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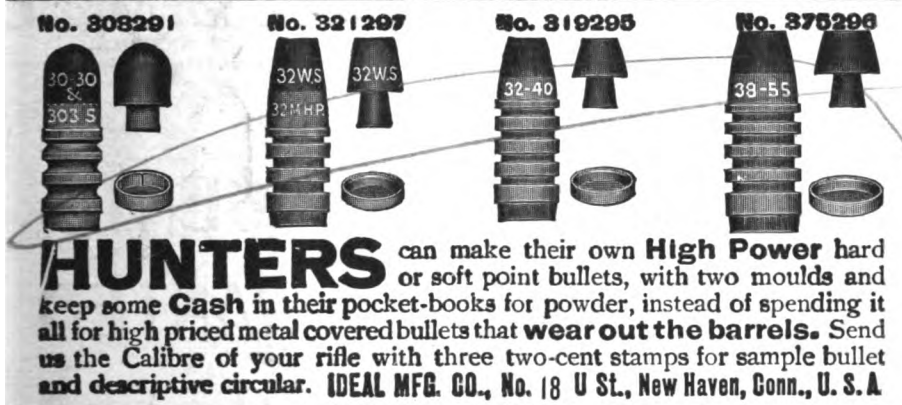


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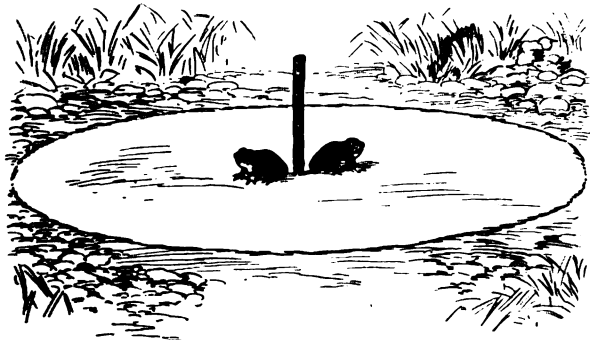
A HORRIBLE DREAM—RACING TOADS.

BY J. F. H.

Ever hear about that dream that Bill Means and me had one night while we were camped on the Nissittissett river, way down in Massachusetts? Me and Bill had a line of traps out for muskrat, mink and a possible otter. There were lots of rats in that little river, which is a tributary to the Nashua and the Merrimac. It seems queer to think of trapping so near large cities, and the particular spot where we were camped was less than forty miles from Boston.

But the muskrat may be trapped almost anywhere in the United States. Even in town his sign is visible to the man who knows it and looks for it, and in cities of 10,000 to 20,000 inhabitants, it is easy to find the muskrat if one knows how to look for him.

The first day me and Bill got on the river it was pretty late in the day, and after making camp we put out a few



"BILL SCRATCHED A CIRCLE IN THE SAND AND THEY PUT THE TOADS IN THE CENTER."

traps before sundown. We used No. 2 steel traps with a single spring. No. 1 traps will usually hold rats, but it is decidedly aggravating to find a trap sprung with a few mink hairs stuck on the jaws. Therefore, use a trap large enough to hold anything which gets into it.

It was late in September. There had been a couple of frosts and some cold nights, but the afternoon we went into camp it was as warm as August. Hot, in fact, so we set our traps high and baited them with sweet apple, the bait being suspended just over each trap by means of a limber stick stuck in the ground and bent over by the weight of the bit of apple until that hung directly over and about eight inches from the trap trencher.

Sundown came just as trap No. 12 had been placed and baited, so we quit setting traps for that night and caught three half-pound pickerel while getting back to camp. The fish were kept alive until next morning—and didn't they taste some, right out of that old black frying pan? Well, I guess!

While Bill was cooking the fish I went to the traps. In the first I found—what do you think? Just a measly speckled mud turtle, four inches across the shell! In the next trap there was another turtle, in the third trap another, and I'll be hanged if I didn't take from those twelve traps thirteen mud turtles. One trap actually had two of the reptiles in it. And Bill didn't seem to think it

was much of a day for turtles, either. But you may be sure that none of the thirteen ever troubled our traps again.

The second day we had five rats in the twelve traps, besides some rats in other traps which we had put out. In the New England rivers a man is pretty sure of about one rat for every three traps put out and well attended. Bill and me put out about eighty traps that fall and we took twenty to twenty-five rats a day. But we had to keep moving pretty lively. The rats there are widely scattered, and two in one place was about the limit. We



"HE ROLLED BUCKSHOT DOWN A SHINGLE."

always moved a trap after it had caught two, but frequently replaced some of the traps when fresh sign was found.

We had been in camp just ten days when we caught that dream. Strange, isn't it, that two persons should have exactly the same dream at the same time? I never heard of such a thing, and Bill says he never did, either. But what a dream that was! And it was just before we had that double-barreled dream that those two chaps from Jones's place came down to camp. These fellows had been summer boarding at Jones's house and they knew enough to stay through September. If city people weren't such 'tarnal fools they would find that September and October were the best country months, and they would stay until the frosts came good and hard.

But these two chaps from Jones's said that our camp was about the best ever, and nothing would do but they

must come down and stay a few days. They came, and, of course, before they had been there two days a north-east storm set in, and about all we could do besides looking after the traps was to sit in the tent, play cards and swap lies. Pretty soon we found out that one of the visiting chaps was a sort of naturalist. He had been around a good bit, and always had a book or two handy which he poked his nose into when there was nothing else doing.

That day the rain came down right good, and pretty soon Bill sees a toad hopping after stray flies. Pretty soon another toad hops into sight and Bill says, "Let's have a toad race."



"AND THE SHOT FELL ON THE GROUND."

"How's that?" says George Elder, the sort of naturalist chap, as he looked up from his book.

"Why," said Bill, "just mark a circle on the ground. Then we'll put our toads in the middle, and the one which hops across the line first is the winner, and his owner takes the pot."

"Takes the pot? What's the pot, anyway?"

"Anything you want to make it. We can put in a dime apiece, or a dollar each, just as you choose."

"Oh, that's the idea, eh? We bet on the toads, hey?"

"You can call it that, if you want to, but we put in just enough to make it interesting."

While Bill was talking he kept his eyes on the move, and just then he espied the father of all toads crossing the path which led down to the river. Bill made a run for it, and landed Mr. Toad safely in an empty tomato can. Just then George Elder made a rush into the ditch we had dug around the tent, and came back with a toad fully as large as the one Bill had captured.

Bill and George each put a half-dollar in a tin cup on

the camp table; then Bill scratched a circle in the sand, and they put the toads in the center. Then both men got back and waited for the toads to move. Pretty soon Bill's toad humped up his back, scratched his right ear with his off forward foot, and hopped leisurely out of the circle.

"Beat you that time," laughed Bill, as he took the two half-dollars out of the tin cup. "It takes a good man to tell by the looks of a toad how soon he will jump."

"That's all right," says George, as he stuffed a lot of navy clippings into the bowl of his big pipe; "but I've got another half-dollar which says your toad can't beat mine again!"

"I'll go you," says Bill; "but just wait a bit until I run down to the river and bait the setlines again."

"All right, Bill; any time'll do."

So Bill put his toad in an empty soap box and went down to the river. As soon as Bill's back was turned George went over to the box which held Bill's toad and he rolled buckshot down a shingle, and that toad snapped up each shot as it came past. The slim white tongue of that toad shot out with never-failing accuracy, and before Bill came back that toad had swallowed over thirty-five buckshot.

When Bill came back they set the toads at the circle stake again, but Bill's reptile seemed pretty lazy. Neither toad moved until a bluejay came screeching down to see what all the fuss was about; then George's toad faced the circle and paddled over it.

"What ails you?" says Bill, as he turned his toad upside down with his foot. "You are a pretty chap to go back on me like that!"

The toad was scarcely able to turn right side up, and sat stupidly on the ground, not even offering to hop a single hop.

"You're no good!" said Bill. "I'll have to get another toad."

"That toad is all right," said George. "He beat mine the first time."

"Yes," said Bill; "but he hain't got any more 'ambish'!"

"That toad's all right, Bill. Tell you what we'll do. I'll take your toad, you take mine, and I'll go you another half dollar that my new toad will get over the line before yours does!"

"It's a go, George. I'll do it, but you'll lose. That toad is no good any more."

"Don't you believe it, Bill. That toad's all right, only you don't know how to drive it. Guess you are not a toad jockey, eh?"

A couple more half dollars went into the tin cup, Bill took George's toad and went to the stake. George picked up Bill's toad by one hind leg and jiggled it up and down a few times quite smartly, and the shot fell on the ground.

They both dropped their toads close to the stake, and the manner in which George's toad set his feet a-flying and went over the line was a caution. The time made by the toad was only equaled by that made by George as he caught the toad and flipped two more half-dollars into his pocket.

"Drat the luck!" said Bill. "Why didn't that toad act so when I had him?"

"You are a good trapper," says George. "But, Bill, you don't seem to understand toads."

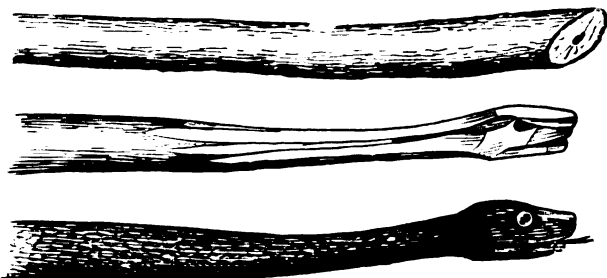
"Understand nothing," grunted Bill. "I understand toads just as well as you do, and here's half a plunk more to prove it!"

"I'll go you, Bill, old boy; but I'll beat, sure. You are not in it on toads!"

"Oh, come off! Put up your money, and get out your old toad."

And they got out their toads and set them both down at the stake in the middle of the circle. Both toads sat there

and blinked. Not a hop would either make, and there they sat for more than an hour. Bill threw some water on them, and George grinned. Then Bill tickled the nose of his toad with a little stick, and Mr. Toad just humped up his back and snuggled his nose down to the ground, closed his eyes and enjoyed the nose scratching in perfect content until Bill got tired and made some remark about toads and brimstone. Finally Bill kicked a lot of sand over both toads, but they only humped their backs up, their

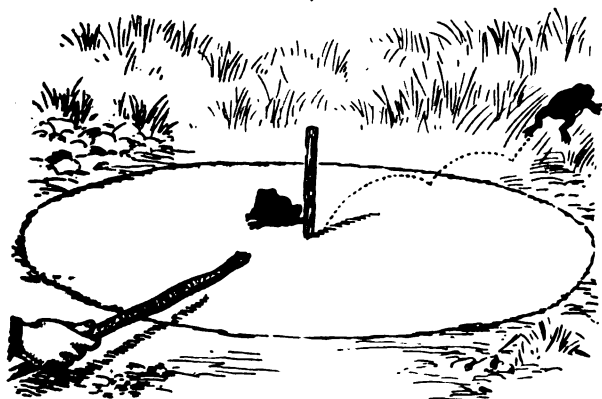


"JOE SELECTED AN ALDER POLE, WHITTLED, BURNED AND SCRAPED ONE END A LITTLE, THEN PRESSED FISH EYES INTO TWO GIMLET HOLES, AND THE SNAKE LIKENESS WAS STARTLING.

heads down, then unbuttoned two pairs of very bright eyes, and winked at George and Bill.

And then George got busy. He selected an alder pole, whittled, burned and scraped one end a little, then pressed fish eyes into two gimlet holes, and the snake-likeness was startling.

George grinned, and Bill got so interested that he forgot to keep his mouth shut, and his big pipe dropped into the sand. George went out to the circle and found his toad blinking toward a tree south of the road, while Bill's toad faced the north star. George got down on his hands and knees and pushed the alder pole into the circle, snake-end first. He was facing his toad, but Bill's toad was faced the other way, and couldn't see what was coming. George had pushed the stick about two feet into the circle before either toad saw it; then his toad went out of



"HIS TOAD WENT OUT ON THE JUMP AND MAY BE STILL GOING."

the circle on the jump, and may be going yet, for all I know.

Bill's jaw dropped, and George dropped the alder snake-stick and reached for the half-dollars. As the stick dropped Bill's toad saw it, gave a squeak, and, crying almost like a baby, that toad went for the thick grass as fast as it could travel. Bill or George never found either toad again.

"What about that terrible dream? Well, you see that the toad racket tickled me so much that I forgot to dream it. Bill was so mad over being toad-beaten by a tender-foot that he couldn't dream that night, either, so—we hain't just dreamed it yet."

SMALL GAME IN ITALY.

Although our adopted citizens, the Italians, are the greatest game destroyers and wood and field despoilers we have, it is a tendency that they could not indulge in until they came to America. Yet Italy is a splendid small game country.

Quail, snipe, woodcock, plover, wild pigeon, geese and all sorts of duck are some of the varieties of the Italian's ever-changing regime; but among the lot it is the woodcock that the best sportsmen look upon as the choicest quarry to hunt. There is a fascination about it that one tries in vain to explain. Other birds are as beautiful and often more plentiful; the country one is taken into is not more rich in scenery, and tracking the woods is the hardest kind of work; yet, while partridge and snipe and duck and geese will be plentiful, hundreds of the keenest sportsmen will be beating the country with splendid dogs in the hope of securing a few brace of the great birds. The reason is hard to find, but the fact is undeniable.

In the early part of November the woodcock begins to descend from its northern haunts, where it has been building its nest and rearing its young. It makes its first appearance in the Alpine foothills, and then gradually travels southward, pausing along the slopes of the Apennines if the condition of the soil is good and the weather propitious. Let a day's frost come on, though, and there is an immediate descent to the plains, when the wooded parts of the marshes that extend all along the western coast of the peninsula become heavily stocked. If the winter be mild thereafter, the birds tarry here indefinitely, and not infrequently good shooting may be had uninterruptedly from November to March; but give a week or two of cold instead, and the last 'cock will disappear. Then the woods will be drawn blank day after day—in fact, until the northern flight, called by the Italians "risalita," begins in February. The risalita continues until late March, but is never as marked as the southern passage.

Twenty to a gun is considered an excellent bag, and half a dozen will furnish the day with all the sport one can wish for. The bird is not an easy one to capture, for it is mostly found where the trees and bushes are thickest, and you may flush it three or four times before you get a shot at it. You are in extremely good luck if you carry home 50 per cent. of the flushed birds, though you will always find them singly or in pairs, and they will generally rise well within range.

There is a good deal of variety in the way of hunting woodcock. I knew a business man in Rome who had discovered that woodcock were very partial to the canefields which border the banks of the historical Marrana stream, just below the tomb of Cecilia Metella. He would go out there a couple of times a week in the early morning, run his dogs through the canes, and be back at his office by nine o'clock with a bird or two and sometimes more. The Marrana is not a mile from one of the city gates.

The nature loving sportsman finds his paradise in the majestic pine woods along the swamps. Here the stately umbrella pine forms a great canopy over a tangle of low brush which rarely reaches one's shoulder. In this thick, moist tangle, the woodcock loves to lie, and with a couple of clever dogs it is an easy matter to poke it out. The hunter follows the paths, and it is like shooting in the open. A flushed bird is seldom missed here unless one shoots too quickly, for a woodcock presents a big target, and, flying along the brush at the height of one's shoulder, it comes naturally to the gun.

