppy is young it is very susceptible to impressions, and a false move at this time may ruin a puppy when it would pass unnoticed at a more advanced age. To illustrate: I once began work on a puppy (now a well-known field-trial winner) at the age of five months, allowing him to go afield while the older dogs were being worked. In a short time he acquired great hunting proclivities and became an excellent bird-finder, but being young he would soon tire, and instead of coming to heel would place himself a few feet ahead of my horse and trudge along unmindful of his dangerous position. After a few days of this, I decided to break him of the habit and,

reaching forward with the quirt tapped him lightly.

My expectations were more than fulfilled, as he immediately retired to quite a distance in the rear, and no amount of coaxing would induce him to go out and hunt afterward. How did I break him of the habit? Just merely let him forget it. After finding that he had quite a severe case, I allowed him to remain in the kennel for several months, and the next time he was taken afield he had reached the age when trifles pass unnoticed.

There is one very great advantage in starting the puppy's training young, and that is that you are always able to reach him in case he is to be corrected. Before he has attained his full speed this is much easier than it will ever be again. It is sometimes no easy matter to catch a dog after he has come to realize that his speed is at least double your own, and to wear him down in some manner is usually about the only way it can be done.

The puppy is also usually more susceptible to teaching when young, and sometimes will come to his point-work easier at that time—and the younger he achieves this branch of his education the better, provided his nature is not such as to be inclined to do too much pointing—and few high-class dogs inherit this fault.

If you are very careful and do not hurry matters, it can do no harm to begin the puppy's training even at the time he is

weaned, but do not forget that you have at least a full year in which to train him, so bring him on gradually, not being in the least severe. If this is properly done it can not be otherwise than conducive of good results. What the puppy is taught at this age soon becomes second nature, and receiving the knowledge so slowly he gets the full benefit of the teaching.

If you attempt this method you must be prepared to see him do many things just as you do not wish them done, but do not imagine him as being ruined if you do not conquer him at that very lesson. Have patience, always turning him in the right direction as far as possible, and gradually he will drop the bad habits of his own free will. Time and patience galore must be the stock in trade of those who begin to train at an early age; for the puppy, finding that he is not being forced, becomes decidedly mischievous, and his intelligence being promoted by association with his master he becomes a past master in the art of circumventing his trainer.

Should you intend sending your dog to a trainer, and do not wish to pay more than is necessary for his training, the best time to do so is at about one year of age, or possibly somewhat older than that. At that age a dog has attained nearly his full strength and speed and can be placed right at hard work, and will complete his education more quickly than at an earlier period. Dogs can also be forced at this age to an extent that would ruin them if of a more tender age. Their bird-sense is usually well developed at about this time, and with very little experience they are looking for birds to the exclusion of things of minor importance. This is what the professional trainer desires, and the more birds the dog finds and the harder the dog chases the better pleased is the trainer who knows a good dog.

It is not necessary to wait until shooting season before training is commenced; in fact much better results may be obtained by

refraining from killing game until the dog is unquestionably steady to point, wing and shot. The dog that has never broken in and seized a dead bird is the one that will always remain steady to shot, and besides this he will come to perfect point-work sooner and be under better control. Otherwise than in retrieving, a dog may be educated nearly as well out of season as in season, provided the birds are workable, which they will be as soon as they are fully grown.

Regarding the age at which a dog becomes too old to train, I have seen very faulty ones trained nicely at the age of five years, so do not be discouraged if you have neglected to start your dog in training during his puppyhood.

---

#### RICKETS.

So few owners of dogs are able to discover the first symptoms of this disease, or even know what it is when fully developed, that one would suppose it to be of rare occurrence, when the truth of the matter is that the puppy is indeed fortunate who entirely escapes it, and a large number are completely ruined by this disorder.

The first symptoms are an enlargement of the bones of the pasterns on the fore legs, almost in the form of a ring around them. Next the legs begin to bow out at the elbows, and finally the joints become so weak that the puppy walks on his pasterns. It is usually about at this last stage, when it is too late, that the novice discovers that something ails his dog.