Italians call hunting in the pine woods "garden shooting," and the best hunters look down upon it as tame. To them the real sport lies in breaking through the almost impenetrable forest, seeking their quarry where most men

would hesitate to enter. This is either in the dense woods along the Mediterranean or in the more accessible but even more dense strips of wood that are called "spalette," from "spalla" (shoulder), because situated on the slopes of the low hills. In these places it is not possible to follow one's dogs closely, so a certain method, common in some parts of this country, is used to know where the dogs are and what they are doing. To the collar of every one is fastened a miniature cow-bell, each different in tone from the other. This does not frighten birds accustomed to lie among pasturing cattle, yet tells one where each of his dogs is. As long as the dog trots quietly, the only sound is a lazy tinkle, but let him pick up a scent, and his quick, nervous movements are immediately carried to his master by the jerky sounds of the bell. Of course, when the dog falls to a point all tinkling ceases, and one follows the direction in which the sound was last heard.

While pointers and setters are used a good deal on woodcock, even in Italy, the conditions are such that they do not give the best results, and most experts prefer the Italian heavy, thick-coated pointer, or a wire-haired dog, much resembling the French griffon. These breeds are more satisfactory because they go over the ground carefully and quietly, and because they can stand the cold, the water and the thorns without suffering. The English pointer is noisy and wild, and will pass over birds sitting close, besides collapsing if the woods are very wet, and in any case having his thin skin scratched unmercifully. The setter cannot be controlled sufficiently, and will flush the birds so far that one often puts up a number without getting a shot. People will argue to the contrary, but pointers and setters have been tried extensively and discarded in favor of the other breeds.

Shooting in the big woods—"macchia piana" the natives call it—entails a trip to pretty uncivilized territory. The Maremma, the Pontines, Otranto and Calabria are the most likely sections. One goes to some primitive village and puts up at the so-called hotels that the places support, taking a car or carriage to the grounds the next morning, or one can go direct to the grounds and spend the night at a near-by farmhouse or peasant's hut. The latter is really the best plan; the good people are hospitable and painstaking, and you will fare better than at the hotels. You will also profit by not seeking a professional guide in the city. They are to be found, but they are not very satisfactory. A guide picked up on the grounds will know far better where to take you, and you will get more birds.

In the big woods three or four sportsmen generally hunt together and advance in line. Whenever a dog finds, the owner gives a signal and then makes for the clearest spot in sight, while the others circle the bird and flush it toward this opening. One has plenty of time for this, as the birds generally lie very close, but one does not always get a shot. The woodcock likes wood; wet underfoot, thick with trees, and tangled with briars, through which man is forced to crawl on hands and knees. In this wilderness it gets away unseen, though never unheard, and one often fires blindly in the vain hope that a stray pellet may find its way through the dead branches and bring it down.

One good thing about woodcock shooting is that, unless the bird is a cunning, old, acclimatized resident of the district, it will fly in a straight line for fifty or a hundred yards and then settle again. It is thus easy to note its direction and find it again. It will not tarry long in its new place, but will return to its early haunt as soon as it considers it safe.

In the thicket the work is harder than in the big woods, for one is obliged to go up and down hill constantly, and the vegetation is even more massed; but sportsmen always hunt them in pairs, and, as only one enters the

woods, the other skirting them from beneath, in the open, by alternating positions, each can have a rest if he wants it. Curious to relate, though, one generally finds coupled a lazy man who stays outside altogether and a strenuous one who does all the work inside. The name of being a good thicket hunter is considered worth getting at any cost, for it amounts to an honorary title in the world of sport.

The average thicket is from one to two hundred feet wide, except where deep gorges extend into the fields, and may follow a stream or valley for miles. As a rule both sides of the valley are wooded, but it is only the green-horn who will enter the side having a southern or easterly exposure. Woodcock seek out northern and western exposures, and here one may find a big bag while a man across the valley will go the day without unloading his gun.

Not a few hunters consider a thicket impenetrable to all but a dog or a wild boar, and they keep to the fields above and below, while the dogs break through inside; but others put on leather coat and goatskin leggings, tie their hats under their chins and follow the dogs. To them goes the first shot; but one has to aim from all sorts of cramped and crazy positions in the thicket, and he is a phenomenal gunner who kills more than he misses.

An interesting feature of thicket-shooting is the chance of enlarging the bag at the morning and evening flights. Woodcock at nightfall leave the woods for the feeding-grounds and return at break of day. They always follow the strips of wood if they can, keeping only a few feet above the trees and moving at a terrific rate of speed. Against the green background, in the darkness of twilight, it is impossible to see them, but where a road cuts the woods one may get the glimpse of a shadow as the bird flashes by, and as every bird in the neighborhood will probably pass him he may get three or four shots both morning and evening. It is at best a chance shot, for one fires at the sound as much as at the shadow, but the delay is worth while. A bird added to the bag at the eleventh hour rounds off the day very nicely.

The Italian woodcock is a beautiful bird, more than twice the size of the American woodcock (it weighs up to sixteen and eighteen ounces), and is more handsome. The plumage, though somewhat similar, is darker and richer, the glossy shades of dark brown and black forming a higher mosaic-like design on its back—indeed, half a dozen are enough to make glad the heart of any sportsman. But it is the general atmosphere that gives to shooting in Italy such fascination. The quaint customs of the peasant one is thrown in with, the way one is obliged to live, the odd little villages one finds, the unusual scenery one goes through and the delightful climate all combine to make the pleasure complete.

Foreigners generally like the fall woodcock shooting, when the turning leaves give to the woods the warm tints of the bird itself, and a few only prefer the later days when the fields are white with the morning frost and the bare trees shine with the sparkle of a thousand diamonds. But to the native nothing can compare with the dainty luxuriance of spring, and anyone will understand it who has learned to read the Italian's nature. Take from him the crude necessities of work, and his existence will be one long song. Singing expresses the newness of life and the joys of living to him, and so he loves it. Who could resist the exultant feeling that fills the heart on entering the woods on a bright March day in Italy? The mingled scents of the violet and hawthorn assail the nostrils and rush to the brain with their intoxicating fragrance, while the dogs' bells jingle merrily in the pure morning air. A thrush is singing softly in the laurel, a flock of chuckling blackbirds flits elusively from bush to bush; but a mighty

flapping of wings suddenly disturbs the peaceful quiet—then the sharp crack of a gun, and, in the silence that follows, the soft thud of a falling bird and the excited ring of the bell as the dog rushes to pick it up. Then follows the hearty lunch in the fields, with the pungent odor of the wild jonquils about one and the song of the lark in the air, and later the smoking dinner before the great open hearth where burns spluttering a huge oak log and an evening by the fire, listening to the realistic yarns that every good peasant has a full stock of and tells wonderfully.

SHORE SHOOTING.

It is a pretty general idea among gunners not conversant with wildfowling that shore-shooting is a mere matter of taking a gun and sauntering along shore. No such idea was ever more fallacious. With the exception of a stray, unwary fowl and a few of the smaller species of waders bagged at rare and occasional intervals, little will ever grace the leaves of his shooting diary. Possibly he may give up this class of shooting with an impression on his mind that it is not the mere bagtaelle he had misjudged it to be, or in determination he may resolve to learn something about the sport and renew his efforts. In most sports with the gun, especially driven game-shooting, the most essential faculty of the sportsman is that he be a good shot. This is no less applicable in this particular form of shooting if the gunner would excel, though in comparison many more items of importance are indispensable to the skilful shore-shooter. Among his quarry are some of the wariest and hardest species of birds, which can only be secured in numbers under the most trying meteorological conditions. These circumstances require the shooter to be sound in every limb and constitutionally equal to the occasion. Shore-shooting, especially in winter, is not a sport for the weak and delicate; indeed, it would be very harmful.

For the strong, shore-shooting is one of the most hardy, invigorating and interesting classes of shooting that a healthy man can indulge in. Broadly speaking, there is no kind of bird-shooting equal to this when the sport is good. All manner of shots may be presented to the marksman, from the busy, bustling teal to the heavy and comparatively laboring grey goose, intergraded with the smart little redshank. The flight of all these birds so greatly differs that the shore-shooter must be a skilled shot to account for all. This involves keen and accurate sight and a practised knowledge of correctly judging distance. These are but a few of the preliminary qualifications of the shore-shooter.

The weapons used in shore-shooting are numerous and range from the unwieldy double 4-bore down to the handy 12-gauge. Of the various bores much might be said, but to little advantage, as selection of a suitable gauge can only be determined when the circumstances are known to the shooter. What is correct for one class of shooting is usually unfit for another. Perhaps in the case of an all-round gun we have in the heavy 12-bore a weapon which will meet the general purposes of the shore-shooter. Possibly all that can be stated of value to the beginner regarding bores lies in the fact that if large shot is to be thrown effectively a correspondingly large bore gun must be used to do it. These factors manifest greater killing range, as the charges fired are equally larger, with the result that there is a better chance of killing numbers of fowl at a discharge out of flocks at immense distances. This is an example of the utility of large bores. On the other hand, the size of a large-bore gun (when the shooter has to carry and use it) places it,

when single shots at inferior fowl are presented, out of the question, and here it is that a lighter weapon and one of more general utility is most desired. The ordinary game 12-bore is certainly too light for shore-shooting, handy though this weapon is, speaking generally. Something a trifle more powerful is without doubt required.

A stout 12-bore, taking a charge of $3\frac{3}{8}$ dr. of black powder or its equivalent in some good quality smokeless powder, and a variable shot charge (according to shot sizes) of from $1\frac{3}{16}$ oz. to $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. will be found to far excel the ordinary 12-bore and its charge. Many very good shots prefer 32in. barrels for coast work, and state that, despite the gunmakers' inability to discover any advantage to be gained in penetration or killing power by the extra length of barrel, if it were only in keeping with the addition of weight in the body of the gun, they should prefer 32in. barrels, to correspond with these enlargements, so as to make the weapon better to handle. Whether this is actually so or not I should not care to state, but I quite believe that there is something indescribable (and my remarks are founded on experience) about the 32in. barrel 12-bore which places it before the 30in. barrel gun for coast-shooting, whatever may be said to the contrary.

The weight of a stout 12-bore gun should not exceed $7\frac{3}{4}$ lb. If the smaller birds of the shore-shooter's quarry are not fired at, and attention is turned solely to the larger species of fowl, a 10-bore of about $8\frac{1}{2}$ lb., firing a standard load for this gauge, will be found a very handy weapon. Larger bores are for special work, which the shooter may select as occasions arise. Do not overload. A gauge can only fire its charge, and loading beyond this is detrimental to all connected.

Always use the best ammunition procurable. Nothing disheartens the sportsman like bad ammunition. For wet weather—in fact, at all times—on the shore "perfect" cases are highly commendable, but guns have to be specially bored to shoot them properly. The "paper-case gun" is slightly less in the bore than the "perfect-case gun." If "perfects" are used in a gun bored for paper cases, the shooter risks bulging barrels. Chamber pressure, velocity, penetration and pattern can only be ascertained by practical tests. The tables of tests determining the chamber pressure and velocity of a charge show that great variation can be obtained by altering the load. This, too, equally applies to penetration and pattern. As a general rule it is wise to adhere to the instructions given by leading manufacturers for the loading of their powder. The best tests are those made at the birds in actual practice. One will readily see how his ammunition is shooting, and so be able to judge its quality.

Many wild fowlers load their own cartridges or have them loaded to their own specifications. This may be done, although we cannot recommend it unqualifiedly, as carelessness is likely to cause dissatisfaction or worse. Powder should be good and of reliable manufacture. Smokeless is recommended, as it is cleaner to use, does not blind the shooter for a second barrel shot, and possibly in many other ways can be claimed to be more pleasant to use than black powder. The smokeless brand selected, however, should not be quickly affected by change of temperature or moisture. These are factors which in most smokeless powders have yet to be perfected, although it is pleasing to state that since smokeless powders were first invented they have been very much improved. If black powder of the best quality is used, the shooter can console himself that for uniformity of action under all kinds of weather on the coast it is indeed hard to beat, though undoubtedly it is slower than most nitro compounds.

Those who own good weapons should employ every

care in seeing that nothing harmful is fired out of them. Never test unknown material. In loading the shot charges for the benefit of penetration (though this will be to a degree to a sacrifice of close pattern, but is somewhat compensated for by the fact that choke bores are chiefly used for wild fowl shooting), keep under measure for small sizes and a "bumper" for the larger. It is not advisable to use a larger size shot than No. 3 in a 12-bore gun. Although this gauge will fire larger shot, the bore is sufficiently large to do larger pellets justice with regard to pattern. If it is wished to fire rough shot, employ a correspondingly large bore. There is no limit to the large pellet question, but it may be fairly argued that, just as a large smooth bore is unsuited to very small shot, so is a small bore unsuitable for large shot, and indeed with choke bores there is great risk of bulging the choke end of the barrel. Let it be seen that in carrying cartridges they do not turn over in the bag and shake about. A handful of tow or oakum will prevent this.

Preliminary lessons by some good teacher are of inestimable value to the beginner, but the art of shore or any other shooting of a practical nature, for that matter, can only be perfected on the grounds which are the homes of shore birds and wild fowl.

It is of importance that the gun fits the shooter, or good results in shooting cannot be expected. Any respectable firm of gunmakers will build a gun to suit individual requirements, but in most cases a fit can be secured from guns in stock, although it must not be supposed that having a gun that fits is all that is necessary to become a good shot. It is invariably the case that the most indifferent shots are those most faddy about gun-fitting. A good shot will make fair practice with any gun, but, of course, he will shoot best with a gun which fits him. Beyond tendering information which can be applied according to the learner's abilities, there are few things which can be committed to paper likely to serve of actual practical value in learning how to shoot wild fowl. It is an art which can only be personally acquired, though its acquisition may be assisted. The appearance of the various species of shore birds and wild fowl on the wing, their misleading flights and the distance they may be from the gun are all items of the greatest importance, and require accurate calculation before the shooter pulls the trigger.

Wildfowl are extremely wary birds, and so are the larger kinds of shore birds. In shooting them perhaps as much art lies in the manner of taking the shot as in placing the charge of lead in the right place at the right moment. In shooting from an ambuscade it is necessary to keep very still and perfectly out of sight of approaching birds. Judge when they are within range, and cautiously yet quickly steal the gun to the shoulder, meanwhile keeping the muzzle dead end on. If the first barrel shot is successfully carried out without the birds having previously detected your position, then you can safely set it down that you have acted rightly. At the report the birds will no doubt "toss." Now is your chance for the second barrel. If they have caught sight of you and "toss" before the first shot is fired, unless you are smart, the chances are very much against a double kill. Do not move your gun barrels from side to side. If this is done they will glint in the light and alarm the approaching birds. Another bad habit of the shore-shooters is to jump up like a "jack-in-the-box" to take a shot. After such unskilled movements a successful shot cannot be brought off. A few more remarks about distance judging and the apparent nearness of fowl when they are really out of range will, I think, be of utility to the novice. Perhaps the greatest difficulty the beginner has to surmount in wildfowl shooting is the calculating of

distance. Nothing but practice and experience can teach the shooter the golden secret of accurately judging distance.

There is yet another point to be observed with regard to distance in wildfowl shooting. The fair killing range of your gun, if a heavy 12-bore, is on an average not more than 35 yards. Tough fowl like geese cannot be killed with any degree of certainty over this distance with a 12-bore, and for preference have them nearer if they'll come. Do not hesitate to take shots as close as 25 yards. A good maxim is to remember that within thirty yards your gun is certain of killing, provided you hold straight; yet over thirty yards there is a doubt about its always doing so. Do not become over-eager to shoot before the fowl are within range; keep steady and cool; do not flurry in any movement; steal the gun steadily yet smartly to the shoulder, take pains and time in aligning the gun, and err rather in being too much ahead than behind. Master these points thoroughly, and you have gained as a learner the most important functions in the art of shooting wildfowl. Of course, much is to be said of "calling," keeping perfectly still, etc., but these items are supposed to have been understood.

OLD MONARCH AND HIS FAMILY.

BY J. MAYNE BALTIMORE.

"Old Monarch," the gigantic grizzly bear, has, for more than twenty years past, been one of the chief attractions in the magnificent Golden Gate Park, San Fran-



OLD MONARCH WAITING FOR HIS BREAKFAST.

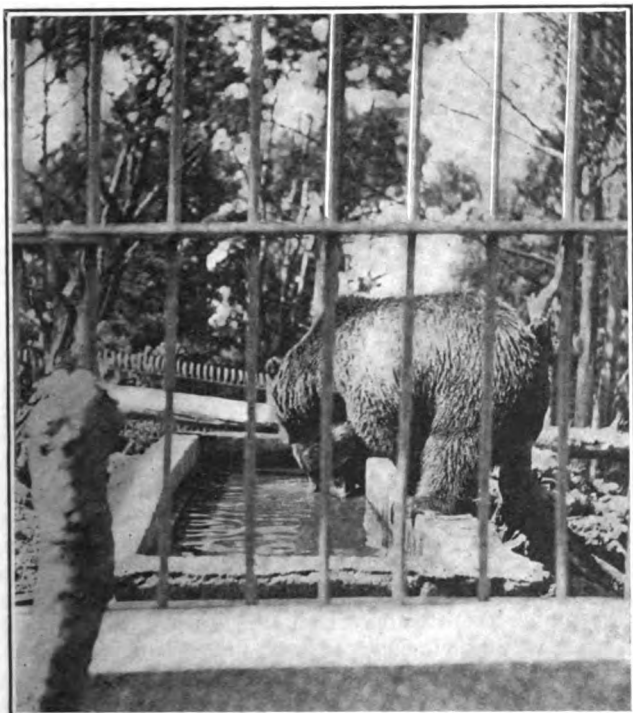
cisco. He enjoys the enviable distinction of being the largest bear in captivity in the world. Monarch (certainly a very appropriate name) has never yet been on any scales—for the very best reasons in the world; but many good judges have placed his weight at from 1,400 to 1,500 pounds. He is a veritable monster.

More than two decades ago Monarch was caught in a huge log trap away up in the wild Sierra Nevada mountain, in California. To transport this gigantic captive down to San Francisco proved a most difficult and perilous task. Before this could be done a powerfully built

iron cage had to be constructed, and into this the giant captive was forced. In those days Monarch was a young grizzly, full of fire, action, strength and savage ferocity.

Finally he was safely landed in Golden Gate Park, and formally presented to the park commissioners. Ever since Monarch has been a permanent resident of those spacious grounds. For several years he was held a close captive in his small steel cage. He did not take kindly to his prison life; was sullen and savage—sometimes refusing to eat for days. But he gradually became more and more reconciled to his captive fate and less and less ferocious and surly. Now the old fellow is very docile.

Later, Monarch was transferred to large quarters that enclosed a number of small trees and bushes. A huge rock cave was constructed wherein he made his lair, and a large bathing box was provided. Here for more than fifteen long years Monarch passed a peaceful, contented life—with plenty of food and water and good shelter.



PRINCESS TAKING HER DAILY BATH.

About five years ago a large, young silver-tip female bear was captured up in the wild mountains of Idaho. She was purchased by the Park Commissioners, brought to San Francisco and placed in Monarch's big cage. Though a very large specimen, the new captive was scarcely more than half the size of her gigantic male companion. However, she was young, and has since grown much larger and more matronly. And thus ended the bachelor-captive days of Monarch. The new captive was christened the Princess.

For a time Monarch did not take very gently to his handsome young mate; but he was soon won over, treating Princess with real, though awkward affection. He has, with the exception of an occasional outburst of ursine temper, proved a kind and considerate husband, and Princess has always been an affectionate mate—considering her rough bear nature, paying all wifely deference to her liege lord.

In due course of nature, two bright, pretty little cubs made their welcome appearance to the great delight of the parents. One day, while in an angry mood Princess roughly cuffed both her offsprings. Their little skulls were crushed by the cruel blows, and they were killed.

Old Monarch went into sincere mourning for many days, and Princess sorrowed deeply over her unmotherly conduct. Months later Princess again became a happy mother, and Monarch rejoiced over being a proud father. Joy again reigned in the bear household.

Princess proved a very kind and devoted mother this time to her two frisky little cubs. After being weaned, these two male cubs were removed to a new large steel cage adjoining the old one. They were amply provided with comfortable sleeping quarters, water troughs, etc. That was over three years ago, and "Napoleon" and "Wellington" (for so they were christened), have grown wonderfully, far outstripping their now plump and matronly mother. Princess has, of late, become much more quiet and sedate and seems to take a much more serious view of life—even in a bear cage—while old Monarch conducts himself with all the soberness and dignity of a judge. He may very often be observed walking proudly to and fro about his spacious cage, regarding with pleasure and satisfaction his Princess, and his two lusty sons, just across the way.

Nearly a year ago Princess presented Monarch with a fine healthy cub-daughter which still shares the big cage with her delighted papa and mamma. She has been christened the "Young Empress," is growing very rapidly, and promises to become larger than her mother.

A more contented animal family it would be difficult to find in captivity than Monarch, Princess, Napoleon, Wellington and Young Empress. Food, shelter and an abundance of bathing appliances have been provided. Of course a bear cannot live without enjoying his daily bath! Why should not these bears be contented with their captive-life? From every indication they certainly are, and have been named "The Happy Family."

Thousands daily visit these cages and watch the inmates with curious interest. A trip to Golden Gate Park is not deemed complete without a visit to Monarch and his family. It is one of the chief attractions of these magnificent grounds.

GAME BIRD ENEMIES.

The following extracts from an article by Dwight W. Huntington in a recent issue of the *Independent* will be read with interest in view of the growing feeling that our present methods of game protection are altogether ineffective for the purpose:

The list of game enemies is a long one and includes foxes, wolves, cougars, bobcats, minks, weasels, skunks, eagles, hawks, owls, crows, blue-jays, snakes, turtles, frogs, certain fish, moles, dogs, cats, rats and red squirrels, besides mice and some other animals which do more or less harm.

The fox is a well-known enemy both of game and poultry. He has often been observed hunting grouse and "quail," and there are many records of the feathers of these birds being found about the foxes' den. Dr. Judd, in a bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, says foxes were observed at midday, on a farm where he made his observations, hunting through fields where there were broods of bob-whites, and he adds: "It must be easy for a fox to exterminate a whole brood of newly hatched bob-whites, and no difficult task to catch them when three-fourths grown." He mentions finding the feathers of the ruffed grouse about the foxes' den.

Brewster, *per contra*, writes me that, in his opinion, the fox takes comparatively few game birds, and says a ruffed grouse nested and reared a brood of young in a cover on his place, at Concord, Mass., where a pair of foxes had their "earth" within fifty yards of the nest.

There can be no doubt that both the ruffed grouse and the quail are especially protected by nature in some way at the nesting time. It is certain that vermin often does not notice them at this season. I have repeatedly visited a nesting "quail" in company with a keen-nosed pointer that under ordinary circumstances would have pointed stanchly when twenty yards away, but when I moved the grass aside to view the nest the dog at my heel seemed unable to even see the bird, and gave no sign that he knew it was there. Had the same dog (his behavior in the field was by no means good) discovered the quail in tangled grass at another season, when the scent was strong, I have no doubt he would have seized it, if hunting alone, and possibly in the presence of his owner. Dogs have often seized birds after pointing them when their owners were close at hand.

It is difficult for either a dog or fox to take a bird excepting in tangled grass or on the snow; if it were not so the birds might be exterminated by foxes alone. It is well known that a parent bird will fight in defense of its young. I have seen my hens with young chickens put full grown setters to flight and even take a bone away from them. A hen grouse flies with great speed and can strike a harder blow than my barnyard fowls did when they caused the setters to go yelping away, and an enraged mother is fearless. Possibly the fox desires to avoid such encounters and prefers to take the grouse later; possibly he may decide to save a few birds near his earth in order that he may have winter food near at hand when traveling is difficult. Squirrels, we know, store food for the winter.

Mr. Fryer, an English authority on partridges, says: "Foxes will frequently leave a nest close to their earth, possibly with the idea of teaching their cubs later how to take it;" but Mr. Fryer regards the fox as a deadly enemy of partridges, as we shall observe, and says they often seize a sitting bird and "bang goes a covey of partridges."

Speculation as to why a fox sometimes overlooks a nesting bird is idle, of course, for who can say what a fox thinks? The game keepers say they can rear game birds successfully in places where the woods are small and foxes can be controlled easily, but they cannot rear the birds successfully near large covers, where foxes are not easily controlled.

I once visited a game preserve where there were thousands of pheasants about the keeper's house, but, he informed me, the foxes destroyed practically all of the wild nesting birds and it was impossible to prevent their taking many pheasants near the house. I have shot a fox just as he was ready to pounce on a covey of bob-whites, and from a large amount of evidence which I have obtained from game keepers and sportsmen I have decided that sly Mr. Reynard takes more game birds than many naturalists believe he does, and that he takes enough during the year to account for a good part of the destruction which must be accounted for. When losses occur at the nesting time the destruction is wholesale, since the loss of a parent means the loss of a covey, and there can be no doubt that the fox sometimes discovers and takes a nesting bird, and that the hawk, the crow and other enemies with sharp eyes often take nesting birds and also destroy their eggs.

In England the fox is regarded with much disfavor by the game preservers, who have had the best opportunities (for many years) of observing what he does. The game birds, too, know their enemies, and the consternation caused by the appearance of the fox proves what they think of him. If he is comparatively harmless, why is the consternation great?

Mr. Cornish, an English authority, says it is a mistake

to make artificial nesting places on open downs. The birds do better if left to themselves. Foxes and poachers raid all such places and search them.

Mr. Fryer says: "The fox is a deadly enemy to the partridge * * * and although I am of the opinion that in the country, a few hints as to the best way to preserving on a large scale in a fox hunting country, just as I think it is a mistake to try to start a pack of hounds in a good partridge country a few hints as to the best way to protect the partridge may be of interest."

After describing various methods of protection Mr. Fryer tells of a fox taking a pheasant on its nest. The fox, which was seen to approach the nest, killed and buried the pheasant and "had no doubt gone off to kill something else," when a friend of Mr. Fryer and his keeper went to look at the nest; "and yet," he says, "people are to be found who say foxes are not wantonly destructive."

Some of the hawks do more damage to game, undoubtedly, than others do. Dr. Fisher says the goshawk is called the partridge-hawk, because of the persistency with which he hunts the ruffed grouse. Dr. Judd says the cooper-hawk, goshawk and red-shouldered hawk are the worst enemies of the ruffed grouse. He cites Dr. Strode, who says that bob-white's worst enemy is the cooper-hawk, and adds: "This hawk so persecuted the quails where he made his investigations that they were seldom seen far from cover." I once shot a marsh-hawk which had a full-grown cock bob-white in its talons, and picked up both birds, and have no doubt that this hawk takes many game birds during the year in places where he can find them, although he is regarded as a "beneficial" hawk by many naturalists, who say that he does not take much game. Their opinion in favor of this hawk and some other hawks and owls has been formed from the evidence obtained from the examination of the contents of the stomachs of certain specimens. Dr. Fisher, however, in his bulletin on the "Hawks and Owls," says that the game birds have been exterminated "by the ruthless hand of man." It does not, therefore, seem conclusive to say that the marsh-hawk will not take game because he did not take it where it had been exterminated. Men, in places where game has been exterminated, might be shown in the same way not to be grouse or "quail" eaters, but we know that grouse and "quail" are considered excellent food by mankind. I feel equally sure that the bob-white is palatable to marsh-hawks.

The evidence of the game birds is strongly against the hawks. They tell us plainly that hawks are dangerous enemies. Sportsmen know that it is difficult to flush a covey of birds when a hawk is seen sailing overhead or perched upon a tree. I have shot a hawk that was evidently looking for birds which I knew to be on the ground, although I could not find them with the aid of good dogs; upon my return to the field, a short time after killing the hawk, my dogs soon found and pointed the birds. I was quite sure they were hiding in some cover because the hawk was in sight.

I once saw a hawk strike at a covey of "quails" which I flushed over a point; all the birds screamed with alarm—such a scream as I had never heard—and pitched to the ground, a short distance from the dog, as if they had all been shot. I was too astonished at the sight to shoot, and the hawk sailed away unharmed.

A hawk-shaped kite when flown over a snipe meadow will cause the wildest "jack-snipes" to lie well to the gun; a similar kite has been flown to move wild ducks along a stream; a market gunner has been seen to throw his hat in the air to make a flock of golden plover "bunch" before he fired. Why are the birds so terrified if the hawk is comparatively harmless?

All naturalists admit that the hawks do some damage

to game and that some species of hawks do great damage to it; when there are both kinds of hawks on a farm they jointly must account for a good part of the great loss which surely takes place every year before the shooting begins. The hawks are all big eaters and are especially industrious at the nesting time, when they feed their young on game.

Minks and weasels not only kill a large number of game birds for food, but wantonly destroy far more than they eat. A game keeper told me that a mink destroyed eight pheasants in one night, and there is a recent record of a mink killing fifty hens and nine geese which belonged to a constable in Chippena County, Iowa. The constable killed the mink and was sent to prison for shooting without a license. Here we have game law literally "with vengeance." How much better it would be if some one would look after the birds.

I have talked with many game keepers about the misdeeds of minks and weasels and they all say that both of these animals are not only very destructive, but that they are hard to control.

Verner de Guise, writing about the pheasant, says: "No efforts will be fully repaid, no success will be perfect, unless a determined and continued onslaught is made on their foes furred and feathered. The brook so necessary for their comfort is the lurking place of the mink."

Dr. Kalbfuss, secretary of the Pennsylvania Game Commissioners, writing about weasels, says: "I am satisfied that each of these animals destroys more game and birds than any hunter, legal or illegal, who ever trod the woods. * * * They appear to kill simply for the love of killing. One gentleman, who has made a study of the weasel, and has actually killed over 1,700, says that during his investigation he found that the animal from a food standpoint almost nightly exceeded his necessities."

Minks and weasels, undoubtedly, cause a good part of the loss which must be accounted for.