This disease, or effect of disease, appears to be caused by lack of bone-making material, and this in turn is caused by mal-nutrition, due either to worms, indigestion, or lack of strengthening food and exercise. It is seldom too late to improve the puppy's condition, and if not too far advanced a perfect cure can be accomplished. It is a trouble affecting growing puppies, dogs not being affected after passing the bone-making period.

Treatment: First clear the puppy of worms, if he has any; then feed on the strongest kinds of food—of which meat should form one of the principal ingredients. A handful of chopped raw beef is the best food that can be given a puppy, sick or well. There is an old established belief that a puppy must not be fed meat. I can not imagine where it had its origin, but certain it is that this belief is responsible for a large share of cases of rickets.

Regular exercise is also an important factor, and puppies that are allowed plenty of freedom are less likely to be affected than those that are closely confined.

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# AD LETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 25 cents per line for first issue, and 20 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

FOR SALE—A thoroughbred, white, black and tan English setter brood bitch, three years old. G. E. Williams, 621 Railroad avenue, Alameda, Cal.

\* \* \*

FOR SALE—Some very fine Angora Kittens, sired by Cherub, holder of "Western Field" Cup for best cat on Pacific Coast. A. J. Oliver, 66 Stanyan St., San Francisco.

\* \* \*



The Anglers' Annual, 1905; 100 pgs.; illst'd; edited by Chas. Bradford; 25c postpd. Western Field, 4 Sutter st., S. F. Calif.

\* \* \*

WANTED—Sportsmen to send for our illustrated catalogue of mounted Bobwhite Grouse, ducks, pheasants, etc; beautiful for your den. Want to correspond with those having live game for sale. Adams & Son, 317 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

FOR SALE—The latest model Savage .22 caliber hammerless repeater, English walnut stock, extra finely checked, matted and engraved, gold plated trimmings, Lyman sights; value \$65; will sell for \$40 cash. T. P. Peckham, Utica, N.Y.

\* \* \*

FOR SALE—I have twelve "Al Vista" Panoramic Cameras for sale at exactly one-half catalogue price. Brand new, latest models, all improvements, just from factory. They are in varying sizes, to make pictures all sizes, from 3½x4½ to 9 inches up to 7x7½ to 15 inches. Must sell them, and the bargain is yours. "Al Vista," 4 Sutter St., Rooms 8-9, San Francisco.

\* \* \*

FOR SALE—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, \$25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422, Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon.

\* \* \*

EVERY year we sell Derbies that win. Our blood won twelve out of thirteen places in recent trial. A few fine derby prospects for sale. Buy the best. California Kennels, Ridgewood, Mendocino Co., Cal.

\* \* \*

FOR SALE—Eight months' old pit Bull Terrier, \$25.00. Will Gorham, 432 West St., Paris, Texas.

\* \* \*

FOR SALE—Blue ticked English Setter Puppies, whelped May 12th, by the celebrated English Setter Mallwyd Bob, winner of 30 firsts in England and championship at Manchester, out of Victoria Belle II, winner of special for best English Setter at Victoria in 1903, and numerous other prizes. Both Belle and Bob are field broken. Puppies \$25 each, delivery July 15th. Puppies of this quality are scarce. Order early. T. P. McConnell, Victoria, B. C.

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## TRADE TOPICS

### THEY ARE POLO PREMIERS.

Polo players of America and particularly those of the great Pacific Coast territory, will have a peculiar and personal interest in the advertisement of Messrs. Eroom & Co., of 168 Dharamtala St., Calcutta, India, which makes its initial appearance in our advertising columns this month. Eroom & Co. are and have been for many years, conceded to be the leading manufacturers of polo players' requisites and are known all over the world wherever the game is played. The experts of all nations are using their sticks, and purchasers of Eroom polo appurtenances can feel assured that they have in these goods the most correct styles, perfect workmanship and unexcelled material. The opportunity now afforded "Western Field" readers to get into close and intimate touch with this renowned firm will be promptly improved.

\* \* \*

### AN IMPORTANT CHANGE.

The Wagner Electric Manufacturing Company announces the opening, June 1, 1905, of its own sales offices for Pacific Coast business, in Room 417 Rialto Building, corner of Mission and New Montgomery streets, San Francisco.

Mr. A. J. Myers, who has been identified with "Wagner" interests on the Coast for ten years or more, will take charge of the offices in the capacity of district manager.

This move is the immediate result of the rapidly growing interests of this company on the Coast, and will enable it to bring the factory appreciably nearer its many friends and customers. The Wagner-Bullock Electric Company of California, which has, as an independent corporation, represented its interests so well for several years, now transfers back to them all its interest and good will in the future sales of Wagner products, the Wagner Co. in turn assuming the maintenance of all apparatus guarantees issued in its behalf by the Wagner-Bullock Electric Company.

In addition to its well known lines heretofore offered, this concern is now ready to supply single-phase alternating elevator motors and polyphase alternating motors.

\* \* \*

### SUMMER HEALTH AND COMFORT.

The season of hot weather is a trying time for most every one, particularly the housewife, upon whom depends in large measure the well-being and good nature of her family. Hot weather health and comfort is discussed, with many practical recommendations by Isabel Gordon Curtis in the July "Delineator," the paper being a chapter in "The Making of a Housewife." Other seasonal suggestions are given in "A Snow Ball Luncheon," illustrated; "Milk as a Food," "Fruit Fantasies," and "New Ways of Serving Strawberries," containing the recipes for many refreshing summer preparations. Plans for a summer camp and house furnishing ideas are other features of this number of the magazine and are of particular interest for their timeliness.

### A VALUABLE COLLECTION

Everybody who reads newspapers knows Homer Davenport. His cartoons have amused and interested and possibly influenced us all. His cartoons of men have made them famous, or infamous in some cases, and some of his drawings on questions of national import have had a direct influence upon their settlement or adjustment. But while he is the world's greatest cartoonist to-day, only a trifle more than eighteen years ago he was a farmer boy at Silverton, Ore., where he secured his first art education by drawing pictures on the old stable door.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Davenport has had time during these eighteen eventful years since he has been struggling for fame to make the greatest collection of birds and domesticated animals in America. It was the early influences of the farm, no doubt, that gave him his passion for birds and animals. He has searched the four quarters of the globe for his collection, and now that he is coming back, he is bringing the birds and animals with him.

Mr. Davenport and his pets are to be at the Lewis and Clark Exposition. When he learned that Oregon was giving a great World's Fair he at once volunteered his services, and the result is that he has several acres at the Exposition grounds where a reproduction of a typical Oregon ranch is being made. Here he will show to all who come his truly remarkable collection, which has cost him his spare time during ten years and his spare change to the extent of \$82,000. Included in his fine collection are thirty-six varieties of pheasants, every country of the world being fittingly represented. Then there are water-fowl, storks, crane, jungle-fowl, wild turkeys, pigeons, fancy poultry, quails, tragopans, Angora goats, Arabian horses and so on through a long list.

Mr. Davenport will win unending gratitude by affording an opportunity of seeing genuine Arabian horses, which are a rarity in America. The Sultan of Turkey, be it known, refuses to allow any of those precious steeds to leave their native country, but at the time of the World's Fair at Chicago he permitted a band of the best steeds to be sent as an exhibit in charge of imperial Turkish representatives. These same representatives got embroiled in heavy debts at Chicago, and the horses were auctioned off to pay the debts. Mr. Davenport bid high and managed to get five of the best animals which he is now bringing to Portland with him for the delectation of his old Oregon friends and neighbors and all Exposition visitors.

Up to this time his collection has been kept at the famous Homer Davenport farm at Morris Plains, N. J. At that place the animals have been visited by the country's greatest men as Mr. Davenport's guests. His departure for Portland last week was the occasion of a big barbecue, at which many of the best-known writers, editors, actors and politicians were present.

Further interest in the bringing of the famous collection to the Lewis and Clark Exposition is added by the fact that a number of important tests and a series of investigations into the habits and peculiarities of the birds and animals are to be made by Portland scientists and ornithologists. These investigations will begin shortly after the opening of the Exposition on June 1, and will continue until its close, October 15. Work on the Davenport farm is now nearly completed, having been planned and pushed ahead by Mr. Davenport's boyhood friend, George L. Baker, who has been highly successful as a theatrical manager and who is helping the cartoonist in this period of recreation and visit among old familiar scenes.