Dr. Kalbfuss is one of a very limited number of game officers who have considered the losses due to vermin. He is entitled to much credit for inviting the sportsmen's attention to this all-important question. We are indebted to Dr. Kalbfuss also for an account of the poisoning of vermin by a game protection association under his direction which was followed by an immediate and large increase of ruffed grouse. There can be no doubt that the bob-white shooting on unprotected grounds in Pennsylvania would be much better than it is if there were a large number of bob-white preserves which sent thousands of bob-whites to market, as they easily could if competent game keepers were employed. It is claimed by some game protectionists that to sell game from preserves would open the door for some illegal game from the open or neglected fields. But what of that as against the extinction of bob-white everywhere? Granting that some illegal game might be sold from unprotected fields, the loss would fall on those who do nothing, and the country is large enough for every one who wishes to have good shooting to do so at little or no cost provided he will employ a game keeper and may sell some of the over-abundant game to pay him. Under such conditions and under no others can the game be saved from extinction, since the State cannot sufficiently control wild and domestic vermin and illegal shooting to save the game as population increases, without an army of game keepers (in addition to the game police) far too large to be considered practical.

Many naturalists say the owls do only a little harm to game and poultry.

John Burroughs, however, calls the owl the "bugaboo" of birds. Why do they so regard him? There are many species of owls; some should be and no doubt are re-

garded by the game birds as less alarming "bugaboos" than others. The great horned owl is admitted to be a very bad game destroyer even by his friends the naturalists; the other owls for the most part are regarded as "beneficial" owls. One of the chief arguments in favor of hawks and owls—*i. e.*, that they destroy grasshoppers—does not apply to the game preserve, since there cannot be too many grasshoppers when game birds are abundant. They are the best food for young game birds, and in places where game has been made plentiful grasshoppers have been brought from a distance to feed them.

Snakes destroy many birds, even when they are in charge of game keepers who make continual warfare on such pests. The keeper at the Russapeague Club informed me that black snakes devoured young pheasants as large as quail. Bendise mentions a rattlesnake which was killed after it had devoured five bob-whites, and there are many other records of snakes destroying both the birds and their eggs. I have seen them when thus engaged.

Mr. Sweeney, the Indiana Game Commissioner, says the crow is one of the worst enemies of the birds, and the game keepers entertain the same opinion of him. In a splendid grouse country I saw hundreds of crows and many cats last autumn, but not one ruffed grouse. Dr. Kalbfuss writes me that the crow has appreciably hastened the extermination of the prairie grouse.

The crow destroys both the young birds and their eggs. Dr. Judd says he pillaged a nest of the ruffed grouse on the farm where he made his observations and daily took young chickens and eggs near the house. The effect of such daily performances on the nests of bob-whites may be imagined.

There is evidence that the skunk does some good, but he is an enemy both of poultry and game and should be controlled on the preserve.

Wolves, cougars, bob-cats and eagles are comparatively scarce in the Eastern States, and it is for this reason that the deer increase when shooting is prohibited. Deer are decreasing in the Western States in places where vermin shows an increase and where little or no shooting is permitted by law.

Mr. Thompson-Seton informs me that the turtles have sadly interfered with his rearing wild ducks. There are records of certain fish and frogs seizing young ducks, and the carp has destroyed much wild rice and other duck foods by "rooting" up the plants. I have often seen the duck-hawk hunting wild fowl. Blue-jays and red squirrels have been charged with destroying birds' eggs. Moles are said to destroy many nests by burrowing under them.

Granting that some of the game bird enemies take only a few birds during the year, it seems evident (where there are many species, as there are in most places, some of which are noted and persistent game destroyers) the total number eaten and destroyed must be large, quite large enough, in my opinion, to prevent the great increase of the game birds referred to at the beginning of this paper. When there are additional losses due to climate and a little shooting is permitted we must expect a steady decrease of game.

Nature's balance, which is preserved by natural game enemies and climate, surely must be badly upset by the addition of numerous house cats, dogs and rats. On a farm in Pennsylvania where a number of bob-whites nested I observed that the cats were hunting the young birds and complained to their owner without good results. I remained on the farm until the opening day for the shooting when I ascertained that not a single "quail" was left. The ground was searched carefully and thoroughly with the aid of excellent dogs, and not a bird was found in the neighborhood. There had been no shooting; food,

water and grit and dusting places were plentiful, and in order to migrate from the region the birds must necessarily have traveled a long distance through a pine forest, since the farm with a few others formed a large clearing; the place appeared to be one where the birds would naturally remain. Several pair of bob-whites nested on the farm; the cock birds whistled daily. The foxes took a few chickens during my visit, and there seems to be but little doubt that the cats assisted them and other vermin in exterminating the bob-whites.

There is a record of the destruction of every bird on an island by a single cat (introduced by a lighthouse keeper) and its progeny. Many species of birds were abundant prior to the advent of the cat. On another island some cats, which were introduced by sheepmen to exterminate the rabbits, destroyed every native bird and drove away thousands of sea birds which formerly nested there. Many species of native birds had been abundant, but not a bird remained.

Last autumn I saw many cats in a beautiful country for ruffed grouse, in Maine. Large numbers of cats were living in the fields and woods; some lived in an abandoned house. The ruffed grouse seemed to be almost extinct. Cats are said to be one of the principal causes for the disappearance of the heath-hen, which undoubtedly is vanishing.

Capt. Oates, the owner of a game preserve in England, found sixteen wild duck eggs in the hole of a rat which he dug out and killed, and English game preservers say that rats must be exterminated.

It has been said that there must be some unknown cause, such as disease, for example, to account for the great loss which certainly occurs every year, even when shooting is prohibited. Wild animals, however, seem to be almost free from diseases when they are uncrowded in the woods and fields and food is abundant. The grouse on the moors, and the pheasants and wild fowl on preserves where they are overcrowded, have suffered from diseases, just as people in tenements often suffer from them; but the game keepers have instantly put an end to diseases by moving their birds to fresh ground, and on modern preserves where game is overabundant diseases are prevented by rearing on fresh ground every year or every other year. Where the birds can be closely observed, therefore, they do not seem to suffer from diseases excepting on contaminated ground. Granting there are some unknown causes of destruction, we insist that we must check those we know about. We may have good shooting if we do, and extinction if we do not do so.

I enjoy seeing the sly fox about and the falcon sailing overhead. It seems fortunate that a good lot of game can be reared in two or three years, even if some vermin is spared. It is, in fact, impossible, in most places, to destroy it all. A game keeper, however, can practically control all roving dogs and house cats and rats, and a good part of the snakes and other vermin on a few farms; if this be done the shooting should be as good or better than it ever was anywhere; and in order that men of small means may combine and thus preserve the game, they should be permitted to sell some of it to pay the cost of guarding it. The game keeper must be on the ground every day in the year. He will not remain without compensation. The State, as we have often insisted, cannot and does not control the game enemies, excepting sportsmen and hotel keepers. It should, therefore, lend every aid to those who will employ game keepers and thus provide shooting for themselves, shooting rent for the farmers, pay for the keepers, and cheap game for those who do not shoot. The shooting for the indolent, as I have said at other times, is usually better in the vicinity of game preserves than anywhere else in the State. Every

one is therefore benefited, and best of all, the game will not become extinct, but, on the other hand, will soon become cheap in the markets.

It is important that something should be done at once. Many species of wild vermin have held their own or even increased in some localities while the game birds have decreased, and domestic vermin undoubtedly is increasing. The marvelous rate of increase of the game birds, when unchecked, indicates that "*a large stock of individuals of the same species, relatively to the number of its enemies, is absolutely necessary for its preservation.*" The small remnants of game which some think the laws can preserve are not sufficient. "Any one who has tried," says Darwin, "knows how troublesome it is to get seed from a few wheat or other such plants in a garden. I have in this case lost every single seed." The birds can take all of the seeds when there are only a few. The game enemies, in places where there are only a few game birds, have also been known to take them all. And the danger of their doing this increases, even where laws prohibiting shooting (the mainstay of protectionists) are enacted.

It is evident that if the States turn down an immense number of half-tame pheasants from "hatcheries," they will be more easily taken by natural game enemies than the wild birds are, and that the sportsmen will only be taxed to feed vermin. On any farm where the game may show an increase the farmer will no doubt put up some signs and the licensed sportsman will be told to try some less favored ground. Such is field sports in America to-day.

STRANGE SHOOTING INCIDENTS.

BY A. R. H. BROWN.

Every branch of sport is at times provided with strange happenings, and the shooting field is no exception. Quite recently there has come within my knowledge the case of a couple of rabbits which collided during a partridge drive; one of them was left lying motionless on the ground, and on picking it up was found to be quite dead. Such an incident as this is not so rare as might be supposed, and cases are on record where, as a result of a similar accident, both rabbits have been picked up dead. The reason, I believe, is that rabbits when traveling full speed ahead look to the right and to the left rather than straight in front of them; thus a narrow object such as another one coming towards them is not clearly seen. The direct cause of death is, of course, a broken neck.

Not so very long ago I was enabled to secure a partridge after I had missed it clean with both barrels. Behind my stand was stretched a length of telegraph wires, and into them the bird flew and dropped dead to the ground. These wires, however, are not always so fatal, and I remember last season taking part in a day's partridge shooting when several of the birds blundered into the wires, but without exception they were unhurt, though the obstacle knocked them some feet out of their line of flight and made them very difficult to kill. I have also seen a quail fly straight into some telegraph wires, stagger back from the shock, and then resume his course as though nothing untoward had happened. A very different fate, however, befell a quail last year. The bird, alarmed at our presence, got up of its own accord out of the brush that edged the road. No one fired at it, neither had any gun been discharged previously that day at the spot, but suddenly in mid-air she collapsed and came down lifeless. No post-mortem examination was made, but in all probability the bird was the victim of a diseased heart, there being no outward signs of damage visible nor any emaciation from illness.

A friend of mine was once duck shooting when he dropped a mallard. The bird appeared to be quite dead, so he gave its neck a twist and placed it in the game bag. Some twenty minutes afterward another duck was knocked over, and upon opening the bag to place it with the other No. 1 fluttered out and flew off as if it had never been hurt at all. This is a case where a man was robbed of his deserts. I can chronicle another instance where the gun received more than it earned. A companion and myself walked up to a steady point on a small cover. Eleven quail rose within easy range; I fired my right barrel, and so did my companion, and the covey, or what was left of it, swung round past my friend, and I left him to deal with it. He dropped another bird with his second barrel, and we both went up to the spot where we had marked the results of our first barrels. There lay seven quail stone dead, and one could have covered them all with a towel. The extraordinary part of the story is that neither he nor I was conscious that birds had fallen other than those we had shot at. We thought only four had fallen, and I can only advance the theory that after the birds had once risen our eyes were so closely fixed on those which we intended to fire at that we did not notice the wholesale slaughter we had so unwittingly occasioned. My friend was on the right and I on the left, and the charges from our guns must have met just as the birds packed closely together.

I find that my subject has led me into greater length than I had anticipated, but I cannot close without the telling of one last incident. I was standing at the edge of a lake one day last fall when a wood pigeon came over me, and I dropped him dead in the water. He lay there quite motionless after a few flutterings, and I turned round to attend to some ducks. Five minutes afterward there was not a sign of the pigeon to be seen anywhere, and there can be no doubt that a hungry pickerel had taken advantage of so handy a meal. It adds a pretty finish to the story to be able to narrate how a week afterward I caught a pickerel weighing eight and a half pounds at the exact spot where I had lost my pigeon. Alas! that I cannot truthfully add that I found my first victim's bones inside the stomach of my second.

TRAPPING IN A BLIZZARD.

"I was trapping with three others on the head water of the Little Sioux," said a grizzled hunter who had come to New York to see "what it was like."

"It was about the end of November, several years ago. It had been cold, unpleasant weather for a month, with a few snow storms, just enough to make sleighing good. We took an outfit to last us two weeks, and packing everything into a rough sled, started off with a good prospect for success. Nothing occurred to disturb us for more than a week; we trapped a good many beavers and rats, and killed enough antelope to keep us in meat. We were camped in the prairie just on the edge of the Sioux, which furnished us water, and we gathered enough brush to keep us in firewood. There was rising ground all around us nearly, the banks of the river breaking off quite bluff for several miles around there. Our habit was to visit our traps every morning and spend the best part of the day at that business, aiming to get home an hour or two before sundown. One day we left the old horse to look after things as usual, and separated on our beats. The wind was westerly and the morning was bright and cold but pleasant. We went our way across the prairie, occasionally stopping to inspect the traps, until afternoon came on, and I was, as near as I could tell, five or six miles from camp in a direct line. The wind had gone down and a little haze had come on obscuring the sun, when suddenly

it commenced to blow great guns from the north and I knew what was coming, and prepared to take my bearings for camp and get there as fast as I could; but I had delayed too long, or got turned round somehow, for I found after walking a half hour or so, that I was traveling up stream instead of down. The wind was increasing every minute and the small flakes of snow that were frozen as hard as flint filled the air and almost blinded me. Stumbling along as fast as I could, I saw that it was getting dark very fast, and with night coming on, the prospect of spending it in the midst of one of the biggest and wildest blizzards was not pleasant. I knew my only chance for life was to strike camp as soon as possible, for no living thing could live out such a night as that promised to be, without shelter of some kind. The snow commenced to come down in thick clouds and blew over the prairie in great drifts, making it almost impossible to walk in some places. Several times a half dozen wolves dashed by so frightened that they did not even notice me.

"It was now so dark that I could not distinguish anything ten feet in front of me, and I thought my chances of finding camp pretty slim, still I kept going ahead, down the wind, which I knew was the way to get home. I plunged through sloughs where the snow was up to my waist, and staggered along keeping my eyes open all the time for a light, feeling sure that I could not be far out of my reckoning; but nothing of the kind cheered my sight. I had got down to where the prairie broke off into deep gullies, and as this was like the river bank for five or six miles near our camp, I could not tell whether I was too high up or too low down. I yelled and fired my rifle, but no answering shout told me where to look for my companions. In such a hurricane, a voice could not be heard against the wind fifty feet off. Tired out and almost discouraged, I stopped to consider what it was best for me to do in order to save my life. It was almost out of the question to find camp, as it was dark as Egypt, and the storm was increasing, if anything. I found myself in the head of a ravine, which broke off toward the river, and determined to go down it in order to get out of the wind as much as possible, thinking my chances better there, even with the snow piling into it, than to stay where I was. Slipping and floundering along down the steep slope, I suddenly felt my feet give way and down I went, ten or fifteen feet, and brought up under a bluff bank, where the eddy had left a little space pretty clear from snow, the wind taking it clear across the ravine from the bank above me. Here I was protected from the gale and had a few feet to stir around in and keep my blood in circulation. I walked back and forth over this little territory until I began to get dull and sleepy, and how long I kept it up I can't tell; the first thing I knew was that it was not snowing any more, and that the storm had passed away. The moon and stars came out as bright as day.

"I roused myself up from the stupor I had fallen into and climbed to the top of the bluff, where I took my bearings from the North Star, and looked southward for some signs of camp. Everything was white and frozen on the prairie, and nothing appeared to give me a clew to where I was. I fired my rifle several times and shouted at the top of my voice. Happening to turn around I saw a bright flash shoot up into the sky, behind me almost, and I knew where I was; I had got too far down the valley. Taking the crest of the ridge where the snow had been partly blown off, I stirred myself as fast as I could, and in half an hour was again in camp, thankful for my escape. My partners, more fortunate than I, had got in before the storm, and had had as much as they could do to keep themselves alive.

"A cup of hot coffee and something to eat soon set me up, but I never think of that blizzard without a shudder."



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A NEW EDITOR.

Beginning with the December number, Mr. Dwight W. Huntington, the well-known sportsman and author, will take editorial charge of THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN. Although Mr. Huntington is an artist and a naturalist of wide and close observation, our readers will be chiefly interested in his recent call for a fundamental reversal of our game protective policy, something that has attracted a good deal of attention and discussion.

He is to contribute a series of articles on how to breed game with a view to valuable returns, the enemies of game, the care of game preserves, game as an asset on the farm, and upon kindred subjects. Mr. Huntington's postulate, which he is prepared to maintain with argument and evidence, is that there is no reason why there should not be game for all in this country—for the sportsman, the farmer, the market hunter, and for those who do not own farms and game preserves as well as for those who do.

In addition to the foregoing, Mr. Huntington will contribute much other matter of interest to sportsmen during the year 1909. Those who have the opportunity to read Mr. Huntington's articles will be convinced of the soundness of his views and the clearness of his arguments.

GAME PROTECTION.

It has been pretty well demonstrated that our present policy of game protection will finally result in game extinction. Possibly this may not be any more due to the imperfect laws than to their lack of enforcement, but that the fact is as stated goes almost without saying.

With this thought in view, an organization has been formed which is called the Society of Game Preservers. Broadly stated, its object is to secure the enactment of uniform laws where there are uniform conditions, to prohibit spring shooting of all kinds, and to remove restrictions which interfere with the increase of game. Incidentally, it is proposed to oppose the present absurd laws concerning the sale of game and having it in one's own possession. In fact, as we understand it, the idea is to secure protection and propagation in something the same way that has proved so successful in Great Britain and the continent of Europe, where in season game is as common and as cheap as domestic chickens and beef.

The man who is chiefly responsible for this idea is Dwight W. Huntington, the well known sportsman, artist and author. Mr. Huntington has pointed out that while our present legal method of game protection takes full cognizance of man as an enemy of game, it seems to have little comprehension of its worse and many natural enemies that keep up the work of destruction in season and out of season. He points out that it is easy enough to have plenty of game and fish, but that in securing it we must not forget that every single organic being is striving to the utmost to increase in numbers, that each lives by a struggle at some period of its life, and that heavy destruction falls either on the young or old during each generation or at recurring intervals. Now, if we lighten this check or mitigate this destruction ever so little, the number may be increased to any amount.

According to reliable authority—we mean the view of men who know just what they are talking about—so much does the destruction of game depend upon vermin, that if the stock of partridges, grouse and hares on any large estate in England were allowed without let or hindrance to become their prey, there would soon be far less than now, even though not one were shot for food, where thousands are now shot every year.

We want to further this rational plan of game protection in every way possible. There is absolutely no reason why game should be so scarce and high that none but the most wealthy can afford to eat it; there is no reason why the game product of any farm should not be of greater value than any other crop, instead of being of practically no volume and value whatever; there is no reason why our restaurants and markets should be at all times practically bare of the best of all food products.

As has before been stated in this magazine, there are hundreds of farms in the New England and Middle States that at the present time are hardly considered worth cultivating. Yet with proper fish and game laws and intelligent care and protection they would supply enough fish and game annually to make them far more valuable than they have ever been. There are scores of farms in Great Britain where the shooting and fishing privileges alone rent for from \$200 to \$1,000 per year, and this interferes very little with their agricultural producing value.

The chief objection to the European system of fish and game protection and propagation in this country has always been the mistaken notion that it is "class legislation" and does not give the "common people" a fair show. As a matter of fact this system is far more democratic as opposed to aristocratic than our present method. It gives any one a chance to shoot and fish if he wishes, and any who do not care to shoot or fish can have the privilege

of procuring fish and game at the markets in place of barnyard fowls, beef, pork and mutton. Our method results in making fish and game so scarce that none can get it, save those who can afford to go to the most remote localities for it; theirs makes it so plenty that all may have it who live in rural districts.

A PERNICIOUS STATUTE.

According to newspaper reports, D. F. Busch, of New York, a steel and iron merchant, with summer home at Glen Cove, L. I., was fined \$100 for having in his possession a few days ago, in the closed season, a brace of grouse. Mr. Busch had received several pairs of the birds from a friend in Wales, who had sent them over on a steamer, the latter part of September. He was an innocent receiver, not knowing that the possession of the birds was making him a violator of the law, but this did not excuse him in the eyes of the judge and he had to suffer the penalty. Mr. Busch offered to send the birds back to Wales, but this would have established a precedent, which was not permitted.

Can a statute be conceived more ridiculous and perniciously nonsensical than one requiring such a transaction as this? And can any one suggest what connection it all has with game protection or game propagation?

Moreover, any law that punishes a man for having in his possession that which he owns absolutely, came by honestly and which imposes no injustice or injury upon another human being, savors far more of an autocratic than of a democratic form of government. They don't do things like that in China or Russia.

As we have said again and again, the place to protect game is in the fields and woods and not in the family ice chest or the cold storage vault. If game has been taken unlawfully the case would be altogether different, but even then it is far less effective in principle and practice than "locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen," for it is not even potentially preventive, but is simply slightly palliative. But a law that punishes a man for having game in his possession that is clearly and legally and honorably his own is—well, it is beyond the pale of reason.

There is still another phase of this instance that provokes irritation. It is that with all the efforts and expense that have been bestowed upon game protection in this country for the past fifty or more years, and with a far better natural home for game here than there, yet it is far more plentiful there than here as well as far cheaper. The reason for this is that our methods of game protection have not protected, while theirs have done so.

A NEW GUN.

It is gratifying to know that the use of repeating guns is increasing. There is no reason why progress should not prevail in the matter of guns the same as it does in other divisions of sportsmanship, and as it does in every other form of business. There would have been just as much reason for opposition to the double barrel gun when it was first brought into use, and there may have been, for that matter, although no one at present objects to it because it does not "give game a fair chance." With an equal amount of practice and skill, the pump gun is more effective than the double barrel, and if effectiveness is not what the sportsman wants then he should go back to the old flintlock of our grandfathers' days.

The manufacture of repeating guns is increasing in both this country and Europe, and many are now of splendid action and a pleasure to the eye. The Reming-

ton Arms Co. has now brought out a self-loading gun which they call the autoloading shotgun, which represents the best thought of mechanical genius. It is a single barrel, hammerless, automatic-ejector repeater of five shots. It combines the advantages of all shotguns, with the added advantage of being autoloading, absolutely safe, and having very little recoil. After a shot has been fired, the recoil ejects, loads, cocks and also closes and locks the breech, leaving the gun ready to be again fired. It represents gun luxury, for the pulling and releasing of the trigger is the only work required of the shooter. There is no shifting of the hand from one trigger to another, and no slide or lever to work. As the recoil is utilized to operate the mechanism of the gun, there is little "kick," and therefore no headaches, no bruised shoulders, and no flinching. Safety is guaranteed by three separate devices—a lock on the breech block and a safety on the trigger to prevent premature discharge, as well as a solid breech which encloses the mechanism at this point, keeping out rain, sand and leaves.

A gun of this kind is about as near perfection as can be reasonably looked for in this world, and it should finally come into almost universal use.

GAME DESTRUCTION.

Editor of THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN:

In my travels I have visited many of the finest hunting and fishing grounds in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Montana. It is a sad commentary on the utter heedlessness of the American people in fostering and preserving the gifts of nature that I, who live in the heart of what was once the finest hunting ground for birds in the world, must now travel out of my own State to get any shooting worthy of the name. And the same is true, in less degree, of the fishing.

The lakes and streams of Iowa are depleted of game fish, and carp and buffalo have taken their place. Minnesota has been, and perhaps is, the best State in the Union for black bass fishing, but in many of the lakes once famous for these fish it is now almost useless to cast a frog. Northern Wisconsin has had many lakes noted for muscallonge fishing, but in most of these a specimen of over ten pounds in weight is considered a prize. The rifle, the spear and the net in the hands of the settlers and market fishermen at spawning time, and the anxiety of the so-called sportsman to make a record by killing as many specimens as possible in a given time merely to serve as a background for a photograph of himself, are some of the items of the indictment that will some day be written. Pardon this digression from business, but I feel so strongly on these matters that when I get started I hardly know how to stop. I sympathize fully with every movement looking to more thorough and systematic game and fish preservation and to educating all the people to the true idea of sport and sportsmanship.

Yours truly,

E. B. BUTLER.

Algona, Iowa.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN'S SHOW.

The fifteenth annual National Sportsman's Show will be held at Madison Square Garden, New York City, beginning Friday, February 26, and closing Saturday, March 6. For particulars and floor plan of space for exhibition purposes, address the manager, J. A. H. Dressel, 138 West Forty-second street, New York. Preparations for this great exhibition have been going on for some time, and it is safe to say that it will exceed in unique interest anything of the kind that has preceded it.

MYSELF.

BY RECAPPER.

I am so often receiving letters from parties all over this country, who wish to know more of me, that it is impossible for me to reply to them in detail. To write as I now intend to write here, and reply to all of these letters "in a bunch" (as it may be called), will look very egotistical, and as though my bump of self-esteem was abnormally developed; but the matter has been forced upon me and must be accepted as my excuse. To put the matter briefly, I am just a common man, no more, no less. Born on a farm and raised there; and with an inborn love of nature and country life, it surely is not strange that I love it yet. Inheriting a love of field sports from both the paternal and maternal sides, I see nothing unusual in the fact that the feeling was early developed in me, and especially, when it is remembered that those who brought me up gave me every encouragement to follow it up, and, on account of my tendency to a rather weak physical condition, allowed me to take no part in the farm work. Of course, it was a mistake on their part, but a mistake of love for me, which I fear I did not deserve, and it unfitted me for a business life in later years. But I was always fond of reading and study, and of mechanical inventions. Here was another taste in which I was encouraged by those about me, and also in my liking for animals.

It may read strangely to your readers (but it is all the same a fact), that though I can remember when I was learning to walk, I have not the slightest recollection of when I learned to read. As early as the age of ten I had learned to load and discharge the gun of those times (the muzzle-loader), but not with the consent of those about me, to look for something at which to shoot. I also learned another thing by observation and imitation, of which I am now very glad. I had an uncle who was living at the old home who was quite fond of shooting, and went out whenever he could spare the time. Though fond of dogs, he knew nothing about training them or working them on game, and did not own one, and though he was a reasonably good shot, and game here was plenty in those days, he never made large bags of it when out. He had a seven-pound, double-barrel, twelve-bore gun, of English make, of which he was very proud, and kept it rubbed and polished in a fine condition.

Boy like, I thought I must do likewise with every gun I got hold of, and little by little there grew in me this habit (which long ago became "second nature"), and for which I am now very grateful. To my thinking, the man who does not keep his gun always in first-class condition is not a true sportsman; for if the gun is not worth that care it is not worth having.

Well do I remember the first bird I ever killed, and I now wish I had missed it. It was a blackbird. A gun had been loaned me with which to frighten these birds away from the cornfield. A half-pound of powder, with a box of the old-time G. D. caps, and a big bunch of old newspaper was also supplied. Off I started, but not until I had visited an old closet where I had hidden away a pound of No. 8 shot. Getting to the field I loaded the gun, but somehow the blackbirds did not like my appearance that morning, and kept well away from me. At last I hid in a thicket and waited, but not for long, for a blackbird alighted on a tree some twenty yards away. Here was my opportunity. Slowly raising the gun, I aimed and was about to draw the trigger, when the thought occurred to me that powder in burning made a flame, and this flame might heat the barrels and burn my left hand, which held them. Such a thought shows how

green I was. Once more I raised the gun, rested it on a stout twig, aimed and fired, and down dropped the blackbird, clean killed.

Well, it was the only one I got that morning, and I was very careful not to let it be known at home that I had brought down even that one. I was then about ten years old (Great Scott! that was fifty-eight years ago, and it seems only like last week), but from that time on, when not at school, the old meadows knew me well. Of course, I knew nothing about game, where to look for it or when it was in season. I had no dog, or any knowledge of what a good dog should (and will) do; so meadowlarks were the birds I went after. Every cent I could get went for powder, shot and caps, and though I used much of it, the returns in birds were very small.

At last a light but good gun was given me, and I used it for eighteen years. Later on I bought while they were young my two setters and raised and trained them according to my own ideas. How well I succeeded is established by the fact that a few old sportsmen still living near here, who had seen them work, freely admit that a finer, better trained brace of setters never were in the state of New Jersey.

Next came the breech-loader, and as far back as 1861 I began to study it. From every source from which it could be obtained I got information as to its requirements and the different forms of breech mechanisms brought out. Correspondence with the leading foreign makers was begun by me, and I am now glad of it. Every one of these parties gladly informed me as to the individual form of mechanism he used, and advertised, and, of course, claimed that it was the best. I knew that all of them could not be "the best," and, as a matter of fact, many of these guns are now obsolete, just as I then publicly declared they would become, and got well abused for writing so plainly. In 1884 there was held near New York City the last public gun trial in the States. It was gotten up by the old *Turf, Field and Farm*, and I was one of the three judges. My specialty was to determine which one of the different makes of competing guns had the best breech-bolting mechanism. I did it conscientiously and without fear or favor, though I do not now remember what make of gun it was.

Well, I deserve no great credit for that, nor do I for anything I have ever written about field sports, so you are all wrong, my boys, in thinking Recapper knows more than he does, but please remember this: the little he does know is always at your service, little as it is and unimportant. My one idea is, and has always been when writing, to do all I could to elevate the tone of field sports. I freely admit that it is not in me to do much in that line, but I have done the best I knew.

In spite of all that has been written to the contrary, I will never endorse the setting of a bad example for sportsmen in embryo, as any one does when he carries afield with him automatic or repeating shotguns. As to rifles, I know nothing of their use, so have no opinion to give pro or con.

Other ways of training dogs may be as good as the system I have always used, but my way has never failed for me. When writing of guns I write just what practical experience has taught me. I would much prefer not to write any on the subject, but if I must the truth, as I have learned it, will be given, no matter who is punished or favored. It is the same when I write of game and its haunts and habits. Only what has come to me by personal experience is written, and nothing supposititious. It is the way all should write and not from imagination.

I am proud to know that my thirty years of writing has made me so many friends, but I fear I have failed to deserve it. Well, boys, this article is full of I's. Try not to

let them choke you, but you are to blame for bringing this upon you.

Of dogs I will say that long years ago it was proved to me that, like human beings, they have individuality. That scarce any two of them are alike in disposition and nervous temperament. This means that no two of them require their training to be given in the same way. But in one way they *are* all alike, and that is in their ability and readiness to love those who love them. They give a love that ends only with their lives; a love that can be compared with only one kind of human love—the love a mother feels for her child.

Win your dog's love by unflinching kindness; win his respect by tender but firm treatment; remember always that he is ever eager to grasp the meaning and obey every order you may give; and his training will be not a task, but a pleasure alike to him and to you. Be slow with your teaching him, showing him what he is to do when an order is given him and how he is to do it. Then practice him at that till he is perfect at it before you teach him anything else. He will soon reason (for dogs *do* reason) why he is asked to do it, and when he sees that he has pleased you, will do it joyfully.

TO THOSE WHO HAVE WRITTEN TO ME.