\* \* \*

### YOU'LL WANT THIS.

The Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y., are sending out a very unique and handsome watch fob to all its friends who send fifteen cents in stamps to cover packing and mailing charges. It is a very clever and attractive little thing, artistically made of enameled bronze, and will be carefully preserved by all fortunate to get one. As the supply is limited, we advise sending for one at once, mentioning "Western Field."

# INEXPENSIVE JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

IS QUITE AS MUCH IN OUR  
LINE AS THE MORE ELABO-  
RATE AND EXPENSIVE SORT.

LOW PRICED ARTICLES OF GREAT MERIT  
MAY BE FOUND IN ALL OUR DEPARTMENTS.

## BOHM-BRISTOL CO.

JEWELERS, SILVERSMITHS,  
DIAMOND MERCHANTS.

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### RIFLE TELESCOPES AS AIDS TO SHOOTING.

The accuracy of the American marksman is almost proverbial, and has been a predominating characteristic since early Colonial days. Even now, in what might be termed prosaic times, our Rifle Shooters are gifted, both by inheritance from their sturdy ancestors and steady practice, with unerring ability to hit the mark.

A practical accessory which has made good shooting possible under the most adverse conditions, is the Rifle Telescope. This article as its name implies, is a Telescope which can be adjusted to a Rifle. The possibilities of accurate aim are at once apparent.

At Target Practice and in the open field, rough country, etc., in fact, wherever a rifle can be used, the utility of the latter will be further enhanced by the additional Telescope attachment.

Representative rifle organizations, too, are permitting the use of Telescopes in Competitive Shoots and the record scores obtained in this manner, are naturally decidedly better than those secured with the naked eye.

Another thing, the veteran sportsman can prolong his hunting days by using the 'scope, and is still a factor when it comes to making "bulls-eyes" at Target Practice.

Failing eye-sight—that dread terror—is no disability to the shooter young or old, who supplements the good work of his rifle with the excellent work of the Rifle Telescope.

The progressive J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., makers of the famous Stevens Rifles, Pistols and Shotguns, ever mindful of the requirements and desires of the shooting world, have put the most complete and varied number of Telescope styles and models on the market, representing the output of one manufacturer. All at popular prices and the embodiment of "Stevens" quality. Stevens Telescopes can be fitted to any standard make of rifle, without extra charge. The Stevens Co.'s beautifully illustrated Telescope Catalogue describing entire line, will be mailed free anywhere, upon application.

### BALLISTITE BRIEFS.

That Ballistic Powder is fast winning phenomenal popularity among shotgun shooters is evinced by a review of the tournaments held in the west this season. At the Los Angeles shoot, April 20th, 21st and 22d, Clyde Walher won the Southern California Championship, breaking 49 out of 50, killing 25 straight with Ballistite, then changing as the supply at the grounds was exhausted.

Robert Bungay and D. W. King, Jr., both broke 48 out of 50, shooting Ballistite.

At the Santa Ana shoot, April 24th and 25th, Robert Bungay of Ocean Park, won high amateur and high general average, shooting Ballistite. Of the 41 shooters taking part in this shoot 21 of them shot Ballistite.

At Sacramento, Cal., May 12th, 13th and 14th, the Northern California Championship at live birds was won by E. D. Fissel, killing straight with Ballistite.

At the tournament of the Postium Gun Club at San Diego, May 19th, 20th and 21st, Charles Julian won the fine trophy for high average for San Diego shooters and also the miss-and-out trophy, shooting Ballistite. C. D. Hagerman and F. S. Echer tied for highest run, 42 each; a long run for the San Diego grounds, and both shot Ballistite.

More Ballistite was used at this tournament than all other powders combined.

At the second annual tournament of the Pacific Coast Sportsman's Association at Ingleside, May 28th, 29th and 30th, J. Braderick shooting Ballistite, won high amateur and general average, breaking 90% or 324 out of 360 targets; he also won the Mullerite trophy, breaking 20 straight, and the Phil. B. Beckeart 100-bird championship trophy with 93 out of 100. L. Hawxhurst was high average the first day and fourth for the three days, also shooting Ballistite.

Mr. C. D. Plank of Denver, Colo. won high average at Kansas City, Mo., 95%, Great Bend, Kas., 94½%, Hastings, Neb., 95%, and at Harrington, Kas., 92%, and a straight run of 104 at St. Joseph, Mo., and shoots Ballistite all the time.

## SAVAGE "TARGET MODEL" SINGLE SHOT.



Model 1905, .22 caliber "Take Down." To the target shooter who desires to use the inexpensive .22 caliber ammunition this Savage will appeal strongly. It is chambered for the short, long and long rifle cartridges only and a special rifling gives the greatest accuracy with these loads.

The arm weighs 4¾ lbs. and is beautifully balanced, especially for off-hand shooting. The

Swiss butt plate and heavy barrel, 22 inches in length, are two of its special features. Longer and heavier barrels cannot be supplied. More important, however, is the adjustable screw, which regulates the pull. No matter what your idea of the trigger pull may be, it may be obtained almost instantly with this new Savage device. The adjusting screw is located on the under side of the trigger and may be instantly reached by simply taking off the stock.

Standard sights are an ivory bead front with the famous Savage micrometer rear. It is made in standard specifications only, 22-inch round barrel, .22 caliber, weight 4¾ lbs. Swiss butt plate. Baker & Hamilton, San Francisco and Sacramento, Cal., are the Coast distributors and will be glad to furnish detailed information on request.

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## MARBLE'S AUTOMATIC FLEXIBLE JOINT REAR SIGHT.



The illustration herewith given shows how the Marble Flexible Joint Rear Sight returns automatically and instantly to correct position for shooting after having been intentionally or accidentally pushed forward or backward, even to a horizontal position. Sight may be easily fastened down when desired.

This sight is made with a base for, and is being used with great satisfaction on 1895 Winchesters, which have long firing bolts. The lower sleeve locks the upper or elevating sleeve and prevents it from being accidentally turned. Among other improvements present in these sights are a strong coiled spring in the hinge joint. This automatically and instantly brings the sight in position for shooting, no matter how much it is knocked about in the brush or by a firing bolt. This feature alone more than doubles the value of the sight.

The automatic joint permits the use of the Marble sight on rifles with long firing bolts.

A locking sleeve. When proper elevation has been attained by turning the upper sleeve, a half turn of the lower sleeve locks the upper one and prevents it from being accidentally turned and the elevation from being altered.

Rigidity of disc stem. When the locking sleeve is tightened it forces the top of the upper sleeve against the shoulder on the upper end of the split stem socket. Thus the socket is made to grip the stem and will hold it perfectly true and rigid, even at the highest elevation, no matter how worn the parts may become.

Detachable interchangeable discs. The size of aperture is changed by changing the discs which screw into stem. By this construction one disc can never cover up the aperture of another and thus cause the loss of a good shot. Any of the five discs will fit all of these sights.

Adjustable point blank screw. This screw, in the bottom of disc stem, enables one to easily

change the point blank range to shorter or even longer distance in a moment's time, without tools.

Each sight is numbered on the under side of the base to designate the particular model and caliber of rifle for which it is made.

Be sure to mention if rifle has pistol grip stock also model and caliber when ordering.

Their new 56-page catalogue gives full description and numerous cuts; also describes Marble's Improved Front Sight. Send stamp for catalogue "H." addressing Marble Safety Axe Co., Gladstone, Mich., U. S. A.

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## WOULD YOU FARM RIGHT?

If you want to know how to farm properly you can get a great deal of valuable information out of Charles L. Goodrich's new offering, "The First Book of Farming," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

The First Book of Farming fills a decided place. Aside from its value in educational circles, there are many farmers in the country who need just such a work as this to give them data regarding the fundamentals of agriculture. A practical and successful farmer who can write, and who has had the invaluable experience of teaching agriculture to beginners and to teachers with notable results, has here imparted a fundamental knowledge of how to farm with the least expense and the largest return. Mr. Goodrich considers the plant as the central and all-important factor on the farm. By simple experiments which any reader, young or old, can perform, and by lucid text, he makes clear the necessary conditions, and how to accomplish them, for the best growth and development of plant roots.