Quite recently I received a very kind letter from a guide, sportsman and taxidermist of West Quoddy, Nova Scotia. Unfortunately he blurred his signature in signing the letter so that I could not make it out and reply, as I would have liked, by direct letter. His message was an urgent one for me to visit him and have shooting at bears, moose, grouse, woodcock and snipe. I can now truly say that I have had such invitations from Nova Scotia to Florida, and from California to the Eastern States. It is out of my power to accept of any of these invitations, but it is in my power to be grateful for them, and *I am*. Brothers, I thank you all for the spirit shown so plainly in your letters, but words will never make you know the extent of my gratitude. Why you should pick out "Recapper" for to be so kind to I do not understand. I certainly do not feel that I have ever deserved it. All that I can now do is to say to all that I cannot come to you. You may, perhaps, be able to come to me. And I assure you that in my modest little home there will always be a warm welcome for you all. "RECAPPER."

A FINE BUCK.

(From the Diary of a Hunter.)

BY ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.

November 25th.—I was up bright and early this morning and had a warm fire a-going in short order. Without the cabin a stiff west wind was howling down the ravine back of us. In the course of the night a fine tracking snow of something like five inches had come to earth, and our anticipations of the day before were sure O. K.—a phrase that Jim often uses. I put the coffee pot on, made some breakfast and had everything ready when Jim returned from looking over some traps he had set near the crossing.

"What luck, Jim?" I sang out, when he was within hailing distance.

"Two mink," he replied, and showed me the proofs. One was of a dark brown color, and being in prime condition, would bring at least \$3.50.

After we had eaten we took down our guns and hit the trail with the intention of downing a couple of deer. Following the creek up to the beaver dam we found deer tracks everywhere, but to find the deer was quite another proposition. But finally we came across a large trail made

by an old buck, and we knew that it would be to our advantage to follow, so we lost no time in starting. For some distance the trail led on straight ahead, but when it left the wood and took to a side hill we had more trouble. At places where the ground was yet bare, owing to shelter from the rocks, the buck had stopped to nibble the grass and other vegetation. On the trail led, and still on over slopes and down valleys, and I was about to remark to Jim the futility of going on any further, when all at once we came to a place where he had been lying down. Our approach had undoubtedly frightened him. To get in a shot at him now, well knowing what was on his track, was a matter of great difficulty.

We followed the trail some distance further and here we found that he was swinging to the right, his intention being to return to the old locality, no doubt. This proved correct, for he soon came back into the tracks he had made in the morning. After a short council of war it was decided that I should return to the place where we took the trail and Jim should continue on the fresh trail and follow him.

I soon reached my destination on the old road and took up my watch. To stand there waiting was monotonous and trying to the nerves, but my patience was soon rewarded by hearing a cracking of brush in the direction I had expected the hunted animal to appear. A deer leaped into view and came my way, his head thrown back and nostrils dilated. He was a handsome one, but it is rare that a fellow stands still when an opportunity like this is offered, and he is out for venison. I swung the old reliable 30-30 to shoulder and banged away. The buck ran for about one hundred yards or so and fell in a heap. Two of the death dealers had passed through the lungs and one of them come within an ace of hitting the heart. He was a ten-point and weighed, when hung up, somewhere in the neighborhood of 250 pounds.

A WORD FOR RECAPPER.

Editor THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN:

When I was twelve years old I had my first gun and took to the fields from pure love of communing with Dame Nature. Soon I began to read the sportsman's papers, and pretty soon after that I read the first article by Recapper I had ever seen. From time to time his stories have appeared, and I don't think I ever missed one since the first caught my eye. Recapper is the only writer whose articles I anticipate and look for, and THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN will always be my favorite paper because it has been Recapper's paper. In your issue of October I note he says he is sixty-eight years old. Pardon me, Recapper, but a man who sees and tells others of so many beauties of nature surely must be sixty-eight years young instead of sixty-eight years old. If Recapper knew the hosts of sportsmen who think of him as a friend, he surely would write an article once in a while for us amateurs. Dear old Recapper, may the future bring him pleasures without limit.

BOB WHITE.

ALL WANT RECAPPER.

Editor of THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN:

I notice in your last number what Recapper has to say, and I truly hope he will not drop out. I expect that some one else may take it up and assure him that we need and want him to be one of our little family always. I would like to get my "arms" about him and tell him he is much too young to think of stepping aside or giving up the things that give him and us so much pleasure, and if he will come to see me I will do my best to help him renew and start life over again.

Palatka, Fla.

JOHN Q. TILGHMAN.

HIS HUNTING PARTNERS.

BY JOHN Q. TILGHMAN.

I have been a reader of your magazine for several years, and, while I have said but little in it, I have spent many pleasant moments reading about the different hunts by our brother sportsmen. Meantime, I have wondered if any one would be interested in anything I might have to say.

I have a good bird dog, and spend considerable of my time not otherwise occupied with him. Fortunately, my wife is as fond of dogs and hunting quail as I am, and, as she is my best friend, she makes me a mighty good partner. I will not try just now to tell just how we get along, but will say that, while we have lived together a good many years, she still gives me a good name and is willing to go hunting at any time.

We had with us not long ago two of my young lady cousins from my native State of Maryland. They were making us a nice little visit, and we must make it as pleasant for them as we can. So my wife suggested that we take them hunting. They said they had never seen a dog at point or a quail killed on the wing, but would be glad to go with us—they would enjoy the woods and the ride, and possibly see something new. The next propitious day I and my hunting wagon brought up about noon, and the four of us got in and made a start for the woods. I never saw my good old setter work better. A well-educated and well-behaved boy could not have been more obedient or faithful.

I will shorten my story by saying that my little twenty-six-inch gun brought down eighteen quail at twenty shots. Pretty good record for me. And the girls had the pleasure of seeing a dog at point and every bird retrieved in that good and cheerful way that makes a man proud of his dog and glad that he is living.

To say that the girls were delighted would be putting it mild. They got out their handkerchiefs and yelled like boys at a game of baseball. The next morning my wife said to me quietly: "The girls were so delighted at the hunt that we must take them again."

"What! Never, never! I could not do so well again in a year." Some people do not know when to come in out of the rain. Next time I take them hunting it will be for fish, and if they don't bite I can still hold my record. Eh?

Palatka, Fla.

TWISTING FLIGHT OF SNIPE.

The snipe is a bird possessing remarkable powers of flight. In his small body the utmost possible quantity of vital energy appears to be compressed. When flushed before a shooter he rises with startling suddenness, and has on "full speed ahead" from the very first. If for his speed only, he would be difficult to hit, but to this he adds a remarkable zigzag flight, darting to the right and left and turning at sharp angles like a flash of lightning. His hurried call of "scape" as he rises adds to the confusion of the young or nervous sportsman, and a miss often results. Many sportsmen hold that the zigzag method of flight is adopted by the snipe intentionally, as a means of eluding the charge of shot; but this does not appear to be the correct view.

The beak of the snipe is very long—almost as long as his body—and thick and heavy in proportion to the size and strength of the bird. When flushed it is usually from among reeds, long grass or other cover, and as the bird rises he turns his head to one side or the other to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. As he turns his head to the right the long beak points to the right, and,

acting as a rudder in front, the bird is carried to the right. When he turns his head to the left he is for the same cause carried to the left, and so on. Apparently he has some curiosity as to who or what has trespassed on his privacy. If he kept his head turned to the right or left constantly he would be carried in a circle round his adversary (which would be very acceptable to some shooters); but, as his intention is to get away as quickly as possible after locating the disturber, he manages to compass his safety and satisfy his curiosity at the same time.

Any one who will flush and watch them instead of shooting may convince himself that this is the cause of the eccentric flight. Immediately the head turns the bird turns, though the direction of flight of the bird is not changed at so acute an angle as that at which the head and beak are turned.

Now, when a snipe rises of his own accord from a bog or other feeding place to change his ground, he rises like any other bird, and flies right away in the direction he desires. Nothing having disturbed him, he does not look about for an enemy. He then carries his heavy beak straight to the front, with his head drawn close in so as to be relieved of the weight of his feeding apparatus as far as possible.

Though the flight of a snipe when flushed appears to be a number of straight lines with sharp angles every dozen yards or so, this is not actually the case. The lines to the right and left are really curves, just as a flash of lightning when seen by the naked eye appears forked and angular, but when photographed is shown to be a series of bends and curves or windings, as of a river. To paraphrase the conjuror's remark, "The quickness of the flight deceives the eye."

BEE HUNTING.

Amherst, Mass., has two veteran and successful bee hunters—William A. Dickinson and Henry E. Johnson. Mr. Dickinson, now in his eightieth year, has hunted bees nearly every year since he was ten years old, sometimes finding a dozen or more swarms in one season. He knows almost every hollow tree within a radius of ten miles of Amherst that might be the home of honey bees. Mr. Johnson, a prosperous South Amherst farmer, now in his seventy-ninth year, learned bee hunting from his uncle, Earl Johnson, who hunted them until he died of old age in his ninetieth year. Mr. Johnson cannot say how many swarms he has ever found, but they number up into the hundreds. There are now scores of swarms of wild bees in the trees about Amherst. Many people have apiaries, and in spite of every precaution some swarms are bound to escape every year. Most of these take up quarters in hollow trees in the woods. There would certainly be many more bee hunters if only people could once get a taste of this almost ideal recreation for any man or woman who is able to walk a few miles over the hills.

The equipment necessary is an ordinary cigar box with a sliding partition, a piece of honeycomb and a little sugar and water. It is well to begin operations early in the morning within a mile or two of a mountain side, where there are likely to be some hollow trees. It is an easy matter to clap a few bees into one end of the box and take them to the nearest cleared space. Then put your honeycomb in the open end of the box and pour on a few drops of the sugar and water. The comb serves simply as something for the bees to stand on to prevent their legs and wings from being besmeared so that they cannot fly. Open the slide a little and permit one bee to enter the apartment where the sugar and water is. She will buzz around for a while as briskly as ever, but by putting your

hat over the glass so as to darken the box she is quite sure to settle down and begin feeding.

When she does, put the box on a stake a few feet high for the purpose and slip off the cover and stand back a few paces. In a few moments the bee will slowly rise, make a few spiral flights to get its bearings, then start on a "bee line" for its hive. If it goes toward civilization it is usually safe to assume that it is a domestic bee, and it is best to try another. When one starts toward the mountain it is equally sure to be a wild bee. If the swarm is not more than two miles away it will return in the course of ten or fifteen minutes, and after making a few trips others will usually come with it.

As soon as there is a well-established line running it is usually well to "cross line them." This is done by shutting up a few in the box and taking them a quarter of a mile or so aside to another cleared spot, and there setting up again. In a little while there will be another line at work, and where the two lines intersect, of course the swarm may be found.

But to find the particular bee, however, is the most difficult part of the whole thing, for there is not much use of trying to follow a line through the woods, and the opening where the little creatures enter their homes is frequently only a little hole high up among the branches. But success is pretty sure to reward perseverance. The matter of securing the honey is not such a hazardous undertaking as most people imagine, although it often involves considerable hard work to cut the tree. When the improvised hive crashes to the ground the bees at once fill themselves so full of their treasure that they cannot, or at least rarely do, sting one.

THE CAROLINA RAIL.

BY JENNIE WOOD.

The common rail of America is a common visitant to these parts, where in the spring and fall of the year they assemble in large numbers along the reedy shores of our large rivers and in the marshes along our tide-rising waters. Their stay is short, especially in the former season, when they take but a little rest and appease their hunger previous to pursuing their journey northward, where they perform the duties of incubation.

During the summer months they can be found assembled in large numbers along the shores of the lakes about the Saskatchewan plains. In the desolate swamps of the remote far countries the greater number of these birds are probably reared, as they are seldom found during the summer months in the warmer climates. It is a very easy matter to confound this species with that of the Virginia rail, the alleged nest, eggs, and young birds covered with a black down agreeing exactly with the descriptions given by Wilson. If these premises hold, the conclusion must be that the habits of these birds during the period of incubation are but little known, and all that has already been said upon this subject is but conjecture.

The duties of incubation are soon performed and the birds are ready to return, which they do about the middle of September. On first arriving they are but little valued as food, being poor, the result of the labor and privation attending their migrations. They soon fatten, however, and, proving very plenty and affording an easy mark, are shot down in large quantities.

The general method of hunting them on the Delaware is as follows: The sportsman proceeds to the spot at which he intends shooting, in a boat with a man seated in the stern, who propels it forward with a pole. The boat is pushed through the rushes at high tide, at which time the birds can find but little shelter, and, flushed by the noise made by the approaching boat, are instantly shot

down by the shooter, who is seated in the bow. The greatest difficulty met is recovering the birds after they have been shot. This is done by the poler, who keeps his eye on the spot and usually succeeds in finding them, being paid so much per bird.

The flight of the birds is feeble and fluttering, probably due to the extreme corpulency they attain when they find ample food, as they appear to cross rivers without any reluctance, and often rise to a considerable height.

The shooter often makes a few misses at the start, but after a few shots rarely makes a miss, so regular and steady do they fly. As many as a hundred and fifty birds are shot down at the serving of a single tide. When the tide goes down the shooter finds it necessary to return, the shallowness of the water and weight of the floating reeds making progress almost impossible.

The markets now pay good prices for rail, so to shoot them with powder and shot is fairly profitable. The shells need be loaded but lightly for this kind of shooting, as it is seldom found necessary to shoot at a greater distance than twenty yards. Many use a charge not exceeding two drams of powder and half an ounce of No. 9 shot. Shells may be loaded in this manner for less than a cent apiece.

The negroes in the South cannot see the use of powder and shot for procuring rails as profitable, and hunt them at night for the market without the use of firearms. A fire made of pine knots placed in a tin can is elevated about four feet above the bottom of the boat, a light paddle of about fourteen feet in length, a long pole with which to shove the boat forward, and the sover-smacker's outfit is complete. The one who intends to do the killing takes his position in the bow, holding the long paddle high in the air, while the pusher, seated in the stern, propels the boat forward with the pole. As the boat proceeds the rails along the shore are blinded by the light, and before they can get out of the way down comes the long paddle on some innocent sover. The smacker is very expert in wielding this paddle, and is seldom known to miss. As long as the tide continues high enough to float the boat the slaughter is kept up. It is not a rare occurrence to kill fifteen or twenty dozen birds in a single excursion.

When wounded the rail is very sly, and conceals himself with assiduity. Should one drop in the water he will dive and come up under the gunwale of your boat, where they follow it around for some distance. When at last you give them up for lost they will make their escape. In endeavoring to make their escape by diving they often fall prey to large fish, and sometimes, in preference to being killed by the sportsman, cling on to the grass at the bottom of the river, where they suffocate.

At the first frost they all leave for the South, where they winter usually south of the limits of what was Mason and Dixie's line.

FLIGHT OF DUCKS.

"I've held my watch on about every kind of wild duck there is," says an old-time wild fowl hunter, "and I can tell just about to the sixty-third part of a foot how much space any one of them can get over in an hour. There's no railroad train on the continent that can hold a candle to the side of the slowest duck that flies. The canvas-back can distance the whole duck family, if it lays itself out to do it. When the canvas-back is out taking things easy, enjoying a little run about the block, as it were, it jogs through the air at the rate of eighty miles an hour. If it has business somewhere and has to get there, it puts two miles behind it every minute it keeps its wings flapping. Duck shot travel pretty quick, but if your charges bring down any of these ducks at all I'll blow you off to a

pair of the best there is in the market, with trimmings and all, if it isn't the fifth or sixth one back from the leader that drops. If you have the faintest idea that you will bring the leader down, you must aim at a space not less than ten feet ahead of him. Then he'll run plump against your shot. When he drops you will find him a quarter of a mile or so on. The mallard duck is a slow coach. It's all he wants to do to go a mile a minute, but he can do it when necessary. His ordinary, everyday style of getting along over the country gets him from place to place at the rate of forty miles an hour. The black duck is about an even match for the mallard, and the pintail, widgeon and wood duck can't do much better. The broadbill duck is the only wild fowl that can push the canvas-back on the wind. Let a broadbill and a canvas-back each do his best for an hour, and the broadbill would only come out about ten miles behind. A hundred and ten miles an hour can be done by the broadbill, and he, consequently, makes a mark for a shotgun that a greenhorn wouldn't hit once in twenty-five years."

FLY CASTING CONTEST.

The Interstate Tournament, held by the Newark Bait and Fly Casting Club, proved to be an interesting attraction to hundreds who never before saw casting, or really knew what was going on until it was explained to them. The casting was all against the wind, which probably made the scores worse than they would otherwise have been.

The first event was the distance trout fly for the professional trophy cup, which was won by Lou Darling with a cast of 112 feet. Perry D. Frazer won the amateur first prize, a gold medal, with a cast of 110 feet. Dr. R. J. Held won the second prize, a silver medal, with 94 feet. A. J. Marsh was the winner of a bronze medal as the third prize by casting 89 feet. The other scores were: Champion, 80 feet; Muldoon, 78 feet; Doughty, 74 feet.

In the salmon fly casting, which followed, the following results were accomplished: Perry D. Frazer won the gold medal in the amateur class with a cast of 122 feet. George La Branche won the silver medal as second prize with a cast of 115 feet. The third prize, a bronze medal, was won by Dr. R. J. Held, of New York, a member of the Anglers' Club of that city and of the Newark Club as well. His cast was 99 feet. The professional trophy cup was won by Lou Darling with a cast of 102 feet.

In the accuracy fly casting event the following were the winners: First prize, John Doughty; second prize, Perry D. Frazer; third prize, Dr. R. J. Held; fourth prize, Walter McGuckin. The next in order were George La Branche, A. J. Marsh, P. J. Muldoon, Fred F. Mapes and Charles C. Chapman.

The half-ounce bait casting for accuracy had sixteen entries. George La Branche was first, with 97.7-15 per cent. Freedman tied with F. T. Mapes with a percentage of 96.8-15. Next was George Endersby, with 96.1-5, who tied with Ralph Eichlin. Dr. Held made 96 per cent., and E. B. Rice made 95.11-15. P. J. Muldoon made 94.9-15, and A. J. Marsh 94.8-15. Charles T. Champion made 94; Perry D. Frazer, 93.4-15; George Moore, 93.5-15; C. J. Compden, 93.2-15; John Doughty, 93; A. J. Neu, 92.11-15; Lou Darling, 94.4-15, winning the professional trophy cup with this percentage.

In the half-ounce distance bait casting event P. D. Frazer was first, with average 150.1-5; Harry Freeman was second, with 126 feet average; George E. Moore made an average of 114.4-5. Lou Darling (professional) won the trophy cup with 164 average and best cast of 175 feet.

In the surf casting contest the results were: Dr. R. J. Held won the first prize with an average of 197 and with 215 feet as his best cast; L. E. Marshall was second with an average of 195.2-5, his best cast being 212 feet; P. J. Muldoon came third with an average of 174 feet, best cast 185; Lou Darling, average 175, longest cast 190 feet. Darling won the professional trophy cup.

The casters used the regulation 2½-ounce lead. Another surf casting contest will be held, as an open event, in the club meeting on election day, and it is hoped that many of the expert surf casters will take advantage of the event. Dr. Marshall, of Brooklyn, has offered a special cup for the contest on election day, and Perry D. Frazer has offered another for the same day. Dr. Held contributes an automatic fly reel as a special prize. A. J. Marsh will also contribute a prize.

CAN FISH DISTINGUISH COLORS?

The question has often been asked, but has never been very satisfactorily answered, can fish distinguish colors?

Very recently this question was propounded to Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of the Stanford University, who is regarded as among the very first authorities in the world on the subject of ichthyology. In speaking of the subject Dr. Jordan says:

"It has been assumed that fishes could distinguish colors to some extent, but the only basis of that supposition has been the fact that the fishes in their breeding season are often brightly colored, and that males and females are often of very different colors.

"Two sets of experiments have recently shown that fishes can distinguish colors; one of these experiments was made by a young woman of the University of Michigan, who has shown that with the 'rainbow darter,' a brilliantly colored little fish of the Michigan brooks, the bright colored males with blue and red frighten the younger males by the display of these colors. It has also shown that the young males colored like the females are not distinguished by the full grown males from these, so that the sexes seemingly know each other by the brilliant color of the full grown male.

"Another set of experiments are those of Prof. Jacob Reighard, also of the University of Michigan. In the tropics he has taken the 'Silver Side' and painted them different colors, and he finds that the predacious barracuda sees certain colors much more readily than others, and snaps those that are brightly colored up quickly. The prevailing silver-green colors of the living fish are best adapted to escape the attention of the larger fish, and thus to some extent enjoy an immunity from destruction."

San Francisco, Cal.

PACIFIC COASTER.

IT WILL NEVER BE.

Editor of THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN:

In answer to Recapper's article in the October number of your paper "Shall It Be?" I hope "it will never be."

Being a subscriber of your paper for many years and a great lover of both shooting and fishing, I certainly for one have enjoyed the many articles I have had by "Recapper" and am sorry to note in the October number, as in previous numbers, that he contemplates giving up writing in your columns. I wish I could express my feeling toward him for his writings as Mr. John Q. Tilghman did in the September number, as his writings about his dogs and his hunting trips in the past are direct from his heart, and so often in reading his articles they bring back remembrances to me of just such pleasures I have had when out with dogs and gun in the woods and marsh.

I have been able to agree with Recapper in most all of

his writings, but in his October article, where he feels he must be more "on-the-job" to continue to write intelligently and instructively, I must disagree with him.

If Recapper only knew how we enjoyed his writing of the past, the hunting trips he has taken, of his dogs, Monk and Nell, and how dear these stories are to all lovers of bird shooting, as well as the practical lessons taught by his writing, teaching us to be truer and kinder to our bird and animal friends, he would not think of retiring.

I am sure all the readers of THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN feel as I do in this matter, and "HOPE IT WILL NEVER BE" that Recapper will discontinue his writing in this paper as long as he lives, but will continue to give us stories of the past and never mind the future.

I am sorry Recapper is unable to use his fine guns and that he has given up all ideas of having a bird dog about. Even if he could not give him proper exercise, dogs are such good friends. Yet there are many others whose guns are put away in their cases (mine included), and who have not used them in some years, but who enjoy reading stories written by others and are always hoping the time may come when they can get away. I wish Recapper many, many happy returns of the day, noting he has reached the good age of sixty-eight, and hope he will continue to let us hear from him in these columns until God calls him home.

P. M.

New York, Oct. 2.

FISH SLAUGHTER.

Editor of THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN:

I would like to ask why the wholesale slaughter of fish is allowed. At the rate it is being carried on it is safe to say that inside of twenty years there will not be left a fish that is worth catching in Pennsylvania. It is not the angler, or even the game hog, who is exterminating the fish, but the many different corporations that dump all their refuse into the streams, killing every fish in them. We live here on the Kerskiminitus river, at one time the anglers' paradise. Now there is not a living thing in this river, and the water is not even fit to take a bath in. This is caused by the different works dumping acid in the

stream. We also have a small stream near here called Crooked creek, where until a few months ago you could have a nice day with the rod. Now the sulphur water has been turned in and fish are a thing of the past. At the present time there are three men here out on \$100 bail each for dynamiting fish in this stream. These men will undoubtedly be punished, which they richly deserve. But will there ever be anything done to those who are responsible for the complete destruction of every fish from one end of the stream to the other? The Allegheny river at one time teemed with fish of nearly every description, but a very few years will find it as barren as the Kiski is today. The time is not far hence when the man who wishes to enjoy a day with the rod and reel will first have to consult his sportsman's paper to find where a day's fishing can be had, and next his pocketbook to see if he can spare the necessary railroad fare. Is there no law governing the dumping any and all kinds of poison in our streams? If there is, why is it not enforced just the same as it is with unlawful fishers?

C. J. KEIM.

Vandergrift, Pa.

Note.—There are laws forbidding the pollution of streams and other bodies of water in your state, and they are easily enforceable by the owners of property bordering the water. There are also laws to practically the same purpose which are enforceable by the Health Department of the state and by the Department of Fisheries. We are informed by the Commissioner of Fisheries that this department has been paying special attention to water pollution since the courts have defined its powers, and the nuisance is likely to be abated to a certain extent, but quite likely these steps are so belated that the replenishment of fish will take some time.—Editor.

BIG GAME.

If any of our readers are anxious to try their hand at big game, we suggest that they correspond with J. G. Harlow, Dead River, Maine, whose advertisement will be found on another page.



THE CLUMBER SPANIEL.

In England the clumber spaniel is at the present time one of the very popular breeds, not only as a bench dog, but as a field dog as well. But this variety of spaniel possesses qualities that make him a very popular favorite in any position. He possesses a nose that is second to no other breed, is brainy and intelligent, very biddable, and withal a most pleasant companion.

In England field trials for spaniels are quite popular, and here also the clumber shines, for the fortunate possessors of some of the old strains of this variety of spaniel

take as much pride in the breeding, rearing and developing of them for field trials as do the owners of pointers and setters. As a show dog the clumber attracts a great amount of attention. Pure white in body, with pale lemon ear markings, with ticks or freckles on the muzzle and front legs, make him a rather unusual dog in appearance, but above all his massive head, heavy bone and stout body, together with his majestic, almost solemn aspect, marks him as an aristocrat among dogs and goes to prove that he is descended from a long line of high-born ancestors.

The clumber spaniel should be a massive, well-built

dog, showing abundant substance. His head should be large and square, of medium length, broad on top, with a decided occiput; brows should be heavy and stop deep; the muzzle should be heavily freckled and the flew well developed. The eyes should be dark amber and slightly sunken; a light eye is objectionable. The ears should be large and vine-leaf shaped; well covered with straight hair, which should not extend beyond the leather. The neck should be very thick, powerful and well feathered underneath. The body should be long, heavy and near the ground. The weight of dogs should be from 55 to 65 pounds; that of bitches, 45 to 55 pounds. The typical clumber should have a flesh-colored nose. The chest should be wide and deep, with strong, muscular shoulder, while the back should be straight, broad and long; the loin powerful, or, in other words, well let down in flank, while the hindquarters must be very powerful and well developed. The stern should be set low, well feathered, and carried above the level of the back.

The feet in the working spaniel are important; they must be large, round and well covered with hair, while the legs should be short, thick and strong. The coat at its best must be long, abundant, soft and straight; the color should be plain white with lemon markings; orange is permissible, but not desirable. Slight head markings with

white body is the preference, though there is no objection to ticks on the forelegs. The general appearance of the clumber should be that of a long, low, heavy, very massive dog, with a thoughtful and intelligent expression.

IRISH TERRIER TRAITS.

It is usually understood that dogs that are the most surly and snappish are not the most courageous. Take the Irish terrier, for example. He is remarkably good-tempered and affectionate to his master. Yet there is a heedless, reckless pluck about the Irish terrier which is characteristic and coupled with the headlong dash, blind to all consequences with which he rushes at his adversary, has earned for the breed the proud epithet of "The Daredevil." When "off duty" they are characterized by a quiet caress-inviting appearance, and when one sees them endearingly, timidly pushing their heads into their masters' hands, it is difficult to realize that on occasions, at the "drop of the hat," they can prove they have the courage of a lion and will fight unto the last breath in their bodies. They develop an extraordinary devotion to and have been known to track their masters almost incredible distances.

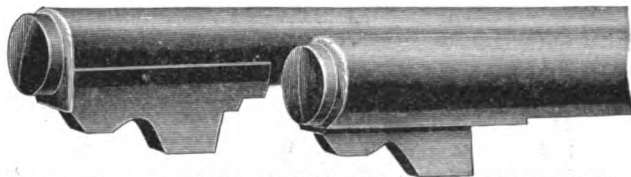
NEW DOUBLE BARREL GUNS.

Illustrated herewith will be found a new gun brought out by the Stevens Company, on what is called the demi-bloc system, the invention of George

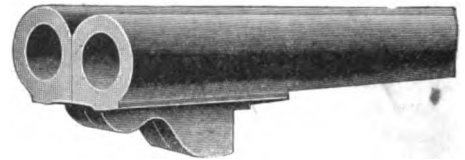
The new rebounding locks overcome any annoyance that might arise from the nose of the hammer sticking in a defective primer. Special attention is called to the positive check hook and also to the new style fore-end. This

ferent quality of stock. The following is a description of the barrels, frame and action of each:

Barrels—Stevens compressed forged, Krupp fluid steel, choke cored for nitro powder. Furnished regularly both bar-



Stevens Compressed Forged Steel Barrels—Demi-Bloc System.



Barrels ready to braze.

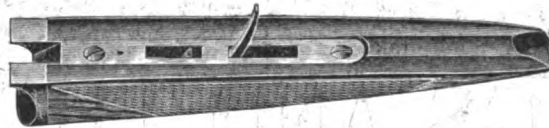
S. Lewis, a gunmaker of wide reputation. It is a radical departure in the manufacture of double barrel guns and is worthy of special investigation on the part of sportsmen. A study of the different parts as illustrated will show the advantages, which will be appreciated by those who desire to shoot a heavy load. The brazing of barrels, loop and extension rib is all in one process, and by this new method they secure the strongest breech mechanism that it is possible to make. The solid

latter is easily removed and its new shape prevents it from coming off in the brush.

They feel that in presenting this line

rels full choked, unless otherwise specified. Has matted extension rib.

Frame—Drop forged; casehardened; fancy engraved.



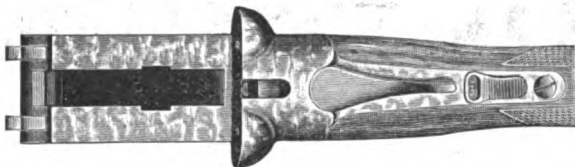
New Style Fore-end.



Solid Top Snap.

of hammerless double barrel shotguns to the trade they are now offering the best that it is possible to produce.

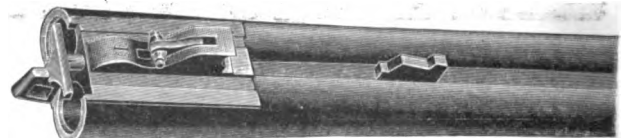
Action—Anson & Deeley type. Top lever; patent rotary compensating bolt through extension rib; check hook; re-



Showing Rotary Compensating Bolt and Check Hook Slot.

top snap is another point of merit, and, operating with their new rotary cross-bolt, is a guarantee their guns will not shake loose. It is unnecessary to say anything about coil main springs as they have always used them and they are convinced that they are, in every way, the best.

Every gun is absolutely guaranteed. The Stevens Company makes four styles of double barrel hammerless guns on this demi-bloc system, Nos. 355, 365, 375 and 385. Each is from 7¼ to 8½ pounds weight, and each adapted to any standard make of shell. The difference in price is mainly due to dif-



Showing Check Hook.

ferent quality of stock. The following is a description of the barrels, frame and action of each:

For further information address the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

SAMUELL LIVE DECOY FASTENER.—In this issue A. H. Penewitt, Easton, Ill., has an announcement which doubtless will interest a great many of our readers. In writing about it, mention THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN.

ARMY AUCTION BARGAINS.—Francis Bannerman, 501 Broadway, New York, has an announcement in this issue of bargains in guns, saddles, sabres, etc., which ought to interest a great many of our readers. He has issued his Military Catalogue of 260 pages, containing thousands of beautiful illustrations, which will be mailed for 15 cents in stamps.

THE ZOLL-WHITE RETRIEVER.—This device is being used on guns, rods, tackle boxes, or in fact on anything that is used over water and is in danger of being lost from a boat accidentally. It can be attached instantly and easily to any of these articles without marring the finest finish. In case

the article is lost overboard, the Retriever opens and sends a line to the top of the water by means of a cork float, when the article can be recovered. Its construction is very simple, and the manufacturers, the Zoll-White Retriever Company, Findlay, Ohio, say that it will work under any and all conditions. But consult their advertisement on another page, and in writing to them for further particulars, mention THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN.

REMINGTON AUTOLOADING SHOTGUN. In this issue will be found the attractive announcement of the Remington Arms Company, Ilion, N. Y., and 313 Broadway, New York City, briefly describing the Remington Autoloading Shotgun. This gun loads itself with its recoil. It has a solid breech, and the manufacturers say it is safe. They call it the greatest game gun in the world. The recoil is light, and that is another reason why many prefer it. But write for a descriptive circular, together with the Game Laws of the

United States and Canada, which will be furnished free of charge to those who mention THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN.

SPRATT'S DOG CAKES.—The Spratt's Patent Ltd., Newark, N. J., would like to send their catalogue, entitled "Dog Culture," to every reader of THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN who is interested in dogs. This little pamphlet has been prepared with great care, and contains practical chapters on feeding, kenneling and the general management of dogs. Don't fail to send for it and mention THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN. There is no charge.

MONEY TO LOAN

in sums to suit on real estate, city or country, anywhere in the United States or Canada, at six per cent. interest. Two per cent. commission charged for placing loans. Will also make loans on yachts and vessel property.
Address A. H. Crawford, R. F. D. Route One, Box 60, Ellicott City, Maryland.

Be Strong—Well—Handsome—Successful

I have an entire building in Chicago. I have treated 50,000 run-down business men.

You don't need to pay me \$1000 as many individual business men have done. Simply send for my new book, which tells all about my methods.

I have restored more tired, depressed, nervously-exhausted business men to health than any other living man. For 15 years I have been doing this one thing. I have 100 employes in a big 8-story building engaged in this work. My patients have numbered thousands of the biggest men in Chicago's business and professional life—millionaires, manufacturers, bankers, club-men, clergymen, judges and professional men. I have the signed statements of thousands of them—men at the heads of the biggest concerns in America—that I restored them to vigorous, bounding health—put them in the very pink of physical condition. I have their statements that I doubled their working capacity, freed them from the need of taking vacations and restored to them the chief joy in life—robust health—and all this without apparatus, without medicine.

Let me send you printed matter concerning the method taught them. You can do what they have done right in your own home by this simple method. Your request for their statements and for printed matter puts you under no obligation to me.

Tear out this ad, write name and address on margin, mail to

Sylvester J. Simon, 14 Quincy Street, Chicago.



Prospectus for 1909.

INFORMATION OF VITAL INTEREST.

Game for Sportsmen, Farmers, Market Hunters, Hotels and Restaurants, and all who wish.

During the year 1909 Mr. Dwight W. Huntington will contribute a series of instructive articles for The Amateur Sportsman showing how game can be made plenty for all. In addition to much other matter showing the necessity of a radical reversal of our game protective policy, he will contribute articles on the following subjects:

The Enemies of Game and How to Control Them.
How to Create an Inexpensive Game Preserve.
The Game Protective Association of the United States and Canada.
The Game Dealers' Proposed Legislation to Regulate the Selling and Serving of Game.
Plain Talks With Farmer Boys About Game.
The Audubon Society and Its Attitude Towards Game Preserving.
English and American Dealers in Live Game and Eggs for Propagation.
A Series of Articles on How to Increase North American Game; The Prairie Grouse; The Ruffed Grouse; The Wild Fowl, etc.

Trap-shooting Clubs—How They Can Have Good Bird-shooting at Small Expense.
The Hotel Game Preserve.
The Market Gunners of England.
The United States Biological Survey and Game Preservation.
Game as an Asset of the Farm.
A Series of Illustrated Articles on Famous Fishing and Shooting Clubs.
The Megantic Preserve.
The Blooming Grove Park; Some Celebrated American and Canadian Duck Preserves and Others.
The American Breeders' Association and Its Committee on Breeding Wild Food Birds.
Articles on Game Fish and How to Increase Them.

Send in your subscriptions now and thus get all of these vitally important and instructive articles. Price \$1 per year.

Address M T. Richardson Co., Publishers, 27 Park Place, New York.

Wants, For Sale and Exchange.

No matter what you want to Sell or Buy or Exchange, it will pay you to advertise in THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN. For such announcements the rate is but 2 cents a word.

No advertisement accepted for less than thirty cents. Remit in postage stamps or in any convenient way. Address

M. T. RICHARDSON CO., Publishers,
27 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

FOR SALE.

Beagles, foxhounds, rabbits, pigeons, ferrets, sporting and pet dogs of every description. Send 10 cts. for 40-page catalogue. Brown, Beagle Kennels, York, Pa.

I show the art of trapping foxes, sell traps, fox and mink scent. J. J. Barnes, Saxtons River, Vt.

Puppies from field prize winning; handsome, pedigreed, Gladstone and Llewellyn setters; \$20 to \$10 each. N. W. Vinson, box 52, Durbin, W. Va.

Registered beagle hounds, broke, dog and pups. Beagle Kennels, Cass City, Mich.

Blakelee Lake Camps—Unequaled deer, moose, bear and bird shooting; will guarantee you a shot at two deer if you spend a week at my camps this fall; numerous outlying camps; the remoteness of these camps assures perfect safety to the sportsman. Send for free illustrated circular and map. Joseph H. White, Eustis, Me.

Latest styles Wedding Invitations, \$2.50 per set and upward. Samples for stamp. Stearns Print, Rosendale, N. Y.

Fine W. & C. Scott 12-gauge breech loader. Damascus, hammer, right barrel cylinder, left choke, leather case, cleaning, loading set; in perfect condition; cost \$125; will take \$50. Frank Jakobik, 115 Vanderveer place, Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.

10, 12 and 24 h. p., four-cycle Merchant's engines. M. J. Fogarty, 38-40 Harrison st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For Sale—Simplex 30, hull 30 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in.; new engine, 23 miles; all in first-class condition, full equipment and warranted. Curtiss Co., 20 Fulton st., New York.

At half price, a \$100 double barreled imported Stake shotgun, in good condition. L. H. Cushman, Ridgefield, Conn.

Five launches, one 16-ft. Detroit, 2 1/2 h. p. Essex engine, \$200; 20-ft. 5 h. p., \$125; 18-ft. Truscott 3 h. p., \$250; 20-ft. 3 h. p. Palmer, \$150; Alco-Vapor 30-ft. cabin launch, \$750; seen any time; demonstration; Sundays. E. S. Brown, 64 Orient Way, Rutherford, N. J.

Lozier motor boat, 7 1/2 horse, Buffalo motor; full equipment. Address E. B., 300 River st., Hoboken, N. J.

Engine, 8 h. p., perfect order, shaft propeller, muffler and coil; seen working. Catboat Reckless, foot West 46th st., Bayonne, N. J.

Exchange \$450 upright piano, new, direct from factory, for A1 roomy hunting cabin cruiser about 25 ft. long, 8 or 9 ft. beam and 8 or 9 h. p. engine. Address J. Brodbeck, 335 West 49th st., New York.

17 ft. Palmer, seen 108th st., Hudson river, or owner. Bargebuhr, 311 West 111th st., New York.

Yacht, 30x8 ft., 3 beam; or will exchange for automobile. C. G. Bailey, Rensselaer, N. Y.

Three oyster skiffs, \$50, \$60, \$75; also three power boats. Charles Schopp, Princess Bay, S. I., N. Y.

20-ft. hunting cabin launch, 8-ft beam, all oak, 10 horse power Potter engine, waterproof cushions inside, whistle and bell, and all up to date; used one season. Address George Miller, 388 George st., New Brunswick, N. J.

Bargain—A few punching bags. New York Physical Culture School, 62 Cooper square, opposite Cooper Union, New York.

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Auxiliary sloop, 37x12 1/2 ft., party boat, 11 h. p. engine, life belt, bell, horn, whistle and lights. Inquire Ch. Kulovany, 416 East 72d st., New York. Telephone, 4871-Spring.

Bargain—52-ft. launch, 10 beam, 3 1/2 draught; 25 new Standard motor; elegant boat for southern waters; \$3,500 cash. Address Fyfe & Hittorff, boat builders, Glenwood, L. I., N. Y.

Broken fox and rabbit hounds. Several young puppies. G. E. Cook, Middlefield, Mass.

Launches, yacht tenders and rowboats for immediate delivery; prices low; catalogue furnished. West Mystic Boat Company, West Mystic, Conn.

\$5 Gillette Safety Razors (new), twelve blades, \$3.50. Mail orders filled. United Cigar certificates bought and sold. L. Horton, 23 Park row, Room 30.

To charter for cruising, sailing or fishing, the handsomest, most comfortable and speedy gentleman's auxiliary yacht ever offered to lovers of the briny; October is the finest cruising month in the year; good duck shooting, excellent bass and black fishing, hard and soft clams and scallops a-plenty along the shore; every comfort; cabin 12x12, a parlor by day, double stateroom at night; berths 4 ft. 6 in. wide; forecabin for crew separate from cabin; inclosed toilet, inclosed galley, with running water; cabin heated in cold or stormy weather; \$50 per week, \$12 per day, with services of captain, cook and mate. Address Captain Hathaway, 218 South 9th av., Mount Vernon, N. Y.; telephone, 787R.

10-ft. launch, 2 1/2 h. p., reversing engine, running order, \$75. Kohlan, 825 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cruising yacht, 34x8; the best improvements; boat good as new; 10 h. p. Globe engine, 2 cylinder 4 cycle; \$900; the greatest bargain; by John Weller, Carlstadt, N. J. Send for particulars.

Ferrets, fox and beagle hound. Address Minor Kister, R. F. D. 3, Shreve, Ohio.

16-ft. launch, 2 h. p. engine, in good running order. Steinmetz, 170 Monticello av., Jersey City, N. J.

Boat, 50x9 1/2 ft., 12 h. p. gasoline engine, full cruising outfit, now in Florida; ideal sportsman's boat; price, \$1,200. Box 439, Bay Shore, L. I., N. Y.

TRAINING HUNTING DOGS.

As an expert in the training of hunting dogs, I am prepared at any time to give advice on the training of dogs for bird hunting, for a reasonable consideration, depending upon the character of the information desired. Tell me what the trouble is with your dog and I will give you the benefit of a lifetime experience in dog training. Address Thos. C. Abbott, Yardville, N. J.

FOR SALE.

An ideal hunting and fishing resort situated at High Island, Texas, midway between Galveston and Beaumont, on the Gulf & Interstate Railroad. Fine modern hotel of thirty-five rooms, verandas, pavilions. Finest surf bathing on the coast. Splendid fishing, of Spanish mackrel, red fish, trout, flounders, sheephead and tarpon. In the winter millions of snipe, duck, geese, brant and other water fowl. A paradise for club men. An ideal club proposition—fine grounds of ten acres, 45 feet above tide water. Bath houses on the beach. Car and railroad of 1,000 yards leading to beach. Price, \$15,000. One-third cash, balance on very long time.

JOHN T. WHITE,
Box 186,
NEW IBERIA, LA.

SHOOT BIG GAME.

Any sportsman wanting to get his game—moose, deer, black bear or all small game—should come to my camps. Only two hours from stage road by trail or team. Finest of log camps. Spring beds and fine table. Fifty square miles of good hunting ground. No sportsman need go home without his game. My terms are only \$1.50 per day. Write for my illustrated book and references. J. G. HARLOW, Dead River, Maine. West Carry Pond Camps.

WANTED.

Cape Cod cat, 30x10.12 beam; state full particulars and send picture. Thoma, 305 East 64th st., New York.

20 gauge hammerless shotgun of good make; must be cheap and in good condition. Address O. D. Leas, care E. J. Harlow, 2337 Broadway, New York.

A rowboat or dory for a \$15 repeating Winchester rifle; shoots 22.15 shots. Address F. Krzeminski, 74 Essex st., Jersey City, N. J.

I want an auxiliary sloop or knockabout 28 to 33 ft.; must be young and sound; full particulars (to insure attention). Lawrence, 205 West 103d st., New York.

A cabin cat, 23x25 ft., 8 ft. beam; must be A1; no tub; best \$100 will buy. Address letter only, H. King, 24 Sumner place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Three horse motor, cheap. Palmer preferred, complete. L. Godfrey, Cring's Walk, Carnarise, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Steel horizontal bar for gymnasium; state price, details. Physical director, 549 East 149th st., New York.

Good, sound catboat hull, 25 ft.; must be cheap, for cash; send photo. Roscoe Polhamus, 321 Riverdale av., Yonkers, N. Y.

Schooner, 50 to 300 tons; sloop auxiliary, with or without engine, 30 to 100 ft.; two scows, 30 to 70 long six pontoons, 6 to 16 ft.; sail lighter, 50 to 80 ft.; engine, 50 to 100 horse, upright preferred; all boats must be light draught and cheap. W. H. Flaherty, 116 Winthrop st., Brooklyn. Telephone, 2558—Flatbush, after 7 p. m. On barge all week before 12 m., foot 39th st., East river, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

5,000 foxes and minks were trapped with the Bentley Methods last year by those that bought it. Price and particulars for a stamp. Address Jesse Bentley, Arlington, Vt.

Beagles—Any age, size, sex or color; world's best blood. "Debonair," Gloversville, N. Y.

Receiver's Sale!

5,000 Pages
700 Illustrations
15 Volumes

Abraham Lincoln Said:

"Neighbors, Give Your Boys and Girls A Chance"

These are the words used by the great emancipator in his famous speech, delivered at his old home to his friends and neighbors at Springfield, Ill.

Recalling what little opportunity he had in his early youth to get an education, and looking back to the days when he walked miles and miles for a book (for he then owned none of his own), Abraham Lincoln pleaded with the rural and village people, his old friends and associates to give their children a better chance—a chance to fight the battles of life successfully.

SURELY YOU want to give your boys and girls a better chance, not necessarily a college education, but better still, a home education. It is not always the school that gives the education; you can give this same opportunity or better to your family right in your own home. Good books—valuable books. Oh! how Lincoln cherished these.

What would Lincoln have said had you asked his advice on buying a great History of the World, an entertaining and educational Library for your home, "The Library of Universal History," and especially if we offered it at less than half of the regular price and on easy terms?

We want you to see these volumes, examine them in your own home without any expense on your part, then you can decide. That is what the family in the picture below have done. Mail the coupon now before you forget it. See the volumes themselves—it costs you nothing.



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